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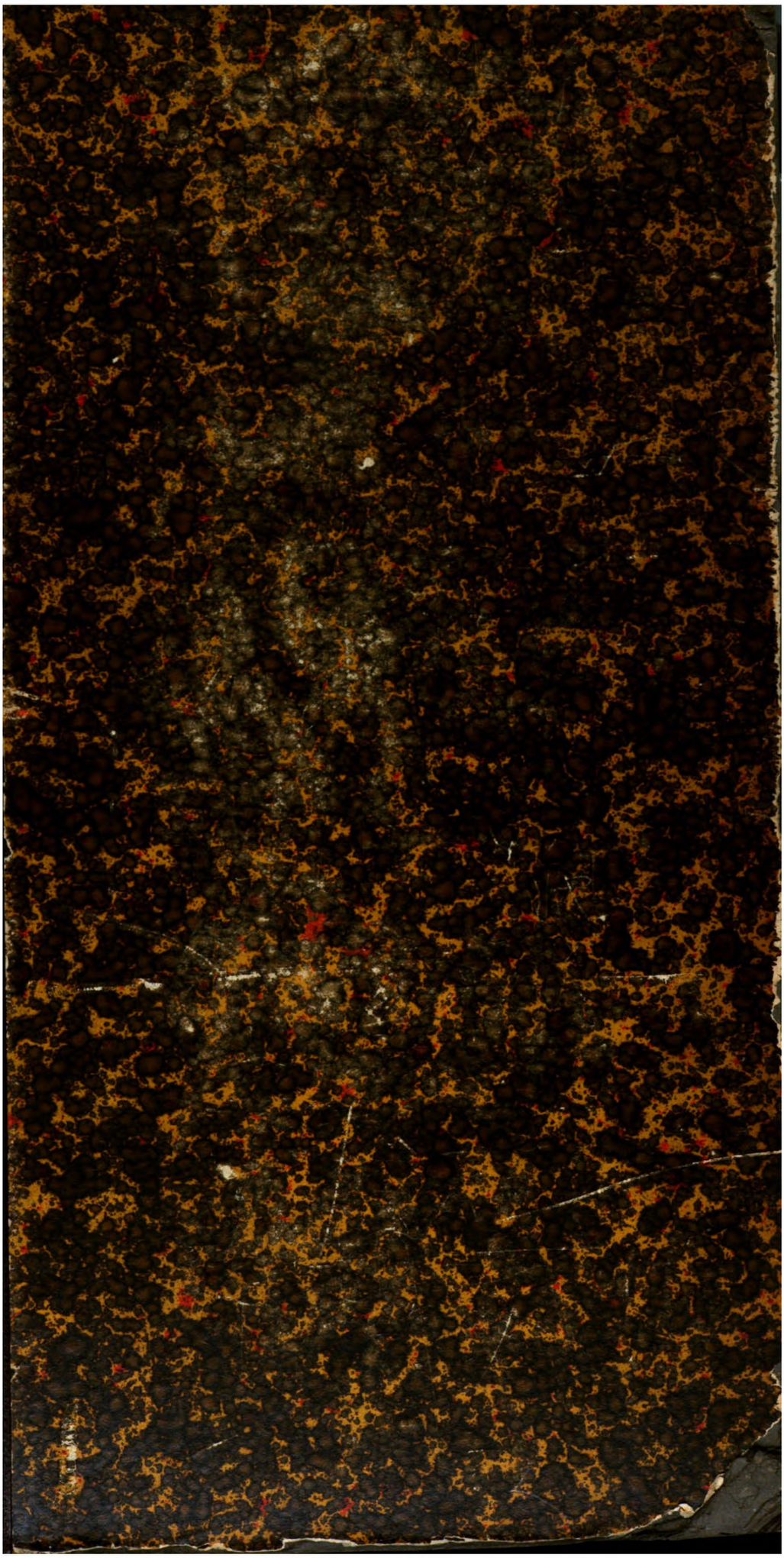

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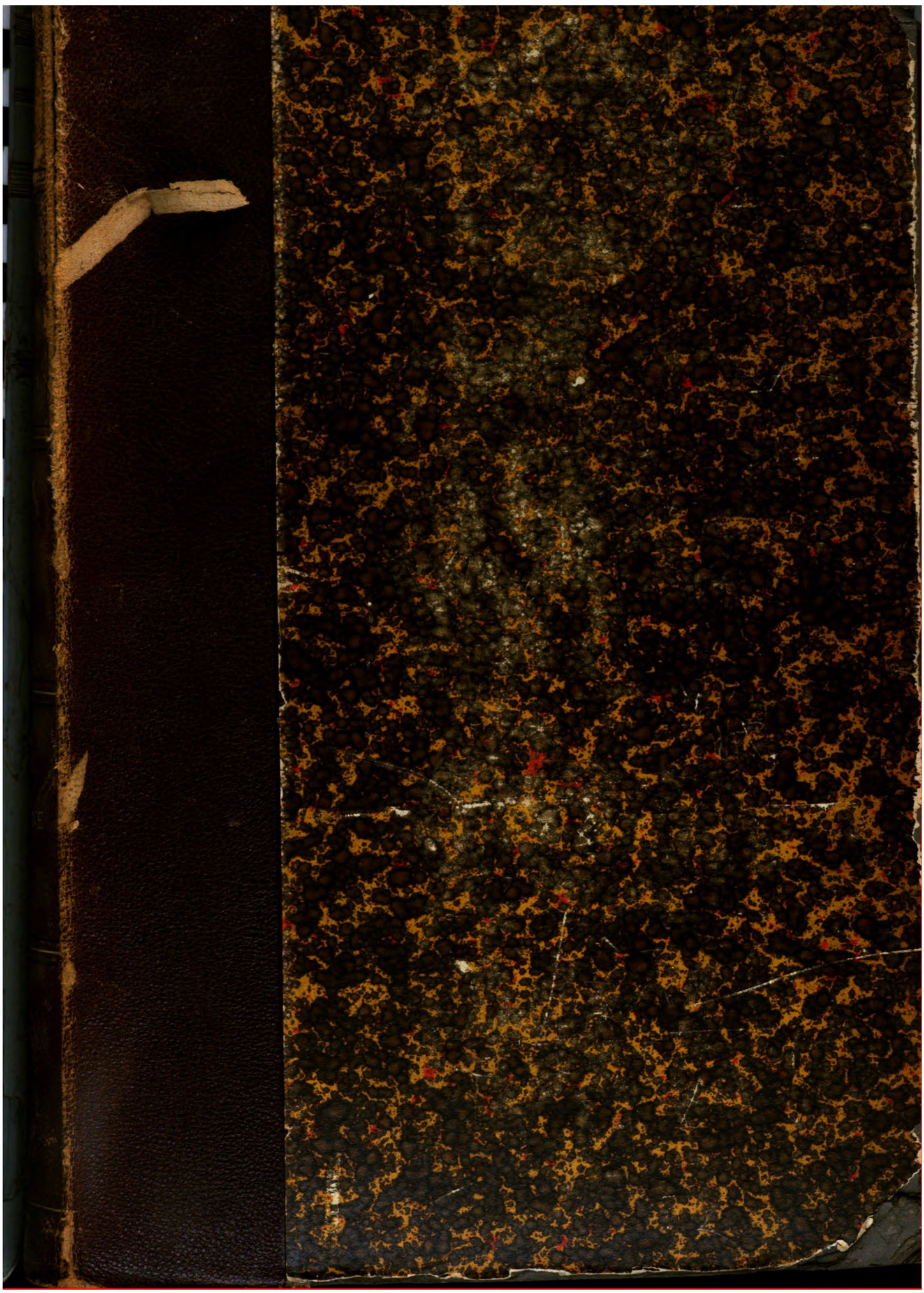

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THE CONTINENT.

THE New Year begins with a Revolution, but it is a Revolution of an unusual type, for it seems, if it is what it is represented, to have been really made with rose-water. ALFONSO XII. has had a throne offered him, not by one military adventurer, but by the army, the navy, the great cities, and even Marshal SERRANO himself. The mysterious expedition of the MARSHAL is now explained. He went to the North, not to fight the Carlists, but to ascertain whether he was wanted any longer as Chief of the Executive Government. He soon discovered that he was not wanted, and came back to Madrid to own himself superseded and an Alfonsist. The new KING'S Ministry was ready to hand, and the KING himself was found engaged, when his new honours came upon him, just as a model young Prince ought to have been engaged under the circumstances. He was reading MACAULAY'S *Life of Clive*, and he appears to be a studious and estimable young man, working hard for twelve hours a day, and only indulging in light literature on Sundays. It must be owned that Europe has much improved in one way during the last half-century. The heirs of thrones, or aspirants to thrones, no longer lead a life of mere pleasure. They work harder than most boys of their age, and pass their youth as if they were going in for a competitive examination. Things were different in the days of Queen ISABELLA, and she was brought up to look on royalty in a different light. Now she has very wisely retired and abandoned the field to her son, and one of the greatest advantages with which the young KING sets out is considered to be that neither his mother, nor that shadowy person her husband, is to go with him. He is to start all alone, and free from the incubus of his mother. She is a woman exactly fitted to live in a large house in Paris, and not at all fitted to be a Queen; but she has had a melancholy life. The Count of PARIS is stated to have been one of the earliest visitors who called to pay a visit of congratulation to the new KING; and if such visits give pleasure to any one, no one owed a mark of repentant respect to the son of ISABELLA more than the grandson of the man who ruined her fame and happiness. It remains to be seen what will be the fate of King ALFONSO after he enters the country which he now calls his own. The chances are, it is to be feared, against any head of the Government of Spain. Even if the Carlists are now willing to come to terms, or can be forced to surrender by troops which will be allowed to do what they can to bring the war to an end, the KING will have the old difficulties to encounter—needy adventurers in high places, an army accustomed to revolt, the dictation of priests, the want of money, the apathy and the selfishness of his subjects. But it is perhaps true that the KING will have some advantages in ascending his throne under present circumstances which he would not have enjoyed if he had waited to reign until his mother died, and his mother's reign had not been cut short. He has had a warning which may be useful to him, and has seen the falsity of his mother's theory that she might do whatever she pleased so long as she made it worth the while of the most successful among the military adventurers who surrounded her to keep her on the throne. He has had the advantages, too, of exile and of leisure for study and of comparative obscurity in early life, and he wakens the hopes and the interest which attach to what is unknown in character and disposition. He enjoys, further, the great gain of beginning to reign when a sad experience has shown that everything that has been proposed instead of him has broken down, when the Republic has ended in a miserable fiasco, when Carlism has been shown not to be able to pass the narrow limits of the corner where its adherents live, and when the experiment of calling in a foreign Prince has been tried under very favourable circumstances, and yet has failed completely.

Spain is likely to attain to a settlement of its affairs more speedily than France, simply because France is far the more advanced of the two countries. Things can go on under an interregnum in France. There is no civil war, no national bankruptcy, no room for military adventurers. There is order, there is wealth, there is security, there is peace in France, and so parties can wrangle in a comfortable and protracted manner. It might be a pleasure to Marshal MACMAHON to understand what on earth he is; but he can go on without understanding it, and no one seems inclined to solve the difficulty for him. He wakes every morning to ask himself whether he is simply a stopgap or the head of some describable sort of Government; and every evening he goes to rest without having any means of answering the question. Every new day suggests the puzzle how the Centres are to be brought together, and every new day sees the Centres as near to each other and as far off as ever. There is no real pressure forcing either to yield. They are like two bargainers at a fair, one of whom does not much want money, and the other of whom does not much want a cow. One Centre buttons up its pocket, and the other Centre takes home its cow, and both think they can wait till the morrow to come to terms. Over the German border there may be observed something of the same tendency to make a fuss about little things. The German mind is now agitated by the great question whether the MINISTER of JUSTICE will be driven out of office. There are many ways of putting the puzzle, it being conceded on all hands that, except to the Minister himself, it makes little difference whether he goes or stays. It may be asked whether he will go, and, if so, how he will like going, and when he will go; and, if he stays, whether his staying will hurt any one's feelings, and whose and how much. Of course all nations take up these little questions now and then. The great quarrel between Mr. AYRTON and Dr. HOOKER, which to many persons was one of the most interesting events of the GLADSTONE Ministry, cannot have seemed of European importance to German eyes. These bargainings of the French Centres, these German speculations about the retirement of the MINISTER of JUSTICE, show nothing except that the nations in which they are going on are not for the moment the prey of any great agitations. Things appear more settled in Europe than they did a year ago. Two very able men, Prince BISMARCK and Duke DECAZES, have been strenuously at work to make peace possible, and more and more assured, and they have not laboured in vain. The year that is now beginning will undoubtedly see vast and incessant preparations made in France, in Germany, and in Russia for a future war at some distant and uncertain time, but the time of this war seems more distant and uncertain than it did.

As soon as men are relieved from the absorbing terrors of immediate war, they are left free to devote themselves to the distracting subjects of religion and money. England, France, and Germany are not much troubled with money difficulties; for even in France the revival and progress of trade since the war have been so rapid and extensive that the burdens of the war do not tell very severely on the national prosperity. But Austria and Italy are hampered with great financial difficulties, which, however, they are setting themselves resolutely to surmount, and which, with

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their unmistakable willingness to show good faith and to make great sacrifices, they may confidently hope to surmount if the peace of Europe does but continue. Turkey is, as usual, occupied with the eternal question how to borrow enough to meet the next coupon. But the general financial state of Europe is much better than it was a year ago, and its soundness is shown perhaps by nothing more conclusively than by the high price of the securities of many of the smaller States. Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, and it may even be added, the Danubian Principalities, command the respect and confidence of investors. Whether in the sphere of religion there is, as in that of finance, increasing repose, it is not very easy to say. There is scarcely a Government in Europe with which the POPE has not a standing quarrel. But the quarrels between the Papacy and civil Governments are not perhaps quite so furious as they were, except in Germany. The stand made in France by Duke DECAZES against his country being drawn into a religious crusade has tended to abate the pretensions of the Ultramontane party; and in Italy the intervention of the Jesuits and their friends, to which the POPE so strongly objects, in the recent elections, has not succeeded in creating a clerical party in the Chamber. There seems to be a disposition on both sides to wait during the life of the POPE, and to see what will be the policy of his successor. But the POPE is in the flower of a green old age, and enjoys the gentle excitement and substantial pleasures of a comfortable martyrdom, and there seems to be no reason why this state of expectation on the part of his friends and enemies should not be prolonged for a considerable time to come. The first act of the new King of SPAIN was to telegraph for the POPE'S blessing, and he may reasonably hope to get it, for the POPE was very fond of his mother, and has never been betrayed into officially blessing the Carlists. Experience may have convinced the controllers of the Papal policy that their interests are really promoted most surely when their own special and exclusive friends are not triumphant, and when they can give something valuable to half-friends who will do them a kindness in return. The triumph of Don CARLOS would have provoked a bitter hostility to priests in three-fourths of Spain, and the reign of HENRY V. in France would have revived the antipathies of the Restoration. In the modern world devoted monarchs and pious Court cliques do more harm to the Papacy than good. What suits it best is a Government that lets it alone, like that of England, or a Government that bargains with it, like that of the Second Empire. Spain is much more likely to behave itself pleasantly to the POPE under Don ALFONSO than under a Legitimist crusader; and the new KING may naturally think that he has a fair claim to start with such advantages as the POPE'S blessing can give him.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

THE year begins with a prospect of political calm, on which nevertheless it would not be prudent implicitly to rely. Not only is the Government majority secure, but there is for the moment no organized Opposition. Repeated and ostentatious professions of unabated confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE mean nothing but a suspicion that he has for the present made himself impossible. His most vehement adherents boldly anticipate his abandonment of all the principles of his life, while his former political allies express a courteous confidence in his maintenance of doctrines which he is commonly believed to have deserted. No public speaker has had the civility to pay a compliment to any one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S former colleagues. If a Liberal Ministry were to be elected to-morrow by a vote of the whole party, it would be difficult to fill the Cabinet offices. The Ministers, while they may fairly hope to profit by the disorganization of their adversaries, will do well to beware of excessive confidence. In the contingency of any grave political mistake, the instinct of pugnacity will make good the want of discipline. During the greater part of the last Session the Government was only hampered by the indecision of its members; but as soon as the Endowed Schools Bill seemed to indicate a tendency to reaction, Mr. GLADSTONE suddenly appeared at the head of an undivided force; and Mr. DISRAELI gave way without a serious struggle. It is only in default of something better to do that Mr. GLADSTONE devotes himself to the vindication of Roman Catholic orthodoxy, or that Mr. STANSFELD concentrates his attention on contagious disease. If there were a prospect of an early change of Government, it would be necessary that the Opposition should have a policy, which it might at present be difficult to devise. It will be a comparatively easy task to denounce the illiberal or too liberal character of Government measures. Up to the present time elections caused by casual vacancies have not afforded any proof that the opinion of the constituencies has changed within the twelvemonth. It is only when the Government enters on the task of legislation that it may probably provoke resentment and incur unpopularity. As successive opportunities arise the principal members of the Opposition will be formidable assailants. Mr. LOWE is a severe critic; Mr. CHILDERS and Mr. GOSCHEN possess administrative experience; and, above all, Mr. GLADSTONE, in spite of his strange fancies and vagaries, retains the power of annoyance which made his opposition intolerable to Lord PALMERSTON nearly twenty years ago.

If a statesman of Sir ROBERT PEEL'S order were now leader of the Conservative party, there is no reason why its supremacy might not last for a generation. Mr. DISRAELI has never been surpassed in his mastery of Parliamentary tactics; and his judgment and temper furnish the best security against the casual miscarriages which greatly impair the influence of Governments. As he has himself truly stated, no previous statesman has led a party without interruption for so many years; but, notwithstanding his ability and success, he has comparatively little official knowledge, and he has never displayed legislative faculty. In comparatively irresponsible positions Mr. DISRAELI has often spoken of great subjects with a careless levity which would be dangerous if it were exhibited by a Prime Minister. He once asserted that the National Debt was a flea-bite; and when he was last in office he adopted Mr. GLADSTONE'S exaggerated belief in the urgent necessity of making an impression on the mass of an overwhelming burden. Shortly before his accession to office Mr. DISRAELI, in his speech at Glasgow, substituted for a policy the unmeaning jingle of *sanitas sanitatum*. It is not improbable that his Government may attempt to redeem his implied pledge; but the merit of any measure which may be produced will belong to the department, and not to the First Minister. It is perhaps not indispensably necessary that the head of a Government should be familiar with any special branch of administration; but the most powerful and efficient Cabinets have always been those in which the Prime Minister exercised a general and incessant superintendence over public business. A well-devised Local Government Bill might be highly beneficial; but the difficulties which affect both legislation and the administration of the law are in the highest degree serious. Local governing bodies will reflect the opinion of their constituencies, which in many districts chiefly consists in a rooted aversion to expense. It is useless to regret that doctrines of sanitary improvement were preached too late, at a time when the aristocratic institutions of rural districts were approaching a collapse. Fifty years ago there were in almost every neighbourhood one or more vigorous justices of the peace who would, if there had then been sanitary laws, have provided drainage and water supply with the same resolute purpose which they then applied to the suppression of vagrancy or the improvement of roads. Any Minister who may be charged with the introduction of a Local Government Bill or a Health Bill must not be afraid to encounter a certain amount of unpopularity.

Still greater political embarrassment will attend any attempt to deal with the relations between landowners and tenants. In one of his Buckinghamshire speeches Mr. DISRAELI confined himself to the crude and unsatisfactory suggestion that the customary six months' notice to quit should be extended to eighteen months. Even if the change were desirable, it would scarcely touch any of the questions which have been raised in the course of the recent agitation. In any measure which may be proposed, almost everything which can be given to the tenant will be taken from the landlord; and it will be almost impossible to frame enactments which will apply with equal justice to different parts of the country. There can be no doubt that some kind of legislation has been rendered unavoidable, if not by the demands of justice, at least by the vague promises of Ministers and Conservative members. It is not probable that the Government will deal with the still more complicated subject of land tenure, or that, in defiance of all the traditions of the party, it will attempt to impose restrictions on the power of devising and settling property. There will be less objection to an extension of the numerous

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facilities which have been accorded in modern times to life tenants of charging their estates with the cost of improvements. It is expedient that there should always be an owner who is interested in the permanent increase of the value of land. The popular clamour against restrictions is founded rather on theory than on experience, for the great settled estates are for the most part maintained by their owners in perfect order; but it is well that any possible and occasional obstacle to the improvement of the land should be removed, and judicious measures for effecting the object would not provoke formidable resistance. Yet the Ministers, if they are well advised, will be prepared, if they deal with landed interests in any form, to find at the end of the Session that they have made many enemies. Probably Mr. DISRAELI's matured experience or the salutary pressure of his colleagues will guard him against the indulgence of his propensity to outbid his opponents. The Conservative party which has placed him in his present position has a right to some consideration from its leader.

Luckily for the Government, there will neither be a financial deficiency nor a considerable surplus. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE will consequently not be tempted to borrow Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy either in abolishing the Income-tax or in making the ratepayers a gratuitous present of part of the national revenue. Mr. DISRAELI exhibited sound judgment in his selection of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he will probably also have the good sense to leave him uncontrolled in his financial policy. There will be no opportunity of earning extraordinary popularity by the Budget, nor will it constitute a serious danger to the Government. If Mr. HARDY can propose any measure which will facilitate recruiting and discourage desertion, he will deserve the gratitude of the country. An additional expenditure on the pay of soldiers would be less grudged than any other charge which could tend to increase the Army Estimates. Mr. WARD HUNT will learn from the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER that he must either content himself with his phantom fleet, or provide the solidity which it needs at the former cost. As Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT suggested, the coming Session will not be prolific in exposures of the maladministration of the army and the navy. The former critics have now the duty of repelling criticism, and the ex-Ministers are not concerned to show that they have left insufficient establishments to their successors. The prosaic tasks which await the Government are not perhaps beyond their power; but there remains the region of the unforeseen, and especially the possible revival of the ecclesiastical controversies which unexpectedly disturbed the repose of the last Session. Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY will probably be prudent enough to excuse himself from redeeming the pledge which he hastily gave to Mr. LOWE of introducing a doctrinal Public Worship Bill. No more dangerous topic could be selected for Parliamentary discussion, nor could any legislation which might be adopted fail to be mischievous. Mr. DISRAELI may prudently content himself with any popularity which may have attended his unpremeditated assumption of the character of a champion of Protestantism. If rival statesmen entangle themselves in theological controversy, the precedent ought to serve, not as an example, but as a warning.

PAST AND PRESENT IN FRANCE.

THE 1st of January is a date which must suggest many mournful recollections to the Paris shopkeepers, and some even to Frenchmen whose conception of political success includes something more than trade activity. When NAPOLEON III. was at the height of his power and reputation, the New Year's receptions at the Tuileries were a fact in which those of his countrymen who most disliked Imperialism might feel a certain pride. They symbolized a system which to all appearance had at least made France great. If there was no liberty at home, there was a great deal of prestige abroad. Wise politicians rightly felt that prestige was not all that a Government ought to secure to its subjects, but at all events, it is better than the same system without prestige. The Government that now fills the place of the Empire is apparently not of this opinion. The friends of the Septennate seem to hold that Imperialism is rendered harmless by being deprived of the one thing which made it respectable. Home affairs are managed on the old principles; the only change is in the position of France in Europe. It is true, of course, that the present rulers of France are not responsible for the decline of their country in this latter respect. It is true, further, that the men on whom the responsibility does lie are the men who ruled France in the name and with the consent of NAPOLEON III. But neither of these facts affects the responsibility of the Government for the present condition of affairs. It was not in Marshal MACMAHON'S power to give France the greatness which she was supposed to enjoy ten years ago. But it was in his power to give her, or rather to leave her, the freedom which she did not enjoy ten years ago. There are many Frenchmen who, under any circumstances, would have regretted the theatrical splendours of the late EMPEROR'S reign. But there was no need to manage matters so that no Frenchman, except the family of LOUIS PHILIPPE, should feel that he has got anything in exchange for those splendours. The Septennate might be described, without much unfairness, as a plan for continuing the Imperial system during the residence of the Princes of ORLEANS in France. Nothing has been changed, only France has got half-a-dozen more Frenchmen.

It may seem unfair to charge this state of things to the sole account of Marshal MACMAHON. Certainly it was not in his brain that the ideas of Bonapartism without a BONAPARTE, and of military government without military glory, first took shape. That credit is justly due to the Duke of BROGLIE, and it is one which he will not easily shake off. But the Duke of BROGLIE might have planned and shaped events for ever without the reality in any way corresponding to his wishes if Marshal MACMAHON had not been near to help him. With Marshal MACMAHON on his side, the DUKE could for a time do anything he wanted, but the effective element in the combination was the MARSHAL. With Marshal MACMAHON on his side, M. THIERS could equally have done anything he wanted, and it rested with Marshal MACMAHON to determine to which of the two his aid should be given. Had M. THIERS and the Duke of BROGLIE been rival candidates for a vacant place, the MARSHAL might have pleaded that he had to exercise a choice, and that he had exercised it according to such lights as nature and training had given him. But M. THIERS and the Duke of BROGLIE were not rival candidates for a vacant place. The Duke of BROGLIE was the chief of a Parliamentary conspiracy for overthrowing a ruler who was not only in legal possession of power, but who was known to hold power with the good will of the great majority of Frenchmen. Marshal MACMAHON had not to weigh the comparative merits of various forms of government, or to decide whether Monarchy or Republicanism was best suited to the circumstances of France. He had simply to consider whether he should support a statesman who had been informally, but most unmistakably, singled out by the popular voice as the indispensable ruler of France at a moment of unexampled disaster, who had done more to restore national prosperity than it seemed possible when he took office that any man should do, or whether he should lend himself to a movement which had for its sole object the restoration of a family which outside the Assembly no considerable section of Frenchmen care to see brought back. There were no intellectual difficulties to be surmounted here. Marshal MACMAHON had only to stand by the President whose subordinate he was, and to act as the simple honest soldier which his friends proclaim him to be. It was an unfortunate day for France when he assumed the character of a politician.

It must be admitted, on the other hand, that he has not reaped any personal advantage from the change of part. Few positions can be less satisfactory than that in which he has found himself during the last days of 1874. He took office, on his own showing, to please the Conservative party in the Assembly, and he has carefully defined the conditions on which alone he thinks that his Government can be successful. From the moment that he did so, the fulfilment of these conditions has become impossible. The parties who carried him to power have shown that they only viewed him as a stone which could be usefully thrown at the head of M. THIERS. He was good enough for that purpose, but he is good for nothing else. Marshal MACMAHON repeats at intervals that he must be armed with additional powers, and have some kind of constitution to administer. The answer virtually given by the majority which elected him President is, that he has all the powers that he needs, and that constitutions are things that only befit his betters. The Conservative factions, whose repre-

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sentative he professedly is, treat him as a warming-pan endued with just ambition enough to make him tiresome. Why cannot he understand that he was made President merely to keep the place open for HENRY V. until the Royalists can compose their quarrels and the King enjoy his own? If the MARSHAL would be content to play this humble but useful part, there would be no more talk about organic laws. The phrase is altogether unsuited to a disorganized society such as France must be in the absence of her legitimate sovereign. There is no reason to suppose that, if the whole Royalist party would consent to use this language, the MARSHAL would have much hesitation in shaping his policy in conformity with it. But the Orleanists have another game to play. They see clearly enough that the restoration of the Count of CHAMBORD would be the restoration of an absolute, not of a constitutional, Monarchy; and the latter prospect, even if there were any chance of its being realized, is no more palatable to them than to the Republicans. The longer France can be kept under a Government which is neither Royalist nor Imperialist nor Republican, but a mixture of all three, the more chance there is that some unforeseen accident may take the Count of CHAMBORD out of the way. Life is uncertain, and he may die. Human resolutions are changeable, and he may abdicate. Consequently, the object of the Orleanists is to frame a constitution on the principle on which a London builder constructs a house. They want it to stand so long, and no longer. It must have sufficient substance to last out the remaining six years of the Septennate, lest Frenchmen should again get to discussing forms of government before the Orleanist hopes have had time to ripen. It must not have substance enough to carry it beyond that date, because a constitution which provided for the transmission of the MARSHAL'S powers after the expiration of the seven years would have an air of permanence which might cut off these hopes prematurely. Therefore Marshal MACMAHON will go on demanding additional powers, and a temporary constitution, with, to all appearance, very small chance of finding any sufficient number of deputies disposed to give him either. The conferences held last Wednesday only bring out the irreconcilable differences which divide the Right Centre from the Right, and both from the Left Centre.

MR. FORSTER AT NEW YORK.

MR. FORSTER'S independence and originality of mind are so well known that he can afford on suitable occasions to indulge in commonplace. His speech at the Union League Club of New York leaves on English minds the impression that all this has been said before, though it is difficult to judge whether it was worth saying again. Commonplace may consist either of truisms or of fallacies; and it extends over a wide range of conviction, of indifference, and of conscious insincerity. The only peculiarity of Mr. FORSTER'S propositions is that he believes them to be true. During the Civil War, while the majority of intelligent Englishmen endeavoured to be impartial, and while some were zealous partisans of the South, Mr. FORSTER was almost as heartily devoted to the cause of the Union as if he had been a New England Republican. The son of a devoted Abolitionist who might almost be regarded as a martyr in the cause, Mr. FORSTER inherited an abhorrence of slavery, and he also felt the warmest sympathy for the character and institutions of the people of the United States. It would perhaps be hard that he should not express feelings and opinions genuinely his own which have become hackneyed by the thoughtless or sycophantic declamation of orators extremely unlike Mr. FORSTER. There is no doubt that the Americans speak English; that they read English books; that, like Englishmen, they for the most part govern themselves; and that, through an unforeseen succession of events, they have at last got rid of slavery. For two or three days after landing in America Mr. FORSTER was struck with the difference of manners and habits from those with which he was familiar; but in a short time he was almost tempted to forget that he was travelling in a foreign country. It is not surprising that he should deprecate a contest which, as it seems to him, would be a civil war, in the same sense in which wars between Bavaria and Austria, or between Austria and Prussia, might have been formerly called civil wars. To so unnatural a struggle Mr. FORSTER prefers even a Geneva arbitration, which he oddly supposes to be a topic disagreeable to his American audience. It appears that Señor CASTELAR, since he was remitted from his administration of the Spanish Republic to his proper occupation of inventing fine phrases, has neatly described the submission of England at Geneva as a sublime humiliation. The Union League has no reason to regret the humiliation of England, and it probably is willing that Mr. FORSTER should console himself by regarding national abnegation as sublime. The insolence of the American agents and the gigantic pettifogging of the Indirect Claims were perhaps not sublime.

In the course of his tour Mr. FORSTER has visited the South, where, like other travellers, he saw what he came to see; and he has stated the result of his visit in his speech at New York. It may be observed that Mr. FORSTER said little of the Southern whites, although they constitute the majority of the population in eleven or twelve States of the Union. It is satisfactory to hear that the negroes are in some places working for wages; and Mr. FORSTER rightly attaches high importance to the fact that the production of cotton is now as great as it was before the war. There is reason to hope that the political relations of the two races are less vexatious and unnatural than they were during the predominance of the low Northern adventurers who acquired power in several States by the suffrage of the negroes. The reign of KELLOGG in Louisiana is drawing to a close, and the Democrats who will control the next Congress will not be disposed to encourage negro supremacy. Other English travellers who have recently been in the South are, however, less hopeful than Mr. FORSTER. It is possible that the gloomy pictures which have been drawn of political society in the South may admit of correction; yet there must be some foundation for the statement that the resentment of the conquered States is at this moment more bitter and more universal than it was immediately after the close of the war. In the earnest and cordial expression of his sympathy with the American people Mr. FORSTER inadvertently omitted to notice the existence of the defeated party. It is evident that there must have been two belligerents to make a war, and more especially a war which, with some rhetorical exaggeration, Mr. FORSTER describes as the greatest war of the century. Twenty millions with great difficulty overcame eight millions, who are, if the testimony of experienced observers may be trusted, not in the smallest degree reconciled to their defeat. Enthusiastic congratulation of the victors is not complimentary to the vanquished. It may perhaps be on the whole for the advantage of both parties that the Confederacy failed to establish its independence. The virtues of courtesy and diplomatic forbearance would be dearly purchased by the obligation to maintain standing armies, and by the possibility of war. The United States are now exempt from external danger, and they may enjoy perpetual peace, unless they voluntarily undertake wars of conquest in Cuba, in Mexico, or in Canada.

The New York reporter significantly remarked that many parts of Mr. FORSTER'S speech were well received, and that some passages were enthusiastically applauded. It would not be difficult conjecturally to supply the cheers and the intervals of disapproving silence. Every American audience expects to be flattered by an English speaker; and Mr. FORSTER did his best to satisfy the demand. His statement that the English colonies are loyal to the Crown and to the mother-country was probably attributed to pardonable prejudice; but applause was due to the admission that the colonial policy of England has been moulded in accordance with "the lesson you taught us about colonies a hundred "years ago." The success of the American rebellion is perhaps not to be regretted, especially as it happened a hundred years ago; but the celebration of the triumph may judiciously be left to the winners, who are not disposed to neglect their pleasant duty. The Fourth of July is not an English festival. It was more fitting that a foreign visitor should compliment the people of the United States on possessing what is called a government of the people by the people and for the people. It would have been both invidious and unjust to talk of a government of the people by election managers for the benefit of party politicians. The institutions of the United States have the admirable quality of satisfying those whom they exclusively concern, and of doing much less mischief than would be expected by a superficial observer of public affairs. It might seem that nothing worse could happen to a free community than that its best members should habitually abstain from taking part in the government of their country. Although it

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would be absurd to attribute degeneracy to the American people, it is undoubtedly true that the standard of statesmanship has steadily declined since the foundation of the Republic. The best politicians of the United States had without exception grown up as English subjects. The first great political convulsion produced WASHINGTON, HAMILTON, JEFFERSON, and ADAMS. The second crisis left Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON President of the Union, Mr. SUMNER the most conspicuous member of the Senate, and Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS and General BUTLER leaders of the House of Representatives. The best men are no longer the rulers of the nation; but the safeguard of American society is to be found in the limited sphere of government and legislation. The vagaries or jobs of Congress furnish the people ordinarily with amusement, and sometimes with a healthy opportunity for indignation. Of all the ills which citizens of the United States endure, the part which Presidents and Ministers and Congress can cause or cure is unprecedentedly small.

The enthusiasm of the Union League Club probably touched its lowest point when Mr. FORSTER referred to the delicate question of Free-trade. Although for after-dinner purposes England and the United States form a single nation, it happens that the Legislature and the majority of the American people entertain strong repugnance to the consumption of any English article of merchandize which can be produced at home. Mr. FORSTER himself is compelled to admit that commercial intercourse is not at present free; and he is justified in saying that Free-trade will come sooner or later. Unluckily, human vanity is not soothed by the assurance that ignorance which feels itself to be invincible will be hereafter overcome. The POPE and his emissaries are never more unpopular than when they sonorously declare that the most flourishing kingdom of England is rapidly returning to the true faith. It is more certain in economy than in religion that truth will prevail, because the prejudices of men yield more readily to the influence of their pockets than to the conclusions of reason or the dictates of conscience; but as long as a nation holds one set of opinions, it declines to anticipate that it will be converted to the opposite doctrine hereafter. Mr. FORSTER probably tried the patience of his hearers when he informed them that the dangers which beset America and England are of the same nature. It may be doubted whether the statement is absolutely correct. The people of the United States have allowed full play to universal suffrage, and it has done its worst. Democracy without waste lands to spare is a more perilous experiment. It seems that the chief danger which Mr. FORSTER apprehends consists in the obstructive character of the House of Lords. An hereditary branch of a Legislature is not likely to be popular in a New York Republican Club. In the United States universal suffrage explodes in the open air, or it appoints representatives who are powerless to do harm, except by tampering with commerce and with currency, or by making corrupt contracts for their private benefit. England, on the other hand, is governed with absolute and irresponsible power, by a Parliament which has not yet broken loose from traditions which were established when it was returned by a limited constituency. A House of Commons directed by an English BUTLER and STEVENS might do irreparable harm. The House of Lords may at least boast that none of its members would insult its dignity by delivering a speech such as that of Mr. SUMNER on the Indirect Claims. It is possible that eulogies and professions of friendship may, even in the United States, produce some kind of reciprocal feeling. Since the mission of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, who was recalled and disavowed for being too polite, no American has made complimentary speeches about England.

MR. DISRAELI'S ECCLESIASTICAL POLICY.

MR. DISRAELI'S reply to the Memorial of the Evangelical Union for Church Reform is an indication that he is beginning to taste the drawbacks which usually lie in wait for Ministers who confound dexterity with policy. Nothing could be more ingenious than his action upon the Public Worship Bill of last Session. The question was one about which, up to the moment of his taking part in the debate, he knew little, and probably cared less. Such languid sympathy as the Ritualist controversy may have excited in him has usually been supposed to point towards the more ornate varieties of Anglican worship; and a certain intellectual liberality which has always characterized Mr. DISRAELI would naturally indispose him to narrow the Established Church. But the desire to jump the same way as the cat proved stronger than sympathy and inclination. The remarkable unanimity displayed by the House of Commons gave Mr. DISRAELI an unlooked-for opportunity of posing, at the end of an extraordinarily dull Session, as the interpreter of sound national feeling. Those who preferred a revolutionary sectarianism might put up with Mr. GLADSTONE and his Six Resolutions, but if Englishmen wanted a stick with which to beat the Ritualists, they should find it ready cut for them in the person of the Conservative Prime Minister. The immediate success of this piece of strategy was indisputable. By the time that the Bill left the House of Commons its real parents had slipped out of recollection, and Mr. DISRAELI reaped all the glory of this happy settlement of our ecclesiastical troubles. The barrenness of the Session was atoned for by the blaze of theological fireworks in which it ended. Triumphs of this sort never look so well in December as they do in July. In July those who win them feel themselves committed to nothing. They are free till the following Session, and who thinks of the following Session when there is a whole recess to be enjoyed first? But in December the time for the performance of old promises is coming inconveniently near, and Mr. DISRAELI'S letter to Lord SHAFTESBURY is expressed in language which seems weak and indecisive when compared with the stirring phrases of last summer. The memorialists submit that the progress of the Church of England is now hindered by three obstacles. Her clergy are insubordinate and lawless; the relations between them and the laity are unsettled and unsympathetic; and in the large cities great masses of population have outgrown the operation of the parochial system. The meaning of all this is plain enough. The memorialists desire, first of all, to expel from the Established Church those who do not agree with them. When this necessary purification has been accomplished, the next step will be to prevent the disease from breaking out afresh. It is not enough that the Ritualists should be got rid of; the Church that has harboured them must be thoroughly disinfected. This end is to be achieved by improving the relations between the clergy and the laity—in other words, by putting every incumbent of a parish under the thumb of a majority of the ratepayers. Mr. DISRAELI is virtually asked to support, if not to introduce, a Bill for the creation of parochial Councils, and it does not need much foresight to predict what would be the character of such a machinery if the Evangelical Union for Church Reform had a hand in framing it. When the Established Church has thus been purged of the evil spirits which now infest it, and protected by adequate safeguards against the faintest possibility of their re-entering, the next step will be to get its influence extended by Act of Parliament. The population of large cities has got beyond the parochial system, and at present nothing can be done to bring the parochial system up to the necessary mark, lest the detested Ritualists should by chance profit by the change. If they can be got out of the way this objection will cease to have any weight. England cannot have too much of an Established Church, provided that it is an Established Church of the right sort.

To these modest suggestions Mr. DISRAELI has had to give an answer. If a similar Memorial had been addressed to Mr. GLADSTONE his reply might have filled many pages, but the upshot of it would have been that these were not matters in which the Government or the Legislature could interfere. Mr. DISRAELI would probably not have been sorry if he could have said much the same thing; but a Minister with an ecclesiastical policy, a Minister who has undertaken to put down Ritualism, a Minister under whom England is to bear her part in the great ecclesiastical conflict which is impending over Europe, cannot so easily throw off his self-imposed responsibilities. Still there is a marked contrast between the jejune vagueness of the reply as it is and the magniloquent vagueness of the reply as it might have been if it had been written six months ago. Mr. DISRAELI hopes "that the Act of last Session may supply a "remedy" for the lawlessness of the clergy; and with this he dismisses the first grievance. He has not a word to say about the promised completion of that Act by a measure extending it to doctrine. Yet, if it is so shocking for a clergyman to show his belief in a particular

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doctrine by his behaviour at the altar that a special Court has to be created to try and punish him, it cannot be a matter of indifference whether he is allowed to preach this very same doctrine from the pulpit. It is true that the average churchgoer might have heard the highest sacramental theories preached every Sunday in the year without his religious susceptibilities being offended, provided that there had been nothing in the service to bring the nature of the theory home to him. But when once he has been enlightened upon this latter point, it is exceedingly unlikely that he will acquiesce in Ritualist sermons any more than in Ritualist ceremonial. It used to be said last Session that the one thing that Englishmen would not endure was the introduction of the Roman Mass into Anglican churches. Let us suppose that all resemblance to the obnoxious rite has been removed from the Anglican service, but that the Ritualist clergy take to telling their congregations every Sunday that, though they are prevented from using the ceremonies of the Mass, they mean to preach the doctrine of the Mass in preparation for the happy time when vestments and lights and incense shall once more be permitted. If the feeling which seemed to be aroused by the Public Worship Bill was genuine and lasting, it is hard to believe that there will not before long be a demand for legislation against the expression of unpopular doctrine in words as well as against its expression in acts. When that time comes Mr. DISRAELI will find that, in modern times, an ecclesiastical policy is a FRANKENSTEIN which it is easier to create than to control. If once controversies about doctrine get a footing in the House of Commons, they will probably prove a cause of such terrific discord that all the more secular-minded politicians will unite to turn them out again. Institutions of longer standing and more importance than Conservative Ministries may be shaken by the storm which this effort will evoke. It was not incumbent on the PRIME MINISTER to identify himself with the measure which may hereafter be regarded as the source of so much confusion. He might have yielded to the unmistakable wish of the House of Commons, and have made time for it to be discussed and passed, without giving it the honours of a Government Bill and claiming the entire responsibility of all its possible consequences. We can imagine that, in the absence of a secular policy, an ecclesiastical policy seemed decked out with a brilliance not its own, but it will be a wonderful instance of Mr. DISRAELI's good luck if he does not in the end regret that he allowed himself to barter future ease for present popularity.

Upon the other two points raised by the Evangelical Union Mr. DISRAELI is able for the present to avoid saying anything. He agrees with the memorialists that it is desirable that the growing intimacy between clergy and laity should be encouraged and developed—a safe generality which need only mean that the squire ought to ask the parson to dinner oftener. He has himself "ever been of opinion that it was "in the great cities that the Church would effect in this "age its most signal triumphs," and he "agrees with the "memorialists that no effort should be omitted to assist the "Church in that paramount effort." So long as no particular effort is suggested, this sort of "Bless ye, my chil-"dren!" tone may succeed very well; but when the Evangelical Union comes forward with particular plans designed to effect particular purposes, Mr. DISRAELI will have to confess that he can do no more for the Church than if he were a Liberal. An ecclesiastical policy means a policy which excites expectations with the certainty of eventually disappointing them. It must be found out sooner or later; the only doubt is how long the delusion will last.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL ON PROPERTY IN LAND.

THE case of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL shows how desirable it would be to provide suitable public employment for the most eminent among retired Indian Civil Servants. Compelled by the effects of climate to abandon a career of unbounded activity and high utility in the prime of life, an Indian statesman with little or nothing to do affords a melancholy example of wasted power. English Colonial Ministers have already discovered that when they require the services of a vigorous administrator their best field of choice is among the ranks of retired Indians. The Council of India in Downing Street offers smaller opportunities of distinction and public service, but any employment is better than idleness, with its inevitable temptations. The rusty sword which ate into itself for lack of something else to hew and hack did comparatively little harm. The danger of inaction is that the owner of the weapon will, to prevent it from rusting, hew and hack something else. Sir G. CAMPBELL, having no longer millions of Hindoos to govern or to feed, has set himself suddenly to reform the system of landed property in England. His discourse on the subject at the Social Science meeting at Belfast began with a phrase which implied that there was no such thing as property in land. He then proceeded to infer, from a comparison between English land tenure and systems which belonged to primitive times or to remote regions, that English landowners were more or less guilty of usurpation; and yet that, in accordance with peculiar theories of the essayist, an aristocratic distribution of land ought to be in some degree preserved. Having learned that critics not unnaturally thought his doctrines communistic, Sir G. CAMPBELL expands and defends them in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*. As might be expected from an acute intellect dealing with an unfamiliar subject, many of his proposals are trite and many are rash. The charge of communistic or revolutionary tendencies is justified not so much by his conclusions as by his fundamental assumption that the right of property is an open question. Landowners have hitherto considered that their property was secured by title-deeds, instead of being dependent either on theories of utility or on Sir G. CAMPBELL'S condescending admission that great landlords frequently administer their estates for the public benefit. According to Sir G. CAMPBELL, a man may do what he likes with his handkerchief, but not with his land. The proposition is morally doubtful and it is legally false. As a man may burn his handkerchief, so he may turn a potato field into an ornamental pond or into a cover for foxes. It would be wrong to burn a good handkerchief when it might be used or sold or given away; and it is only more wrong to convert a fertile farm into a waste because the subject-matter is greatly more valuable.

"In early times land was held in Britain, as in other "parts of Europe and Asia, on the old communal system." In early times polytheism, slavery, and many other practices prevailed which have since become obsolete. The rights of landowners depend on modern legislation and law, and not on primæval customs which may have been studied by antiquarian jurists. It is partially true that at a later period primogeniture was encouraged for reasons of convenience relating to feudal service; but feudal service also has gone the way of communal tenure; and nine-tenths of the land in England belongs to its owners for no better reason than that they or their predecessors have, on the faith and with the sanction of law, bought the fee-simple. When Sir G. CAMPBELL has had more time to study the question he will perhaps satisfy himself that modern society has as good a right to make its own laws as if it were still primitively barbarous or mediævally feudal. The "unwarrantable inclosures" which have continued down to the present day were in nearly every case authorized by special Acts of Parliament. It is perfectly true that the "lords have acquired a hold over "the land so large that they now claim to be absolute "owners." It may be added that their claim is as fully and deliberately recognized by law as their claim to the possession of their pocket-handkerchiefs. That Sir G. CAMPBELL has derived some of his notions from the vague declamation of communistic theorists is proved by his suggestion that the commoners have been the persons principally wronged by inclosures. The commoners are in fact the chief promoters of inclosures, and they have derived the principal benefit from operations which have at the same time enormously increased the wealth of the country. If the lord of the manor is not also, by himself or his tenants, a commoner, he is entitled on inclosure to a comparatively small portion of the waste, while the remainder is apportioned among the landowners having right of common in proportion to their holdings. If inclosures had been prohibited during the last century, a large part of the surface of the country would have remained comparatively barren. The modern and laudable anxiety to preserve open spaces in the neighbourhood of large towns had not been anticipated either by communities holding land in common or by feudal lords or vassals.

Sir G. CAMPBELL displays liberality of mind in recognizing the advantages which are derived from the existence of large estates. Rich landlords are on the whole good landlords, because they can afford an outlay beyond the reach of their humbler neighbours; but it must be re-

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membered that the right of a small owner is as perfect as that of a duke, although he may be wholly unable to build ornamental cottages. The proposal of a special tax on land to represent extinct feudal burdens is utterly capricious and unjust. The purchaser of land did nothing immoral or unlawful when he invested his savings in a kind of property which until lately was held to be exceptionally secure. There is not the smallest reason why he should pay a special tax from which he would have been exempt if he had preferred Consols or railway stock to land. He bought his land clear of feudal burdens as of communal rights, and if the Legislature thinks fit to alter his tenure, it ought to provide full compensation. Among the numerous theorists who amuse themselves with speculative plans for unsettling proprietary rights, all are not as candid as Sir G. CAMPBELL, who is only afflicted with a superfluity of leisure. He is kind enough to tolerate the existence of great landlords, although he would mulct them for the offence of coming into collision with some of his speculations. Other reformers, using nearly the same superficial arguments, would proceed without scruple to expropriate the landowners; nor is it certain, when property is made to depend on supposed utility, what device may be adopted by a Legislature indifferent to positive law and established right. It is doubtful whether even Sir G. CAMPBELL is disposed to tolerate small landed proprietors, except when the owner is also the occupier. He admits that he would favour the destruction of large estates if he thought that it would result in the establishment of numerous petty freeholds. Property was in former times sometimes held by whimsical tenures, and the owners of Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye are still bound to present flags to the Sovereign on certain anniversaries. The most insecure of all tenures is that which is measured by the length of a theoretical reformer's foot.

It is not worth while to follow an essayist who has spent his life in remote regions into the hackneyed question of compensation for unexhausted improvements. There is no difference of principle on the fitness of protecting the tenant's property, but the agitators on the subject almost invariably propose to transfer to the occupier a portion of the property of the landowner. Sir G. CAMPBELL'S proposal of a special tax on land is more novel, and it deserves to be fully exposed. If such an impost were voted in the next Session, it would have the effect of a wanton and exceptional extortion from the actual holders of land. Those who were lucky enough to sell land a year ago would be exempt, and those who bought land after the date of the imposition of the tax would of course deduct the amount of the burden from their purchase money. The tenure of land would not be in the smallest degree affected; but an arbitrary charge would have been made once for all on a class as meritorious or as innocent as any other section of the community. It is odd that a writer of serious pretensions should delude himself by the antithesis of COWPER'S line that "GOD made the country "and man made the town." Man has invested his money sometimes in the country and sometimes in the town with precisely the same legal warrant. It is absurd to say that the "land of this country is not a simple allodial property, "but an assignment of the public revenue from the land "for special purposes." If English land is to be regulated by English law, the whole proposition is utterly false. In the following sentence Sir G. CAMPBELL unconsciously explains the delusion under which he labours:—"We have "some difficulty in realizing this system here, but in "India, where such arrangements are made before "our eyes, the thing becomes clear enough." A century ago Englishmen in India found it difficult to understand how land could fail to be divided between owners in fee simple and occupying tenants. In exactly the same spirit, because he knows the law and practice of Bengal, Sir G. CAMPBELL assumes that there can be no other land tenure in England. If "such arrangements were made before our "eyes," such arrangements would exist, whereas in this country they are merely the products of sophistical imagination. It is hard that the qualities which are indispensable to Indian administration should be misemployed in projects for subverting the law of property in England. It is quite as unjustifiable to unsettle vested rights for Sir G. CAMPBELL'S purposes as in promotion of the communistic schemes which he repudiates.

THE SHIPTON DISASTER.

THE dreadful calamity which has occurred at Shipton raises an important question as to what can fairly be considered an accident on a railway. A large proportion of the so-called railway accidents are of course not accidents at all, but simply the natural and necessary consequences of deliberate parsimony, carelessness, and neglect of obviously reasonable precautions. It is as absurd to give the name of accident to a collision which has been caused by the drowsy blunder of a signalman who has been on duty for sixteen hours as it would be to say it is an accident when a match knowingly cast into a powder-barrel is followed by an explosion. And the same may be said when trains are run with systematic unpunctuality; when too short an interval is allowed between trains that follow or meet each other; when the securities of the telegraph and the block system are set at nought; or when a busy part of the main line, choked with traffic constantly passing to or from several branches, is, as at Wigan, turned into a shunting-yard. In the late collision on the Great Eastern a large number of passengers were killed because the Company chose to push their fish traffic to the peril of passengers, and would not go to the expense of a double line. In such cases the slaughter might be considered deliberate and intentional if it could only be supposed that the men who have charge of the working of the railways really think seriously at all about the results which may be naturally expected from their methods of working. Of course nobody can believe that railway managers and directors are really inspired by a thirst for blood; they would no doubt much prefer that nobody should ever be killed, if that result could only be attained without too much bother and expense. But it may be asked whether that sort of wilful carelessness which exposes passengers to mutilation or death merely in order to avoid trouble or a little outlay, and trusts to the possibility that by good luck and a series of happy accidents things will somehow come right, ought not to be treated as at least a very grave kind of manslaughter. There are, however, other cases in which it is more difficult to determine whether a disaster may not have included a really accidental element over which railway officials have no control; and it has been suggested that the overthrow of the Great Western train at Shipton should perhaps be placed in this category.

It is of course impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion on this question until the inquiry is finished; but the general history of the event would seem to be plain enough. At Christmas-time all trains are usually rather crowded, and this was the case with what is called the Birkenhead express on Christmas Eve. Several carriages from other lines were taken on at Reading, and at Oxford it was found necessary to attach another third-class carriage, and also a second engine. Nearly all the carriages which left Paddington were six-wheeled carriages; but the third-class put on at Oxford had only four wheels. It was a carriage which had been previously in regular use, and was believed to be in good condition. There appears to be no doubt that at Reading and Oxford the wheels of the through carriages were tapped in the usual way to ascertain that they were sound, but it is not certain that the wheels of the added carriage were then examined. The travelling inspector says that the carriages were being tapped when the third-class was added; but it is possible that in the hurry the latter may not have been tested. After leaving Oxford all went well until the train had passed Hampton Gay church. At this point the fireman on each engine, happening to look round pretty much about the same time, saw a man with his hands and arms extending from the third-class carriage which had been put on at Oxford, and signalling for the train to stop. They gave warning to their respective drivers, and almost simultaneously the engines were reversed and steam was shut off, and in a few seconds the carriages parted from the locomotives. One of them appears to have struck the abutment of a bridge, and in the disruption of the trains several were forced over the embankment and into the water below.

There appears to be no question that it was the breaking of the tire of a wheel of the carriage attached at Oxford which threw the train off the rails, but further evidence is still wanting as to the character of the tire. There is perhaps no subject on which the warnings of the Inspectors of the Board of Trade have been so frequent and urgent as on the necessity of seeing not only that the tire itself is sound, but that it is perfectly fastened

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to the wheel, so that in the event of its breaking, it may not fly off altogether. "The risk," says Captain TYLER, "being so great, and the remedy so simple, it does seem "surprising that there should be so much difficulty in "inducing Railway Companies to adopt the remedy." And he adds that it involves no extra cost worth consideration. We must know more, however, of the construction of the wheel in this case before we can attempt to determine whether there was any fault in this respect. Assuming, however, that the tire was as strong as, humanly speaking, it could be made, the question is how far a train is to be left at the mercy of an accident of this kind, so that, if the tire of a single wheel in the whole of the train gives way, it will be thrown off the rails and precipitated to destruction. It has been suggested that the recent disaster might have been averted if the carriage of which a tire was fractured had had six instead of four wheels. There are no doubt some objections on other grounds to six wheels which do not apply to four wheels; but it is obvious that in a case of this kind the additional pair of wheels would be a valuable security. There were some inconsistencies in the railway evidence produced on this point; but we gather that it is not, as a rule, deemed advisable to put four-wheel carriages into express trains, although they are occasionally used. It need hardly be said that, if they are suspected to be dangerous in fast trains, they should not be used at all. The Christmas Eve express was a very heavy one, at least at the time it left Oxford; it was probably going at a pretty good pace; and it must have been known that in severe frost there would be an unusual strain on the wheels in consequence of the rigidity of the ground. Two other points which demand consideration relate to the communication between the passengers and the guard or the engine-driver, and the amount of brake-power available for suddenly stopping the train. The train was provided with a cord strung on pulleys, and extending along its whole length, which any one could pull by stretching out his hand to the eave of a carriage. One man at least was seen with his arms out of the window of the carriage with the broken tire, but it is not known whether he pulled the cord. The driver of the second engine says he saw the cord attached to the gong on his engine moving, but he did not hear the gong sound, and it may be inferred that the communication was somehow out of order. A Correspondent of the *Times* who has a practical acquaintance with railways has calculated that, from the spot pointed out to him as that at which the broken tire was found to the scene of the wreck, the distance was about five hundred yards, and that the train would traverse this space in from twenty to twenty-five seconds. This of course is a very short time; still, if timely notice could have been given to the driver, and if he had had a more powerful brake, it is possible that the disaster might have been mitigated, if not prevented. It is probable that the man in the third-class carriage tried the cord before he waved his arms to the engine-men.

It is unfortunate that the circumstance of the disaster happening almost exclusively to third-class passengers should apparently have had the effect of making the inquiry less thorough and effective than it might otherwise have been. As a rule, the friends of third-class passengers have not much money to spare for law expenses, and they are probably aware that claims for compensation are more favourably considered when no attempt has been made to expose the shortcomings of the Railway Company. As it is, the Great Western Company, who are represented by an experienced lawyer, appear to be masters of the situation. The Board of Trade indeed has sent an Inspector and a barrister, but these gentlemen seem to be rather what is called watching the case than taking a keen and active part in its investigation. The natural course, under such circumstances, would appear to be that the inquiry, as in other cases of homicide, should assume the form of a Government prosecution. The Company would then be placed formally and directly on their defence, and, whether third-class or first-class passengers were slain, the efficiency of the investigation would be equally ensured.

THE POSITIVISTS.

IT is very natural that intelligent persons in the United States should wish to know what is going on in England, and that they, being perfectly free to choose, should wish to gather information and ideas from every quarter. They are not satisfied with the sensible, but not very striking or original, criticism which the professional correspondents of newspapers are equally able and willing to supply. Outsiders are invited to have their say, and are offered an opportunity of letting Americans know what they think of events in England. The columns of the *New York World* are in this way opened to the Positivists among other intellectual outsiders, and Professor BEESLY has taken this means of letting American readers know what he thinks of Mr. GLADSTONE's Vatican pamphlet. He does not like it at all. He honestly owns that he has not read it; but he explains that he has been saved the trouble of actually going through what Mr. GLADSTONE has written because he is possessed of the general knowledge that everything that Mr. GLADSTONE writes is dull and worthless. He is ashamed of a Liberal leader who can go on arguing about ecclesiastical questions with genuine earnestness and anxiety, and he is mortified that Frenchmen should see the *Times* filled with letters which in France would not be seen outside the *Univers*. The Germans, poor creatures! are making themselves and every one else sick with their insane interest in such matters, although, so far as German ecclesiastics are to be regarded as salaried officials, Professor BEESLY does not pretend to pity them. The more that priests who accept Government pay are trampled on the better pleased Professor BEESLY is. These, however, are but private opinions, and the *New York World* of course wants information also, and the Professor therefore concludes by giving a sketch of the present position of the leaders of English parties. The Liberals, he says, cannot do without Mr. GLADSTONE, because he is incomparably the best debater and financier in the country, but they feel him to be an incubus with his contemptible superstition, and an old heathen like PALMERSTON is much more to the taste of Englishmen. The Conservatives are much more fortunate, "as DISRAELI's occa-"sional flourishes are so transparently histrionic that "they do him no harm." If the *New York World* desired it, it would not perhaps be impossible to find another correspondent who would correct or soften these somewhat trenchant statements. But English readers can easily do this for themselves, and for us here it seems perhaps better worth while to inquire what is the point of view from which Professor BEESLY writes, and what value it has for us in England.

The Positivists in England are a small body, but they number among them men of high character and much ability. Englishmen hate men who offer them new ideas, and they hate still more men who offer them a new religion. The Positivists offer both, and with a strangely bitter intolerance, and they are not popular, excepting perhaps among those who know them personally. But it does not follow that what they have to say may not deserve some attention. Mr. BEESLY in his letter to the *New York World* points with pleasure to the enlightened sphere of French journalism, where such silly things as the Vatican Decrees are never discussed. But the Positivists may fairly claim to have got on much further in thought than they would have done if they had stayed where French journalists are wont to stay. Men of science can keep, if they please, to the domain of science, and can leave it to others to settle what the effect of scientific conclusions ought to be on other branches of human thought or interest. But French journalists profess to deal with politics and society, and, as a rule, they only do so from one limited point of view. Religion as a basis of order, as an occupation of life, as a personal pleasure, as a family safeguard, does not exist for them. They simply ignore it, as something that belongs to priests and clericals. The unhappy barrier which the Romish Church sets up between lay life and goodness may excuse or account for this, but it still remains true that religion is treated by most educated Frenchmen as a thing with which honest and sensible men can have nothing to do. The Positivists have gone much further. They have faced the question, What would happen if society generally adopted the opinions which govern the writings of enlightened French journalists? They do not shut their eyes to the immense force and value of Christianity. They do not attempt to say that society could go on, or men be happy, or women tender and true, without some equivalent for it. What they say is that the history of Christianity itself teaches what there is in the religion that human nature needs, and how it may

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be absorbed into a very different system. They see that Christianity has acted on the world by inspiring the noble enthusiasm of a great cause. They in their turn offer enthusiasts the noble cause of raising the whole human race not in another, but in the present, world. They recognize the craving of men and women for religious gatherings, for ceremonials, for semi-obscure sentiments, for objects of veneration, and they offer to consecrate and celebrate the memory of the illustrious dead with all the pomp and majesty of solemn public celebrations. They find in the Romish priesthood an order of men apart from the State, guiding nations to a common purpose, making ordinary minds look beyond the affairs and interests of the day, watching and contriving and labouring so that what they hold to be great truths may prevail. The Positivists propose to replace this powerful agency by one which they conceive will be equally powerful, a hierarchy of the wise and thoughtful and scientific men of all nations; and, as Professor BEESLY says, they are aware that the hierarchy would not only have objects akin to those of the Romish hierarchy, but would have many of the same difficulties to encounter and much of the same opposition to surmount. The problems of a divided allegiance would not cease out of the world. Nor ought it to be overlooked that some of the objections ordinarily made to Positivists are easily parried by them. If it is said that what they offer we already have, they answer that we have it, but have it in a shape which prevents the co-operation with us of enlightened persons like French journalists. If it is said that they are only borrowing from Christianity, they reply that of course they borrow from Christianity, or what would be the good of knowing history? and that each phase of man's progress must necessarily incorporate what was best in preceding phases. Professor TYNDALL, when speaking at Belfast, first made some remarks which seemed to cut away the sphere of religious emotions, and then said that these emotions were permanent, and must be gratified somehow. He wisely refrained from explaining how he proposed to reconcile the beginning and the end of his address. The Positivists have at least the merit of greater boldness or rashness. They suggest what seems to them a complete and coherent solution of the difficulty. It is only fair to say that they have made a serious attempt to draw a picture of a social state not destitute of religion, if belief in revelation died away. It may be a fancy sketch; it is certainly to most Englishmen an unattractive sketch; but at any rate they have made it.

The real objection to the scheme of the Positivists—and it is an objection to most schemes for remodelling mankind—is that there is no appreciable connexion between what we know and what we are asked to believe in. That men will gradually become more interested in people of other and distant nations is not only probable, but is the inevitable result of our moving freely about the whole globe, and being brought into contact with and wishing to make money of, or to govern, or kill, or convert, remote persons. But what shape this interest will ultimately take, or what its extent or value will be, is quite beyond our knowledge. The cause of humanity is a fine phrase, but the only contribution to the success of this cause as to which Englishmen can hope with much confidence that they do unquestionable good is that we keep the peace in India. We have not any solid reason to expect that the world will ever care to worship its dead men. The great dead are such persons as CONFUCIUS or EPAMINONDAS who awaken no real emotion whatever, or they are persons like LUTHER, or VOLTAIRE, or NAPOLEON, who awaken a crowd of conflicting emotions. Men must be very much changed before they can agree in liking the same dead persons more heartily than they like the same living persons. Dead men are chiefly symbols for living hatreds. We cannot even begin to think what a hierarchy of the wise men of the West would be like. So far as experience can teach us, we should expect that this hierarchy would be either a set of pedantic beings reproducing the same stereotyped ideas, or they would quarrel among themselves, and every scientific bishop would have a sect of his own. External associations seem to do very little for thought, and still less for the unity of those associated. It cannot be said that the fruits of academies are joy and peace. There is nothing to make us hope that men would find the members, and especially the younger members, of a scientific hierarchy the acceptable counsellors of their souls. Curates even now under our tempered dispensation are stumbling-blocks, but what would life be like under the ministrations of a curate who offered himself as knowing everything, and who belonged to the hierarchy of the West? There is, moreover, so far as we can see, no chance of any one set of persons knowing much more than another set of persons. There is too much equality and rivalry in the world now, the limitations of knowledge are too obvious, for this to be possible. The people out of the hierarchy would in a fatal number of instances be wiser than the people in it, and if a scientific hierarchy was once hated, how it would be hated! The hatred of the Italians for "the blackcoats" would be nothing to it. To most minds, therefore, the Positivist dream must remain a dream and nothing more. We can but go on in a tentative and not very grand way, keeping clear of fine phrases so far as human frailty will permit, having as to many things only half lights and half truths, and not pretending to more, clinging fast to that which seems to us good, tolerating and inquiring widely, doing what we can for our fellow-creatures, and enjoying, among other sources of innocent pleasure, the correspondents' columns of American newspapers.

LOSSES AT SEA.

THERE is little to be said on the loss of the *Cospatrick* beyond expressing sorrow at a great calamity. So far as is known, she was a model ship, well supplied in all respects, well manned, and well commanded; yet she has perished by fire, and only three of her crew and passengers are known to have escaped. This disaster happening about the same time as the foundering of the *La Plata* has attracted the public mind strongly to naval matters. Complaints of the unseaworthiness of ships evoke complaints of the unseaworthiness of seamen, and both complaints appear to be well founded, although it would be going too far to say that recent occurrences support them. The causes of the loss of the *La Plata* deserve official investigation, but as regards the *Cospatrick* the facts are already tolerably plain. There is always great danger of fire at sea, and when it occurs in a crowded ship loss of life is almost certain to ensue. More complete precautions might be taken against fire, and more elaborate arrangements might be made for dealing with it. But unhappily the more elaborate these arrangements are the greater seems to be the danger that some indispensable part of them will be forgotten. It has come upon some minds as a new and terrible discovery, that if a ship carrying emigrants takes fire her boats will not suffice to hold them all. The demand for more boats elicits the discouraging answer that already there are more than are likely in the terror and confusion to be made available. Either they will be capsized by crowding, or they will put off without provisions or stores. It is then suggested that the passengers might be drilled in embarking and putting off in boats; but, unless the provision of boats be increased, it would be necessary to settle who should be taken and who left. It is of course possible that some suggestions may be derived from this deplorable occurrence that may tend to prevent others of the like kind. Considering that there is water all around the fire in a ship, some more powerful method might, we may think, be contrived for applying the water to the fire. An emigrant ship would abound in pumping power, and passengers might be drilled in the use of what might prove their only means of safety. It may well be thought that, if this ship could perish, no ship is safe. Much of the cargo was incombustible. The ship was by law required to carry one fire-engine, and she carried two. The captain was able, the discipline was efficient, the passengers were well conducted, yet swift destruction overtook this ship and nearly all she carried. Worse even than death by drowning were the horrors amid which nearly all the crew of one of the boats perished. The story has been often told before, and the only new feature is the greater chance of relief now that the ocean highways are traversed by innumerable ships. It is thought that this disaster will check emigration, which has lately been active, to New Zealand. But all that has been stated in reference to the *Cospatrick* shows that the business of carrying emigrants is reasonably well organized, and has sustained very few losses, although certainly capable of improvement.

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It must not, however, be supposed that all the suggestions which appear in the newspapers for preventing or mitigating such calamities have been resisted merely by stupidity. Thus one correspondent asks why boats should not be fitted with tin cases containing, among other things, spirits, "which could be renewed every voyage." It may be feared that more frequent renewal would be necessary. A boat is not a bad place to sleep in, particularly when it is furnished with a night-cap. Seriously, however, it may be asked why there always is something wrong with a ship's boats when they are wanted in a hurry? This week we hear of the loss of a steamer by striking on a rock. The life-boat was so firmly lashed that she could not be moved. In attempting to loose her she capsized, her occupants were thrown into the sea, and some of them were drowned. In the case of the *Cospatrick* it appears that two boats were finally got off in an orderly manner and without overcrowding, but they carried neither food nor water. It is really time that some system of boat drill should be adopted, so that on an emergency the right thing might as far as possible be done without requiring the captain to think of everything at once. It is indeed wonderful how much ability and quiet heroism these merchant captains show. They do their duty to the last, and go down with their ships, neither complaining nor gesticulating, but merely working as long as they are able. It must be owned that this fine class of men are a spontaneous product of British soil. There has been no premium on their growth. They exist because they cannot help it, and perhaps it is only in the last act of life that their modest worth appears. Whatever ships, or, as a gallant Admiral would say, "sea-"monsters," it may be necessary to build, the country which produced the captains of the *La Plata* and the *Cospatrick* must remain a naval Power. He who can stand calmly between imminent deaths by fire and water is not likely to fear anything that man can do. This consolation at least may be derived from the distressing casualties of the last month.

The further details obtained from the survivors of the *Cospatrick's* crew do not add much to what was known or inferred from the brief telegraphic statements which preceded the arrival of these persons at Plymouth. The disaster occurred on the night of the 17th of November, nearly in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, and about three hundred and fifty miles to the west of it. The energies of captain and crew were at first absorbed in contending with the fire, and it was probably more than they could undertake to provide also for the efficiency of the boats. The passengers rushed to the quarter-boats; not less than eighty persons, mostly women, crowded into one of them, and the boat filled and capsized, and all the occupants were drowned. This is the substance of the statement made by MACDONALD, the second officer, and it goes far to show that many of the precautions suggested in the way of equipping boats beforehand would in this case have been useless. If any system of discipline could teach men or women who are merely passengers to accept the captain's decision as to who should be taken and who left, it would be well. But without some such discipline it is almost inevitable that there should be a rush for life which will only render death more certain. The weather after the accident was mostly fine, and if the boats had been quietly lowered, supplied with provisions, and not overcrowded, they might have reached the coast of Africa, if not picked up by some ship on the way. But this could only have been done by placing on board each boat some seamen, with at least one officer or one man capable of command. It seems from MACDONALD'S account that the quarter-boat, which capsized, was filled with passengers, mostly women, so that that boat, if it had got away from the ship, would have had no chance of life amid the waves. But if the best had been done to load and equip all the boats there would still have remained a large balance of passengers for whom immediate death would be inevitable. The resource which has been sometimes adopted of a raft would have required more time than was available, and besides it appears improbable that a raft could have contended with the sea in which, as MACDONALD says, his boat shipped water until she was nearly full. The only alternative, therefore, to many of the passengers must have been between immediate death and death in protracted suffering.

It is not necessary to adopt the LORD MAYOR'S apprehension that emigration will be diverted, except perhaps temporarily, by this disaster from Australia and New Zealand to America. If the people who perished on this voyage had remained at home they might have made a journey by railway to visit their friends at Christmas, with such results as have been lately seen. After all, one has got to be somewhere, and there are few safer places in the world than a well-found sailing-ship. We may at least venture to assume that the *Cospatrick* would not have been overwhelmed by the waves of the Bay of Biscay like the *La Plata*, and indeed the records of emigration to the Antipodes show a very small percentage of fatal casualties. It must, however, be allowed that a steamer would probably not have been lost as the *Cospatrick* was, because a steamer could have been kept by her engines before the wind, so as to confine the fire to the fore part of the vessel, where it first broke out. But when the *Cospatrick* came head to wind, and the flames and smoke were driven aft, her fate was sealed. An attempt by volunteers to get down the forehatch when the fire began had failed. The engines seem to have been worked promptly and vigorously, but without effect. MACDONALD himself threw the magazine overboard. The spirit-room remained untouched until the fire exploded it. MACDONALD and others had tried to lighten the starboard pinnace, the biggest boat in the ship, but they had to leave her when her bows caught fire. MACDONALD tried to get a compass, but had to leave it, or the boat into which he jumped would have put off without him. Of course somebody will write to the newspapers to say that every boat ought to be fitted with a compass before the ship to which she belongs leaves port. One of the owners of the *Cospatrick* stated at the Mansion House that they were already obliged to carry a ten-gallon keg of water in each boat, which should have been in these boats when they left the ship (only it was not); and he had now given orders for a supply of meat to be packed and secured in each boat "ready for any emergency." It is to be hoped that intending emigrants will be comforted by this assurance; but they will do well to make themselves as far as possible "ready for any emergency," including that of deciding in case of need who shall perish and who shall, at least for the time, be saved. There have been other ships besides this destroyed by fire recently, and it is stated that a boat's crew of one of them drew lots to decide who should be killed to feed the others. In the boat which escaped from the *Cospatrick* this was unnecessary, because men died fast enough for this shocking purpose. It seems like trifling to remark, as one writer does on this hideous narrative, that LIEBIG'S Extract of Meat would have been a good thing to have on board this boat. By all means let all reasonable precautions be taken in the equipment of ships and boats. But when all has been done that can be done, some one of the many risks of the sea will prove to have been overlooked. The only certainly useful course would be to instruct all emigrants how to meet sudden danger on board ship.

GENIUS AND COMMON SENSE.

THERE is a clever essay by Hazlitt upon Genius and Common Sense. In his nervous and animated style he gives a good many appropriate illustrations of the qualities which generally pass under those names. Such a discussion, however, is almost always unsatisfactory from the want of any definite groundwork of theory. Arguments about the peculiarities of genius, or of wit, or humour, or a sense of beauty, have a painful tendency to degenerate into mere verbal discussions. The reason, indeed, is obvious. The speaker takes for granted the accuracy of the rough popular classification implied in the name of the quality under discussion, and takes for granted further that everybody attaches the same meaning to it. An argument generally brings out the fact that neither of those assumptions is strictly true. The intellectual product, for example, which we call "wit" may or may not be something distinct in kind from the logical or the imaginative faculties. Our pyschology is altogether too imperfect to allow us to assume that because a quality has obtained a name it is entitled to rank as a distinct class. If a naturalist were to take for granted that a whale was to be classed with sharks or soles because the ordinary observer calls him a fish, he would, as we know, be making a grievous blunder. Now the lines which divide separate intellectual faculties from each other are far more complex and intangible than those which mark off different classes of the animal creation. The chances are that the rough approximations which have worked themselves into language would require a complete readjustment before they could be used in anything like a scientific discussion. And, in the next place, it is equally clear that, as a matter of fact, there is no general agreement as to the precise meaning of our notation. When people begin to argue about æsthetic philosophy, they seldom condescend to observe that such a word as "beautiful" is susceptible of the most con-

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tradictory meanings. When one finds that one man will apply the name to a woman or a poem, another to a mathematical problem, and a third to a new form of disease, it is plain that, unless we carefully define our meaning, there is abundant room for mutual misunderstandings. This is obviously the case with a great many arguments about genius. According to one use of the word, it merely means any mental power possessed in a pre-eminent degree. A genius differs from a man of common sense as Samson differed from an ordinary athlete. He can lift a hundred pounds weight where the other can only lift ten; but both have a certain degree of muscular power. According to another hypothesis, genius differs in kind as well as degree from the lower qualities. A man of genius possesses powers of which we cannot trace even the rudiments in his neighbours. There is something about him almost supernatural; he has a new sense; he has a faculty of vision where we are hopelessly blind; he moves in obedience to laws as mysterious to the common herd as the instincts which guide animals in their annual migrations are to the masters of creation. The difference raises the question of fact, whether anybody has such superhuman endowments, and, if not, what is the quality which leads us to imagine their existence. There is, of course, a natural presumption against the opinion that any order of men is distinguished by the possession of a radically different order of faculties. The difference between Shakspeare and a modern rhymer often appears to be as great as the difference between the rhymer and a monkey; but yet even the humblest of poetasters has some rudimentary faculty of combining words and ideas which justifies his being classified as a man. On the other hand, it seems as if genius were in some sense a distinct endowment from mere power of intellect. We have known two men, one of whom was clearly superior to the other according to every possible intellectual test. He could reason better, judge more accurately, describe more vividly, and talk more eloquently. And yet we have never felt inclined to say that he had a single touch of genius; whereas the confused and illogical thoughts of his neighbour, however imperfectly expressed, had yet the indefinable element which suggests the consecrated phrase. We have, in this sense, known men of genius who have been plucked in examinations, artists of genius who have produced nothing but unsaleable daubs, and officers of genius who could not give two consistent commands. Genius, it may almost be said, is not irreconcilable with stupidity, and certainly not with extreme muddleheadedness. Is there not something allied to genius in that thickskinned, pigheaded stolidity which sometimes enables a man to bring about a great result by hammering away at his one idea in spite of all ridicule and opposition?

If we ask what is the common element which makes us use the word genius in all these cases, we may find a plausible answer suggested by one of Hazlitt's cases. To discover the binomial theorem, he says, was an effort of genius, but it showed no genius in the calculating boy to multiply nine figures by nine in his head, nor would it have shown any could he have multiplied ninety figures by ninety. The difference between the two cases is plainly this—that the calculating boy only did more quickly what might have been done by anybody else capable of performing the simplest arithmetical process, or indeed by a machine. The discoverer of a new theorem, on the contrary, did what could not have been done by any number of ordinary persons. The difference between the man of talent and the man of genius would be, on this showing, that the man of talent could be replaced by a dozen men of ordinary power, whereas a million of such men would be no nearer to replacing the genius. A thousand dwarfs may be kept back for ever by a barrier which is overstepped as soon as there comes a single giant; and if the young gentlemen who were plucked for their degree in any given examination were multiplied by a thousand, they would be as hopelessly unable as before to make one of Newton's immortal discoveries. In the same way, a clever man may write something which is superficially just like a first-rate poem, but when we take it to pieces we find it to be nothing but a skilful combination of echoes; whereas in a single song or verse which shows genius there is always something which could not have been borrowed from anybody else. In short, originality is the mark of genius in this sense, though the word is constantly used to denote great powers which are, rigidly speaking, merely a faculty for doing more quickly than usual what has been done by others before. If we could fix this sense, we should have at any rate a tolerably distinctive meaning, and one which includes the most characteristic usages of the word. This, for example, explains the sense in which we attribute a kind of supernatural character to genius. The man of genius introduces into the world something which was not there before, instead of simply using up old materials. If, on Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, we are now men instead of monkeys, our improvement may be defined as the sum of all that has been added to us by the men of genius. It matters not whether the new element has entered spasmodically or by infinitesimal infusions; but all the substantial gains which divide us from the monkey or the rudest savage must have been first introduced by men who were in some degree superior to their ancestors. So far as a man is a mere repetition of previous men, we could do without him; but genius is indispensable because it is the sole condition of organic improvement. It is genius which annexes new territories, though talent may be sufficient for the cultivation of the old; and therefore the expansion of the intellectual empire of the race depends entirely upon its fertility in genius. Here, then, we might find a scientific basis for hero-worship, and a justification of any amount of rhapsodies in celebrating the sanctity of the one element essential to the development of the species.

This definition, however, though it may be sufficient for practical purposes, raises another series of questions. Genius, on this showing, may be described as the first appearance of a new and superior variety. The genius is amongst men, that is, what a fresh variety is amongst flowers; the germ from which in time by proper cultivation a healthier and stronger breed may be developed to supplant the old. But it may still be asked whether in fact this quality is exceptional, and whether it is what we really find amongst the men who are most unmistakably called geniuses. Taking, for example, the great poets, we are often struck by the association of genius with weakness rather than strength. Cowper, Shelley, Burns, and Byron are familiar instances of the fact that genius often implies a onesided development. Cowper, for example, affects us because his powers of feeling were developed out of all proportion to his nervous strength. His emotions upset his intellect. He is a genius, not because he is stronger than other men on all points, but because he is weaker in some. His extraordinary powers of pathos would have been destroyed if one side of his nature had been strengthened. He is original because the extraordinary keenness of his feelings was not balanced by a corresponding power of self-constraint. Or, if we take genius of the most opposite type, Newton's superiority to other men was simply that he possessed in a higher degree qualities which all men possess in some degree, unless they are absolute idiots. The stupidest of men might be a Newton amongst monkeys, and is only called stupid because other men are Newtons to him. In this sense, therefore, genius, for anything that we can say, does not correspond to a specifically different power; but is merely the name which we give to the highest known examples of the old powers. We might call "Eclipse" a genius amongst his horses as we call Newton a genius amongst men; not because he had five legs instead of four, but simply because he could run a few more yards than other quadrupeds in a second. A slightly increased capacity for concentrating the mind upon a given point may enable a mathematician to discover truths which would be hidden from a man of equal ingenuity but of more discursive habits of thought; and thus a man is entitled to be called a genius not because he possesses powers differing in kind from those of others, but simply because he can fix his mind upon a particular problem for ten minutes when they begin to wander after nine. If therefore we give the name of genius to everybody who has a faculty for originality, we must also admit that genius does not necessarily correspond either to general intellectual superiority, or to a superiority of kind as well as degree. A slight increase of power may involve, especially at critical periods of thought, a perception of new truths quite out of proportion to the mere intellectual difference. Or a man may be original simply because he is lopsided and therefore is easily hoisted out of the old ruts of thought. As a knock on the head is said sometimes to turn an idiot into a man of sense, so a slight distortion of the faculties may give to a dull thinker the peculiar quality which we call genius. In other words, the distinction, however important it may be, between original and secondhand thinkers does not necessarily imply a corresponding psychological distinction. It may turn upon external circumstances, or may imply a comparatively small increase of power, or even a morbid habit of mind.

THE FLIGHT OF MONEY.

ALL money has wings, and seems to the possessor to fly with an unaccountable velocity. But in fact nothing is more various than the rate of this flight; and it must be remembered that, though there is Scripture warrant for the simile, it is specially applicable, not to money simply, but to wealth. It is riches that certainly make to themselves wings. To the mere observer, other people's money constantly surprises, not by its flight, but rather by what it achieves. There are incomes that seem rather to brood and hatch than to take flight. How is the money made to go so far? is the question with the on-looker, while the owner is asking, Why does it not go further? For in truth nothing goes so far as, by a calculation beforehand, it can be made to promise. Every housekeeper's book has pages in it to be filled up by unexpected, yet inevitable, outlays; and then the familiar ejaculation suggests itself with the force of a new discovery. We do not doubt that the "wonderful Mr. Walker" immortalized in the Notes to *The Excursion*—the Cumberland curate who, on a curacy of six pounds a year, married a wife with forty pounds as her fortune, was hospitable, a disinterested enemy to pluralities, devoted to his flock, brought up eight children with credit, and died worth two thousand pounds (we omit in this summary certain windfalls answering to the casts in carts and waggons which helped Jeanie Deans in her walk to London)—we do not doubt, we say, that Mr. and Mrs. Walker sometimes exclaimed to one another, "How money flies!" though the reader thinks of the barrel of meal that wasted not as alone solving the difficulty. And there still are households in remote places that maintain a creditable appearance, with no conspicuous traces of privation about them, and the ladies as well dressed as their neighbours of the same class, which are reported to have fabulously small means. We grant that rumour is never more prone to exaggeration than on this interesting question of income, and where it doubles

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a large income it halves a small one; but still the feats of economy are undoubted. We cannot understand how money does what it does; and even short of marvels, it is often a pleasant wonder to see how people of modest means and no obtrusive anxiety in management play their part in the world and hold their own among their richer neighbours—are cheerful, easy in their air and manner, well served, and with nothing sordid in their surroundings. Of course there is a good deal of negative management at work here—no fancy for spending, no yielding to paltry temptations. The wings that fly away with money are often very tiny ones. No coin down to the smallest can rest in some pockets. But as money trifled away in small outlays makes no show, the real self-restraint exercised in renouncing such indulgence does not come into the observer's reckoning.

Large fortunes may be hoarded, but when once they begin to be spent, every fraction is more astir, more bent on disappearance into space, than is the case with smaller accumulations. The degree of care required to check money's flight in the case of a small income must be quadrupled in that of a large one. It belongs to the nature of things that people are never as careful of other men's money as they are of their own. This is not a vice, or at worst it is so common a frailty that it must be set down to the general score, and be allowed for as such. Mere grumbling is a weakness; either set yourself to guard against it by a watch-dog vigilance, or make your calculations accordingly. Nobody can spend any income beyond an artisan's weekly wages without calling in the aid of paid agents to spend it with him and for him; and the artisan has thus the advantage over his social betters that with reasonable prudence he profits most by his money. Next to him comes the man who has no more servants than are exactly necessary for the work they have to do. A large income cannot be spent on this plan. Its disappearance implies a numerous body of spenders, each more easy as to how the money goes than a master can possibly be, all aiding the natural buoyancy of riches with some peculiar fashion of wings of their own devising. In proportion to the magnitude of an income is—to vary the simile—the leakage going on through unforeseen crannies. Nobody can make two thousand a year do four times the work of five hundred without turning himself into an upper servant; and the rate of difference, and the slavery necessary to correct it, will increase as thousands grow into tens of thousands. It is an understood thing that large incomes must be reduced by an insensible evaporation. All charges for skilled labour are illustrations of the unaccountable flight of money. The degree of superiority over the common article often goes no way at all in explaining it.

But the flight of wealth, however remarkable, in the process of legitimate spending—and in that alone is there any room for wonder—is no just test of its capacity for mysterious disappearance. Of course, when people talk of the flight of money, it means that they do not know how or where it is gone by any adequate results to show for it. Now, judged by this test, money has other spheres in which its volatile properties show themselves with far more marked and conspicuous effect. Money *given*, as some people give it, has a rate of disappearance into space out of all calculation greater than money *spent*. We must all give, and men of large fortune must give largely, if only to preserve themselves from the sordid creeping temptations which money brings with it; but while the owner of wealth must look after the spending of his own money if he would keep the slave to the efficient discharge of its duty, much more should he look after the disposal of it where his aim is higher than any personal end. A thousand pounds given and done with, costing the donor no more trouble than the pang of parting—which we by no means wish to underrate—may emphatically be said to take wing. Perhaps the act of giving is all that falls to his share; perhaps it is not possible to attend to its disposal; he is doing what he can; but this only proves that money has no fixed, unvarying value, that one sovereign in some hands does the work of twenty in others, and that only when the whole man devotes his energies to the task—not alone the heart to give, but the hand to labour and the head to direct—does money do the work assigned to it. The difficulty of giving—the discouragement attendant on failure, the hopelessness of evading the law of waste which attends all joint schemes of benevolence when some give and others dispense—detracts very salutarily from the exultation which giving on a large scale might otherwise induce in the liberal holders of wealth. Only the young, if people have any reflection and judgment, find "joy unmixed in charity." The lavish benefactor sighing over the discrepancy between expectation and performance, and impressed with the fugitiveness of wealth, often seems to take refuge in bricks and mortar as material ties. Almshouses, schools, lodging-houses, and markets cannot fly away.

But direct almsgiving is not the giving which is mainly in our thoughts; its duties and responsibilities are alike beyond our present theme. There is a sort of giving which does not come under this class, either in its objects or motives, in which the donor, if at all in the habit of introspection, would acknowledge the motive to be no higher than a desire to keep things comfortable at any cost. He gives, not because it will benefit the recipient, but in order to save himself present annoyance; or he gives grudgingly with an inward protest, because it is less trouble to give than to refuse; or because it is expected of him, and will bring him credit or save him discredit. There are multitudes of useless drones, a discreditable burden on the community, who might have been tolerably respectable members of society if their relations had not yielded to importunity, and, through a fatal easy good-nature, given where in their hearts they knew that the truest kindness was to withhold, and with no expectation of doing good; the leading motive in such a case being to escape from present trouble. To some people having their own way is paramount to all other considerations, and if they are willing to pay for it, they think they have a right to have it. They give that they may influence the actions and movements of those about them. Such giving is sometimes the most difficult to avoid, while the gratitude which should at least be the reward of all pecuniary gifts is so hard to bestow that it is not bestowed; for, in fact, there is no such thing as gratitude on compulsion.

There is no more difficult question in the right use of money than how far it should be given to neutralize the drawbacks of certain providential positions. There are some services to the unfortunate which we must perform; but how far money may be usefully applied to lift them out of their present depression into the state from which they are fallen is a very doubtful point. In the first place, the thing cannot be done really, but only in appearance. To the persons themselves there is a fundamental difference which experience tells us cannot be disregarded without detriment to the finer qualities of character. Among very near relations there may well be such a sense of community of goods that the service may be given and received scarcely altering the relation of one to the other; but no wise man or woman will accept from anybody the means of mere luxury. This, however, is not so common a service as the choosing out one member of a family in misfortune and supplying him with the education which would have been his due in more prosperous days, thus screening him from the trials which beset his less fortunate belongings. Youth too easily reconciles itself to the disparity. A young fellow whose sisters are pinched at every turn will have no scruple in living at College at the same rate with men who have fathers to pay their bills, and moreover he will not understand why he should be more grateful to his benefactor than they are to their parents; and perhaps in strict truth he has less reason, for he has missed a discipline which might have made a man of him. More likely than not he throws over all his so-called advantages, and, for any good an expensive education has done him, the money might better have been thrown into the sea. Through no other aid than his own should any member of a family be lifted above the rest so as to endanger the simplicity and honesty of his affection, and his sense of family union. Where he has been the architect of his own fortune, and has shared the common adversity, if he is not thoroughly low and base he will hold by his family; but in the other case the separation was half made for him by the act of sparing him their trials. In all such instances, how effectually to aid without injuring is the question which those who are eager and determined in their own methods of help are the last to entertain on their own account, and of which they are most contemptuously intolerant when others presume to thwart or criticize their plans. Yet it is plain, on a survey taken by any long experience, how little good many fussy efforts of seeming benevolence have really achieved. Where is the money gone to? What has it done? Who is the better for it? What trace of it even is left, except in regrets on one side and discontent on the other?

Yet, complete as seems the disappearance in a review of the past, there still are degrees of completeness. Money lent is beyond question more suddenly and absolutely volatile than money given—that is, money lent to one of that class whom we may call borrowers by nature. Circumstances reduce some men to borrow to whom the act is repugnant because uncongenial. To them a debt is a weight to be got rid of at any sacrifice of personal ease. But we are speaking of the natural borrower, sanguine and self-satisfied, to whom debt is a sort of necessary condition for the due exercise of these qualities. Money lent to these people does not even seem to alight; it exhales on the instant.

Nothing that we have said is meant to detract from the duty of giving. Our argument only goes to prove it a difficult duty, demanding often a painful exercise of self-denial and the sterner virtues. Wise giving is not the luxury which some describe, but hard and harassing work. For our own part we believe that, for mere personal satisfaction, the greatest pleasure—a pleasure simple, unalloyed, unvisited by misgiving—to be got out of money is in paying bills with it. We may even call it a luxury, and a luxury moreover that stands the wear and tear of time. The moral is a seasonable one at any rate.

NÎMES.

THE man who undertakes to study the Roman remains of Provence, or of the royal Burgundy in general, must be a bigot indeed to geographical boundaries if he fails, at one point at least, to overleap the boundary stream and to extend his researches within the limits of the Western Kingdom. A visit to the colony of Arelate can hardly fail to carry with it a visit to the colony of Nemausus. And such an incursion into the neighbouring realm brings strongly home to us how far more practical a boundary the Loire was than the Rhone. We pass out of the lands of the Empire into lands held by a nominal vassalage of the King of Laon or of Paris, but we are no more in France, in any but the modern political sense, than we were before. We have come into a land whose princes might date their acts by the years, not of the Roman Emperor, but of the King of the West-Franks; but it is a land which, as far as language and architecture are concerned, is in every way kindred to the land east of the Rhone, and

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which is in no way kindred to the land north of the Loire. The very name of the province, keeping the name of its ancient and still living language, brings the fact home to us. We pass out of *Provincia*, the immediate province of Rome, into *Languedoc*, the land of the speech common to all the lands, whoever their overlord might be, which were parted by the frontier stream from the tongue of *oil*, the foreign speech of Paris and Rouen. We are still in the land where we have much to remind us of the Roman, the Goth, and the Saracen, but not much, till we come to far later times, to remind us either of the Frank or of those among whom the Frank lost himself. Yet the one Frankish—as distinguished from French—memory is indeed a glorious one. It was Frankish valour which won back for Christendom the land which the Saracen had wrested alike from Roman, Burgundian, and Goth.

The first aspect of Nimes is strikingly unlike the first aspect of Arles. Nimes, as we enter it, has the air of a great city, almost of a capital. It is in its present state a far larger and richer city than its once royal neighbour, and the part of it which the traveller is likely to see first is laid out, after the modern manner of French towns, with an unusual amount of wide and striking open places. But even here a glimpse round a corner shows us what Nimes is, and where the true glory of the city lies. From the wide modern boulevard we catch a glimpse of the amphitheatre of the first Latin and then Roman colony of Nemausus, the head, in Strabo's day, of its twenty-four confederate or subject towns. As at Arles so at Nimes, the Roman buildings are the chief attraction, and Nimes, as all the world knows, has one Roman building to which Arles can supply no rival, though it is perhaps less generally known how near a rival to the great glory of Nimes is to be found in the more distant city of Vienne. Mediæval Nimes has left no great traces of itself, though we suspect that this is less the fault of mediæval Nimes than of its modern destroyers. An old plan of the city shows that an unusual number of churches, monastic and other, have perished; so much so that their place has been supplied by more than one modern church of unusual size and stateliness, building or lately built. The city itself, when we get away from its ornamental modern exterior, is not very rich in general antiquities. Here and there we light on a mediæval or Renaissance house, but they are not very numerous or remarkable. Still the streets in the older part of the city, gathering round the cathedral church, have all the character of an old, though not of an ancient, town. No one however would care to turn aside to examine Nimes in any character but that of Nemausus. The cathedral itself, a pile otherwise of little interest, partly in the native style of Southern Gaul, partly of later date, derives what little attraction it has from its sadly mutilated west front, which retains traces both of Roman work and of Romanesque closely imitating Roman. It is the amphitheatre, the temple, the smaller Roman remains of other kinds, which make Nimes remarkable among the cities of Gaul and Europe. As Nimes has been in later times more prosperous than Arles, it has therefore kept much less of its ancient walls; the line of its defences is, for the most part, to be traced in the modern French shape of boulevards. Yet, even in this respect, it is in one point more lucky than Arles, as having kept two of its ancient gates. One of these, which bears the name of the *Porte de France*, is a plain structure of a single arch. The other bears the name of the prince under whom the Latin Nemausus was raised to the rank of a Roman colony, and an inscription shows that it is a genuine work of "Imperator Cæsar Divi filius Augustus." The *Porte d'Auguste* of Nimes has lost its upper part; but its two great arches and two smaller ones, though, like all other gateways, immeasurably inferior to the Black Gate by the Mosel, might possibly venture on a competition with the gate of Aosta. Yet there is something not altogether pleasing in the broad flat pilasters and the sham square windows; the architects of later days knew better sources of adornment. The Nimes gate moreover loses by its position. It is no longer a chief entrance to the city; it does not even span any road; it no longer forms part of any whole; it simply stands isolated on one side of a modern boulevard, with nothing joining it or near to it which harmonizes with it in any way. *Porta Nigra* itself would lose a good deal of its majesty in such a case; the *Porte d'Auguste* sinks into insignificance.

The amphitheatre of Nimes is less pleasing than that of Arles, because it has suffered so heavily at the hands of modern restorers. The restoration of an amphitheatre sounds absurd to those who look on an amphitheatre as belonging to a state of things which has wholly passed away. But it should be remembered that both at Arles and at Nimes the amphitheatre is still in use for a kind of survival of its ancient purpose. Something in the nature of a bull-fight still goes on, and the show is said to draw great crowds of spectators. It is whispered indeed that the bull-fight has sometimes sunk into a cow-fight, and that the thing is so managed as to put both man and beast in the least possible degree of danger. The showman of the amphitheatre denies somewhat indignantly that there are any "combats de taureaux"; there are only "courses d'amateurs." But to those who do not enjoy bull-fights, and who do enjoy ancient buildings, it is unpleasant to see so large a part of this amphitheatre looking absolutely new. The case is different from that of the repair of the seats in the amphitheatre at Verona, for there the repair has gone on always whenever repair was needed, and the custom may be deemed as much a piece of antiquity as the building itself. Moreover the mere repair of seats does not offend the eye like the introduction of modern copies of actual architectural features. The restoration which we now see was finished in the former part of the year 1870, and in the inscription which commemorates it the name of Napoleon the Third has been scratched out. This is paltry. We say, let every inscription, every statue, every name of a street, whomever it may commemorate, stand as part of the history; if any one chooses, like the Russian General at Coblenz, to add a further inscription of his own, that is another matter. The kingdom of Italy has respected all the inscriptions of Pius the Ninth, and the republic of France ought not to have brought itself down to the level of Caracalla scratching out the inscriptions of Gaeta. But the great extent of modern work in this amphitheatre makes it neither so easy nor so pleasant to study as that of Arles. In the matter of underground works, which are just now exercising the minds of those who are curious in amphitheatres, there is a considerable extent of such works at Nimes; and while it is plain that much of the work is modern, it is equally plain that there have been ancient substructures, though their plan cannot be made out as it can be at Capua and Puteoli. At Nimes, as at Arles, traces can still be seen of the times when the amphitheatre was a fortress. And, if the hand of the modern restorer had been somewhat less busy, we should be better able to judge of the genuineness of certain small windows which at least reproduce the work of those days, and which, if real, show that the military occupation of the building outlived the rule of the Saracen and lasted till the eleventh or twelfth century. Nimes, in short, had its Frangipani. And at Nimes we could for once have wished to have called in the handiwork of a Pope. The most judicious of all repairers of amphitheatres was that Pope Pius who propped the dangerous parts of the Colosseum with a gigantic buttress which thoroughly does its duty, and which no one can mistake for the work of a Flavian Emperor. At Nimes the intrusion of the modern restorations is a never-failing eyesore.

But Nimes is not only, or chiefly, famous for its amphitheatre. In that matter Arles and Verona can rival it, but neither Arles nor Verona has a *Maison Carrée*. It is strange that the most perfect ancient temple on this side of the Alps should bear no worthier name than that of the *Square House*. In the old map it is marked as the *Capitol*. And there seems little doubt that it was one of the buildings, if not of the Capitol, at least of the Forum, of Nemausus, and that, like the buildings in the Fora of Rome, the columns of the temple stood in close neighbourhood to the other colonnades of the Forum. It is instructive to see the graceful Corinthian architecture of the days of Marcus Aurelius with eyes still fresh from the massive Doric of Pæstum. The two take in the extremes, both in style and in age, of the genuine architecture of the entablature; and, after all, the seven centuries which part them have made less difference than we see in Romanesque and Gothic buildings of the same age, sometimes in buildings actually contemporary. The main difference is, after all, in the proportion of the columns, and the columns at Pæstum and at Nimes do not differ so widely in proportion as, within the same century, the light columns of the galilee at Durham differ from the massive piers of the nave. The sameness of all the classical buildings strikes us as compared with the endless variety of Christian churches. The *cellæ* of the temples at Pæstum, with their columns, even their double ranges of columns, differ widely from *cellæ* like those at Nimes and Vienne, but they hardly differ so widely as a round church, a basilica, a Provençal and an English minster. And in temples of the class to which the *Maison Carrée* belongs we have the curious feeling that we know that there can be nothing within. The whole beauty, the whole architectural design, is seen without, and it is the opposite to a basilica, where we hope for a good deal within to make up for there being nothing without. But in the class of buildings which reaches from Romainmoutier to King's College Chapel we have the outside and the inside also, and the outside by no means always tells us what the inside is likely to be. This contrast in no way lessens the beauty of the pure Greek buildings or of those Roman buildings which follow strictly Greek patterns. The *Maison Carrée* is as lovely in its own way as the *Sainte Chapelle*. But the element of variety which comes in certainly gives the Romanesque and Gothic buildings a higher and wider interest. They bear the direct impress of different ages and districts in a way which Greek architecture can never bear anywhere but on Greek soil, and they bear the impress of the genius of particular men in a way which the classical buildings never can. The architect of the Temple of Nemausus, the architects of the Parthenon itself, could never have ventured on anything so daringly original as the architect of the portico of Peterborough.

In the *Maison Carrée* we see what is strictly Greek architecture transported to Roman or Gaulish soil. In another building at Nimes we see Greek art as modified by Roman hands. In the one we have perfect beauty modified by sameness; we should not care to see half-a-dozen *Maisons Carrées* in a day. In its neighbour we see how the Romans brought plenty of variety into their architecture, but brought it in at the expense of architectural consistency. This is the ruined building which used to be called the Temple of Diana, and is now known as the *Nymphæum*. Here we have signs that there was in front a portico more stately than that of the *Maison Carrée;* but the *Maison Carrée* hangs together as a whole, while we instinctively ask how the portico could have been made to harmonize with the vaulted building behind it? We know that Agrippa had very little success in adapting his portico to his rotunda. Each is noble in itself, but the two things have very little to do with each other. The difficulty is not likely to have been more successfully got over in the Nymphæum at Nemausus, though the building is too far broken down to enable us to see exactly how the attempt was made. But gateways, amphitheatre,

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temple, and Nymphæum do not exhaust the whole antiquarian wealth of Nimes. Hard by the Nymphæum is the famous fountain, with its long rows of small ancient columns, though in the winter time at least they have to be looked for, while the work of Lewis the Great stands forth plainly before the eyes of all men. From the fountain we climb the hill which overhangs the city, to the Roman tomb, the *Turris Magna*, which keeps the surname which it shares with Charles the Great and Hugh the Great, and is still known as the *Tour Magne*. From this point we look down on the city; and, if we chance to have with us the old map of which we have spoken—it may be bought in Nimes for forty centimes—we shall see how much must have been lost within the last century or two. We see that the *Tour Magne* itself had become part of an outer line of fortifications which joined the actual wall of the city on the south side, but took in a great deal beyond it to the north and east. On this side the line of wall running up and down the hills to the east of the city may still be traced even at a distance, by a line of seeming towers, which the map shows to have been windmills. We see also an intermediate wall, built, we are told, to enclose the Jacobin convent within the city. The Nymphæum and the fountain are both, as the line of boulevards alone will have taught us, outside the city wall, and the Roman building itself had become a nunnery of some kind—no unbecoming use, it may be thought, either for the Temple of Diana or a Nymphæum. But without the map we should hardly have learned that the amphitheatre had been made to form part of the city wall, just like the Amphitheatrum Castrense at Rome. It is plain, in short, that the walls shown in this map, and which seem to answer pretty well to the modern boulevards, could have only partly answered to the Roman walls. But we see what a crowd of buildings, ecclesiastical and military, have vanished. In short, at Nimes the two ends of its history, the Roman colony and the modern town, are plainly there to be studied; of intermediate times little is left. We have mentioned the two large modern churches; one of them, that of St. Paul, has gone far to catch the effect of an ancient Romanesque building. We would not pledge ourselves to an approval of every detail of this church; but we cannot help thinking that in this district, where the Gothic of England and France was always something exotic, some form or other of round-arched architecture is really the right model to take.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE CRITICS.

ANY one who, walking through the fields, takes the trouble to upturn a stone which has lain long on the ground will find that he brings to light various living things which have until then been concealed in darkness. If he watches them closely he will probably find that they are confused by their new condition, and from ignorance of the sun are somewhat dazed and helpless under its influence. Something of this kind may be observed to take place when a great work of art which has for some time been dormant is suddenly brought into prominence. This has been especially the case with the late revival of Shakspeare's plays. By means of this forms of activity have been aroused which would otherwise have no sphere. From the commotion which followed the production of *Hamlet* one might have thought that *Hamlet* had never been produced before. Still better reason for such a thought might be found in the singular want of knowledge of the play discovered among those who were loudest in praise of its revival. We have before now pointed out the fallacy of the proposition that the talent for acting is declining in England. In the assertion that the power of appreciating the stage has waned there is some truth. Things have changed since the days of Hazlitt, when playgoers were well acquainted with the works which they saw interpreted. It would then have been startling to hear such comments as may now be heard any night in the stalls of the Lyceum:—"Is the Queen going to drink the poison?" "Does Hamlet kill Laertes?" It may be said that ignorance of the plot lends interest to the performance of a play; but the interest of Shakspeare's plays does not entirely depend upon their plots. It is not wonderful that such ignorance should exist among modern audiences, or at least among that part of them which fills the stalls and boxes. The world which patronizes an entertainment, not because it is good, but because it is fashionable, has grown so full of the pride of life that it has no room left for attention to Shakspeare. Taste and the musical glasses are the most that can be expected from it.

The mistakes of those from whom better knowledge may be demanded are a little surprising. These must, we suppose, be referred to the fact that Shakspeare has been so long in abeyance. It is perhaps unfair to expect much accuracy from men who are dealing with the unknown. Yet it might be thought that one who had just seen a play of so impressive a nature as *Hamlet* would retain some clear recollection of its incidents. Thus it becomes difficult to explain the strange criticism in a paper of great and deserved repute which commented upon the anger of Hamlet's exclamation *to the poor players*, "Why did you laugh, then, when I said man delights not me?" It will be remembered that this speech is addressed to Rosencrantz, who excuses himself baldly enough for his laughter by a reference to the expected arrival of the players, who until that moment have not been heard of. Not long ago, in another paper, a writer who is generally remarkable for accuracy made the discovery that Mr. Irving's reading of the passage, "King, father—Royal Dane, O answer me!" was original. As a matter of fact, the other reading, "King, father, Royal Dane—O answer me!" which was given by Macready, has been far more the exception than the rule among actors of Hamlet. The triumph in this kind of criticism was, however, as was natural and just, reserved for the *Daily Telegraph*, which, in its account of the production at the Gaiety of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, contained this remarkable passage:—"His (Mr. Phelps's) Falstaff may not have quite the cheery laugh, the abounding animalism, so to speak, and the hey-fellow-well-met jollity of the character; but the humour, the would-be astuteness, and the boundless self-confidence expressed in the lines 'The world's *an* oyster which I with *my* sword will open' are all there." There is certainly a good deal of humour, of would-be astuteness, and of boundless self-confidence in thus misquoting and assigning to Falstaff a well-known speech of Ancient Pistol's.

One need not wonder much at this; it is more surprising to find a writer who, thinking the present performance of *Hamlet* deserving of a monograph, yet does not think the subject of *Hamlet* worthy of any real study. There has lately appeared a pamphlet entirely devoted to Mr. Irving's Hamlet, which is so full of inaccuracies that it would take another pamphlet of equal length to point them all out. One or two passages are remarkable enough to be worthy of note. The writer, commenting on some peculiarities in Mr. Irving's gait and voice, goes on to say that, if Hamlet is played as it should be played, "the genius of the actor who accomplishes this all-important feat, as only genius can, will be distinctly helped by any little ineffaceable peculiarities which, while not inconsistent with the character, give the representation of it a stamp of personal individuality. This, though a minor characteristic, has greatly distinguished Irving's acting in all his noted parts, although the merit has not been much recognized in the surface criticism of the day." From this we may conclude that the writer's own criticism goes deeper than the surface. Indeed the discovery that the merit of an actor is measured by his "little ineffaceable peculiarities" is deep enough. Carried a little further it leads to the conclusion that Punch and Judy is the greatest histrionic performance to be seen. Later on we are told that the secret of Mr. Irving's success lies in "a bold combination of tragedy with character acting." One is accustomed to think that all good acting should be acting of character; but, adopting the sense in which the writer uses the phrase "character acting," it would be about as sensible to talk of a bold combination of Shylock with Pantaloon. Again, the writer informs us that "every great actor has been anxious to show how he could play Hamlet; no one has quite succeeded in showing (the italics are the author's) *how Hamlet would have played it*. And this is what Irving does." If this be so, Mr. Irving has indeed accomplished a portentous feat. To show how an imaginary man would play his own character upon the stage might puzzle the most metaphysical of German actors. After this wonderful bit of nonsense it is not strange to find what the writer himself calls "the well-known stanza" in the play scene misquoted thus:—"Why, let the stricken deer go *limp*."

Almost as bad as the critics who know nothing are the critics who know too much. From time immemorial there have existed learned persons who have devoted their energies to discovering recondite meanings in their favourite authors, which one may safely conclude those authors would be vastly surprised at discovering themselves. The same spirit which moves one man to waste hours over expounding the peculiar force of ἄν or δέ in a fine speech of Æschylus will move another curiously to discern a hidden meaning in Shakspeare's lightest, most "wild and whirling words," and to pore painfully over apparently careless passages until he pieces together some explanation whose ingenuity satisfies him. Such a one as this will stake his reputation on the exact placing of a comma, and will "go about to recover the wind" of a full-stop. The class of critics who affect this depth and strength of learning is aptly typified by the German who exhausted a long essay in the discussion of what manner of man was Juliet's nurse's husband; whether he was really, as she asserts, "a merry man," or whether her estimate of him was coloured by partiality and lapse of time. It never occurs to commentators of this description to adopt the most natural and simple explanation of apparently confused and careless passages in Shakspeare, that they were in fact written confusedly and carelessly. They would probably regard the suggestion of such a possibility with as much horror as the Pope does Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet. That Shakspeare should have written one lightly weighed word is, they would cry in scorn, as probable as that the streams of rivers should flow upwards. Yet the number of words alone which Shakspeare has written or set his name to is enough to prove that some of them must have been hurriedly produced. It would not be difficult, but it would take up much space, to bring forward many instances of forgetfulness on the poet's part leading to discrepancy in his work. We may cite, however, the instance of the age of Hamlet as computed from the gravedigger's conversation, which is clearly at variance with his age in the earlier portion of the play. Critics have been at vast pains to reconcile or explain this contradiction. One eminent commentator has laboriously set forth how, having written the early part of the play, the poet was suddenly struck with the idea that the thoughts and speeches of Hamlet were beyond the years of the young prince. Therefore, according to this commentator, he set to work to correct the impression given at first by setting down his age as thirty in the graveyard scene. If this had indeed been Shakspeare's desire, the object would have been more readily obtained by removing the first indications of Hamlet's youth than by inserting in one part of the

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play a direct contradiction to another. It seems much more satisfactory to believe that the poet, having better things to think of, never troubled his head about such minute matters as a mistake about the prince's exact age. If the excellent Homer sometimes nods, why should not Shakspeare also?

This setting up of a genius, however great, as infallible, produces worse consequences than the waste of time and paper expended by commentators. It lowers the standard of criticism and of performance. So long as it is supposed that an example of the highest possible excellence exists and can be referred to, so long will the efforts of those who struggle after excellence fall short of what they might be. That a wilful blindness to the defects which must exist even in Shakspeare, as spots do on the sun, leads to the belief that the highest possibility of power has been reached, can hardly be doubted. It is strange that those who deny the existence of any defect should never observe that, but for the contrast of defects, we should have no means of appreciating the excellences which "stick fiery off indeed" from their darkness. Of late years there has been an inexplicable readiness on the part of the English public and critics to accept disgracefully slovenly work in the matter of art as up to the required mark, and to exalt things which have fitful gleams of care and vigour into examples of great power and skill. The standard by which things connected with art, and especially with theatrical art, is judged has fallen within the last twenty years almost as much as the discoveries of science have advanced. That great artists will be spoiled by a low level of criticism need not perhaps be dreaded. Such artists know the merit of their own performances better than those who belaud them with indiscriminate and worthless adulation. They know that there is an ideal of excellence above anything which they can attain, and are probably never satisfied with their own productions. They have their own standard, one which no man has yet succeeded in reaching, and, if content with the vigour of their efforts towards it, are never fully assured of their success. But upon the lesser spirits, the rank and file of art, the lowering of the general level must always have, as it has had, a marked and degrading effect. So long as ordinary men find that careless pays as well as careful work, that bad grammar is as useful to write as good, that slovenly untrained acting passes muster as well as that which has been the object of pains and study, so long will they avoid the employment of any more troublesome means.

VATICAN APOLOGISTS.

WE have already had occasion more than once to refer to a very able paper on "Prussia and the Vatican" in the December number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, criticizing—not always in the most courteous language—Dr. Manning's recent apologies for Ultramontanism and the Vatican Decrees. It is not the Archbishop's way to let a challenge of this sort remain long unanswered, and he accordingly writes, under date of "La Spezia, Dec. 10, 1874," a letter to the Editor, which is prefixed to the fifth and concluding article of the series on "Prussia and the Vatican" in the January issue of that magazine. Dr. Manning never fails to show himself an adroit controversialist, and he has naturally enough confined his reply to a string of somewhat peremptory interrogatories appended with questionable discretion to the former article, and so framed as to be easily capable of an equally peremptory rejoinder. He must of course have been well aware that the real point of the criticism did not lie in this catechetical summary but in the general argument, and especially in the comparison of his own defence of Papal autocracy with the infallible exposition of it contained in the famous *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII., which is quoted at almost full length in the body of the article. To all this, however, he merely refers for the double purpose of making capital out of one extravagant and clearly indefensible expression used by a writer who is for the most part scrupulously accurate, and volunteering another violent and wholly irrelevant attack on his particular *bête noire*, "the Old Catholics of Munich," who are absurdly charged with having set fire to the German Empire, and being now engaged in "setting fire to the civil and religious peace of our Three Kingdoms." This, after Dr. Döllinger's express denial of the Archbishop's gratuitous charge in the *Times* of having inspired Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, is to do precisely what he so bitterly denounces in his critic—namely, "to imply a charge of duplicity, and to refuse to believe in the honour of those who are opposed to him." As to the *Unam Sanctam*, he dismisses it with the characteristic and convenient remark that "it will be time to discuss the Constitution with him (the writer) when he has not only read, but mastered, Hergenröther's *Katholische Kirche und Christliche Staat*, in which the accusations of the Munich Old Catholics are fully refuted." We did not know that the Archbishop was a German scholar, but we do know something of Hergenröther's writings, though not of the particular work mentioned here. He published some years ago a feeble and pretentious reply to *Janus*, reviewed at the time in our columns *, and is well known as one of that school of German Ultramontanes, like Rohrbacher, who are skilful in manipulating history, but slippery in their treatment of facts. Meanwhile anybody who will take the trouble to consult *Macmillan* for December last may judge for himself of the teaching of the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, which is certainly not open to any charge of ambiguity; and, if it were, the meaning is abundantly and unmistakably illustrated by contemporary events. "It will be time to discuss" Dr. Manning's non-natural gloss upon it when he has condescended to reconcile his commentary with the luminous and trenchant wording of the document itself.

The January article in *Macmillan* need not detain us long now. It is mainly occupied with a detailed examination of the Falk laws, with which our readers are already familiar, as well as with our own estimate of them. In a preliminary sketch the writer shows an accurate appreciation, not very usual in this country, of the true character and position of Old Catholicism and its great leader. He is unquestionably right in saying that "it presents two very different aspects which must be kept carefully asunder; one wholly religious and theological, the other partly religious, partly political; the one conservative and with countless affinities among zealous Catholics who have submitted to, or at least have not openly protested against, the (Vatican) decrees, but who feel their galling yoke; the other tending towards Radicalism, and with its affinities rather among the Protestants beyond them than the Catholics behind them." And his account of Dr. Döllinger's relation to the movement is equally correct. "His action has been like that of the conscience, judicial, not executive. He has raised no standard; he has given no signal; he has proclaimed no new doctrine. He has only held fast by that which he believed to be demonstrably true. He was called upon to tell a lie, and he refused to tell it." Nor do we at all question the prediction that, of those who have been forced to take a prominent part in present controversies, Dr. Döllinger will be "one of the very few whom mankind will adjudge to have served the higher interests of humanity, and for whom they will preserve an affectionate remembrance." For the rest, the reviewer's summary of the Falk laws is strictly accurate, but his estimate of them differs materially in some respects from our own, nor do we know that it gains much from his favourite analogy between the Bismarckian legislation and the Public Worship Act. Still less can we re-echo his "hearty desire" for the application of a similar system of State compulsion to the education of "Anglican, Romanist, and Nonconformist pastors and masters" in this country. It is fair however to say that he is by no means a wholesale advocate of the Bismarckian Church policy, which he condemns in some points as deliberately ignoring "the fundamental conditions of the existence of the Catholic Church," while he regards the arbitrary method of enforcing it as "hopelessly mismanaged," and simply playing into the hands of the Vatican party. There is much force in his final comment:—"Three years ago to oppose the (Vatican) decrees was to resist the oppressor and to give proof of courage. To do so now appears like deserting the cause of the weak and oppressed." A similar warning was uttered some time ago by Dr. Döllinger, but it was of course thrown away on the Prince Chancellor.

Why the defence of Vaticanism should not have been left in Dr. Manning's hands is not obvious, especially as it now appears to be really true that Dr. Newman is preparing a comment on Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation in the shape of a Letter to the Duke of Norfolk, and whatever comes from his pen is sure to be read with interest by his countrymen. But, for some unexplained reason, Mgr. Capel has either been commissioned or has thought fit to step into the breach with a formal *Reply to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone*, reprinted from an obscure Ultramontane organ. It may be gathered from some recent letters to the *Times* that Mgr. Capel is looked on by his more sober co-religionists as a worthy priest who has been foisted by a combination of accidental circumstances—chiefly by the timely assistance of *Lothair*—into a position of prominence to which his antecedents and attainments give him no claim; and this estimate will hardly be shaken by his latest manifesto, which is a tolerable imitation of Archbishop Manning's least felicitous controversial style, with the arrogant self-assertion largely intensified, and the instinctive tact and delicacy of handling which come of an educated intellect left out. It was perhaps a sound discretion which led him to employ his scissors more than his pen in its composition—for he has thus secured some really striking passages—but this perpetual interlarding of lengthy, and not always very pertinent, extracts makes it rather heavy reading. The introductory section, which denies that the Vatican Decrees "say a word *either directly or indirectly* of the relations of Church and State," enables us to gauge the writer's accuracy or statement; and his second section, which consists of a couple of pages of sneers and innuendoes against the Ritualists, but has no bearing on his professed subject, supplies a measure of his judgment and good taste. One of the oddest peculiarities of Mgr. Capel's essay is his fondness for quoting, with a kind of suppressed chuckle, the testimony of writers whose opinions have since materially altered. Thus we have pages and pages from a long-forgotten pamphlet of Mr. Capes's, published by him as a Roman Catholic some five-and-twenty years ago; while elsewhere a very early work of Dr. Döllinger's is cited in support of views which his maturer knowledge has long since led him to correct, and even poor Gratry's pitiable death-bed retractation, wrung from him in the last agonies of an excruciating disease, is ruthlessly paraded with an equal disregard of good feeling and of the value of evidence. The longest and most important part of the pamphlet is devoted to Papal Infallibility, and is chiefly remarkable for the writer's implicit retractation of the assertion of "personal infallibility" into which he had blundered in his letter to the *Times*. That his method of dealing with awkward facts is of the kind which the reviewer in *Macmillan*

* *Saturday Review*, December 31, 1870.

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happily designates "Vaticanese" may be gathered from the cool observation that the Opposition Bishops at the Council only objected to the new dogma as "inopportune"—a view which nobody acquainted with their individual and corporate protests could for a moment entertain—and the reference to the Lateran Synod of 1512 as "the Eighteenth General Council," passing over the obnoxious Councils of Constance and Basle with a wet sponge, and elevating a mere Papal conventicle of about fifty Italian Bishops into an assembly representing the Universal Church. After this it is not wonderful that no mention whatever should be made of the famous decree of Constance, defining the superiority of Councils over Popes, or that we should be presented with the garbled version of the Florentine decree on the primacy, which is invariably substituted in infallibilist manuals for the true one. So far as Mgr. Capel undertakes in his section on Civil Allegiance to maintain the actual and prospective loyalty of British Roman Catholics we have no quarrel with him; neither, we presume, has Mr. Gladstone himself, who will, however, learn with some surprise, if not amusement, that "his Liberalism is very closely related to the Liberalism of Prince Bismarck." There is a curious contradiction between Mgr. Capel's and Bishop Vaughan's way of vindicating the propositions of the Syllabus criticized by Mr. Gladstone. According to the former, these solemn utterances were rendered necessary by a break-up of Christian civilization, which "emancipates power from all the restraints of the moral order," and has introduced a system "entirely independent both of religion and morality, recognizing in the political order no law for sovereigns or people but reasons of State or simple expediency." Bishop Vaughan on the contrary has, it seems, been elaborately arguing that the inculpated principles of the Syllabus are embodied in the law of England. The two lines of defence do not altogether harmonize with each other.

Meanwhile, after the small fry have disported themselves to their heart's content, the battle of the giants is yet to come. Mr. Gladstone's pointed reference to "the greatest living theologian of the Roman Catholic Church" was apparently intended, and has evidently been accepted, as a challenge. We have had only too much proof of late years that nothing short of a very direct challenge will induce Dr. Newman to expose himself in print to the narrow and jealous scrutiny of the authorities of his own Church. And there are so many beyond its pale who feel a respectful interest in his opinions that we may be grateful for any occasion which elicits the utterances of a prophet whose silence is known to be more acceptable than his speech to those who should naturally have been the first to pay him honour.

A FORCING-HOUSE FOR PHILOSOPHERS.

A SCHEME for the endowment of all the loftier kinds of human thought has lately been put forth with so much innocent enthusiasm and amiable good faith that it is impossible not to wish that experimental research had already reached such a point as to enable the authors to propound their sanguine theories in some world where they would perhaps be more likely to be found practicable than in our own. Everybody must admit that all that concerns the making of money engrosses too much attention nowadays, and that scientific studies which are not directly remunerative are apt to be neglected. It is also true, as Mr. John Mill has said, that no limit can be set to the importance, even in a purely productive point of view, of mere thought. Whatever enlarges the range of human knowledge and ideas must necessarily tend to create an expanded capacity for making discoveries. It is incredible that any one would think of disputing the proposition that the cultivation of a high kind of thought is a good thing in itself, and it is surprising that so much time should have been spent in demonstrating a simple truism. The real point of the controversy is, not whether the promotion of scientific research is desirable, but what is the most effectual method of encouraging it. One plan which is now advocated would seem to be that endowments should be bestowed by Government on a large number of promising students in different branches of science, in the expectation that the recipients, being thus relieved from the burden of earning a livelihood, will devote themselves closely and assiduously to scientific research, and that, even if each of them does not find out something very wonderful, the average of results will at least compensate for unproductive experimentalists. The poet has imagined truths of science hovering on the threshold of an age and waiting to be caught; but unfortunately this is a kind of game which does not fall to everybody's gun, and a man might tramp about for a long day without raising a bird, or being able to hit it if he did. The question is whether a sportsman who knows that his dinner is already provided and simmering at home in the pot is likely to be more eager and energetic in the chase than one who has nothing to hope for unless he is successful. There can be no doubt that the prospect of an endowment has a stimulating effect on the candidate who is working for it; but, human nature being what it is, there is reason to fear that the actual possession of an endowment, without any obligations attached to it, except perhaps a formal show of work, has a tendency to operate as a sedative. There are of course high-minded men to be found in all walks of life, who are careless of their personal interests, and ready to sacrifice themselves for the advancement of the world; but these men are not very numerous, nor are they likely to be deeply influenced by prospects of pecuniary gain. There are a great many people who would be happy to accept 1,000*l.*, or even 500*l.* a year, for sitting down to think out any subject under the sun; but it may be doubted whether there would be much chance of finding the right man amongst them. The past history of experimental research can hardly be said to encourage the idea that handsome endowments are indispensable to great discoveries.

We have only to consider how such a system as has been proposed is to be practically applied in order to see at once the difficulties which surround it. First of all, there is the choice of the persons to be endowed. It may be assumed that they will be mostly young men, and nothing is more deceptive than the promise of youth. The successful candidates may have all the qualities which are necessary in order to pass a brilliant examination, and yet may be wholly deficient in that stubborn energy, patience, and steadfastness which are essential in any great achievement, and above all in scientific research. Some of them may have distinguished themselves under the stimulus of competition, but what security is there that they will keep up to the mark when this stimulus is withdrawn? It is a matter of familiar social observation that, when a young man comes in for a little money, especially if it is in the shape of an assured income, his thoughts are extremely apt to turn to what is called "settling in life." He looks out for a wife, invests in slippers and an easy-chair, and devotes himself to the cultivation of domestic ease. A man who sits on a soft seat is usually not a very enterprising person, and it is conceivable that he might be more likely to bestir himself if he were less snugly cushioned. Moreover, the ordinary tendency of prizes won in youth or early manhood is to suggest the idea of a triumph which gives a title to repose. Supposing, however, that the holder of the endowment is willing to work, the next point to be settled is what he is to work at. If he is to be left to his own discretion, and to think and experimentalize just as the spirit moves him, the system will be open to all the objections which are urged against work supported by private means. The subsidy may be misspent on a mischievous crotchet, or on a perfectly fruitless and impossible inquiry, or on mere duplicate work, discovering over again what has already been discovered. On the other hand, if the student is to be tied down, hard and fast, to some particular line of research, his genius may be neutralized by the paralysing want of freedom. The fact is that the element of luck or inspiration is altogether lost sight of in this scheme of systematic discovery. It is not every man who can discover anything by merely looking through his telescope industriously, and with the best intentions, for so many hours a week. There is a touch of fortune in happening to look at the right moment and at the right corner of the sky. In other branches of research discovery is even more uncertain and capricious. A man might spend his lifetime in trying to work out a particular problem, and make nothing of it; and yet it would be very difficult to say that he was not a competent observer or experimentalist, or that he had not laboured diligently. Research no doubt requires close and constant work, but work alone will not always suffice by itself, and the source of many great discoveries is a flash of inspiration or imagination, which cannot be contracted for beforehand. In any plodding, mechanical sort of occupation, where results can be measured, a regular wage may be fixed of so much a year; but a difficulty arises when the results depend upon something not directly under the control of the person employed. The day may perhaps come when experimental research shall be so advanced that we shall be able to take a man, or a boy, of science, give him a thousand a year, feed him with a particular kind of food containing the necessary chemical constituents, and turn him on to a special branch of inquiry with a confident assurance that a great discovery will come of it, just as water comes when a tap is turned; but we have hardly got to this yet; and in the meantime one man by chance comes upon the nugget which the many miss. The physical labour involved in scientific observations or experiments is something which can be measured, but original thought is difficult to gauge. An endowed person when asked how he was getting on with his researches might answer "very well," and yet have nothing to show for it. He might be accumulating facts and fixing his mind sternly on a subject without having arrived at any definite principle; and year after year might pass in this way. If complaint were made, he might reply in the recent words of Professor Tyndall, "All great things come slowly to the birth. Copernicus pondered his great work for thirty-three years, Newton for twenty-two years kept the idea of gravitation before his mind, Darwin for twenty-two years pondered the problem of the origin of species." And yet, he might add, you expect me to distance Copernicus and Newton and to yield fruit in a brief half-dozen years. The fact is that it is easier to recognize a Copernicus or Newton after he has made his discoveries.

And then there is the difficulty of estimating the value of the results of scientific research when taken in scattered detail. Some statistics have been cited to show that, on the assumption that every paper published on a scientific subject represents an idea, Germany produces a larger number of scientific ideas every year than England. Ideas, however, require to be weighed rather than counted. A few years ago an eminent French journalist undertook to give the world an idea every day, but it was not found that the ideas were of much value. There is also another point to be considered, and that is the range of what is to be regarded as scientific research. If the principle is to be laid down that all thought which does not pay its way commercially

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ought to be assisted by contributions from the Treasury, there is no reason why endowments should be confined to researches in the physical sciences. The highest kinds of literary and artistic work, for example, are certainly not those which are most remunerative to the authors; and arrangements would therefore have to be made for endowing poets, dramatists, philosophers, painters, and others, who require to be relieved from the temptation of pandering for selfish reasons to the low tastes of the public. Everybody knows what would be likely to happen if there were to be a competitive examination of young poets or play-writers, and if the successful candidates were to be pensioned off in order to provide a superior class of poems and dramas; and there is no reason to suppose that the endowment of scientific prizemen would be a more satisfactory investment. The fallacy which lies at the root of the whole proposal is, in short, that original thought can be produced to order. Careful and competent observation may no doubt be purchased in the ordinary way, and it might probably be worth while to spend more money on this kind of work; but it is much more likely than not that, if a discovery happens to be made at all, it will be due to some one not within, but beyond, the ranks of the official experimentalists. A certain eager, restless impatience would seem to be an indispensable quality in a successful inventor or discoverer, and this is seldom found in people who are in a comfortable settled way of life or developed without the experiences of an arduous struggle. There is a popular notion that it would be very nice if people could only be relieved from the troubles of everyday life in order that they might lift themselves up into a calm heaven of pious meditation undisturbed by sordid cares, and some of our men of science seem to be now seized with similar aspirations. Human nature, however, cannot be left out of account, and experience suggests that the liberal distribution of feather beds is not the most effectual means of encouraging a taste for active exercise. The best policy for science is that there should be a general diffusion of scientific knowledge, so that there may be a wider chance of quickening those special minds from which great discoveries may be expected; and that the stimulus of more liberal rewards for actual achievements should also be supplied. An easy and honourable retirement might be provided for men of science who have greatly distinguished themselves; the scientific establishments of the Government might in various ways be usefully extended; and some method might also be devised of making occasional grants to defray the expenses of research. In this last respect the scientific Societies might certainly exert themselves more generously. When, however, everything has been done to facilitate the progress of the experimentalist, his path can never be a smooth or easy one, and he must be content to expect his reward not before, but after, he has done something to deserve it.

CANOEING ABROAD.

WHAT bicycling is on the land, canoeing may be said to be on the water. It is an equally independent method of travel, with not dissimilar charms and drawbacks. Generally speaking, when a man chooses to travel by water, he must abdicate his free will altogether, or only exercise it within narrow limits. The steamer in which he takes his passage, whether on sea, lake, or river, makes its start at a fixed hour, and for the most part at a very inconvenient one. It pushes on relentlessly in spite of cloud, fog, and the darkness of the night; regardless of the grandeur of the scenery to which it may be giving the go-by. Unless the wind rises to a hurricane, it will not lie to under stress of weather, and, even supposing the passenger to be a tolerable sailor, the motion will be fatal to any feeling of enjoyment. The coasts you would gladly admire are shut out from you by drifting scud. The decks are swept occasionally by flying clouds of spray that penetrate between you and your casings, and trickle down your person in cold oily streams. If you are driven below you find the deadlights up everywhere; and the atmosphere between decks is sure to be detestable, so that your appetite is baulked, even when you take your seat courageously at the table where the dishes are made fast by "the fiddles," and where the stewards are literally dancing attendance on you in a singularly clever series of gymnastics. So much for steamers at sea, and it is often almost as bad on long river voyages. On board of a river steamer you have not the motion, which is much, and you are free to indulge your appetite, which is something; but perhaps the depressing monotony weighs almost the more heavily on your spirits that you have no physical discomfort to distract you. You are forced to fall back upon passive endurance, and to an earnest and energetic temperament passive endurance, with the demon of *ennui* worrying you, is among the very sorest of trials. The banks which you came on purpose to admire go gliding by you in dim and distorted panoramas. You gaze at the spectres of cliffs and castles through their ghastly winding-sheets of watery vapour; the faculties of admiration and appreciation lose all their elasticity in the sopping atmosphere that settles down upon your senses. It is true that, if you are cruising in your own yacht or your steam-launch, you may avoid the worst of these various horrors. If the weather is spiteful, you may try to tire it out by waiting; and if the glass or the storm signals give you warning of disagreeable surprises, you may haul your wind and stand in for the nearest port. But yachts and steam-launches are among the privileges of the wealthy, and altogether beyond the reach of the million; they stand in the same relation to the canoe as the drag or the mail-phaeton stands to the bicycle. They dispense, besides, with the necessity for that bodily labour which is a positive pleasure to the classes which recruit the Canoe Clubs; while the strain on the mind may easily be injurious should the owner make himself responsible for the safety of his ship and crew.

If you take to canoeing, you find yourself in a different world altogether. You are like the proverbial Irishman with the light heart and the thin pair of breeches. If you undertake venturesome voyages, you must face the world, its troubles and its perils, with the most rough-and-ready of outfits; but at least you can generally shape your own course, make your stoppages when you please, and in the worst extremity keep up the excitement by the necessity for strenuous personal exertion. For canoers are no longer content to launch their frail skiffs on smooth inland waters. Nor, even when they trust themselves upon the mighty deep, do they always hug the shore like the ancients, making a timid rush from resting-place to resting-place when the barometer points to set-fair, and the weather promises a dead calm. We have had logs of canoe voyages on treacherous inland seas, on great lakes among the mountains, liable to sudden gusts and squalls; and now we hear of a modern mariner coasting the great North American continent from a port in New England to the mouth of the Mississippi. As for the quieter canoeing at English head-quarters, it is steadily increasing. The central Club is said to number four hundred members, who own among them six hundred canoes. Establishments have been affiliated to it on the Humber and the Mersey, on the Cam, the Clyde, and the Forth, as well as in the waters of the great American Republic; while its founder takes pride in its members having pushed their experiences even among the floes and icebergs of the Polar Seas.

Feats of this kind sound somewhat sensational and alarming. It is true that the very fragility of canoes is in one sense their safety, and it is hard to sink a swimmer who keeps his senses about him in the water, when he has a natural life-buoy bobbing about within reach of his arms. Still the strongest swimmer and the coolest-headed man might easily find himself in a very awkward position, if he hazarded himself unwarrantably. The original design of the canoe was an easily and rudely fashioned skiff in which primitive man might avail himself of the water under circumstances in which an upset would be of small consequence. The Indians and other aboriginal races who have invented canoes all over the world are almost as amphibious as seals. Should they be thrown overboard by any accident they find themselves quite at home in the water, and besides, when they go beyond swimming distance of the shore, they generally put out in fleets. They shoot rapids or run the gauntlet of lines of surf and breakers in the happy confidence that, should they be the victims of the ever-impending catastrophe, they will be washed up somewhere high and dry. But it would appear that our amateur canoeists, who imitate the savages, are putting these fragile barks to uses for which they were never intended at all. To say nothing of the Polar regions, an upset in the ocean anywhere in the temperate zone may prove a serious casualty for a gentleman who goes overboard in his clothes, and whose sojourns in the waves have been seldom prolonged beyond the few minutes which make agreeable bathing. Notwithstanding the recent experiences of the two mariners who saved themselves from the *La Plata* on a piece of the wreck, solitary canoeists reduced to playing "the castaway" would rarely come back to tell the tale; while even when a pair of gentlemen are cruising in company, one of them can be of but little assistance to the other in difficulties, and would probably have enough to do to look after himself. It is true that we do not remember to have heard of fatal accidents, but from this we can only infer either that the canoeists have hitherto had a marvellous run of good fortune which can hardly be expected to continue, or else that they must be addicted, like other seafaring people, to spinning embroidered yarns for the use of the marines. Possibly the truth lies somewhere between these alternative explanations. We cannot question their courage, for their achievements establish it; we may hope that it is duly tempered with caution; but it is not uncharitable to believe that the imagination of the lonely mariner may be apt to grow with what it feeds on, and that adventures which are really thrilling lose nothing when he comes to relate them.

Yet, after all, the pursuit of danger for its own sake is merely the amiable eccentricity of certain hare-brained persons. We presume that the ostensible object of the Canoe Club is to promote river navigation, and there the canoe comes in admirably. It is a pretty toy on the Thames or on many of our home streams, and a convenient vehicle for taking short bursts of healthy exercise. But for foreign service it may be truly invaluable, and may supply a cheap and pleasant manner of making a tour which would otherwise be costly, if not impracticable. The voyage of the *Rob Roy* on the Jordan was a case in point. You may traverse an unsettled country in a canoe entirely on your own account. You may elude the unwelcome attentions of wild native tribes, who generally get notice somehow when a party of travellers is set in motion, and you may dispense with the cumbersome escort, the dragoman, and all the rest of it. Better still, without carrying a bulky tent along with you, you are independent of native hospitality so far as shelter goes. Nowadays it seems that you need not even go ashore to dispose yourself under your waterproof coverings. It appears that the latest form of canoe may be fitted up as sleeping quarters, although we should imagine that it might be dangerous to turn in your sleep if you berthed yourself for the night in mid-stream. But we presume that you might usually betake yourself to a *cache*, as an American trapper would call it, in some snug anchorage under cover

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of the bushes; and whatever might be the chances of inconvenience from mosquitoes or malaria, you would at least avoid the certain nuisance of the venomous insect life that swarms in Eastern households. Travelling in this unpretentious way would moreover be the very thing for a modest man of moderate means. He need never parade himself or his dignity with the idea of imposing on the grasping Arab chiefs and cunning Turks in office who lay themselves out to make him pay in one shape or another, and sulk over inadequate presents and *backshish*. He would not have to submit to absurd ceremonials at unseasonable hours, to tuck himself up on divans, and sip coffee and smoke chibouques in intense weariness of soul. Indeed the easy style of his boating costume would be altogether opposed to his being victimized in that fashion. It would be difficult to persuade Oriental officials that the solitary traveller in the dingy flannels can have the faintest influence at the Consulates of his nation; the most rapacious children of Ishmael would entertain plausible doubts whether the poverty-stricken pilgrim were worth the pillaging, while devout Moslems would regard him as a harmless lunatic voyaging under the special protection of Allah. Of course there is no disputing about tastes; but for our part we should prefer making expeditions of this kind beyond the ordinary limits of civilization to canoeing on the more frequented rivers on our own continent. We remark, however, that the gentlemen who have been the pioneers of this kind of enterprise in France, Germany, and other European countries, have courted publicity and been indifferent to appearances, as they would need to be. For it is not every man who would care to be the show of every place he touches at; who would carry it off with calm superiority as he was escorted to his hotel from the river bank, the centre of a shouting procession formed of the great unwashed; who would sup calmly in public like the old Kings of France, the cynosure of a circle of starers, and retire to rest at night in the knowledge that his morning's start would partake of the character of a public ceremony. Being worshipped or gazed at as a public idol may come naturally to the members of Royal Houses, who are to the custom born; but for our part we should object to having notoriety thrust upon us, especially when our travelling wardrobe had been cut down to the lowest point compatible with decency. It is not clothes, we are aware, that make the man; yet it seems but human to be sensible of a certain shamefaced self-consciousness when promenading the streets, the churches, and the galleries of a foreign capital in a costume which can only be said to be suitable for the parlour of a public-house on the banks of the Thames. We may be over-sensitive or hypercritical, but then we have learned by painful experience how many of our own countrymen are given to be unduly free and easy in their habits when they have so good an excuse to offer as a canoe voyage, and especially when they have a kindred spirit as a companion to keep them in countenance. A man who goes on a canoe trip on the Continent at present must expect to attract a rather disagreeable amount of notice; but, without swamping his craft under a dangerous quantity of baggage, he may at least take precautions to avoid making a gratuitous spectacle of himself.

HAMBURG AND ITS BANK.

THE importance of the part played by the city of Hamburg in the affairs of Northern Europe affords proof of the sagacity with which its site was selected by the great warrior and statesman who out of the monarchy of the Franks built up the restored Empire of the West. Even now Hamburg is the first commercial port of Germany, if not of the entire Continent. Its merchant navy is the greatest of any single city out of England, and in its waters are to be seen the flags of all maritime nations. But its power and influence are slight now compared with what they were in the palmy days of the Hanseatic League. And yet at first sight the situation of Hamburg does not seem favourable—in a low plain, not particularly fertile, and without the coal and iron which have rendered England the seat of the vastest manufacturing industry the world has ever seen. Hamburg, however, has one natural advantage of the same kind as that which has made the fortune of London. It stands on a navigable river, about seventy miles from the mouth, just far enough to enjoy protection at a time when the neighbouring coasts of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden swarmed with sea-robbers, and yet not so far as to prevent large ships from coming up to its wharfs. Moreover, the Elbe is navigable for small vessels quite up to Bohemia, and thereby it constitutes Hamburg the natural *entrepôt* of an extensive range of country. It is not surprising, therefore, that the town early attained to commercial importance, nor that, amidst the anarchy and predatory warfare of mediæval Germany, it soon experienced the need of an alliance with other towns equally interested in the freedom of commerce. Out of that need grew up the close federation with Lübeck on the one side and Bremen on the other which has subsisted to our own time. With Lübeck it shares the honour of having founded the Hanseatic League, though it never acquired the influence in the League wielded by Lübeck. When the cities of the Netherlands, of Prussia, and of the Baltic Provinces severed their connexion with the League, Hamburg, with Lübeck and Bremen, continued the alliance to our own time, though in the latter days the once powerful confederation was rather an historical reminiscence, or what modern philosophers have taught us to call a survival, than an actual living reality. But, as a member of the League, Hamburg had not only secured her own autonomy, she had also acquired a small territory immediately around her walls, with a few islands in the Elbe, and a patch or two at the mouth of the river. And this dominion she retained, as a free city of the Empire, when the League broke up. After Sadowa, as we all remember, Hamburg was merged in the North-German Confederation, and she is now a part of the new Empire. And thus she has remained, with the two neighbours already mentioned, and with Frankfort, one of the last examples of those municipal commonwealths which kept alive the civilization of ancient Rome, and contributed so powerfully to infuse into modern Europe a spirit of liberty, of order, and of progress.

The commercial activity of the city not only attracted strangers from all parts of Europe, but also poured into its tills the moneys of the various States with which it had dealings. In a great country like England, with a numerous population and a vast home trade, the quantity of foreign coin imported is as nothing compared to the native currency. But in a little commonwealth, with no more inhabitants than a third or fourth-rate provincial town of our day, and one which existed entirely on its foreign trade, at a time too when paper money was almost unknown, the foreign coin swamped the natives. Do what the Senate of Hamburg might, it could not maintain good money in circulation. Most of the foreign coins were clipped, or worn, or for one reason or another light, and consequently it was profitable to melt down the new coins of full weight, and sell them as bullion. This evil at length attained such magnitude that the city was compelled to adopt effective measures for its prevention. Exactly three-quarters of a century before William the Third granted the first charter to the Bank of England, the city of Hamburg established a bank under its own guarantee. This bank received bullion from any person who chose to deposit it, and gave in return a receipt calculated in marcs banco, which represented pure silver, and were of the value of 1*s.* 5½*d.* of our money. These marcs banco, it will be understood, were never coined; they were mere money of account, or credit money, but for every marc banco the bank had the full value in pure silver in its coffers. The city ordered all accounts to be kept in this money, and so good was the credit of the bank that its receipts were always at a premium. Every transaction which a merchant of Hamburg entered into, even with a foreigner, was booked in marcs banco, which thenceforward superseded all other denominations of money. The light and foreign coins still remained in circulation, but after the establishment of the bank they passed only for their true value as measured in marcs banco. Thus the evil of a base coinage was remedied. The honour of the invention, however, does not belong to Hamburg. Precisely ten years previously Amsterdam had founded a similar bank, and for a like reason. But the Bank of Amsterdam received coin on deposit as well as bullion, whereas the Bank of Hamburg received only the unalloyed metal; and, moreover, the Bank of Amsterdam was under the management of the city magistrates, while that of Hamburg was managed by directors elected by the depositors. The constitution of the Bank of Hamburg was therefore decidedly superior to that of Amsterdam, and its management, too, proved far more conscientious and successful. But the Bank of Amsterdam itself was only an improvement on a still more memorable institution—the Bank of Venice. In one of its difficulties the State of Venice was obliged to have recourse to a forced loan, and for the purpose of paying the interest on this debt, about the time that Henry II. landed in Ireland to receive the submission of its chiefs, the Republic founded an institution which subsequently grew into the famous Bank of Venice. The credit of the State was so good that there soon arose a demand for shares in the debt, and gradually people began to pay money owing by them, and even to make purchases, by the simple transfer of their right to receive interest from the State. This is the earliest known form of a bank in Europe, and it furnished the idea of the Banks of Amsterdam and Hamburg, and, as subsequently developed, of the banks of our own day. It will be observed that the banks we have been describing were banks of deposit, and nothing more. They issued no notes. And, further, they had no right to make a profit of their deposits by discounting bills, as our present banks do, or, indeed, to use them in any way whatever. The Bank of Amsterdam did, however, lend its deposits, and consequently when the fact became known, on the occupation of the city by the French at the close of the last century, the bank came to an end. The far older and more interesting Bank of Venice also came to an end at nearly the same time, through no mismanagement, however, but as a consequence of the French conquest of the famous Republic; and thus the Bank of Hamburg remained the sole surviving specimen of the earlier type of bank. For this reason its history becomes of interest for others than economists and men of business.

The shock of the French Revolution, which, as we have just seen, swept away the ancient banks of Venice and Amsterdam, left that of Hamburg unshaken. But what the great social and political upheaval at the end of the last century failed to do, the establishment of the German Empire has effected. To complete the unification of Germany, as every reader is aware, a law was enacted in 1871 abolishing the coinage of the several States of the Empire, and introducing one uniform gold coinage. The marc banco of course came within the purview of this law, both as being the money of a single State, and also as being based upon silver. Accordingly, the winding up of the Bank of Hamburg was decreed. The bank was directed to return the silver it had in deposit, and it was further enacted that after February 15, 1873, debts in marcs banco should no longer give the right to so much

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fine silver held in the coffers of the bank, but should be discharged in Prussian half-thalers. Thus the last of the early type of banks passed away for ever. It is a curious instance of the unexpected way in which events fit into one another that this winding up of the Bank of Hamburg very materially aided France in the payment of the war indemnity. According to the stipulations of the Treaty of Frankfort, France, in discharging her obligation, had the right to employ silver either in the form of five-franc pieces or of Prussian thalers. The order to the Bank of Hamburg to return its deposits threw on the market an immense mass of silver, and the French Government, as likewise the bankers it employed, eagerly bought up the marc banco receipts, which gave them the option of taking the pure metal and coining it into five-franc pieces, or of obtaining thalers. They availed themselves of both courses, the French Government itself directly purchasing nearly 4,000,000*l.* sterling worth of marcs banco. In this way France escaped the necessity of drawing to any large extent upon her own stock of silver coin. The far larger part of the silver which she employed in the payment of the indemnity was obtained in Germany, and more particularly in Hamburg. The German Government certainly never thought of helping France in deciding upon a uniform gold coinage, nor did the French Government propose to save the merchants of Hamburg from the loss that would have fallen upon them by the depreciation of silver in consequence of its demonetization; yet undoubtedly such were two of the results of their action.

THE THEATRES.

IT is not surprising that the demand for pantomimic artists at this season should exceed the supply. The manager of Covent Garden Theatre would probably have engaged a better company if he could. He has produced a grand spectacle with magnificent scenery, dresses, and appointments of every kind, but unfortunately he does not make people laugh. The attraction of his bill is not sufficient to fill his house, and a house of that size half or two-thirds full on a cold night is not exhilarating. It is perhaps owing to the frost that the author's puns miss fire, or it may be that the speakers are ashamed of such exceedingly feeble jokes. The story of the *Babes in the Wood* is of course familiar, and the incidents are threadbare, but that is hardly an objection, as the children of to-day have not seen the pantomimes of former years. Everybody must be pleased with the painting of the old house at Ware, and with that of the frost-bound forest in which first a grand ballet is performed, and then the children perish. There is some incongruity, perhaps, between the slight dresses of the dancers and the wintry scene in which they sport, but a pantomime at Covent Garden nowadays means particularly ballet, and if the story does not suit, the story must give way. This "frozen pool" is, however, only too harmonious with the chilliness of the spectators, who are not sufficiently numerous to keep one another warm. It is perhaps better to have a theatre too cool than too hot, and at any rate people are not likely to take cold on leaving Covent Garden, because there is no excessively violent change of temperature on emerging from that house into the external air. With the help of a greatcoat or cloak this ballet among the snow-clad trees may be enjoyed as a really pretty sight, and it is comforting to observe that, however the performers may be exposed to chilling blasts around and above, they have good dry boards under foot. As novelties in charity are always acceptable, we would suggest the formation of a society for providing ballet-girls with mufflers. On a severely cold night their condition nearly resembles that of a lot of jockeys waiting for the start at what is pleasantly called a "spring meeting" for races. There is, however, this difference in the girls' favour, that they do not often have to wait long for the start, and when they are once off the pace is commonly good enough to keep them warm. But still they do have to wait sometimes, and their feelings may perhaps be estimated by observing that when the manager of this house is called to receive applause he comes on, like a sensible man, in a long greatcoat. Besides this ballet in the snow, there is another and more gorgeous ballet in the "Baronial Hall" at Ware, and it may be conjectured that the performers in both ballets are nearly the same, although we are invited to suppose that in the first they are fairies, and in the second merely mortal girls capable of consuming beef and pudding. The manager rightly makes the most he can of his numerous company, and there are perhaps persons capable of appreciating not only all the dancing, but also all the standing or reclining that is performed by girls, fairies, or angels, in this entertainment. For our own part we cannot but call to mind the apology which King Charles II. in his gentlemanly way felt bound to make for being an unconscionable time dying. If the babes who died in the wood must needs go to Heaven, we wish they would be quick about it. Towards the end of the piece the characters are all collected on the stage singing by turns some ineffectual verses which are too obviously a mere stopgap while the final "transformation" is preparing. A weak conclusion such as this would spoil even a strong play, which this is not. However, at last things have so far advanced that the singers can be cleared away and the "transformation" in its earliest stage disclosed. The carpenter must have acted on an order to be perpetually bringing more young ladies. They rise from the floor, they descend from the roof, they glide in at the sides. They stand, they sit, they lean. It is not until they are all arranged that the children lately lost in the wood begin their ascent to Heaven. If Mr. Boucicault were now managing this theatre, he would probably put into the bill a notice, which would certainly be convenient, that ten minutes would be required for the formation of the final tableau, during which interval a smoking saloon would be accessible. He was, we believe, the first manager who recognized the truth that it is possible to grow tired even of watching the gyrations of young women in short petticoats. Other managers would probably admit as a general principle that one may have too much of a good thing, but they would make a practical exception in favour of ballet. It may be allowed that the painting of these transformation-scenes is to some extent a progressive art. They are all beautiful, and perhaps more beautiful now than a few years ago. But the art of arranging young women in festoons has, we fear, reached its ultimatum. A proposal to hang them heads downwards would probably evoke the interference of the Lord Chamberlain; and we see not what other novelty is possible. They are, as we hope, safely suspended, although they look very unsafe, which is perhaps one of the beauties of the performance. When the spectators are supposed to have sufficiently enjoyed it, the scene closes, and the regular harlequinade begins; and if we had thought the angels rather tedious, we must at least give them credit for shortening the clown's career of larceny.

There is very little novelty in the tricks at either of the great theatres. At Drury Lane a big dog comes on in whom we seem to recognize a leading member of the company which played in *Cœur de Lion*. The pantomime at this house is supported by the Vokes family, to whom, jointly with the Paynes, who are engaged at the Crystal Palace, must be awarded the highest rank in this species of entertainment. The story of *Aladdin* is, if possible, more exhausted than those which have done duty at Covent Garden, and Mr. Blanchard has not attempted any startling novelty in puns. He has contrived to make a tolerably good part for each member of the Vokes family; and when they are upon the stage they generally manage to keep the fun alive. The two best scenes at these houses are, we think, the descent of Princess Badroulbadour from her palankin at Drury Lane, and the Big Bed of Ware at Covent Garden. The effect of the former depends principally on the acting of the various persons who are watching the Princess from their several hiding places. The effect of the latter is due to the artists who contrived the various apparitions which disturb the sleeper, and the acting, although by no means deficient, has no extraordinary drollery. It should be added that the processions and dances in the Baronial Hall at Covent Garden are very pretty and well contrived, and it is stated that they have been accurately copied from the Harleian MS., which will be, we hope, a recommendation. The old dance of Sir Roger de Coverley is a pleasant variation from the ordinary ballet, and we may venture to suppose that the children who dance enjoy the fun as much as the spectators, and at any rate they must be able to keep themselves warm. The harlequinade at Covent Garden has, as we have said, the merit of being shorter than that at Drury Lane, and it is only too manifest that the spectators are glad when it is all over. Cynical people beyond middle life are in the habit of expressing the same sentiment as regards "Merry Christmas" generally. The pantomime at Drury Lane may be described as moderately successful. It would be rash to say that that at Covent Garden is a failure, unless we clearly understood what the lessee aimed at. When Mr. Boucicault had this house he provided an entertainment good enough to go in and out at. You looked in and saw a ballet, terrestrial or celestial as the case might be. You took a stroll and came back, and there was the ballet still. It is simply wonderful that people should be willing to pay the existing prices for themselves and their children for such an entertainment as that now provided at Covent Garden. The singing, acting, and dancing, with slight exceptions, hardly pretend to be first-class. A large sum has no doubt been expended in painting and getting up the piece, and perhaps even a moderate success may suffice to bring back this outlay.

The production of such pieces is probably founded on the calculation that every householder in the upper and middle classes, if not withheld by scruples, goes once and takes his family to a pantomime at Christmas. If indeed society should ever emancipate itself from this supposed obligation to dismal merriment, the large theatres would hardly find tenants. It might, however, possibly occur to parents that until children are old enough to understand a play they need not be taken to a theatre. When they do reach that age, they might perhaps derive quite as much pleasure from a play as from a grand pantomime like that at Covent Garden. The heretics, if there be any, who do not regard pantomime as necessary at Christmas, may perhaps take themselves and their children to see Mr. Irving in Hamlet or Mr. Phelps in Falstaff. We have spoken already at sufficient length of the former, and as regards the latter, we can only speak in praise, mixed with regret that he should not have chosen to appear in some play with rather a broader basis for popularity. Perhaps if one wished thoroughly to enjoy the fun of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, it might be useful to take a course of grand pantomime beforehand. The acting of Mr. Phelps as Falstaff is fully worthy of his reputation, and he is supported by an efficient company, among whom Mr. Hermann Vezin as Mr. Ford, and Mr. Arthur Cecil and Mr. Righton as Dr. Caius and Sir Hugh Evans, deserve special mention. If we compare Shakspeare with himself, we may undervalue this play, but it abounds in genuine spontaneous fun, which may be best appreciated by comparing it with the laborious furbishing up of stale jokes in a grand pantomime. We ought to add that the last scene, representing Windsor Forest with the Castle in

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the distance seen by moonlight, may compare with the best of painters' efforts at the larger houses. There are indeed no young women or children hung in the air. All that appear tread, although lightly, upon earth; and instead of going to Heaven, they are supposed to return after the night's frolic to supper and bed at Windsor.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FROM OUTSIDE.*

HERE are two treatises, the latter of them much smaller than the former, in each of which certain points of languages at present in use are dealt with from outside, that is, by a person to whom the language spoken of is not his own tongue. But there is this striking difference in their treatment, that Mr. Keane, in his short tract, has the history of the language of which he is writing constantly before his eyes, while Dr. Rabbinowicz either does not know the history of the English language or does not think that it has anything to do with his subject. He tells us, to be sure, in his preface that, when he had nearly finished his own book, he fell in with the great treatise of Mr. Ellis on Early English Pronunciation, that he greatly admired it, and that he found nothing in it which contradicted anything which he had said himself. This is not at all unlikely; the method of Mr. Ellis and the method, if there be any, of Dr. Rabbinowicz stand so utterly apart from one another that one can hardly fancy the two clashing. We look at Dr. Rabbinowicz's two hundred pages about our language and pronunciation, and we learn at least one thing—how different must be the look of a language in the eyes of a mere empirical teacher of it from its look in the eyes of a philologer. Dr. Rabbinowicz must, in a certain sense, know the English language very well; that is to say, he must have ransacked endless dictionaries, to find out words and the pronunciation of words; and though here and there he makes statements as to English usage which a little surprise us, we do not know that they come oftener than we should expect at the hands of any foreigner, save those few who have really gained a mastery over our tongue which most of ourselves may envy. We should certainly be glad if we felt that we were as well versed in the actual vocabulary of any foreign tongue as Dr. Rabbinowicz clearly is in the actual vocabulary of English. But almost the first thing that strikes us is the vast amount of needless trouble which he must have taken in learning English. In massing together endless examples of English words, he seems never to have stopped to ask the two great questions, Whence the words come and whither they go? We have here one of the ten thousand examples how much simpler and easier the scientific treatment of anything is than a confused or merely empirical treatment. It is not at all clear whether Dr. Rabbinowicz thought at all about the history of the language of which he was speaking; the only hint that he gives is that he ever and anon speaks of English words as being "d'origine allemande." Now one who was very anxious to pass a judgment of charity might say that these words are just patient, as theologians say, of an accurate meaning; but it is certain that they will not convey an accurate meaning to any reader, and they raise a strong suspicion that they do not represent any accurate meaning in the mind of the writer. "Allemand" in French, like "German" in English, is so constantly used distinctively to mean modern High-Dutch that the use of such a phrase as the "origine allemande" of an English word suggests the suspicion that the writer fancies that English is "derived," as people say, from the High-Dutch. Beyond the suspicion thus raised, we cannot say that Dr. Rabbinowicz is either accurate or inaccurate as to his treatment of the history of the English language, because he makes no propositions upon the subject at all. To him any word that he finds in an English dictionary—including a fair sprinkling of words that we never before heard of—is as much an English word, and deserves as serious treatment, as another. Dr. Rabbinowicz takes the trouble to tell us that "exanthematous" has "accent sur la troisième syllabe, accent accessoire sur la première," and also that the like is the case with "exiguity." If we ask what "exanthematous" and "exiguity" mean, we find that in French they are "exanthemateux" and "exiguité." But this is something like the historical Professor who thought that he would make his hearers better understand the state of things in Gaul in a given century by saying that it was like "a gigantic dermoskeleton." We ask, as Gibbon does somewhere, Which of you is the interpreter? We make a faint guess that "exiguity" means what a mediæval writer meant when he spoke modestly of "mea parvitas" or "mediocritas nostra"—in short, that exiguity is *lingo* for what in English is called "littleness." "Exanthematous" is harder; but, by the help of the Greek tongue, we make a guess that it may have something to do with plucking flowers. But why should a man who professes to write about English pronunciation trouble himself about such no-words as "exanthematous" and "exiguity"? Our protest comes earlier. We warn such trespassers off altogether; but if anybody will talk about "exanthematous" and "exiguity," seeing that, as far as English is concerned, they are no words, but mere meaningless sounds, we give him full leave in sounding them to place his accent and his accessory accent on any syllable that he may think good.

It is instructive to see how many of Dr. Rabbinowicz's pages are taken up with the pronunciation of words which are really no words, which at the best are technical terms, which should never be seen beyond the pages of a purely technical book, which have really nothing to do with the history of the English language, and very little to do with its practical use. We know that our language is difficult to foreigners, that it is often difficult even to Englishmen; but we begin to suspect that the really English part of it is, after all, the least difficult part. We know that our pronunciation is very eccentric as compared with that of other nations; we know that our spelling and our pronunciation are often strangely inconsistent with one another; still, as long as we keep within the bounds of real English, we can give something like a reason, at any rate something like a history, for each seeming anomaly or inconsistency. The study therefore has an intelligent interest; it is not a mere empirical loading of the memory with hard words, as it is when we get into the region represented by *exanthematous* and *exiguity*. Thus, in treating of real English pronunciation, we have to note both the cases where the pronunciation has departed from the spelling and those where the spelling has departed from the pronunciation. Dr. Rabbinowicz does quite right to tell his French, German, Polish, or Hebrew readers that in the word "women" the *o* is sounded like *i*. Here is a fact; but, taken by itself, it is a purposeless, empirical fact. Thus put, it can only make strangers wonder at the eccentricity of English pronunciation, which in one solitary word sounds *o* like *i*. A few lines less of catalogues of words which are no words would have given room to show, in our seemingly eccentric pronunciation of the word "women," that it is the spelling which is in fault, and not the pronunciation. When we find that "woman" is a contraction of *wifman*, and that in the later pages of the English Chronicles the plural is written *wimmen*, the case as to the plural is plain enough; only we ask the reason why anybody came to spell so plain a word in so queer a way as it is now spelled? It is in answering this question that we get to the real eccentricity and anomaly, an eccentricity and anomaly strange enough, but one quite different from the seeming anomaly which catches the eye. In the singular the spelling fairly represents the modern pronunciation. But whence came that modern pronunciation? How came *wifman* ever to be sounded as *woman*? That change once granted, all the rest follows. The singular changed its sound, while the plural kept the old sound; the spelling of both numbers was adapted to the new sound of the singular, notwithstanding its strange inconsistency with the unchanged sound of the plural. To be taught this is really to be taught something about the English language, and, to a German reader at least, such teaching could hardly fail to have some interest. But no knowledge of any particular language is gained by going through crowds of words which are really not words at all, and which, so far as they are words, are common to half-a-dozen languages, but which are strangers and foreigners in all alike.

At the end of the discourse on pronunciation Dr. Rabbinowicz gives us what he calls a "Résumé de la grammaire anglaise," which takes up seven pages only, of which more than three are filled with a list of forms of verbs which Dr. Rabbinowicz calls "irregular." This is a little behind the age, as it is also when all he can tell us about English declension stands thus:—

> Le pluriel des substantifs est indiqué par un *s* comme en français. Le génitif d'un substantif au singulier peut s'exprimer à la façon allemande par *s* précédé d'une apostrophe; ex.: *pupil*, élève; *pupil's*, de l'élève. Si le substantif a déjà reçu un *s* pour indiquer le pluriel, le génitif est alors indiqué par l'apostrophe seule; ex.: *pupils'*, des élèves.

Then we are told that "les mots suivants forment le pluriel d'une manière irrégulière," on which comes, besides several very good English words, the information that *vortex* makes in the plural *vortices*, and *beau*, *beaux*, "comme en Français." We had just before been told that one of the English articles is "*a*, un, une, ou *an* devant un mot commençant par une voyelle ou un *h* muet." We trust that, if Dr. Rabbinowicz ever reads the English Psalter, and comes to the passage which speaks of "the strength of an horse," he will not look on the last word as beginning with an *h* mute.

The following piece of etymology is also too good to be left out:—

> Johnson et Latham font dériver le mot *busy* du saxon *bysgian*, et *bury* du saxon *byrigean*. Fahrenkrüger fait dériver *busy* du grec *pesseuein*, jouer aux dames, et *bury* du saxon *byrgan*, allemand *bergen*, cacher, et il dit que ce mot, que se rattache au grec *purgos*, tour, signifie couvrir sous une montagne, protéger, cacher, enterrer. Mais en admettant cette singulière liaison d'idées, puisque par les chemins les plus détournés on finit par la mort et l'enterrement, ces étymologies de Fahrenkrüger ou celles de Johnson n'expliquent pas l'orthographe des mots avec *u*, qui se prononce dans *busy* comme *i* et dans *bury* comme *e*. Je crois donc que *busy* vient du grec *buzein*, remplir, occuper, d'où un adverbe *buzen*, en masse; de là *busy*, occuper; *bury* vient, je crois, du grec *pura*, bûcher, de là *bury* signifie "to inter with the rites and ceremonies of sepulture" (Johnson, 1777, au mot *bury*), c'est-à-dire enterrer avec les cérémonies en usage. Or, anciennement, le bûcher était la principale cérémonie. Ainsi s'explique l'orthographe avec *u*, cette voyelle se trouvant dans le grec, et la prononciation comme *y* dans *busy*, car l'*u* grec prend toujours dans les langues modernes le son de *y*; ex.: le mot grec *phusicos* devient en français *physique*, avec *y* pour *u*; seulement on a conservé l'*u* dans l'orthographe du mot *busy*, pour indiquer l'origine du grec, tandis que dans d'autres mots on change l'*u* par un *y* dans l'orthographe pour la rendre conforme à la prononciation. Dans *bury*, l'*u*

* *Nouveaux Principes Comparés de la Prononciation Anglaise, dans ses Rapports avec les Langues Française, Allemande, &c. Suivis d'un Résumé de la Grammaire Anglaise.* Par le Dr. J. M. Rabbinowicz. Paris: Dramard-Baudry. 1874.

French Accent. By A. H. Keane, B.A. London: Asher & Co.

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devrait prendre le son de *y*, comme dans *busy*, mais l'*y* prend à son tour le son de *e* devant *r*, comme dans *Smyrnian*, de Smyrne; *syrtis*, syrte, sable mouvant; *myrrhe*; *myrtiform*, myrtiforme.

We look back to the title-page, and we can hardly believe that we see the date of 1874.

Mr. Keane deals with French in a far more intelligent way than Dr. Rabbinowicz deals with English. He has only to speak about the French accents, which are confessedly a puzzle to most Englishmen. Indeed accentuation always carries with it more or less of difficulty. As though it were not enough to have to accentuate our French and our Greek, we have lately heard fashionable architects talk about "accentuating their buildings," a process at the nature of which we are only one degree better able to guess than we are to guess at the nature of a still more amazing process which we heard of the other day, namely, "accentuating an attitude." Unless this last means that the performer threw himself into the shape either of the Greek or of the French circumflex we are altogether baffled. But, without plunging into these mysteries, the French accents are always a puzzling matter. One has a general notion that the circumflex always, and the acute sometimes, marks, as the history of the word will commonly tell us, that one or more letters, most usually an *s*, have been left out. But beyond this, the touching up of *e* very often, and of *a* sometimes, with marks looking divers ways, is at least as mysterious as the like treatment of all the vowels in Greek. Mr. Keane first gives a few words to the tonic accent, what alone we should in English call the accent, namely the stress laid on one syllable in each word. This, in all real French words, that is, in all French words which have come from the Latin by the natural process of formation, stays on the same syllable on which it was placed in Latin. In artificial French words, on the other hand—words which have not come from the Latin by natural formation, but which have been deliberately made out of Latin in later times—the accent constantly departs from the place of the Latin accent. This tonic accent however is not what people generally understand by French accent. The written French accents Mr. Keane divides into "historical," "grammatical," and "euphonical." Every one who has studied the history of the language at all knows how the circumflex marks the omission of something, most commonly an *s*, and that the acute é at the beginning of a word also marks the omission of an *s*. It does not so readily suggest itself that the grave accent on the last syllable of *décès*, *près*, *très* also marks the omission of a letter, *s* in most cases, but in the last—*très* from *trans*—an *n*. Mr. Keane remarks that in modern French the circumflex has in certain words been brought in by a false analogy where there is no letter left out, and where therefore there ought to be no circumflex, but where the circumflex has been brought in because the word looks like *blanchâtre*, *marâtre*, and other words where the circumflex is in place. This is exactly the same process as that by which we in English write *could*, where there is no business to be any *l*, because the *l* is in its right place in *would* and *should*. Mr. Keane mentions several other examples of the same kind, and remarks on the strange sixteenth-century fashion of putting in an *s* where there is no *s* at all, which has handed down several needless circumflexes. To his list we may add *trône*, which we have somewhere in the old French seen written *trosne*. So the river *Rhône* might fairly claim the circumflex on the strength of the *d* which it has lost, but, as a matter of fact, the circumflex does represent the strange spelling *Rhosne* which somehow crept in. Mr. Keane complains of a tendency now at work to leave out the circumflex where it ought to be kept. People still write *jeûner*, but they have taken to write *déjeuner* without the circumflex.

The grammatical and euphonic accents concern us less than the historical. But Mr. Keane's remarks on them are clear and ingenious, and may go far to rob of its mystery a subject which has perplexed many.

TOMLINSON ON THE SONNET.*

MR. TOMLINSON'S special study of Petrarch, though apparently not of long standing, has enabled him to produce a pleasant and scholarlike volume. There is only one part of it to which it is necessary to take any serious objection, and that is the title-page, which somewhat misrepresents the contents and aim of the book. Mr. Tomlinson has not undertaken to discuss the sonnet-writing of all times and all countries; he has kept himself to the more manageable and reasonable task of explaining to English readers, who, as a rule, know too little of it, the correct Italian type of the sonnet as perfected and illustrated by Petrarch. The historical introduction is subordinate to this purpose, and the modern departures from the original type which sonnetteers in other languages have allowed themselves are mentioned but incidentally or by way of contrast. The translations, which are a marked feature of the book, and represent the best, and certainly the most difficult, part of the author's work, spring out of the main subject in a very natural way. Mr. Tomlinson considers that Petrarch is, on the whole, underrated in England, and that this is to some extent due to the faults of the translations hitherto produced, which often fail to pay attention to the form (which in the sonnet is vital), put pompous conventionalities in the place of Petrarch's straightforward, and therefore truly poetical, diction, thereby missing the particular delicate points, at the same time that they miss the general simplicity, and even gravely misrepresent or wholly obscure the meaning, of the original. Accordingly he lifts up his voice to warn English readers against judging of Petrarch by such versions, and his charges are fully borne out by the instances he gives; and he endeavours to show, by comment and example, what should be the method of a translator who desires to give a more just impression. The success of his own versions, though unequal in different instances, and in many places capable of improvement, is on the whole considerable; and the author's hope that, apart from its critical purpose, his work may be useful as an introduction to Petrarch for English readers with a moderate knowledge of Italian, is in our opinion well founded.

Whatever was the exact source of the Italian sonnet—for which some modern Italians will not acknowledge a Provençal origin—it seems certain that it is a solitary survival from many other artificial structures of verse once in fashion. One of the most curious was the *sestina*, of which a specimen from Petrarch is given by Mr. Tomlinson in an appendix. One of Dante's has also been translated by Mr. Rossetti. There are six stanzas of six lines each. The six end-words of the lines are the same in each stanza, but in a different order. The frame of the second stanza is formed by taking for the end of its first line the last end-word of the first stanza; for the second, the last but one, and so on; and every succeeding stanza is formed in like manner by its predecessor till the cycle is completed in the sixth. The poem is finished off with three lines introducing all the six end-words. The sonnet itself, though much less complex than this, is by no means so simple or easy to handle as it appears to a careless observer. The conditions of a perfect sonnet, in Mr. Tomlinson's words, are "sufficiently comprehensive and stringent":—

> In the first place, the quatrains must not contain more than two, nor the tercets more than three, rhymes. (ii.) The rhymes must be sufficiently varied and contrasted without being forced, and must fall into their places so naturally as never to suggest the idea that a word, much less a line, is introduced for the sake of the rhyme. The contrast of rhymes just referred to, must be observed not only with respect to the two rhymes of the quatrains, but these must be in contrast with the two or three rhymes of the tercets; that is, the contrasted rhymes must not play upon the same vowel. For example, either of the following would be a bad set of rhymes for a quatrain, because in each case the four words depend upon the same vowel:—
>
> time, side, wide, chime,
> or way, gain, remain, day.
>
> (iii.) The sonnet must consist of one leading idea, or thought or feeling. (iv.) The words employed must be choice and effective—no word must be out of place, and there must not be a word too much or too little. (v.) The thought must be worked out with perfect clearness; there must be no obscurity of meaning, no sense of irrelevancy or insufficiency; but the poem must go on increasing in interest and lead up to an impressive close. (vi.) It must further be noted that the second quatrain should not be run into the first tercet, but close with a full point; and the sonnet must not end with a couplet, nor with an Alexandrine.

The subject is further illustrated by a detailed criticism on one or two of Petrarch's sonnets. In discussing that which begins "La vita fugge, e non s'arresta un' ora" Mr. Tomlinson seems to have been betrayed by the example of the Italian commentators into dwelling on minute and frivolous objections. On the other hand, he gives Petrarch somewhat exaggerated credit in another direction:—

> Petrarch frequently derives his illustrations from Holy Scripture, showing that at the time its books were scattered and not easy of access, he was well acquainted with them, as befitted his pious nature.

And thereupon he cites one or two Scriptural phrases from the sonnets, as if it were a singular thing that a man of Petrarch's scholarship and position should have been at that time tolerably familiar with the Vulgate. Surely it would have been more singular if he had not been familiar with it, or if his writings had showed no traces of his knowledge.

Some account is given of the influence of Petrarch in England. The author gives Surrey's translation of the sonnet "Ponmi ove 'l sol occide i fiori e l'erba" together with his own:—

Place me where Sol burns up the grass and flower,
Or where the ice and snow o'ercome his rays;
Place me where rolls his car with temperate blaze,
In climes that know not, or that own his power.
Place me where Fortune smiles, or seems to lour:
'Neath murky sky, or where the zephyr plays;
Place me in night, in long or shorter days,
In age mature, or in youth's careless hour.
Place me in heaven, on earth, in deepest sea,
On mountain high, in marshy valley lone;
Whether I live, or Death possesses me;
Place me where Fame may own me or disown:
I still live on, as I was wont to be,
Still breathing out the same trilustral moan.

SURREY'S TRANSLATION.

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice;
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen;
In presence prest of people mad or wise;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are grey:
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
In hill or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sick or in health, in evil fame or good,
Hers will I be; and only with this thought
Content myself, although my chance be nought.

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* *The Sonnet: its Origin, Structure, and Place in Poetry.* With Original Translations from the Sonnets of Dante, Petrarch, &c., and Remarks on the Art of Translating. By Charles Tomlinson, F.R.S. London: John Murray. 1874.

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Mr. Tomlinson has strictly followed the metre of the original, which he considers an essential point. Surrey's version does not attempt this, and is less close; the line we have italicized corresponds to nothing in the original, and the "sospir trilustre" is omitted. Yet we think most readers will agree that the older version gains more in freedom and spirit than it loses in form, and to a person ignorant of the original would, on the whole, represent it more truly. However, it is our own belief that the translation of poetry presents at best a choice of imperfections, except by fortune too rare to be counted on. The successful translator must not only be versed in the tongue of the original and be a master of his own, but he must have something of the poetic temper himself, and that of the particular kind which will bring him into sympathy with his author. All these conditions of fitness for the task are seldom combined without disposing a man to greater things, so that at the last there may be no leisure or willingness for the execution. Our really good poetical translations are but few, and we have had surprising failures when knowledge and even poetic ability were present, but sympathy was wanting. To confine ourselves to modern versions of the classics, we have hardly any that are true to their original in spirit as well as in letter, and are also good English poems, save Frere's Aristophanes in the last generation, and Conington's Horace in this. We may add Mr. Munro's Lucretius, which, though not versified, is eminent for the other qualities of knowledge, power, and sympathy. But it is not fair to other well-meant and laudable efforts to measure them by the standard of these occasional felicities; and as concerning Petrarch, there is as yet ample room to be thankful for even a decent translation of him. Here is a specimen of the sort of treatment he has received:—

Sol un riposo trovo in molti affanni;
Che, quando torni, ti conosco e 'ntendo
All' andar, alla voce, al volto, a' panni.

"No balm relieves the anguish I endure,
Save the fond feeble hope that thou art near
To soothe my sufferings with an angel's tear."
Bannerman.

The above passage, literally rendered, is as follows:—

"One only comfort I find in many troubles—that when thou returnest [to Vaucluse] I seem to recognise and understand thee by thy walk, thy voice, thy face, and thy dress."

Mr. Tomlinson will excuse us for omitting his comment, for we think the matter tells its own story. Here is another example by another hand:—

The spirit of Laura appears to the poet and bids him not to weep for her, for when she ceased to be mortal she became immortal:—

And when death seemed to close my eyes in night,
I opened them in the eternal light.

Instead of this remarkable expression of thought, we find the following piece of sentimentality:—

"Ah! yield not thus to culpable despair,
But raise thy eyes to heaven, and think I wait thee there!"

This sonnet opens with so much freshness and beauty that we may fancy ourselves with the poet in Vaucluse.

What time birds pipe their plaint, and every tree
Its green arms rustles in the summer air;
And on the fresh and flowery banks, to me,
Comes the hoarse murmur of the waters clear,
Pensive I write of Love while seated here.

This is as literal as I can make it, and it seems just as easy to follow the author as to write in such a strain as this—

"Where the green leaves exclude the summer beam,
And softly bend as balmy breezes blow,
And where, with liquid lapse, the lucid stream
Across the fretted rock is heard to flow,
Pensive I lay."

Who would suppose that these fragments refer to corresponding passages of the same sonnet?

Notwithstanding Mr. Tomlinson's modest remark, it is in fact not so easy to translate well and simply as to translate ill and confusedly. In this quatrain he is at his best, and very close to his original. There is one remark he cites in another place from a French translator which is at any rate honest. "Je n'ai pas traduit les trois derniers vers de ce sonnet, parceque je n'y ai rien compris." But perhaps Petrarch's translators have not treated him worse than his commentators. We find here one almost incredible and quite irresistible specimen. Petrarch uses the current simile of the deaf adder; thereupon

Tassoni gravely remarks that the asp is not really deaf, but that it closes its ears against incantations by burying one ear in the ground and stopping the other with its tail. Muratori, referring to this, says that Tassoni does not object to Petrarch's use of the epithet "deaf," "he only makes a physical observation."

As we have already said, Mr. Tomlinson is somewhat unequal in his translations. We sometimes find rugged lines and doubtful or even false rhymes. We have noted points missed, and sometimes not unimportant ones. But when we consider the extreme difficulties that have to be overcome, there is, on the whole, much to praise. In one instance Mr. Tomlinson gives us the opportunity of comparing him with the latest and most esteemed of German translators, who, though by no means undeserving, certainly falls short of him in accuracy. We will end by giving in full one of Mr. Tomlinson's most ambitious, and as it happens most successful, performances. The sonnet ("Levommi il mio pensier in parte, ov' era") is one of the most renowned of Petrarch's:—

Raised by my thought, I found the region where
She whom I seek, but here on earth in vain,
Dwells among those who the third heaven gain,
And saw her lovelier and less haughty there.
She took my hand and said—"In this bright sphere,
Unless my wish deceive, we meet again:
Lo! I am she who caused thee strife and pain,
And closed my day before the eve was near.
My bliss, no human thought can understand:
I wait for thee alone—my fleshly veil
So loved by thee is by the grave retained."
She ceased, ah why? and why let loose my hand?
Such chaste and tender words could so prevail,
A little more, I had in heaven remained.

A somewhat important warning is required as to Mr. Tomlinson's essay in the appendix on the identification of Petrarch's Laura. The natural inference from his statements taken alone would be that the theory of Laura having been a married woman with children was first started by the Abbé de Sade in the last century. So far from this being the case, not only the theory, but also the notable argument in its favour derived from the alleged correction of *partubus* for *perturbationibus*, in a certain passage of Petrarch's Latin dialogues, was put forth more than two centuries earlier by Fausto da Longiano, and met with much less respect than at the subsequent revival of the discussion. See as to this the letter prefixed to Gesualdo's commentary. The oversight, however, if oversight there be, is not peculiar to Mr. Tomlinson.

DONALDSON'S APOSTOLICAL FATHERS.*

WE cannot say that we think Dr. Donaldson has treated his readers quite fairly. He has discussed an important subject in a scholarlike, handy, and interesting volume, which, if it does not contain the results of any fresh or profound investigations, is as far as possible from being slight or superficial; but then he has put it forth to the world without throwing out a single hint for the benefit of an unwary student that his book is purely controversial, an engine devised for active service in the strife of ecclesiastical polemics. If it is too much to expect that a work professing to be "a Critical History of Christian Literature and Theology from the death of the Apostles till the period of the Nicene Council" should be written in a spirit of strict impartiality, at any rate there are conventional rules, well understood by those who attempt to instruct the public, which cannot be violated without impropriety. The partisan is bound in candour to proclaim himself a partisan, and, either by his description of himself on the title-page or by a few words in the preface, to put us on our guard against the natural, the almost inevitable, prepossessions from which no writer of ecclesiastical history can hope to be altogether free. Now this author's style and designation, "James Donaldson, LL.D.," conveys to our mind no information whatever. He is probably a layman, and that is all we can gather so far. We must read his book a good way through with some attention before his drift and main purpose are distinctly perceived. It is in fact a Church history, or at least a history of the literature of the early Church, from the Congregationalist or Independent point of view; and though, of course, the members of that denomination have as full right as other men to use their pens in defence of their principles, there is a limit which zeal for a cause, however good it may seem to us, must never permit us to overstep. We will justify the foregoing strictures on Dr. Donaldson's mode of composition by a single example, which shall suffice as a sufficient specimen of his plan and spirit. No one who has paid the slightest attention to the question of Church government in the primitive ages can fail to call to mind the Epistles imputed to Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, declared by Eusebius to be the second holder of that great see, and who became a martyr A.D. 107. The letters which go under his name form so large a part of the writings of the Apostolical Fathers that in a book like the present the question of their spuriousness or the contrary ought to have been made quite a capital point. We do not say that our author was bound to receive them; all we can look for from him is a thorough scrutiny into their true character, and a reasonably complete account of their contents. But in a volume which passes under review all the other compositions of their presumed date, including the very doubtful Epistle of Barnabas, and the *Shepherd* of Hermas, the latter bringing us far into the second century, these Ignatian letters are kept out of sight to an extent that is scarcely credible. We find no exhaustive view of their internal teaching, as we have in the case of the remains of Clement of Rome, of Polycarp, and the rest; the problems connected with their external form are slightly touched upon in a single half-page (p. 102); the grounds for their summary rejection are stated just once for all with almost cynical indifference in the following sentences:—

If the letters of Ignatius contain doctrines different or additional to those contained in the letters of Clemens and other nearly contemporary writers, we have just reason to doubt their genuineness. Nor is it enough to prove that these doctrines are contained in writings twenty, or thirty, or forty, much less two or three hundred, years after the supposed time of Ignatius. For the very point we maintain is, that the lapse of time brought about

* *The Apostolical Fathers: a Critical Account of their Genuine Writings and of their Doctrines.* By James Donaldson, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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changes, that these later writers contain evidence of the changes, and the letters of Ignatius must go into the same age with the writings with which they agree.—P. 32.

To put the whole matter into plain English. Although Eusebius, our chief and most trustworthy guide for the annals of the primitive Church ("my first, my best, almost my only authority," as our author calls him, p. 16), declares that Clement was the third Bishop of Rome, being next in order to Linus and Anacletus, a person who has adopted Dr. Donaldson's views of ecclesiastical discipline, and is a little blind to what he does not much wish to see, may, without glaring absurdity, come to regard him as nothing more than "an overseer" (p. 113)—one out of several—in the Roman Church. Ignatius, however, is not to be dealt with thus. His references to the three several orders of the sacred ministry, bishops, priests and deacons, are too repeated and too explicit to be so got rid of. In whatever shape we receive his seven Epistles, nay, even in the Syriac abridgment made known by Canon Cureton, Episcopacy, as understood in the English communion, is the only form of Church government within the scope of his knowledge. A witness so hopelessly hostile must be put out of court with the slightest possible notice.

We have entered our protest against the mode of controversy which Dr. Donaldson has chosen to resort to. In other respects his volume, which is designed to be the first of a series extending continuously to the time of Eusebius, cannot well be read without profit and pleasure. The introductory chapters, indeed, which belong more to the whole of his projected work than to the present instalment of it relating to the Apostolical Fathers, we do not value very much; they are meagre and imperfect enough, though it is refreshing to meet with a frank recognition of the merits of Bishop Bull and of Waterland almost on the same page with a vindication of Daillé's overrated and pernicious treatise *De vero usu Patrum*. Nor was it right to have omitted all mention of the success of what is nicknamed the Tractarian School in reviving in England the long-neglected study of Patristic theology. It is when he comes to examine one by one the authors he passes under deliberate review, Clement and Polycarp, Barnabas and Hermas, that we see Dr. Donaldson at his best. His accounts of the two latter cover 145 pages in all, and are full of interest, as well for the information they agreeably communicate as for the questions which our author raises and does his best to solve.

The letter of Barnabas and the *Shepherd* of Hermas, in common with the first or genuine Epistle of Clement, occupied, as is well known, a peculiar position in the Church during the first three or four centuries. They were read in the public services; they are appended, one or more of them, to two of our oldest manuscripts of the New Testament; and without ever coming to hold quite the place of canonical Scripture, they are quoted in a loose way by several of our oldest writers, much in the same manner as Scripture itself. Not to complicate the matter by mentioning more recent authorities, the Epistle of Barnabas is clearly cited by the Alexandrian Clement late in the second century, and by his pupil Origen in the third. The *Shepherd* is mentioned earlier still by Irenæus, then by Clement and his contemporary Tertullian, each of whom regards it as a divine composition, although Tertullian came to disparage its teaching when he had himself fallen into the heresy of Montanus. Add to this that the literary history of the two works has been strangely connected in recent times. They were both formerly extant chiefly in old Latin translations from the original Greek, but the complete Greek text of Barnabas, and a large portion of that of Hermas (who, though the scene of his Visions is laid near Rome, wrote, like the elder Clement, in the literary language of his age), have been recovered from the Sinaitic manuscript of the Bible which Tischendorf brought to light in 1859. And here we must say that Dr. Donaldson seems to us to have lost his way in meddling with matters beyond the scope of his ordinary studies. After relating at some length Tischendorf's own version of the events which led to his great discovery, we find appended to it the following comment:—

There are many circumstances in this narrative calculated to awake suspicion, and there are other circumstances of an equally suspicious nature which I have not mentioned. But those who are most competent to judge have allowed that it seems a genuine ancient manuscript. Tischendorf assigns it to the fourth century; but the data on which dates are assigned to uncials are exceedingly unsatisfactory and entirely negative. The utmost that can be based on the data in this case is that it may have been written in the fourth century.—P. 387.

It is really provoking to see a clever and, in his province, a learned man, pass such a summary judgment as this on a subject to which every line Dr. Donaldson writes about it serves to show that he has never paid adequate attention. In Greek manuscripts, as in Latin, and even in English, though in them not to the same extent, there exist from the fourth century downwards certain peculiarities in the style of writing which are described and illustrated in well-known text-books on palæography and biblical criticism, and are certainly neither merely negative nor at all unsatisfactory, whereby the experienced eye may discern almost at a glance the true date of a venerable book, at least as surely as Mr. Freeman or Mr. Parker might that of a classical or mediæval building. Tried by these tests, the Sinaitic manuscript could not be referred to a lower period than that fixed by Tischendorf, though it is probably a little junior to its famous partner in the Vatican. Of course a document of this kind may be made by craft and skill to simulate an antiquity which does not belong to it, just as a banknote may be successfully forged; but suspicions of such a kind, when they arise, can be cleared up one way or another to a moral certainty by a close examination of the internal character of its contents, by scrutinizing the nature of its text and the congruity of the readings it exhibits with what we know from other sources that they ought to be. Manual dexterity will here effect little or nothing for the fraudulent scribe; and it is because Tischendorf's manuscript has been constantly subjected to this crucial test, now for the space of fifteen years, and has come forth from it unharmed, that critical scholars have gradually learnt to uphold it as authentic, in spite of the strange circumstances which they can perceive as clearly as does Dr. Donaldson, and for which perhaps they can account no better than he.

Is the Epistle attributed to Barnabas the composition of that Apostle, the companion of St. Paul? This inquiry is prosecuted by Dr. Donaldson with the same general result as by his predecessors. The evidence of early Christian writers is overwhelming in the affirmative; the nature of its contents renders their verdict all but impossible to be accepted. Not that we assent to some of the arguments which our author urges against Barnabas being the writer from erroneous statements found in the Epistle respecting the ceremonial rites of the Jewish law. True, the Apostle was a Levite, but he was a Cyprian by birth—a foreign Levite, who had probably resided little in Judæa; while the fact that he had an estate of his own would serve to show that he was not a descendant of that portion of the tribe which had returned after the great captivity, and had resumed possession of the common land, and had entered anew upon the duties of the sacred office. Barnabas may have had as little personal acquaintance with the actual Temple service as then performed as though he had not been a Levite at all. But the plain fact is that elaborate reasonings are out of place *cum res ipsa per se clamat*. The man who by the Apostles was surnamed Barnabas, that is, Son of Exhortation or Son of Consolation; the teacher who was separated by the Holy Spirit for the missionary work in association with St. Paul; who had enjoyed full opportunity for knowing the mind of Christ from the mouth of its chief expounders, even though he had not been, as tradition alleges, one of the Seventy sent out by the Master himself—could not have poured forth the feeble, shambling, sometimes almost ludicrous, expositions on which we are constantly stumbling when we look for better things. No surer proof can be given of the complete lack of critical discernment exhibited by early ecclesiastical writers than the imagination that the friend and associate of the author of the Epistle to the Romans could possibly have put forth a work so poor as this.

The latest writer of sub-apostolic (or, as Dr. Donaldson prefers to call them, Ep-apostolic) times was probably that Hermas whom Origen identifies with the Roman saluted by St. Paul in his Epistle to that Church (ch. xvi. 14), and some later writers with the brother of Pius who was Bishop of Rome in the middle of the second century. One would like to know whether the *Shepherd* ever fell into the hands of that great master of allegory, John Bunyan. If, as Hallam supposes, our countryman's success in this style of composition was enhanced by his want of all learning, which forbade his being an imitator, and saved him from being enchained by rules, his would be one of the cases—and they are passing few—wherein ignorance is bliss. The inferiority of Hermas to his modern rival is sometimes insisted upon too sharply. Dr. Donaldson's estimate of his merits is far more favourable, and, on the whole, we doubt not, more wise and true:—

The book is a very interesting one. It has indeed been pronounced by many a very silly and worthless production. And this much may be allowed, that its artistic merit is not great. But even in this respect it is not so utterly contemptible as it has been declared to be. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* would no doubt look a very absurd affair if it had been written in Greek and criticized by Greek critics. Every allegory must have a good deal of useless matter in it, as a large part of it is illustration and not statement, and so it would be disagreeable to the tastes of some critics. In the "Pastor" the allegories and visions are on the whole well conducted; they are occasionally perhaps too minute. But this is the only objection that can be brought against them. And, apart from this merely allegorical wrapping, the matter is full of true thought and deep religious feeling. Its morality is always right, and it presses its views with an earnestness that would fix the attention and engage the heart of the man of the second century. And it did fix his attention, as we have seen in looking at our ancient authorities.—P. 338.

We now part with Dr. Donaldson, and would fain do so with good will. He is an able writer, and a scholarlike, genial, earnest man, who has a clear right to maintain his opinions; but if he goes on with his project of carrying down his history to the fourth century, "an intention which has not been abandoned," he will materially add to the confidence which he would have us repose in him by modifying some portions of his general plan. We do not complain of him for thinking that Episcopacy is not to be proved from the New Testament; we do not over-much care, after the first shock is over, if the title of Bishop, so rich in blessed reminiscences, is to be rejected for that of "overseer," although to the parochial mind the latter would indicate a very different sort of officer; all we ask of him is to say plainly what he is aiming at, and not to put aside altogether what he knows must be fatal to his views if it be admissible in evidence at all. He tells us himself that "the one great requisite in the treatment of doctrines"—and surely not of doctrines only—"is fairness." He feels keenly that "the temptations to be partial and one-sided are exceeding strong." If he would be useful in his generation, if he would even desire permanently to advance the peculiar views of the denomination whose tenets he advocates so resolutely, he must not shrink

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from examining the case of his adversaries, or remit documents which he feels unable to grapple with to the limbo whereunto he has consigned the Epistles of Ignatius.

WILD LIFE IN FLORIDA.*

THE gradual using up of old haunts of travellers and sportsmen causes every man to be a public benefactor who will discover some new region capable of being turned to account by them. We must therefore thank Captain Townshend for having called attention to the merits of Florida. Florida, indeed, is scarcely to be called a new country. We believe that the town of St. Augustine is the oldest inhabited place on the North American continent. The history of the State certainly goes back to a remoter period than that of any of the English colonies. But Florida, though it was settled before Virginia or Massachusetts, is still to a great extent a virgin country. It has rivers and swamps which have never been visited by the white man. A tribe of Indians, representatives of those who carried on a desultory war for many years against the forces of the United States, still roams about in the wilderness. Though rapidly dying out, they still retain their old customs. The country, never flourishing, suffered like the rest of the South during the great Civil War, and probably at this moment the wilderness is rather gaining than otherwise upon the cultivated land. Of late years, however, it has begun to obtain a certain popularity as a sanitary refuge. Consumptive patients are sent there from the Northern States to enjoy the benefits of a mild and equable winter climate. How far the country is really suited to such persons is a question which we must leave to the doctors. Captain Townshend, it is very obvious, is anything but an invalid. He passed his time in the great English employment of slaying all manner of flying, running, and swimming animals; and did not once regret the comforts of civilized life. He tells us that sport was good, though it might not satisfy the purely murderous variety of sportsmen; and that he never enjoyed any time more than the months of wild life which he spent in the forests, swamps, and prairies of Florida. Tastes, however, differ, and it is just possible that there may be weaker brethren not quite able to share Captain Townshend's enthusiasm. Though he repeats at the end of the volume the sentiment which he quotes at the beginning, we should strongly recommend any intending visitor to Florida to read through the intermediate pages before making up his mind to follow the gallant Captain's advice. A few hints gathered from his pages will probably be sufficient to justify our warning.

In the first place, we must observe that the climate has its drawbacks. There was, as Captain Townshend tells us, an unbroken stretch of fine weather through the winter months. But the heat was often tremendous, and the climate constitutionally depressing. The native of Florida is very unlike his energetic brother of the Western States, though Captain Townshend misapplies the word "Yankee" so as to make it include all white inhabitants of the Union. All energy seems to have been taken out of the people by the relaxing elements, and the traveller has constantly to complain of a listless indifference which is awkward for him as well as injurious to the development of the country. Though game is to be had in any abundance without trouble, the natives are content, out of sheer laziness, to live upon the worst of food, and though they might supply all the American markets with oysters and fish, they turn their advantages to as little account as do the inhabitants of the Irish coast. What can be done, in fact, by men of European descent in a country where even in the winter a siesta in the middle of the day is a necessary institution, and where at the same time the air is so moist that no industry will save a gun from being injured by rust? To pass one's life in a constant hot vapour bath is not the way to become energetic, and we confess that the Captain's account makes us doubt the advantages of so relaxing a climate even for invalids.

An Englishman, however, may bring over a sufficient supply of vital energy to resist these influences for a time. It will be well if he also provides himself with a skin of abnormal toughness. All "catawampous chawers," whom Chuzzlewit and Tapley encountered in the delightful town of Eden, seem to be present in abundance, and to be accompanied by numerous congeners. Captain Townshend himself says that the mosquitoes are the greatest plague, but that there are also sand-flies, horse-flies, blue-flies, fleas, ticks, tarantulas, centipedes, scorpions, rattlesnakes, and mocassin-snakes in "incredible numbers." We meet with these pleasant creatures in almost every page of his narrative. The mosquito, as he says so, must be the worst of them, but probably it is only the worst because the most numerous and all-pervading. Fleas are confined to the settlements; but there they appear to flourish amazingly. The keeper of an hotel remarked that he could make his fortune if he were only able to sell fleas by the bushel; a confession which seems to be more candid than agreeable. The mosquitoes are equally flourishing everywhere; sometimes they are numerous enough and poisonous enough to kill horses and cattle. Captain Townshend was lucky enough to meet another kind of fly, which is "of a brown colour, striped with yellow, like that of the African tsetse," only once, but that once was enough. It gave him a bite through his gaiters which made him jump, and "sent the blood running into his boot." The snakes are as numerous in proportion, and more alarming. When a party halts for a night and makes a fire, a large rattlesnake drops from the branch of a tree upon the head of one of the men, but is luckily stupefied by the smoke which has been made to keep off the mosquitoes. A small shower of rattlesnakes follows, but luckily in the same condition. When Captain Townshend lands at another place he puts his foot on a lump of seaweed, and immediately a large rattlesnake crawls out. When he goes out shooting he is constantly disturbed by hearing the dreaded rattle in a neighbouring bush, or the ominous rustle of dried leaves. Thick boots may be some protection against a youthful rattlesnake; but a good-sized one can strike through the toughest leather, and is long enough to rise like a corkscrew "on its hinder end," according to Mark Tapley's graphic description, and seize the traveller above the boot. We need say nothing in detail of the inferior vermin—of cockroaches "three inches long," and other charming creatures, which, however disagreeable, are not absolutely poisonous. But there are other monsters of a more startling nature which in a country so intersected with streams and swamps must, to say the least, be disagreeable. Florida, it would appear, fairly swarms with alligators, frequently from fifteen to twenty feet long, and living in every pool and stream. Going up an unfrequented river in a canoe, Captain Townshend and his companions were in constant danger of being upset by these brutes, who floundered into the stream off the mudbanks, and whose backs constantly grated against the keel. If he goes out to fish, an alligator sees him standing on a rock, and immediately makes a vigorous dash at him, being stopped just in time by the discharge of a gun into his face. The travellers, as sturdy Englishmen, think it right to carry on a continued protest against the manners of the natives by bathing every day. And yet we must confess that we have some sympathy with people who dislike to bathe in a pool when, just as you are stripped, a ripple in the water announces the approach of a monster twenty feet long. In one place indeed Captain Townshend congratulates himself on the fact that the water is too salt for the alligators, and that sharks do not generally come so far up the river. But this curious felicity is rare; and it would seem that the domains of sharks and alligators frequently overlap instead of leaving the desirable space of neutral ground. The mention of sharks reminds us that we must not omit a whole class of disagreeables. Captain Townshend finds it convenient on one occasion to cross a harbour in an overladen canoe; the sea is rather too heavy for the craft, and they have great difficulty in avoiding a capsize. "Looking down through the clear water," he adds, "we could see such shoals of monster fish as made us tremble to think what our fate would be should the waves, which occasionally broke over our gunwale, swamp us. Sharks, saw-fish, Jew-fish, sting-rays, whip-rays, devil-fish, and other unknown monsters of enormous size swam below and around us in such numbers, that they bumped against our bottom, threatening to upset us, and impeded the play of our paddles in the water." Captain Townshend seems to fear that we shall have a difficulty in believing him; and he admits that he could not himself have believed in the vast quantities of fish had he not seen them with his own eyes. We are glad that he did not add the testimony of his other senses.

Though we might dwell upon many other graphic descriptions of the natural wonders of Florida—and we may say parenthetically that Captain Townshend has a good eye for the beauties of a tropical forest—we prefer to conclude by a few notices of the most distinguished natives. Amongst his earliest acquaintances on first leaving the more settled parts of the country were three travellers who wished him a surly "good evening." Two of these were simple scapegraces, living by the rifle, and avoiding civilization on Natty Bump's principles. The third was an eminent murderer recently escaped from the county gaol. He wandered about, meeting a good many hunters, but never molested, because he swore that he would never be taken alive. Shortly afterwards his career was cut short by a county official, who took him at his word and shot him dead on the spot. The settler from whom Captain Townshend heard this story denounced the action as "a cowardly and detestable outrage," amidst the general sympathy of his audience. Another person of still greater reputation was afterwards introduced to Captain Townshend. This was an Englishman, as we ought to be proud to say, who called himself Captain Jocelyn. He is described as the *beau idéal* of a pirate; strongly built, with black hair and flashing eyes, with a revolver and a knife in his belt, and an old rifle, which never left his hands. He lived on an island, to which he invited strangers. He takes them in his boat, and, by a curious fatality, the boom of his mainsail always knocks a passenger overboard and drowns him. Four strangers and more than one Spanish fisherman were known to have perished in this way. When asked why they did not shoot such a villain, the natives replied that he inspired too much terror. He called shortly afterwards in person to pay his respects to the English travellers, but does not seem to have invited them to his island. Other queer characters are to be found along the various islands off the coasts. Some of them are solitaries of eccentric habits, and others make a regular profession of wrecking. On the whole, we should say that Floridan society must be delightful. Perhaps the most picturesque incident recorded by Captain Townshend happened when he was in a boat running up a narrow creek before a strong wind. A half-naked figure appeared gesticulating wildly up to its waist in the water. The boat swept rapidly past at too great

* *Wild Life in Florida.* By F. T. Townshend, Captain 2nd Life Guards. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1875.

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a distance to hear anything but inarticulate cries, and the figure soon disappeared astern. The boatman said that the man was a madman, who for years had lived in a small hut, cultivating a little patch of garden. A hurricane which had destroyed his place had unsettled his intellect, and he had since hailed all passing boats in this manner, though refusing to accept any assistance. He had, it seems, sense enough left still to support himself by his rifle.

We will not pursue Captain Townshend's adventures any further. We may briefly remark that he paid a visit to Cuba, and, though no lover of negroes, was sickened and utterly disgusted by what he there saw of slavery, in its worst form. Emancipation is being introduced so gradually that as yet things seem to be as bad as ever. And, finally, if the statements which we have selected are not by themselves sufficient to entice anybody to Florida, we will add an inducement which ought to attract any number of Londoners. There are in Florida inexhaustible supplies of the best oysters in the world to be had for the gathering.

ELVIRA.*

IN the *naïve* address to the "gentle reader" at the conclusion of this work the translator seems to have caught something of the simplicity which she attributes to the Scandinavian people and manners. An attempt to make known in England "another of the writers of Northern Europe" is much to be commended; but when she goes on to describe her author's, or probably her authoress's, story as a sort of continuation of the "simple tales of Frederika Bremer and Hans Christian Andersen," and as a record of "simple tastes and moral lives," we must own to a certain feeling of amusement. Since when, one is tempted to ask, have post-nuptial flirtations been regarded in the innocent North as a "simple taste," or forgery, duelling, and illegal imprisonment as incidents of a "moral life"? These peculiarities of our own Western civilization figure rather prominently in this story; a proof either that the society depicted in it is not quite so Arcadian as Miss Wood maintains, or at least that, in spite of her assertion to the contrary, the epidemic of sensationalism has in a mild form reached the shores of the Baltic. Nevertheless, having pointed out that some of the things said and done in this novel are not exactly indicative of "simple tastes and moral lives," let us hasten to add that its moral tone is quite unobjectionable, and even edifying, inasmuch as, in the good old-fashioned way, virtue is rewarded and vice is punished. There is, too, a note of simplicity in it, not so much, as the translator intimates, in the subject-matter itself, as in the author's treatment of it and way of presenting human motives and conduct. We cannot think of a better way of describing this than by saying that the characters think and act less like nineteenth-century men and women than like grown-up children. They feel with the intensity and act with the waywardness of youth; they compass their ends by all sorts of childlike expedients. There is a juvenile roguishness about the tricks they play, and their cunning is of that transparent type more frequently met with in the nursery than in a more mature and complicated stage of society.

The elaborate make-believe with which the heroine and her noble English husband bring their long and uncomfortable game of matrimonial bo-peep to a termination may be cited as a good instance of this feature in the book. Elvira is a young Swedish maiden whose birth and parentage are enveloped in mystery. The reputed daughter of a wealthy old-clothesman of Stockholm, she has been twitted by her aristocratic schoolfellows with her low extraction, and these taunts have left in her mind a burning desire to revenge them by becoming a great lady. Thanks to the kind offices of a matrimonial agent at Wiesbaden, she succeeds in attaining the object of her ambition. Elvira becomes the wife of Lord Casterton, an embarrassed English peer forced by the fiat of an imperious aunt to accept a wife as a condition of clearing off the mortgages on the family estates. As might be expected, a marriage contracted on the basis of mutual convenience does not prove very happy. Elvira indeed has fallen at first sight in love with her husband; but she is too proud to show him her real sentiments, believing, as she has good reason to do, that he regards her with aversion. This would seem from the sequel to have been a mistake; but whatever his real feelings, Lord Casterton professes to regard Elvira as a heartless woman who has married him for his title only, and thinks himself at liberty to treat her with coldness, as well as to flirt outrageously with another lady. Their mutual estrangement ends in Elvira's flight. She has a romantic notion of forcing him to divorce her, while preserving at the same time her reputation untarnished; an operation for which, as the translator explains in a note, the Swedish marriage law offers considerable facilities. Her project is to appear on the operatic stage of London, and by that ignominious exposure to compel him to consent to a divorce. In this eccentric design she is foiled at the last moment, and marched home in disgrace by her masterful and justly offended husband, who by this time has become a political leader of eminence. After this the household does not improve in comfort. Elvira poses in society as a neglected wife; while Lord Casterton continues to combine flirtation with the objectionable Swedish Countess with a dog-in-the-manger attitude towards his wife, from whom, in spite of his neglect, he has vowed that nothing but death shall separate him. All at once, stung by a tardy fit of jealousy, he awakes to the conviction, which will probably be shared by the reader, that his conduct has been very unworthy of his character, and that Elvira has suffered and sacrificed herself enough for him. The least that a British peer could do by way of reparation would have been to avow his fault frankly, and to devote himself henceforward to the task of making his long-misunderstood wife happy. But, this would be far too humdrum an ending for a personage who enjoys, according to Continental notions, a prescriptive title to eccentricity. So, instead of staying and explaining, Lord Casterton indites a very dark letter to his wife and goes off to die in the Crimea, where war with Russia has just begun.

The practised novel-reader will not require to be informed that he is immediately followed thither by his wife in the garb of a Sister of Mercy. Of course the husband is dangerously wounded, and equally of course he is nursed in hospital by his disguised wife. But the extreme *naïveté* with which this well-worn situation is treated is, as we said at starting, typical of the author's fondness for representing adults as swayed by the most juvenile impulses. It is one which admits of various methods of treatment. The commonest is to leave one of the parties in a state of *bonâ fide* ignorance of the other's identity. This is the course which Mrs. Henry Wood has taken, in a somewhat similar case, in her popular novel *East Lynne*, when she introduces an erring wife as a governess in blue spectacles into the family circle of the forsaken husband. Mr. Carlyle, if we remember, is quite unaware until the final discovery that the stranger in blue spectacles is Lady Isabel. Or the recognition may be not merely one-sided, but mutual, and yet unaccompanied by the consciousness on either side that it is mutual. Following this precedent, the disguised husband or wife of fiction may be allowed to indulge in furtive experiments on each other's real feelings, and to elicit facts material, as lawyers say, to the issue of the story. But the conduct of the noble couple in this novel after their romantic meeting in the Crimea is, as far as we know, quite unique. Not only do they recognize each other at the first glance, but each is aware that the other is conscious of the recognition. And yet for months, and even for years, they think it necessary to prolong the masquerade, the one as Sister Marie, and the other as an invalid afflicted with blindness. With a juvenile eagerness they fling themselves into the enjoyment of that dear delight of childhood—a game of "pretend"; and in their assumed characters exchange those vows of love which in their proper persons pride or reserve had forbidden them to utter. This amusement might have been indefinitely prolonged had it not been for the necessity of preparing a crushing surprise for certain guilty relatives, and the flirting Countess in particular. So, on a preconcerted signal at a tea-party to which Count Stangenskyold and his daughter have been brought, Elvira drops her sable robe for a light blue dress, Lord Casterton tears the bandage from his eyes, and the couple rush into each other's arms. The only persons to whom this is a real surprise are the Count and his daughter, who had been led by a newspaper report to believe that Elvira was dead. A disclosure of a rather serious kind, however, awaited the sentimental masqueraders; for in the person of Captain Strom, who acted the part of a sort of avenging family chorus, Elvira discovers her true father, who had been forced to fly from Sweden at the time of her birth, leaving her to be adopted by the benevolent old clothesman. As the cause of his precipitate retreat had been his detection in an aggravated case of forgery, one is at a loss to understand the tone of virtuous indignation with which he is permitted to lash the Stangenskyolds, whose criminality, so far as we see, was far less flagrant than his own. Intriguing for money, and shutting up one's father-in-law in a country house with an old soldier to keep guard over him, is a venial offence compared with that of forging banknotes and getting one's innocent wife to pass them, and on detection leaving her to die as a scapegoat in prison. Actions like these may appear to the translator of this book illustrative of the "simple tastes" of the North, but the sophisticated code of Western morality regards them in a very different aspect; and the Western reader will probably feel some surprise that Count Stangenskyold, instead of collapsing, did not cut short the Captain's lecture by handing him over to the nearest policeman.

To this the probable reply of our author would be that, as Captain Strom, *alias* August Dahlstrom, had by his marriage to the Countess Martha now become the Count's son-in-law, that nobleman by denouncing him would not only have drawn attention to an unpleasant family scandal, but also would have inflicted serious injury on his own daughter. And this brings us to notice a point about which we wish that the translator of this work, in her note on the divorce law of Sweden, had vouchsafed a word of explanation. To put an end to the flirtation between Martha Stangenskyold and Lord Casterton, Captain Strom takes the effectual measure of marrying the dangerously attractive lady himself. This action was inspired by the purest paternal affection, and the disregard which it showed of his own future domestic comfort appears almost heroic in a middle-aged gentleman. By this means a rival is removed out of Elvira's path; but when one comes to examine the means by which this desirable object was effected, and to study the pedigree disclosed in the narrative, it is rather startling to readers more conversant with the table of affinities than with the "simple tastes" of the North, to find that the blooming bride and the mature bridegroom stood to each other in no less intimate

* *Elvira, Lady Casterton.* By M. S. Schwartz. Translated by Annie Wood. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1874.

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relationship than that of uncle and niece. We should have been glad to be informed whether in a land of "simple tastes" and "moral lives" the same sort of facilities which exist for the furtherance of divorce are extended to a union so unpalatable to our Western notions. Waiving all legal and moral considerations, it is impossible not to admire the boldness and ingenuity of Captain Strom's manœuvre. It is clear that we in the West have much to learn from our simple Scandinavian cousins in dealing with some of the evils of modern society. Sirens who make it their business to alienate husbands from wives are not unknown in these latitudes, and we are thankful for any hint or suggestion whereby their baneful influence may be diminished or destroyed. But we fear that few British fathers will be found capable of the requisite amount of self-sacrifice to follow the Strom precedent for securing the matrimonial happiness of their daughters.

The disappointing thing about this book is that it has so little local colour, so little that is distinctive of Swedish life and manners. To speak of it as modelled on the style, or composed out of the same materials, as the delightful stories of Miss Bremer, is merely misleading. The scene is laid almost as much outside Sweden as in it, and, except in the heroine's Quixotic attempts to obtain a divorce from her husband, there is nothing to invest it with any peculiarly Scandinavian characteristics. Of English character and manners the author has made no very profound study, nor are their bearings on the story very scrupulously respected. Our peers do not go to matrimonial agencies for wives. Elvira's project for obtaining a divorce collapses before the reflection that by her marrying she had become an English subject, and, as such, amenable, in matters of divorce, to the tribunal of Sir James Hannen, who certainly would never have been brought to view a public appearance on the opera stage as the ground for a rule *nisi*. These are small matters, but they indicate the difficulty of dove-tailing traits of Scandinavian innocence into a picture including Mayfair in its purview.

HARTWIG'S AERIAL WORLD.*

WE have had of late rather a glut of popular works upon the physics of the earth, the ocean, and the sky. Nor do we see anything by way of novelty either in matter or treatment to indicate that a void existed in any one of these departments of nature such as imperatively called for Dr. Hartwig's *Aerial World*. Considering what has been done by MM. Flammarion and Figuier, or that more imaginative writer M. Jules Verne, to popularize the results of recent science, in works which have made for themselves not less a home in this country than in the land of their birth, Dr. Hartwig can scarcely have hoped to displace in popular favour books at once so graceful in style and so tasteful in embellishment. Far from going deeper into the subjects within his scope, or claiming to treat them with greater fulness or scientific precision than his French compeers, he expressly disclaims in his short preface any intention of entering into "minute details or learned disquisitions" such as he considers would better befit a handbook of meteorology. His less ambitious aim has been to give a general view of the phenomena of the atmosphere, "pointing out in particular the manifold relations between the aerial ocean and man, and describing in something of a pictorial way the life of which it is the ever-busy scene." Extending his reading pretty widely over the general course of scientific literature, and bringing to his theme a competent experience of direct physical research, he could hardly fail to produce a volume of some use to those who are new to the phenomena of air and water, and interesting to the public as a compilation of facts and incidents illustrative of the growth of this special branch of knowledge from the earliest times. In point of method the book may be described as rather a series of anecdotes culled from the records of atmospheric portents, or from the lives of discoverers and inventors than a treatise proceeding upon systematic arrangement, and based upon the analysis of natural facts or laws. The woodcuts, which are not over-numerous in proportion to the number of pages, are by no means up to the standard which we have been accustomed to see maintained in books of this class; and the chromoxylographic plates exhibit the very smallest degree of positive colour which might give them a right to the highly-sounding name under which they are put forth.

Dr. Hartwig has certainly been at considerable pains to keep himself posted up to recent advances in the analysis of the atmosphere, and of the molecular atoms which are conceived to make up the gases that constitute the earth's aerial envelope. After a popular summary of the elementary principles of pressure or weight, and the history of our modes of measuring them, with the results obtained by instrumental observation on the earth's surface and in balloons, he passes on to the valuable experiments of Dr. Angus Smith upon air and rain. Where De Saussure and other analysts, like Dumas and Boussingault, failed to secure any appreciable result, the advance of chemical analysis in recent years has enabled Dr. Smith to establish a decided quantitative difference in point of purity between the air of towns or dwelling-places and the standard atmosphere of the mountain or the sea-shore, laying down what he rightly terms the beginning of a chemical climatology. The discovery of ozone, with the chemical theory of its nature, and the importance of its presence in the atmosphere as a test of salubrity or fitness for consumption by the organs of breathing, is explained in a way to make it of practical value to readers of ordinary intelligence. Too much cannot be done to force upon people's minds the value of attending to the condition of the atmosphere, especially in households and working-places. The apathy or ignorance which has come down to us from past ages with regard to preventing disease by careful heed to this department of hygiene has to be somewhat rudely disturbed if the fatal sway it has long exerted over all classes of the community is to be effectually done away with. From this point of view much good may be expected to follow the diffusion of elementary knowledge by means of manuals of this kind. It may find access to minds which may fail to admit or to digest such mouthfuls of atomic or molecular science as Dr. Hartwig gives his readers from Professor Tyndall's latest researches into the distances of stellar space, the luminiferous ether which fills it, and the mobility and neutral interaction of its molecules or atoms. In plunging his readers thus abruptly and for the moment into the ultimate mysteries of matter he seems to us to be doing either too much or too little in proportion to the general scale of his undertaking. In other cases he prefers a somewhat lighter treatment of natural phenomena. The facts of nature having a tendency in themselves to be over-dry and prosaic, the aid of poetry is called in to supplement and enliven the tale of physical effects. The wonders of sound cannot, it may be, find a more fitting vehicle of expression than the music of Cowper's verse, if our author would convey to the souls of his readers a more ample or more kindling idea of sonorous effects than they can draw from his discourse upon molecules of air. Dilating on echoes, he runs on in a succession of elegant extracts from Ovid to Wordsworth, travelling even so far afield as Siberia for the wondrous multiple echo of Kirensk on the Lena, which, according to Wrangel, repeats a pistol-shot more than a hundred times, and to the old Calabar River on the coast of Guinea, where Nature seems to indulge in freaks of reverberation of a still more fantastic kind. Far from quarrelling with so painstaking a collector on the score of the profusion of anecdotes and extracts which he has brought together to illustrate the phenomena of repeated sounds, whether in nature or under artificial conditions, we should still not be sorry to exchange some of them for a little more light in explanation of the laws of resonance or reverberation, and of the causes which produce effects so various and so perplexing to the unscientific understanding.

As good a chapter as any, and one which we should gladly have seen longer, is given to the subject of light, the different theories of its origin or nature, and the elementary laws of its action. The analogies of the phenomena of light with those of sound, the analysis of the prismatic colours, and their re-composition, as shown by Newton, with the theory of complementary colours, are set forth as clearly as they well can be in popular language. The cause of the blue colour of the sky, as explained by Leonardo da Vinci and Professor Tyndall, its changes or gradations of tone as influenced by atmospheric conditions, the alternations of dawn and twilight, with Professor Forbes's solution of the problem, and the recent observations of Dr. Von Petzold, make up altogether what might prove a striking and instructive popular lecture. The temperature of the air, with a preliminary discussion on the theory of heat, the distinction between luminous and obscure rays, and other relations between heat and light, forms a natural continuation of the same theme. The importance of aqueous vapour as a medium intercepting the sun's heat, and as a means of modifying temperatures over the earth's surface, is illustrated in the instance of various insular and continental areas of climate. The accompanying chart of isothermal, isotheral, and isochimenal lines, though rather overcrowded with detail for an eye untrained to technical studies of this kind, has evidently been drawn up with care and skill.

Upon the winds, and especially upon the law of storms, we should have expected to find Dr. Hartwig exceptionally diffusive and eloquent. Here, however, where science has done more perhaps than in any other single department of late years for the preservation of life and the security of commerce at sea, his treatment is more than elsewhere brief and superficial. For the "learned theorist who trusts more to books than to personal observation, and spends the best part of his life, not in the free open air, but in the seclusion of his study," he seems to have little feeling but pity or contempt. He is content to go to books for the legendary or poetical lore of the Hindoos or the Greeks, in which the winds and rains figure as deities; though even here he shows no knowledge or appreciation of what a whole generation of scholars has done towards laying a basis for a scientific mythology in the cultus of the sun in his ever-shifting influence on weather. His rapid sketch of the origin and distribution of aerial currents as generated between the agency of the solar rays and the rotation of the earth is good enough in its way, but seems only intended to bring in a series of thrilling paragraphs culled from the catalogue of maritime disasters and calamities on shore, like the "great storm" of London in 1703. In a later chapter the subject of cyclones is introduced once more, with additional statistics of wrecks by sea and devastation on land; but we fail to see any definite or intelligible account of the practical rules which have for years enabled every commander, with a competent knowledge of Reid and Piddington and a sufficiently wide offing for his vessel, to get out of the track of a revolving storm as a landsman avoids a railway

* *The Aerial World: a Popular Account of the Phenomena and Life of the Atmosphere.* By G. Hartwig, M. and P.D., &c. With 8 Chromo-xylographic Plates, a Map, and numerous Woodcuts. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

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train. A few lines are found for Dove's law of the rotation of winds as a lesser instance coming under the general category of aerial circulation, but the wider generalizations which might readily have been incorporated from the writings of that eminent meteorologist, or from other manuals like the recent admirable one of M. Reclus, are silently passed by. Nor do we meet with any adequate consideration of the mutual action of oceanic and aerial masses as traceable in superficial ocean currents, and the resulting local modifications of climate on sea and land. The English reader would doubtless have felt grateful for some outline, however faint or fragmentary, of the system of meteorological observation, with its resulting daily records of change, which has been organized of late years as a special department under the Board of Trade, having for its object the tabulation of phenomena within the variable area surrounding these islands, with the ultimate hope of arriving at some scheme of prognostication such as was prematurely and fitfully foreshadowed by Admiral Fitzroy. To have set in a clear popular light the purport even of the weather-tables published in the daily newspapers, with their technical terminology fully explained, would have been a boon to multitudes of inquiring, but frequently puzzled, readers. The mysteries of barometrical gradients, of dry- and wet-bulb thermometers, and of the dew point as indicative of the moisture of the air and bearing upon the calculation of weather, might have been advantageously cleared up. The formation of dew, as elucidated by the able observations of Dr. Wells, has indeed a chapter of its own, which is sound and clear enough so far as it goes, but scanty and indefinite in the information it supplies. Passing into the clouds in the chapter following, our author appropriately goes off into poetical bursts, now airy, now mystical, his flights ranging from Aristophanes to Shelley, taking Goethe and Wordsworth on the way. After this it is quite a relief to come upon a few crumbs of scientific prose swept from the lecture-table of Professor Tyndall, or let drop by Wagner or other philosophical travellers, as well as sundry facts brought down from extreme altitudes by Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher. Where Dr. Hartwig seems to expatiate most to his heart's content is in the subject of ballooning and other attempts at aerial flight. Here his supply of anecdotes, from Icarus downwards, never fails him. And for those who find literature of this class a source of amusement or instruction these chapters of the *Aerial World* will supply light reading for an hour, leaving them competently up in the annals of aerostation. With what pains our author has kept himself posted up in the history of his subject is shown in his finding a place for so recent a catastrophe as that of the wretched De Groof, the Belgian flying-man, on the 9th of July last. Had he given some scientific inkling of the inherent differences between the muscular organization of birds and that of men, instead of the mere random statement that man needs wings of a surface equal to 12,000 or 15,000 square feet, with which he would have to strike the air several times in a second, he might have been the means of nipping in the bud the heavenward aspirations of some imaginative young reader whose ambition to mount on wings like a dove may end one day in a broken neck. The long list of casualties which his pages record have certainly no great tendency to encourage a career of practical aerostation; nor do the results thus far attained by the use of balloons, by way of reconnoitring or transmitting despatches, hold out much hope of the art being soon utilized in war, although both the French and the German Governments are, as he concludes with saying, bent upon the systematic organization of an aeronautic corps for military purposes. On the whole, the history of ballooning is at all events the most readable part of the book. Dr. Hartwig must now be sighing for new worlds to conquer or to popularize. We cannot say that he has exhausted, but he has skimmed, the "Sea and its Living Wonders," the Tropical, the Polar, and the Subterranean Worlds. There yet remain the sun, the moon, and all the stars. Mr. Proctor has, indeed, been to some extent beforehand with him in the planetary world. But there may be something to do in the way of light science, by filling up the picture of the social life of Mars or the railway system of Mercury.

ANGLO-BENGALESE.*

THE "pigeon-English" that passes current between Europeans and Asiatics in Shanghai and other ports of our Eastern trade is well known in England, and has even been used as a kind of literary chutney to give an Oriental twang to the talk of Anglo-Indians in some of our popular novels. But it is not so generally known that another dialect of English, hardly less grotesque, and far more vigorous, has of late sprung up among the educated natives of Bengal. It has received from Anglo-Indians the name of "Bábú-English." Curiously enough, it does not show the slightest sign of a hybrid formation; at any rate we are told that the Bengáli element can hardly be discovered even by a skilled *pandit*. It is almost entirely the creation of the Calcutta University, which was founded with the view of teaching the natives of India the sciences and arts of the West through the medium of the English language. This learned body has saturated the minds of its *alumni* with the pompous solemnities of Johnson and the "British Essayists." Young Bengal in its leisure hours has very largely turned its knowledge of English to account by the careful study of the novels of "Ouida" and similar latter-day classics, interpreted by the aid of the Slang Dictionary; and the general result is that the language, as spoken or written by these promising young Bábús, is a strange jargon, alternating between the style of an Evangelical parson and that of a cheap-jack at a fair.

A Memoir which has recently been published in Calcutta affords some good illustrations of this queer *patois*. The subject of the Memoir, the late Judge Mookerjee, was one of the few natives who have ever attained to the dignity of a judgeship in the High Court of Calcutta. Long before his elevation to the Bench he had been widely known as one of the most successful lawyers of the native Bar in India, and, as the Honourable Justice Mookerjee, he well sustained his earlier reputation. The biographer is Bábú Mohindro Nauth Mookerjee, a teacher in one of the schools that are feeders of the Calcutta University. He is a nephew of the late Judge whose life he narrates; and in his book he speaks of his uncle familiarly as "Hon'ble Mookerjee," or more shortly as H. M. The introductory paragraph is so charmingly naïve, and at the same time so characteristic, that we must quote it at length:—

> Let me hold my *Penna* after a few months, to write the Memoir of the individual above-named; but *quid agis?* if any one put me such a query, I will be utterly thrown into a great jeopardy and hurley-burley, and say—a fool of myself! As a spider spins web for its own destruction, or as when the clown who was busy in digging a grave for "Ophelia" was asked by Hamlet —"Whose grave's this, sirrah?" said, "Mine, sir," so in writing one's memoir I am as if to dig my own grave in it.

The intention of the biographer is stated to be to give some incidents of Judge Mookerjee's life and "what they resulted into," until "by dint of nude energy" he became a Judge, and "sat arrayed in majestic glory, viewing with unparalleled and mute rapture his friends and admirers lifting up their hands with heart-felt glee and laudation for his success in life." It appears that the future Judge in his early life was a typical specimen of the mild Hindu; for we are told that "little Mookerjee never had a snip-snap with any of his college boys, and was indeed of so forbearing a disposition that he would not even notice what impulsive natures would have signally retaliated as an insult." He was able, however, even as a boy, to use his tongue sometimes with effect; as may be seen from an anecdote narrated to prove that his accomplishments, "though not very gairish, were nevertheless of a most solid character." One day "Little Mookerjee with some of his brothers and cousins went to see the Monument [the Ochterlony Monument at Calcutta]. When he had ascended a few steps, he received a severe blow on his head which rendered him impercipient for a few moments." His assailant turned out to be "a Cyclopean English sailor"; who, on being expostulated with, probably indulged in unparliamentary language, for we are told that "the reply stung little Mookerjee to the quick, and he addressed his assailant *for more than an hour*, dwelling chiefly on the principles of Christianity and enlarging on the duty of regarding all men as fellow-brethren without distinction of creed or colour." After this, we are not surprised to hear that "the savage heart of the sailor was moved."

After this exciting incident, the life of "little Mookerjee for some years glided on smoothly like an undisturbed rill"; but at last his family was "threatened with Barmecide feast," so he sought and found employment in the office of the magistrate of Howrah, Mr. Dampier, "now a member to the Board of the Government of Bengal." Each successive magistrate on leaving Howrah gave him a certificate "testifying to the excellence of his character and his *cui bono* in the post he held." At length he was enabled to become a pleader; and very soon his "*éclat* as one of the ablest members of the Native Bar was firmly established." In 1868 he was appointed Government Pleader; but in the following year he was "attacked with a doloriferous boil," and about the same time his elder brother died, so that "now Hon'ble Mookerjee was once again thrown into the peck of troubles." He soon, however, managed to get out of the peck, for in 1870 the Lieutenant-Governor appointed him to a seat in the Legislative Council of Bengal; whereupon we are told that he was "an *au fait*, and therefore undoubtedly a transcendental lucre to the Council." It appears that this appointment was an unprecedented one; for, up to that time, all such appointments had been given only "to non-professional men who are or were as if cocks of the roost or in other words Natives of high social *status*." But all these honours were merely preparatory to the crowning glory of the High Court Judgeship:—

> This was a *Desideratum* to him. The hope which he so long hatched at last yielded him what he hankered after, and in seven-leagued boots, "True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings"—and he might have justly said —*Veni, vidi, vici!* The law-study to which he had devoted so long his midnight hours, yielded him fruits most sacchariferous and wished for—*position, respect*, and *wealth*.

This grand occasion is seized by the biographer as the fitting place in which to give some account of "Hon'ble Mookerjee's" style of pleading:—

> Since he joined the native Bar down *ad finem* of his career as a Pleader, he had one and uniform way of pleading. He made no gairish of words. . . . He was never seen to illude or trespass upon the time of the Court with fiddle-faddle arguments, to prove his wits going a-wool-gathering, but what

* *The Memoir of the late Honourable Justice Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee.* With a Facsimile of his Handwriting, his Portraiture executed in Lithography, an Important Decision delivered by him and a Genealogical Chart of his Family. By Mohindro Nauth Mookerjee, Teacher of the Calcutta Training Academy, and Author of "The Effects of English Education upon the Native Mind," &c. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co.

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he said was nude truth, based upon *Jus Civile, Lex non scripta, Lex scripta*, &c., and relative to his case and in homogeneity to the subject-matter he discussed.

It is almost needless to add that "his elevation created a catholic ravishment throughout the domain under the benign and fostering sceptre of great Albion."

We have not space to dwell on the curious account of the charities of the late Judge; they consisted partly of a "regular and peremptory or *tranchant* menstrual distribution," and partly of other charities "in which he indulged at the sight of the condition of those who did crave." But his appearance and dress, which are illustrated by a neat photograph, demand especial attention:—

When a boy he was filamentous, but gradually in course of time he became plump as a partridge, and so much so that he weighed himself two *maunds* and three and a half *seers*. . . . He was neither a Brobdignagian nor a Liliputian . . . his face was of a little round cut with a wide front and rubiform lips. He had moulded arms and legs, and the palms of his hands and feet were very small and thick with their proportionate fingers. His head was large, it had very thin hairs on it; and he had a mustache not close set, and a little brownish on the top of his upper lip. . . . He used to wear *Dhootee* and *Chadur* [the two cloths constituting a Bengáli's dress] . . . and even on going to see a Nautch or something of the like, I have never seen him in a dress fine as a carrot fresh scraped, but *esto perpetuum* in Pantaloon and in satin or broadcloth *Chapkan*, with a *Toopee* well quadrate to the dress. But for the last two or three years he was constrained to veer his national *Dhootee*, even when at home, for Pantaloon, and this is ascribable simply to the fattening of his belly, to suppress which and to guard against further corpulence, on being advised by his doctor.

Justice Mookerjee "departed this life on the 17th August 1871 A.D., of paralysis and *ruptum* of a blood-vessel, leaving four issues, two male and two female." The biographer's description of his last hours and the grief of his family is indeed harrowing. "He then came in his chamber to take his wonted tiffin, and felt a slight headache, which gradually aggravated and became so uncontrollable that he felt like a toad under a harrow." While in this unpleasant frame of mind he conversed with one of his dependents on his approaching end, and the conversation, which is given at length, is termed by his biographer "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." After this we are told

He hermetically sealed his lips not to open them again. . . He remained *sotto voce* for a few hours and then went to God at about 6 P.M. . . His wife shrieked bitterly, weltering on the ground and tearing her hairs in frenzy that she will never be able to exchange a word with him any more. . . His children did *fondre en larmes*. . . The house presented a second Babel or a pretty kettle of fish.

After this burst of eloquence our biographer becomes somewhat prosy in a discussion, extending over several pages, of the phenomena of death. He says, "What becomes of this spiritual is a *pons asinorum* which I like to decipher now." He concludes that "we ought to be prepared for its onslaught"; but that we are not likely to do so "until we get spiritual eye." Finally, he adds:—"When the Hon'ble Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee left this earth, all wept for him, and whole Bengal was in lachrymation; and more I shall say, that even the learned Judges of the High Court heaved sighs and closed it on its Appellate and Original Sides." The book ends with a genealogical chart of the Mookerjee family, in which the last entry is:—"M.N.M., the author—Aged 24—My dear Reader *Au Revoir!*"

The title-page of this very remarkable production informs us that its author has published, among other works, a tractate on "The Effects of English Education upon the Native Mind." If we may judge of these effects from the volume from which we have been quoting—and it has already reached a third edition in Calcutta—the less said about them as yet the better.

TWO BOOKS ON HORACE.*

IT is one thing to attempt a commentary upon Horace, and another to try to translate him. The former, if undertaken by fairly safe hands, may yield a good result; the latter, unless judgment and experience accompany the effort, is an extremely hazardous speculation. Never perhaps has there been a better illustration of this than is afforded by a comparison of the first volume of Mr. Wickham's commentary with a version of the Odes by a decidedly bright and not unscholarly Cambridge translator, who, in dedicating his venture to Dr. Kennedy, may be supposed to convey more or less that scholar's "imprimatur." As we examine ode by ode and stanza by stanza, the sound criticism, the ripe judgment, the acute divinations of the recent tutor of New College and present Head of Wellington College, and weigh them in their unbroken tenour against the fitful successes and frequent failures of Mr. Hovenden's translation, we become more than ever convinced that translation is indeed "periculosæ plenum opus aleæ," and that it involves a combination of experience with daring which seems almost unattainable either in the recruit or the veteran. And middle life, be it observed, is commonly too busy to contemplate the task. We had intended to deal with these two works in a single notice; but it is difficult to do this on account of the great merit of the former as a commentary, and the by no means insignificant qualities of the latter. Though Mr. Hovenden uses his liberty of paraphrase at times with a license that might be the condemnation of a shallower scholar, he is so often found to have followed the best interpreters, that his version cannot be used as a foil; and this will appear the more plainly if we examine his book by the light of Mr. Wickham's commentary and reserve our remarks upon some of the higher criticism contained in the commentary for another occasion.

In the very first ode we confess to a sympathy with Mr. Hovenden's instinct in adopting or following the punctuation of Rutgers, Munro, and Kennedy, placing a full-stop at "nobilis," and making "evehit" the verb of the new sentence. The literary conservatism of Mr. Wickham revolts from this innovation, and though disposed to condone, in deference to Munro, the difficulty of a break in the fifth line of the system, cannot accept the poverty of "palmaque nobilis," as "the last of a series which descends both in fulness of sense and in weight of sound." Yet surely the rewards of victory come after the competition for it, and, if so, the three nominatives are in their proper sequence. Again, we hold with the translator rather than the commentator, when, in Ode I., xii. 35, he renders "superbos Tarquini fasces—Catonis nobile letum" in the natural sense of the words, as referring

To Tarquin's stately pride,
And Cato's suicide,

and is not attracted to the farfetched contrast which Mr. Wickham favours between the glories of the Regifugium (oddly shadowed in the text) and the death of Cato, between the earliest and the latest instances of devotion for liberty. But there are other places in the earlier odes of the First Book which warn us of the translator's inequality. To say the least, Mr. Hovenden is disappointing when we look to him in the Fourth Ode for a recognition of "visit" for "urit," in v. 8, and find that he translates

And deep in Ætna's gorge toil the Cyclops at their forge,
While Vulcan keeps the furnace in a blaze;

and when, in vii. 7, looking for distinctness in rendering

Undique decerptam fronti præponere olivam,

we get nothing closer than

And to the Parthenon their olive-garlands bring.

Mr. Wickham here has used commendable brevity in endorsing Bentley's interpretation, "to wreathe their brow with the olive plucked on every hand," *i.e.* "to seek fame by writing on a well-worn theme." Towards the close of the same ode it is not simply vagueness which we have to blame in the translator, where, in rendering

tamen uda Lyæo
Tempora populeâ fertur vinxisse corona,

he seems, in spite of metre and syntax, to connect "uda" with "corona," and to think that the hero's temples were dewy through the poplar garland being dipped in the wine-cup. Horace speaks of them as "uda Lyæo" before they were so encircled. But Mr. Hovenden's Teucer

Steeped a branch of poplar in the bowl,
And as he twined the dripping chaplet round his head
Thus woke new courage in each comrade's soul.

It may have been so; but Horace does not say so, and the language of the original is followed by Conington, who translates—

They say his temples deep
He dipp'd in wine, then wreathed with poplar crown.

On the other hand, we might multiply passages where he has chosen wisely amidst a puzzling array of conflicting interpretations, and other passages where he shows a nice skill in poetic translation. The spirit, if not the words, of Horace's compliment to Lydia's lips—

quæ Venus
Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit—

is thus rendered:—

Love, who settles there to sip,
Very nectar scarcely misses;

and the pretty picture of coquetry at the end of the Ninth Ode (Nunc et latentis—malè pertinaci) has been worse reproduced than in the stanza:—

Then track the scarce reluctant maid
By laughter to her form, and snatch
From arm or hand the ring to match,
Whereon sweet forfeit must be paid.

We have heard critics and scholars doubt whether our language or our lyrics could reproduce the charming ending of Horace's Twenty-second Ode, where he sums up his constancy to his mistress:—

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

Without justifying the importations and exaggerations of the third and fourth lines, which we set down in italics, we may offer the following ending of Mr. Hovenden as a hopeful and happy solution:—

Set me where in snow and frost
Breath of summer is unknown;
Set me, for a holocaust,
Houseless in the torrid zone:

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* *Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera Omnia.* With a Commentary by E. C. Wickham, M.A., Master of Wellington College, &c. Vol. I. (The Odes, Carmen Sæculare, and Epodes.) Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1874.

The Odes of Horace, in a Metrical Paraphrase. By R. M. Hovenden, B.A., formerly of Trinity College. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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Yet my torments to beguile
Sing I, as I ever sung;
Lalage, thy bonny smile,
Lalage, thy honey tongue.

In the next ode, too, as neither he nor Mr. Wickham accept the reading backed by Bentley and Munro, "Vepris inhorruit Ad ventum foliis" (xxiii. 5, 6), it is a very pretty turning of the orthodox reading to write:—

When buds of spring unfold, her little heart
Is all a-tremble if a leaflet shake.

And the short ode which concludes the first book may be quoted in full for its success as well as for its brevity (I. xxxviii.):—

Boy, take these Eastern gauds away—
How poor and tame on linden frame
Are roses, that for Autumn stay,
Not worth the clipping;
With myrtle sprigs the garland twine,
Their simple growth becomes us both,
Thee serving, me beneath the vine
My Chian sipping.

The sectional rhyme in vv. 2 and 6 gives a finish to the whole ode.

For a professed paraphrast Mr. Hovenden is often creditably careful to keep close to Horace's words and sense, as, for instance, where in the Third Ode of the Second Book he contrives to get in all the points in the two lines:—

Dum *res* et *ætas* et Sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.

While yet the three weird sisters spare
The life of health and wealth we breathe.

But, on the other hand, there are numerous passages where, wittingly or unwittingly, he has had to make a sacrifice, and here lies the hazard of Horatian translation. Something more or less essential is thrown overboard, as where in II. xiii. 29-32 "Utrumque sacro—aure vulgus," he gives up a feature in the eagerness of the shades "to hear of battles" in his version:—

To silent awe by either tone
The ghosts are hush'd; but most the throng
Affect a stirring battle-song,
Or theme of tyrants overthrown.

All is well save the omission of "densum humeris," which in the original is so suggestive of the crowding and huddling of the denizens of Orcus. We should almost suggest translating the third line "Rub shoulders to a battle-song." And again in II. xvi. 10-11, where in his version—

Can lictor's rod, can treasure chest,
Keep tumults of the mind aloof?—

he has but faintly, if at all, realized the peculiar force of the verb "summovet," it might not be amiss to read instead of v. 11, "*Bid* mental tumults *stand aloof*," which will bring the sense into keeping with that of "summovere littora," in II. xviii. 21.

In other cases the loss of Horace by the process of translation is graver in proportion as it is caused by carelessness. In the ode from which we took our last example Mr. Hovenden seems to have either ignored or confused the text of the very graphic line, "Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit." He renders this "Care to the horseman's crupper clings," which is certainly very far afield from the original; yet in the parallel line at III. i. 37, "Post equitem sedet atra cura," we have "And care the horseman's road besets." Surely this profitless interchange is the result of wilfulness rather than dulness of perception; elsewhere some faults may be detected which seem to arise from misconception of the Latin sense. To go back to I. xxxii. 5-7, and the mention of Alcæus, warrior and poet, as one who sang of love and wine—

Inter arma,
Sive jactatam religarat udo
Litore navim,

it is surely an error to translate—

He in battle fierce and strong,
Or at anchor on the wave,
Suing the Wine-god and the Nine, &c.

Inter arma, we take it, means "in the intervals of fighting"—in the campaign, if you will, but hardly "in battle," when he must have had other work on hand. Nor can we acquit this translator of indifference to his reputation for faithfulness to his model when, in II. iv. 15-16, he makes what Horace in banter says of the handmaid of Xanthias Phoceus—

Regium certe genus et penates
Mœret iniquos—

and what Wickham renders "Her tears are surely for some royal ancestry, and the unkindness of her home-gods (who suffered her to fall in the world)," reappear as

Say royal, ancient as the flood
Somewhere her father reigns.

There is not a word about the flood, and if aught is implied about her father, it is clear that he is one of the "has-beens." There is a strange eccentricity also in setting down "We sow to-day to-morrow's fruit" as an equivalent for "Non si male nunc, et olim sic erit" (II. x. 17), which we should have thought meant just the opposite.

Moreover, the merit of this unequal, but often not unsatisfactory, translation or paraphrase is considerably impaired by an affectation of smartness, which fails to impress the reader as real cleverness. It is all very well to venture on eighteenth or nineteenth century analogues of the poetry of Augustus's Court, and we have no fault to find with the rendering "Mauris jaculis," "the wily Moor's jereed," or "Non aurum aut ebur Indicum," "Not all the gold or ivory of cunning workmanship from far Cathay"; but we are aghast at the mysterious equivalent offered, in II. vii. 8, for "Coronatus nitentes Malobathro Syrio capillos." According to a very trustworthy commentary, the derivation and meaning of "Malobathrum" are alike unknown. Whence, then, did Mr. Hovenden get his stock for the line

With sweet Tamalapatra crowned?

Is it from Truefitt's? or is Tamalapatra introduced on the "Mesopotamia" or "Omne ignotum pro magnifico" principle? The worst of such licenses is that they grow upon the translator, who has allowed himself to use them once or twice. It is an affectation, and not an over-sonorous one either, to translate (in II. xx. 1, 2) "Ferar biformis per liquidum æthera," "Swan-man, through the heavens I clang," but we endure that, and solace ourselves with reference to Conington or Theodore Martin. Yet surely paraphrase is its own condemnation, and liberty of translation becomes license with a vengeance when Mr. Hovenden deliberately prints the following as his English counterpart for the last stanza of that ode:—

Absint inani funere næniæ
Luctusque turpes et querimoniæ;
Compesce clamorem, ac sepulchri
Mitte supervacuos honores—

Cast no ashes, chaunt no dirges,
Where the hireling mourners thrive;
Silence that loud Boanerges;
Though translated, I'm alive.

It is hard to say which is the more objectionable, the vulgarity of the equivalent for the third line, or the feebleness and non-realization of the allusion to a cenotaph in the fourth.

Our remarks have been mainly based on passages from the First and Second Books; but there is like unevenness throughout. It is impossible to prophesy smooth things of a version so unequal. Now and then Mr. Hovenden wins our ear by manifest knowledge of the best commentaries on his author; again he forfeits it by some rash departure from the plain sense, and the substitution of a defective and far-fetched equivalent. His paraphrase is, however, sufficiently good to deserve revision. The commentator on Horace attains his reputation, as we shall hope to show in examining Mr. Wickham's able edition, by going over his ground again and again, and comparing Horace with Horace, as well as with his contemporaries. And no translator can hope to realize or reproduce the peculiarities of the Horatian lyric until he has turned it over again and again in his mind, and learnt how consistent it is with itself, and how it resents transfusion that is not conducted by a delicate and reverential hand.

WYNCOTE.*

MRS. ERSKINE has written a pretty book, full of good feeling and good intention, but she has treated her subject with a certain haziness and want of grip by which it is rendered less graphic than need have been. We can make out, after a little study, the archetypes of some of her principal characters; but there are others, such as her *jeune premier*, George Wyncote, the girl who loves him, Rose Cooper, and even the girl whom he loves, Phœbe Heron, which are vague and indistinct for want of that necessity of all strong portraiture—a definite central principle, a leading line to which all the rest are subservient and harmonious. Even the most substantial of Mrs. Erskine's people, like Miss Camilla Wyncote and the great heiress Lydia Ashton, have a tendency to fade away into mistiness, or even to pass into other forms in a highly bewildering and uncomfortable manner. In the final conversion of Miss Camilla from a grim female and a local tyrant into an "angel of human help and sympathy" the author seems to forget the crystallizing effects of long years of habit. It is impossible that such a temper as Miss Camilla's, stern and dictatorial from principle as well as from inclination, should have become sweetened into the genial, loving tenderness described at the end of the book. Few people can, fewer do, thus go back on their line of life and practically confess that they have been wrong in their guiding principles. Age modifies tempers from physical causes easily understood; and a change of circumstances, if it comes early enough in life, will check a dangerous disposition of mind; but we do not believe that the presence of her old blind lover, or the marriage of Phœbe with George, would have softened Camilla Wyncote from the stern, severe martinet of a lifetime into the sweet-faced goody she is described to be, seeing that she has long passed the age of plasticity, and that she has been represented throughout as a woman of intention, a woman of principle, rather than one of mere temper.

Again, we think that Mrs. Erskine gives too much force to retrospection. No active-natured, strong-minded woman like Miss

* *Wyncote.* By Mrs. Thomas Erskine, Author of "Marjory." 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1874.

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Camilla would have mourned so constantly over the ineffaceable past, or have so often stood still, as it were, to think of old days that only enervated her by the sorrow of which they reminded her. Regret is spasmodic, not perpetual, and in a strong character occurs but seldom. The great griefs of life are wrestled with in the beginning, and ultimately lived down by strong natures; and only a weak, brooding, inactive temper takes them as daily food, and lives on them in ceaseless remembrance. But Miss Camilla was the reverse of this temper. She was energetic and purposeful, and one to whom the present was evidently a very forcible fact and the thing of deepest consequence. Yet we have her continually mooning and lamenting about her brother Stephen, whose ruin is somehow laid to the blame of the squire, her elder brother Piers, because his horse, run for the Derby, had broken down; and as continually lamenting her lost lover, Mr. Heron, as only people without purpose, without activity, without self-control, moon and lament over the irreparable. One retrospective fit of misery, to show the reader how the story had run in the past, would have been enough; coming so often, it lends a curiously unreal air to the book, and makes the strong-featured hard-mannered woman as vapoury as a fine lady and as pithless as a drawing-room doll.

Then, while prizing and admiring all kinds of generosity, holding magnanimity to be one of the highest virtues and unselfishness the best form of religion, we cannot but think the contest of self-sacrifice between Rose Cooper and Phœbe Heron strained out of all naturalness. Love is in its essence so egotistical, so imperative, that we scarcely think it possible that a girl who loves as Phœbe loves George should have refused him because she had believed he was destined for Rose. Had he been already engaged, that would have given another colour to the matter. Honour and truth and duty and delicacy would then have had their share in her refusal; but when he was not engaged, and when he told her so plainly that he loved her and her only, we do not think she could have put away the joy offered to her for the sake of a phantom belief. And is not Phœbe almost too simple? She loves in so childish a manner, with so little consciousness of her own state of feeling as to make her scarcely a creature of this wicked world at all—more like one of Mr. Gilbert's fairies, or a new Galatea wakened into life as a full-grown woman for the one part and a talking infant for the other. Making all allowance for a girl brought up abroad and accustomed to the restrictions of foreign society—though Mrs. Erskine has not utilized this aspect of Phœbe's character as she might have done, without danger of trenching on the same ground as that occupied by the delightful "Coquette," the sweet "daughter of Heth," who played the piano on Sundays in a Scotch manse, and accepted dutifully as her husband the man she did not love, but was told she ought to marry—she is still too ingenuous in some things for real life; and her rejection of George Wyncote is a bit for the stage rather than for a novel, which deals less with startling situations than with consistent evolution. She comes quickly enough, however, to another state of mind when she is in Rome and the shoe of poverty pinches her and her father with such cruel soreness; but we think the whole episode might have been more artistically managed, and the story made more interesting in consequence.

What does Mrs. Erskine mean her heiress, Lydia Ashton, to be? Ambitious and showy, she is contented with a tumbledown manor-house owned by a spendthrift squire of middle age, whom she buys as she would have bought a bit of china, or as he would have bought her had the conditions been reversed. But a million of money might have looked higher than Piers Wyncote; and though the yellow satin saloon, and the tapestry room, and the old gallery were doubtless fine enough in their way, there must have been finer houses owned by more eligible proprietors in the county; and we think that both Lydia and her father showed a lamentable want of their vaunted business faculty in making such a poor bargain. Piers Wyncote of Wyncote was by no means a first-class whistle to be bought at such a tremendous sacrifice; and the whole thing reads queerly. Indeed, the practical part of *Wyncote* is notably weak throughout. People who live in even faded grandeur, with a butler and a carriage and a companion for the old lady, and parish works costing money for the middle-aged one, are able to afford decent gowns. Miss Camilla, proud if rigid, a Wyncote if also the village martinet, would never have consented to her shabby gowns and ridiculous appearance. A new gown is not so ruinous a matter, even in these days of extravagant expenditure, and proud women are careful of their skirts. Eight hundred a year, again, for two women in London would have given them a house with a tolerably wide staircase; and if the Wyncote finances were in such a state as to need even such economy as Miss Camilla's shabby gowns, and to cause the cottages as well as the place itself to go to ruin for want of timely repairs, would not Piers have lived at home and saved his rent in London? And surely he would, long before the actual date of his barter, have found some susceptible heiress to whom his shirt-front, his perfect manners, and his magnificent old rats' castle would have been as strong inducements as they proved to Miss Ashton and her business-like father.

With all these faults of inconsistency and immaturity in the book, *Wyncote* is nevertheless both simple and pretty. It satisfies no high standard of artistic merit, but it offends no moral sentiment, and its defects are not of a kind to distress the general reader. The general reader indeed, being naturally a little muddle-headed on his own account, takes not unkindly to a hazy method which does not veil the story too densely, but which just leaves things a little indistinct in a kind of "as you like it" way, each interpreting according to his tastes, and no one fatigued by too much clearness. Those very precise and definite stories where every incident fits into its place with such exactness that if you lose one you lose the whole sense of continuity and have only broken threads and chipped fragments, though excellent as works of labour, and even as works of a dry, hard kind of mechanical art, are horribly distressing to the sleepy-headed, foggy-brained general reader. Lucidly told as it all is, he can never keep it clear; he has to remember too much and to keep hold of too many details. But a nice, misty, suggestive story, where you lose little if you skip much, is just the thing for him; so that what is the main defect of *Wyncote* to the critic will be no barrier to its popularity with the public. It is a pretty little story, nicely and sympathetically told. No one runs off with any other person's wife; there is no suspicion of naughtiness throughout its pages; and murder, arson, forgery, and perjury are alike banished from the picture. The women occupy themselves with parish work, match-making, gossip, and a little mild scandal, after the manner of good souls in country places. The girls are modest in bearing, and fall in love with the one young man of the book without being asked, also after the manner of girls in the country where young men are scarce and social habits free and friendly. The old lady, Mrs. Wyncote, a feeble-minded, garrulous, selfish old creature, who loves her dog more than she loves son or daughter, and who frets at the tyranny she has not strength to withstand, is by no means ill-naturedly drawn. There are many such about the world; living lessons on the need of patience, and helps to moral perfection by the means of domestic discipline; and Mrs. Erskine's model is not exaggerated. We know the kind of thing she is intended to be from the first interview with poor Phœbe, when she says, "'Come here, and let me look at you. Here, closer. No, don't sit on that stool,' she went on, sharply; 'that stool covered with that little plaid shawl is Fido's.'" And though she only meanders through the story, having no vital interest in it, she comes in as part of the comic element pleasantly enough, and excites a smile, as she is meant to do. Miss Lydia Ashton is the most unpleasant person of the gallery. Shallow, pedantic, unloving, ambitious, she is drawn with a faint suspicion of spite, though spite is not one of Mrs. Erskine's characteristics. But indeed she seems to have been made unnecessarily disagreeable. Though here again we are forced to admit how mild are our author's ideas of the dark side of human nature, and how refreshing it is to come into a region of morals where the worst person is only hard and disagreeable, and the nearest approach to wickedness is the absence of lovable qualities more than the presence of detestable ones! *Wyncote* may be safely put into the hands of the young. This of itself expresses everything. If it is milk for babes, still the babes must have milk, and we are glad when we can warrant the article pure and free from noxious germs. Of the proportion of water in the can we think it wise to say nothing.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

OUR present monthly notice must necessarily deal chiefly with illustrated books and attractive publications destined for the *saison des étrennes*. We do not say this by way of apology, because the charms of photography, wood engraving, and chromolithography are not always wasted upon letterpress which would otherwise pass unnoticed as scarcely worthy of the name of literary composition. The numerous volumes before us may amply suffice to justify our statement, and a simple glance at them will satisfy the most fastidious reader. Here, for instance, is a work on comets; when we say that the author is M. Guillemin*, to whom we are already indebted for so many excellent volumes on physical science, we need hardly add that accuracy, completeness, method, and elegance of style are the characteristics of this splendid octavo. After a brief introduction, M. Guillemin describes the fabulous side of comets, the superstitions associated with them, and the influence which these bodies have had on political and social history. Anecdotes of course abound in this chapter which will be found equally interesting to the archæologist and the physicist. The nature of comets, their movement in space, and the various problems connected with them, are then successively discussed, and the author contrives to render his statements extremely clear, while studiously avoiding the use of mathematical formulæ. The last chapter is devoted to an inquiry into the following questions:—Are comets habitable? What would happen if the earth became the satellite of a comet? Is the moon an ancient comet? The book is illustrated with upwards of eighty engravings.

Let us now descend to sublunary, or rather sub-cometal matters, and study the history of costume from the remotest times to the end of the eighteenth century.† Such a subject gives plenty of scope for pictorial art, and nearly five hundred woodcuts initiate us into all the vicissitudes of fashion, so far as dress is concerned, during a period of thirteen centuries. If we look first at the

* *Les Comètes.* Par Amédée Guillemin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Histoire du costume.* Par M. J. Quicherat. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

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articles of clothing used by the Gallo-Romans, and then at the absurd toilet of the *incroyables* and the *merveilleuses* of the time of the Directory, we shall have the two extreme limits of the ground which M. Quicherat has occupied. With such a book at their disposal as that before us, artists have no longer any excuse for representing in their pictures mediæval barons and ladies dressed like the contemporaries of Francis I. The *Histoire du costume* had long been a favourite idea of the learned author, and some parts of the volume will be recognized by the subscribers to the *Magasin pittoresque;* but even these have undergone careful revision, and all the part anterior to the fourteenth century is new. We need not say that amusing anecdotes abound in this volume; even dromedaries have their special paragraph; for during the campaign of Napoleon in Egypt and the occupation of that country by the French, those animals were obliged to do military duty, and wore a kind of uniform. Improved as we are in many respects (we generalize the remark because French fashions are followed throughout the world), we might in some respects profitably return to the costume of some of our predecessors; and if Mme. Tallien and Robespierre are not exactly safe models, the dresses of the first half of the seventeenth century were at any rate more sensible in many points than those of our own time.

M. Louis Veuillot's *Jésus-Christ* * is at once a work of edification and a pictorial history of sacred art. What an inexhaustible field for the engraver and the draughtsman! All the treasures of the præ-Raffaellite schools, the Renaissance, and modern days are open before him, and he has nothing but the trouble of selection. M. Veuillot has divided his volume into three parts corresponding respectively with the prophecies about our Lord, His life on earth, and His life in the Church. We are thus taken back as far as the creation of man, Pisano, an Italian artist of the fourteenth century, supplying the subject of an appropriate illustration. The third division of the volume is the one to which readers will naturally turn who are curious to see whether M. Veuillot can ever divest himself of the trenchant and abusive style in which he denounces all those who do not share his religious and ecclesiastical views. It would have been impossible for him, whilst treating of the influences of Christianity on the world, to avoid having a fling at the Reformation; and no amount of evidence will ever convince him that Rabelais and Luther do not represent the same intellectual and spiritual tendencies. We prefer leaving these points unnoticed, and will only speak of those parts of M. Veuillot's volume which seem to us really valuable; we mean his biography of our Lord and the history of the early Christians. The æsthetic chapter entitled "Jésus-Christ dans l'art" is the work of M. E. Cartier, whose laborious researches on Christian art have made him an excellent coadjutor of M. Veuillot. Sixteen large chromolithographs and one hundred and eighty engravings place before us reproductions of the choicest specimens of religious painting, engraving, and sculpture.

Under the title *Le dévouement* †, M. Michel Masson has contributed an excellent addition to Messrs. Hachette's *Bibliothèque des merveilles.* It is perhaps a melancholy reflection that devotedness and self-sacrifice should be classed amongst "wonders," and some persons may be inclined to accuse the author of being sarcastic. He means, however, simply to enumerate extraordinary and exceptional acts of heroism, and he has classified and arranged systematically a number of anecdotes some of which are already well known to most readers.

M. Ernest Mérault has contrived to throw fresh interest upon a subject which has been repeatedly treated, and yet is always attractive to the young.‡ Beginning with the insect world, he collects a large number of facts illustrating the care which animals take of their offspring, and he gives at the same time many details on physiology and anatomy which may serve as an incentive to the further study of nature. The woodcuts profusely added to the letterpress strike us as remarkably accurate.

The journals entitled *Le tour du monde* and *Le journal de la jeunesse*, likewise published by Messrs. Hachette, pursue their useful career, and many of the wonderful or amusing narratives they contain reappear subsequently in a separate form, thus doing double service. M. Girardin's *Nous autres* and Mme. Colomb's *La fille de Carilès* belong to this category; both are excellent Christmas books, and will afford plenty of amusement to the smaller members of the community.§ The travels of Dr. Schweinfurth in the centre of Africa, the expedition of the two ships *Germania* and *Hansa* to the North Pole, and M. Élisée Reclus's journey to Transylvania are amongst the leading subjects discussed in the *Tour du monde* ‖ for this year. The second volume of this publication gives us M. Vivien de Saint-Martin's usual summary of the present state of geographical science, and the pictorial illustrations are as good as ever.

M. Joubert de Saint-Amand has just published a delightful little volume on Mme. Émile de Girardin, whom he aptly calls the "Sévigné of the nineteenth century."* It appears that she accumulated a large correspondence, the materials of which were supplied by Balzac, Jules Sandeau, Victor Hugo, Soumet, the two Dumas, George Sand—in fact, all the representatives of contemporary French literature and art. To those privileged persons who remember the fascinating *soirées* of the hotel in the Avenue des Champs Élysées, it is no matter of surprise that Mme. de Girardin should have excited such admiration and won so many friends. We are sorry that M. de Saint-Amand has not used the whole mass of documents placed at his disposal; but he has made an excellent choice, and the letters of Lamartine, Chateaubriand, and Mdlle. Rachel, ably annotated by the editor, form a most interesting collection, which throws abundant light upon the character and biography, not only of Delphine Gay, but of the author of *Atala*, the poet who wrote *Jocelyn*, and the last real interpreter of the classical drama. The description of Mdlle. Rachel's early life and that of her death are painfully interesting. A portrait of Mme. Émile de Girardin has been added by way of frontispiece.

The new series of M. de Villemessant's *Mémoires d'un journaliste*† contains a number of amusing anecdotes written by the author during the vacations of the last French Parliamentary session. We find from his preface that the editor of *Figaro* still believes firmly in the restoration of monarchical government, but he thinks that there are many scoundrels to punish "before the King comes to his own again." In the meanwhile he begins his volume by a batch of stories about gambling and gamblers—that is to say, about the transactions of very questionable people. The next chapter is a short one dedicated to a few stray reminiscences of Mdlle. Rachel, Nadar, Pascal Grousset, and Rochefort; these appear successively, introducing sundry episodes connected with the siege of Paris.

The military recollections of Colonel de Gonneville ‡, published by his daughter, the Countess de Mirabeau, form an interesting contribution to the already extensive library of memoirs on the history of the last seventy years. Baron Ambert, an intimate friend of the Colonel, has given a sketch of him which opens the volume, and a kind of summary of the narrative itself. We must not expect to find here a scientific account of strategic operations, a book like those of Jomini or Napier; M. de Gonneville merely aims at giving a description of the principal incidents in the erratic life of a soldier who went through all the campaigns of the Republic and of the Empire. His style is very agreeable, and the variety of scenes through which he conducts us from France to Germany, taking Italy and Spain on the way, keeps the reader constantly interested. Colonel de Gonneville lived long enough to see France invaded by the German armies in 1870, and Count Moltke wiping off at Gravelotte the disasters of Jena and Wagram.

Count Roselly de Lorgues has long since concerned himself with the reputation of Christopher Columbus, and the thick octavo he has just composed is an elaborate attempt to prove that the discoverer of the New World ought to receive the honours of canonization.§ It would be impossible to give here an analysis of his strange work, but we may briefly say that Count de Lorgues represents Columbus as *le démonstrateur de la création*, and "the Apostle of the Word of God." If, he says, the Christian virtues of the Genoese sailor are not yet universally known, and if he is not enrolled in the *Acta Sanctorum*, it is merely because his biography has hitherto been written by Protestants, who, being the sworn enemies of the Church, were interested in misleading the public as to his real character and his exceptional holiness. Our author goes on to explain that the discovery of the New World was a providential event, brought to pass at a time fixed in the decrees of God, and that the coming of Columbus was announced by the prophets of old. It appears that a few years ago Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, had asked that the cause of the Italian sailor should be introduced, as the phrase is, by the congregation specially appointed to report on such cases, and many members of the Vatican Council had pledged themselves to support the petition; but the disasters of France and the invasion of Rome prevented the business from being proceeded with.

The new volume of M. Désiré Nisard‖ is really a reprint, very little altered, of the *Études de critique littéraire* which appeared nearly twenty years ago. The famous *manifeste contre la littérature facile* which forms the introductory chapter produced, when first published, a sensation which has not yet been forgotten. Printed in the *Revue de Paris* (1834), at the time when the Romantic movement was at its height, it obtained what our neighbours would call *un succès de scandale*, and, coupled with the well-known work entitled *Les poètes latins de la décadence*, it brought down upon the devoted author's head a perfect storm of abuse. He was accused of being a reactionist, a fool, and an idiot. He had been bold

* *Jésus-Christ.* Par Louis Veuillot. Paris: Didot.

† *Le dévouement.* Par Michel Masson. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *L'amour maternel chez les animaux.* Par Ernest Mérault. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Nous autres.* Par J. Girardin. *La fille de Carilès* Par Mme. Colomb. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‖ *Le tour du monde.* Rédigé sous la direction de M. Édouard Charton. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *Madame de Girardin.* Par Joubert de Saint-Amand. Paris: Plon.

† *Mémoires d'un journaliste.* Par H. de Villemessant. Vol. 4. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Souvenirs militaires du colone. de Gonneville.* Paris: Didier.

§ *L'ambassadeur de Dieu et le Pape Pie IX.* Par Roselly de Lorgues. Paris: Plon.

‖ *Portraits et études d'histoire littéraire.* Par D. Nisard. Paris: Lévy.

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enough to assert that Victor Hugo was not altogether free from defects, and that Lamartine might pay greater attention to his style. *Inde iræ.* However, M. Nisard has managed to survive the obloquy to which he was subjected, and the miserable *fiasco* of the Romanticists, as exhibited in their present literary productions, fully justifies the objections raised by our author against *la littérature facile.* This article is followed by two essays respectively treating of Victor Hugo in 1836 and of Lamartine in 1837. The author of *Notre Dame de Paris* had just published his sketch of Mirabeau, the prose tragedy entitled *Angelo, tyran de Padoue,* and the *Chants du crépuscule.* Lamartine was exciting much attention by his *Jocelyn.* Now, however disposed we may be to acknowledge the genius of these two authors—and perhaps for the very reason that we do acknowledge it—we cannot help deploring that they both should have yielded so entirely to the seductions of *la littérature facile;* and if M. Nisard's criticism was amply justified in 1834, how much more so now, when the *Contemplations, L'homme qui rit,* and *Quatre-vingt-treize* have exhibited M. Victor Hugo's utter disregard of taste, style, and propriety in their most elementary forms. Lamartine's *Histoire de la Restauration* and *Recueillements poétiques,* disfigured by blemishes of the worst kind, become positively repulsive, so far as literary qualities are concerned, when we compare them with the *Harmonies,* and especially with the first *Méditations.* But we cannot dwell longer on M. Nisard's volume. In addition to the articles already mentioned, it contains the well-known notice of Armand Carrel, and two essays on England and on Lord Byron.

M. Vitet was one of the ablest representatives of the new French school in literature, and he never would have fallen under the censure of M. Nisard.* His dramatic sketches on the history of the sixteenth century—the *Barricades,* the *États de Blois,* the *États d'Orléans*—were attempts to revive in a picturesque manner some striking incidents in the wars of religion, and he could quote as a precedent in this style of composition no less an authority than the President Hénault. The essays collected in the volume before us, though not possessing any special importance, are clever specimens of criticism, and the reader will notice particularly the seven letters on the siege of Paris inserted in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* four years ago. The biographical sketch of M. Vitet which serves as a preface to the volume is by M. Guizot; and the speeches delivered at the Académie Française in answer to the *discours de réception* of MM. Gratry and Octave Feuillet are likewise worth reading.

M. Pauly's new edition of Molière† may be recommended to readers who like correct printing and a scrupulous adherence to the original text. The eighth and last volume comprises, besides *Les femmes savantes, Le Malade imaginaire,* and the lyric poems.

M. Paul Janet, Professor of Philosophy at the Sorbonne, has just published three volumes which deserve to be mentioned here. *Le matérialisme contemporain*‡ is not altogether a new book; but in publishing a second edition of it, the author has made a few alterations in the original work, suppressing one chapter and replacing it by another. The essay on Darwinism which has thus disappeared is intended to form part of another treatise now in course of preparation, and in its stead we have a criticism of M. Viardot's *Libre examen,* a volume published some time ago, and which is nothing but a popular summary of Dr. Büchner's theories. M. Janet justly denounces the egregious fallacy of claiming on the side of free-thinking all philosophers whose doctrines are not strictly orthodox. It is a question whether Buffon, for instance, would have felt much flattered by his association with Diderot and Epicurus; at all events the long list of writers named by M. Sainte-Beuve as M. Viardot's fellow-religionists were far from belonging to the same school, and the imposing mass of authorities thus quoted proves nothing. Recapitulating, *àpropos* of M. Viardot, the arguments which he has developed in the course of his volume, M. Janet shows that, if mankind is merely the result of the brute forces of nature, it is impossible to account for the notions of liberty, justice, fraternity, and the like, which most free-thinkers professedly adopt as fervently as the strictest orthodox religionist would do.

In discussing the philosophy of the French Revolution, M. Janet does not intend to put forth a fresh theory of that great event§; his only aim is to collect and discuss the various opinions propounded by different schools of politicians on its bearings, its significance, and its results. If we examine the writers who have treated of the French Revolution, we find that they divide themselves into two principal groups. During the period comprised between 1789 and 1848 impartial treatment of the subject was scarcely known; whether those who dealt with it belonged, like Count Joseph de Maistre and Saint-Martin, to the religious school, or like M. Louis Blanc to the democratic, their prejudices were essentially the same, although in contrary directions, and they were either apologists or detractors *à outrance.* But after the events of 1848, when the consequences of ultra-democracy became more clearly apparent than they had ever been before, the enthusiasm of reasonable Liberals began to subside; and whilst many writers originally hostile to the new ideas learned to admit that, after all, the old order of things could scarcely be justified as a whole, others felt inclined to question the supposed good results of *all* the political and social changes introduced by the Revolution. M. Janet examines carefully the various theories propounded on the subject, and comes to the conclusion that, whilst the principles of the French Revolution were justifiable and necessary, the means by which these principles were established must be regarded as absolutely detestable. Force is admissible as a means of resistance to oppression; when it becomes a means of oppression, nothing can sanction it. The cardinal fault of the Revolutionists was that they substituted one despotism instead of another; oppression was the essence of their system. Besides, the use of force was with them habitual, whereas it ought only to be resorted to at critical epochs, when society is imperilled. M. Janet thinks that the only resource for France now is self-government honestly and conscientiously carried out.

M. Janet's volume on ethics* is one of the best manifestoes of modern French spiritualism. He divides his work into three books, the first being devoted to a consideration of the good *per se,* or the final aim of all human action; the second treats of law or duty; and the third examines the problem of morality. In his preface he gives a brief sketch of the whole subject, stating the fundamental principles which serve as the groundwork of his argument.

M. Jules Lacroix† has published a new edition of his dramatic works, and we turn with interest to three volumes of tragedies which in their day obtained much success and caused considerable sensation. The plays which interest us most are the translations or rather the adaptations of Shakspeare, and the efforts made to acclimatize on the French stage the masterpieces of one of the least French of authors. The versions designed merely for reading are difficult enough, as we can see by reference to those of M. Guizot, M. Montégut, and M. Hugo; but when we come to the question of reducing Shakspeare to the proportions of the French stage, the obstacles are increased a hundredfold. M. Lacroix, in treating *Macbeth* and *King Lear,* has, we think, been fairly successful, but we must not look here for the stately Alexandrine of Racine or for Corneille's gorgeous couplet. Like other poets of the Romantic school, M. Lacroix adopts the *sermo pedestris;* he indulges in *enjambements,* awkward cæsuras, &c.; his style is so much the reverse of stilted that it often looks slipshod. Together with the tragedies, he gives us the principal criticisms passed upon them by the periodical press, and other documents of value as illustrating the history of contemporary literature.

The *Bibliothèque universelle*‡ devotes in its new number an interesting article to the Society for the Reform of International Law; its other papers are all more or less valuable, and we would notice especially the *chroniques,* or gossip on Parisian and Italian matters; these chapters, which form a standing part of every number, are always extremely well done and full of information. Even the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* might take a useful hint from the variety which is one of the leading characteristics of the *Bibliothèque universelle.*

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* *Études philosophiques et littéraires.* Par L. Vitet. Paris: Lévy.

† *Les œuvres de Molière, avec notes et variantes.* Par A. Pauly. Vols. 7, 8. Paris: Lemerre.

‡ *Le matérialisme contemporain.* Par P. Janet. Paris. Germer-Baillière.

§ *Philosophie de la révolution française.* Par P. Janet Paris: Germer-Baillière.

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* *La morale.* Par P. Janet. Paris: Delagrave.

† *Œuvres de Jules Lacroix.* Théâtre. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue Suisse, Décembre.* Lausanne: Bridel.

We are requested to state that Mrs. Henry Wood *is not the author of the novel entitled* "In the Dead of Night," *noticed in last week's Number of the* Saturday Review.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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OF

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FRANCE.

THE opening of the new Opera House was not destined to be the only sensation of the week at Paris. Marshal MacMahon, having had his hour of pleasure, seems to have thought it time to attend to business, and on Wednesday sent a Message to the Assembly which led to a Ministerial defeat and a Ministerial crisis. The Message was, however, not really so successful as the opening of the Opera. This gorgeous building, which was intended to be one of the glories of the Empire, and which was conceived in the spirit of profuse magnificence that distinguished every Imperial undertaking before the failure of the Mexican expedition put the first check on extravagance, has been completed by other hands and under strangely unexpected circumstances. The building was so large, and in so forward a state, and so much money had been sunk in it, that it seemed foolish not to finish it even now that the Imperial dynasty is in exile, and that economy and retrenchment have become obligatory on France. The time at which it has happened to be finished has been a fortunate one. The opening of the Opera has been the great event of the Paris winter season, and the presence of numberless personages belonging more or less to the class of crowned heads, as well as of our own Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, lent dignity and interest to the occasion. To invite the Lord Mayor to represent England at the ceremony was a most happy thought. Foreigners have, to a great extent, invented the Lord Mayor, and they have a right to see and admire their own creation; and it very much increases the pleasure of showing a courtesy when those to whom the tribute is paid are precisely the people of all others to enjoy it thoroughly. In England, too, although the Lord Mayor is not perhaps to us the sublime and legendary being which he is to Parisians, the long and honourable traditions of the office invest him with an interest which we are glad to see recognized by a neighbouring capital. No city can approach Paris in the art of doing those things well which belong to the elegances rather than the greatness of life; and the opening of the Opera was carried out in the best Paris style. Parisians love shows of all kinds, and have a sort of vague and general wish to be under a Government that is sure to provide these. But they have also, unfortunately, an equally strong tendency to hate such Governments when they have got them; and if, on the opening night, the thought crossed many Parisian minds that to the Empire the Opera was due, and that under the Empire grand doings of all kinds would be likely to be always going on, the kindred thought must also have been present that to destroy an Empire was even more delightful than to establish it. The time has passed by when the solution of the difficulties of France could be found in a liberal provision of pretty sights for the Parisians.

The cares of government press heavily on Marshal MacMahon, and, after much hesitation, he has at last taken a step which was not without hazard, but which he seems to have thought forced upon him by circumstances. He has personally told the Assembly what he wished it to do, and intimated in very unmistakable language that, if it refused to do what he wished, it must soon cease to exist. At first sight it might seem as if he might easily be content with doing nothing. He is at the head of affairs, and every one is content that he should be there; and if no one will organize his powers, he can use his powers perfectly well without their being organized. The Assembly will not vote Constitutional Laws; but it votes ordinary laws; it lays on almost enough taxes; and if it often makes itself ridiculous, that does not do the President any harm. Besides, whatever may be the faults of the Assembly, it accomplishes two useful purposes. It gives a guarantee to the country that the Government shall pursue a policy which it dares to avow, and it makes the various parties fight out their quarrels in an arena where the vanquished do not suffer very severely. That a Provisional Government should not be too clearly defined seems a gain rather than a loss; for if its character is made clear and intelligible, it ceases to be provisional in so far as it fosters the expectation that what is to succeed it must be like it. Still, with all these excellent reasons for being content with things as they are, the Marshal is not content. He has subjected himself to a personal defeat rather than have his wish for organization remain any longer neglected. He must have some grounds for desiring so strongly a change which he cannot get the Assembly to make. In the first place, although he is on good terms with the Assembly just now, he may not be on such good terms with it a little while hence; and as he recognizes its sovereign powers in everything but the right to depose him, he might be reduced either to holding place without power, or to exercising power in defiance of the present or a future Assembly; and this is a danger against which he naturally, as he says in his Message, wishes to guard while there is yet time. In the next place, he may die, and it is his duty to think of the confusion which his death might cause. The most provisional of Governments cannot help wishing to know what the next Provisional Government will be like. But there can be little doubt that the consideration which most presses on the Marshal's mind is that he finds it impossible that his Provisional Government should be really provisional. A nation cannot go on for seven years without a notion of what is to happen when the seven years are over. Every party tries to make use of the interregnum for its own purposes. The Marshal must work with some set of people. He cannot avoid giving a preference. He wants assistance, and his assistants have ideas and plans of their own. He has made his choice, and, for the present at least, he has chosen the Orleanists. They best represent to him what he means by Conservatism. The Legitimists and Imperialists might suit him equally well under other circumstances, and he has many personal ties that bind him to both these parties. But the Orleanists, although they do not awaken much sympathy in France, are regarded with a milder antipathy than Legitimists or Imperialists. They can furnish him with plenty of men of station and ability to hold office. They have a large Parliamentary following. They alone of the monarchical parties have the advantage of having their specimens of royalty on the spot. Urged by his advisers, and prompted, no doubt, by his own convictions, Marshal MacMahon has accordingly come forward suddenly, used his personal authority, and attempted half to win and half to threaten the Assembly into creating a Senate.

This creation of a Senate is the special device of the Orleanists. What is meant by a Senate is a body which during the existence of the Septennate shall be able to keep the Assembly in check, stop unwelcome laws being passed, act as the good friends and yet controllers of the President, govern when any crisis arises, and keep the machinery of administration in safe hands. Every Second Chamber, since France first tried to see what Second Chambers were like, has been the submissive ally or tool of the existing Government, and the only difference which a Senate would now present would be that it would be more directly asso-

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ciated with the Government, and more a part of the Government, than it was allowed to be under preceding systems. Its members would be, perhaps, partly elected; but the institution would be useless unless either the elections were so managed that the elected would vote with the nominated members, or that the nominated members would have an infallible majority. With such a body at command, presided over, as it probably would be, by the Duke of AUMALE, able in conjunction with the PRESIDENT to dissolve at pleasure any future Assembly, ready in case of necessity to supply a vacancy in the office of President, and entitled in case of the PRESIDENT quarrelling openly with the Assembly to throw the cover of a sort of legality over his acts, the Orleanists might hope to turn the Septennate to their exclusive advantage. The device was too transparent. The MARSHAL was so obviously acting as the mouthpiece of the Orleanists that all the other parties voted against the proposal, and the majority was so overwhelming that the Ministry did not think it advisable to ask that the precise amount by which they were defeated should be recorded. Of course, as the MARSHAL himself had intervened, the real nature and object of the proposal could not be openly characterized. Proper respect for the MARSHAL forbade that he should be accused of having a wirepuller behind him. It was sufficient for the sake of that amount of argument which politeness demanded that M. LABOULAYE should point out the theoretical objections to making a Second Chamber, as it were, in the air, and without reference to other parts of the supreme authority. A Republican Senate would not suit a Monarchy, nor a Monarchical Senate a Republic, and to decide the character of the Senate was really to decide what Government should succeed the Septennate. The strange thing is that the Orleanist leaders should have hazarded a stroke the failure of which seemed so inevitable. Possibly they believed that the personal intervention of the MARSHAL would really impress the Assembly, and the prize at which they were aiming was so splendid that it was worth risking something to gain it. Possibly they foresaw a defeat, but believed that a defeat must be followed by a dissolution, and hoped that in the event of a dissolution they might be able to take advantage of the Assembly having appeared to thwart the MARSHAL in his efforts to give peace to France. Possibly, also, they may have wished to commit the MARSHAL by his open alliance with them, and then force him to confide to them the management of the next election. In deference to a theoretical system of Ministerial responsibility which the MARSHAL himself had just entirely repudiated, all the defeated Ministers resigned; and endless rumours have been floating as to who are likely to be their successors. If the MARSHAL and his advisers determine to let things go on quietly for a time, and if the questions of a Constitutional Law and of a Dissolution are allowed to sleep, it makes little difference how the Ministerial cards are shuffled; and the present Ministry, with a slight transformation for the sake of appearance, would do as well as any other. But, if the Duke of BROGLIE takes office with the avowed object of making the Assembly dissolve itself, the state of things will be very different; and whether the Orleanists are able to ride the storm or not, they may confidently rely on setting it in motion.

ALFONSO XII.

THE earlier accounts of the sudden accession of ALFONSO XII. produced an impression that, since the English Restoration, no change in the form of a national Government had been attended with satisfaction so universal. In the course of a day all resistance had disappeared. When the Army of the Centre had pronounced, the Army of the North, and even the Army of Cuba, mutinied by telegraph; and the adherents of ALFONSO who had been sent to prison in the morning formed themselves into a Regency in the afternoon. Spanish residents in Paris waited in Court costume on the young and lucky PRINCE; and it is even stated that the German Government which recognized Marshal SERRANO three months ago has already transferred its official acknowledgment to the KING. As the navy was not behind the army in extemporaneous loyalty, ALFONSO XII. will arrive in his dominions with a squadron of his own; and it is possible that he may bring as a gift to his subjects the restoration of peace. Some of the Carlist leaders have already deserted their own Sovereign, assigning perhaps as a reason that they had hitherto fought against a Republic, and that they have no quarrel with Monarchy. It would be ungenerous to withhold good wishes from a royal youth who returns in triumph to the country from which he was driven into exile as a child. His education has perhaps been better than it would have been if Queen ISABELLA had remained on the throne; and his claims are strengthened by the practical demonstration which has occupied six years, that the remedy for misgovernment in Spain was not the deposition of a dynasty. The crown of which his mother was deprived went begging over Europe until one spirited Prince was tempted to accept an offer which he afterwards found to be a delusion. His abdication gave an opportunity to the Republicans to try their fortune, with the result of displaying their hopeless incapacity. SERRANO found himself unable to secure the attachment of the people or the confidence of the army; and, since the possibilities of revolution appear to be temporarily exhausted, the constitutional Monarchy is revived with the approval probably of all members of the respectable classes. There is no danger of the savage reaction which followed the restoration of FERDINAND VII., nor will his grandson attempt to make himself an absolute King. If he avoids all mistakes, and if he can secure the fidelity of his supporters and advisers, the unforeseen experiment may possibly succeed. Don ALFONSO has as good a title as Don CARLOS; and if the ancient law of Spain is to be preferred to the French rule of succession established in the time of PHILIP V., the grandson of FERDINAND VII. has a better right than the grandson of FERDINAND'S brother. Legitimacy has no necessary connexion with the Salic law.

Notwithstanding the external cheerfulness of the young KING'S prospects, his well-wishers must not be unduly sanguine. It is unlucky that the restoration should be effected when the Sovereign is still a boy. As it is impossible that at seventeen he can really direct the government, he must rely on soldiers and civilians who have hitherto not succeeded in giving peace and prosperity to Spain. CHARLES II. returned to England in accordance with the unanimous wish of the nation which had for some years submitted, against its will, to the dictation of the army. The revolution which places Don ALFONSO on the throne was exclusively effected by the army, and the creations of military politicians in Spain have not been durable. Startling changes have repeatedly occurred as if in regular celebration of an anniversary. Four years ago the arrival of King AMADEO coincided with the assassination of PRIM, and exactly a year before the proclamation of the restored Monarchy General PAVIA turned the Republican Cortes out of doors. It is understood that the first measure of the new reign will be the convocation of another Cortes, which will not fail to approve of a revolution in which the nation was never consulted. Of all the former Parliamentary parties only a section of the Moderates are pledged to the cause of ALFONSO; and SAGASTA, whose unpopularity perhaps accelerated the crisis, is himself a Moderate. It appears that ZORRILLA, who is the leader of the Progressists, and CASTELAR, as representative of the Republicans, urged upon SAGASTA the expediency of anticipating the outbreak of the Alfonsist conspiracy by the dismissal of PRIMO DE RIVERA from the office of Captain-General of Madrid. The hesitation of the Minister was probably not the main cause of the success of a movement which depended wholly upon the army, but the fact remains that all the known leaders of parties are opposed to the restoration. Although they are powerless for the moment, they may perhaps hereafter find military allies to mutiny on their behalf against the established Government. Excuses for rebellion are never wanting in Spain; and the KING and his advisers will be accused of usurpation when they select among a score of recent Constitutions the particular string of formulas which may seem most convenient for the time. Among the Ministers are to be found followers of NARVAEZ, who of all recent Spanish rulers affected the least respect for popular liberty or Parliamentary government. It is announced that measures which have been, perhaps justly, obnoxious to the clergy, will be repealed, with the inevitable result of provoking strong excitement. For the present, the only newspapers allowed to appear are those which support the

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restoration; and an indefinite interval may perhaps elapse before it is thought safe to abolish the restriction. Political opposition may perhaps be safely defied as long as the army is faithful; but the rival pretensions of ambitious generals will be a source of perpetual danger.

It is difficult to acquit SERRANO of timidity and rashness. He ought to have appointed a new and trustworthy Captain-General of Madrid before he took the command of the Northern army, which might perhaps have been faithful if the existing Government had retained power in the capital. SAGASTA, an astute and experienced politician, seems to have been unequal to the occasion, when he arrested the principal supporters of Don ALFONSO and yet left their military chief in command of the garrison. It is not known whether the statement that SERRANO was on the eve of a battle was invented in Madrid. The conspirators would probably, if they had believed the story, have been encouraged to persevere, and the inevitable disclosure of the fiction could only weaken the Government. The best excuse for the late Chief of the Executive Government and his Minister is that a more vigorous resistance would probably have been useless. ZORRILLA and CASTELAR appear to have shown a loyal desire to maintain the existing form of government; but a system which was not even titularly a Republic could excite little enthusiasm, and certainly could not in any case have effectually opposed the resolution of the army. Marshal SERRANO has now for the second time in less than two years found himself driven into exile, where he may reflect at his leisure on the difficulty of stopping a stone when it has been set rolling downhill. In half a century of revolutions the Spaniards have never attempted to make the best of existing conditions. The true remedy for the faults of an unsatisfactory King is to restrain his excesses, to maintain the public liberty against his encroachments, and in extreme cases to enforce abdication in favour of the legitimate successor. The Spanish plan is to upset the throne, with the result of erecting it again when alternative institutions have been found equally ephemeral.

It is not yet known who will for the present exercise the royal authority in the name of the KING. The Ministers are for the most part civilians who must depend for support on the chiefs of the army. Among the generals, PAVIA, who seems not to have taken an active part in the last revolution, has displayed at various times both military vigour and political resolution. A year ago he declined to take part in the Government which he had established, and PRIMO DE RIVERA seems for the present to have followed his example. There will be no difficulty in preserving public tranquillity at present, especially as all the hostile newspapers are suppressed. The election of the Cortes, though it will be managed on the ordinary principles so as to secure a Government majority, may not improbably be the beginning of trouble. Unless some of the old Parliamentary leaders prove to be open to conversion, it will be difficult to conduct business, especially if ZORRILLA and CASTELAR should succeed in obtaining seats. It may be taken for granted that SAGASTA, even if he is not denounced as a rebel, must in a few months' tenure of office have accumulated an amount of unpopularity which will exclude him from the Cortes. Even when Parliaments are docile, they amalgamate but awkwardly with an army. The young KING'S advisers will probably avoid the repeated mistake of investing their Cortes with constituent powers. It will be a simpler and more practical arrangement to assume that any constitution which may best suit their purpose is already in force. Two new experiments tried within six years have been found wholly inoperative. It would be premature to form an opinion on the genuineness and the value of the enthusiasm with which the restoration may have been greeted. ALFONSO XII. is at present ostensibly opposed by all the political parties which have held power in Spain since the days of NARVAEZ and O'DONNELL; and at the same time he receives congratulations from the most opposite quarters. The German EMPEROR, the POPE, the head of the family of ORLEANS, and the Empress EUGÉNIE agree for once in the belief that the restoration is a triumph of the principles to which they are respectively attached. In each separate case it is easy to understand the process of reasoning by which so many actual or possible potentates have arrived at the same conclusion. The Emperor WILLIAM naturally prefers monarchies to republics; Don ALFONSO is nearly connected with the House of ORLEANS; his mother always maintained friendly relations with NAPOLEON III.; and, finally, PIUS IX. may fairly hope that his godson, the heir of a devout dynasty, will do something for the Church. To appease the jealousy of so many hostile parties, and to satisfy expectations of so diverse a character, will not be an easy task.

MR. BRIGHT'S VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM.

IT is announced that in a few days Mr. BRIGHT will visit Birmingham, and, if his strength permits, will address his constituents. It is a visit which may reasonably give pleasure to both parties. Birmingham has reason to be proud of Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. BRIGHT of Birmingham. No constituency could have been more faithful to a Liberal leader or to the Liberal party. It is the only constituency with a minority member which now returns members all of the same party; and all its members are not only Liberals, but Liberals of what is called an advanced type. Mr. BRIGHT once said that, whatever the scheme of representation might be, he could not conceive of Birmingham returning any one who was not a Liberal; and his remark seems justified by the total absence at Birmingham of anything parallel to the reaction which at Manchester has given to the Conservatives two seats, and shut the doors of Parliament on Mr. BRIGHT'S brother. Nor is it easy to see how any constituency could have been more indulgent and forbearing to a member whose ill health has long prevented him from taking the part in public affairs which it seemed to belong to him to take. If Mr. BRIGHT was tolerably well, Birmingham was sincerely pleased, but if Mr. BRIGHT was ill, Birmingham could wait without a murmur until he got well. There is something honourable to both the member and the constituents in the long continuance of relations so harmonious, which may deserve to be taken into account when fickleness is ascribed to democracies. On the other hand, it is not often that a Liberal constituency has such a member as Mr. BRIGHT to represent it. He is in the front rank of English orators, and has formed a nervous and singularly clear style on the best models of pure English. He has taken up large questions and dealt with them in a way that was not without a greatness of its own. Often narrow in his range, intolerant in his judgments, and extravagant in his denunciations, he has still imported into his treatment of the subjects which really interested him an ardour, an earnestness, and an enthusiasm which have touched the hearts of more critical hearers than Birmingham electors. He has worked hard for the cause he took up. He gave his strength, his time, and his thoughts to effect what he believed to be high purposes. And, as he has got older, his general reputation has become too firmly established to be shaken even by the disasters of the party to which he belonged, and he has risen in popularity. No one who was once hated so much is now hated so little. He has made many enemies, but has kept few; and even those who differ from his opinions most widely own that in their way they admire him, and feel for him a sort of good-humoured and friendly regard.

The main cause of this general feeling towards Mr. BRIGHT is no doubt to be found in the generous impulse of Englishmen to be proud of their statesmen. They are not prone to admire beyond what is due respectable politicians of the second rank. They consider that such men have an adequate reward in the opportunity of leading a useful life, in the possession of some social distinction, and in the opportunity of seeking ultimately an honourable asylum in the House of Lords. But towards the few men who are undoubtedly something more than successful politicians, and who have stamped their impress on the generation to which they belong, Englishmen feel attracted by ties of permanent esteem which outlast the dissolvent forces of temporary strifes and party bitternesses. Here and there a persistent Conservative would vow with a sense of noble superiority that he does not think much of BRIGHT; but then he would say the same, if he dared, of Mr. DISRAELI. A nation is not, like a chain, to be judged of by its weakest parts, and the English nation as a whole has feelings towards the eminent men of all parties to which the minds of mere party men are impervious. But such popularity as Mr. BRIGHT enjoys is not solely to be attributed to general causes. Special influences have been at work to promote and increase it. One of the great defects in Mr. BRIGHT during the period when he was an active and aggressive politician

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was that he could not figure to himself his opponents except under the disguise of abstract and imaginary classes. Those whom he asserted to belong to these classes exclaimed with natural indignation at the injustice that he thus did them. He built up the edifice of a theoretical class of landlords, all bloated aristocrats, all greedy for gain, all oppressors of the poor. The actual landlords of England who had lived among their tenants and labourers from childhood felt that they were nothing of the sort, and they execrated the name of the man who misrepresented them. But when the controversy of Protection had died away, when Mr. BRIGHT became a familiar member of the House, and when he came into contact with those who hated him, and whom he hated, the barriers between the adversaries were found to be slighter than had been expected. The same tendency of mind which made Mr. BRIGHT look on those to whom he was opposed as a class prompted him to separate the individuals whom he actually saw from the class to which he fancied they belonged. It was landlords generally, and not any of the particular men with many acres on either side of the House, who were to his mind the born spoilers of the poor. Although a member of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, he so far dissociated himself from his colleagues as not to give personal offence to any one. Even his complete failure as an administrator rather helped his popularity. It was known that he only accepted office at all because it was considered by his party that he ought to give the strength of his name to the Cabinet. There was nothing ridiculous in his failure to do a thing which he did not wish to do, and did simply to please others. He was like an elderly gentleman who at Christmas, to amuse young people, goes through a dance of which he does not pretend to know the figure. There was something touching to ordinary human feeling, and gratifying to ordinary human vanity, in the contemplation of Mr. BRIGHT'S official career as head of the Board of Trade. He spoke seldom in the last Parliament, and, when he did speak, there was more than usual interest in hearing him. The state of his health, too, awakened a respectful sympathy, and the fear lest he should be lost to the House altogether enhanced the value of his rare appearances.

Perhaps, too, the feeling of good will to Mr. BRIGHT of which we have been speaking may be not altogether disconnected from the tacit impression that he is a man whose day is gone by, and who therefore need provoke little actual opposition. If we compare him with Mr. DISRAELI or Mr. GLADSTONE, we are sensible that he belongs to the past more than they do. He is not likely to say or do anything more that will greatly affect the fortunes of parties or the opinions of the country. Mr. BRIGHT has had an epoch of activity; but it is one thing to have had an epoch of activity, and another to have the influence of those who are constantly wanted. Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE can not only think and speak. Mr. DISRAELI can manage a party so that his will becomes their will and his views their views; and Mr. GLADSTONE, when he chooses to get up the details of any subject, can so marshal his facts and figures that few of those who think him wrong have much confidence in being able to show that they themselves are right. The reasons, partly physical, partly intellectual, that made Mr. BRIGHT fail at the Board of Trade, have also made him fail to grow in the power of meeting the daily requirements of statesmanship. The times, too, in which we now live are peculiarly unfavourable to him. What is wanted now is not an enthusiastic way of treating large questions, but an exhaustive way of treating small questions. One of the chief triumphs of the Liberal party, and one of the best results of Liberal writing and reasoning during this century, has been that gradually there has grown up among men of all classes and all parties a readiness to approach subjects of public interest in a fair and impartial spirit. People are willing to discuss almost anything that is not a mere dream. So far as Mr. BRIGHT has contributed to produce this habit of mind, he has done a great good to England, but he is more fitted to produce it than to take advantage of it. To be ready to discuss things impartially is a very good thing, but when we begin to discuss them, we must go into the sort of details that are especially distasteful to Mr. BRIGHT. We are quite prepared to hear of "free land" if he likes to talk about it; but when we ask what "free land" means, we find the discussion gradually descending from the propounding of a social revolution to a disquisition on the proper amount of compensation for unexhausted manure. It is no doubt true that the proneness to inquire into details may run to excess, and may blind us to the larger aspects of some important questions; and possibly men of Mr. BRIGHT'S turn of mind may be useful occasionally in bringing some of these larger aspects to our attention. But most of the questions of the day are in so very great a degree questions of detail that the mind that can best grasp and group details must be the mind of the greatest immediate value to us. No one can possibly say that Mr. BRIGHT'S mind is a mind of that sort, and in this sense it seems to be true that his day is gone by, although in another sense his day is very far from being gone by, as he has lived to enjoy a position among his countrymen which in the hour of his greatest success he could hardly have expected to attain.

CURRENT INDIAN POLITICS.

THE physical laws which affect our Indian dependency are in themselves amply sufficient to produce startling results. Nature in the East works on a gigantic scale, and even in times of political tranquillity there is always some occurrence which assumes vast proportions and invests with a temporary interest some obscure corner of our Empire. Though Indian railways have not yet sufficiently developed themselves to furnish returns of killed and wounded equal to those of an old-fashioned engagement between two armies of moderate size, there is no lack of variety and fulness of incident in the columns of a paper at any one of the Presidencies. A river which is usually a silver streak of water meandering through a waste of sand has suddenly become a raging ocean, and carries away a bazaar of five hundred shopkeepers, or all the sepoys' huts in a military cantonment. Cholera swoops down on three populous cities without a warning, and for a time effectually solves the problem of overcrowding. An epidemic of low fever takes root in the soil of a district, flourishes with the tropical vegetation, and broods over the stagnant reservoirs. By this time we have been enabled to form a distinct idea of Indian distances and spaces, and a conception of outdoor relief which, though ten times magnified, after all, only embraced a province and a half. Seeing, then, that there will always be something unpleasant produced by excess or deficiency of rainfall, or by the mere changes from hot and dry to cold and moist, we ought to guard against too exquisitely casting the fashion of political contingencies and administrative problems. Yet, from some cause, this is just what some of our contemporaries have been doing at the close of the past year. SCINDIA'S forces have shown signs of disaffection. The meeting of two Mahratta potentates, hitherto as irreconcilable as LOUIS XI. and CHARLES THE BOLD, boded no good. Our army had dwindled down, and was below the requirements of an unquestioned supremacy. Bad as the native sepoy was before the Mutiny, he was, from the paucity of English officers, now much worse. It is worth our while to scrutinize these statements carefully, and to see whether we have to face an open scandal, a new combination of circumstances, or a hidden foe. It may be said that our position in India, even during peace, much resembles that of an English fleet at exercise on the wide ocean. Skill in navigation is essential; storms, tornadoes, and currents will give abundant opportunities for clever seamanship. A look-out must always be kept night and day from the masthead and forecastle. But though the guns be of the latest pattern, and the armoury be filled with the best explosives, the Commodore does not order his captains to sail with guns double shotted, nor does he beat to quarters, as a prudential exercise, two or three times in the course of every week. To use CANNING'S celebrated figure, the ship waits for the call of patriotism or necessity before assuming the likeness of an animated thing. The Government of India, powerful and vigilant, can, if it has taken the necessary precautions, afford to do the same.

First, about the rumoured disaffection in the army of the Maharaja SCINDIA we need say little. The allegation has been withdrawn as unfounded by the correspondent who gave it currency. But for those who are haunted by the idea of a Mahratta revival it may be interesting to know that the majority of SCINDIA'S subjects are not Mahrattas at all. His dominions, save where they touch on the Bombay Presidency, are tenanted by much the same castes and classes as the plains of Upper India. His army may

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exceed twelve thousand men, with thirty-six guns, but even larger numbers would be exposed to the fort of Gwalior, which is garrisoned by our own troops, and which could reduce the capital to ashes in the space of half-an-hour. As for the meeting of two rivals who for years, by reason of a dispute as to precedence, have never met each other at any Viceregal pageant, even Special Correspondents have failed to suggest what plan of action has been determined, at what price enmities have been buried, or what new and ominous pledges have been interchanged. But men accustomed to weigh coincidences on official responsibility, and to risk their credit on the interpretation of motives, have, we understand, detected no new or hidden danger in this late conference in Central India. A more serious question is raised by the doubts thrown on our own army, and on Lord NAPIER'S ability to bring more than thirty thousand men into the field. The simplest and most complete answer to these harassing speculations is that, to suppress disturbance and to guarantee social order anywhere in India, less than this number ought to suffice. We do not speculate on the event of a foreign invasion. Then we might want, not thirty thousand, but thrice thirty thousand. But it is incredible that twenty thousand English troops, equipped with arms of precision, and supported by powerful artillery, should not, if necessary, sweep every pretender from its path between Lahore and Calcutta, or Oudh and Kandeish. After all, too, there are some native troops on whom it is possible to depend. Past Indian history gives no warrant for such vague alarms. Putting aside the masses collected by Lord CLYDE for the reconquest of Lucknow in March 1858—though some Indian officers are audacious enough to say we should never have left the city in the November previous—it is notorious that many of our signal victories over native opponents nursed in warfare were gained by experienced generals with far less numbers. CLIVE at Plassey, WELLESLEY at Argaum and Assaye, broke and defeated enemies outnumbering our men by more than five to one. HAVELOCK, with less than 2,500 soldiers, gained nine successive victories over swarms of mutineers flushed with bloodshed and temporary success. Lord HARDINGE at Ferozshah had not 18,000 troops to set against an artillery of 40 guns as effective as our own, and more than 40,000 of the best fighting men in India, who had been disciplined by French officers of the First Empire. To multiply examples is merely to irritate Indian officers of the present day, many of whom wish for nothing better than to join a field force about one-half the size which the *Times* thinks so inadequate. Moreover, the rapidity of military action on any given point has been trebled by nearly 6,000 miles of railway; and though a recent list of native and independent forces looks large upon paper, some of the guns are probably rather rusty, the battalions without discipline, and sometimes without pay, and the leaders are not likely to compensate by inventiveness or originality for want of resources and wealth. In war, as in some of the arts of peace, we have just succeeded in making the Hindu an indifferent copy of ourselves.

On the other hand, it is impossible not to recognize the untoward character of two or three recent events. It may be fairly doubted whether the TICHBORNE trial, with its various episodes, was altogether conducive to morality and enlightenment. There can be no question that the delay in disposing of the NANA business is inauspicious and hurtful. That absurd native rumours should be piled up, as they must have been, on the top of English surmises; that the press should teem with speculations about SCINDIA'S motives and good faith; that middle-aged Mahommedans should be tempted to dwell on past horrors; and that a precocious Hindu of eighteen should ask who was this NANA, what he had done to provoke the Paramount Power, and why he is now dragged into light, is all very much to be deprecated. And it is no consolation now to be told that this unhealthy excitement has been caused by a religious mendicant fed up with fanatical excitement, delusive promises, and decoctions of hemp. We cannot enjoy even the short sweet savour of legitimate retribution for such a vast expenditure of prestige and dignity. Another unpropitious circumstance is the removal of Colonel PHAYRE from his post as Resident of Baroda. We may give Lord NORTHBROOK credit, not only for sound motives, but for vigour and political sagacity, and may assume that our representative with the GAIKWAR ought to be a fresh officer, possessed of tact and firmness, and fully prepared to carry out a lofty Imperial policy with a vicious and intriguing Court. But the removal of a diplomatist on whose life a dastardly attempt had just been made is not exactly calculated to strengthen the authority of other representatives elsewhere, who at any moment may be called on to rebuke presumption and to crush intrigue. Nothing will prevent the GAIKWAR and his agents from propagating, or the populace in Guzerat from swallowing, the most outrageous perversions of an awkward, though not an unprecedented, occurrence.

While, however, we contemplate the recent transactions at Baroda and Cawnpore with regret, it is quite clear that in other places the force of British ascendency has never been better displayed than of late. The Behar Famine and the succession at Oodeypore are legitimate triumphs of our rule. Four millions of people have been kept alive and healthy by a gigantic Poor-law, rapidly devised, and worked practically in clusters of villages and remote hamlets. This may, it is true, stereotype habits of dependence and unthrift. But, not to speak of gratitude, of which Orientals every now and then prove themselves as capable as most nations, Lord NORTHBROOK and his two Lieutenants now appear as the Avatars of a divine and benignant force. Doubts of English capacity to grapple with strange problems or to conquer malignant fates must have disappeared. The Oodeypore succession, in a very different quarter, had all the elements of a grand conflagration. The family is older than any Royal House in Europe; and, besides going back to a direct ancestor of the second century, is linked traditionally to the mythic RAMA of three thousand years ago. The capital is remote from the well-beaten track. At the MAHARANA'S death the nobles and commercial classes were profoundly moved. The shops were closed. The Ranees wished to revive the disused rite of Suttee. There was a ground of dispute for the rightful succession quite sufficient to have caused violence and bloodshed. Yet order was maintained with this haughty, sensitive, and uncivilized population by the presence of two Englishmen, with neither six-pounders nor bayonets at their backs. We have heard a good deal, but seen very little, of "moral influence" in Europe. Like the transit of Venus, it is better observed seven thousand miles away. No fact since the Mutiny has lent such support to the theory that the heads of native races, ancient and proud in arms, are beginning to consider themselves as parts of a grand system where the Viceroy, at the apex, represents the majesty of England and the conquests of the Mogul. Against the episode of Baroda and the excitement of the supposed NANA we may fairly set the results of the Famine and the tranquillity of Oodeypore.

Unpleasant events in India are not wont to occur in the cold season. The first Sikh war was begun by the murder of two young officers in April 1848. The Sontal Rebellion occupied the rainy season of 1855. We all recollect the great Mutiny in the heats of May. The cold weather generally finds the Englishman, civilian or soldier, capable of any amount of activity or exertion. But, with past warnings and present means of locomotion, we ought to be able to meet any contingency in the very hottest time of the year. India is a country where we may at any time descry the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, or BURKE'S meteor which may suddenly burst and spread desolation. But the best informed of the Anglo-Indian papers, such as the *Pioneer*, have left the alarm to be sounded in this country. The coming visit of the astute and vigorous Minister who has already once stood on London Bridge, and has so long ruled at Nepaul, is not without significance for good. Vigilance to detect, and promptitude to punish, will always be amongst the first qualifications of an Indian ruler. But there is thus the more reason why, to borrow a phrase from the play of SHAKSPEARE now most quoted, neither Viceroys nor editors should be frighted with false fire.

A REPUBLICAN OF 1848.

THE death of LEDRU ROLLIN revives for a moment the memory of one of the most ignoble and unfortunate epochs in French history. The Revolution of 1848 is almost sufficiently characterized by the fact that LEDRU ROLLIN was one of its principal promoters and representatives. At that time the French nation, after ages of despotism only interrupted by a brief period of murderous anarchy, had at last tried for thirty years the experiment of a comparatively free and constitutional Government. It is true that both under the legitimate Kings and in

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the reign of Louis Philippe there were numerous abuses not yet redressed. The constituency was too small either to be accepted as fairly representing the whole community or to be exempt from liability to Ministerial influence, which often degenerated into corruption. The Government interfered openly in elections, according to the uniform French practice which was afterwards adopted and exaggerated by Ledru Rollin himself. It would have been evident to any candid and patriotic opponent of the King and his Minister that the extension of the suffrage and the purification of the administrative system were attainable by constitutional methods. The King was far advanced in years, and M. Guizot had no freehold in his office. In the meantime the Government was dependent on Parliamentary majorities, and great orators and debaters on both sides incessantly appealed to public opinion. The Chamber of Deputies might have few constituents, but it included all the most eminent living Frenchmen. The administration of justice was unimpeached; personal freedom was, according to French notions, sufficiently protected; and the press enjoyed not only liberty but license. The attacks which had, as the event proved, fatally weakened the Monarchy, were principally directed against the best and wisest part of Louis Philippe's policy. Armand Carrel and his rivals and successors incessantly denounced the maintenance of peace, especially with England. It is perhaps a redeeming point in the character of the democratic journalists of the time that, when they overthrew the pacific Monarchy, they made no attempt to practise the doctrine which they had systematically preached. The recollections of the Empire and of the first Republic had been exclusively evoked for purposes of domestic faction.

The habit of using the influence of journalism for the promotion of personal objects has exercised a pernicious effect on the politics of France. When those who ought to be public instructors write with the intention of raising themselves to power, it is not surprising that their teaching should be neither disinterested nor scrupulous. Even in the days of Louis XVIII., Chateaubriand had forced himself into office by his political writings; M. Thiers had, as a journalist, contributed largely to the fall of Charles X., and he immediately became a Minister under Louis Philippe. The conductors of the Republican papers from 1840 to 1848 hoped to imitate his success; and though their triumph proved to be of short duration, they were not disappointed. The *National*, in which Marrast had succeeded Carrel, was the most conspicuous assailant of the Government; and the *Réforme*, under the influence of Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, was imbued with a deeper tinge of Jacobinism, vaguely tending to Socialism. Ledru Rollin had little of the literary ability of his colleague; but he was a popular orator, a pugnacious and successful advocate, and a credulous and ignorant devotee of the worst traditions of the Revolution. Of two worthless idols, it afterwards appeared that the French multitude preferred the legendary Napoleon to the not less apocryphal Committee of Public Safety; but in the days of Louis Philippe the Republicans never suspected that the Empire would be the alternative of the constitutional Monarchy. Their object was to reproduce the theory and practice of 1793, and unfortunately they accomplished the first part of their enterprise. The dynastic Opposition under Thiers and Odillon Barrot played with imbecile readiness into the hands of the revolutionary faction. The Reform banquets were advocated by the *National* and the *Réforme*, not because the Republican journalists wished to strengthen the popular element in the constituencies, but in the hope that the inevitable repression of the meetings would provoke a riot and perhaps a revolution.

When their hopes were realized through the weakness of the King and the helplessness of M. Thiers, the little clique of journalists proceeded with impudent audacity to appropriate to themselves the spoils of victory. They were, probably against their will, compelled to admit to a share in the Government the eloquent charlatan who had at the last moment deserted the cause of order, and rendered impossible the establishment of the Regency of the Duchess of Orleans. Lamartine accordingly became Foreign Minister and a member of the Provisional Government; but nearly all the other offices were distributed among themselves by the staff of the *National* and the staff of the *Réforme*. Ledru Rollin appointed himself Minister of the Interior, and for the two months during which the exhausted nation submitted to the self-elected Government he was regarded as the chief rival of Lamartine, who was, in default of a better defender of order, supposed to be its representative. The satellites of Ledru Rollin, including the notorious Caussidière, controlled the police and the administration; and, in mimicry of his favourite models in the Committee of Public Safety, the Minister sent Commissioners with unlimited powers into the departments, not to conduct ordinary public business, but to establish Republican supremacy. The posthumous Jacobins of 1848, and more especially Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, were conscious in the midst of their fanatical exaltation that their party was still in a minority. They consequently objected to the convocation of a Constituent Assembly until some undefined time when they should have educated France to appreciate the blessings of a Republic. When they were outvoted by their less violent colleagues, Ledru Rollin's Commissioners were instructed to manage the elections with the aid of authority which, as they were reminded by their employer, was absolute and boundless. The Circular which avowed to the country the establishment of democratic despotism was worthy of the political and moral character of the Minister, but it was thought to have been composed by a more eloquent writer. The most brilliant authoress of the time reproduced in the name of Ledru Rollin the enthusiastic declamation of the old revolutionary style; and the fanaticism of feminine genius exhibited itself in the ornate periods which proclaimed the doctrines of compulsory liberty and intolerant fraternity. The prophetess and the demagogue had failed to appreciate the progress of political knowledge and good sense during the thirty years of constitutional government. The insolent language of the Minister of the Interior was answered by the return of a large Conservative majority, and by the election in numerous constituencies of Lamartine, who was regarded as Ledru Rollin's most powerful opponent.

The first act of the Constituent Assembly was to supersede the Provisional Government, and to appoint a smaller Council, the members of which were practically nominated by Lamartine. The vanity and folly of the popular orator were displayed in the perpetration of a ruinous mistake. With affected magnanimity, Lamartine betrayed the national trust by insisting that Ledru Rollin should be included in the Government, which from that moment sank into universal contempt. For the remainder of his life Lamartine ceased to exercise political influence, though for a few weeks the ill-assorted Government retained its titular authority. In May a revolutionary faction attacked the Assembly; in June the formidable rebellion of the rabble which had been armed by the Provisional Government was suppressed after a desperate struggle. Lamartine and his colleagues were now dismissed by the Assembly; and in the following year Ledru Rollin was implicated in a plot which led to his prosecution and exile. He took refuge in England, where, with a taste and feeling worthy of his character and of his political creed, he employed himself in writing a book on the decline of the country which had afforded him shelter. The book fell dead-born from the press, and for five-and-twenty years the Tribune, as he had been called by his flatterers, remained in merited obscurity. At last it occurred to some of the managers of the democratic party that it might be convenient to resuscitate an influence which could only have prevailed in a former generation. Some Republicans feared that Gambetta was deviating into the paths of tolerance and prudence, nor is it yet certain that the popular leader may not forfeit the confidence of his adherents by degenerating into a statesman. It was justly thought that, if all others ceased to adhere to the Jacobin cause, Ledru Rollin was incapable of learning wisdom by long experience. Accordingly he was elected to the Assembly, and on one occasion he tried to speak. Though he was not past the vigour of age, he utterly and finally broke down. His thoughts, his language, and his whole political vocation had become obsolete, and with a glimmering of judgment he recognized his unfitness to take part in modern affairs. His death possesses no political importance, but his previous miscarriage is satisfactory as a proof that some forms of political mischief and folly have at last expired. Ledru Rollin could not have added credit or dignity to any sect or party, but he was a characteristic specimen of the Republican of 1848.

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THE SOUTH WALES COLLIERS.

THE painful experience of two years ago has apparently not been wholly thrown away on the Glamorganshire colliers. At that time they obtained, at the price of an ostensible concession, a real victory over their employers. After many weeks of suspended labour the works were reopened at the old rate of wages, with an understanding that the increase which had been demanded at Christmas should be granted at Lady Day. The iron trade, though it already exhibited symptoms of future collapse, was then still extraordinarily profitable, and the ironmasters and coalowners would probably have conceded the additional percentage in the first instance but for their wish to assert their independence of the dictation of the Trade-Union. While the strike lasted, the men bore with fortitude privations which must have seemed the severer because they were voluntarily incurred. The great majority of the workmen had no claim on the funds of the Union, and they could scarcely have continued the struggle but for the credit which was allowed by the tradesmen of the district at great inconvenience to themselves. Since the renewal of the strike has been threatened, the shopkeepers have given notice that they must refuse credit to any of the men who have not paid up their former arrears. The Union funds available for the purposes of a strike are insignificant in amount, and there is consequently no visible means of maintaining more than one hundred thousand men in idleness for any considerable time. Above all, it is notorious that the reduction announced by the masters is caused by a stagnant and falling market. There would probably be no great loss in closing the works for the present, and some of the managers have warned the men that, if the furnaces were once blown out, a long time might possibly elapse before they were relighted. Mr. HALLIDAY had persuaded one meeting to determine on a strike, but the resolution to yield, when it was proposed to the Dowlais and Rymney men, was unanimously carried.

If the wishes of the men at other works prevail against the advice of the delegates, it will be satisfactory, not that wages have been lowered, but that the party which is for the time the weaker should acknowledge the necessity of submission without previously incurring great and useless hardships. It is possible that a reduction of wages may tend, after an interval, to revive the prosperity of the iron trade. Much uneasiness has been caused in the trade by the diminution of the American demand, and by the concession of large English contracts to foreign firms. Experience proves that the state of the iron trade really controls the price of coal, although other causes contributed to the extraordinary rise of two years ago. The actual percentage which was added to wages formed but an insignificant portion of the total increase of cost; but the labour of the men became less productive as their wants were more easily satisfied, and the coalowners were not unwilling to find in the pretensions of the men an excuse for their own unprecedented profits. It is probable that the hours of labour will be voluntarily increased in consequence of the reduction of wages which, with or without a strike, is inevitable. The standard of living must have been raised during the period of prosperity, and it will be worth while to maintain it, if possible, at the cost of additional exertion. Some additional demand for labour will be caused by the opening of the numerous pits which were commenced during the period of high prices; but on the whole it may be assumed that the rate of wages is likely to remain at a low level for a considerable time. The Union delegates urge as an argument in favour of a strike the probability that the employers, if they are not checked by preliminary resistance, will propose a further reduction. It is impossible to judge whether the lowest point has yet been reached. The men may perhaps be inclined to suspect that the masters take undue advantage of their earlier knowledge both in prosperous and in adverse circumstances; but they have evidently learned in some degree the lesson that combination is an immediate, and not an ultimate, cause of changes in the rate of wages. When good times return they will be able to dictate terms to their employers.

The colliers, at the instigation of the Union, endeavoured to obtain a reference of the disputed question to arbitration; but the masters positively declined a mode of settlement which, as they asserted, was not applicable to the circumstances of the trade. Although arbitrations have been successfully tried in some branches of industry, it is difficult to understand the principles on which they are to be conducted. It is at least not surprising that coalowners should be unwilling to admit that the workmen in their employment are entitled to a share in their profits. The mention of the labour market, and of the price of labour, and many other phrases which describe labour as a saleable commodity, although they are to some extent metaphorical, approximately describe the true character of contracts between employers and workmen. No other element in the cost of manufacture is supposed to vary in price with the profits of production. A cotton-spinner in prosperous times may perhaps buy his cotton at an unusually cheap rate, if a favourable year for the crop has coincided with an extraordinary demand for cotton goods. It is true that raw materials tend to become dearer when the prosperity of a manufacture causes an increased demand; and for the same reason workmen are enabled to obtain higher wages when their services are urgently required. The cost of cotton or of coal to the spinner or the ironmaster can by no possibility become the subject of arbitration. The vendor of the raw material may be said indirectly to obtain a share of the manufacturer's profits; but only because the demand increases while the supply probably remains the same. If a large number of previously unskilled workmen were suddenly to qualify themselves to work in coal mines, it might well happen that the value of labour was reduced at the very moment when profits were at their highest. It is perhaps possible to extend indefinitely the practice of co-operation or partnership, but as long as the labourer is hired by a contract for fixed wages, no arbitrator can do more than ascertain the market value of his work.

The intimation that the colliers at some of the pits propose to ask for an increase of wages in March is probably rather intended as a consolation or encouragement to themselves and their comrades than as a threat to the employers. If trade should so far revive as to justify the demand for a rise, they will succeed for the same reasons which account for their present probable failure. On the other hand, it is not likely that the period of depression will terminate immediately, and it is possible that another reduction may be found necessary. The diminished influence of the Union since the last strike is remarkable, though it perhaps chiefly indicates a misconception of the objects and effects of combination. The friends of Trade-Unions always assert that they have permanently raised wages, and it is probable that they have accelerated concessions which might at a later time have been voluntarily made. The more intelligent Unionists are well aware that no combination can counteract the effects of commercial depression; but the system had been recently introduced into the mineral district of South Wales, and perhaps it may have been supposed that a fall in wages was a proof of the failure of the Union. It is a misfortune that the incomes of a large and industrious class should be seriously diminished, but it was impossible that the prosperity of two years ago should last. It is always desirable that a strike either for a rise or against a reduction should be avoided; and a strike of ironmasters' colliers is more than ordinarily injurious, because their withdrawal from the pits involves the compulsory idleness of the workers in iron. Even the hardy Welsh race might shrink from encountering the hardships of a strike in the depth of a winter which, till within a few days, seemed likely to be extraordinarily severe. Strikes are for the most part organized by active minorities, and in the present instance the resolution to yield, if it is ultimately adopted, probably corresponds with the opinion of the greater number. The meeting of delegates at Merthyr which decided in favour of the strike was evidently actuated by a not unreasonable fear that, in yielding on the present occasion, the colliers would have to some extent repudiated the authority of the Union. It is not surprising that the majority of men regard their own urgent necessities more than considerations of policy. The second meeting which was held on the same day reversed the decision of the delegates, and for the present there is little danger of an interruption of the industry of South Wales.

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RAILWAY COMPETITION.

IT is impossible to look forward without the gravest apprehensions to the probable, and indeed almost inevitable, consequences of the line of action to which the principal Railway Companies have just committed themselves. The reduction of passenger fares on the Midland has been followed by a corresponding reduction on the lines of rival Companies at all points of competition, and it is announced that the rates for goods are also to be lowered. It is true that the reduction of passenger fares is in some respects rather nominal than real, and the Companies no doubt hope to indemnify themselves by a gain of aggregate receipts for any sacrifices in detail. Still the immediate tendency of this new policy must obviously be to increase the amount of traffic, and consequently the working expenses, while at the same time rather diminishing the profits of the Companies. It is clear that the Companies must either carry more passengers and goods at the reduced rates or lose revenue. And this course is taken at a time when it has been conclusively shown by a series of the most horrible disasters that the Railway Companies have already a great deal more traffic of all kinds on their hands than they can safely manage. It is notorious that the enormous growth of traffic during the last few years has altogether outstripped the accommodation provided for it, and that, in order to do anything like justice to their present business, the Companies ought, in almost every case, to double their main lines, to provide enlarged sidings and shunting places, and to make special arrangements on the more crowded routes for the separation of goods and passenger trains. The staff of officials is also miserably inadequate; and it is becoming more apparent every day, not only that more men are required and that their hours of labour must be shortened, but that a higher class of men, at more liberal wages, will have to be provided. Again, there are various improvements and precautions in the machinery and working of the railways which ought already to have been introduced, and which the Companies, even with their corporate insensibility and power of passive resistance, will hardly be able to repudiate much longer. The British public is slow, patient, and long-suffering, but it is scarcely credible that it will for an indefinite period permit itself to be slaughtered in periodical batches, merely because the Railway Companies in their greed refuse to adapt their insufficient lines and antiquated methods of working to the new conditions of their enterprise.

Under these circumstances it is evident that for the next few years the tendency of railway expenditure must necessarily be to rise. An outlay on safety will certainly not be eventually unproductive; but in the first instance it is of course expensive. The error, therefore, which the Companies would seem to be now committing is this—they are spending money which ought to be applied to securing greater safety and efficiency in the conveyance of their existing traffic on a reckless effort to obtain an increase of traffic, which, if obtained, must necessarily add immensely to the already serious difficulties and dangers of a gorged and overcrowded system. Nothing is more certain than that, as the lines now stand, even the present traffic cannot be carried without constant peril and frequent disasters. More traffic must therefore mean more peril and more frequent massacres. Trains will be more crowded, more irregular, more loosely and wildly managed by an overworked and bewildered staff; the wear and tear of rolling stock and plant, already too often rather rickety, will be greatly enhanced; and all the evils and catastrophes of the present system will be likely to be multiplied and intensified. Whatever may be the financial results of the experiment, there is every prospect that there will be a heavy butcher's bill to pay. Every fresh inquiry into the so-called railway accidents shows that the Companies apparently act on the assumption that the perfectibility of railway working is practically exhausted, and that they are entitled to go on in the old jog-trot way merely because any improvement would involve trouble or expense, and they prefer to take a fatalistic view of accidents. Mr. SMILES, for example, in an apology for the Companies, lays great stress on the fact that more people are killed by lightning than by railways; and it is argued that accidents on railways ought equally to be regarded as, in the old phrase, the visitation of GOD. Before this plea can be accepted, however, it must be shown that every known and reasonable precaution is taken by the Railway Companies. The recent Shipton disaster, for example, was caused by the breaking of a tire, and this tire seems to have been of sound metal and without flaw. Moreover, the tire was riveted to the wheel in the way that is said to be usual on railways, when wheels are riveted at all, which, we are afraid, is not so general as it should be. One of the witnesses calculated that probably more than half-a-million of wheels constructed on the same principle are now running in the United Kingdom, and he doubted whether there were any much better. This, however, is not a very cheerful reflection after our experience of what happened to this particular wheel. The essential question is not merely whether the tire was riveted in the usual way, but whether it was riveted in a thoroughly efficient way. The breaking of the tire may be admitted to be an accident; but then the riveting was intended, in the event of fracture, to prevent the broken pieces from flying off; and, as in this case they did fly off, it would seem that the riveting was insufficient. The Great Western Company must themselves presumably have thought so when they gave up making wheels of this construction; and they are therefore responsible for continuing to use the old wheels which they believe to be defective. Nor can it be admitted that their obligations ceased when they had done what they thought needful for the wheel. If, as they contend, the best of wheels are always liable to give way, then they were bound to make adequate provision for an accident which they knew might happen at any moment. It is clear that the safety of a whole train ought not to be left absolutely at the mercy of an accident to a single wheel. An efficient means of communication between the passengers and the guard and engine-driver, and a more powerful brake, would no doubt—as indeed one of the officials has admitted—have averted the worst consequences of the accident. Only a day or two since a train on the North Staffordshire Railway ran off the rails because the driver, who saw that a rail was up in front, could not pull up in two hundred yards; and it is remarked that "it was fortunate that the misplaced rail was on the "right-hand side, otherwise the train would have fallen "over a steep embankment." Here the mischief was plainly caused by the deliberate neglect of the Company to supply proper brake power, while the narrow escape of the passengers from destruction was purely accidental.

In a police case at Manchester the other day a railway "greaser," who had been found with an iron pan taken from a truck under his coat, pleaded that he had been at work for so many hours that he did not know what he was doing, and the magistrate gave him the benefit of the doubt. We are driven to suspect that a similar mental infirmity must have seized some of the higher railway officials, judging by the strange absurdity of the regulations as to return tickets which have just been issued. The issue of a return ticket is one of the simplest commercial transactions conceivable. The Company gets the money for two fares in advance, and it is therefore worth while to allow a discount to the purchaser, who, for the sake of this allowance, is content to run the risk of losing or never using the ticket for the return journey. The Midland Company, however, have as a rule abolished the discount, and some of the other railways have also either withdrawn it or reduced it to a merely nominal sum. The result of this can hardly fail to be that the Companies will lose a good deal of ready money which they might otherwise obtain. Again it is obvious that the time during which the ticket for a back journey is available must be perfectly immaterial to the Railway Company. They undertake to provide a seat for the passenger when he presents himself; but whether he comes next day, or the week after, or the month after that, cannot possibly make the slightest difference to them. A liberal allowance of time is, however, a convenience for the passenger, and, though it costs the Company nothing, he is made to pay for it. On the Great Northern, if you travel over fifty miles, you can have a month before coming back; but if you stop short of the fifty miles, you have only a week. The London and North-Western and the Great Eastern have the same rule, while the Great Western has a most elaborate schedule of the number of days allowed for return in the case of journeys of different lengths—one day for fifty miles, two days for one hundred and twenty-five, three days for two hundred, and so on. It would of course be just as rational to make a distinction between people with

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red hair and people with black hair, or to make the interval between the journeys depend on the length of each passenger's nose. It cannot possibly be of the slightest consequence to a Railway Company how long a traveller may choose to stay at any place before going home to his wife; but it is an opportunity for a wanton and vexatious exaction, and the temptation would seem to be too strong to be resisted. If the Companies would only sell tickets at a fixed rate of discount, and without any restrictions as to the time within which they may be used, they could hardly fail to reap a profit by it. But what people want above all is not cheapness, but safety.

THE LIVERPOOL EXECUTIONS.

IF a few more brutal attacks should happen to end in the death of the victims, and in the consequent execution of the assailants, crime in Liverpool may perhaps return to its ordinary course. The passion for kicking unoffending neighbours is no doubt a strong one, and for some time past it has entailed such slight inconveniences that no young man of spirit could be expected to abandon it. But when the law against murder is seriously applied, kicking has the grave disadvantage that the frontier line between injuring a man for life and depriving him of life may easily be passed over. Probably not one of the three criminals executed at Liverpool last Monday had intended his violence to cause death. What he did intend was to inflict such violence as pleased him, and leave chance to determine whether his victim lived or died. If it is found that, as often as chance inclines to the side of death, conviction and execution follow as a matter of course, even the most careless of criminals will be likely to think twice before attempting an assault which may prove a short road to the gallows. Until now the chance of being hanged for kicking a man was scarcely more than a contingency upon a contingency. A whole string of uncertainties lay between the indulgence and the punishment. The injured man might live, and then a short term of imprisonment would put the assailant and the community once more on good terms with one another. Or, if he died, the jury might return a verdict of manslaughter, and the judge, after a proper amount of lecturing, might let the manslayer off with a sentence which, in his own simple phrase, he could do on his head. Or even if judge and jury should both be so bloodthirsty as to compass the death of the prisoner, he might still thank GOD that he had a Home Secretary. One way or another there was pretty sure to be a rock ahead on which justice would make shipwreck; and, fortified with the conviction that he was fortune's favourite, the rough went on from bad to worse until human life in Lancashire promised to become as cheap as in a newly-settled American State, without the tempering influence of Lynch Law or Vigilance Committees. If judges and jurymen do their work properly, and if Mr. CROSS does not reverse their decisions, these many uncertainties will dwindle down to one. A kick may possibly not produce death, and in that case the life of the man who has given it will not be forfeited. But, as has been already said, the most careless criminal will know that a single kick may end fatally, and that, if it does, he will be hanged just as certainly as though he had blown out his victim's brains with a pistol. It is not probable that when this conviction takes hold of the roughs they will be so ready as they are now to commit murder without premeditation, and almost without motive.

There is no need, however, that even the uncertainty whether a kick may produce death should continue to tempt criminals to commit brutal assaults in the expectation that no great harm will come to them in consequence. This earth should be stopped as well as the others. A rough cannot be made to believe that, if he half murders a man, his punishment will be the same as though he had quite murdered him. But he can be made to believe that, if he half murders a man, he will come in for an exceedingly unpleasant punishment. Whether the terms of imprisonment to which offenders convicted of brutal assaults can be sentenced should be lengthened is a question which may be best left to experts. But there is no doubt that the term of imprisonment, whether it be long or short, should be made as annoying as possible. As a rule, it does not appear that roughs have much, or indeed any, dread of imprisonment. So long as this is the case there must be something faulty in our system of punishment. Imprisonment is sometimes talked of as though it were meant to be to the criminal classes what retreats are to devout Roman Catholics—periods of seclusion from the world to be spent in cultivating sorrow for past sins, and in framing resolutions of amendment. Unfortunately the criminals for whose use prisons are intended do not seem to share this view of them. They regard them as places designed for inflicting suffering in return for suffering inflicted; and if we may judge from the lightness of heart with which they hear their sentences, prisons, when looked at in this light, may for the most part be set down as failures. In the evidence given before a Royal Commission on this subject some years since, it is reported of one particular gaol that, under the management of the then governor, it had become so odious to the criminal classes that they were wont to say that they would as soon go to hell as be sent there. This is precisely the temper in which those who commit brutal assaults ought to look at all gaols. The limits within which punishment may profitably be allowed to cause physical suffering to those who undergo it are not likely nowadays to be exceeded. A criminal must not be sentenced to a lingering death disguised under the name of imprisonment, nor must he be so physically injured or weakened as to make him incapable of earning an honest living when he comes out of gaol, supposing that he wishes to do so. But, subject to these well-understood restrictions, the more painful a term of imprisonment can be made, the better calculated it will be to fulfil its purpose. In apportioning punishment, the first consideration for the legislator is what sort of punishment the particular offender is likely most to dislike. If it is found that neither the disgrace nor the enforced seclusion of imprisonment has the effect of deterring a man from crime, it at once becomes a question whether the desired terrors cannot be found in the adjuncts of imprisonment. It is clear that a cheerful young rough of twenty who kicks a passer-by into insensibility because he will not give him money to buy drink is not sensitive upon the point of honour. To be called a "gaol bird" has no terror for him. Nor will the loss of six months' time give him much annoyance. His education is completed; his occupations, whatever they are, will be as open to him when he comes out of gaol as before he went in. He will be worse fed perhaps in prison than if he were living on his own resources; but, on the other hand, the supply will be less precarious. Altogether, there is no particular reason why he should dislike imprisonment, and an immense array of facts go to show that he does not dislike it.

How gaols can be made more an object of dread than they at present are is also a matter for experts; and it is difficult to believe that the governors of the principal prisons could not, if they were consulted, offer some useful suggestions on this head. One very obvious change which has been again and again urged, and, so far as we have seen, without any valid objection being raised against it, is that the sentences in cases of brutal assaults should include one or more sound floggings. The plea that flogging tends to brutalize those on whom it is inflicted may be classed with the reason often assigned by foolish mothers for spoiling their children, that anything like severity would break their spirits. The simple question is, whether a man who knows that if he commits an assault he will be flogged is less likely to commit one than a man who knows that he will only be imprisoned. If it can be shown that the prospect of a certain number of lashes will not have any deterrent effect on him, that may be a valid argument against the proposed change. But its validity depends, not on the alleged brutalizing influence of the cat, but on its proved inefficiency. If, on the other hand, there is ground for hoping that this prospect will have a deterrent effect on him, it does not much matter whether he is brutalized by the process or not. It is better to live with a brute who is afraid to strike you than with a man of fine and delicate spirit who is always ready to assail you with foot and hand. The objections characteristically urged by Lord ABERDARE at the Glamorganshire Quarter Sessions last Tuesday are either tinged with this unreasoning sentimentality or they merely apply to details. There may be valid objections to flogging wife-beaters while allowing other kinds of assault to receive their present inadequate punishment, or to allowing flogging to be inflicted by a Justice of the Peace. For ourselves we should be quite ready to apply the lash in all cases of aggravated assault

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without reference to the sex of the victim; and, provided that the authors of such assaults are habitually committed for trial, we have no objection to the power of flogging being, as now, withheld from the magistrates in petty sessions.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

A GREAT reformer has appeared in Paris. Baron H. is prepared to instruct persons unable to carry on a conversation fluently and agreeably in the art most essential to social pleasures. He holds classes at home, which may be attended for a pound a month; and he is willing to accept a moderate number of invitations to dinner for twenty francs, his terms being exclusive of attendance at the evening party. He will further introduce guests who will take part in supporting the conversation. The previous career of this gifted being is shrouded in mystery; but it seems from his own statement that he has travelled widely, studied profoundly, and has a fine natural talent for expressing himself. Our only wonder is that this benefactor of his species should confine his efforts to the French metropolis. The commonplaces about national character are generally false enough; but we have always clung to the belief, which has hitherto been confirmed by our experience, that Frenchmen were without exception good talkers. It is, indeed, a melancholy revelation of the progress of social decay if the French people are beginning to suffer from the dulness to which we have long been victims. Or is this perhaps one more of the consequences which are so liberally attributed to the late war? Have Frenchmen sobered down so much that their tongues no longer move with the old facility? Or should we perhaps infer that political discussions have become so savage and absorbing as to have quenched the old light of conversational vivacity? Some such conclusion must be suggested by the fact that the Baron excludes all political discussions from his practical exemplifications of the art. Yet, if Frenchmen find politics wearisome, what is to be said for ourselves? If it is wearisome to discuss the relative advantages of the Empire and the Republic, what is to be got out of discussions, say, on the compound householder, or the twenty-fifth clause, or any of those minute and technical issues into which an English debate is pretty sure to narrow itself? We are inclined to think that the evils from which conversation suffers in France must be the reverse of those which exist among us in England. There, anything like rational talk is often spoilt by the excessive liveliness of the conversers; here, it is swamped by the dreary influence of the genuine bore—a character who can probably be raised in greater perfection in England than in any other quarter of the globe.

The reformer of English conversation would thus have to meet a set of evils quite different from those which perplex his foreign colleague. He would, indeed, have an ample field for investigation, and would probably decide that any genuine reform must be based upon certain sweeping changes in the framework of society. For, in the first place, there is one obvious obstacle to anything like good talk in most English houses. A good talker presupposes a good audience, and a good audience is becoming daily more difficult to obtain. The reason may easily be understood by the reader of Boswell. Johnson, we may fairly assume, was the best of all English talkers on record. Now Johnson was surrounded by a little court of familiar friends, each of whom sustained a well-understood character. A party consisting of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, and so on, was like a company of actors each of whom understands the powers of all his colleagues, and is able to co-operate towards the general effect. They could understand each other; the humourist was in no danger of being taken to speak seriously; the man of special information would not have his pet subject snatched out of his mouth; the tender points of the irritable man were thoroughly understood, and his friends could avoid giving him unnecessary offence. On the other hand, there was a sufficient amount of variety to save the members of the little circle from boring each other too much. Some new-comer was always turning up who could introduce new topics from the world of art or politics or literature or travel. And it is on the fortunate balance between these two elements that the power of producing good conversation depends. There should be a nucleus of sufficiently intimate friends who should form, so to speak, an organic body, instead of a mere collection of incoherent atoms, and yet the circulation of its constituent parts should be rapid enough to preserve a certain freshness of interest. Now the difference between the London of to-day and the London of a century ago is precisely that all these little eddies have been swept into the main stream. The rush of the torrent is too furious to allow of the formation of those pleasant little coteries in which alone good conversation can be originally fostered. There have been great talkers since the days of Johnson; but men like Mackintosh and Macaulay seem to have been rather lecturers than conversers, because they could not come into the same close personal relation with the crowds who were for a time fellow-occupants of the same room; and others, who have had some talent of the Theodore Hook kind, were rather actors in a private theatre than, in any proper sense of the word, talkers. There seems to be little immediate prospect of diminishing this evil, and whilst it continues a Johnson is scarcely conceivable. Take the old Doctor and put him down in the midst of a London drawing-room, and it is easy to see at what a loss he would be. He has no established butt like Goldsmith or Boswell, who will take his rough humour in good part; he cannot rely upon any argumentative challenge being taken up, for somebody of whom he has never heard, and who does not in the least understand his meaning, may cut in and disappoint him of his intended antagonist; he cannot leave it to his audience to take up half-meanings or to make allowance for a mixture of irony, for nine-tenths of mankind are firmly convinced that all great men talk in Acts of Parliament; he cannot touch safely upon theology, for he may have a Positivist on his right and an Ultramontane on his left; nor upon politics, when the meeting between a Wilkes and a Johnson is the rule rather than the exception; and if he even ventures to "speak disrespectfully of the North Pole," he may be treading on the toes of some one who has been advocating or opposing, or, in some round-about way, concerned in promoting or discouraging an Arctic expedition. In short, he is like an actor in presence of a strange audience with unfamiliar colleagues, and not knowing whether he is to take part in a farce or a tragedy.

The difficulty is familiar, and cannot be entirely evaded; and yet, by recognizing its true nature, something might be done to more purpose than can be generally supposed, or surely more pains would be taken to secure so desirable an object. Just consider, for example, the notorious absurdities of a modern dinner-party. Two human beings, each of whom may probably know no more than that the other belongs to the opposite sex, are arbitrarily coupled together, and left without a guide to search through all earth and heaven for some topic in which they have a common interest. It has come to be understood that the great merit of a dinner-table is to be so broad that no one but a popular preacher can make himself heard across it; and a large barrier of plate and flowers is erected to intercept all view of your opposite neighbour. By carefully nursing some little spark of conversation struck out by a happy thought, you have nearly blown it into a flame when a sense of duty suggests that you must entertain the only other person within hail—namely, your neighbour on the opposite side. If three people carry on something like a conversation, the one in the centre has to act as interpreter between the other two. The plan may have its conveniences, for in transmitting a tart observation upon the politics, we may change it into a delicate compliment upon the poetry, of the hearer; but at least it is not conversation. When ladies retired, gentlemen in the good old times used to absorb their port after a sufficiently brutish fashion, but at any rate they had time to work some promising mine of conversation. At present this is regarded as uncivilized. A further process of breaking the ice has to be performed after the scene has been shifted, and is probably showing some symptoms of success, when it becomes necessary to unite the party once more. As the hour of dining has grown later there is just time for a cup of tea, and an apology or a compliment, when carriages are announced, and persons retire, after passing two or three hours broken up into four spaces, of each of which it is probable that at least half has been occupied in a vague fumbling after some appropriate topic for communication. The very idea of a good long friendly chat between a small party, each of whom contributes something to the whole, is becoming obsolete, or at any rate is never realized at a dinner. And yet a dinner is probably the nearest approach to a sociable meeting which is generally obtainable.

We may add, too, that, awkward as is the social machinery provided, there seem to be some accepted prejudices which increase the mischief, and which would deserve the attention of Baron H. Well-meaning hostesses appear to have heard that conversation, in order to be good, ought to be varied, that it should turn upon matters in which everybody can take a part, that it should not be calculated to shock the prejudices of any one present, and so on. In each of these little commonplaces there is of course a certain infusion of sound sense, but they are often applied in a grievously unintelligent manner. When, for example, two people are just succeeding in keeping up the ball, and have managed to send it backwards and forwards half-a-dozen times, a promising beginning is made. Others within hearing should join in carefully so as not to throw the players off their balance. But just at this moment a stupid person remembers the totally inappropriate maxim that a conversation ought not to run too long in one groove; or a very clever person is struck by some arbitrary association of ideas, and makes a mental leap from art to geography, or from personal gossip to metaphysics. Rejoicing in the new idea, or painfully elaborating one for the express purpose, the new interlocutor rushes into the midst of the talk, and the whole conversation is thrown out of gear, to be painfully put right again by a new series of efforts. Or it may be that somebody has got fairly mounted upon his pet hobby and is careering off, to his or her own complete satisfaction, towards Egyptian antiquities or the origin of language. The injudicious observer remembers that "shop" is a nuisance, or that the talker is dwelling upon a theory which may possibly interfere with the prejudices of somebody present. Instantly the unlucky rider is dexterously twitched off his hobby and left floundering on his back, unable to get upon his legs again, or the smouldering spark of conversation is summarily stamped out from the fear that it may possibly lead to a conflagration. It would be well if people would remember that, within certain limits, "shop" is the best of all talk, because it means simply talking about matters which the talker understands; and that a little difference of opinion is essential to a lively talk, though too vehement a contrast may lead to an explosion. But

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the very definition of tact is the art of applying commonplaces at the right moment instead of the wrong, and too many people, having no tact whatever, manipulate conversation as a heavy-handed rider manages a horse, by jerking him on to his haunches, instead of dexterously guiding him by an imperceptible pressure into the most desirable line. To bring people together who are in harmony without being in absolute unison, to foster and stimulate any promising germ of talk, to lead it in the right direction without crushing or forcibly disturbing it, should be the object of an intelligent host. If Baron H. could teach that art in England, he would be a public benefactor. But, as a rule, a British entertainer is satisfied with bringing together as many incongruous people as possible, trusting to luck for conversation, and putting them under conditions where anything like connected and agreeable talk is simply impracticable.

THE WALLS OF ROME.

THERE are some points in which Rome itself is less Roman than many of the cities which arose under the shadow of its dominion. It is a mere accident that the peculiar style of masonry which in our own island and in a large part of Gaul we are accustomed to look on as specially Roman is hardly to be found in Rome itself. The small square stones alternating with courses of brick, such as we are used to at York, Lincoln, and Anderida, are not to be seen in Rome, because they belong to a later stage of fortification than the walls either of Servius or of Aurelian. Nor are they universal even in Britain; in the Great Wall itself there is no sign of them. But it is no accident that the manner of laying out a city which we are accustomed to look for in our own Roman towns is quite unlike the ground-plan of Rome itself or of any other of the older Italian cities. As Tusculum and Capua are not Roman creations, so neither is Rome itself. The specially Roman character grew out of Rome; Rome was not called into being by it. But the Roman cities in Britain, even more than in any other part of the Empire, were distinctly Roman creations, called into being after Rome had put on her distinctive character. Rome itself, like other cities of Italy, Gaul, and elsewhere, grew out of the primitive hill-fortresses; the distinction between Rome and other cities, the distinction which made Rome all that it became, was that Rome did not grow out of a single fortress of the kind, but out of several. But our own Roman towns rose for the most part out of Roman camps, and the form of the Roman camp has been impressed for ever on the main lines of street in some of them—Gloucester and Chichester, for instance—where traces of actual Roman buildings will be looked for in vain. The provincial towns, in short, were the creations of Rome in the days of her greatness; Rome herself grew up to be their creator by the slow steps by which her littleness rose into her greatness.

It is in this way that the stamp of the Roman is in one sense less felt at Rome than at Chester or at Aosta. Nothing can be conceived more unlike the square outline of those cities than the irregular line both of the Servian and of the Aurelian walls. Rome ceased to be *Roma Quadrata* as soon as she spread herself beyond her first home on the Palatine. The two great fortifiers of Rome followed much the same scheme of fortification in their two widely distant ages. The early King—for a King he must have been—who is represented by the legendary name of Servius Tullius, seems, beyond all doubt, to have worked into his design such of the primitive defences of the separate hills as came in his way and suited his purpose. Aurelian, ages after, did the same. The walls of the Prætorian camp, those of the *Amphitheatrum Castrense*, pieces of the line of aqueducts, in short any earlier building, any earlier earthwork, which could in any way be made use of, was made use of and became part of the new line of defence. That is to say, Servius and Aurelian, each in his own day, acted like rational men. By the time of Servius the fortresses on the several hills had been so thoroughly merged into one city that their separate defences were no longer needed, while a common defence for the whole circuit was needed. This was made by using the old lines of defence whenever any part of them took a direction which suited the new object, and by connecting them by a new defence of earthworks or masonry wherever such a line of union was needed. On these points the researches of Mr. Parker have been most valuable; all that is needed is that he would not bring his own researches into contempt by asking us to believe that such a piece of wall was built in the year A.U.C. 1 and another in the year A.U.C. 4. In matters before the beginning of trustworthy chronology, historical inquirers must be satisfied to follow the method of geological inquirers. The geologist tells us that a certain stratum is older than another stratum; he does not profess to tell us how many years, or thousands of years, it is older. So in dealing with the works of unchronicled ages, we must be satisfied with saying that a certain wall is older than a certain other wall, without trying to fix how much older it is. Mr. Parker has, we think, like other people, ridden his hobby of "construction" rather too hard, and we can see absolutely nothing in common between his method and that of Professor Willis. Professor Willis compares together the existing buildings and the written records of a chronicled age. Mr. Parker is dealing with an age which is not chronicled, and which therefore cannot be dealt with in the same way. In some cases we think that he draws a little on his imagination; in others he distinctly shows that one piece of early wall is older than another piece. The defences of the earliest Rome on the Palatine are perfectly plain. And it is also perfectly plain that in various parts of Rome there are pieces of early wall which do not belong either to that line of defence or to the line of Servius. Out of this Mr. Parker reconstructs the separate defences of the separate hills, and also a line of defence taking in the Palatine and the Capitoline, the settlements of the Ramnes and the Titienses. We do not profess to follow him in all his details; but his theory, when we look at the walls themselves, is always worth examining, and in many cases the evidence almost reaches moral certainty. It is only when Mr. Parker will stick on mythical names and dates that he brings down the scorn of scholars on discoveries which in themselves do not deserve that scorn. There is clearly an early wall which fenced in the Palatine settlement only, and there is clearly a still early but later wall which fenced in the Palatine settlement and something else. But, when people are told that one was made in A.U.C. 1. and the other in A.U.C. 4, it is so impossible to help laughing at the dates that they are tempted most unjustly to laugh at the facts also. A settlement on the Palatine only, and a settlement taking in the Palatine, the Capitoline, and, we venture to add, part at least of the Quirinal, belong to wholly different states of things, and they must have been separated not by three years, but by generations, perhaps by centuries. Where there is no chronology, we altogether decline to do anything more than to fix the order of things, without making any attempt to say how long each state of things lasted. But if we had to ask anybody to make a guess how long it would be before a settlement on the Palatine and a settlement on the Capitoline would be likely to fence themselves in with a common wall, it is not Mr. Parker whom we should ask to make the guess, but Von Maurer or Sir Henry Maine.

The Servian walls, formed in this way by joining several earlier lines of defence into one, naturally took in a very irregular space, and the walls of Aurelian, built in exactly the same way, naturally took in a very irregular space also. The patching is as clear in the earlier case as in the later. In the piece of masonry in the Servian wall which is still to be seen in the railway station, we can as distinctly see a piece of early wall built up against a still earlier piece. So we can at a certain point of Aurelian's wall see the wider jointed brickwork of his age built up against a piece of fine brickwork of the time of Nero, the remains of some building which Aurelian pressed into the service of his new line of defence. So it is throughout; the visitor is puzzled at first at finding in the wall of Aurelian gateways bearing the names of Vespasian, of Claudius, of Augustus himself. A second glance shows that these gateways are simply arches of aqueducts, which, when they spanned a road, necessarily assumed something of the character of gateways, worked into the new line of defence. That the wall of Aurelian was built throughout on an earlier line of defence, which Mr. Parker, for some reason that we cannot guess, calls the *mœnia*, as distinguished from the *murus*, is a theory for which we see no evidence whatever. It is distinctly contradicted by the description given by Dionysios of the state of Rome in his own time, when he says that Rome was then practically unfortified, because the Servian wall was so covered with later buildings as to be no longer any defence. This theory of an earlier fortification along the line of Aurelian seems to us to rest on just as little ground as the wild notion of some Italians that the wall of Aurelian stood miles out further in the Campagna, and that the present walls date only from the time of Honorius. Aurelian did exactly what Servius had done under circumstances which were practically the same. Servius found several hills which had once been distinct settlements, but which now formed a single city, provided with defences against one another, but not provided with defences against a common enemy. He provided such a common line of defence by keeping the old works wherever they would do, and joining them into one by new works wherever new works were wanted. Aurelian found the enlarged city in what was practically much the same case. The city had so outgrown the Servian wall that it had no longer any defence. He did as Servius had done. He made a new line of defence by taking such buildings as served his purpose—camp, aqueduct, amphitheatre, anything that suited—and joining them by new works into a continuous line. The result naturally was an enclosed space even more irregular than the space enclosed by the Servian wall, and as unlike as possible to anything which Aurelian himself would have laid out if he had been founding a new colony on the Caledonian or the German frontier. In this way Rome is less Roman than her own children. The ideal of a Roman city must be looked for anywhere rather than in Rome itself. That is to say, it must not be looked for in the Rome either of Servius or of Aurelian. We might indeed say that the later Rome is not strictly Rome at all, but Rome *plus* the neighbouring settlements which she incorporated. To this later composite, confederate Rome, the Roman cities in other lands bear no likeness; but we may fairly say that the first *Roma Quadrata* on the Palatine was the parent of many another *Roma Quadrata* which our fathers found to overthrow on the Saxon shore or on the peninsula by the stream of Deva.

Nothing in an examination of Rome is more striking, nothing better brings home to us the history of the city, than to make the circuit of its walls. Of the walls of Servius the circuit can no longer be made, but the modern walls of Rome are essentially the walls of Aurelian. In a certain sense their preservation is wonderful. It is true that the walls as they stand are of all dates, from Aurelian, and those whose works Aurelian made use of, down to our own day. Every siege of Rome has involved the battering

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down and rebuilding of some part of their vast circuit. They contain therefore work—certainly materials—of every date and style from the days of the Kings of Rome to the days of the restored kingdom of Italy. But, with all this, the wall is still the same wall; it is still the wall of Aurelian, and not of any one earlier or later. Save on the right bank of the Tiber, the line of the walls has not been interfered with in any of its endless repairs; all those repairs, from Honorius to Victor Emmanuel, have been repairs in the strictest sense; they have been a mere making good of something which the accidents of time and warfare have destroyed or weakened. The wall is still a boundary and a barrier, kept on the whole singularly free from modern encroachments. And, when we think of all that this great line of defence has gone through, we shall be more inclined to wonder that so many of the ancient gates are left to us than that some of them have given way to modern successors. And in the whole history of Rome the walls of Rome are among its most living monuments. The primæval wall of the oldest Rome is the most speaking monument of the days when the first Latin settlers on the Palatine had to guard themselves against Sabine enemies on the Capitoline and the Quirinal. The wall of Servius is the wall of that Rome which, already the head of Latium, step by step aspired to be the head of Italy. It is the bulwark of Rome first against the Etruscan and the Volscian, and in after times against the Gaul, the Epeirot, and the mightier Carthaginian. And there is one spot in its circuit around which the whole history of Rome seems to gather, and where the fate of Rome was decided in the last and most terrible of all her struggles with enemies within her own peninsula. In both the two great fortifications of the city its north-eastern corner, its weakest point by nature, was made specially strong by art. Here on the eastern side, where there was no river to embank, no cliff to scarp, ran the mighty *Agger* of Servius. Near the angle where this artificial bulwark joined the natural bulwark of the slope of the Quirinal, within the line of the *Agger* and defended by a vast hornwork, stood the Colline gate. This was the great entrance to that side of Rome which lay on the *Colles*, the spurs of the high ground, as distinguished from the *Montes*, the isolated hills rising from what was once the swampy ground by the river. Here was the natural point of attack for every enemy. In the early days of Rome legends tell us of fights by the Colline gate with the Volscians and the men of Tibur. Through the Colline gate the revolted army came back to overthrow the tyranny of the Decemvirs. Over the Colline gate, so the tale ran, Hannibal hurled his spear—a tale wild enough, but one which still shows at what point men looked for Hannibal to have entered Rome if he had entered it at all. And it was by the Colline gate that Rome fought her last battle for her being against Italian enemies, the battle in which Sulla saved her on the day when the last Pontius came to root up the wood which sheltered the wolves that so long had ravaged Italy. On that day Rome fought, not for dominion, but for life; she had not to fight for life again till the Colline gate and the Servian *Agger* had passed away, and till Rome had found that she needed new ramparts to shield her against new enemies.

We pass from the inner circuit to the outer, from the walls reared to shield Rome against Italian enemies to the walls reared to shield her against enemies of our own blood. The building of the still existing walls of Rome was a sign that the Wandering of the Nations had begun, that the Teutonic race had begun to play its part in the drama of human history. Those walls were raised by Aurelian when the German was threatening on the Rhine and the Danube; they were strengthened by Stilicho when the Goth was marching at will through the lands on both sides of the Hadriatic. From the Colline gate it is but a short step to the Salarian. Modern barbarism has swept away the actual gate through which Alaric entered Rome, but some stones are there which still stand as they stood on the night when the slumbering city was "awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet." But the whole of the northern and eastern side of Rome is one monument of Gothic warfare. We pass out of the city, if not by the Flaminian gate, yet by its modern representative; without the wall, above the modern Borghese gardens, rose the loftiest of the seven camps of Witiges; within the wall, high on the Pincian, stood the headquarters of Belisarius. We walk, as it were, between the besiegers and the besieged; we pass by the leaning mass of the *muro torto*, with its strange legend as old as the days of that great struggle—the point of the rampart which the Apostle himself guarded, and which, weak as it seemed, Belisarius had no need to strengthen. We pass on by a long line of wall, now unbroken by a single gate, till we reach the Salarian again. A few yards more, and we have reached the history of our own times. Between the modern Salarian and the now closed Nomentane gate we have a piece of modern wall, with the modern gate of *Porta Pia*, with its flaunting inscription in honour of the present bearer of that name. In that wall we see a few yards newer still. Hard by it hangs a garland recording the names of men who died in our own times to undo the evil work of ages; where the new wall looks newest was wrought the last deliverance of Rome. Through that breach the army of united Italy entered her capitol. In that quarter the history of Rome seems indeed crowded into a small space. The army of Alaric and the army of Victor Emmanuel entered Rome almost, as it were, abreast. One entry marked the beginning of the modern world, the world which grew out of the fusion of the two elements which were represented by the Roman and the Goth. The second entry marked the readmission of Rome within that world by her deliverance from the worn-out power which crumbled away as soon as it was no longer guarded by the bayonets of a foreign tyrant. From either point we soon make our way to the elder circuit. We are again by the Colline gate; we see that for the work of Victor Emmanuel the work of Sulla was needed. On the older day the hosts of united Italy marched against Rome as against a common enemy to be wiped out. On the later day, the hosts of united Italy marched on Rome as her deliverers from an alien yoke. In the one struggle Rome fought to win back Italy as her possession; in the other Italy fought to win back Rome as her head. But both scenes were parts of the same drama. In each case, though by such different means, Rome became the head of Italy. The Roman Dictator had to force the yoke of Rome upon unwilling Italy in order that the Italian King might one day free willing Rome from the yoke of the priest and the stranger.

Here indeed is history pressed into a small compass. With Sulla and Belisarius and the men of our own day before our eyes, we hardly care to dwell on the struggles of the days between—on the raid of Robert Wiscard or on the sack by the host of the dead Bourbon. But these, and much beside, the walls of Rome have looked on. From the oldest stone in *Roma Quadrata* to the last course of bricks laid to repair the breach of 1870, they bear their witness that the history of Rome, and with it the history of the world, is one unbroken tale.

LADY SERVANTS.

THE world has in all ages contained a percentage of people who think the only way to cure existing grievances is to turn things upside down. It has long been a subject of complaint that upper servants are becoming such fine ladies that they are practically no longer servants. It is now proposed to turn fine ladies into efficient upper servants. Mrs. Rose Mary Crawshay, already well known for the interest she takes in questions relating to women's work, has published a pamphlet which she entitles *Domestic Service for Gentlewomen: a Record of Experience and Success.* In treating of this subject we have therefore to deal with what, so far as Mrs. Crawshay is concerned, is not an experiment in political economy, but a triumph over popular prejudice. Whether in other hands the like satisfactory results would be obtained is the question to be considered. There are many flowers which bloom luxuriantly in a sheltered situation, aided by the daily care of an experienced gardener, which would perish if exposed to the wind. Lady helps may be a success at Cyfarthfa Castle, but does that prove that the principle is one which will work well in ordinary families?

Before discussing this point we had better allow the kind mistress of the Castle to detail her plans. Mrs. Crawshay tells us that she has given a happy home—no mean achievement—to five ladies. They hold the positions—we will not say the places—of cook, lady's-maid, kitchenmaid, dairymaid, and upper housemaid. They inhabit the servants' rooms, "after thorough cleansing, whitewashing, and painting." They use yellow soap, wait on themselves, wash up their own tea-things, and set their own table, "which would be very insulting suggestions to ordinary upper servants." Mrs. Crawshay, with true womanly unselfishness, is now ready, nay anxious, to part with these invaluable creatures in order that they may propagate in other houses the gospel she preaches, and adorn benighted homes with their usefulness and humility. She will then, in the most really self-sacrificing way, supply their places from amongst the nine hundred thousand unmarried women who now cry "How long!" and who cannot get situations as governesses, "owing to certificates of proficiency in teaching being required, which they unfortunately cannot furnish." Whenever a new lady help arrives, Mrs. Crawshay on the first morning shares the work with her, to show that manual labour is not in itself a degradation. Unaccustomed to sweeping—for the practice of a few times does not make her a proficient in the art—she tries experiments on the stairs with the new lady housemaid, and they laugh and joke pleasantly together over their awkwardness, the poor stairs meantime suffering silent agonies, and showing in chipped paint or scratched polish that for every great movement there must be some victims. Mrs. Crawshay has proved by experience that educated feet do not wear out carpets so quickly as ignorant ones—we should have thought the kind of shoes worn had something to do with the matter—and that ladies of gentle birth are more satisfactory as maids than labourers' daughters. The reason she gives for this last assertion is that they are careful to put everything where she can readily find it, and so enable her to be independent of assistance. Mrs. Crawshay does not mention whether they excel in the usual requisites of a good maid, hairdressing and dressmaking, as much as in their refined manners and graceful demeanour. The description of Tennyson's Princess and her girl graduates fades into insignificance before the picture of Mrs. Crawshay solving a much more important social problem. The cleaning of boots seems to have been the first and last difficulty which Mrs. Crawshay has encountered in the working out of her scheme for the regeneration of service, but she has solved it. Surrounded by a bevy of fair damsels of ancient lineage but light of purse, she gives them instruction, illustrated by example, in varnishing their own dainty boots, which the page of the house thinks it a degradation, instead of a privilege, to polish. These young ladies evidently do not venture out on muddy days, else the natty stick and sponge of which Mrs. Crawshay speaks would

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be a poor substitute for the blacking-brush. We remember once having tried the varnishing business in lodgings where clean boots were never forthcoming in the morning. Everything went on in the most satisfactory manner for some time, and our boots, unlike the peacock's toes, were to us a source of honest pride. But one day all this industry and independence collapsed before the sight of a thick layer of London mud. A cowardly and ignominious capitulation to the slavey of the house and the present of half-a-crown were the only result of a week's rebellion against the usages of society. But these favoured lady helps need never dirty their boots, for does not Mrs. Crawshay keep carriages, open and close? and does she not send polite intimations to the lower regions when she is going out to drive, so that the faces flushed with cooking may be cooled by the fresh Welsh breezes, and the lady's-maid may gather new inspirations for the combinations of the colours in her mistress's dress from the waving branches of lilac and laburnum in the avenue? These brisk lady helps, unlike other ladies, dress themselves in a few minutes, and return to their work with redoubled ardour after their carriage exercise. There is a most affecting account of the behaviour of the lady helps when some extra scrubbing of floors had to be done in a hurry. No fair penitents in a Bernardine convent could have taken to their knees more enthusiastically, or worn them away more uncomplainingly, than did these delicately nurtured Englishwomen. But we are afraid that the housemaid so highly commended by Mrs. Crawshay, who, passing while they were thus engaged, "expressed herself thoroughly shocked, and fairly drove them away, saying she herself would work later and get through it," must have had a sly laugh in the kitchen at the way the soap and water were being ladled about and wiped up again by such inexperienced hands. Mrs. Crawshay would like her *protégées* to appear in the drawing-room in the evening, but, owing to the present extravagance of fashion, they now decline this indulgence, as they cannot afford evening costumes. Mrs. Crawshay, however, hopes that when flounces, high heels, and chignons have gone out of fashion, her fair friends will not object to adorn her reception rooms with their presence. We remember a very young man giving an amusing account of what agonies he had endured upon finding that the pretty little person to whom he had paid such marked attention on board the Crinan Canal steamer was maid to a lady going to stay at the house of the Scotch cousin who had asked him for three days' shooting. The next time he saw her she was "spreading out the clothes," or rather hanging out her mistress's laces to dry, and he nearly left the house from the humiliation which a boy feels when he has committed some social blunder. Under the new *régime* the Captain in the Guards will walk to church with the lady who is going to make a *vol au vent* for dinner, and the Prime Minister will share the hymn-book of the housemaid who that morning dusted his room.

With healthful work Mrs. Crawshay endeavours to combine healthful play. She takes her handmaidens to public amusements, and, many of them being fine musicians, they are particularly fond of concerts. They are always installed in the highest-priced seats regardless of cost. "Here," says Mrs. Crawshay, "I shall be met by an objection on the score of expense; where the master of the house objects, I would recommend any housekeeper to pay it out of her own pin-money, this expenditure fairly coming under the heading of charity of the highest class." Besides lady helps Mrs. Crawshay keeps six ordinary servants, two of them "strong under housemaids," and one a "strong, willing Welsh scullerymaid." This arrangement is made to allow the upper servants time for "reading, writing, and music." It is most considerate, for then the maid who has already arranged that her mistress can do without her assistance need not be disturbed by the dressing-bell from that delightful chapter in the *Three Feathers*, nor need the upper housemaid leave the difficult bar in that newly learnt sonata unconquered. The cook may be of a literary turn, and it would be hard could she not be allowed leisure to finish the article on "Little Dinners" in time for the monthly issue of the "Middlesex Magazine." Except upon the blacking of boots and the use of yellow soap the information Mrs. Crawshay gives with regard to the working out of the scheme is rather meagre. We who have never had the privilege of staying at Cyfarthfa Castle would like to know, before we are asked, whether any of the lady helps are under forty, whether they are called Mrs. or Miss, by their Christian or surnames; what is the size of their aprons; whether they wear caps, and, if so, whether they are mob caps, or any other kind equally becoming to the fair sex. Is the lady cook a plain cook or a French cook, and can the dairymaid make delicious butter? Is Cyfarthfa Castle a sort of stage on which *She Stoops to Conquer* is acted all day long? and do young men of the Marlow type rush to their friends, saying, "Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle"? or "This little housemaid runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken."

It seems to us that Mrs. Crawshay has opened up a vista of pleasant pastures, and has found a hitherto unworked field for Belgravian mothers. When the season is over and the marked bird has escaped from the net of the fowler, why not get for the fair Ethelfleda a dairymaid's costume, copied from *Our American Cousin*, and send her down to some model dairy in the country, where in a becoming attitude she can pose in the rustic porch, her neat ankles displayed under her short petticoat, and her lovely bare arms looking whiter than the milk she skims? Who could wonder if the young heir who prefers barmaids to countesses should be a ready prey to her wiles? Then, too, the hitherto obstinate celibate of the clubs might fall a victim to the proper cooking of his favourite dish, and the confirmed old bachelor, who is nevertheless a *bon parti*, might succumb to the virtues of the housemaid who always puts his things in their proper places. But then, again, if penniless daughters are to become kitchenmaids, why should not younger sons become footmen? Cleaning plate in this country is no harder work than grooming horses in Australia, and many curates have been heard to envy the squire's butler. This little addition to Mrs. Crawshay's plan would solve the difficulty which she has no doubt foreseen, but of which she has not spoken. It would be almost impossible to prevent My Lord's gentleman paying attentions to My Lady's maid, or some pert young footman kissing the lady housemaid on the stairs. Mrs. Crawshay speaks with tears in her eyes of the nine hundred thousand women who cannot marry. But why cannot they marry? Because, in a vast number of cases at least, they are brought up to be provided for by charity, instead of to be helpmates for honest hard-working men; because they dress themselves in Edgware Road finery, and will not sweep their mothers' stairs. Why cannot a woman do for a man she loves what Mrs. Crawshay wants her to do for perfect strangers? There are hundreds of young men who long for a home of their own, who could afford a working-man's house and one servant, yet they live in uncomfortable lodgings and spend their evenings at the theatre because they do not know any girl in their own rank who would condescend to cook them a dinner, even if she knew how, or who would not think herself a drudge if she had to do what nearly every German middle-class lady does with ease. If Mrs. Crawshay's experiment results in teaching ladies that scrubbing out a room is a no less worthy work than knitting an ugly antimacassar; that the making of butter is a more healthy and interesting employment than trying to play a bad piece of music on an equally bad piano; that household economy and a knowledge of dainty cooking are accomplishments quite as charming in a lady as being able to make cardboard boxes and valueless lace, we wish her every success. She would thus pave the way for early marriages which would no longer be imprudent ones. But if her plan is to turn things upside down, and still further complicate our social relations, already so difficult, we cannot help wishing that lady helps may be confined to Cytharfa Castle.

THE NEXT CONCLAVE.

THE attention which has naturally been drawn to the subject through the circumstances of the present pontificate has led us more than once during the last few years to dwell on the history and rules of Papal elections. That very little should be known about the matter by the public generally, and especially in this country, was of course to be expected, and is abundantly proved by the various and often conflicting rumours which have from time to time been put into circulation about exceptional provisions supposed to have been made for the next Conclave. To any one moderately acquainted with the actual state of the case, it would have been obvious at the first blush that many of these reports were absurd, while others treated as something novel and peculiar what is simply a recognized part of the existing system. To the former class belongs the latest of these rumours, which has gone the round of the papers during the present week, to the effect that Pius IX. contemplates making a "testamentary disposition" for the election of his successor, which would of course *pro hâc vice* supersede the franchise of the Cardinals altogether. Pius IX. has achieved a good many daring, and some quite unprecedented, feats of despotic authority during his long reign, and for the moment with entire success, but he has never shown himself devoid of a certain practical shrewdness. The attempt to grasp at a posthumous usurpation, which could only take effect by the free consent of those at the expense of whose immemorial rights it was to be exercised, would show that he was in his dotage, of which there are no signs at present, while the sole result would be to cover his memory with ridicule. Some of the more formal rules of Papal elections, such as the prescription of an interval of nine days between the death of the Pope and the assembling of the Conclave, are well known to be dispensable, and have sometimes been dispensed with, nor can there be any doubt that all requisite provision has been made for enabling the Cardinals to use their own discretion on such points on the next occurence of a vacancy of the Holy See. Other rules, such as that securing the absolute right of every Cardinal to the franchise, even though disgraced and in prison, and the rule, sanctioned by the Third Lateran Council, which requires the votes of two-thirds of those present for a valid election, have always been regarded as absolutely binding. It is true that Pius IX. affected to deprive the late Cardinal Andrea of the "active and passive voice" in Papal elections—*i.e.* of voting or being himself elected—but former experience shows that, had Andrea outlived the Pope, this arbitrary act would have been inoperative. A Cardinal in the last century, who had been similarly condemned and also lodged in the prison of St. Angelo for grave civil crimes, nevertheless, when the time came, claimed his indefeasible right to take part in the Conclave, and the claim was admitted. The right of

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veto, on the other hand, conceded to certain Catholic Governments, about which a good deal has been said of late, is of uncertain date, rests on no written law whatever, and is in fact a mere matter of courtesy, which it would be in the power of the Conclave for sufficient reasons to refuse. Such a refusal might for obvious reasons be indiscreet, but it would not, from the Catholic point of view, in any way invalidate the election.

And thus we are brought to notice the strange and somewhat unintelligible document, of the same date as the alleged Bull *Præsente Cadavere*, which came to light in the course of the Arnim trial. The despatch is dated "May 14, 1872," and marked "confidential," and begins by pointing out that even under the old *régime* it was important that both the person and the valid election of the Pope should be recognized as satisfactory by all Governments having Catholic subjects, and that by Concordats concluded in the beginning of this century "the relations between the Pope and the Governments became more direct and in a sense more intimate." It may be as well here to observe in passing, as the context might seem to imply the reverse, that none of these Concordats have any bearing on Papal elections, and that they are contracts made as well with Protestant as with Catholic Governments. The despatch proceeds to say that, as the two principal votes passed by the Vatican Council, concerning the infallibility and universal jurisdiction of the Pope, have entirely changed the relative position of the Pope and the Governments, "the latter are all the more interested in the person of the future Pope, and therefore all the more entitled to insist upon the recognition of their own right to interpose." The Vatican Decrees are then explained as constituting the Pope himself the real Bishop in every diocese, and thus "entirely superseding the authority of any Bishop holding office with the consent of the secular power; in other words, merging the episcopal jurisdiction entirely in the Papal." And therefore "the Bishops are only his tools, his servants, swayed by his dictates, and without any responsibility of their own—the servants of a foreign sovereign, who, by means of his infallibility, has become more absolute than any absolute monarch in the world." And then follows the critical clause, which sums up the whole gist of the document:—"Before allowing a new Pope to assume such a position and exercise such rights, Governments must ask themselves whether his *election and person* offer those guarantees against an abuse of power which they have a right to demand." Our readers will take notice of the italicized words, to which we shall have occasion to return presently. This, it is added, is the more necessary because there is no security for "even the few guarantees formerly surrounding a Conclave, partly inherent in its composition and partly marking its rules, being granted under present circumstances." And we are then reminded, in language bristling with perhaps intentional blunders of historical fact, that "the *right* of excluding candidates possessed by the *Roman Emperor*, Spain, and France often enough proved illusory"; that the influence exercised by Cardinals of different nations was mere matter of chance; and that it is doubtful whether even these shadowy guarantees will be preserved in the next election. The German Chancellor accordingly proposes that all European Governments having Catholic subjects should take counsel together, and agree "upon a common attitude and the conditions under which they will recognize the next Pope." The proposal is said to have been rejected by Austria, nor can we suppose that it has been accepted by any other Government. Whether the present publication is intended to indicate the line which Prince Bismarck means to take, or wishes to have it understood that he means to take, when the next vacancy in the Papacy occurs, or whether it is simply put out as a fresh menace to the Catholic subjects of the Empire, are questions more easily asked than answered. That it is designed in some way to deal a fresh and heavy blow at the power of the Roman Catholic Church is of course obvious on the face of it; but the precise plan of action suggested for adoption in reference to the next Conclave is left rather in the dark.

If the document were read in its most literal sense, and taken to imply no more than it actually says, it need only mean that the European Governments should insist on a strict observance of the recognized rules of Papal Conclaves on the next occasion, and especially on the existing rights of veto in the Austrian, Spanish, and French Governments being respected. But a moment's consideration will suffice to show that any such interpretation refutes itself. If there is no particular reason for assuming that the existing regulations will be disregarded, still less is there any reason why Prince Bismarck should be anxious to enforce them It is, to say the least, no particular interest of his that the influence of Austria, or Spain, or France—the latter especially—should be brought to bear on the election of the next Pope; while a disputed election, if such a result were at all on the cards, would be a clear gain to him in his conflict with the Catholic hierarchy of Germany. Moreover, it is hardly necessary to read between the lines to perceive that this cannot really be the meaning of the despatch. It is addressed by the leading Protestant Government of the Continent to Catholic and Protestant Governments alike, and no Protestant Government has hitherto claimed a right of veto in Papal elections. Then again we have already called attention to the peculiar, and evidently studied, language in which this right is referred to as "possessed by the Roman Emperor, Spain, and France." Now the last shadow of the Holy Roman Empire passed away nearly seventy years ago, and the veto exercised by Austria, in common with certain other Catholic States (the claim of Portugal has been matter of dispute) is an arrangement of the last two or three centuries only, and has nothing to do with the powers, not simply of veto, but of nomination, often exercised by mediæval Kaisers. The wording of the sentence is apparently intended to insinuate that some right analogous to that claimed, and not unfrequently exercised, by the Emperor in the middle ages ought to belong to modern Governments, and perhaps also that the head of the new German Empire is the residuary legatee of the rights supposed to descend from the old Cæsars to the heirs of their title in mediæval Christendom. But that is a very different thing from the modest veto claimed of late years for Catholic Governments; which indeed is not very accurately described as "the right of excluding candidates," for it can only be exercised once in any Conclave, and only exercised before the election has taken place. A Pope once elected cannot be set aside, or Pio Nono would never have occupied the Chair of Peter, for the Austrian veto arrived only twelve hours after his election. There is another phrase thrice repeated in Prince Bismarck's despatch which shows that something more than a rigid adherence to existing forms is contemplated. The Governments, he observes, "are interested in the *person* of the future Pope," and they ought to ask themselves whether "his election and *person* offer those guarantees which they have a right to demand." This clearly means that they are concerned, not simply with the formal validity of the election, but with the character of the person chosen, and are entitled to reject any claimant, however regularly elected, who is not, in the terms of the Concordat regarding Prussian Bishops, *persona grata Regi*. What candidate would have any chance of passing the ordeal, or how long the Papal See might be kept vacant if "the Pope in jack boots," as Prince Bismarck has been termed, were to have a controlling voice in the appointment of his white-robed brother, it might be rash to determine.

The studiously complicated arrangement for the conduct of Papal elections which has remained unchanged for many centuries, and is very sure not to be lightly disturbed or ignored on an occasion of critical interest, is so formed as to baffle all calculations of the ultimate result. The rival conjectures constantly hazarded in different quarters as to the probable successor of Pius IX. are not worth the paper on which they are written, and the only prediction that can be safely ventured upon is that the Cardinals, if left to themselves, will take very good care to do nothing and omit nothing which can throw any shadow of doubt on the regularity of the procedure. Whether indeed the right of veto will be allowed, if any of the three Catholic States accustomed to exercise it should seek to enforce their claim, may be questioned. The precedent set at the Vatican Council, when the changed attitude of modern Governments towards the Church was made a ground for refusing to admit ambassadors to the debates, might be not improbably followed. But that any claim to interference on the part of Protestant Governments, whether in the traditional form of veto, or in the more trenchant method suggested in Prince Bismarck's Circular, would be resisted to the uttermost there cannot be the slightest doubt. It is difficult to believe that even Prince Bismarck would seriously persist single-handed in such an enterprise, and it is tolerably certain that he would not find any allies. Meanwhile, whatever tends to ensure a more punctilious observance of the prescribed regulations will only so far strengthen the position of the new Pontiff. It was the deliberate aim of the First Napoleon to increase the power of the Papacy with a view to subjecting the French episcopate more completely to himself. "The Pope," as he somewhere remarks, "cannot be too powerful as long as he is my head chaplain." But the upshot of his policy is not calculated to encourage imitation. He succeeded in making a clean sweep of the "Gallican Liberties," and the French episcopate since then has lain prostrate at the foot, not of the Royal, but the Papal throne. No individual influence for centuries has done so much to promote the growth of Ultramontanism. Prince Bismarck is a great power in Europe just now, but hardly more powerful than the First Napoleon when Pius VII. was dragged at his chariot wheels to the coronation ceremony at Notre Dame. If he has imprisoned some half-dozen Bishops, Napoleon imprisoned the Pope himself, who emerged from captivity to restore the Jesuits and rally round him the enthusiasm of Catholic Europe. Such weapons employed to crush a spiritual power recoil on the hand that wields them. *Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridæ.*

THE SNOW STORMS.

WHATEVER may be our fate during the next month or two, the present winter must be memorable for its extreme severity. Already it has caused no small amount of inconvenience, trouble, and suffering, to say nothing of very serious mortality. So far as mere annoyances and pecuniary losses have been concerned, people in London have comparative reason to congratulate themselves. Our pipes may burst, and our ceilings be flooded; we may have to pick our way along pavements where the snow is left to melt, catching violent colds in spite of all our precautions, or occasionally getting an awkward fall; we may have to "burn daylight" through dense yellow fogs, and to regret a melancholy expenditure of temper on some longed-for hamper delayed in transmission. But our sorrows are small compared to those of our friends in the country. Even very near town the disturbance of our ordinary habits of life has always been irritating, and often actually hurt-

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ful. When you have settled in a suburban district, calculating on frequent and regular communication with London, it is not agreeable to read an intimation from your Railway Company that, owing to the unexampled rigour of the season, they suspend all responsibility for the punctuality of their train service; although no doubt such forewarning is far better than waiting at your station in hope deferred for a train which never comes. Still it is to be presumed that in such circumstances your business connexions will make allowances for shortcomings for which you are in no way answerable. You may grind on somehow in the habitual routine, although the snow may clog the wheels of life and throw a chill over your pent-up energies. But away in the country communications have been brought to a standstill altogether; plans have been remorselessly upset, trade utterly paralysed, and even districts like the sea-coast of Devonshire which flattered themselves that they enjoyed a Southern temperature have been severed of a sudden from the rest of the country. We believe that Ireland, thanks to the warmth of her seas and the fogs that come floating up from the Atlantic, has been happy in a comparative immunity; so has a great part of Cornwall, perhaps from somewhat similar reasons. But the passes and valleys in the Welsh hills and throughout the West of England generally have been choked in masses of snow. The Southern and South-Eastern counties have been nearly as badly off, and the fall of a single night made a great part of Kent impassable; while the North and Scotland have been going from bad to worse, till their misfortunes culminated in the storm on the night of New Year's Day.

For a long time the minds of men in the country had been troubled by portentous signs. They drew omens from the abnormal appearance and disappearance of birds, which have been fully justified by the results. We heard of congregations of larks passing westwards along our Southern shores in numbers almost unprecedented. Rare visitors turned up in unexpected places, and the shivering strangers received the customary welcome. They were hunted down and bagged, consigned to local bird-stuffers, and chronicled in county journals. Further to the northward, however, signs of this kind might well have been dispensed with, for facts spoke for themselves. There the thermometer was steadily falling, and the frost extending its grasp over lochs and rivers that had only submitted to its influence once or twice in the memory of man. Skaters were traversing the expanse of Loch Lomond, making their way to islands in its centre where the deer are parked and confined by water that answered the purpose of an English paling. Meanwhile snow was falling steadily in the glens and uplands. Thoroughly tamed and scared by starvation, the red deer forgot their natural timidity, and came down in great herds to the lowlands. In wide stretches of forest like Braemar, where there are no lowlands near to descend upon, they had betaken themselves to the summits of the lower hills, where they might be seen scraping away for a livelihood. The wild animals everywhere were pitiable objects enough, but they were by no means the saddest part of the sight. After all, deer-forests cover but a small proportion even of the mountainous districts in Scotland. Great part of the moors in the Highlands, and the whole extent of the hills on the borders, are occupied by sheep-farms. When a storm is setting in, the sheep seem to scent it in the air, and their first instinct is to seek a shelter. Instinctively they huddle themselves away out of the wind in the depths of the glens, and in the overpowering sense of the cold they for a time forget their hunger. But these glens and gorges are the very places where the snow is sure to gather the thickest. The wind sweeps it into wreaths in the nooks where the sheep have taken refuge. At first the covering descends on them with an agreeable warmth, as they draw themselves stupidly together. But the snow goes on accumulating and the wind goes on blowing; the drift gets heaped up thicker and thicker, until the unlucky animals are as likely as not to be suffocated. If the strongest of them manage to force their way out, they are not much the better for it. With the scanty remnants of vegetation buried to a depth of dozens of feet, they find it next to impossible to exist. Should the shepherds not have taken warning in time, and gathered the flocks into the immediate neighbourhood of their sheilings, they can do very little indeed. Most likely they themselves are fast blocked up in their low-roofed little cottages. If they do succeed in forcing the doors, the trackless and impassable waste of snow dazzles their blinking eyes upon every side. Or possibly the broad feathery flakes are falling thickly all about, choking the lungs and clouding the fitful light. The labour of looking after their charge to any purpose is evidently hopeless. Even if habit tells them the points of the compass, they scarcely know in what direction to set out; not to add that the missing sheep are most probably buried out of their sight, and even beyond the scent of their intelligent collies. We can scarcely conceive a more heart-breaking condition than this passive powerlessness of a man who knows that he will be held responsible for everything by a master embittered by unexpected losses; and very likely all the time he and his family may be on short commons, unless he has shown himself exceptionally provident. Nor are the feelings of the sheep-farmer to be envied. He hears nothing from his servants; he has no means of communicating with them; he knows that no news is bad news, and the local paper is filled with fearfully sensational paragraphs. The profits of years of fair prosperity may be swallowed up in the accidents of one disastrous season, and in any case, when he comes to make up his accounts, the balance will indubitably be on the wrong side. To farmers in the lowlands the consequences will be less serious. But the labourers will be reduced to sore straits in cases where they only earn wages when there is work for them, and they feel the pressure just when they are forced to increase their expenditure. Fortunately, they are better provided with fuel than the inhabitants of districts more favoured in point of climate. Where protracted snow storms are ordinary incidents of the winter, the cottier as a rule has his comfortable peat-stack at the door. But he wants warm clothing all the more, and the cold that stops his work only whets his appetite.

Usually gentlemen and ladies who dwell at ease in towns can only sympathize with the Highland poor by exerting a vigorous strain on the imagination. This winter, however, many of them have gone through a painful personal experience which must have appealed to their feelings the more powerfully because of its novelty. The incidents of the first night of the year stand altogether without precedent in the annals of English or Scottish travelling. In old times an occasional stage-coach might come to grief, but, as a block in a snow storm was one of the ordinary perils of the road, few persons were found to risk it without being in some measure prepared. No one stirred abroad who could stay at home, and there were but few victims of any casualty. But nowadays the country is covered by an all-pervading railway system, and in Scotland the lines have been pushing their branches in all directions through the Highland glens. Trains, as a rule, start regardless of weather, and passengers in roomy weather-tight carriages have learned to defy it. On that unfortunate Friday the departures came off as usual. Indeed there was more passenger traffic than usual, for New Year's Day in Scotland is a great festival; many holiday-makers were out and about, and not a few of the Companies ran excursion trains. We may be sure that this exceptional class of travellers were but indifferently provided with warm wrappings. If they left any garments at home that they might have found serviceable, they had bitter reason to regret it. From the first the trains had to move forward at slackened speed, for the lines were everywhere more or less encumbered. As all of them were falling behind time, stoppages otherwise unnecessary became indispensable. Throughout the day the snow had been coming down as for some time past, but the fall was nothing very serious. It is true that the materials were visibly at hand for aggravating the misadventure that happened subsequently. Snow had been gathering at the sides of the cuttings; the accumulations had been increased artificially where the snow-ploughs had been driven past, and were rising in heaps above the banks on either hand, threatening to descend in miniature avalanches. Towards afternoon the fall thickened, the wind springing up at the same time. After dark matters became infinitely worse. The wind caught the descending masses, and lodged them wherever a bank or a cutting gave them a resting place. The engines slackened till they were brought to a standstill. It was as impossible to back out as to advance. The snow catching against the carriages speedily drifted over them, and in some instances they were buried out of sight altogether. The travellers, where they could, forced their way out, but in some cases escape was worse than useless, for the carriages in which they were imprisoned were the only shelter available. The cold they suffered must have been intense, and as for provisions, they had sometimes to dispense with them. When it was at all practicable, the Companies sent out supplies; but these supplies did not always reach their destination. In one case a consignment of loaves in the goods van came as a godsend to the famished multitude; in another a pig was caught and killed, cooked, and devoured without condiments. When the sufferers succeeded in getting to a station, they were only a degree or so better off, although they made melancholy but highly creditable attempts at a conviviality more in harmony with the season than with the circumstances. We doubt not that all of them will mark that night in their memories with a black stone. Although their sufferings and anxieties fell short of those endured by the waifs washed up from the *Cospatrick* and *La Plata*, yet we fear they must have been quite severe enough to do irreparable injury to many constitutions. Notwithstanding the present happy change in the temperature, it is by no means impossible that something of the kind may recur before we are well out of a winter that threatened at one time to be of extraordinary severity. Should there be any signs of it, the Companies will do well to profit by experience, and victual their trains; but in any case travellers will be wise to take the needful precautions for a bivouac in the wilderness.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

IT is not possible to give too much attention to the subject of Life Assurance. A paper by Mr. Sprague, read at the Belfast meeting of the British Association and afterwards published (by Maclaren and Macniven, Edinburgh), commenced a discussion on the Causes of Insolvency in Life Assurance Companies which has continued to the present time. Mr. Sprague's paper, however, only treats the subject in general terms, and for useful details we may conveniently refer to a pamphlet by Mr. G. W. Knott on "Solvent Life Offices and Others" (published at 147 Strand), who has tabulated some of the most important figures of the returns made by Life Assurance Companies to the Board of Trade. When we have thus got the figures, certain rough tests may be applied, and the Companies which satisfy them may be considered solvent,

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although it does not necessarily follow that the Companies which do not satisfy these tests are insolvent. It has been proposed by an actuary to put these questions:—(1) Has the office an accumulated fund of a million sterling? (2) Are the expenses more than ten per cent. of premium income? But it is manifest that an office just starting into life cannot have a million sterling unless capital has been subscribed to that amount; and it seems to be conceded that during the first year of existence the premium income may possibly be reasonably swallowed up in expenses. If, therefore, these two tests were to be rigidly applied, the result would be that no new office could start; and yet the offices which have been prudently and prosperously conducted for forty, fifty, or a hundred years were young once, and those who insured in them must have done so in reliance upon the character and position of those who founded them. The same inducements may reasonably operate now; but in the absence of special knowledge of, and confidence in, the founders of a new office, it would be prudent to resort to one of the old offices which answer tests generally allowed to be sufficient.

The returns made to the Board of Trade may be consulted either in the official Blue-book or in some cheap and portable reprint of it such as that before us (T. Murby, 32 Bouverie Street); and, besides, the Companies generally supply on application the same information as is contained in these volumes. Having ascertained the premium income of a Company, the amount of its policies may be taken at thirty-three times that income, and the invested capital ought to be at least one-fourth of this amount, or (say) eight times the premium income. Unless an old office satisfies this test we should not, as a general rule, insure in it, even if it satisfies the more simple test of having a million sterling of invested capital. There are 15 offices, of each of which the premium income exceeds 200,000*l.*, while the total premium income of them all amounts to 43 per cent. of the whole sum paid annually for life insurance, and which therefore may be conveniently called offices of the first class. Eight of these offices have assets amounting to or exceeding one-fourth, or 25 per cent. of their liabilities, and considerably exceeding one million. Out of these 8 offices there are 5 which satisfy the second test above proposed, as their expenses are less than 10 per cent. of premium income, and 2 others nearly satisfy it. There are 27 offices, which we will call the second class, having a premium income below 200,000*l.*, and not less than 100,000*l.*, and 20 of these offices satisfy the first test, having assets exceeding 25 per cent. of their liablities. Of these 20 offices only 6 strictly satisfy the second test, but at least 10 others very nearly satisfy it, as the expenses of no one of them exceed 12 per cent. of its premium income. In what we will call the third class—that is, offices having a premium income below 100,000*l.*, and not less than 50,000*l.*—there are 8 whose assets exceed 25 per cent. of liabilities, although only 5 of these have assets exceeding one million. Among these 8 offices we find not one that strictly satisfies the second test, but all nearly satisfy it, as the expenses of one of them slightly exceed 12 per cent. of its premium income, and the expenses of the other 7 offices are under 12 per cent. We may say, therefore, that there are 7 offices in the first class, 16 in the second, and 8 in the third, which sufficiently satisfy both tests; so that there are 31 offices which, in the absence of special knowledge to the contrary, must be regarded as satisfactory, and there are no doubt others as to which the possession of special knowledge would lead to the same conclusion. Among offices which fall conspicuously short of these tests is the Briton, of which much has been said lately. In this office the percentage of assets to liabilities is only 8, while the percentage of expenses to premium income is 17. In the case of another office, the Prudential, the percentage of assets to liabilities is only 4, while the percentage of expenses to premium income is 46. We refer for certainty to the return furnished by this office to the Board of Trade for the year 1873, and we find that for that year the premium income was 458,000*l.*, while the expenses exceeded 213,000*l.*, and the assets are stated at 555,000*l.* This office, we are told, is "largely industrial," and much of its premiums appears to be collected weekly by salaried agents. This perhaps would be adduced in explanation of the high percentage of expenses; but, however that may be, the fact remains that this "largely industrial" office answers least satisfactorily of all the large offices to the proposed tests. It should be added that this office was established in 1848, so that it has hardly yet reached its most trying time.

It may be convenient to tabulate the figures to which we have referred, and it must be distinctly understood that our division into classes refers only to the amount of premium income, and has no bearing on the question of stability. This being premised, the figures are as follows:—

CLASS I.—Offices with Premium Income of 200,000*l.* and over:—

Date of Establishment.			Percentage of Assets to Liabilities.	Percentage of Expenses of Management and Commission to Premium Income.
1823	...	Law Life	55	7·7
1806	...	London Life Association	35	3·4
1823	...	Economic	34	8·5
1815	...	Scottish Widows' Fund	32	11·5
1807	...	Eagle	31	9·3
1835	...	National Provident	30	8·3
1837	...	Scottish Provident	25	12·5

CLASS II.—Offices with Premium Income below 200,000*l.*, but not less than 100,000*l.*:—

Date of Establishment.			Percentage of Assets to Liabilities.	Percentage of Expenses of Management and Commission to Premium Income.
1762	...	Equitable	65	5·
1806	...	Rock	60	9·3
1808	...	Norwich Union...	42	11·
1836	...	Hand-in-Hand	35	7·5
1721	...	London Assurance	40 ...	(not shown)
1807	...	West of England	38	11·
1810	...	Sun	38	13·6
1829	...	Clergy Mutual	37	5·
1836	...	Legal and General	37	11·2
1821	...	Guardian	35	10·8
1721	...	Royal Exchange	35	10·6
1806	...	Provident	34	11·8
1824	...	Clerical, Medical, and General...	34	10·2
1835	...	Metropolitan	32	5·4
1831	...	Scottish Equitable	30	9·7
1826	...	Scottish Amicable	29	11·4
1825	...	Crown	28	14·3
1823	...	Edinburgh	27	16·2
1845	...	Equity and Law	26	10·3
1834	...	Universal	25	11·2

As regards the London Assurance Corporation, the account for 1873 merely states that the expenses of management are "charged to profit and loss account."

CLASS III.—Offices with Premium Income below 100,000*l.*, but not less than 50,000*l.*:—

Date of Establishment.			Percentage of Assets to Liabilities.	Percentage of Expenses of Management and Commission to Premium Income.
1825	...	University	44	10·6
1832	...	Friends' Provident	42	11·8
1797	...	Pelican	41	12·2
1808	...	Atlas	40	11·1
1820	...	Imperial	33	11·9
1830	...	National	31	11·7
1834	...	Mutual	30	11·6
1824	...	Alliance	27	11·8

We have taken these figures from Mr. Knott's pamphlet, with some corrections. The returns to the Board of Trade do not give the amounts of liabilities, but they may be obtained with sufficient accuracy by multiplying the premium income by 33.

It should be observed that four offices—namely, the Equitable, London Life Association, Clergy Mutual, and Metropolitan—do not allow commission, and another office, the National, has discontinued the payment of commission. These offices, therefore, are removed from what is sometimes a temptation to accept unsound lives. We find, however, that Mr. Sprague thinks that the acceptance of damaged lives has contributed to recent failures "only in a small degree." Excessive expense in conducting business has been, in his opinion, the real and efficient cause of the insolvencies that have occurred "and of those which are now impending." It seems fair to add that life assurance is a good thing, and those who diffuse its benefits deserve encouragement, and the most effectual encouragement is probably a commission. More than half the expenses of the Law Life Office is for commission, and yet that office holds a position of unsurpassed stability. On the other hand, it is hardly necessary to remark that the cost of commission ultimately falls, in one shape or another, on the assured.

The Report of Assistant-Secretaries to the Board of Trade upon the accounts and statements of the Companies contained in the Blue-book for 1873 offers some useful remarks; but it may be hoped that hereafter these officers will venture to say that which well-instructed actuaries can only think. The published returns contain at least *primâ facie* ground for requiring further information as to certain Companies, and the Assistant-Secretaries understand their business too well to be deceived by any plausible contrivance of "valuing up." The Appendix to this Report gives the names and dates of establishment of all the Companies, the amounts of premium income for the year, the proportion of expenses to premium income, and the amount of assets. It does not give the amount of liabilities, and it omits therefore the comparison between assets and liabilities which is so valuable in Mr. Knott's tables. If it did contain these two additional columns, it would be the cheapest and most authoritative book of reference for insurers. We should observe, however, that this Appendix, being founded on "the Blue-book for 1873," contains the figures furnished by the Companies in respect of the year 1872, while, at least as regards some Companies, Mr. Knott had before him the figures of their accounts for 1873. Thus the best that can be said for the Assistant-Secretaries is that they are slow and sure.

The greater part of the Report of the Assistant-Secretaries is occupied with a discussion of the principle on which the valuations required by the Act of 1870 should be made. It scarcely needs argument to show that the same rate of mortality and rate of interest should be adopted in all these valuations. This discussion, however, is rather beyond ordinary readers, who only want to see their way to security. The Report also contains a few remarks of general interest. It deduces from the figures of the Appendix that of each pound entrusted to them by the assured, some Companies spend as little as 1*s.*, others spend 2*s.* 6*d.*, others 5*s.*, others 10*s.*, others the whole, and a few not only do

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this, but get into debt. "In some instances, at least, the proportion year by year absorbed is so great that the Companies can in no sense be said to exist for the benefit of those who insure in them."

THE BLOOMSBURY BLACK HOLE.

THE death of Mr. Warren, one of the principal assistants in the Library of the British Museum, has again directed attention to the extremely unwholesome, and even dangerous, conditions under which a great part of the staff of that institution have to do their work. It has been asserted that the disease from which Mr. Warren died was aggravated, if not produced, by the poisonous effect of the foul air in which he was compelled to labour for many hours a day; and the account which has been given by a medical journal of the room in which he had to sit would seem to render this conjecture not improbable. The room is described as "a windowless kind of tank, lighted by skylights." It is situated on the ground-floor of the Library, and is warmed by currents of heated air. The chief transcriber and some twenty or thirty assistants work here together, and during the winter months the air is said to become quite fetid in consequence of the close artificial heat and the breath of the people employed. At times the closeness becomes so suffocating and oppressive that the inmates are glad to open the windows, and to brave the cold air which pours in upon them directly from the outside. Even in the gallery on the ordinary first-floor of the Museum the air, we are told, is very trying, and people who sit there feel it severely. "They often gasp for breath; their temples throb; the skin on the forehead feels tense; nausea is often felt; the hands and feet are cold." If things are as bad as this in the upper atmosphere, what must it be in the lower? It is added that the men employed in the Library become morbidly sensitive to cold, and that the amount of sickness among the junior assistants is alarming. Several have died; others are said to be evidently suffering from the effects of the malefic air which they have to breathe and the violent changes of temperature to which they are exposed. It is known that Mr. Deutsch used to complain bitterly of the cruel want of the most ordinary comforts in the Library, and to relate the desperate and tedious struggle he had to make before he could get even a mat for his feet. And now Mr. Warren has followed Mr. Deutsch. It is true that Mr. Deutsch was in delicate health, and perhaps Mr. Warren was not very strong. But it is monstrous that the arrangements in a public institution should be of such a nature that only persons in the very rudest state of health, and with iron constitutions, are able to bear up against the trials to which they are thus subjected.

It should be observed that there is, under ordinary circumstances, nothing necessarily unhealthy in the work of keeping the catalogue of a library. The conditions under which the assistants at the British Museum have to labour to the injury of their health are purely artificial. These unfortunate men are doomed to habitual personal discomfort and to frequent sickness, which now and then terminates fatally, simply because sanitary considerations are deliberately ignored in the apartments in which they are set to work. We are quite aware of the difficulty of warming and ventilating a building so as to suit everybody's taste, and we have no doubt that, whatever might be done in the case of the Museum Library, there would still be some people who would think it too hot, and others who would complain of its being too cold. But the allegations which have been made in regard to the accommodation for transcribers and other assistants go far beyond the question of an agreeable temperature. What is asserted—and the evidence in support of the assertion would seem to be very strong—is that the condition of the rooms is not merely uncomfortable, but seriously injurious to health. Those who have visited the general reading-room of the British Museum are perhaps able to form some opinion on this question. It is a hall of large dimensions, surmounted by a spacious dome, and even when readers are most numerous they are never very closely crowded together. Yet in the winter the air soon after noon becomes heavy, close, and sickly, and a sense of headache and oppression is produced. This is a point which any one can test for himself, and we believe that many persons suffer from this hot-house atmosphere. It may be conceived, therefore, if the air of this large, lofty, and not unduly crowded hall is so bad, what must be the state of a comparatively small and low apartment on the ground-floor containing some twenty or thirty people. It is possible that there may be some little exaggeration in the accounts which have been given of this accommodation, but it rarely happens that there is a series of complaints so strong, consistent, and sustained as in this case, without a substantial foundation for it. It is clear at least that the subject demands an immediate and thorough examination. Nobody ought to be kept at work in a place which is injurious to health; and it may be added that the class of men who are apparently suffering in this instance are peculiarly deserving of consideration. The sort of work which they have to do requires qualifications of a superior and special kind, and it is very poorly paid. A more liberal scale of remuneration may perhaps some day be adopted; but, in the nature of things, we suspect the scale will always be somewhat low relatively to that which can be earned in a more active and enterprising career. The Museum is a place for quiet, steady, studious men, who for various reasons prefer a life of comparative repose to one of bustling conflict and ambition. They make their choice, and there is of course no reason why they should be paid more than the market value of their services. On the other hand, however, as a matter not merely of justice and good feeling, but of genuine economy, it would surely be worth while for their employers to treat them with a more liberal measure of personal consideration. There are some things which men of a certain stamp value above mere money; and as the Trustees get the assistants in the Library very cheap, they might at least afford to deal with them generously in other respects. It would cost very little to provide comfortable, well-furnished, and properly ventilated rooms in which they could do their work; and if even a sickly or dyspeptic assistant desired a mat or a cushion, it might be accorded without an unseemly contest. Nor should it be impossible to make some arrangement by which a little wholesome food could be obtained during the day without quitting the building.

And this brings us to a question which concerns not only the official staff of the Museum, but the general body of readers and frequenters of the institution. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that between the clean, spruce, attractive-looking rooms at South Kensington and the dull, shabby, depressingly formal galleries at Bloomsbury, with their mangy stuffed beasts, with the straw sometimes sticking out of them, and the inartistic array of curiosities in monotonous glass-cases. Moreover, at the former visitors have a choice of good and cheap refreshments at a number of counters conveniently distributed throughout the building. There can be no doubt that the physical support thus obtained is a necessary and agreeable consolation to human weakness, and it is probable that those who take advantage of it are afterwards all the more sensitive in their appreciation of artistic beauties. At the British Museum, on the other hand, the only attainable refreshment is the pump-water to which you can help yourself with a ladle at the door; and fatigued and famished students and sightseers have either to pursue their researches in a state of exhaustion by no means conducive either to close attention or good temper, or try their fortune at the taverns outside. It is needless to say that for women and children, who cannot go to public-houses, the absence of a refreshment-place inside the Museum is really a cruel infliction, and it is all the more so because it is wantonly and stupidly imposed. It is impossible to conceive why the British Museum should not be made as bright, pleasant, and convenient a resort as the Museum of Science and Art. They are both national institutions, intended for the use of the public in the largest sense. There is no reason why literature and natural history should be divorced from the amenities of existence, or why a glass of ale and a bun should be regarded as incompatible with due attention to old books or old bones. We have certainly never committed ourselves to blind admiration of Mr. Cole's methods of procedure; but we cannot help wishing that he might be employed for a short time on the institution at Bloomsbury. We suspect he would make quick work with a good many cobwebs in that venerable establishment. The Natural History collection will probably be brushed up a bit when it goes to Brompton; but it is perhaps even more necessary that the departments which will remain behind should adapt themselves to modern ideas of comfort and convenience. In any case the officials of the Library ought not to be shut up, as they appear to be at present, in "tanks" of foul air. It is possible that a thorough investigation of this question might suggest reasons for a reorganization of a wider kind.

STATISTICS MADE BEAUTIFUL.

THE march of intellect has abolished the Bellman's verses, and we may be thankful that the Editor of the *Publishers' Circular* has provided a substitute adapted to our improved age. He comes forward at this season with a survey of the book trade of the past year, and, on the principle that he who feeds fat oxen should himself be fat, he feels bound in writing about literature to display his own literary skill. We showed some time ago that the passion for fine writing had infected the police force, and we fear that soon even the fact that grey shirtings are dull will be reported from the East in ornamental phraseology. The Editor of this *Circular* talks of the "fore-front and beginning of the year" as if he were writing for somebody else at a penny a line. He explains that, "by an unvarying law, the flowers of literature follow the circling seasons of the year, and blow and bloom according to order, and chiefly in the wintry months." He might carry this idea further by comparing the critics, who sometimes nip these flowers in the bud, to the gust of an East wind, and himself to an itinerant gardener who cries his flowers "all a-blowing and a-growing" through the streets. He seems to argue that, because many books come out in winter, therefore the more wintry it is the more books will appear. "The present cold season should be a good one for the consumption of literature," and no doubt many books were used to light fires during the frost. Paper, machinery, labour, and ink have all risen in price, and therefore books have become dearer, and "dearness, by a natural law, means scarcity." Accordingly he announces a fall of nearly a hundred and fifty volumes in the first item on his list, "Theology, Sermons, and Biblical Treatises." Thus, he says, "there is a natural rule and order in the production of books as of men"—a statement which we take leave to controvert. Books, it seems, cease to appear when they are not wanted; but a curate's children come only the faster the less

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money there is to pay for them. He thinks that some persons will wickedly rejoice in the decrease of biblical and theological publications; and certainly, if any persons do so rejoice, they must be wicked, for they need not read these publications, and they must know that many industrious men make a living by them. For his part, he laments this decrease particularly because, "according to the rule of natural selection, the stupidest are the most hardy." Here his comparison of books to men seems to hold good. Stupidity in man is invincible, and, according to the German saying, the Gods contend in vain against it. Perhaps the same quality in books makes them indestructible. "Born a Goddess, dulness never dies." This vitality of stupid books explains to his satisfaction why the higher class theology has been less abundant. And he finds another and more conclusive reason. Clever books do not appear because there are no men clever enough to write them. Theology to be effective must chiefly concern itself about science, and scientific theology requires, he thinks, some time to grow. Darwinism, he says, has overthrown the seat of Moses, and it is not surprising to him that people decline to be bound by the decrees of Moses. We have not the least notion what the seat of Moses was, or when Darwin overthrew it. If anybody can answer the famous question, "Where was Moses when the candle was out?" that person may perhaps be able to restore his overturned seat, and protect it hereafter against the subversive tendencies of Darwin. We are gratified to learn that, notwithstanding, or perhaps because of, the stupidity of current writers, "scepticism has on the whole been badly beaten in the outworks" of theology. But now an attack is preparing on the whole structure, and this must be met, not by a literary, but a scientific, theology, which, "in the present condition of our Universities," cannot be immediately forthcoming. It appears to follow that in the year now beginning wicked persons will find occasion to rejoice in a further decrease of theological publications.

In novels, tales, and other fictions, which he classes as "works of mere imagination," there has not been so marked a decrease as in theology. "The ladies, who supply the greater part of our novels, are abundantly productive." He does not suggest, nor do we, that his theory of the survival of the stupidest is applicable here. There were 522 new novels or tales in 1874 as against 507 in 1873. "There is only, as a cynic might remark, a paltry gain of 15." If a cynic made any remark at all on the subject of new novels, it would probably be that the so-called gain was a loss. But though in fiction there is a decrease, it is compensated by an increase in "useful literature." And there is also an increase in "that thoughtful and didactic style of writing which the great success of one or two books, the names of which will be easily recalled, has brought into fashion." If stupidity is not fully engaged in defending the outworks of theology, it may possibly read and puzzle over this sentence, which the writer has kindly explained by specifying "Essays, Belles-Lettres, and Monographs" as a class of books which has increased by twenty-two volumes. Finally, he bids us be thankful for small mercies; which precept, in its application to novels, we venture to accept in the sense of thankfulness that the mercy is no bigger.

In the rest of his list he notes a decrease, "not serious, not alarming, and by no means to be deplored." He explains it by the increase of public libraries and the quietude of the political year. In libraries books can be read without buying them; so his first cause of decrease is readily intelligible. But the consideration of his second cause raises a problem of great difficulty. The quietude or excitement of the political year depends upon Mr. Gladstone; and what astronomer can calculate the movements of that erratic star? A pamphlet by him is certain to call forth twenty answers, and if these literary flowers have bloomed lately in some abundance, we should ascribe them, not to the coldness of the weather, but to the warmth of Mr. Gladstone's zeal. We are further told that in medicine and surgery—"very important branches of practical science"—there has been a decrease. It would be interesting to know whether any principle analogous to that of the survival of the stupidest among theologians prevails in reference to physicians. If the decrease has been in that class of medical and surgical books which are written to advertise the authors, we can be thankful for a mercy by no means small. Neither can we regret that "young and suckling periodicals" have not found the air of 1874 agree with them. Many of them, as this writer pathetically says, "are born but to die." But "we do not miss any old favourites" among serials, and it would be inconvenient to inquire to what quality they owe their endurance. In poetry and the drama the decline continues. "Few people now are bold enough to publish a romantic play or historical drama, but poets of the lyric kind will have their utterances," and so we might add will statisticians of the florid kind. "The muse has been less prolific by eighteen bantlings in 1874 than in 1873." It is possible that some of those who might have been "poets of the lyric kind" are more profitably engaged in writing leaders for the *Daily Telegraph*. The muse, if there be one who makes statistics beautiful, has probably a regular engagement upon that journal, and only inspires the present writer as a by-job. It is really lamentable that hardly anybody nowadays can tell a plain story in a plain way. Works relating to Political and Social Economy, Trade and Commerce, cannot be simply mentioned as having decreased in number without the remark that they are "a very thoughtful and important branch of literature in which John Bull and his *confrères* take great interest." This introduction of a French word can only be paralleled by the butler's announcement in *Punch* that the *ongtrays* are coming in for the kitchen dinner. Time was when John Bull would have fought anybody who associated him with *confrères* or any such low company. If the series of International Exhibitions had not closed, we should certainly have recommended this writer for employment in the compilation of Official Catalogues. He tells us that in Juvenile Works "there is a decrease of forty *exemplaires*, as our neighbours say." It is saddening to think that a year must elapse before this writer can enjoy such another opportunity of ventilating his French. He ought to have gone to Paris with the Lord Mayor, as he would be certain to impress Frenchmen with admiration for the linguistic talent of the citizens of London. Almost in the next sentence he goes in for Latin. He says that the indignation which *facit versus* has been wanting in the last year, and so there has been a decrease in the number of published books. "But the tide which ebbs now will flow again," and when he "chronicles" increase we shall see what we shall see in literary style.

On the whole, there has been a decrease on the year of 366 works. The *Publishers' Circular* shows 4,625 in 1874 as against 4,991 in the previous year. The editor does not regret this decrease as unnatural or lamentable, nor do we. The past year, he says, has been one of rest, and as this rest has been general, he does not fear the result of his own statistics. If he said that the year had been one of rest on the part of writers and thankfulness on the part of critics and readers, he would not perhaps be far wrong. The public have been, he says, "quiescent and satisfied," and authors and publishers yield to the general feeling. It is clear that a Conservative Government came in and there was a decrease in books published in 1874. We do not say that there is any connexion of cause and effect between these two facts, and we do not say that there is not. But in some branches of literature, at all events, the decrease in production has been satisfactory; and if Mr. Disraeli's Ministry could guarantee us a mitigation of the plague of trashy novels, the temptation to partisanship would be difficult to resist.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

THIS sixth Winter Exhibition, though not without special interest of its own, is hardly of the merit and importance of its predecessors. We have never before encountered so many doubtful, not to say spurious, "Old Masters," and we have seldom met with such laughable errors in description. Where, except in the Royal Academy of England, could we have anticipated that a figure of St. Catherine, made all the more palpable by the presence of the broken wheel, should be entered in the official Catalogue as the "Queen of the Gipsies" (130)? But nowadays "Gipsies" are more familiar in studios than "Saints." The Academy shirks the duties incident to its high position when it declares openly that it "can accept no responsibility as to the authenticity of the pictures." Was there no responsibility when three years ago a spurious Turner—"Italy"—was hung as a centre on the line? And can there be no responsibility in face of the fact that a multitude of pictures, originally imported into England with conjectural or illegitimate pedigrees, acquire a surreptitious value in the market by being hung in Burlington House? In all matters it is proverbially difficult to know where to stop, or at what point to draw the line. It would seem, at all events, evident that pictures in the hands of dealers for sale should be inadmissible; and accordingly the Academicians accept the "responsibility" of excluding the auctioneering element. Yet we notice a growing tendency to admit works which recently have been, or soon may be, in the market, coming, not from ancestral galleries, but from people who may possibly have discovered a Titian in some such place as the Seven Dials. In fact, if care be not taken, if no "responsibility" be assumed, the Old Masters in the Academy may at last take rank with those in a notorious, or perhaps only fabulous, Gallery in New York, where, it is said, only the master-works of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo, of Titian and Correggio, were permitted to enter.

The present exhibition in itself, and in comparison with its predecessors, stands as follows. The number of works now hung amounts to 269, which is about the same as in 1870 and in 1872; but in the year 1871, owing in part to the wholesale importation of Earl Dudley's Gallery, the total rose to 426; while last year, from exceptional considerations, the exclusively Landseer exhibition numbered 532 products. The medium struck this year is a happy one; the walls escape being either crowded or bare, and but few pictures are placed beyond easy sight. The wise practice of giving express illustration to one or more deceased Academicians is continued. The first year was devoted to Leslie and Stanfield; this season Callcott and Maclise are made prominent; Cotman, of "the Norwich school," is also forced up as well worthy of study. Etty was abandoned for the present in consequence partly of some difficulty in obtaining from Edinburgh the large Joan of Arc pictures. Another point for observation is the admission into the arena of deceased Continental painters in the persons of men no less memorable than Géricault and Décamps. The innovation may be accepted gladly; the more the gathering of the illustrious dead is made cosmopolitan the better. Almost as a matter of course, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner are present in a strength which implies all but inexhaustible resources. Hogarth also is again represented in well-known works of which the world can never grow weary. Altogether, the collection brings

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out with unwonted advantage the characteristics of the English, or, more strictly speaking, of the British, school, the masters on this occasion being divided between the three sister kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland. These insular products constitute one-half of the entire collection. Flanders furnishes usual supplies from the easels of Rubens and Vandyck; Spain stands well in choice examples of Zurbaran and Velazquez. The weakness of the collection is in the Italian, Dutch, and German schools. The chief contributors are the Queen, the Earl of Yarborough, the Duke of Abercorn, the Marquis of Bristol, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Sutherland, Sir W. Miles, Mr. W. Graham, Mr. Levy, Mr. K. D. Hodgson, and Mr. Woolner, R.A. The total number of contributors is one hundred and ten. This is above the average of former years. In art, as in politics, as the standard of qualification is lowered, the number of the constituency is naturally augmented.

We will commence with some early Italian masters, grouped in congenial company in Gallery No. IV. The interest of this small collection is hardly diminished by the doubts which beset its authenticity. Let us begin with a remarkable composition, "The Virgin rising from the Tomb; St. Buonaventura and St. Francis in Adoration" (187). The empty sepulchre looks gay, according to tradition, with bright flowers, and above, in mid sky, is borne upwards the Madonna, in an elliptical glory of prismatic colours, traversed by golden rays. This characteristic manifestation of early Christian art is a well-accredited work in the choice collection of Mr. Fuller Maitland; but a question may be reasonably raised as to its authorship. It was once engraved as a creation by Giotto, which certainly it is *not*; in the present catalogue it is ascribed to Fra Angelico, to whom it has also been assigned by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, under the erroneous designation of "An Entombment of the Virgin." We will venture on still a third conjecture; we incline to think that the composition belongs to the early school of Siena; we have recently seen in the churches and Gallery of that city works in cognate styles, which severally bear the names of Ambrogio Lorenzetti, Bartolo di Fredi, Fungai, Pacchierotti, and Sano di Pietro. Here certainly the types correspond less to Fra Angelico than to this sister spiritual school of Siena; moreover the treatment of the gold ground, with the gold ornamentation on the draperies, embossed and glazed over, is expressly in the manner of Siena. At all events it is interesting to note so close an approximation between the schools of Angelico and of Siena, that the one may be mistaken for the other; each had a deep religious feeling, a sense of unearthly beauty, an exquisite eye for colour, which sometimes was used symbolically, and a delicate handling that dwelt lovingly with tender forms and subtle harmonies. Also to Mr. Fuller Maitland we are indebted for another interesting, not to say eccentric, exposition of Christian art, strangely and unaccountably described in the Catalogue as a "Subject Uncertain" (181). The "subject," which speaks for itself, has been, in fact, explicitly set forth in the Catalogue of the Manchester Art Treasures, also in the volumes of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle; the picture is likewise mentioned by Dr. Waagen; the painter is Cosimo Rosselli. The Saviour on the Cross, surrounded by angels and seraphs, crowned and in a long black jewelled dress, stands on the Sacramental Cup; the cross is floriated and of a deep blue; St. John the Baptist and St. Dominic kneel on the left; St. Peter Martyr and St. Jerome are on the right; the figures are life-size; the picture is in tempera, and formerly was in the Solly Collection; it is in parts restored. Cosimo Rosselli was a fairly good artist of the second order; he is supposed to have been a fellow-worker with Benozzo Gozzoli, possibly even in the Campo Santo of Pisa; his fresco in the Sistine Chapel of "Christ's Sermon on the Mount" has been engraved in outline both in Kugler and Crowe and Cavalcaselle. The *chef-d'œuvre* now exhibited is important in Christian iconography; observe the heavy draping of the figure on the cross, with singular accessories. The picture was painted in the fifteenth century, but this treatment of a draped crucifix, dating back to prior centuries, had then become obsolete in the art of the Western Church. The Eastern Church continued to add drapery long after the Western had adopted the nude. The composition, which possibly is that described by Vasari as in the church of S. Marco, Florence, stands as a solecism and an anachronism, and yet on these accounts it becomes all the more suggestive of speculation.

The eccentric genius of Fra Filippo Lippi manifests its lawlessness in a circular crowded and incongruous composition, "The Adoration of the Infant Saviour" (184), otherwise "The Worship of the Kings," described fully by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle when in the Barker Collection. In the National Gallery we find the same subject treated in a like festive and decorative manner by Filippino Lippi, the reputed son of Fra Filippo. In Italy we also recall pictures by Benozzo Gozzoli similar in type of face, in exuberance of materials, and in bright joyousness of colour. In this anomalous compound, in fact, there are points of contact with the religious school of Angelico; and how strangely the carnal style of this ill-conditioned monk was at one time infused with spiritualism we have a pleasing example in "The Annunciation" in the National Gallery. As was the man, so was his art—impetuous, ill-governed, out of balance, and indeed sometimes wholly discordant, if not repellent, as may be seen in the composition before us, and also in the noble, yet ignoble, frescoes in the cathedrals of Prato and of Spoleto. In whatever this artist essayed, whether "The Coronation of the Virgin," which we have recently seen in Spoleto, or "The Dance before Herod," in Prato, or "The Worship of the Kings," now in the Academy, we find a fierce tempestuous spirit, a prodigality of imagination; the subject is oppressed by crowding and distracting episodes; beauty is brought into strange fellowship with ugliness; a religious ceremony degenerates into a rout, and the procession of the three Kings might be mistaken for a caravan or a menagerie at a country fair. In the picture before us, what is specially incongruous, and indeed comic, is a company of nude youths, who, apparently in hot haste, have rushed out from their beds to see the sight, their curiosity setting decency at defiance. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle commend these figures as showing "a great proficiency in rendering the nude." It will be seen that we have not given credence to the plausible, and by no means impossible, conjecture that the picture in the Academy and that of the "Annunciation" in the National Gallery are not by Fra Filippo Lippi, but by a certain pupil and imitator, Pesellino. We remember to have had a conversation with Sir Charles Eastlake on this moot point, and the verdict given by him was in favour of Lippi, to whom therefore, all things considered, let the two pictures continue to be accredited until proof is given to the contrary. Scarcely calling for comment are a couple of minor, though not unmeritorious, pictures, the one "The Virgin and Child with Angels" (185), by Fra Filippo Lippi, the other "The Virgin and Child" (189), by Filippino Lippi. Neither need we dwell on so dubious a performance as the "Portrait of Count Sassetti and his Son" (188); the heads may be worthy of Domenico Ghirlandaio, but not the hands; nor can much be said to the advantage of the "Flight into Egypt" (183); at all events certain passages bungling in execution cannot be affiliated on Mantegna, a master who reduced his art almost to scientific accuracy.

The school of Milan is illustrated by some few minor examples. "The Baptism of Christ" (190) displays more than the usual mannerism of Luini; the surface is smooth and soft to a fault; the heads have apparently suffered from repainting; but there still remain the grace and beauty which seldom forsake the scholars of Da Vinci. Some assign the work not to Luini, but to Lanini. The "Ecce Homo" (170), ascribed to Solario, might be equally well set down to half a dozen other painters, Italian or Spanish. In the "Portrait of a Young Man" (171) we recognize the nobility, decision, and deeply-shadowed thought which characterize Beltraffio, a distinguished citizen of Milan, who took to art from the love of it. His works are scarce; the National Gallery boasts of a "Madonna and Child"; the type is noble, the artist's style is solemnized by thought and emotion, kept however in almost monumental immobility. We would gladly have seen from Leigh Court the "Salvator Mundi," otherwise the "Creator Mundi," long assigned to Da Vinci, but now by some transferred to Beltraffio. Why this soul-moving head has never come to the Academy Exhibition we cannot conceive; Sir William Miles spared his famous Claudes, and he now contributes no less than eight pictures. We shall still hope to see in Burlington House this masterpiece of the Milanese school—a school which stands apart in the abstraction and generalization which settle into ideal types of ennobled humanity.

Andrea del Sarto, the son of a tailor, as the name implies, is a master whose popularity-seeking pictures are not only met with in Florence, his native city, but have become widely diffused throughout the Galleries of Europe. No artist is more unequal; many of his works sink into mere shop-wares. In "The Holy Family" (172) the contrasts of lights, shades, and colours are forced up coarsely; the subject has been several times repeated with variations. The head of St. Joseph is said to be the portrait of Fra Bartolomeo, who is known to have influenced the earlier works of Del Sarto. On the other hand, "The Virgin and Child with St. John" (168) seems to bear out the statement that Andrea caught inspiration from Michael Angelo's "Cartoon of Pisa." In the swelling forms we recognize the grandiose manner of the Roman school. We can scarcely give credence to the assumption that "St. Sebastian" (178) is from the hand of Raffaelle. That the panel bears an inscription stating precisely by whom and for whom the picture was painted will go for little with persons who know that such credentials are often later additions. It is said that original drawings exist for this figure; but on what authority are they identified with Raffaelle? The picture ranks as a product of the school of Perugino; it is scarcely worthy of that truly great painter, still less of his pupil Raffaelle. This we venture to state after a recent tour through Central Italy, in which we have renewed acquaintance with about one hundred pictures by Pietro Perugino. On the whole, it will be judged that we think rather slightingly of the labours of the purveyors for this collection. Royal Academicians would seem to possess even less knowledge of historic art than is generally suspected, and unless more critical discrimination can be brought to the selection and rejection of "Old Masters," these Winter Exhibitions will fall into discredit.

REVIEWS.

GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.*

THIS *Short History of the English People* is a single volume of the modest dimensions and unpretending appearance of a

* *A Short History of the English People.* By J. R. Green, M.A., Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford. With Maps and Tables. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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school-book; but the wealth of material, of learning, thought, and fancy which the author has lavished upon it might easily have supplied a stately library work of some eight or ten volumes. Perhaps what most strikes one on a first perusal is its character of freshness and originality. Some previous knowledge, some time and attention, may be required rightly to appreciate the extent of Mr. Green's historical scholarship, or the depth and thoughtfulness of his comments on historical events; but the most indolent reader can hardly take it up without finding that he has lighted upon a book which is never commonplace and never dull. History as Mr. Green treats it is no mere record of the doings of kings and queens, warriors and statesmen, of the movements of armies, the provisions of treaties, or even of the enactment of laws and the growth of constitutions, although to these last the author devotes much of his space. In his hands it dwells more on the labourers of Piers Plowman than on the knights of Froissart, and gives as much thought to the villain at his toil and the craftsman in his guild as to the baron in his hall. "If," he says in his preface, "some of the conventional figures of military and political history occupy in my pages less than the space usually given them, it is because I have had to find a place for figures little heeded in common history—the figures of the missionary, the poet, the printer, the merchant, or the philosopher." His aim, in short, is represented by his title. The book "is a history, not of English Kings or English Conquests, but of the English People." Instead of starting with Cæsar and the Britons, familiar to us all from early childhood, the first thing we are told is that "for the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself"; and we are carried off to Sleswick, there to trace the political and social organization of Angle, Jute, and Saxon, before ever they trod British ground. This, accompanied by a masterly sketch of the condition of Britain under the Romans, is the preamble to English history, which begins with "the landing of Hengest and his war-band at Ebbsfleet on the shores of the Isle of Thanet." The thread of history, in the common sense of the word, is often slight, sometimes almost too slight for clearness; but throughout, religious, intellectual, and social movements are fully entered into and explained. From a section devoted to King John and the Great Charter we pass to one on the Universities in the thirteenth century, and are bidden to mark how their spirit of democracy threatened feudalism, and their spirit of intellectual inquiry threatened the Church. The account of the First Edward's conquest of Wales is prefaced by a sketch of the poetry of the Welsh bards. In his tastes and sympathies Mr. Green is what it is the fashion to call "catholic" and "many-sided." He can enter alike into the song of the Teutonic Cædmon or the Celtic Gwalchmai; he can appreciate equally a Begging Friar, a Puritan soldier, or a Wesleyan preacher; he can understand the influence alike of the revival of learning or of the translation of the Bible. The extent to which the Bible has moulded English thought and character is so seldom brought out, except by purely religious writers, and so inadequately even by them, that we are glad to see its importance fully recognized by Mr. Green:—

> No greater moral change ever passed over a nation than passed over England during the years which parted the middle of the reign of Elizabeth from the meeting of the Long Parliament. England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible. It was as yet the one English book which was familiar to every Englishman; it was read at churches and read at home, and everywhere its words, as they fell on ears which custom had not deadened to their force and beauty, kindled a startling enthusiasm. . . . . The power of the book over the mass of Englishmen showed itself in a thousand superficial ways, and in none more conspicuously than in the influence it exerted on ordinary speech. It formed, we must repeat, the whole literature which was practically accessible to ordinary Englishmen; and when we recall the number of common phrases which we owe to great authors, the bits of Shakspeare, or Milton, or Dickens, or Thackeray, which unconsciously interweave themselves in our ordinary talk, we shall better understand the strange mosaic of Biblical words and phrases which coloured English talk two hundred years ago. The mass of picturesque allusion and illustration which we borrow from a thousand books, our fathers were forced to borrow from one; and the borrowing was the easier and the more natural that the range of the Hebrew literature fitted it for the expression of every phase of feeling. When Spenser poured forth his warmest love-notes in the "Epithalamion," he adopted the very words of the Psalmist, as he bade the gates open for the entrance of his bride. When Cromwell saw the mists break over the hills of Dunbar, he hailed the sun burst with the cry of David: "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered. Like as the sun riseth, so shalt thou drive them away!" Even to common minds this familiarity with grand poetic imagery in prophet and apocalypse gave a loftiness and ardour of expression that with all its tendency to exaggeration and bombast we may prefer to the slipshod vulgarisms of the shopkeeper of to-day.

To a certain extent we are reminded of Charles Knight's *Popular History of England*, which, albeit on a larger and more pretentious scale, and, in the earlier parts, of little historical value, does by its endeavour to trace the social and industrial progress of the nation, and to portray the life of the people, bear some resemblance to the work before us. But, notwithstanding the similarity of intention, there is a significant difference of tone. Knight displays that belief in the excellences of his own age which sometimes jars upon us even in the pages of Macaulay, and which more or less characterized most good Liberals of the generation which is passing away. They were so hopeful and so joyous, those preachers of the gospel of Parliamentary Reform, Political Economy, and Free-trade, so confident—like all who have a gospel to preach—of the coming Millennium; they waxed poetical over spinning-jennies and steamboats and railway engines, and believed that the rising generation must be virtuous and happy because the schoolmaster was abroad. Mr. Green has a strong sense of the importance of the period after the battle of Waterloo—indeed we think he falls into exaggeration when he calls it the greatest period of our history "in real importance and interest"; but he betrays here and there the sadness of a modern Liberal who knows that the Millennium has not come with the Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn Laws, and whose mind is oppressed with the thought of "that war of classes, that social severance between rich and poor, between employers and employed, which still forms the great difficulty of English politics." Hard political economy was the idol of the elder race of Liberals, while the younger coquet with Socialism as the French nobles before the Revolution coquetted with Republicanism. Mr. Green lingers fondly over Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, its community of goods, its compulsory labour, its nine-hours working-day, its public education, its care for the public health, its colourless public worship; even the State priest in his raiment of birds' plumage does not excite him to a smile. He seems to be hurt by Shakspeare's "aristocratic view of social life," and "the reiterated taunts which he hurls in play after play at the rabble." He cites Coriolanus as "the embodiment of a great noble," apparently without perceiving that in Coriolanus Shakspeare has at any rate unsparingly shown the weak side of the noble class. Cromwell's "aristocratic and conservative sympathies"—hear it, shades of the Cavaliers who scoffed at the Brewer of Huntingdon!—are evidently an offence to Mr. Green, who finds "an amusing simplicity" in the Protector's remarks on "that Levelling principle." "What was the purport of it," demanded Oliver, "but to make the tenant as liberal in future" (so the version before us, surely a misprint for the more intelligible reading of Mr. Carlyle, "as liberal a fortune") "as the landlord?" Cromwell's next two sentences, which Mr. Green omits, display what many will be disposed to call hard common sense and shrewd knowledge of human nature rather than "amusing simplicity"—"which, I think," continues the Protector, "if obtained, would not have lasted long. The men of that principle, after they had served their own turns, would *then* have cried-up property and interest fast enough!" It is, however, his sympathy with the sufferings and the hopes of the classes to whom the common run of historians pay little attention that gives much of its charm to Mr. Green's book. No passage in its pages is more hearty and vigorous than that wherein he traces the history of the first great strife on English soil between capital and labour—the Peasant Revolt of 1381. Not content with merely chronicling the events of the actual outbreak, he shows the causes that led to it—the rise of the tenant-farmer, the detachment of the serf from the land, and the break-down of the labour organization of the age, owing to the ravages of the Black Death and the consequent rise of wages; the enactment of the iniquitous and shortsighted Statutes of Labourers, and the attempts made to force back the villain and the serf into their old bondage. "It was the tyranny of property that then as ever roused the defiance of socialism," is his comment on the fiery harangues in which John Ball, the "mad priest of Kent," declared the Rights of Man. Mindful of a still earlier song of the Barons' War, we can hardly admit that the quaint rhyming missives in which John Ball and Jack Trewman and the other insurgent leaders, real or mythical, summoned men to rise and join them, "began for England the literature of political controversy"; and we should be disposed to look upon them rather as akin to the "Marseillaise" and "Ça ira" than as "the first predecessors of the pamphlets of Milton and of Burke." The author brings out well, however, the wide extent of the insurrection to which these rude rhymes served as signals. The doings in London occupy most or all of the space given to the Peasant Revolt in the common run of histories; and though Wat Tyler and Jack Straw are familiar names, ordinary readers know little of Littester of Norwich, the "King of the Commons," who gave a practical commentary on the revolutionary theories of equality by forcing his noble and knightly captives to serve him on their knees; or of Grindecobbe of St. Albans, who would have been immortalized as a hero if he had only espoused a more favoured cause. He "was offered his life if he would persuade his followers at St. Albans to restore the charters they had wrung from the monks. He turned bravely to his fellow-townsmen and bade them take no thought for his trouble. 'If I die,' he said, 'I shall die for the cause of the freedom we have won, counting myself happy to end my life by such a martyrdom. Do then to-day as you would have done had I been killed yesterday.'" The sad history ends with the Royal Council's gentle suggestion of enfranchisement and the Parliament's unflinching refusal. "No thoughts of compromise influenced the landowners in their reply. The King's grant and letters, the Parliament answered with perfect truth, were legally null and void; their serfs were their goods, and the King could not take their goods from them but by their own consent. 'And this consent,' they added, 'we have never given, and never will give, were we all to die in one day.'"

We wish our space would allow us to extract some of the vivid descriptions of character with which the book abounds. In his idea of Queen Elizabeth, whose complex nature is rarely understood, Mr. Green has been, to our thinking, singularly happy. His description of Marlborough, too, is another specimen of subtle and ingenious analysis. His conception of Harold, son of Godwine, as a clever and egotistical Liberal-Conservative statesman, aiming as much as possible at inaction and repose, is well worked out, and may be contrasted with the high-minded patriot King drawn by Mr. Freeman. Edward II., in Mr. Green's hands, is no mere trifler, but receives credit for a settled purpose of flinging off the

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yoke of the Baronage, and imitating the policy of the French Kings by choosing as his Ministers men of an inferior position, wholly dependent upon the Crown. If this was really Edward's scheme, his attempts to execute it with the assistance of Piers Gaveston hardly bear out the assertion that "he was far from being destitute of the intellectual power which seemed hereditary in the Plantagenets." A man with a grain of sense would have refrained from systematically insulting the Barons till he had them in his power; he would have kept Piers Gaveston in the background on ceremonial occasions, and not have let him exercise his arm in unhorsing the nobles, and his tongue in uttering sarcasms against them. The picture of Edward IV., "the founder of the New Monarchy," silently laying the foundations of absolute rule, "while jesting with aldermen, or dallying with his mistresses, or idling over the new pages from the printing-press at Westminster," has more evidence in its favour. The "New Monarchy," we may explain, is the term Mr. Green uses to express the character of the English sovereignty from the time of Edward IV. to that of Elizabeth; and he justifies it on the ground that the character of the Monarchy during that period was a wholly new one, produced not by gradual development, but by revolution. No doubt Edward IV. did come in by a revolution, but he came in as the legitimate King who had overthrown his usurping rival, and the men who hailed him as their sovereign never thought that they were helping to found anything new. The Barons, as Mr. Green points out, had been killed off in the wars, the Church had lost its hold on the people, the Lower House had been reduced to political insignificance by the narrowing of the franchise, the labour class was discontented and turbulent; "the landowner and the merchant were ready, as they have been ready in all ages of the world, to surrender freedom into the hands of the one power which could preserve them from what they deemed to be anarchy." Therefore the King rose suddenly into solitary greatness. All this is true, but it describes a process of development, not of revolution, and the term of the New Monarchy seems to us likely to mislead the student. People talk about the Reformation till they fancy that in some given year and day the English King and people suddenly ceased to be Catholic and turned Protestants; and if they are taught to talk about the New Monarchy, it will soon be impossible to persuade them that it was not some definite form of government created and abolished by Act of Parliament.

If Mr. Green's style has a fault, it is the rather unusual one of excess of brilliancy. At times we are carried away with its passionate earnestness or fascinated by its poetry and tender feeling, but at other times we begin to wish for repose, and that the author would take things coolly. Sometimes, too, his phrases are rather strange and forced. Even supposing that he is quite right in his ideas of the circulation of the blood, we do not like such expressions as "Whatever *pulse* of patriotism may have *stirred the blood* of the English archer at Agincourt"; or "The passion of love, of loyalty, of admiration, which finds its most perfect expression in the 'Faery Queen,' *pulsed as intensely through the veins* of her meanest subjects." And when we read that the Royalist Marquess of Winchester "was brought in a prisoner with his house flaming around him," we wonder why somebody did not charitably throw a pail of water over him, or roll him up in the hearthrug. Here and there we note some slips of the pen. Henry V. was not roused from the solemnities of the convention of the States-General and the confirmation of the Treaty of Troyes by "a passing defeat of his brother Clarence in Anjou," for he had got all that over, and gone home before Clarence fell at Beaugé. Henry VI. was nine months, not nine years, old, when he succeeded his father. The Statute of Appeals described as prohibiting "all further processes in the Court of Rome," and annihilating, "as far as his [Henry VIII.'s] English subjects were concerned, the judicial jurisdiction of the Papacy," must be the one passed in 1533-34 (25 Hen. VIII. c. 19). The Statute of 1532 set down in the Chronological Annals is limited to the prohibition of appeals and processes concerning "causes testamentary, causes of matrimony and divorces, rights of tithes, oblations and obventions." In the narrative of Rowland Taylor's martyrdom, Mr. Green tells us that, "although Parliament had refused to enact the Statute of Heresy, it was still possible to fall back on the powers of the Common Law." Surely he has forgotten that the Statute of Henry IV. for the Punishment of Heretics was revived before any of the Protestant martyrs suffered. We are also a little surprised to find him stating that the Declaration of Right "denied the right of any king to exercise a dispensing power"—an error which we have before had occasion to remark upon. It only denied his right to exercise it "as it hath been assumed and exercised of late."

The narrative practically ends with the battle of Waterloo, after which the author, thinking that the subsequent period is "perhaps too near as yet to us to admit of a cool and purely historical treatment," confines himself to a summary of the chief political events down to Mr. Gladstone's retirement from office in 1874. In this we think he has judged rightly. The value of his book lies above all in the power it shows of conceiving of a period as a whole, of tracing the causes and results of events, and of following the great currents of thought. For this a period of history which is still unclosed affords no scope. The multitude of historical works published nowadays would justify a prediction that the philosophical historian of the future will note among the characteristics of the present time a laudable anxiety to learn and to understand the deeds and the thoughts of our forefathers. Whether he will attribute this to a hope of finding in the study of the past a solution of the social problems which now perplex mankind, or to the cruel pressure of School Boards and Government examiners, remains to be seen. In the meantime we counsel the English people to gratify its desire for information by reading its own story in Mr. Green's pages.

MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR ALGERIA.*

ABOUT this time last year *A Handbook for Travellers in Algeria* was added to Mr. Murray's list and was reviewed in these columns, where a very decided opinion was expressed that it was not worthy of the series to which it belonged, nor adapted to the wants and tastes of English travellers. We are not surprised therefore to learn that the book has been found unsatisfactory by others, and that the publisher has, in consequence, been induced to substitute for it the present "entirely new work." The defects generally complained of appear to have been substantially the same as those which we pointed out, "inaccuracy and incompleteness"—defects common enough, and perhaps even excusable, in the ordinary run of guides and manuals, but fatal to the character of a "Murray's Handbook." The author, as it seemed to us, had relied too much upon previous compilers, and far too little upon his own personal observation and experience; his mistakes in statement and description were just the kind of mistakes a man is apt to make when he states facts and describes things at second-hand. But the main defect of the book was that it withheld the very sort of information for which a traveller goes to "Murray" in preference to all other guides. For the mere tourist whose object is simply to run over a country in a perfunctory manner, and whose sole inducement to visit any place is that it is visited and talked about by other tourists, there will be as a matter of course always plenty of guides to help him on his road and furnish him with ready-made impressions and raptures. Even Cook's tourists, who are probably the most rudimentary creatures of the order, have provided for them by the author of their being a little manual which is said to be curiously adapted to their tastes and intelligence. There are already in existence several French guide-books for Algeria which give all the information required by this class of travellers, and, as it may be safely assumed that any one going so far will be able at least to read French, there was no real necessity for an English work of the same scope and purpose. A large proportion, however, of the English travelling public are people of a very different taste and instinct, and are not content to follow one another like sheep along a beaten track, and "do" a regular round of established sights, but prefer to throw tourist traditions overboard, and get as much enjoyment out of their travels as the country can be made to yield. This class of travellers has always hitherto been considered by the editors of Murray's Handbooks, and the chief fault we had to find with the author of the former edition was that he seemed entirely to ignore their existence, and to think that a description of the principal routes usually followed by Paris excursionists was all that could be reasonably expected of him.

We are happy to have it in our power to give a very different report of the present volume. In respect both of accuracy and completeness it is something more than a vast improvement on its predecessor, for it fairly deserves the character of a painstaking and trustworthy guide, and, in whatever direction within the French possessions the traveller may feel inclined to direct his steps, he will find in its pages all the information and assistance for his journey that he has a right to look for in a book of its limits. Another matter not less important is that the author has evidently used his own eyes, and given the reader the benefit of his own experience, and consequently his descriptions and statements inspire a confidence which can never be felt where it is open to doubt whether the writer was ever on the spot he is writing about. When he has to describe he hits off the happy mean, so often missed by guide-book makers, between eloquence and baldness, pointing out with sufficient emphasis what is to be seen, without dictating the emotions which the sight should produce on a properly constituted mind.

In most of the French guide-books Algiers and its environs receive the lion's share of attention. This is only natural. To the genuine Parisian mind the modern city of Algiers is the one unmistakable success in the colony, the one unquestionably satisfactory piece of work achieved since the conquest of the country. Colonization may languish; Arabs may refuse to give up the nomadic life and take to agriculture; Kabyles may decline to become respectable market-gardeners and mechanics after the European model; cotton plantations may fail; wine, wool, mutton, cork, and esparto-grass may prove delusions; but at any rate Algiers is no failure. There, at least, France has made her mark. She has effectually grafted Paris on the savage old pirate city, and produced a flourishing growth of boulevards, places, passages, hotels, cafés, clubs, billiards, absinthe, and asphalte, so that the veriest *badaud* feels himself quite at home the moment he lands from the Marseilles steamer. These are of course less powerful attractions to the English visitor, but still a considerable space must necessarily be given to Algiers itself in any Handbook intended for his use. In the first place, Algiers is steadily rising in repute as a winter retreat for invalids. If it is inferior to Madeira in temperature, it is incomparably more accessible, and there seems to be little doubt that its climate is, upon the whole, better for pulmonary

* *A Handbook for Travellers in Algeria.* London: Murray. 1874.

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patients than that of any of the health resorts on the north side of the Mediterranean; while, as regards accommodation, comforts, luxuries, medical attendance, and the like, it is at least as well provided as the best of them. The two drawbacks appear to be the occasional visitations of the sirocco, and the existence of a rainy season. The former, however, disagreeable as it is, is not more unpleasant than the mistral, and when the rain falls, it is not in the common European form of persistent drizzle, but in heavy showers, with ample intervals of sunshine and warmth. Algiers is besides, to the traveller whose object is pleasure rather than health, the port most easily reached, and the best starting-point for journeys into the interior; so that, independently of its rank as the capital, it has a claim to somewhat fuller treatment than other towns. English travellers, however, do not cross the Mediterranean to see a second-rate French city with certain African differences; and the author has exercised a judicious moderation in dealing with the charms and attractions of Algiers. Even the performances of the Aïssaoui do not tempt him into discursiveness, and, contrary to all precedent, he contents himself with stating that such things exist, and may be seen through the instrumentality of an hotel commissionaire, though on the whole his advice to strangers about to assist at one of these uncommonly nasty soirées is very like the famous "Don't" of Mr. Punch. In the same way he reduces to their proper proportions the pretensions of sundry places and things in the vicinity of Algiers which, because they are within easy reach, are much visited and over-glorified by occasional tourists; Blidah, for example, and the Gorge of the Chiffa, where he warns the reader against expecting the Swiss or Italian scenery commonly said to be in store for him. The same caution, it is true, will apply to the mountain scenery of Algeria in general. In many parts—in the Jurjura, in the district between Setif and the coast, and in the Aures—there is scenery grand and bold enough to satisfy any lover of the mountains; but it has a character peculiarly its own, and it is unjust to measure it by an Alpine or any other standard.

Algiers is, as we have said, probably on the whole the best starting-point for a tour through Algeria. But if Spain were a country to be traversed in comfort and security, we should give the preference to Oran, *viâ* Valencia, Alicante, Carthagena, or Malaga, not so much on account of the shorter sea passage, as because this route would get rid of the necessity for travelling twice over the long but not very interesting line between Algiers and Oran. Of the three provinces, Oran has by far the fewest attractions for the traveller, unless he is anxious to examine the progress of French colonization. Indeed it can be hardly said to contain anything which will really repay the journey, except the relics of Moorish art at Tlemcen, Mansoura, and Bou-Medin; but then it must be added that it is only at Granada, Seville, and Cordova that anything will be found exceeding these in interest. The Eastern half of the French territory, the province of Constantina, and the adjoining portion of Algiers, is the part of Algeria which the vacation tourist will find his best pleasure-ground, whether his object be to enjoy scenery, study antiquities, or make the acquaintance of a new country and people lying beyond the beaten tracks of European travel. Routes are given here that will enable him to gratify any or all of these tastes. For a plunge into the life and scenery of the Sahara, the choice practically lies between El Aghouat, to the south of Algiers, and Biskra, to the south of Constantina. Both places are well within the limits of the Sahara, and both are, after a fashion, connected with European civilization by a line of diligences. A reasonably hardy traveller may visit both without a *détour*, crossing on mule or camel-back from El Aghouat to Biskra or *vice versâ*; but if he has to make a choice the author of the Handbook recommends him, and rightly we think, to choose Biskra. El Aghouat is not nearly so good a specimen of a Saharan oasis and town as Biskra, or its neighbours Sidi Okba and Omash; nor are there so many excursions to be made as from Biskra, unless indeed the traveller is ambitious of following the example of Dr. Tristram, and pushing his way south to Gardaia and Waregla. From Biskra, however, he can, without much difficulty, reach Tuggurt, for which expedition he will find here a full itinerary, and ample advice and instructions. The distance moreover from Constantina to Biskra is little more than half of that from Algiers to El Aghouat, and the road is infinitely more interesting. Indeed there is no single view in Algeria which will produce so strong an impression on a traveller fresh from Europe as that which opens upon him when he issues from the mountains through the rocky jaws of the gorge of El Kantara, and sees the palm-trees of his first oasis stretching away southward before him.

For those who love grand and bold mountain scenery there is an abundant choice of routes through the mountainous country which lies along the coast between Algiers and Bona. One of the best hints in this edition is that which recommends a variation of the route from Constantina to Algiers by a *détour* from Setif to Bougie through the magnificent defile of the Chabet-el-Akhira, of which the author says, "It is impossible to conceive anything more sublime and terrible, and the first idea that crosses the traveller's mind is the powerlessness of words to describe scenery so grand." But why, having got his traveller to Bougie, does he advise him to proceed to Algiers by sea, when the almost direct line by land passes through the very finest scenery in all French Africa? There is a diligence road from Bougie to Akbou or Beni Mansour in the Sahel valley, and from both of those places mule tracks lead to the Col de Tirourda, from which, as the author himself shows, there is a good path to Fort National. The journey may be somewhat rough, but it is not rougher than that from Setif to Bougie, which he has just recommended his reader to make, and the route crosses the noble range of the Jurjura, leading through scenery with which, in his own words, "no part of Algeria can compare for grandeur," and through the very heart of the country of the Kabyles, the most interesting of the Algerian peoples.

The tourist whose leanings are historical and antiquarian will also find useful hints as to where to go and what to look for, especially in the part which refers to the very interesting but little-travelled country along the Tunis frontier from Tebessa to Souk-Ahras, where at almost every step there is something—aqueduct, arch, or temple—to show how elaborate was that Roman colonization of which these ruins are now the only trace. But Roman remains are by no means the only antiquities to be studied on Algerian soil; it is, in the eastern part especially, a veritable palimpsest in its records of successive races. Of late years attention has been called to the wealth of the country in dolmens, cromlechs, and prehistoric monuments generally, and it is to be hoped archæologists will not neglect so rich a field. The traveller will find here a list of the localities most interesting in this respect.

There are a few trifling omissions and errors which the author will do well to see to in the next edition. Considering that shooting is becoming every year a luxury more difficult to obtain, and that Algeria is a country which offers the attraction of genuine wild sport, and may possibly be visited by some persons for that reason alone, he ought, we think, to extend his remarks on the sporting capacities of the country, and give somewhat fuller information as to the game to be found, and where to find it. In his geographical description, although he has dropped the antiquated notion of a Great, Middle, and Little Atlas, he speaks of a Greater and a Lesser Atlas, as if there were two distinct and definite chains of mountains running parallel to each other; and he talks of "passing the watershed" half-way between Philippeville and Constantina. What he calls the watershed here is simply the dividing ridge between two streams flowing into the Mediterranean (the true watershed is about a hundred miles further south, beyond Batna); and any division of the Atlas system into a Greater and Lesser will convey a very false idea of the physical geography of Algeria. Then why does he persist in writing "*Constantine*" and "*Bone*"? He might just as well call the capital "Alger," and his work the "Handbook for Algérie." "Bougie" may perhaps be more familiar than "Bugia" or "Boujayah," but in the case of "Constantina" and "Bona" there is not a shadow of excuse for submitting in an English book to the French passion for Gallicizing names under all circumstances. There are besides one or two light slips of the pen to be corrected. The latitude of Biskra is 34° 57′, not 36° 57′; the Jurjura is not the highest mountain range, for there are at least two higher summits in the Aures, and in the table of heights there is some confusion between its highest point, the Tamghout, and Lalla Khadidja, the Kabyle Saint, whose shrine has given the peak its additional name. But a few, and there are very few, oversights of this kind do not affect the character of the book. That, as we have already said, may be fairly described as trustworthy and painstaking, and Mr. Murray, we think, may be congratulated on the result of his determination to preserve the reputation of our old friend the Red Handbook.

THE THREE DEVILS.*

WE reviewed some time ago a collection of essays by Professor Masson called *Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats*. He has now collected a set of essays of a similar character, and possessing the same sort of merit. We are glad indeed to say that we have not noticed in this volume such eccentricities of style as disfigured the last. The author is occasionally rather pompous in manner, but he is tolerably straightforward and simple. We may add that he has the further merit of an industrious accumulator of facts, as indeed will not be doubted by any one who has read, or tried to read, his ponderous volumes on Milton. But we hesitate before going any further. We could not say that Professor Masson's criticisms upon the English poets of this century showed much originality or fineness of perception. But in the present volume he has been flying at still higher game, and the inadequacy of his treatment is more painfully conspicuous. We should be inclined to say, for example, that nobody has a moral right to add to the existing mass of Shakspearian literature without a palpably good reason. He may have some fragments of positive knowledge to add to our scanty store, and may be able to contribute something towards fixing the date of a play or explaining some contemporary allusion. But if he wishes to soar higher, he should remember that all the best English, German, French, and American critics have been labouring in the same field; and that, unless he has something to say which they have not said some hundreds of times, he may as well hold his peace. Now we cannot honestly assert that we find our appreciation of Shakspeare or Goethe materially improved by a study of Professor Masson's essays. We cannot refuse to admire the courage which has impelled him to attempt such lofty themes; but sheer wonder is a fitter phrase than admiration to express our sentiments on laying down the volume. Common sense is a quality too much despised by some critics of the present day; and

* *The Three Devils—Luther's, Goethe's, and Milton's; with other Essays.* By David Masson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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we do not deny that Professor Masson possesses that quality. But really something more is wanted before a man should presume to get into the lecturing chair and explain the secrets of Shakspeare's art. Otherwise he degenerates into a mere retailer of commonplaces which are never very striking, and which become rather offensive when put forward with a complacent air of superior wisdom. Professor Masson, having the advantage of living in the nineteenth century, knows what Coleridge and Goethe have said about Shakspeare, and is so far entitled to look down upon the Malones, Steevenses, and Johnsons. But we would rather follow Johnson vigorously stumbling about in the night of criticism than Professor Masson's humdrum plodding by the latest of the new lights.

Let us take, for example, the essay called "Shakspeare and Goethe." After some preliminary remarks about the faces of the two men, we have a brief summary of Shakspeare's life, and a repetition for the thousandth time of the remarks of Ben Jonson and Fuller. Then we are told that we ought to penetrate into Shakspeare's heart, but that this is difficult because he was many-sided. Still, though many-sided, he must have had a certain character reflected in his works. The Sonnets are calculated to throw some light upon this subject. They show that Shakspeare was often melancholy, or, as Professor Masson puts it, his mind was "apt to sink into that state in which thoughts of what is sad and mysterious in the universe most easily come and go." This phase is represented by Hamlet and Jaques, in confirmation of which truism a good many familiar passages are quoted. "Instead of being a calm stony observer of life and nature, as is somewhere represented" (who, we should like to know, ever called Shakspeare stony?), he was—could we have guessed it?—a man of gentle affections, keen sensibility, and liable to frequent despondency. What a discovery! Who would have dreamt of this had it not been explained to him by a Professor in the University of Edinburgh? However, having found this out, Professor Masson is kind enough to spare us what he truly says would be a "mere string of undeniable commonplaces" about Shakspeare's wide sympathies and knowledge. He then informs us that Shakspeare was "specifically and transcendently a literary man," and also "the greatest *expresser*" that ever lived. This last opinion appears for a moment to be original, because it seems to imply that Shakspeare's power lay, not in thinking, but in finding new forms for the expression of thought. But, as Professor Masson immediately goes on to explain his meaning to be that Shakspeare had an immense rush of thought about every conceivable subject, and was excessively fluent of speech, it turns out to be simply an inaccurate mode of stating the most familiar of all criticisms upon "the divine Williams."

We are then treated to some remarks upon Goethe, from which we learn that he was a man with great powers of self-control, and a good many quotations are given from Eckermann's *Conversations*, which, if we will ponder them, will, it seems, enlighten us as to the poet's character. This brings us to the great question to which the essay is apparently intended to furnish an answer. What is the difference between Shakspeare and Goethe? They were both literary men, says Professor Masson. Most true. Goethe, however, wrote prose as well as verse. True, again; and we may add that Goethe was a German and died at Weimar quite recently; whereas Shakspeare was an Englishman and died at Stratford two centuries and a half ago. However, says Professor Masson, if we "regard the two men in their special character as artists or poets, a marked difference is still discernible." So we should think; but what was it? Professor Masson gives the answer, such as it is, in half a page. It comes briefly to this, that, whereas Shakspeare clothed "objects, circumstances, and feelings with magnificent language," Goethe's "different and narrower" genius consisted in translating "from the objective to the subjective," and clothing real feelings with fictitious circumstance. "Let this distinction be sufficiently conceived and developed," says Professor Masson, "and a full idea will be obtained of the exact difference between the literary many-sidedness attributed to Shakspeare, and that also attributed to Goethe." Possibly; but why did not Professor Masson try to conceive and develop it sufficiently, instead of tacking it without development to the end of a commonplace essay? To say the truth, the difference between the two men is so great and palpable that it would have been better to ask, What is the likeness? But we are unable to see that Professor Masson throws any light upon either of these questions.

Two essays upon Dryden and Swift are equally devoid of any critical interest. The essay upon Dryden brings together a good many facts in a methodical and reasonable manner, and forms a fair biographical sketch of the poet. But it is clear that the Professor has nothing new to say about Dryden as a poet, and that he does not really care for his poems. Nobody is bound to like Dryden, or indeed to like Shakspeare, but if a critic has no appreciation of the peculiar qualities of a great writer, that raises a presumption that he had better not write about him. Certainly Professor Masson's summary of Dryden's merits is rather irritating to anybody who has a lingering affection for the masculine vigour of one of our manliest writers. Dryden, he says, ranks fifth amongst great English poets, after Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. But he explains that he only means fifth in chronological order. He was, that is, the fifth literary dictator. This is not saying much. Then Dryden was various and voluminous, and Scott says that most great writers have been voluminous. However, a great proportion of Dryden's writing is rubbish, because he wrote on subjects for which he was not fitted, and was slovenly even when in his own province. Still he was "robust," and by dint of hard work improved in his old age. "As a contributor to the actual body of our literature, and as a man who produced by his influence a lasting effect on its literary methods, Dryden's place is certainly high." Surely this is about the most meagre conclusion to which a critic could easily come. Mr. Lowell does not belong to Dryden's school any more than Professor Masson; but in an excellent essay in the volume called "Amongst my Books," Mr. Lowell has shown how a follower of Wordsworth and a worshipper of Spenser may still do justice to the greatest writer of the Restoration period. We wish that Professor Masson could have shown the same catholicity of taste. On Swift he is perhaps more appreciative, though he adds nothing to our knowledge. We will merely notice one remark in passing. Professor Masson says that Swift had some innovating notions. One was his view that women ought to be better educated; the other that a standing army was dangerous to liberty. The first remark is accurate enough; but if Swift was an innovator because he objected to a standing army, we must apply the same name to almost every English politician from the time of Charles II. down to the time of the French Revolution. The cry against standing armies was perhaps the most popular piece of cant amongst all parties during the whole of the eighteenth century.

We must say a word or two about the essay which gives its title to the volume. That title, *The Three Devils*, has something taking about it, and is, in fact, the best thing in the book. When, however, we turn from the title to the essay itself, we are struck by the obvious fact that the title is the only thing which binds together three perfectly independent pieces of criticism. Of Luther's Devil Professor Masson has only to say that the object of Luther's genuine belief was in every way utterly unlike the poetical creations of Milton and Goethe. Some very interesting remarks might doubtless be made upon the origin and nature of Luther's conceptions of diabolical agency; but Professor Masson has done little more than quote a few of the familiar anecdotes of the great Reformer, and insert a rather queer piece of criticism upon Comte's theories, which apparently comes to this—that there is a good deal of truth in them, but that we are not to accept them. Between Milton and Goethe, except that they both wrote about the Devil, there is far less connexion than between Shakspeare and Goethe. Mephistopheles belongs to a totally different order of beings from the Satan of *Paradise Lost*. His real analogue, if one must be found, should rather be Iago; and an interesting comparison might be worked out by a competent critic, though of course there would then be no opportunity for a taking title. As for Mr. Masson's parallel between the two other Devils, it amounts to saying in a good many words that they have really no point in common. Satan, in fact, is the embodiment of pride, and Mephistopheles of cynicism. There is a relation, but not enough resemblance to justify a contrast. One may usefully compare Cromwell and Napoleon; but very little is to be made of comparing either with St. Francis of Assisi. Of Professor Masson's independent remarks upon the two personages, we can only say that they are as feeble as can well be imagined. Milton's Devil is in many ways a most interesting topic for literary criticism; but we do not care for a new analysis of *Paradise Lost;* nor do we gain much from such scattered remarks as these. Milton, we are told, has done justice to the physical character of the angels, because he represents them as tearing up, we are told, mountains by the roots. Another poet, on this showing, may easily surpass Milton by making his angels tear up continents or play at bowls with planets. Nor do we think that much light is thrown upon Milton's conception by saying that he represents the angels as differing from men by the fact that angels are not subject to gravitation, and consequently did not fall out of heaven, but were driven out by fire. Or we may quote, as our last specimen of Professor Masson's style of criticism, this ingenious remark. Milton, in *Paradise Regained*, describes the approach of the Devil thus:—

> An aged man in rural weeds,
> Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,
> Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve
> Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
> To warm him wet returned from field at eve,
> He saw approach; who first with curious eye
> Perused him, then with words thus uttered spake.

"Observe," says the ingenious Professor, "how all the particulars of this description are drawn out of the very thick of the civilization of the past four thousand years, and how the whole effect of the picture is to suggest a Mephistophelic-looking man, whom it would be disagreeable to meet alone." We should have thought the very opposite, and that the whole description is meant to show how cunningly the Devil had disguised himself. We have not the least idea what is meant by the phrase about the "thick of the civilization," but we see that Professor Masson wanted to prove that the Satan of *Paradise Regained* was a kind of mean term between Mephistopheles and the Satan of *Paradise Lost;* and we guess that he wished to find an appropriate instance to prove his case, and exhibit his critical acumen after the most approved fashion. Unluckily, where a genuine critic is happy in discovering some trifling circumstance which just illustrates his theory, a commonplace critic can only imitate the method without the felicity. Professor Masson takes hold of the first passage that occurs to him, and assumes that it will prove what he wants it to prove. Perhaps two readers out of three may take his word for it.

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We will say, in conclusion, that there is one essay in this volume which is better than the rest—that, namely, on "Milton's Youth." Professor Masson is of course well informed upon this topic, and the essay itself, though commonplace enough in its criticisms, does something to bring out Milton's relation to the main currents of contemporary thought. We think, however, that even here Professor Masson seems to read Milton's character too much by the light of his later writings, and does scant justice to that side of him which sympathized with Spenser, Shakspeare, and Fletcher. And we must add that "psychologizing a man" is a "vile phrase."

MRS. GILBERT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

THERE is no knowing who may not now look forward to the glory of a biography—we do not mean a mere obituary notice in a sympathizing periodical, or a column *In Memoriam* in a weekly organ of opinion, but a couple of handsome volumes, offered, not to friends and partial admirers, but to the whole world of readers. This is one obvious consequence of the modern facilities for reading without buying. Mudie's is no doubt a new road to fame, bringing into posthumous prominence and distinction many a life and character which would otherwise never have been heard of. It is a new opportunity for the quiet and obscure, who while they live can be nothing else but obscure. Only let them shuffle off this mortal coil, and, if there has been anything out of the common about them, their turn comes. Many people whom society did not care to know, it is nevertheless glad to read about, under these altered conditions, if the scene they lived in was sufficient to develop their powers, and if they represented anything of that picturesqueness which is seldom wanting to any situation in life.

These reflections are so far general that we are aware they may appear to be inappropriate in the present instance. Mrs. Gilbert belonged to a family with whom the pen was an easy, we may almost say a natural, instrument. But all the publicity it procured her was of such ancient date that she herself, at the close of a long life, made the discovery that the world had supposed her to be dead some scores of years. The value of the book, however, is by no means lessened by this obscurity. The reader is well content to exchange an insight into the busy, or great, or fighting, or travelling, or learned, or scientific, or fashionable world, in which biography finds its ordinary fields, for a distinct, faithful, and loving delineation of a very small world indeed, such as opened itself as a first study to a child's keen observation, and forms the material for the autobiography which occupies half of the first of the two volumes before us. It is not the books people write, or the importance of the society in which they pass their lives, or even what they do in itself, that constitutes an interesting subject for autobiography; it is what they are, what vigour of life stirs them, what eyes they have for noting what goes on around them, what line of thought occupies them, what power they have of expressing that thought, what touch of themselves they can impart to their work, bringing to light that distinctive quality which we mean by character. In all these points Ann Taylor, known here as Mrs. Gilbert, was well endowed. Her first memories, as is usual with minds and bodies of vigorous formation, start very early, assisting her to draw a very clear and singular picture of family life; and to bring before us a quaint and pleasant group of homely folks, members of the Nonconformist body in a small country town, of which her father was the most shining light, and pre-eminent both for intellect and character.

The first Isaac Taylor was indeed the sort of man to found a family from strength of will, clearness of intention, and astonishing industry in working out his intentions. He was by calling an engraver, and so far a successful one that, before the war which cut off English art from the Continent, he received five hundred pounds for engraving a subject for Boydell's Shakspeare Series. He threw himself into the business of education as if that was his one mission; rising at six every morning to prepare the lessons which his children were in the course of the day to learn in science, geography, history, even fortification, for the war was going on, and he wished that his girls as well as boys might be able intelligently to follow the course of events. He was indefatigable at his business, and on Sundays he preached as a pious lay exercise long before he devoted himself to the ministry. And what is strange, and raises the reader's respect for him beyond all his personal labours, he made his children cheerfully acquiesce and be happy in the life of extraordinary task-work which he imposed upon them. Of these the three eldest have all left their mark in the world. The third was Isaac Taylor, the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, *Saturday Evening*, and other works, widely read at the time; the second, Jane, best known in the nursery, where her baby songs and many of her hymns are not likely to be soon superseded; and the first, the subject of the present memoir, though her name is the least familiar, to whom is perhaps owing the distinction to which the others attained. There is no knowing the influence of an eldest of a family upon the rest. She inherited her father's industry and a healthy, cheerful temperament which enjoyed an encounter with tough tasks, whether of head or hand, thus setting an example to the others, who, feeling the burden heavier, might not else have submitted to it with so good a grace. As it was, they were strong enough to bear it—the lessons, the long hours of dull mechanical labour at engraving, the compulsory silence at meals, when it was their mother's invariable custom to read aloud to her husband. But, though hard work, it was not slavery. Their mother had no mysteries, and early initiated them into their father's pecuniary circumstances. If the girls worked hard, they knew why they had it to do, and their superior education preserved them from any sense of humiliation; they were always looked up to and courted in their own circle. Nor were they tried by any sectarian severities. They chose their own friends; they were taught dancing. Ann went once to a play, and once to a farmhouse ball; and we learn, not from the present memoir, but from the brother Isaac's family biography, that the reading at the breakfast-table was not confined to grave subjects. He looks back with wonder at the works of fiction read there, "the hearing of which *then* inflicted upon us, as I think, very little moral injury, but of which the names have barely been heard by my family." All this, the relaxations as well as the severities, was good training. Nobody can write with any success whose ear has not caught the tone of a well-written sentence; nobody can stimulate the fancy of others who has not had his own awakened in childhood. Nobody can delineate society who has not had liberty of observation at an early age. It will be found that the strictest religious schools derive their distinctive literature from writers whose plastic youth was exempt from the restraints which they enforce as essential to the Christian life.

Ann Taylor had her sphere of observation, though it was not a lofty one. There is no pleasanter reading in the book than her earliest recollections of family life at Lavenham, in Suffolk, where her father carried his young family, occupying a good house at the modest rent of 6*l.* a year. She takes the pews of the meeting-house *seriatim* as she and her sister viewed them perched on their high seats. "It was generally well filled, and for my pleasure more than for yours, shall I record the names still familiar to me of those who chiefly composed it?" And in order of sittings we read of the "quaint, somewhat poetical, schoolmaster—I say poetical, because he had done the Copernican system into rhyme"; the stone-deaf blacksmith who attended meeting very regularly, occasionally reproaching his minister as a legal preacher, on the ground that he selected Arminian texts; the hospitable baker, who occupies a grateful niche in her memory, as she apostrophizes his good fare, "O the piles of hot toast, thick, heaped with butter, that used morning and evening to crown the iron footmen in front of the fire!" to which unaccustomed delicacies "Nanny and Jenny" were always heartily welcome; the old maids Miss Betsy and Miss Sally, one of whom had been subjected to that awful dispensation to a little girl's fancy—a disappointment in love. Dissent at this stage is, we own, more attractive to the general reader than where it is professed later on as "the hearty faith in sect and party" which years developed in her. Women are so trebly influenced, through their sense of duty, their affections, and their aptitude for hero-worship, to follow a lead, that in Mrs. Gilbert's circumstances we can neither wonder at nor quarrel with her growing principle of Dissent. Her father was a pious Nonconformist; but not till she was thirty did she catch the fiercer spirit of Nonconformity. Then, in company with her brother and sister, she spent a winter in Devonshire, and became acquainted with the nearest approach to a hero that ever came in her way. This was a Mr. Gunn, pastor of a small congregation at Ilfracombe—"the noble Highlander" as she calls him—whose person, air, and manners were those of a military man of rank, whose natural gifts enabled him to command and compel obedience, whose graceful ease and candid frankness of conversation, while ably and eloquently discussing the deepest subjects, set every one at ease, and, to sum up all, whose politeness penetrated to the female bosom of all ranks; one young woman saying with really touching simplicity, "I have seen very few gentlemen myself, but I daresay the Miss Taylors have seen a great many, and I will ask them whether they ever saw any one like him?" "We said, 'No, indeed, we never did'"; and with all this he was a rabid Dissenter. No wonder she writes, "Father will be pleased to hear he is making us Dissenters to the backbone."

Concurrently with this powerful influence set in another more lasting, connected with the romance of her life. We are not quite sure that this romance is without precedent in Dissenting communions, however unusual it may be in society. Mr. Gilbert, a widower of thirty-three, a minister and classical tutor of Rotherham Independent College, heard much from common friends of Ann Taylor, and took the singular course of writing to propose himself to her while yet they were unknown to each other. This letter came to her at Ilfracombe. Luckily for Mr. Gilbert there was a Mrs. Gunn; but such a hero in presence as Mrs. Gunn's husband raised so high the standard of what a man should be to excite interest in the female bosom that his task was not an easy one. She wrote a cold answer; but the gentleman was in earnest. He visited the lady's parents, made his way with the mother, and finally obtained permission to visit the object of his hopes. The son has to explain that to people who did not know his father he was not wanting in heroic qualities of mind and person. They so far prevailed in the end that Ann Taylor became Mrs. Gilbert; voluntarily and cheerfully sacrificing her old pursuits and all the credit and other advantages that came with them to what she recognized as the imperative paramount duties of a wife, a mistress of a household, and eventually of a mother. In all these capacities she was exemplary through a protracted life, growing, as it would

* *Autobiography and other Memorials of Mrs. Gilbert.* Edited by Josiah Gilbert. London: Henry S. King & Co.

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seem, more rigid, staunch, and one might almost say uncharitable—if it were not rather blindness—towards opponents, in her zeal for Nonconformity and disestablishment. However, the days of what, writing at the age of sixty-five, she calls "a kind of mongrel namby-pamby Charitarianism," the days of "the *great truths*, and Christian love, they were the things not to contend for of course, but just to lie down in, and let them fall on us like dew—that was Christianity"—the days with their milder tone of profession thus contemptuously looked back upon represented the period and the temper most friendly to composition. They were the days when the Original Poems and Hymns were written of which, though Jane Taylor got credit with the world for them, Ann wrote many of the most popular; humble compositions, but so excellent of their kind, simple without puerility, touched with humour, tender with pathos, and so really original that they awoke a general enthusiasm.

At this time also Ann was engaged in prose composition, and wrote reviews for the *Eclectic*, enjoying once the dazzling distinction of seeing her criticism of a novel displace a grave article from the pen of no less a person than Dr. Olinthus Gregory. Female authors were rare then, and the leading authoress of the day was so idolized by a large circle of male admirers both in the Church and the world that we do not wonder the duty became imperative on a sister scribe, as being alone bold enough for the task, to tell Hannah More that she wrote commonplaces without knowing it, and that she was not so wonderful a person as the world thought her. After remarking that Mrs. More's *Christian Morals* contains reflections which are just, and precisely such as most reflecting people have *made* already, and such as many reflecting people could write, and perhaps not sufficiently unlike what has been written, she concludes:—

> Genius feels and decides with prompt correctness, places its idea in the most striking attitude, in the broad daylight of expression, and presents to a glance
>
> The fairest, loftiest, countenance of things.
>
> Industry walks carefully round its subject, holding a light, now on this now on that, in every direction, till, notwithstanding the general obscurity, every part has been successively discerned. This fatiguing endeavour is perceived, upon many occasions, in the style of Mrs. More. We should call it, if allowed the expression, "much ado about"—*something*.

We have given some prominence to the sectarianism of this excellent lady's opinions, because her biographer has taken pains to bring it forward. But it does not affect the character itself, nor the subjects that interested her in action, nor the things that dwelt on her tenacious and picturesque memory, which constantly raises the most vivid out-of-the-way little scenes, as *e.g.* her visit to the shroud-maker's by candlelight, or her poem to the crocuses. She was blest with that abiding sense of youth which belongs to a healthy mind in a healthy body. "Even now," she writes, "whether at sixty-six, as when I began this, or at eighty, as I am now, the feeling of being a grown woman, to say nothing of an *old* woman, does not come naturally to me." Hers was a life singularly suited to her character, busy beyond most, a life, as she expresses it, where yesterday was always treading on to-day. We do not often find such contentment at every circumstance in a long career; such unqualified gratitude for her training and the surrounding circumstances of her life, such a clear mind and sound sense in old age, such cheerfulness and sweetness lasting to the end.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.*

MR. HARDY still lingers in the pleasant byways of pastoral and agricultural life which he made familiar to his readers in his former novels, *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. Indeed the first of these can hardly be called a novel. It was rather a series of rustic sketches—Dutch paintings of English country scenes after the manner of *Silas Marner*. But, like its successor, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, it brought with it a genuine fresh flavour of the country, and of a part of the country that has not yet become hackneyed. There was promise, too, in both these books of something really good being produced in future works. And that promise, though not quite fulfilled, is given again in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. It is nearer fulfilment than it was, though much nearer in the first half of the first volume than in the remainder of the book, where the characters both of the heroine and of the hero fall off. But there is still a good deal wanting, and Mr. Hardy has much to learn, or perhaps we ought to say, to unlearn, before he can be placed in the first order of modern English novelists. He takes trouble, and is not in a hurry to work off his sketches. They are imaginative, drawn from the inside, and highly finished. They show power also of probing and analysing the deeper shades of character, and showing how characters are affected, and how destinies are influenced for good or evil, by the circumstances which act upon them. But Mr. Hardy disfigures his pages by bad writing, by clumsy and inelegant metaphors, and by mannerism and affectation. What, for instance, could be worse as a piece of composition than the following?—

> His tone was so utterly removed from all she had expected as a beginning. It was lowness and quiet accented: an emphasis of deep meanings, their form, at the same time, being scarcely expressed. Silence has sometimes a remarkable power of showing itself as the disembodied soul of feeling wandering without its carcase, and it is then more impressive than speech.

The grammar in this passage is faulty, the metaphor is far-fetched and awkward, the thought poor, and the expression of it affected. Again, how could a man of good taste—and good taste Mr. Hardy certainly has—permit this hideous metaphor to appear?—"It" ("the element of folly") "was introduced as lymph on the dart of Eros, and eventually permeated and coloured her whole constitution." A quack doctor before the days of Public Vaccinators might have written such a sentence as a taking advertisement. But a man of refinement, and not without a sense of humour, might surely have put the not unprecedented fact that a girl fell in love with a soldier in simpler and less professional language. Why, again, should he talk of Bathsheba's beauty "belonging rather to the redeemed-demonian than to the blemished-angelic school," or of "a little slip of humanity for alarming potentialities of exploit," or of "the spherical completeness of his existence heretofore slowly spreading into an abnormal distortion in the particular direction of an ideal passion"? Eccentricities of style are not characteristic of genius, nor of original thinking. If Mr. Hardy is not possessed of genius, he is possessed of something quite good enough for the ordinary purposes of novel-writing to make him independent of anything like counterfeit originality or far-fetched modes of thought. If he has the self-control to throw aside his tendency to strain after metaphorical effects, and if he will cultivate simplicity of diction as effectually as he selects simple and natural subjects to write about, he may mellow into a considerable novelist. But if he suffers this tendency to grow into a habit—and there is quite as much of it in this as in his previous novels—he will very speedily lose the not inconsiderable reputation which he has justly gained.

Mr. Hardy, whether by force of circumstances or by fortunate selection, has in this story hit upon a new vein of rich metal for his fictitious scenes. The English Bœotian has never been so idealized before. Ordinary men's notions of the farm-labourer of the Southern counties have all been blurred and confused. It has been the habit of an ignorant and unwisely philanthropic age to look upon him as an untaught, unreflecting, badly paid, and badly fed animal, ground down by hard and avaricious farmers, and very little, if at all, raised by intelligence above the brutes and beasts to whom he ministers. These notions are ruthlessly overturned by Mr. Hardy's novel. Under his hand Bœotians become Athenians in acuteness, Germans in capacity for philosophic speculation, and Parisians in polish. Walter Scott has left many sketches and some highly finished portraits of the humbler class of Scotch peasants, and has brought out the national shrewdness and humour, and the moral and intellectual "pawkiness" for which that class of Scotch society is justly celebrated. But he had good material to work on, and two out of every three of his characters were in all probability drawn from life. George Eliot in her early books, and even in *Felix Holt*, has drawn specimens of the illiterate class who talk theology like the Bench of Bishops—except that they are all Dissenters—and politics like the young Radicals who sit, or used to sit, below the gangway. But the reader felt that the author had seen these rustic theologians and politicians and heard their conversations. Shakspeare also has his metaphysical clowns ready by force of mother-wit to discuss generalities on most subjects. But neither his clowns, nor George Eliot's rustics, nor Scott's peasants, rise to anything like the flights of abstract reasoning with which Mr. Hardy credits his cider-drinking boors. Humorous many of his descriptions of them certainly are; as, for instance, the following account of the various ways in which the news of Bathsheba's sheep breaking fence on Sunday and "blasting" themselves with young clover affected the farm servants individually:—

> Joseph's countenance was drawn into lines and puckers by his concern. Fray's forehead was wrinkled both perpendicularly and crosswise, after the pattern of a portcullis, expressive of a double despair. Laban Tall's lips were thin, and his face was rigid. Matthew's jaws sank, and his eyes turned whichever way the strongest muscle happened to pull them.
>
> "Yes," said Joseph, "and I was sitting at home, looking for Ephesians, and says I to myself, 'Tis nothing but Corinthians and Thessalonians in this danged Testament,' when who should come in but Henery there: 'Joseph,' he said, 'the sheep have blasted themselves——'"

No objection could be taken to the treatment of these choruses of agricultural labourers if it were confined to such descriptions. But when we find one of these labourers—"a cherry-faced" shepherd lad, "with a small circular orifice by way of a mouth"—discourse on ecclesiastical politics in this style—

> "There's two religions going on in the nation now, High Church and High Chapel. And thinks I, I'll play fair; so I went to High Church in the morning and High Chapel in the afternoon. . . . Well at High Church they pray singing, and believe in all the colours of the rainbow; and at High Chapel they pray preaching, and believe in drab and whitewash only"—

we feel either that we have misjudged the unenfranchised agricultural classes, or that Mr. Hardy has put his own thoughts and words into their mouths. And this suspicion necessarily shakes our confidence in the truthfulness of many of the idyllic incidents of rustic life which are so plentifully narrated throughout these volumes. The descriptions of the farming operations, for instance, the sheepshearing, and the haymaking, and the sheep-washing, with the tender episode attached to it, and the lambing in the cold winter months among the snow, are graphically given. There is a vivid reality about the description of the fire in the farmsteading, the terrible thunderstorm that ruined love-lorn Farmer Boldwood's stacks, though it failed to awaken the drunken revellers in Bathsheba's barn, and the midnight pursuit of Bathsheba when she stole away to Bath. Then there is that most unconventional picture in "the hollow amid the ferns." Here

* *Far from the Madding Crowd.* By Thomas Hardy, Author of "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "Under the Greenwood Tree," &c. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1874.

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Sergeant Troy with startling dexterity performs a rape of a lock from the shoulder of his mistress with a cut of a heavy cavalry sabre—or, as Mr. Hardy more finely puts it, with "a circum-ambient gleam accompanied by a keen sibillation that was almost a whistle"—and in the next moment transfixes with the same instrument a caterpillar on her breast, or, to use the gallant Sergeant's words, "gave point to her bosom where the caterpillar was, and instead of running her through, checked the extension a thousandth of an inch short of her surface." Doubting the authenticity of the conversations, we are led to question the truthfulness of such scenes as these. Are they a faithful rendering of real events taking place from time to time in the South-Western counties, or are they not imaginary creations with possibly some small ground-work of reality?

These are difficulties which suggest themselves to the most cursory reader. But perhaps it does not very much matter (except to the student of the political capabilities of the agricultural labourer) whether either the conversations or the descriptions are true or false. They are in keeping with the general character of the novel to this extent, that they are worked up with unusual skill and care. Each scene is a study in itself, and, within its own limits, effective. And they all fit into the story like pieces of an elaborate puzzle, making, when they are so fitted in, an effective whole. Mr. Hardy's art consists principally in the way in which he pieces his scenes one with the other. He determines, for instance, that the moral discipline through which his heroine has to pass to render her a fitting helpmate to Gabriel Oak shall culminate in the scene where she sees her husband weeping over the coffin of her rival and kissing her dead lips. But how is this crisis to be brought about in a natural and ordinary way? Fanny Robin dies in the workhouse, and Joseph Poorgrass is sent for her coffin so that she may have a decent burial in the parish churchyard by Bathsheba's house. Joseph arrives late on an autumn afternoon. Driving homewards, with his burden covered over with evergreens, a thick sea fog—the first of the autumn fogs—rolls up quite naturally, overshadowing the whole country, and wetting Joseph to the skin. By the roadside, not two miles from the churchyard where the parson is waiting for him, stands the "Buck's Head Inn." Wet and miserable, Joseph cannot pass the familiar door. Two of his boon companions—"owners of the two most appreciative throats in the neighbourhood"—are in the warm kitchen sitting face to face over a three-legged circular table like "the setting sun and the full moon shining *vis-à-vis* across the globe." They drink and talk as only Mr. Hardy's rustics can talk, especially with such a topic as death for a text, and Joseph joins them—his sense of duty urging him to leave, but the talk and the drink prevailing on him to stay. Oak comes in upon them, and, finding Joseph helpless, leaves him in the inn, and drives the cart to the churchyard. The parson is still there, though the night is closing in. It is not too late. But "Have you the Registrar's certificate?" No, Joseph had omitted to give it, and Joseph was two miles off, at the "Buck's Head," helplessly drunk. The funeral had to be put off, and the coffin is taken for the night to Bathsheba's house. Thus Bathsheba learned the secret of poor Fanny's death, and saw revealed to her Troy's selfish perfidy to Fanny, and felt the weight of his cruelty to herself. And this, the most dramatic incident in the book, is brought about by what? By Joseph Poorgrass's innocently and naturally going into the "Buck's Head" to warm himself at the kitchen fire. In this careful fitting in of the pieces of his puzzle, and in the use of trifling circumstances either to work up to the *dénouement* or to prepare the mind for the incidents which are to follow, Mr. Hardy shows his skill. The book is prodigal of incidents apparently irreconcilable with each other. But by delicate contrivances of the kind indicated they are made to cohere, and to form a connected and not altogether incredible story.

It is impossible to give the roughest outline of the plot, nor can we even attempt to analyse the characters. "Bathsheba and her Lovers" the novel might have been called (except that its own title is very much better), and the interest of the story consists in contrasting the three lovers in their respective attitudes towards the heroine. She is a rustic beauty fond of admiration, loving her independence, without much heart but with a brave spirit, a sharp hand at a bargain, an arrant flirt overflowing with vanity, but modest withal. "As a girl, had she been put into a low dress, she would have run and thrust her head into a bush; yet she was not a shy girl by any means. It was merely her instinct to draw the line dividing the seen from the unseen higher than they do in towns." "She has her faults," says Oak to the toll-keeper, after his first meeting with her, "and the greatest of them is—well, what it is always—vanity." "I want somebody to tame me," she says herself; "I'm too independent." Oak is not the man to perform so difficult an achievement. He has too many Christian characteristics and too limited a power of utterance to succeed with Bathsheba. He finds difficulty in "mapping out his mind upon his tongue." He wishes she knew his impressions, but "he would as soon have thought of carrying an odour in a net as attempting to convey the intangibilities of his feeling in the coarse meshes of language." He serves her like a faithful dog for many weary years, suffering patiently more than the usual share of ill-treatment, until, after various vicissitudes in her existence and in that of her two more favoured lovers, he finally reaps the reward of his dumb devotion.

The main stream of the narrative, though sparkling with fun, and sunshine, and green fields, is deeply tragic, culminating in murder, madness, and something very like what Nan Coggan (one of the rustics) calls "committing the seventh." But inside the main stream and eddying, as it were, beneath it, there runs a sad episode, the episode of Fanny Robin. She appears only three times; once when she meets Oak on the night of the fire when she is running away from home; a second time, wandering all alone by the riverside in the dark winter night, and attempting to attract Troy's attention by feebly throwing little fragments of snow at his barrack-room window "till the wall must have become pimpled with the adhering lumps of snow"; and a third time struggling faintly and with faltering steps to the workhouse, when her exhausted nature could scarce support the weight of the wretched burden it had to bear. The author has put out his whole force in the description of these last two incidents. The first is original. The second may have been suggested by the well-known chapter in *Adam Bede* entitled "The Journey in Despair." But, whether so suggested or not, it stands comparison not unfairly even with that most painful narrative of the shipwreck of a girl's life. And the power and taste which Mr. Hardy shows in these scenes and in others, some of which we have noticed indirectly, justify the belief that, if he will only throw aside his mannerism and eccentricity, and devote himself zealously to the cultivation of his art, he may rise to a high position among English novelists.

GEDDES ON CELTIC PHILOLOGY.*

IT is a relief, after dealing with such wild specimens of Celtic etymology as we ever and anon come across, to turn to a discourse in which the Celtic tongues are dealt with by the hand of one who knows what their real place in the great family of languages is. And that place is a very important one, and one of which no group of languages need be ashamed. Professor Geddes, as a scholar addressing hearers who doubtless at least aspire to be scholars, does not make it his business to root up either popular errors or individual crazes. He does not waste time in showing that Welsh is neither the origin of English nor yet closely akin to Hebrew. There are quarters in which such labour would not be thrown away; but it is clear from Mr. Geddes's lecture that, in addressing the University Celtic Society of Aberdeen, the leading truths of comparative philology may safely be taken for granted. Mr. Geddes, speaking of Celtic languages at Aberdeen, has naturally more to say about Gaelic than about Welsh, and speaking as Professor of Greek, he naturally speaks of Gaelic mainly in its relations to Greek and Latin. But here again he does not treat us to any such paradox as Mr. Francis Newman treated us to some years back, when he tried to establish a direct Gaelic element in the Latin language. Mr. Geddes simply takes Gaelic as one language of the Aryan family. He shows that, as some of the languages of that family have preserved something of the original common stock which has been lost in the others, something by which peculiarities of the others, otherwise hard to understand, may be explained, so this is eminently the case with Gaelic. Those who fancy that the object of comparative philology is to "derive" Gaelic or Greek or English, or any other language, "from" Sanscrit would be puzzled at a line of argument which assumes throughout that any one of those languages may here and there preserve forms which are older—that is, which have departed less from the original common forms—than the corresponding forms in Sanscrit. But it is plain that the Celtic students at Aberdeen are quite prepared to receive this. As there is no fear of their thinking that their Professor's object is to "derive" Gaelic from Greek or Sanscrit, so, when he shows that here and there Gaelic preserves a form older than Greek, or even older than Sanscrit, there seems to be no fear of their thinking that his object is to "derive" either of those languages from Gaelic.

Before going into the other questions of Celtic philology, Mr. Geddes points out, what it is a gain to have pointed out just now, the incidental witness which the Gaelic bears to the true pronunciation of Latin. In the ecclesiastical and other words which Gaelic has borrowed from Latin—loan-words, Mr. Geddes calls them—the Gaelic, as a rule, keeps the hard sound of *c*—*sacerdos*, *discipulus*, *carcer*, *officium*, become *sagart*, *deisciobul* (with hard *c*), *carcair*, *oifeag*. It is plain then that, when these words passed from Latin into Gaelic, the *c* was still sounded hard in Latin. For no one who knows anything of the course which such changes take will fancy that a soft Latin *c* would become hard in Gaelic. Mr. Geddes quotes a few instances in which, chiefly owing to English influences, the Latin *c* has been softened in Gaelic. But this of course proves nothing the other way; it is only what one would naturally look for; one case in which the *c* remains hard proves more than a hundred in which it is softened. These Gaelic examples are of themselves enough to prove that no one need shrink from talking about *Kikero* or from sounding *vicissim* like *we kiss him*.

But this preservation of the hard *c* or *g* in words borrowed from the Latin is connected with another tendency in the Gaelic language about which Mr. Geddes has much to say. This is the way in which Gaelic cleaves to the hard *c* sound in natural Irish words, and its corresponding dislike to *p* at the beginning of words. This last it shares with several other languages. We might almost

* *The Philologic Uses of the Celtic Tongue.* A Lecture by William D. Geddes, M.A., Professor of Greek, University of Aberdeen, to the University Celtic Society. Aberdeen: A. and R. Milne. 1874.

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reckon English as one; for, though *p* in an English Dictionary fills up many pages, many more than *f*, yet, if we come to look through them, we shall find that an overwhelming majority of the words beginning with *p* are what Mr. Geddes calls "loan-words." But in Gaelic there is a distinct tendency, a tendency shared to some extent by Latin, to get rid of the initial *p*. Take, for instance, Latin *pater*, English *father*, Gaelic *athair*, Latin *piscis*, Welsh *pysg*, English *fish*, Gaelic *iasg*. The interchange of *c* and *p* is familiar to every one who compares the Greek dialects with one another, and the Latin with the remains of Oscan. And the various ways in which the hard sound of *c* has been softened in nearly all languages, even in Sanscrit itself, are still more familiar. Mr. Geddes picks out Latin and Gaelic as having in this matter stuck more steadily to the primitive forms than any other of the kindred tongues; and Gaelic he points to enthusiastically as having stuck to them far more steadily than Latin. Greek and Welsh, on the other hand, have greatly fallen off, having often changed the *c* sound into *p*, where in Gaelic it is still unmixed *c*, and where in Latin it has been only modified "by the crutch of a parasitic letter into *qu*." Gaelic indeed cleaves to the *c* sound, and shrinks so much from an initial *p* that the *p* in words borrowed from the Latin is often changed into *c*. *Pascha* becomes *casg*, *purpura* becomes *corcor*, *pœna* becomes *cain*. Nay, there is at least one word in which Gaelic cleaves to *c contra mundum*. *Padas*, πούς, *pes*, *foot*, *fuss*, is in Gaelic *cas*. But the most curious point about this matter is the obvious contrast between Gaelic and Welsh afforded by the extreme frequency of *p* at the beginning of Welsh surnames. "Casual observers," as Mr. Geddes truly says, do not fail to remark this peculiarity, and an observer even one degree removed from the casual can hardly fail to know that the peculiarity is owing to the form of the Welsh patronymic *ab* or *ap*. This leaves its mark—sometimes *b*, but far more commonly *p*—at the beginning of the Welsh surnames, whether, like Price and Powell, formed from native Welsh Christian names, or, like Pugh and Prichard, from Christian names borrowed from other languages. But people who know that the Welsh patronymic is *Ap* and that the Gaelic patronymic is *Mac* are sometimes a little puzzled at finding the two Celtic patronymics seemingly so unlike one another. Mr. Geddes here steps in, with somewhat of glee, to show that the two are really the same, that the *ap* and its survival the *p* are simply the sturdy Irish monosyllable sadly worn away on British lips:—

> When we come to examine this initial P of the Welsh proper names, when we put it under the philologic microscope, what does it turn out to be? I hardly know a more curious fact in language than this, that the P of these Welsh names is the remnant of the words answering to your Scotch *Mac* as a prefix in Surnames, and that Pritchard is neither more nor less than Mac-Richard, Price is for Mac-Rice, Pugh for Mac-Hugh. For *Mac* comes out in Welsh, by labialising tendency, as *Map*, a Son, which, when aspirated becomes *vap* or *vab*, and this *vap* or *vab* evanesces into *ap* or *ab* (cf. the Welsh name Apthomas), and then finally subsides into P of Prichard, and such words as we have named.

Another instance of the Gaelic cleaving to *c* is shown by the fact that, while the Latin initial *gn* so often sank into *n*, and while in the English initial *kn* nobody sounds the *k*, Gaelic *cnoc* is still sounded as English *knock* should be, not as it is. Or, if the sound is changed at all, it becomes, not *noc*, but *croc*, with which Mr. Geddes compares γρῦ, κνῦ, and κνίφας, *crepera*, *crepusculum*, γνώμων, *groma*, *gromaticus*.

Mr. Geddes goes on to remark on the apparently early character of the Gaelic alphabet, which contains only eighteen letters, and, as he adds, deals with *x y z* as strictly "unknown quantities." This, he suggests, is owing to its having branched off from the common stock before the enlargement of the Greek and Latin alphabets. But is it likely that any Irish-speaking people should have been possessed of alphabetic writing at so early a time? Mr. Geddes does not say whether he attributes the Gaelic alphabet to a direct Phœnician origin or to an intercourse with Greece or Italy—perhaps with Massalia across Gaul—earlier than one would have thought of. It is, on the other hand, quite possible that Gaelic, in adopting the Latin alphabet, dropped such letters as it had no use for, as indeed Greek itself gradually did in adopting the Phœnician alphabet.

Mr. Geddes then goes on to the region of grammatical inflexions and other forms, where his object is to show that several forms, which are meaningless in other languages, can be explained by the Gaelic, that is to say that the Gaelic has, in these instances, fallen away less from the original shape than other languages. Thus he explains for the Gaelic the genitive in *asya*, *οσιο*, the common termination of the agent in *er* or *or*, and several other forms in several of the kindred tongues. Especially about the numerals Mr. Geddes has a good deal to say, as he holds that their Gaelic forms preserve a greater amount of "primitive feature" than Sanscrit itself. And in one case where the Gaelic form is much contracted, the process of contraction suggests an instructive analogy. The Gaelic *dara* answers to the Sanscrit *dvitiyas*, the Greek δεύτερος. On this Mr. Geddes remarks:—

> It seems to be the Greek δεύτερος under Celtic laws, for it was a Celtic feature to drop a τ between two vowels, and so, just as *pater* and *mater* have Celticised into the French *pere* and *mere*, we may form the proportion—
>
> Pater : FRENCH, *pere* :: δεύτερος : GAELIC, *dara*.

He then goes on to comment on the practice of the Gaelic and the Celtic tongues generally of counting by scores, and on the traces of the same way of reckoning to be found in French, "in geologic phrase," as he says, "a cropping up of primitive Celtic rock even under a Latin soil." Now we may perhaps find some further proof that the puzzling form taken by the larger French numerals really is a trace of Celtic usage when we remember that it is not found in Italian. An Italian says "nonanta otto," and you know what he means; a Frenchman says "quatre-vingt dix-huit," and you have to do a sum to follow his reckoning. But more than this, in Provence the forms *septante*, *huitante*, *nonante*, are by no means unknown, though of course it is a sign of the "bad French" of the old Roman land to use them. Mr. Geddes goes on to say:—

> That is no doubt interesting, but the real interest lies here, in the scale itself. Whence came it? How did it originate? We can all understand the scale in savage life of Five; the πεμπάζειν of Proteus in the Fourth Odyssey is a primitive feature, showing that the Greeks knew races who could not or did not count beyond the fingers of one hand. Any one can understand also the common scale of ten from the digits of both hands, but in what way can the gigantic scale of *twenty* be explained? It may move the gravity of some, and perhaps the displeasure of others, to be told that it has come from adding the toes of the feet to the fingers of the hand, and that it therefore dates from a time when the digits of the feet were available for numerical purposes. It is a mode of reckoning therefore that is antecedent to the art of Shoemaking, and belongs to the early morning of the world, when the great forefathers of the human race, as in the days of the Patriarchs, walked barefooted, or on sandals, in some warmer clime.

Now of course this is not distinctively Celtic; it is Teutonic as well. We have our "threescore and ten," and the rest of it. But has Mr. Geddes anything to say about another tendency of ours, that of reckoning by twelves? We have our dozen, sometimes enlarged into a baker's dozen; we have our gross of green spectacles; we have our "great hundred" of 120, which seems to have a good deal puzzled the drawers up of Domesday. Then of course twelve is a favourite number everywhere; but why? Carrying out Mr. Geddes's notion, does it point to a form of shoe or sandal—which left the great toes bare and hid the others? That would give twelve visible digits to reckon by.

It may be that some of Mr. Geddes's examples are fairly open to question; but he goes throughout on the right track. He may possibly value Gaelic too highly, but he values it in the right way. And he calls on those of his hearers to whom Gaelic is a mother-tongue to work out the same line of research more fully. And he winds up with a contrast between Germany, where no Celtic is spoken, and yet the language is philologically studied, and has professors whose business it is to expound it, and Great Britain, where two forms of Celtic are spoken, but where there is not a Celtic chair in any University, English or Scottish. He claims to begin with his own Aberdeen, the University which naturally attracts the greatest number of Celtic-speaking students. Anyhow the lack is a real one; the languages of those who are the forefathers of some of the inhabitants of Britain and—in the Domesday sense—the *antecessores* of all should surely not be left wholly to German, or even to Irish, research.

HODGSON'S ESSAYS ON NEPÁL AND TIBET.*

ALL of these essays are twice-told tales, and some now make their appearance for the third, and some even for the fourth, time. Not a few were published originally in the "Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society," from which they were reprinted in Mr. Hodgson's *Illustrations of the Literature and Religion of the Buddhists*. Subsequently they appeared in the *Phœnix*, and finally have been again brought into notice in the present shape. In the preface we are told that the object of thus reproducing them is to place "within the reach of scholars matter which few of them have means or opportunity to consult in the 'Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society,' or in the 'Selections from the Records of the Government of Bengal.'" As most of them were published between the years 1828 and 1838, it is no small praise to say that, with the additions and corrections which have been incorporated in them, they are still important contributions to our knowledge of the countries of which they treat. Mr. Hodgson's long residence in Nepál gave him every opportunity of acquainting himself with the literature and religion of the country, and at the same time enabled him to gather much important information concerning the neighbouring country of Tibet.

With the exception of Roman Catholic missionaries, few Europeans have ever succeeded in crossing the Tibetan frontiers. The extreme jealousy of the officials, partly due to dread lest their country should, like India, fall a prey to foreign invasion, has kept us in almost complete ignorance of everything relating to the people and institutions of Tibet. Personal knowledge on these subjects not being obtainable, we must be grateful for any secondhand information which conscientious workers like Mr. Hodgson can supply. Religion has almost in every country been the great propagator of learning, and Tibet is no exception to the rule. Just as the introduction of Buddhism into Japan from China led to the spread of the vast literature of China among the ignorant Japanese, so in like manner have the Tibetans benefited by the proselytizing zeal of the Buddhist priests from India. All that is valuable in Tibetan literature is borrowed directly from India, and consists chiefly of translations of the Buddhist Scriptures. And though the divine character ascribed by the Tibetans to their Grand Lama is a distinct heterodoxy, they in the main hold in their entirety both the esoteric and exoteric doctrines of the Northern school of Buddhism. At first the Indian

* *Essays on the Languages, Literature, and Religion of Nepál and Tibet; together with further Papers on the Geography, Ethnology, and Commerce of those Countries.* By B. H. Hodgson. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

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missionaries sought to supplant the language of the country by Sanskrit; but, finding the difficulties in the way of accomplishing the reform insurmountable, they contented themselves with translating the Scriptures into Tibetan, but transcribing them in the Devanagari character. The very general use of printing in Tibet served to spread far and wide the doctrines of the new faith, and before long Buddhism took that firm hold on the people which it has ever since retained. However baneful the effect of the influence of China over Tibet may be in other respects, the Tibetans owe a deep debt of gratitude to their neighbours for imparting to them the art of printing from wooden blocks. It has served to civilize them and elevate them above their neighbours, and through its instrumentality books are produced at so cheap a rate that, as Mr. Hodgson observes, the literature of the country is "so widely diffused as to reach persons covered with filth and destitute of every one of those thousand luxuries which (at least in our ideas) precede the great luxury of books." The contrast between this widespread education and the darkness which prevails in Nepál, where only one dialect out of the thirteen spoken by the natives can boast of a single book or even a system of letters, original or borrowed, is striking, and is plainly due to the different lots which have befallen the people of the two countries since their separation. For more than ten centuries Tibet has been under the peaceful rule of China. The people have been protected against foreign foes and the disturbers of internal peace, the arts have been encouraged, and education has, as we have seen, been promoted. The country is not of a nature to be rich in agricultural and manufacturing products, as the following extract proves; but good and efficient use is made of the materials available, as the bazaars of Lassa and the caravans which find their way eastward into China and westward into India testify. In his paper on the "Aborigines of the Himalaya" Mr. Hodgson thus describes the physical features of Tibet:—

> Tibet is a trunculated triangular plateau, stretching obliquely from south-east to north-west, between 28° and 36° of north latitude and 72° and 102° of east longitude. It is cold and dry in the extreme, owing to its enormous elevation, averaging 12,000 feet above the sea, to the still vaster height of those snowy barriers which surround it on every side, and which on the south reach 29,000 feet, to an uncommon absence of rain and cloud, to the extreme rarification of its atmosphere, to its saline and sandy soil, and, as a consequence of all these, and a reciprocating cause too, to the excessive scantiness of its vegetation. It is bounded on the south by the Hemáchal, on the north by the Kuenlun, on the west by the Behír, and on the east by the Yún-ling—all for the most part perpetually snowclad, and of which the very passes on the south average 16,000 to 17,000 feet of elevation. Tibet is, for the most part, a plain, and a single plain, but one extremely cut up by ravines, varied much by low bare hills, and partially divided in its length by several parallel ranges approaching the elevation of its barriers, and between the third and fourth of which ranges stand its capitals of Lhása and Digarchi.

But, though barren and unprofitable as regards its vegetation, it is rich in metals. Gold and silver are found in abundance, and the workers in metals drive a thriving business in manufacturing gold and silver vases and all kinds of metal ornaments for the use of the Lamaseries and the houses of the wealthy inhabitants. The people are thrifty and industrious, and, though their manner of living is extremely plain, their actual wants are well provided for.

Far other fortunes have overtaken the inhabitants of Nepál. Having crossed the Himalayas before learning had dawned upon Tibet, they found themselves in a wild and mountainous country where, amid the huge mountain barriers which divide this part of the southern slope of the Himalayas, they soon became separated into tribes, and gradually lost all sense of common relationship. The usual result of such a state of things with regard to their language followed, and at the present day, as we have said, no fewer than thirteen dialects are spoken within the limits of Nepál. The principal of these is the Newari, or the language of Nepál Proper, between which and the language of Tibet a connexion is plainly to be traced. Mr. Hodgson gives us at p. 3 a comparison of a number of words in both tongues, and if the large infusion of Sanskrit words which have found their way into the Newari be set aside, it will be seen at a glance that a common Northern origin is discernible in both. The vernaculars spoken by the remaining tribes are dialects of the Newari, with the exception of the Khas, or Parbattia. This is substantially Hindee in structure and in eight-tenths of its vocables, and the people themselves have been changed by an infusion of Southern blood from "barbarous mountaineers of a race essentially the same with the several other races of the Nepálese Highlanders" into the modern dominant military order of Nepál. Driven by the tide of Mussulmân conquest from the plains of India, multitudes of Brahmans sought shelter in the neighbouring hills of Nepál. There they laboured to gain converts to Hinduism, and, as a means of extending their influence, they contracted alliances with the daughters of the land. In defiance of the laws of their creed, they communicated to their offspring the rank of the second order of Hinduism, and thus established for them a superiority over the surrounding natives which they have since maintained. The men make excellent soldiers. They are devoid of the religious prejudices of the people of the plain. They willingly carry several days' provisions on their backs, an act which our Sepoys would consider intolerably degrading; and they see "in foreign service nothing but the prospect of glory and spoil," while our Indian troops "can discover in it nothing but pollution and peril from unclean men and terrible wizards, goblins, and evil spirits." Since his paper was written, recruiting among them has been more extensively carried out than formerly, and the opinion which Mr. Hodgson expressed in 1833 of their superiority as soldiers has been fully justified by their behaviour in the ranks of our army during and since the Mutiny.

Like the physical features of Nepál, the tribes inhabiting it may be divided into the Upper, the Central, and the Lower. Under the first head may be classified the Néwár and the other dominant unbroken tribes of the hills. These Mr. Hodgson believes to be the latest immigrants from the North, from the fact, among others, that "in general they are distinguished by languages of the simpler Turanian type; whereas the languages of the other or broken tribes are of the complex or pronomenalized type, tending, like their physical attributes, towards assimilation with the Dravidian, or the Ho, Sontal, or Munda, sub-families of the sons of Tur." The broken tribes form the second division, and the third is composed of the helot craftsmen of the mountains and valleys. It is difficult to understand why men exercising such necessary callings as those of blacksmiths, carpenters, curriers, &c., should be in the eyes of their neighbours looked upon as degraded to the extent of being outcasts, but such is the case. And something of the same system is to be found in Japan, where, however, the social ban is confined to tanners, shoemakers, leather-cutters, and skinners.

We cannot attempt to follow Mr. Hodgson into his papers on the Geography of the Himalayas, on Buddhist Philosophy, and on the manners and customs of the various mountain tribes. All these possess considerable interest, and his account of the initiatory rites of the Buddhist priesthood is well worth reading. As we have already said, the papers before us are valuable contributions to our knowledge of Nepál and Tibet, and if we have any fault to find with the work, it is owing to the want of method shown in the arrangement of its contents. All attempt to place the papers in their natural sequence appears to have been neglected, and the consequence is that we have served up to us, in anything but the most readable type, an outwardly unattractive medley of valuable but disjointed matter.

JESSIE TRIM.*

"CRITICS are rarely merry," says Mr. Farjeon in the story before us. "Congregations are rarely wakeful," we shall next have some long-winded preacher reproachfully say. To ask for merriment in a critic, or wakefulness in a man preached at, is as unreasonable as it was to require a song of the Jews in their heaviness. The time indeed once was when the absurdities of modern novels did amuse us, and when we had the same kind of pleasure in attacking them that a child has in laying about with a stick in a large bed of nettles or thistles. But in the absurdities of each generation of writers there is a sad sameness, and stories which by their extravagance would at one time have raised a laugh now only make us yawn. We doubt, however, if at any time we could have become merry over one of Mr. Farjeon's stories, any more than we could have become jovial over sugar and water. There is nothing duller than weak sentimentality. Mr. Farjeon has apparently made a careful study of Dickens, and has managed to catch some of the tricks of that eminent writer when he was at his worst. Besides a weak sentimentality and a forced humour he has very little to show, unless indeed we except the length to which he can draw out his story. The whole story of *Jessie Trim* might very well have been got into one volume, just as a gallon of London milk before the inspectors were so active might at one time have been carried in a quart measure. In reading a novel there is happily such a thing as skipping. In going through the one before us the reader would be quite satisfied, we should imagine, if he were to read one page in every five. He would know the whole plot of the story and would have had as much sentimentality and humour as any ordinary person could stand. The first page of the first volume will show our readers the school of writers to which Mr. Farjeon belongs, and what kind of entertainment they will find provided for them should they care to read further. It is as follows:—

> As my earliest remembrances are associated with my grandmother's wedding, it takes natural precedence here of all other matter. I was not there, of course, but I seem to see it through a mist, and I have a distinct impression of certain actors in the scene. These are: a smoke-dried monkey of a man in stone, my grandmother, my grandfather (whom I never saw in the flesh), and a man with a knob on the top of his head, making a meal off his finger-nails.
>
> Naturally, this man's head is bald. Naturally, this man's nails are eaten down to the quick. I am unable to state how I come to the knowledge of these details, but I know them, and am prepared to stand by them. Sitting, as I see myself, in a very low armchair—in which I am such an exact fit that when I rise it rises with me, much to my discomfort—I hear my grandmother say,
>
> "He had a knob on the top of his head, and he was always eating his nails."
>
> Then a solemn pause ensues, broken by my grandmother adding, in a dismal tone:
>
> "And the last time I set eyes on him was on my wedding-day."

It is curious to notice how this old lady, though she dies off quite at the beginning of the story, talks as if she had spent her whole life in reading Mr. Farjeon's novels. We should have thought that in so old a lady our modern style of talk was as much out of place as were the policemen whom she describes herself as seeing on the day of her marriage. The smoke-dried monkey of a man in stone is later on described at a length which is fully justified by the important part it plays. The grandmother talks to it. She had had it in her pocket on her wedding-day. "It will belong to you, child," she

* *Jessie Trim.* A Novel. By B. L. Farjeon. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1874.

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says to her grandson, "when I am gone. It must be kept always in the family." The author talks of it even more than the grandmother talks to it, without however having that excuse which may be justly put forward by an old woman. The hero always keeps it with him, till towards the end of the third volume an old piece of a newspaper that had been found hidden away in it leads to the exposure of a villain. The utmost villany indeed which this villain seemed likely to execute was to cheat a hairdresser of a few pounds, and so it might be objected that the miraculous preservation of the monkey-man and the newspaper was scarcely justified by the event. At one time, however, it had seemed that the heroine was in great danger of being herself led astray. The reader therefore is comforted in the midst of his anxieties by the knowledge that the hero has a strong force in reserve. Let villany do its worst. There is in his family a stone figure of a monkey-man, which he had received from his grandmother. This aged lady, who was more venerable than amiable, had had among her numerous lovers, as she tells her little grandson, one Anthony Bullpit. He committed a forgery a day or two before her marriage, and was brought by the police into the town just as the wedding-party was coming out of church. It is not often that an author gives a minute account of the arrest of a man which took place at the very time that the hero's grandmother was married. If the forgery either directly or indirectly had borne on the story, the long account that is given of it might perhaps have been excused. The popular taste however is not, we presume, even yet satisfied with all the tales that have been published of detectives. Mr. Farjeon accordingly invented a detective in the early days of the hero's grandmother, and glorifies him as only detectives can be glorified. The forger is traced out by a fragment of bread which he had left on the table of a Liverpool eating-house. "The marks of the teeth were on it, but the only mark I saw," said the detective, "was a little ridge in the centre of the bite—just such a ridge as would be left by a man who had a slit between two of his teeth, as Anthony Bullpit had." The forger, having been guilty of such an act of folly and ill-breeding as to bite his bread at dinner instead of breaking it, was of course arrested. The whole account of this great incident is contained in the fragment of a newspaper that was found in the stone figure. To judge by the style in which it is written, it would seem that not only policemen and detectives, but also the *Daily Telegraph* itself, can boast of a greater antiquity than we had at all thought possible. Bullpit disappears altogether from the story. In fact, though the narrative of his crime fills more than twenty pages, yet he never really appears on the stage at all. So full a description, however, is given of his person, of his front teeth, a knob he had on his head, and his habit of biting his nails, that by it the respectable Mr. Glover, who is trying to ensnare the heroine and has actually ensnared a worthy hairdresser, is at once recognized as the forger's son. We should hardly say at once though, for it is not till the hero has a strange dream, which fills about seven pages, that he puts together all the circumstances—the monkey-man, the knob, the teeth, and the nail-biting—and sees that "he has a lever which would cause Mr. Glover" (the villain Bullpit's son) "to cease his attentions" to the heroine. Such a dream as this is fittingly introduced by the following philosophical reflection:—

> To me, the most wonderful feature in the physiology of dreams has always been the fact that time, the dominant and inexorable tyrant which rules and guides our course, and regulates the passions and emotions of life, is in our sleep utterly set at naught; a lifetime is compressed in a moment, as it were, and between waking and sleeping a hundred years of history are played out.

We wish that novelists would find some dominant tyrant who would rule and regulate them whenever they feel inclined to write nonsense. The plot of the story, which seemed at first to be a little complicated, is wonderfully cleared up by a letter of greater length even than the extract from the newspaper, for it fills twenty-five pages. It was written by the heroine's mother, but was not opened till some years after her death. When the aged grandmother died, the hero, who was still a child, and his mother, had been reduced to such misery that they were close on starvation. They were rescued by his uncle Bryan, an atheistical grocer in a very small way of business. Whatever merit there is in Mr. Farjeon's book lies in the character of this surly and atheistical, but honest-hearted, grocer. He had been soured in life partly by the injudicious conduct of his parents, partly by the belief that his wife had not been faithful to him. Discovering, as he thought, proofs of her infidelity, he had at once left her, throwing up at the same time his business as an accountant and all his prospects in life. She at the same time was equally convinced that he had been unfaithful towards her, and so made no effort to follow him. Both in reality were innocent, but between them had come a wicked cousin who had slandered each to the other. The hero's mother does all that a good woman can to turn a grocer from the errors of his ways, but he is obstinate in refusing to attend her either to church or chapel. She is forced at last to give up all her efforts to convert him, and to leave him to his favourite Sunday book, the *Age of Reason*. When the hero had come to that age which absolutely requires the appearance of a heroine, Jessie Trim suddenly comes upon the scene. She had been born to Aunt Bryan shortly after her husband had left her for ever, and now on her mother's death had been sent to her father's house. Uncle Bryan accepts the care of her, though, in his firm conviction of his wife's guilt, he feels sure that she is not his daughter. She too tries to get him to church, and persists so much in the attempt that it led at last to an open quarrel. From her mother she had received some letters which she was not to open till her eighteenth birthday. When that day came she learnt first of all that Uncle Bryan was her father. Then she found that she was directed, if he had shown himself more tender towards her than he had been towards his wife, to hand him one of two letters and burn the other. Unhappily, for him and, we may add, for the reader too, Bryan had been as rough as an atheistical grocer could well be, and so he receives the letter of twenty-five pages from his dead wife. Jessie disappears from the house, and Bryan soon afterwards disappears too. The hero's mother falls dangerously ill and becomes delirious, and there is nothing left to give the reader any confidence in things coming straight in the end but the stone figure of the man with the monkey-face. He is supported, too, by the conviction that the end of the third volume cannot find a grocer still an atheist. Jessie had not only her father to reform but the hero also, for, like too many heroes, he showed far greater affection for his mistress than for his mother. She keeps out of his way for a good many months, leaving him in the greatest anxiety, and racked by suspicions that she prefers the wicked Mr. Glover, till at last he is found to be so fond of his mother that he is allowed to be not unworthy of a wife. Then the stone figure gives up its secret, the hairdresser discovers a knob on Mr. Glover's head that corresponds to that described in the old newspaper, Uncle Bryan gets softened, and the hero and heroine get married. They have in course of time a baby born to them, but a baby whose grandfather is an atheist and a grocer cannot count on any long life. It comes into the world in the last page but one of the story, and goes out of it in the last page of all. To make up for the loss Uncle Bryan was found to have laid aside the *Age of Reason* and to be sitting by the side of the coffin reading the Bible. It costs, we believe, about one thousand pounds a head to convert a Jew. A grocer, it would seem, can only be converted by the death of a child.

We are afraid that there is little hope of curing Mr. Farjeon of his weak sentimentality. To his readers, if they delight in such sickly sweetness, we would venture to recommend a course of Swift. If they once acquired a liking for Swift's masculine style, they would find it a hard matter indeed to read through such a story as this of *Jessie Trim*.

MINOR NOTICES.

A COMPLETE edition of Lamb's writings * in prose and verse has long been wanted, and is now supplied. Mr. Shepherd, the editor, appears to have taken great pains to bring together Lamb's scattered contributions, and his collection contains a number of pieces which are now reproduced for the first time since their original appearance in various old periodicals. He has also restored passages which had been cancelled in previous editions of Lamb's works, a task perhaps of questionable discretion. Mr. Shepherd thinks that the popularity of the *Essays of Elia* has been allowed unfairly to overshadow the genius of Lamb in other directions, but this collection of his writings only confirms the impression that Elia contains the cream of his wit, humour, and pathos. Still there is much that is interesting in his other productions. Some of the dramatic criticisms are of especial value, and possess a permanent application. There are, for instance, some remarks which have certainly not lost their force on the absurd "fashion of complimenting every performer in his turn that has had the luck to please the town in any of the great characters of Shakspeare, with the notion of possessing a mind congenial with the poet's." He is amazed that "people should come thus unaccountably to confound the power of originating poetical images and conceptions with the faculty of being able to read and recite the same when put into words," and he cannot see "what connexion that absolute mastery over the heart and soul of man which a great dramatic poet possesses has with those low tricks upon the eye and ear which a player, by observing a few general effects which some common passion, as grief, anger, &c., usually has upon the gestures and exterior, can so easily compass." The essay on Hogarth is also very characteristic. A laugh may be got even at this distance of time at the mock biography of Liston, and the pretended letter of Munden in deprecation of similar treatment; and the farce of "Mr. H——," though clearly unfit for the stage on account of the inadequacy of the mystery for the production of a startling effect, is amusing to read. Lamb's poetical writings, though not consistently of a high quality, are welcome for the good bits to be found in them; and the tale of "Rosamond Gray," while it reveals the writer's want of constructive power, is full of sweet and delicate touches.

M. Berjeau, who has already distinguished himself—as we have before had occasion to note—by his antiquarian researches and reproductions, has published a skilfully-executed facsimile of an old Dutch book † in the British Museum, which gives an interesting account of a voyage to India in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The work appears to have hitherto escaped notice; yet there can be little doubt of its historical

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* *The Complete Works in Prose and Verse of Charles Lamb.* Edited and Prefaced by R. H. Shepherd. With Portraits and Facsimile of Manuscript. Chatto & Windus.

† *Calcoen: Facsimile of a Dutch Narrative of the Second Voyage of Vasco da Gama to Calicut.* With Introduction and Translation by J. Ph. Berjeau. Pickering.

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value, inasmuch as it contains what is evidently an original narrative of Vasco da Gama's second voyage to India, written by one of his companions. It is true that Gama's name does not occur in any part of the narrative, but the general incidents of the voyage of which an account is given correspond so closely to those of Da Gama's second voyage in 1502, to revenge the destruction of the Portuguese at Calicut, that it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the two voyages are identical; and, as the book is not known to be a translation, it must be presumed that it was written by some Dutchman in Gama's company. "This," it begins, "is the voyage which a man wrote himself, how far he sailed with 70 ships from the river of Lisbon, in Portugal, to go to Calicut in India." Of course this does not imply that all these vessels went to India in a body; indeed we know from other sources that the expedition was divided into several squadrons, of which Gama commanded one. The writer's account of the various incidents of the voyage is very simple and ingenuous, as, for example:—"We passed beyond a town called Oan (Goa), and there is a King . . . . and we took 410 ships from Oan, and we killed the people and burnt the ships." "We took a Meccha ship, on board of which were 380 men and many women and children, and we took from it at least 12,000 ducats, and at least 10,000 more worth of goods, and we burnt the ship and all the people on board with gunpowder, on the first day of October." Again, in the attack on Calcoen (Calicut), "we took a great number of people, and we hanged them to the yards of the ships, and, taking them down, we cut off their hands, feet, and heads; and we took one of their ships, and threw into it the hands, feet, and heads, and we wrote a letter, which we put on a stick, and we left the ship to go adrift towards the land."

It may perhaps at first sight seem strange that a Scotch Professor of Metaphysics should be found going back to English philosophy as the fountain of truth, and recommending Bishop Berkeley * as a guide to students. Dr. Fraser, however, while laying stress on the historical and educational value of Berkeley's writings, is careful to guard against the supposition that he thinks they furnish an adequate solution of the problem of the universe. The selections are arranged so as to give a systematic view of the theories of perception and matter, suggestion and the external world, and the notion of mind, in the individual percipient and in the universe. This supplies what the editor considers "a possible and warrantable conception" of life, but he does not omit to point out that Berkeley has not succeeded in carrying his principles to the highest point, and rising from self-consciousness of sensations to the "notion" of divine or perfect intelligence. "The exercise," he observes, "of trying to do this, or else to show how and why it cannot be done, in human and finite knowledge, may be one of the beneficial exercises suggested by Berkeley even to the advanced student." There can be no doubt that the value of Berkeley's system is rather negative than positive, and lies more in clearing away the dust so that others may see for themselves than in anything he has himself to show. One of his greatest merits is certainly his hostility to sickly metaphysical fancies and obscure jargon. Berkeley has shown that it is possible to write on metaphysical subjects in language as clear, simple, and intelligible as that which is used in ordinary intercourse.

Mr. Black's charming *Princess of Thule* has brought into fashion the remote grey island of the Western sea, Lewis, or the Lews, as it is locally called, and there can be no doubt that in some ways it is an exceedingly interesting and romantic place; yet those who may be tempted to visit it will do well to moderate their expectations. The sentimental beauty of a dull tract of black bog and barren rock, wrapped in a cloud of drenching mist, rather requires the poetic vision for its full enjoyment; and the natives, though there is much to admire in their simple honesty and natural courage, will probably disappoint those who are not prepared for their actual manners and appearance. It cannot be said that Mr. Smith † idealizes too much. He appears to have spent some time in intimate association with the islanders, and he has given a perhaps rather coarse, but spirited and graphic account of them. The houses of the Lewisians are of the most rude and primitive type; the floor is of earth; and the occupants share this miserable accommodation with their cows, poultry, and other live stock. They say the cows like to have their company and see the fire, and, as they are their great mainstay, they pet them accordingly, giving them fish-bones as a treat, and treating them with affectionate familiarity. Fifty years ago there was only one bowl in Carloway district, and this was passed from house to house in special honour of the minister when he made a tour. There is also a tradition that about the same time there was a Kilmarnock nightcap in possession of the community, which was for the use of any enterprising member of it who thought of visiting the mainland. The people live almost wholly on fish and potatoes; they dig their fuel from the adjoining moors; their raiment is made by the women from the wool of their own flocks; and ready money is almost unknown in many families. On the whole, they seem to be healthy and cheerful. Female vanity is not unknown, for the girls, finding their complexions suffer from the peat smoke, are said to have recourse to red ink as a cosmetic. The fishermen are mostly bound by debt to the service of the curers, and in their ignorance, when they get a little cash, they deposit it all in the bank, and then proceed to borrow from the curers for their current wants. Only a few of the men own their boats, and this is a recent innovation. They are idle and capricious in their work, and will allow a good day for fishing to pass because it is in the middle or the end of the week, and next day may be stormy, or because they have no bait for the long lines, or none for the small lines with which to procure it. No crew can be engaged until each member of it has personally agreed with the curer, and a long time is always spent in negotiation and discussion. Even when the terms have been fixed, there is great difficulty in getting any one to sign first, lest it should be supposed that he is in collusion with the agent against his fellows. In August all the able-bodied men go off to the herring-fishery at Wick. As usual in such a case, the combination of fishing and agriculture tends to uncertain and half-hearted reliance now on one and now on the other, and between their boats and their crafts the people come to the ground.

Dr. Johnson, who had some hard words to say of the immorality and frivolity of Lord Chesterfield's Letters*, thought that perhaps a pretty book might be made out of extracts from them. The attempt has more than once been made, and is now repeated by Mr. Browning. There is undoubtedly much shrewd observation and caustic wit in the counsels by which the polished Earl endeavoured to smarten his loutish boy, and their general aim is, as the writer constantly reiterates, to teach the value of honesty and morality. A taint, however, runs through them which it is impossible by any excisions to obliterate, for the reason that it is an essential and all-pervading element of the whole system of social philosophy which Chesterfield is preaching. He has no love or respect for truth or virtue for its own sake, no faith in its value to a man in itself, and apart from external consequences. He ignores or sneers at all moral considerations, and argues everything on the lowest grounds of expediency. Then, again, it is not merely such advice as he gives his son about "la petite Blot" that is disgraceful, but the whole tone of the letters in regard to women betrays a melancholy corruption both of heart and mind. Perhaps his condemnation of lying is as characteristic of the inherent vice of the book as anything else. Nothing, he says, is more criminal, mean, or ridiculous than lying, for lies are always detected sooner or later, and thus the liar is the greater sufferer. His reputation is blasted, and perhaps he will be kicked. There is not a word of the moral culpability of falsehood, or its effect on the nature of the person who resorts to it. Lying is bad only because it does not pay; and the conclusion therefore suggests itself that, if it answered, there would be no harm in it. Mr. Browning has had an easy task. He has merely taken a bit here and a bit there, and put them together with commonplace headings, and without any particular order or arrangement or such explanations as are necessarily required in the case of detached fragmentary extracts. His notes are few and insufficient, and mostly secondhand. He has not even taken the trouble to give any account of Lord Chesterfield, or to explain the circumstances under which the letters to his son were written, the sort of person to whom they were addressed, or the effect they produced. Mrs. Stanhope is quoted, but without any hint as to who she was. The very title of the book is a plagiarism. Mr. Browning, in fact, has merely done what any schoolboy could have done, and we cannot say that he has done even that well.

It is a great advantage to have such an edition of Milton † as that which has just been added to Messrs. Macmillan's admirable "Golden Treasury" series. In a couple of small, handy volumes, just the size for a pocket or travelling-bag, we have the same carefully revised text as that of the large Cambridge edition, with illustrations and notes which, though abridged, are sufficient for ordinary purposes, and a new memoir of the poet by Professor Masson. It only requires to be added that what is gained in convenience by the compression of the matter into small bulk does not involve any tax on the reader's eyesight. The type is bold and clear. Many persons will perhaps prefer Professor Masson's brief, compact memoir to his more elaborate exercises on the same theme.

There are no British heroes who better deserve their place in history than the Engineers, and it is pleasant to meet with a new edition of Mr. Smiles's well-known work.‡ While each volume is complete in itself—one, for example, being devoted to Brindley and the canal-makers, another to Boulton and Watt, a third to the Stephensons, and so on—the series, taken together, represents a continuous and complete account of the progress of engineering. It is needless to say how interesting and picturesque Mr. Smiles has made his history. The wide circulation of a book of this kind, illustrating the struggles, hardships, and sacrifices of the pioneers of engineering, and their subsequent triumphs, can hardly fail to operate as a powerful stimulant to future achievements.

The Rev. P. Percival§, who has been for many years engaged in missionary work among the Tamil people, has made a collection of their proverbs which is not only useful to the philologist, but interesting to any one who cares to compare the proverbial philosophy of different races. As might be expected, a large proportion of the Tamil proverbs are old friends with new faces. We may quote a few sayings at random:—The destitute brings forth a

* *Selections from Berkeley.* With an Introduction and Notes. By A. C. Fraser, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Clarendon Press Series. Macmillan.

† *Lewsiana, or Life in the Outer Hebrides.* By W. Anderson Smith. Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

* *The Wit and Wisdom of the Earl of Chesterfield.* Edited by W. Ernest Browning, Chief Justice of the Leeward Islands. Bentley.

† *The Poetical Works of John Milton.* With Introduction and Notes by David Masson, LL.D. Macmillan.

‡ *Lives of the Engineers.* By Samuel Smiles. 5 vols. Murray.

§ *Tamil Proverbs, with their English Translations.* By the Rev. P. Percival. King.

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child, and it is a female child, and on a Friday, under the star Puradam (an accumulation of misfortunes, Puradam being a star of evil omen). Does the thief steal in expectation of being caught? If he who has the ladle be one's own servant, what matters it whether one be seated first or last at the feast? The alligator thinks the ditch Paradise. When I say I will clear away the jungle to sow cotton-seeds, my child exclaims, "O father! give me a cloth" (as if the pods were ready to be gathered). Will a dog understand the Vedas, although born in a Brahmin village? The father is begging for rice, and the son is performing the ceremony of giving a cow at Kumbhakonam. My father is a great person, uncle; bring fire to light my cigar (pride of wealth leading to neglect of established social rules). Even a buffalo will not abide in a house where it is not regarded. He blew a conch to report that there was nothing, and beat a drum to intimate that there was not even that. Will the cobra be affected by friendly intercourse?

Mr. Bell, in the judicious memoir which he has prefixed to a new edition of Rogers's Poetical Works *, has the good sense not to pretend that Rogers was a great poet, and is content to claim for him a modest place in the history of English literature as "the last of an old school." It may be admitted that Rogers's verses have at least an historical value; and it is worth while to glance at them in order to understand the depth to which English poetry had sunk just before the uprising of Wordsworth and Byron. *The Pleasures of Memory*, *Human Nature*, and other pieces, have all the appearance of being poetry until you try to read them, and even then the ear for a second or so almost shares the delusion of the eye. It soon, however, becomes painfully evident that the smooth and plausible lines do not contain the faintest scintillation of anything that can be called poetry, and that, in fact, they are only a dead and waxen imitation. The illustrated editions of Rogers are still valued for the sake of the pictures by Turner and others, although these rather tend to make more obvious the lifelessness of the pages among which they are inserted. Rogers himself survived his reputation as a minor bard, and he is now remembered only as a hospitable banker and acrid wit.

A collection of the Ballads and Songs of Lancashire†, which has reached a second edition, and which it is thought worth while to reprint with additions, must be supposed to be appreciated somewhere; but we should think that, out of Lancashire, no one would attach much value to the mass of very poor doggrel which constitutes the bulk of the volume. Besides, nothing can be more absurd than to mix up old ballads and modern songs as if they belonged to the same sort of literature. Lancashire is great in many ways, but we are afraid that poetry is not one of them.

Mr. Hutton's account of missionary enterprise in the Southern Seas‡ begins with Captain Wilson's expedition in the *Duff*, and comes down to the murder of Bishop Patteson. It appears to be wholly a compilation from the records of the missionaries, and makes no pretensions to original observation or even criticism.

Mr. Greenwood, stipendiary magistrate in the Staffordshire Potteries district, and Mr. Martin, the magistrate at Southwark Police Court, have produced a portly magisterial handbook§ applicable to the whole of England. It contains all the statute law relating to the procedure, jurisdiction, and duties of magistrates and police authorities, with notes and references to recent decisions, and appears to be put together, as might be expected from the professional experience of the authors, in a thorough and business-like manner.

The Rev. W. Skeat has prepared some selections from Chaucer‖ for the Clarendon Press Series. The introduction and notes are clear and minute, and cover all the points which demand the attention of the student.

Four very pleasant stories for young people of a thoughtful turn, and not without interest for elder folk, have been written by Mr. and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy under the general title of *Toyland*.¶ They describe the adventures of various toys in a style which, by its happy mixture of humour and poetical suggestion, reminds one of Andersen. One of the tales is about a pet gutta-percha doll, "Old Gutty"; another relates the adventures of a Noah's ark; and the other two give an amusing account of a little theatre and the people of a toy village.

There is something singularly offensive, and even revolting, in the manner in which Mr. Haweis has chosen to discuss the expediency of substituting burning for the burial of the dead.** It is a subject which touches the most delicate and sacred feelings, and which ought on all occasions to be treated with decent and considerate reserve. Unfortunately this is not Mr. Haweis's view. He has made the accidents of interment and the mysteries of decay the theme of an extravagant sensational romance. There are no doubt some unpleasant circumstances connected with certain forms of interment which demand consideration on sanitary grounds; but it is obvious that a controversy of this kind ought to be conducted with becoming gravity, and on the basis of precise and authentic statements. Mr. Haweis is anxious to destroy the prevalent sentiment in regard to burial, but those who agree with him do not require these incitements of horror, while to sensitive minds they must be deeply painful.

Mr. Lockyer's reputation is a sufficient guarantee for the scientific value of the little shilling manual of astronomy * which he has just contributed to the series of Science Primers, edited by Professor Huxley, and we need only say that it is written in a very clear and attractive style. Many larger and more pretentious volumes do not contain a tithe of the genuine instruction given in this tiny booklet.

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* *The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers.* With a Memoir by Edward Bell. Bell & Sons.

† *Ballads and Songs of Lancashire, Ancient and Modern.* Collected by John Harland. Second Edition, revised. By T. T. Wilkinson. Routledge.

‡ *Missionary Life in the Southern Seas.* By James Hutton. King.

§ *A Magisterial and Police Guide.* By H. C. Greenwood and Temple C. Martin. London: Stevens & Haynes.

‖ *Chaucer.* Edited by Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. Clarendon Press Series. Macmillan.

¶ *Toyland.* By Arthur and Eleanor O'Shaughnessy. Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

** *Ashes to Ashes: a Cremation Prelude.* By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

* *Astronomy.* By J. Norman Lockyer. "Science Primers." Macmillan.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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MR. GLADSTONE.

THE retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE from the leadership of the Liberal party has now passed out of the region of speculation. It has been publicly announced as an actual fact in a letter from Mr. GLADSTONE himself to Lord GRANVILLE; and, although the party will heartily concur in Lord GRANVILLE's expression of regret and expostulation, it will have no hope of shaking the resolution of Mr. GLADSTONE. As if to preclude all attempts to make him change his determination, Mr. GLADSTONE let Lord GRANVILLE know that at this particular period of the year, when Parliament is on the eve of meeting, when the measures of the Cabinet will soon be announced, and when the duties of the leader of the Opposition are of more than usual importance, he has some special business of his own which will engage his attention. He has taken his course, and he has taken it after much deliberation. He has offered for sale his house in town, and is going henceforth to lead such a life as it best suits him to lead. He will write many pamphlets, and some books; he will revel in ecclesiastical literature and in the appreciation and expression of minute shades of ecclesiastical differences. He will cut down trees with the remarkable degree of strength which has been spared him at the age of sixty-five. He will occupy himself with social pleasures and rural duties. Occasionally he will come to London, look in at Westminster to see if anything is going on, and perhaps give himself the treat of joining in a debate. It is a scheme for spending the closing years of life, not in a great or patriotic or self-denying manner, but still in a manner that is comfortable, attractive, and honourable. To the nation the course taken by Mr. GLADSTONE is injurious, and to his party it is disastrous. The House of Commons rules the nation, and there are now only two men left who can rule the House of Commons; and it is a national loss that the younger of the two should announce that he is sick of politics, and is going to while away his time in Wales. Whatever may be the faults and shortcomings of Mr. GLADSTONE, there can be no doubt that he adds to the greatness and elevates the tone of the Assembly to which he belongs. The Liberal party has also its own very special reasons for deploring the withdrawal of Mr. GLADSTONE. For the moment, the Liberals can hardly be called a party at all. They are like sheep going astray in a land with little pasture and many precipices, who have just been told by their shepherd that he is disgusted with sheep-watching and is going to take a public-house and retire, but that he will occasionally look round to see how they are getting on. Possibly, too, the electors of Greenwich may have a dim notion that the purposes he now proposes to serve are not precisely those which they were invited to prosecute by seizing on the glory of returning the late PREMIER. But neither the claims of the nation, nor the wails of Liberals, nor the disappointment of Greenwich are likely to move the resolution of Mr. GLADSTONE. He has made his choice, and is lost to political life. Henceforth he will occupy the position of an English ESPARTERO; and will confine his political activity to occasionally offering the disregarded utterances of a sequestered veteran, and to blessing affectionately such of his Liberal admirers as may think it worth while to make pilgrimages to his mountain home.

But in one sense Mr. GLADSTONE is perfectly free to choose. No one has a right to say that a man of sixty-five, who has passed forty-two years in active Parliamentary life, is not at liberty to spend the closing years of his existence as he wishes. He, too, has his claims, and he may claim that he shall approach the solemn hour of death in the mode which to him seems most fitting. He has his own notions of the duties of each individual man to himself and to his Maker, and he wants to carry them out. He has worked hard, and this is the repose after work which he says he cannot forego. Every one has an outer and an inner existence, and Mr. GLADSTONE, like SOCRATES, has his Dæmon whispering to him that his inner existence is that for which henceforth he must most care. The friends of SOCRATES bowed in reverential submission to the announcement of the heavenly intimations by which their master professed to be guided, and the friends of Mr. GLADSTONE must do the same. Nor need they be much surprised or disconcerted if he too offers a cock to ÆSCULAPIUS. Mr. GLADSTONE's theological pamphlets may not be very wise or profound, but, like the sacrifice of SOCRATES, they accord with the habits of his mind and the prepossessions of his life. Some of the objections to them will also disappear when they can be no longer associated with practical consequences in politics. If Mr. GLADSTONE is to be a Welsh squire, it will not much signify that he should be four years behindhand in his appreciation of the proceedings of the Vatican, or that he should invent puzzles as to allegiance for the distraction of Roman Catholics. The very haziness of his theological views also, while it partly accounts for his ardour in ecclesiastical questions, contributes to the popularity of his publications, and puts him on a footing of comfortable equality with those who answer or support him. A statesman might very properly think as many times before he fanned the flames of religious controversy as before he demolished the House of Lords, but a literary Welsh gentleman can scribble on as he pleases. There seems to be an unreasonable notion entertained in some quarters that the public is entitled to ask that, if Mr. GLADSTONE writes pamphlets, he should write good ones. But this is making a very harsh demand on a retired politician. A judge who has earned his pension and thinks he has a taste for art may take to painting without being called on solemnly to paint good pictures. It is enough if he gets through his mornings harmlessly and happily, and if the frames at least of his performances make the walls of his drawing-room more lively. Mr. GLADSTONE's literary tastes seem precisely those which are most appropriate to learned leisure. An infinite capacity for proving that everything is foreshadowed in HOMER, and a relish for the subtleties of Pontifical speeches or decrees, are not perhaps very great things in themselves, but they seem admirably suited to furnish a stock-in-trade to an elderly politician who wishes to lead a life of laborious idleness in the country.

Something, too, may perhaps be said in mitigation of the resentment which what will be called his desertion will awaken in the Liberal party. Had Mr. CARDWELL remained in the Commons, there would have been an available leader, and consequently the irritation of the party would have been much less. But Mr. GLADSTONE can scarcely be blamed because Mr. CARDWELL fancied being a viscount. The time must in any case have come when the Liberal party would have to get on without Mr. GLADSTONE. A successor must one day have been chosen by lot, if by nothing else. There is apparently no prospect of a Liberal leader being for some years called on to form a Ministry, but let us suppose that in four or five years' time the occasion arose. At seventy Mr. GLADSTONE might not improbably be unequal to the fatigues of the Premiership, and yet to replace him then might be more difficult than

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to find a new chief of the party now. So long as he leads the Opposition, every other member of the Opposition is overshadowed. No one has either the desire or the opportunity of showing what is in him. But if he is withdrawn, the Opposition will have ample leisure to discover which is the best man among them. There must be some decent and unobjectionable person selected to go through the formal duties of leadership, to join in votes to the Royal Family, to take a prominent part in debates on the Address, and to interchange small talk with the Liberal Whip. But the prize of future eminence may be exposed to unreserved competition, and the Liberals may gradually discover who is the unknown great man under whom they will be content to rank themselves. The main duty of the Liberals, as they themselves own, will for some time be to watch the Bills of the Conservatives; and this duty is not one that seems to impose so awful a tax on human powers that Liberals need despair of finding some one capable of adequately fulfilling it. Besides, the Liberal party is not only in want of a leader; it is also in want of a policy; and although Mr. GLADSTONE could give it the former, he could not give it the latter. Either the Liberal party will break up, and its more moderate section will join the moderate section of the Conservatives, or it will once more be welded together by considerable questions being started on which all sections of the party can agree. If the former is to happen, Mr. GLADSTONE certainly is not the man to preside over the experiment. He is not, and could not be, himself, unless supported by a popular movement and working for large ends. It would be equally beneath him, and alien to him, to manœuvre until he could get a timid and decorous Whig or Coalition Government into office. On the other hand, he has exhausted the questions on which he could command popular support, and which he could present with enthusiastic confidence in a popular shape. He neither could nor would invent questions merely on the speculation of a possible popularity attaching to them; and he leaves to other men and other times the suggestion, the guidance, and the success of movements which may be really popular.

THE SPANISH RESTORATION.

TWO years ago, when a Republic had been proclaimed in Spain a few days before, some enthusiasts even in England boasted with a mixture of surprise and delight that the overthrow of the Monarchy had involved neither bloodshed nor confiscation. An experience of some weeks was required to prove that a Spanish Federal Republic involved anarchy and national dissolution. After a rapid succession in office of charlatans and traitors, the most eloquent and least dishonest of the Republican leaders could only mitigate the evils which he had helped to introduce by renouncing in practice the principles which he had spent his life in preaching. The BOURBON Restoration has been welcomed with anticipations not less sanguine and better justified. The latest revolution is approved, not by a socialist rabble, but by the aristocracy, by the most respectable part of the middle class, and by the friends of order. It is well that the unfortunate work of six years is effaced, including two ultra-democratic Constitutions which had been already forgotten. Hereditary monarchy resting on a more or less legitimate title is the best form of government which has yet been devised for European States. A King of Spain who professes to acknowledge constitutional restraints has a prerogative more definite, more limited, and at the same time more effective, than the undetermined powers of a President or Dictator. Governing by sufferance, SERRANO could assume any authority which he might consider necessary or expedient, while a King can in ordinary cases only act through responsible Ministers. The Cortes which must be shortly convoked will have no power to amuse itself with making a Constitution, for ALFONSO XII. succeeds to the rights which were forfeited by his mother. A statesman of mature years in the place of a promising boy might possibly succeed in the gradual introduction of a free and orderly system of government. If the present reign lasts for a few years, the same result may be accomplished. There are fortunately no longer any Pretenders in the way, with the exception of Don CARLOS, whose chances are greatly diminished by the restoration of a King as legitimate as himself. Foreign princes have received intelligible warning that they have no business in Spain. It is an interesting reflection that, but for the interregnum which is now ended, there would have been no HOHENZOLLERN candidature, and perhaps no French and German war.

Cautious politicians will remember that the young KING is putting his harness on, and not taking it off. Of his personal character and capacity nothing is known, except that at his age it is impossible that he should govern the country. The Ministers who may be appointed for him will have a great advantage over their recent predecessors in the opportunity of referring to an ostensible superior who is a symbol of supreme authority. If any sentiment of imaginative loyalty still survives in Spain, the errors of the actual rulers of the country will perhaps be imputed to themselves, while the KING will receive the credit of their wisdom or fortune. When LOUIS XIV. assumed the reins of government in early youth, he profited by the unpopularity as well as by the ability of MAZARIN, who had governed in his stead. It may be doubted whether a modern Spanish King will be as favourably judged. It may be hoped that King ALFONSO will escape the imminent danger of subjection to the baneful influence of the ex-QUEEN. He is perhaps happily ignorant of the reasons which morally, if not politically, excused her deposition; and his advisers are bound to warn him of the consequences of an administration directed by nuns, by confessors, and by profligate favourites. The effusive tenderness of the POPE, though it may perhaps serve a useful purpose in discouraging the Carlists, may be in itself a source of danger. The majority of Spaniards may perhaps prefer a King who is professedly orthodox or even decently devout; but bigotry and fanaticism are more unseemly in a man than in a woman, and even the Spaniards would be ashamed of the restoration of obsolete intolerance. Queen ISABELLA succeeded in compounding for any sins which she may have committed by placing her political influence at the disposal of Rome. The POPE shortly before her fall sent her the Golden Rose, which is reserved for the most deserving princesses; but she alienated the affections of her subjects more effectually by her subserviency to the Church than by the personal obliquities which probably suggested to her the necessity of doing penance at the expense of her subjects. Her son will find it hard to combine the approval of the hierarchy with the good will of the nation.

It appears from the most authentic accounts that the enthusiasm said to have been displayed at Barcelona and elsewhere is altogether imaginary. The people, in compliance with long custom, acquiesce in the decision of the army; but there is no reason why they should feel gratitude for a revolution in which they are not consulted. The KING has friends among the aristocracy and the intelligent classes; but the populace, where it is not Republican, has probably been rendered indifferent by incessant changes. The generals who have effected the Restoration are not likely to undo their own work, as they have neither an alternative Pretender to produce nor any inclination for a Republic. It would appear that they already appreciate the embarrassment which may be caused by a nominal King. The Ministers are not anxious for the presence of Don ALFONSO at Madrid, and it is suggested that the proper place of the KING is at the head of the army. If any meaning is imbedded in the conventional phrases of royal proclamations, the young KING has been advised to profess eagerness for military glory; but if the Spaniards were a humorous nation, they would perceive the absurdity of making a boy the nominal commander of an army which includes veteran officers. A King who by reason of tender age or any other cause of disability is unable to exercise his functions may ostensibly administer a civil Government with less inconvenience than would be involved in his conduct of a campaign. The war in the North is, if the insurgent chief may be believed, likely to be protracted. Don CARLOS regarded a Republic with disgust, but he is still more shocked by the spectacle of a Monarchy not represented by himself. The orthodoxy which has earned the confidence and the benediction of the POPE is to Don CARLOS more obnoxious than open infidelity. More Catholic than the infallible Head of the Church, he utterly disbelieves in the piety of his cousin, and accordingly he persists in re-establishing the true faith by force of arms. It is impossible for the moment to judge whether the Carlist manifesto indicates hope or despair. Although it would be absurd that the young KING should take the place of SERRANO at the head of the army, his title is likely to attract the allegiance of

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those officers who adhered to Don CARLOS because he was the only champion of the cause of royalty. The campaign must be conducted by the generals who have promoted or accepted the Restoration.

The young KING will have no embarrassment to fear in his foreign relations. All Powers will be either neutral or friendly, although it is said that Prince BISMARCK is dissatisfied by the KING'S unseasonable correspondence with the POPE. By an arrangement with the former Government two German vessels are to cruise in Spanish waters for the repression of such outrages as that which was recently committed by the Carlists against a German merchant vessel. The prospect of finishing the civil war is perhaps more favourable since the Restoration. The prosperity and stability of the Monarchy will depend on domestic policy. Some of the measures which have been already adopted are objectionable, not in themselves, but on account of the disproportionate importance which seems to be attached to trifling matters. Titles of nobility and orders of knighthood which were suppressed by the Republicans would naturally have returned with the Monarchy, but there was no need of hurry. Few persons in or out of Spain knew whether the titles which were habitually used had any validity; and even now the rank which they designate involves no legal privilege. Orders of knighthood were still less urgently required, unless it is thought expedient to confer honorary rewards on the generals who headed the late movement. Far more important questions will arise when the new Government attempts to fulfil its pledge of protecting the rights of the Church. The late Chief of the Executive power was not unfriendly to the clergy, though the Nuncio, who had quitted Madrid in the days of the Republic, had not yet returned. The priests have in a few large towns been subjected to affronts, and they may probably elsewhere have suffered injustice during the recent revolutions. The chief danger which besets a Royal patron of the Church is that he may become subject to its influence. Intelligent Spaniards would have been better satisfied if the KING could have waited a few weeks for the POPE'S benediction. Blessings from Rome have in modern times too often failed to produce an immediate temporal advantage. There can be no better illustration of the antipathy which ecclesiastical bigotry has produced in Spain than the foundation and growth, in Madrid and some other parts of the kingdom, of Protestantism at a time when it is unprogressive in all other parts of the Continent. The KING'S Government rashly suspended two Protestant newspapers on the ground, as the apologists of the Ministers assert, that they were Republican as well as heretical, but the suspension has now been removed. ALFONSO XII. may be well assured that his predecessors have demonstrated the hopelessness of founding a Government on the combined support of the army and the clergy.

WORKING-CLASS MEMBERS.

AT a late meeting of the revolutionary Club of many names, under its title of "Labour Representation "League," the President expressed a hope that Mr. WALTON, now a candidate for the representation of Stoke-upon-Trent, would shortly "enter the House which he "helped to build." If Mr. WALTON was thirty years ago a journeyman mason, and if he has since raised himself by ability and prudence into a position of independence, his career can certainly form no objection to his Parliamentary pretensions. There are already several members of the House of Commons who have formerly worked for wages; and although they have probably discovered the disadvantages of their comparative want of education, they have no reason to complain of want of consideration or respect on the part of their colleagues. The principal reason for doubting the expediency of returning Mr. WALTON for Stoke is that he is supported by the demagogues and revolutionary theorists who, under various collective designations, associate themselves together for the purpose sometimes of abolishing property, and sometimes of taking the preliminary step of conferring absolute power on the numerical majority of the population. Mr. JAMES BEAL, who is also the prompter of Lord ELCHO in his Bill for the establishment of a metropolitan Republic, Mr. GEORGE POTTER, Mr. ODGER, and Mr. APPLEGARTH are not satisfactory sponsors for the political qualifications of an unknown candidate. Some of them were, and perhaps are, members of the International League, of the Land Reform or Confiscation League, and of other Associations for turning the world upside down. As a Labour Representation League the party is perfectly consistent with the policy implied by its other multiform denominations; yet most of the speakers seemed to be conscious that their proposed representation of a single class required apology or evasion. Since the abolition of a property qualification there is nothing to prevent the election of working-men, if the constituencies think it desirable to dispense with the securities for capacity and independence which consist in station, in knowledge, and in pecuniary competence. There is no doubt that tradition or prejudice exercises much influence over political opinion and conduct. It is still thought, in spite of the Labour Representation League, that the supremacy of poverty and ignorance would result in misgovernment, in universal corruption, and finally in the transfer of power from a Parliament of working-men to some more trustworthy body. Even in the United States, though workmen are the objects of profuse and servile adulation, they are seldom or never elected to any legislative or administrative office. One or two artisans have, by means of universal suffrage, at different times found their way into French Assemblies, where they have remained in utter obscurity. It is not known that the wildly revolutionary Cortes elected under the Spanish Republic included a single working-man.

Mr. NEWTON, lately elected President of the Labour Representation League, may be excused for repeating the cant phrases of more ambitious Radical orators. He also kindly advises the moderate Liberals to sink the differences which divide them from the promoters of revolution. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had anticipated him in an invitation which would be an insult if its purport had been distinctly understood. According to Mr. NEWTON, "the religious "world had obtained representation, as was seen in the "removal of religious disabilities." The repeal of the Test Acts and of the law which excluded Roman Catholics from Parliament was effected before the first Reform Bill, on secular grounds, in spite of strong opposition by religious factions. The analogy between either political or religious parties and the working classes is altogether fallacious. The divisions of legitimate parties ought not to coincide with social or economical distinctions. The organization of a class for the exclusive promotion of its own special interests becomes mischievous when it is applied to the acquisition of political power. An army must be commanded by officers, and not by privates. In every factory and workshop the direction of labour is entrusted to functionaries who by the nature of their employment are excluded from the working class, although they may have in many instances risen from its ranks. If the workmen are not bent on the attainment of some special benefit for themselves, they will seldom be inclined to prefer one of their own number to a candidate belonging to the middle or upper class. It is true that the experiment has not been fairly tried; for the so-called working-class politicians are invariably professional agitators. An ordinary carpenter or mason is not likely to think of becoming a candidate for a seat in Parliament. It is of little importance whether Mr. WALTON, who seems to be no longer a working-man, succeeds in the contest for the representation of Stoke. He believes himself to have been accepted as the Liberal candidate, and probably the local managers have found it expedient to support him. The Ballot has largely diminished the influence of committees and petty provincial leaders by enabling voters who would not openly desert their party or their colour to act on their own independent judgment. Any moderate Liberals who may be found in the borough will probably prefer a Conservative candidate to the political associate of Mr. BEAL and Mr. ODGER. At Northampton, which is reputed to be the most Radical borough in the kingdom, Mr. BRADLAUGH accomplished the feat, which he had often denounced, of dividing the Liberal party. Mr. WALTON, though he is less notorious, apparently belongs to the same school of politicians, and he will scarcely be more acceptable to prudent voters, though they may have hitherto called themselves Liberals. The outgoing member, Mr. MELLY, though he professed extreme opinions, has justified by his recent preference of business to politics the confidence which commonly attends prosperous traders. The difference between a Liberal capitalist and a real or nominal workman would soon disclose itself if measures affecting property were discussed in Parliament.

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Professor BEESLY regards with affable condescension the probable continuance for some time longer of Parliamentary institutions. He nevertheless attributes some portion of his own influence with the working classes to the knowledge that he and his friends have neither a desire to enter the House of Commons nor any strong belief in the utility of Parliaments. In the meantime he co-operates with the Labour Representation League in its efforts to promote the election of working-men; and it might be almost suspected that he foresaw the tendency of a thoroughly democratic Parliament to destroy itself. The Positivists have never succeeded in making intelligible to strangers their own schemes for the government of the world. Intolerant of kings, of aristocracies, and of the middle class, they are nevertheless entirely sceptical as to the advantage of universal suffrage, and indeed of suffrage in general. Professor BEESLY says that he regards the working class as identical with the people, or with the community; and perhaps he would reduce society to a dead level of equality, only varied by the existence of an intellectual hierarchy. Not long since Professor BEESLY denounced the policy of Prince BISMARCK in opposing the pretensions of the Roman Catholic clergy, on the ground that even a false Church maintains a protest against the unrighteous supremacy of the State; but Professor BEESLY and his friends are perhaps incapable of doing justice to the Germans, because they regard them as enemies of France, the sacred country of COMTE. The votaries of pure reason are especially subject to the influence of capricious sentiment. It is difficult to understand why the agitators of the Labour Representation League and all the other Leagues and Clubs should repose confidence in their favourite philosophers on the express ground of their contempt for Parliaments. Humbler demagogues are prone rather to exaggerate the harm which Parliaments have done in former times, and the beneficent changes which will be effected by future Parliaments consisting of working-men. The devotees of the Comtist priesthood consist exclusively of those who may reasonably aspire to become members of the privileged order. The real basis of the alliance between political artisans and Positivist preachers is their common enmity to existing institutions. One of the allies hopes that the result would be a despotism of the rabble, which to the Positivist section would be intolerable anarchy. There is no reason why Professor BEESLY should not use any instruments which may seem likely to be useful for his own purposes, nor can he be accused of any want of candour in explaining his real opinions. He told the League with perfect truth that before the last election the workingmen had overrated their power, and he urged them to take warning by their failure. One mistake which they have made is now irreparable. The Ballot has disappointed the hopes of its promoters, who, while they rightly foresaw that it would diminish the influence of rank, of property, and of character, overlooked the difficulties which it would interpose in the way of democratic organization. It may be hoped that for some time to come the House of Commons will not suffer deterioration. The election of half-a-dozen candidates such as Mr. WALTON would not create any serious inconvenience.

MARSHAL MACMAHON AND HIS MINISTERS.

THE Orleanist contrivance which was to give France the inestimable blessing of a Second Chamber was probably represented to the PRESIDENT as very much more promising than it really was. It is hard to believe that Marshal MACMAHON would have sent an ultimatum to the Assembly with so much pomp and circumstance if he had known how little weight his Message would carry. For more than a year past it has seemed likely that he meant as a last resource to come forward in his own person, and to overawe the Assembly by the unknown terrors of his displeasure. There was a time perhaps when this step would really have had some influence. But in the interval the MARSHAL has been steadily divesting himself of the means of making his intervention formidable. There are two things which are within his power to do. He can resign, and he can declare his determination to govern without the Assembly. But, as the *Times* Correspondent has pointed out, his repeated assertions of his intention to remain at the head of affairs till 1880 have had precisely the same effect as M. THIERS's repeated offers of resignation. Nobody believed that M. THIERS would abandon power, because he was always saying he would go, and not going after all. Nobody believes that Marshal MACMAHON will abandon power, because his declarations to the contrary are so uniform and so well borne out by all that is known of his conduct. It is much the same thing as regards a *coup d'état*. The MARSHAL is considered too honest to attempt anything serious in this direction. He might possibly allow rather a long interval between the dissolution of the existing Assembly and the convocation of a new one; but that is the worst that is expected of him. France has lately been so much happier during the recess than during the Session that this prospect is not specially alarming.

Since the defeat of the Cabinet in the debate provoked by the MARSHAL'S Message the attitude of parties towards the Constitutional Laws has very much changed. The politicians in whom the MARSHAL is supposed to have the greatest confidence are now anxious to get these Bills out of the way. They intend, it seems, to declare the discussion of them urgent, and by this means to get rid of most of the formalities which ordinarily delay the translation of Bills into laws. The details of a Constitution seem hardly things to be thus hurried over, and considering how persistently the Duke of BROGLIE has striven to delay similar discussions, there is an apparent inconsistency in its being done at his suggestion. He may fairly reply, however, that by this time everybody knows that the Assembly is altogether unable to pass Constitutional Laws of any kind, and that the sooner its impotence can be made clear to itself the sooner the Government can apply itself to the consideration of what is to be done in the absence of Constitutional Laws. The Duke of BROGLIE may be supposed to have made up his mind that a dissolution is the only important card remaining in his hand; and though from his point of view it is an extremely dangerous card to play, the choice may perhaps lie between playing it and seeing the control of the game pass out of his hands altogether. Now, if the DUKE intends to take office on the understanding that he will dissolve before again leaving it, he will naturally desire to keep on as good terms as he can with the Assembly which he has to get rid of. The deputies must be made to see clearly that the Government has no alternative but to ask them to go about their business. Supposing them to see this, and consequently to bear no malice against the Duke of BROGLIE for his share in bringing about an inevitable result, they may be persuaded to arm him with some additional powers of guiding the elections. If the discussion of the Constitutional Laws is spread over the whole Session, there is no saying what may not turn up in the meantime, or what new combinations may not present themselves with a promise of something pleasanter than an immediate dissolution to attract the Assembly's confidence. If, on the other hand, the Assembly can be driven to vote upon the Constitutional Laws without further delay, the divisions which proved so incurable last week will still exist in full force, and even the deputies who most dislike the thought of facing their constituents will have to admit that there is no help for it.

This change of tactics on the part of one of the Centres has produced a corresponding change on the part of the other. The Left Centre a year ago were extremely anxious to have the Constitutional Laws declared urgent. But at that time this seemed the only way of getting them discussed at all, and, if they could be discussed, it was thought possible that they might be carried in a form which the Left Centre could accept without surrendering their principles. Urgency, it was then hoped, would be a prelude to adoption, whereas it is now understood that it will be only a prelude to rejection. There are at least two reasons why the Left Centre would like the Constitutional Laws to be rejected in a more leisurely manner. The first is that the chapter of accidents may even yet have something in store for them, and give the control of the elections to M. DUFAURE or M. CASIMIR-PÉRIER instead of to the Duke of BROGLIE. This is a very important consideration with the Left Centre. No one can say positively what the next Assembly will be like, or how much influence the Government will be able to bring to bear upon the electors. Consequently no party can afford to be indifferent to the composition of the Cabinet by which that influence will be exercised. This is probably the motive that deters the Left Centre from taking a more decided line in favour of a dissolution. The inability of the Assembly to frame even a pro-

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visional Constitution has been so abundantly demonstrated, that if the Left Centre were to go along with the Left in demanding an immediate appeal to the country, it is not impossible that they might attract enough recruits from other sections of the Assembly to secure a majority for the proposal. But the Left Centre would like to be more certain of the result before venturing upon so decisive a step, and the only mode in which any degree of certainty can be attained is by getting the command of the administration during the time that the elections are in progress. The Left Centre are so far more disposed to a dissolution than the Right Centre that they would probably try the experiment at once if their own friends were in office. It is just possible that in the course of a prolonged discussion of the Constitutional Laws some combination might suggest itself to Marshal MacMahon which would give the Left Centre this advantage. At all events, as they are not likely to obtain it in any other way, they naturally dislike the proposal to cut down the discussion to the narrowest permissible limits. The other reason for opposing urgency is that in debate the Left Centre will have a great advantage over the Right Centre. They have better speakers and a more presentable cause. They can point to the fair prospect of a settled and orderly Republic which was offered by M. Thiers, and compare it with the absence of any prospect whatever which has characterized Marshal MacMahon's rule. They can remind the electors how thoroughly they knew their own minds two years ago, and appeal to them to prove by their votes that a change of President, about which they were not consulted, has not changed their determination to establish the Conservative Republic. It is never easy to say how far votes at elections are influenced by speeches in Parliament, and least of all in a country like France, where so extraordinarily little is known of the electorate, or of the motives which determine its action. But when the question is not whether to employ this weapon or that, but simply whether to employ this weapon or none at all, it matters little that its effect is uncertain. It can do the Left Centre no harm to have their case laid in full before the country, and it is just possible that it may do them a great deal of good.

The immediate situation, therefore, seems to be this. The existing Cabinet is to be strengthened by the addition of the Duke of Broglie, and probably of the Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier. Until the last day or two it seemed likely that M. de Fourtou would be included; but it is now supposed that the Duke of Broglie has been unable to retain both his Imperialist and his Orleanist allies, and that his choice of the Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier implies a final breach with the Bonapartists. At the same time it implies that the union of the Centres is more remote than ever, since the Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier represents the most Liberal section of the Right Centre, and doubtless carries it with him to the support of the Government. The reconstructed Cabinet will then propose urgency for the debate on the Constitutional Laws, and the motion will be resisted by the Left, reinforced probably by those members of the Right who are pledged to oppose at every step the organization of any Government except the King's. Whatever else is wanting during the coming spring, there will be no lack of opportunities for the display of unprofitable oratory.

GENERAL GRANT AND LOUISIANA.

GENERAL GRANT'S last interference in the affairs of Louisiana proves that he has abandoned the hope of a second re-election. The Democrats have lately shown that they at present command a majority; and, among many causes which have secured them new adherents, one of the most efficient was the general dissatisfaction with the Southern policy of the Federal Government. On two or three occasions the President has employed regular troops to decide conflicting claims to the government of Southern States. It is doubtful whether Kellogg, who has been recognized by the President as Governor of Louisiana, was legally elected; and there is no doubt that he is regarded as a usurper by nearly all the white residents of the State. The President himself in his Message to the Senate says with curious simplicity, not that Kellogg was legally elected, but that on a balance of fraud he had a better right than his competitor. Vague phrases in the Federal Constitution which authorize the President to protect State Governments against insurrection were certainly not intended to invest him with absolute jurisdiction over questions of disputed title. If the President's claim is well founded, he might, at the risk of impeachment, establish Governors and Legislatures fraudulently elected in every State of the Union. His proceedings in Louisiana were the more suspicious because a chief manager of the Republican faction in New Orleans is both a Federal office-holder and a near connexion of the President. It may perhaps be plausibly contended that the decision of a superior authority in cases of disputed returns is the only alternative of civil war; but in the course of eighty years since the enactment of the Constitution there had been no precedent for Federal interference between competing State Governments; nor can it be doubted that the power of appealing to the President has a strong tendency to encourage fraud and irregularity. General Grant would not have ventured to assume in New York or Pennsylvania the prerogative which he exercised in Louisiana and Arkansas. Two years ago he relied, with not unfounded confidence, on the support by the Republican majority in Congress of any measures by which he might establish or confirm the supremacy of the party in the Southern States. The reaction which he has in some degree provoked extends beyond the limits of the Democratic party. The Republicans also resent encroachments which they have discovered to be unpopular; and the ancient jealousy of military intervention in civil government is not unreasonably revived. The ready obedience which is paid to a soldier President by his lieutenants reminds politicians that even American armies need to be kept in strict subordination to civil authority. General Sheridan would evidently be capable of a *pronunciamento* if the United States were degraded to the condition of Spain or of the South American Republic.

It is possible that General Grant may have sincerely believed that Kellogg was regularly elected, and that it was necessary for the preservation of public peace to maintain his Government by force. Two years later, when the respectable citizens of the State irregularly superseded a Government which they found to be intolerable, the employment of Federal troops to restore the authority of Kellogg was more excusable. The Conservatives, satisfied with the publicity of their protest, abstained from all resistance to the Federal power; and it was understood that Kellogg received a hint from Washington that he must not rely too confidently on the further assistance of his patron. At a recent election for the State Legislature the Democrats or Conservatives had obtained a majority of forty; but the Governor had appointed a Board of his own choice to determine contested elections until the Legislature should meet, and it was well known that, if the Republicans could secure a majority in the first instance, they would decide all the contested elections which remained in favour of the candidates of their party. Kellogg's Board or Committee discharged with characteristic absence of scruple the function with which they had been entrusted. Even on their own showing, the Board have usurped the functions of the voters, by setting aside many elections on the ground of irregularities which in other cases have been tolerated. They allege that the Conservative party obtained its majority by intimidation; but there is no appearance of a judicial inquiry, which indeed the Board had probably no power to institute. Some of the Republican returning officers deliberately destroyed or concealed lists of votes which were favourable to the Democrats; and their accomplices on the Board refused to receive secondary evidence in default of the originals, and consequently declared the elections void. By various frauds of the same kind the Board succeeded in reversing the result of the election; but when the Legislature met, the Conservatives contrived by superior vigilance, in the absence of two or three Republican members, to elect a Speaker. The disappointed Republicans then disputed the validity of the return of five members of the casual majority, and insisted on their withdrawal from the Assembly. On their refusal, a Federal commander expelled the five members by force, and his action was afterwards approved both by his superior officer General Sheridan and by the President. It is not the business of foreigners to pronounce confident opinions on questions of American constitutional law; but the general indignation which has been expressed in all parts of the Union is at least a popular exposition of the law. It is said that three principal members of the Cabinet repudiate all responsibility for the action of the President. The cynical indifference of local American politicians to the moral judgment of impartial politicians renders the exposure of their

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eccentric proceedings comparatively easy. TWEED and his associates in New York scarcely took the trouble to conceal their pecuniary frauds, which were indeed committed with the knowledge and approval of the rabble majorities at their back. The judicial and administrative agents of KELLOGG could scarcely claim the gratitude of their employer and his faction if they had even pretended to honesty and impartiality. The acts of which they are accused by their opponents form their title to the confidence of KELLOGG and CASEY. The important part of the transaction is not the rascality of the Republican managers, but the pretensions advanced by the PRESIDENT and the army.

In a despatch to the PRESIDENT, General SHERIDAN, with imprudent audacity, describes the Conservatives, who are no other than the white citizens of Louisiana, as "banditti," whom he is evidently willing, on receiving orders from Washington, to coerce or exterminate. His language is unconsciously identical with the familiar phrases of military adventurers in the South American Republics. "Felon "Liberals," "Clerical Assassins," "Savage Unitarians," have a hundred times been held up by ambitious generals to the hatred of their armed followers. In exactly the same spirit General SHERIDAN is not ashamed to denounce as banditti the class which includes all the wealth and education of Louisiana. If similar language had been used by a Federal general four or five years ago, he might possibly have been supported by a Republican majority which was irresponsible because it deemed itself secure. It is surprising that even General SHERIDAN should be rash enough to threaten the use of superior force against a political party which will within a few months succeed to undisputed authority in the Union. The incoming Congress will not allow a rude soldier to decide State elections, or to employ martial law against the representatives whom he may have presumed to expel. The citizens of Louisiana have been the victims, and not the perpetrators, of any public robbery which may have been committed. It would have been as reasonable to call them pirates or murderers as banditti, and probably the term of abuse was selected at random. It is not to be regretted that General SHERIDAN, whose military services might perhaps otherwise have been rewarded by civil office, has voluntarily announced his disregard of liberty and justice. General GRANT, who has adopted the measures of his subordinate, may perhaps have satisfied himself that his own political career is over.

While the PRESIDENT exaggerates the errors of his previous policy, the Republicans in Congress have made a more plausible effort to recover the public confidence which they had forfeited. It had been expected that the short Session would expire without any attempt to pass considerable measures; but the Senate and the House have unexpectedly concurred in a Bill providing for the future resumption of specie payments; and it is known that the PRESIDENT will not refuse his assent. The compulsory circulation of greenbacks is to cease in four years, and in the meantime the paper currency is to be gradually reduced. It is probable that in the interval some other method of attaining this desirable object may be substituted; but the rejection by the moribund Congress of schemes of expansion may perhaps exercise a beneficial influence. On questions of currency and commerce party distinctions are not strictly coincident with local differences of interest and opinion; but, on the whole, the Democratic party inclines to sound doctrines which have but recently and partially found favour with the Republicans. The leaders of the present majority probably desired to take the wind out of the sails of their successors; and a rivalry in sound legislation promotes the public advantage. It is possible that the more questionable Civil Rights Bill will also be passed with modifications by the existing Congress; but no measure is more generally unpopular, and any Bill of the kind will be defeated by the PRESIDENT'S veto. The citizens of the United States show their good sense by their habitual indifference to novel legislation. Not a murmur will be caused by the practical non-existence of Congress from March to December. In England the measures of a new Parliament, and even of a new Session, are expected with eager curiosity. No American knows or greatly cares what policy may be adopted a year hence by an unpledged Democratic majority. After that time stronger interest will be felt in the choice of a new President than in the proceedings of Congress. It is remarkable that neither party is at present provided with a candidate, perhaps because there is not in the United States any politician of remarkable eminence. Six years ago General GRANT was marked out for election by his great and recent services; but his career will not have increased the desire for military Presidents. American politicians are accustomed to use and to hear strong language, but not to be threatened by political opponents with the punishment due to banditti.

JUDICIAL REFORM IN EGYPT.

EGYPT is probably of all uncivilized countries that in which there is the greatest desire and opportunity of introducing something like civilization. It alone seems to escape from the stagnation which oppresses the Mahometan world. This is in a great measure due to the personal character of its ruler, who, if he has not always kept his good intentions within the strict bounds of prudence, has evinced a constant anxiety to see his country push forward. Partly also the advance which Egypt has made in late years is due to the presence there of foreigners in exceptional numbers. The construction and completion of the Suez Canal, and the expenditure of the many millions which the VICEROY has managed to borrow in the European market, have led many Frenchmen and Englishmen to seek their fortunes and fix their residence in Egypt, and the old commercial ties between Italy and Egypt have not been relaxed. No doubt the commencing civilization of Egypt is very superficial, and the whole fabric of Egyptian progress rests in a dangerous degree on the life of one man. The successor of the VICEROY may tread in his paths and carry forward his plans, but he also may not; and the adverse influence of a reactionary, or even of a merely indolent and negligent, Viceroy would soon make itself felt. There have unfortunately been too many instances where the impulse given by a ruler with high aspirations has been as temporary as it has been sudden for Europe to have as yet any great confidence that Egypt will continue to be as unlike Turkey as it is at present. Still the contrast is just now as striking a one as it is possible to find. The attention of the rulers of Turkey is concentrated on effecting the ruin of the Turkish provinces, on the exclusion of foreigners from enterprises likely to develop the resources of the country, and on the accumulation in the harem and the harbour of the greatest possible number of the causes and instruments of strife. The Viceroy of EGYPT is intent on other things. He protects life and property; he is always planning new public works; he encourages foreigners to come to his territory, and makes it worth their while to come. For some years his Government has been occupying itself with one subject of considerable importance to foreign residents in Egypt. It has long been the rule with the leading European Powers to insist that justice shall be administered to their subjects in barbarous countries by their Consuls, and not by the local tribunals. This is the system which still obtains in Egypt. But it is easy to see that directly the relations of residents with natives and with each other become at all complicated, it is a very ineffective and inadequate mode of arriving at justice that the residents of each nationality should be for judicial purposes under their own Consul. There is, too, something humiliating in declining altogether to let the natives have anything to do with the administration of justice where a foreigner is concerned, for the rule to be rigidly enforced after a barbarous nation has made a decided advance beyond barbarism; and the VICEROY has shown a just sensitiveness to his own dignity and that of his people, as well as a right perception of what would really be best for foreign residents, in pressing on the European Powers the adoption of a new system for the administration of justice as regards foreigners in Egypt.

France is perhaps more intimately connected with Egypt than any other country, and France has accordingly watched with a closer supervision than other Powers the suggestions which the VICEROY'S Government has made for a judicial reform. There is nothing intolerant or illiberal in the attitude assumed by France. The protection afforded by the Consular jurisdiction is known, real, and in harmony with long usage, and it is not to be lightly abandoned. The advance of a Mahometan country in knowledge and enlightenment must always be problematic, and any solid guarantees of safety are things to be parted with very cautiously, although a Mahometan ruler may temporarily have shown that he can give at least the appearance of improvement to his people. The negotiations between France and Egypt have been going on for many years, and one French

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Minister after another has started objections or required further information as to the meaning and purposes of what was proposed. At last Duke DECAZES has brought matters to a conclusion, and has entered into a convention subject to the ratification of the Assembly. In order that the Assembly may understand what are the points which are now to be dealt with, and the concessions which France makes by the adoption of the convention, he has published a Yellow Book containing the documents necessary to illustrate the history of the negotiations, and has inserted a memorandum giving a summary of the reasons which have induced him to think that the convention should be adopted. He starts by admitting that the Consular jurisdiction is unsuited to the present state of things. What should be substituted for it has been anxiously discussed. Under the Empire a Commission was appointed to recommend the best course to take, but the recommendations of this Commission were not of much practical value; for, although the Commissioners were willing in terms to concede that there should be a new mixed tribunal deriving its authority from the VICEROY, yet they subjected this concession to so many conditions, and so sedulously guarded the action of the new tribunal at every point, that it was not easy to see how it could work at all. The French Government therefore went a step further, and consented to take part in an International Commission which should endeavour to see whether arrangements could not be devised that would be acceptable not only to Egypt and to France, but to the other Powers interested. This Commission was disposed to recommend much more unreserved concessions than had found favour with the French Commission; and although the French members of the Commission concurred in its Report, the French Government got frightened, and thought the friends and admirers of Egypt were going rather too fast, and appointed a new French Commission to report to it. This second French Commission did what any Commission would have done under the circumstances, and recommended something more than the first French Commission, and something less than the International Commission had agreed to. NUBAR PASHA was at Paris as the representative of the VICEROY in 1870 just before the German war broke out, and he and M. OLLIVIER drew up the project of a convention in accordance with the views of the second French Commission; and this project became known in the negotiations which were resumed after the war was over as the French project, in contradistinction to the project which, framed on the Report of the International Commission, had received the approval not only of the European Powers other than France, but also that of the Porte. France thus separated herself from the other parties to the negotiations, and since the resumption of these negotiations the time devoted to the subject has been spent by Egypt in endeavouring to persuade France to cease this opposition and to fall in with the views of the rest of those interested in the matter.

The chief point contested by France has been that of personal status, one of the utmost importance to residents in a foreign country. The general principle that the personal status of foreigners should not be affected by the decisions of the Egyptian tribunals had been conceded from the outset, and although no clause guaranteeing this was to be found in the project adopted by the parties other than France, the Egyptian Government willingly consented that the omission which had been due to inadvertence should be rectified. But then one of the questions of personal status is that of bankruptcy, and the Egyptian Government contended, with the concurrence of the other Powers, that the tribunal, to be effective at all, must have cognizance of bankruptcy. The French Government objected, and urged among other reasons that bankruptcy carried with it the loss of certain civil rights in France, such as the capacity of voting at elections and of serving on a jury. The Egyptian Government replied that the real thing to be considered was the general welfare of the commercial community in Egypt, and that the best thing everywhere for commercial men was that, if they could not meet their engagements, their assets should be collected and distributed among their creditors, and that it was too much to ask that this advantage should be foregone in Egypt because a French bankrupt might, if he chose to go home, find himself excluded from his privileges as an elector and a juryman. Duke DECAZES owns that this argument struck him as one difficult to answer, and he also found it hard to defend the present system, under which the assets of a defaulting debtor in Egypt are screened from the pursuit of his creditors until his Consul chooses to give his assent to the process, an assent frequently withheld on very questionable grounds. Conceding the general point as to bankruptcy, Duke DECAZES next tried to insist that acts of fraudulent bankruptcy should be withdrawn from the cognizance of the tribunal. To be proclaimed bankrupts by a tribunal in which they have little or no confidence seems to French merchants in Egypt bad enough; but to have their acts liable to be characterized by such a tribunal as fraudulent seems to them very dangerous indeed. But the VICEROY would not give way. The objection taken by France was not supported by any other Power, and the Egyptian Government calculated, and calculated rightly, that the French Government would get tired of its isolated position. Duke DECAZES states plainly that he has been beaten by finding himself always having to stand alone, and as the smaller of two evils he has decided to recommend the convention, even in a shape which he considers not free from serious evils, to the Assembly. But he does this with great hesitation. Frenchmen in Egypt do not like the convention, neither do Frenchmen in those centres of trade which are largely interested in Egyptian commerce. Duke DECAZES goes no further than to put the question as one of doubtful expediency. On the one hand, the apprehensions of French commercial men may be justified, and the convention may be the source of serious injury to them hereafter. On the other hand, it may prove that the mixed tribunal will be set up, and that Frenchmen, left alone, will find themselves practically unable to retain their Consular jurisdiction; and then the result will be the same, and Frenchmen will have to submit to the tribunal, while the special good will of the VICEROY to the French will possibly have been impaired, and the precious opportunity will have been lost of imbuing the tribunal from its outset with the legal notions of France.

COMPULSION AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

THERE is one fact connected both with education and with public health which reformers in each sphere ought carefully to keep in mind. This fact is the necessary dependence of the results upon the machinery by which they have to be attained. Few things can be less satisfactory than the spectacle of a sanitary authority sitting with folded hands in the presence of dirt and disease, and in the near neighbourhood of death, or of a village school large enough to contain every child in the village, and never more than two-thirds full. It is not wonderful that such sights should raise doubts whether too much tenderness has not been shown to local independence, and whether people have not been left to do for themselves what it would have been better to have done for them. What should an ignorant Board of Guardians know about health? or why should the application of direct compulsion have been committed to an authority which in many parts of the country does not exist? The Local Government Board in the first case, the Education Department in the second, ought, it may be said, to have been armed with the necessary powers to ensure a minimum of bodily and mental health to every member of the community. In this way England would have marched steadily onwards, instead of getting along with an unsteady limp, which loses almost as much ground at one step as it gains at another. Certainly this picture is very much pleasanter to look at than the dull reality which lies before our eyes. Those who have preached the value of health and education to a generation that refuses to listen may be excused for wishing that these two great ends could be pursued without the need of convincing those who like to be dirty that it is more agreeable to be clean, or those who like to be ignorant that knowledge is useful as well as pleasant. Unfortunately the use of local machinery for the purposes in question is not a matter of discretion. A scheme which proposed to provide Englishmen with fresh air, pure water, and the three R's direct from an office in London would never have a chance of being adopted, and would do more harm than good if it were adopted.

Mr. STANSFELD put this very well at Halifax the other day. He drew a distinction between the scientific sanitarians who put health first and Local Government second, and the political sanitarians who put Local Government first

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and health second. By treating people as infants it would be possible to set their drainage to rights in a very much shorter time than it will take them to set it to rights themselves. But when the work was done the triumphant legislator would find himself confronted by this dilemma. Either he must give the Central Government the whole administration of these two great departments of public affairs, or he must be content to see all his costly machinery get out of gear for want of any competent hands to keep it in motion. The first alternative might be possible if the people whose drains are to be made perfect and those who nominate the Central Government were not in the last resort the same. But the proposal of the scientific sanitarian is not merely a proposal to make people healthy against their will; that under favourable conditions might be done. It is a proposal to make people healthy against their will by means of agents appointed by themselves. Of course if only a minority objected to be made healthy, this objection would not be serious; but in that case there would be no difficulty in doing all that is needed without superseding local government. The obstacle that really has to be surmounted is the existence of large bodies of persons, probably at present of a majority of the whole population, who dislike compulsory cleanliness, and have no faith in the dependence of health on ventilation. It might have been possible to pass a stringent Public Health Act which should have vested the conduct of sanitary affairs in the Central Government, because the stupid opposition which is most to be dreaded in these questions often does not know what a Bill means until it has become an Act. But how long would such an Act have remained in operation? Just so long as would have been required to make its purpose felt. As soon as that interval had passed away the pressure brought by the electors on their representatives would have been far too strong for them to resist, except on pain of losing their seats at the next election. There is a good deal of honest conviction as to the need of sanitary reforms; but it would hardly be safe to expose it to so rude a test as this. If, on the other hand, the Legislature had contented itself with creating local sanitary authorities, and leaving them no option as to what they should do, these authorities would have offered a passive resistance which it would have been impossible to overcome without a fresh appeal to Parliament. But by that time the obstructives would have been forewarned, and the appeal would certainly have been rejected.

This latter objection applies with equal force to the proposal to create School Boards over the whole country for the special purpose of enforcing school attendance. No one, so far as we know, has even suggested that this duty can be performed by the Central Government; but before entrusting it to rural School Boards it will be wise to consider what is to be done if they omit to carry out the law. As School Boards are constituted in country districts, it is certain that many of them, if to enforce school attendance were their only business, would be created against their will, and would take no step that they could possibly help. Their powers in this negative direction would be very large, and the only way in which they could be overridden would be by transferring their authority to the Education Department. By the time that this proposal had secured sufficient support to make its adoption decently probable, the peculiar circumstances which it was designed to meet would have disappeared. Curiously enough we have an example of the spirit in which many of the School Boards would approach the question of compulsion in the action of what are called Local Government Districts. These districts were created at a time when there was no other way to give a town district any sanitary administration whatever except by making it a separate sanitary district. It is now found that the existence of these districts is one of the greatest hindrances to sanitary improvement. The sanitary authority is there, but the disposition to use it is wanting, and the best prospect that Mr. STANSFELD is able to hold out on this head is, that by degrees many of them will be merged in larger areas. If every parish had its School Board, it would probably be said with equal truth, that so long as these obstructive little bodies continued to exist, any fair trial of direct compulsion would continue to be impossible.

The solution of the educational difficulty is very closely connected with the solution of the Local Government difficulty. The same problem—how to make people see their own interests—has to be solved; and the same obstacle—that their real and ultimate interest is not identical with their apparent and immediate interest—has to be surmounted. To a certain extent, the question is one of areas of administration, and when the best unit of local government has been discovered, it will probably be found that this unit is the authority that can be most safely trusted with the duty of enforcing school attendance. In the meantime the process to be followed is in a measure identical for the two cases. It is most important in the first instance to have a large number of successful experiments to point to. It is in the power already of any sanitary authority to make its district healthy, and of any School Board to get its schools filled. Every case in which these results are conspicuously attained, without incurring immoderate outlay or inflicting needless hardship, is an incentive to similar authorities to do likewise. Every case in which, through the carelessness or the imprudence of the authorities, these results are not attained, or are attained at the cost of reckless expenditure or of a doctrinaire disregard for local circumstances and feelings, will operate as an excuse for leaving similar attempts unmade. The real measure of sanitary and educational progress will be the degree in which those who have the wish to promote them, and the capacity to promote them wisely, will take the trouble of becoming members of the bodies which have to deal with sanitary and educational subjects. There is no shorter road to success than this. The aggregate of national improvement in both directions will be made up of particular cases of improvement, and how many or how few these particular cases are will depend to a great extent on the zeal and the discretion of individuals.

THE ETHICS OF REVIEWING.

SOME letters have recently appeared from indignant authors, who fancy—not a very rare fancy in authors—that their books have been unjustly criticized. The simple-minded complaints of the last new poet that he is being crushed like Keats, or of the last new metaphysician that his reviewer is hopelessly unable to reason, deserve in a general way very little attention. The letters, however, of which we are speaking made a more specific complaint. They alleged certain pieces of circumstantial evidence to show that their critics had not read their books. Such complaints may rest upon a simple misunderstanding. When, for example, a gentleman says that his book has not been read because he has discovered an uncut copy in the hands of the reviewer, he forgets that the reviewer may possess, as in fact he frequently does possess, more than one copy of a book. But we are by no means prepared to assert that all reviewers in all English newspapers are as scrupulous as they ought to be. Any book which is worth the slightest notice is reviewed in so many different papers that we should be very sorry to answer for all who sit in judgment upon it. Indeed we may frankly admit that we have seen some reviews of which it is the apparent object to set forth the author's wit or eloquence, or probably to conceal his ignorance. Without asking how far the actual critic approaches the ideal excellences of penetration, skill, impartiality, and care, it may be worth while to say a word or two as to the rules by which, in our opinion, critics ought to be bound.

The first and most obvious rule of course is that a critic should have read the book which he is reviewing. There are exceptions to this rule, as in the case of books of reference, which can only be fully tried by long use, and where it is plain that the reviewer can only have tested the performance by a certain number of samples fairly chosen; and there are other cases in which the nature of the review makes it sufficiently clear that it does not profess to be founded on a complete study of the work. But, putting aside such exceptions, the author may fairly demand that his book should have been thoroughly examined. Whether the author is the gainer by such a rule may indeed be doubted. We have not seldom read novels which begin with a great deal of spirit and become intolerably wearisome long before the end of the third volume. And when from a sense of duty we have ploughed through the wearisome mass of verbiage, we may be tempted to revenge ourselves upon the author for the trouble and the disappointment which he has caused. The author, however, is not, though he frequently fancies himself to be, the only person interested. Probably, as a rule, the sins of critics are more frequently on the side of indulgence than of severity. The normal function of criticism is to preserve a certain standard of accuracy and scholarship, and to keep empty pretenders in awe. There is another much rarer and indeed higher function which consists in discovering and encouraging young writers of promise. Most of the ordinary commonplaces about criticism depend upon the assumption that this, which is the rare exception, is the ordinary case. We are always hearing of the mischief done to sensitive genius by the old slashing critics of the *Edinburgh Review* or the party violence of *Blackwood* in a past generation. The popular impression, founded upon such precedents, is that a critic is a coarse cynic who goes about trampling

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on the tender toes of rising genius; and the remedy for existing evils is therefore sought in some method which will make critics more shy of distributing their censures. We do not deny that harsh words carelessly uttered may inflict a great deal of unnecessary pain; and probably anybody who has had much practice in the art has learnt to become more tolerant with age. He will be content to intimate that an author is a fool, and not be too anxious to turn him out for the rather cruel sport of a public baiting, or to fix barbed epigrams in his side. But a remedy which should lead to a general softening of criticism would probably do more harm than good. The cases of nipping rising genius in the bud are so rare that it would be difficult to produce an authentic instance. For, in the first place, rising genius is an exceedingly rare phenomenon, and a generation is lucky which counts as many as half-a-dozen indisputable cases. In the next place, rising genius is very seldom quenched by adverse criticism; it is generally combined with a good supply of vanity or self-confidence which enables it to resist the taunts of the enemy; it is almost always surrounded by a little court of youthful admirers, whose praise not unfrequently produces a certain intoxication which may be cured by a cold bath of adverse criticism. And, moreover, at the present day genius is much more frequently injured by flattery than by censure. Genius is scarcely ever allowed to be free from self-consciousness, and it is lucky if such consciousness includes a sense of vices as well as of virtues. So many critics have arisen of the gushing and enthusiastic school, that we should be inclined to fancy that a fresh master-mind was being discovered every other week. If such impulsive criticism were to be trusted, we should imagine that we lived in an age more fertile in poetical genius than the age of Spenser and Shakspeare. We have seen within a year or two the advent of several novelists the weakest of whom combined the best qualities of Dickens and Thackeray with none of their faults, and added special merits of his own. And yet we are not aware that at the present moment we have a superabundance of imaginative writers of the first class. If there is any youth now living whose writings will be the delight of future ages, he has not been overlooked for any want of enthusiasm. It may be that he is in process of being spoilt by flattery, or it may be that he is being discouraged by the thought that so abundant a shower of compliments must fall alike upon the good and the evil, and make the road to eminence difficult, not from excess of censure, but from absence of discrimination.

In any case, however, these are the exceptional cases. The ordinary task of the critic is, as we have said, to maintain a certain standard of excellence; and this implies impartial censure of shortcomings as well as generous praise of true merit. It is no easy task to keep down the continual growth of charlatans. Any man who has a certain trick of style may be tolerably certain of a large audience. Picturesque description and strong party spirit will cover a multitude of sins. There is no danger that qualities of that kind will be overlooked; and, if only in justice to writers of more solid excellence, it is essential that somebody should point out that declamation is not reasoning; that an historian ought to attend to his authorities as well as to his prejudices; and that a professed scholar should not cover ignorance of philology by facility in using the jargon of æsthetic enthusiasm. The field of literature is so wide, and there are so many candidates for fame with little more qualification than a love of notoriety, that the most important function of the critic probably consists in a rigid application of severe tests. A good deal of such criticism will necessarily be negative in its expression; but indirectly it will be of value to the best workman because it will secure the application of a steady gauge to his performances. For criticism of this kind it is an essential condition that the writer should be cool, temperate, and independent. One of the suggestions that have been made is that anonymous criticism should be as much suppressed as possible. The general question of the advantages of anonymous journalism is a large one, upon which we cannot touch at the present moment. We may say, however, that the case for anonymous writing seems to be, if anything, strongest in regard to anonymous criticism. There is an obvious presumption that a writer who gives his name will be tempted to give way to merely personal considerations. Tell truth, it is said, and shame the Devil—a candid expression of unfavourable opinion will never provoke any reasonable person. We fear that experience would prove that this agreeable maxim is not to be received too confidingly in actual practice. An author is, *primâ facie*, an utterly unreasonable person. He has, as a general rule, an entirely false view of his own importance and of the merits of his work. A critic, we may suppose, has a friend who considers himself to be a good poet or logician. The critic holds, and his opinion does not imply the slightest disloyalty, that his friend is a second-rate rhymester, or that he could not put together a trustworthy syllogism to save his life. Now the two men must be very amiably constituted if the friendship is not more or less injured by the frank expression of such an opinion. Let any man tell his best friend that he heartily loves him, that he thinks him a person of the most amiable character and the highest regard for truth, but that, to speak frankly, he considers his attempts at humour to be heavy, his poetry a mere jingle of words, or his reasoning little better than twaddle. If, after such an avowal, the friendship does not suffer, we should be considerably surprised. The very condition of social life is that, though we are bound to speak the truth, we are not bound to speak the whole truth as to our opinion of each other. Society could not hold together if each of us were forced to point out to our friends every fault of manner and character by which they annoy us. It is, on the other hand, the condition of sound criticism that all faults should be frankly noticed and stated without exaggeration or extenuation. To reconcile the two codes would be a task beyond the power of ordinary mortals. The difficulty is greatly increased when we consider the way in which the removal of the restriction would work in practice. Everybody who writes, or is supposed to write, reviews is constantly exposed to the solicitations of authors. He receives all manner of indirect applications to secure a notice for this or that wonderful performance. He can at present defend himself to a certain extent by a little diplomacy. There is a tacit understanding that it is not fair to push him beyond a certain point. He may give an evasive answer, or hand the book over to some anonymous friend. But if he has to stand up in his own proper person to avow his opinions to all the world, if not only the friend, but all the friend's friends, know that he is the responsible person, he will clearly be much more liable to all the ingenious arts of private influence. You dined at my table, it will be said to him, and yet you think that my explanation of Berkeley's theory of vision involves a palpable misunderstanding. You must obviously have been influenced by a private pique, and will have to wait some time before you receive another invitation. Why should a difficult and delicate task be made so much more complicated? Why should a difference of opinion be troubled by personal feelings? Nobody, it is to be hoped, thinks it necessary to confine his friendships to sound metaphysicians or first-rate poets, and yet, if a man says plainly that any of his friends are wanting in those capacities, the quarrel is pretty sure to extend further. It is as well that we should put on masks before we try the dangerous experiment of speaking the plain truth about each other's failings.

Of course a bad use may be made of the mask. A man may take advantage of it to tell lies instead of speaking the truth. He may make use of personal knowledge to make imputations on which he would not venture in his own character. The real question is whether such abuses do in fact exist, or exist to such an extent as to counterbalance the evil of limiting the independence of criticism. Doubtless they did at one time exist to some extent; and the improvement in the morality of journalism which has taken place is some proof that the proposed remedy is not essential. But it would be difficult to discuss the matter fully without entering into discussions to which we are too much a party to have an independent authority. We can only say briefly that we do not think that, as a matter of fact, there is any disease to require such a cure.

ATHENS AS IT IS.

DR. DYER'S large work on Ancient Athens, published about a year ago, ought to revive interest in one of the most conspicuous cities of antiquity, which widely attracted the sympathetic attention of men of the generation now passing away, but has in recent times been strangely neglected by Western Europe. The Philhellenes of the time of Byron and Wilhelm Müller are almost extinct, and if their successors nowadays seek a rejuvenescent nation on which to bestow their sympathies, united Italy is more likely to attract them. Since Greeks have had a country of their own to live in they have ceased to be as interesting as when they pleaded their woes in exile to the credulous ears of English drawing-rooms. Moreover what has reached our ears of them has not always teemed with heroic virtue. Politically Greece has been a disappointment; and much of our fathers' interest in her was bound up with political hopes. Yet even the Philhellenes would scarcely have cared so much for her merely as a victim of Turkish oppression; their sympathy was excited for her as the conqueror of Marathon, the mother of Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, and Pheidias, the first Republican State in the world. Her claims to our affection for the part she formerly played as the earliest civilizer of the Western world are not lessened by modern political unworthiness; still less are the remains of ancient art to be seen on her shores diminished in glory since Byron wrote of the Isles of Greece. Yet, until Dr. Dyer's work appeared, how little we have heard of late years of visits even to Athens, at once the most accessible and the most interesting spot in all Greece!

We shall therefore venture to say a little of Athens as it now is, believing that what we say will be new to some readers at least, and certainly to those who have seen no newer books than Leake's or Wordsworth's. Wordsworth's *Athens and Attica* is the record of a tour made in 1832 and 1833, and is obsolete as a guide-book, so much has been discovered by excavation since that time; but as a storehouse of classical quotations most apt for the identification of localities it is indispensable to any visitor who in the modern Athens desires to find the old. Dr. Dyer brings his record down to the present day, and presents a far fuller history of all the buildings and inscriptions, with the various opinions held concerning them, and gives a sufficient array of woodcut illustrations. But his book is too large for an ordinary traveller's luggage; and if the chief bookseller of Athens has heard of it, it must have been very recently.

The modern traveller almost of necessity approaches Athens by sea, either round the Morea by the French steamer, or from Corfu by the Greek steamer, up the Corinthian gulf, across the Isthmus, and by steamer again over the Saronic gulf to the Piræus. The latter is a very striking route, not only for the grand views of the snowy Parnassus and its surrounding mountains, but for the distant views obtained of the Acropolis of Athens

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itself, and of the entire environment of the city, which gradually increase in size for two or three hours before the port is reached. On a sunny day the columns of the Parthenon are of dazzling white at the very furthest point whence they can be seen at all. One cannot look at this picture and not understand how and why Athens in old times ruled the waves; or how her dominion, flaunted in the very sight of Corinthus, Argos, and Epidauros, aroused jealousy among her sister States. From a distance, moreover, before either Salamis or Ægina is approached, the whole western coast of Attica down to the shining white rocks of Sunium is seen at once; and Athens is recognized surrounded by a circle of hills, the nearer heights of the Acropolis, the Museion hill in front, and Lycabettus behind, and the more distant but grander elevations of Hymettus on the right, Parnes on the left, and Pentelicus between. The comparative heights of these hills can be understood much better at this distance than anywhere near Athens itself; and the Parthenon nowhere inspires such wonder as here, where, although there is no other building to be clearly seen, its front pillars can be easily counted as they gleam with snowy whiteness in the sunlight. How the gigantic bronze statue of Athena Promachos with gold-pointed lance would have gleamed over the Propylæa and Parthenon we cannot now see, but must imagine from the fact that the point of the lance was seen from the sea at the southernmost point of Attica. As the port is neared, the scene is altered. The grand distant heights of Pentelicus and Parnes, covered in the early spring with copious snow, recede behind lower but nearer hills; Hymettus alone of the higher mountains remains in sight, a long, bright, and breezy hillside which must afford the Athenians as much enjoyment as do Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags to their Northern namesakes. Even Athens and its Acropolis are invisible as the Peiræus is entered. The ports of Peiræus, Munychia, and Phalerum, and all the topography of Salamis opposite, are highly interesting, so certainly can every point here be identified. The wisdom of Pericles in founding the new port of Peiræus is certainly conspicuous; though its entrance is narrow for modern ships of larger size than Pericles ever dreamed of, it is admirable for size, depth of water, and shelter. The modern town which clusters round this harbour has warehouses and houses of considerable size, and is still increasing. It is an ordinary thriving modern seaport, and shows few traces of antiquity, except the walls of Themistocles, which, after running down from Athens to connect the capital with the sea, spread out and enclose the Peiræus. In some places large pieces of the Long Walls remain entire, and their general course can be traced. The four miles from the port to Athens show nothing interesting to the ordinary traveller; they may be traversed either on a dusty road or on the only railway in Greece.

At the entrance of the city, which is marked by no walls or gate, the first really striking object that meets the eye, except the Acropolis itself, is the Theseion, the only building that remains perfect to this day, and one of the noblest examples of a Greek temple. It stands on the right, beneath the Acropolis, on an elevated plateau, made even and sufficiently extended to give an excellent unimpeded view. It is surrounded by a peristyle of a single row of thirty-six Doric columns; the carvings in the pediments and those on the metopes at the ends are mostly defaced or destroyed; but those forming the frieze on the wall inside the pillars, which celebrate, in alto-rilievo, the exploits of Theseus and Hercules, are mostly still in their places. The Pentelican marble of the Theseion is greatly yellowed by exposure, which gives it an appearance very different from the Parthenon and the Olympeion. It is said to have been built by Cimon about B.C. 470 to commemorate the appearance of the tutelary hero in the battle of Marathon, B.C. 490. The age of the great buildings of Athens, with the perfect purity of their design, gives them an interest far higher than attaches to those of Rome of the age of the Antonines, Diocletian, and Constantine; and we cannot but feel that, if Greece gave the arts to Rome, Rome was a mediocre pupil, and never took half of what it was in the power of Greece to give. It is disappointing to find that the traditional name of Theseion is probably incorrect, and that it is quite uncertain to whom this temple was dedicated; and it is most extraordinary that Pausanias omits it altogether from his account of Athens. This may be read in Dr. Dyer's book.

On the left of the road, nearly opposite the Theseion, is the quarter called the Kerameikos, which was divided by the city wall into an Outer and an Inner. Here extensive excavations have been going on for some years, and are being vigorously prosecuted. The old wall of Themistocles has been discovered, the ancient pavement laid bare, the gate (Dipylos) which led from the city to the Sacred Way to Eleusis opened, and the walls of houses found both inside and outside the walls, showing the breadth of the street. The city wall is double, the intermediate space being filled with earth, so as to make the entire breadth ten or twelve feet. Near this point the ancient tombs in the Outer Kerameikos have been discovered. Here, from many allusions in the classical writers, we know that a public burial and tomb was given to those who had deserved well of their country; so here lay Thrasybulus, who from his mountain hold of Phyle overthrew the Thirty Tyrants; Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the older tyrannicides, Pericles, Phormio, and many others. The tombs appear to have been covered with a mound of earth raised for military purposes in ancient times, to a depth of about sixteen feet. One very tall stele rose almost to the modern surface of the ground, and was accidentally found by digging, and this led to the discovery of the whole cemetery. The earth has beneficently preserved in perfection of outline and even of colour exquisite marbles of the best age of Attic sculpture, which must otherwise have been in part utterly lost, and in part ruined by breakage and discoloration. One of the finest sculptures belongs to the tomb of a warrior named Dexileus, who is stated in the inscription to have fallen in the war with Corinth at a date which corresponds with B.C. 414. It represents the hero on horseback thrusting his spear into a man who is prostrate under the horse; it is in alto-rilievo, and executed, says Dr. Dyer (who gives a woodcut of it), in a style not unworthy of the time of Pheidias. Under or behind most of the tombs is found a cavity built round with stones, in which the bones are actually lying. The monuments are very various in form; some are sarcophagi, which often have lids like a pent roof to shed the rain; others are very tall stelæ, or simple round pillars with an inscription; others flat standing stones, like our headstones, where a long inscription is required. Another very interesting species is the representation in bas-relief of the parting scene of the dying person and his relatives. One of these portrays two draped female figures, the dying one sitting, the other standing and leaning over her, both rather smaller than life-size. The feeling exhibited is truly marvellous for any work in stone, and specially remarkable in an ancient Greek sculpture; and this must be regarded as one of the finest works of art in Athens. The "classic coldness" which is often treated as a characteristic of Greek art is found after all to attach mainly to the images of gods and heroes. When we come down to domestic human scenes, the natural emotions are not by any means repressed. It is the same in literature also, as the domestic scenes in Homer (especially the Odyssey) and the Attic Comedy, especially the New Comedy, which we have in Latin imitations in Plautus and Terence, abundantly testify. Some of the parting scenes picture a whole family. In one a daughter is dying, and her father and mother and several relations are grouped very beautifully round her. Many similar sculptures are to be seen in the collection in the Theseion. In one of these a mother is sitting, while one of the bystanding figures is holding and apparently carrying off a newborn babe wrapped in linen. In most the dying person is represented as sitting and shaking hands with a group of friends around. It is impossible to look on these exquisite monuments, and on the noble stelæ, and not feel how deficient not only in artistic power, but in vigorous and true feeling, we Christians of the nineteenth century shall be pronounced by our successors who excavate our tombs. The Greek could at least set up a noble stele with a beautiful capital, portraying the soul's whole life, not rendered imperfect even by a premature death; while we are fond of a column broken off in the middle—a faithless and unchristian idea. One of the inscriptions in this cemetery (called from a church on the spot that of the Holy Trinity), contains an explicit declaration of the immortality of the soul; but it only gives words to what the monuments seem to breathe. The Greek showed in stone how death affected a family, how affectionate and subdued was its tone in the presence of the awful visitor; on our tombs we rarely give any indication, except perhaps in a few flippant verses, that the deceased had any family ties at all.

The Hermes Street continues the road from the Peiræus, and runs for a mile through the centre of Athens, rising gradually till it ends at the King's Palace beyond the east end of the Acropolis. It contains the best shops, but has little to remind one of ancient Athens, and only one very curious, diminutive, and dark Byzantine church in its very middle to carry us back to early Christian times. To find ourselves again in the ancient city we can turn to the right under the east end of the Acropolis rock, where we discover the first traces of the Attic drama in the monument erected to or by Lysicrates as choragus or furnisher of the chorus, in the street of Tripods; and soon we may gaze our fill at the actual Theatre of Dionysus, which saw the production of the great masterpieces of the Attic drama, the founders of the literary supremacy of Athens. This theatre was only laid bare in 1862, thirty years after the date of Dr. Wordsworth's book, where its site is proved from two seats high up, the only ones then not covered with earth. It lies on the S.E. side of the Acropolis, where the slope is sufficient to allow the upper banks of seats to be cut out of the rock *in situ*, while the lower ones were constructed of hewn stones brought from elsewhere. The first row consists wholly of seats of honour, assigned to the heads of the State and the priests of the various temples at Athens, among whom the priest of Dionysus, the god in whose honour and at whose festival the dramatic entertainments were held, presided in the most conspicuous and largest chair, that in the middle of the half-circle, directly facing the logeion or stage. Of this chair the British Museum possesses a cast. These seats are large armchairs of Pentelican marble of brilliant whiteness, and have the name of the official who was to occupy each cut in large uncial letters below the seat. A cast of one is in the British Museum, bearing the inscription ΣΤΡΑΤΗΓΟΥ, "for the General"; but if Dr. Dyer is right in assuming that the General means the Roman Prætor, it must have been added at a very late date. The floor of the Orchestra, or semicircular space between the auditorium and the stage, is paved with large flags, having, however, in its centre a large rhomboidal space paved with small diamond-shaped pieces of marble. This latter evidently marks out the ground to be trodden by the chorus, and shows that the chorus did not occupy an elevated platform which would bring them on a level with the stage. It suits better the part which the Attic chorus had to play, since they were not actors, but rather expressed the feelings which spectators of the action would natu-

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rally put in words. The logeion or stage is raised about four feet, and its front is formed of a marble wall with exquisite bas-reliefs, still retaining its dazzling whiteness. The powerful effect which the situation of this theatre in the open air, facing the fragrant slopes of Hymettus, which still as of old yield the choicest honey, and having in view, more to the right, the smaller hills of Attica with the sea beyond, must have exercised on the audience, whom it reminded of their lordly position as the leaders of Greece, due mainly to their maritime triumphs, is well illustrated by Dr. Wordsworth by quotations from the plays.

One other, and perhaps the most magnificent, building in Athens, if not in all Greece, remains to be noticed. This is the temple of Zeus Olympius. It stands not far from the theatre, but lower down on a platform levelled for it above the Ilissus. We are enabled to estimate it only from sixteen extant columns, of which one lies on the ground, having been overthrown by an earthquake in 1852. The others are all *in situ*—thirteen forming a cluster at the south-east angle, and two far separated from them on the south side. The columns are fifty-seven feet high; they are deeply fluted, and surmounted with exquisite Corinthian capitals; and, like a large part of the Parthenon, but unlike the Theseion, they have generally retained the dazzling whiteness which surprises us in the marble of Pentelicus when we compare it with any other known white marble. The temple was originally surrounded by 116 identical columns; so that even the Parthenon, with its 52 columns, the largest 46 of which are thirty-four feet high, was vastly smaller. Such a work could not possibly be completed in one age; and we feel no surprise on hearing that it was commenced in the time of Peisistratus, and finished only by the Emperor Hadrian. The ground is quite clear from *débris* of marble, such as strew the ground of the Acropolis, so that we may well say with Dr. Wordsworth, "It is hardly possible to conceive where and how the enormous masses have disappeared, of which this temple was built." It is known, however, that one pillar was used by a Turkish governor about a century ago, in building a mosque; and similar practices, if employed through many centuries, may explain the disappearance of the stone, when once the columns had fallen; for the destruction of the building, which looks as if it must have stood for ever, is the chief mystery.

These are the chief objects of the art of antiquity that attract the traveller's attention in Athens below the Acropolis. The Acropolis is a subject of itself, which cannot be touched on here. A fair amount of interest is now shown by the Athenians in their antiquities. We may be sure that nothing will be wilfully destroyed, and but little allowed to be exported, as their jealousy on this subject is on a par with their ignorance of the real value of many of their treasures. But it is satisfactory to find the Acropolis, the Theseion, and the Theatre each guarded by a concierge. One has only to regret the inadequate protection of inscribed stones and fragments of sculpture, which lie inside the Acropolis and outside the Theseion exposed to the elements, some of which would be the very gems of a museum elsewhere.

SHAKERS.

IT was no doubt natural that, in the first instance, the wretched condition of the evicted Shakers in the New Forest should excite pity, without much reflection as to the cause of their troubles or the consequences of encouraging them to continue their experiment. Enough, however, is now known about the matter to show that a serious responsibility will rest upon those who give any support to a fanatical delusion which is not only in some of its incidents a gross public scandal, but is fraught with inevitable misery for the poor creatures who have fallen under its influence. Indeed this would seem to have already begun to dawn upon even the most foolish of the persons who have been in haste to proclaim their sympathy with Mrs. Girling, the bride of Christ, for the sake of having a fling at Christianity and the established system of society. Mr. Auberon Herbert is a very good type of that odd class of philanthropists who are always seeking a pretext for tenderness to one set of people in order to vent their spleen against another set who are their social equals. Mr. Herbert, in confessed ignorance of what had happened, rashly assumed that the Shakers must necessarily be innocent martyrs, and that there was a wicked conspiracy against them. He has now discovered that they are in the habit of running about naked, and though he is himself, as might be supposed, too much of a philosopher to have any prejudices of his own, he intimates that his too emancipated friends had better find some other place than his barn for their nude orgies. It has also been shown that the legal enforcement of the claim against the Shakers was delayed with extreme forbearance, that they received repeated intimations of the liability to which they were exposed, and that even the solicitors whom they had themselves employed to effect the mortgage on the property could not persuade them either to pay the interest which was due, or to take any notice whatever of the demands for payment. It is obvious that even Bible Christians cannot be allowed to borrow in a worldly way, and then to entrench themselves in their piety when it is necessary to discharge the debt. Mrs. Girling's establishment appears to have been largely patronized by the ordinary occupants of casual wards, who naturally prefer a lodging without the supervision of the police, and by unmarried young women bringing children whom they soon deserted. It is evident that a community of this kind, which has exhausted the funds on which it has been living, and is dependent on chance alms alone, cannot but be a danger to the neighbourhood. Some persons may possibly think that it would be interesting to give the experiment a longer trial, and if they choose to subsidize it, they are of course at liberty to do so; but it ought to be understood that they will be held responsible for the consequences.

Mrs. Girling is unfortunately not in any way a novelty. She is said to have been originally a Methodist servant girl in Suffolk, who was expelled from her sect, and afterwards turned up as the spouse of Christ and female element in the Godhead. But this is only Mother Anne, the well-known leader of the Shakers, over again, and Mother Anne is the type of a great number of crazy, hysterical women who have fallen a victim to erotic mysticism. It is true that Mrs. Girling is not strictly a Shaker, inasmuch as she does not belong to any recognized Shaker community, but she is a fanatic of the same class, and reproduces their delusions, with some extravagances, such as nude dancing, which have been added by herself or her followers. In a crowded country like England the permanent existence of such a community is of course impossible, if only because the requisite isolation and command of agricultural land of sufficient extent to maintain the people cannot be obtained. But even in America, where it has been tried with every advantage, the results of the experiment have been far from encouraging. Those who wish to know what chance there is of communistic societies flourishing under the highly favoured conditions of a new country, with ample space, fresh soil, and freedom from the restrictions of a settled nation, would do well to read the extremely interesting and instructive work which Mr. Charles Nordhoff has just published on the subject (*Communistic Societies of the United States*, Murray). Mr. Nordhoff appears to be an intelligent and, on the whole, impartial observer, who has visited a number of these societies, and has been at great pains to collect information about them. Starting perhaps with a prejudice in their favour, and arriving at the conclusion that their operation is rather beneficial than otherwise, he does not attempt to disguise their weak points, and at least furnishes us with certain facts from which we are at liberty to draw our own inferences, especially as the facts only confirm the result of our own inquiries. We will endeavour very briefly to indicate the characteristic features of some of the principal communities, and to suggest one or two considerations as to their natural influence and tendencies.

Mr. Nordhoff states that the Shakers have at present eighteen societies scattered over seven States, and comprehending fifty-eight families, with a total population of 2,415 souls, and real estate amounting to about one hundred thousand acres, of which nearly fifty thousand belong to their own home-farms. One of the elders frankly acknowledged that "only the simple labours and manners of a farming people can hold a Shaker community together; whenever we have departed from this rule to go into manufacturing we have blundered." Agriculture is therefore their chief occupation, although most of them combine with it some other employment. They were first formally organized at New Lebanon, a village in Columbia County, New York, in 1787; and after an epidemic of fierce religious excitement in 1800–1 several other societies were founded in Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana. No new society is known to have come into existence since 1830, and the number of adherents would seem to be in every case uniformly declining. The Shakers being bound to celibacy, there is no natural increase; adopted children do not turn out well, and the practice of taking them has been generally given up; and there is the usual reluctance on the part of each community to admit others to a share of its possessions. From a table given by Mr. Nordhoff we find that the Alfred Society had sunk in about half a century from 200 to 70 members, 20 per cent. being over 50 years of age; Mount Lebanon, from 600 to 380; Union Village, from 600 to 215; White Water, from 150 to 100; Watervliet, from 53 to 4; South Union, from 349 to 230; and indeed there is pretty much the same story to be told throughout. Each society is governed by a Ministry of both sexes, not less than three, and generally four, two men and two women. This Ministry is a self-elected body, and has absolute power over the appointment of all subordinate officials, "being morally," we are told, "but it seems not otherwise, responsible to the members." All members, from the highest to the lowest, must do some amount of manual labour. The Ministry at Mount Lebanon take a light turn of basket-making. "Shakers," Mr. Nordhoff remarks from personal observation, "do not toil very severely." They eat at a common table amid unbroken silence. Their diet is simple and frugal, most of them eating no meat at all; vegetables are largely consumed. Celibacy and community of goods are the leading principles of the body. The Shakers also believe that there is intimate and constant communion between themselves and the world of spirits; they see visions, receive inspired commands, and their religious services consist chiefly of singing and dancing, the manner of which has often been described. Here is an account of one of the spiritual manifestations by one of the Shakers:—"Two or three girls were taken in this manner and became uncontrollable. They were all instruments for reprobated spirits, and breathed nothing but hatred and blasphemy to God. They railed, cursed, swore, pulled each other's and their own hair, threw knives, forks, and the most dangerous of missiles. They would suddenly swoon away, and in struggling to resist the spirits, would choke and gasp, until they had the appearance of a victim strangled by a rope round the neck. Such deliriums would seize them at any time and at any place." The sexes are strictly kept

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apart. Men and women never shake hands; there is no privacy in domestic life, even in the case of the elders, two of the same sex being always together in a room; the sexes eat, labour, and worship apart. No man and woman must ever, on any pretence or emergency, be alone together; a third person above ten years of age must be present; they must not even pass each other on the stairs. No one may have a pet animal to keep, or may play with or touch unnecessarily any animal whatever. Every act is minutely regulated—the right side of the body must be dressed first; the right foot must be used first in going up stairs; the hands must be folded with the right-hand thumb and fingers above those of the left, the right-hand beast must be harnessed first, and so on. There is also constant supervision, or it may be called espionage. "In a community," as an elder observed, "it is necessary that some one should always know where everybody is"; and it is the elder's office to have this knowledge. Obedience to superiors is rigidly insisted on. "It is common," says another Shaker, "for the leaders to crush down by humiliation, and to withdraw patronage and attention from certain members, the reason given being that it is necessary to try their souls in the furnace of affliction"—a pretext, it will be understood, easily abused. This sort of discipline and coercion is an essential ingredient of the system of management, and is necessary in order to hold the community together.

Another important community of a similar kind, closely resembling the Shakers in organization and habits, is the Inspirationists. This sect was started by Krauser, a tailor of Strasburg; was led to America by Metz, a carpenter; and is now governed by Barbara Heynemann, an illiterate kitchen-wench, eighty years of age, who was one of the original body. There are 1,450 members, mostly Germans; they have some twenty-five thousand acres of land, and carry on agriculture and various manufactures. They appear to have had from the outset considerable means, several wealthy persons having contributed large funds on joining; and it was not until after they had been a year or two in America that the "inspiration" came to live in community. Mother Barbara is the chief "instrument"; but there is also a body of trustees, elected by ballot, only males voting, which attends to the general affairs of the society, while the elders and foremen in each village see that the people do their allotted work and take charge of local matters. The people eat in common, but in detached parties, and live well in a hearty, but homely, fashion. Each member receives an allowance for clothes. The Inspirationists employ about two hundred hired hands, and do not work hard themselves. One of the foremen told Mr. Nordhoff that three hired hands would do as much as five or six of the members. Thus, though communists among themselves, they take the usual advantage of capitalists over labourers. Marriage is permitted, but discouraged. The elders endeavour to dissuade young people from marrying, and throw difficulties in the way; but if a young man insists upon it, he can marry at twenty-four, and he and his wife are then degraded for a year into the lowest rank in the community. The women and young girls all wear dingy coloured stuffs, with a little black cowl on the back of the head, and a small dark-coloured shawl pinned across the breast so as to conceal the shape of the bosom. Loose hair and all ornaments are strictly forbidden. It is a fundamental principle of the community that the sexes should, as far as possible, be kept apart. At meals and in their labours they are separated; at all meetings the women not only sit apart from the men, but leave the room before the men break ranks. Boys are allowed to play only with boys, and girls with girls. On Tuesday afternoons both boys and girls may walk in the fields, but they must go in opposite directions. As the natural growth of population is rather repressed, and as hired labourers are preferred to new members, the property of the society accumulates in the hands of a diminishing number.

The Rappist, or Harmony community, which is still to be found at Economy, on the Ohio River, was originally brought from Germany by George Rapp in 1805; moved from Pennsylvania to the Wabash Valley (Indiana); and in 1825 settled down in its present home. There were in the beginning some seven hundred and fifty men, women, and children. At the end of two years marriage was prohibited, and children ceased to be born; and although the Rappists have received at different times accessions from Germany, their members have dwindled to 110, most of them aged, and none under forty years of age. On the other hand, their wealth has increased, and they are said to be worth from two to three millions of dollars. They do not seek or encourage new members, though they profess to be willing to receive those who can show a "true vocation." They do scarcely any work with their own hands; their factories are closed; their fields are tilled by hired labourers, of whom they employ about a hundred. "The members," as we are told, "think it wiser and more comfortable for themselves to employ labour at a distance from their own town. They are pecuniarily interested in coal-mines, in saw-mills, and oil-wells, and they control manufactories at Beaver Falls—notably a cutlery shop, the largest in the United States, and one of the largest in the world, where of late they have begun to employ two hundred Chinese." They are, in fact, shareholders living on their investments, and endeavouring, like ordinary capitalists, to make a good profit by employing the very cheapest labour. In the first instance, no doubt, they amassed their money by steady labour and close thrift, under the skilful administration of George Rapp and his adopted son, Frederick. Now while their wealth grows, the number of co-proprietors diminishes, and the day is perhaps not very distant when a handful of survivors will have to determine what shall be done with their accumulations.

The Perfectionists of Oneida and Wallingford have an organization very much akin to that of the Shakers and Inspirationists, but there is a difference on one important point. They extend the principle of community beyond property to persons, and "complex marriage takes the place of simple." We cannot attempt to describe the infamous precepts of Father Noyes, the founder and head of the association; it is enough to say that the object of "complex marriage" is to check the growth of population and the formation of family ties. There are now nearly three hundred members, who have themselves given up working very hard, and employ a large number of hired labourers. Their chief occupation is not agriculture but manufactures. Several minor communities, such as the Separatists of Zoar, the Icarians (who are fast breaking up), and others, of which Mr. Nordhoff gives an account, must be passed over in this rapid review.

Although there is variety in the religious principles of these societies, there are certain prominent features which would seem to be common to all or most of them. They owe their origin to the stimulant of fanaticism, and this is also used for the purpose of giving either the founder or his successors absolute authority over the members of the body. Mr. Nordhoff thinks that the personal independence of the communists is one of the advantages of the system; but it would appear from his own account that the communists are, as a rule, much more completely under the control of their leading men than ordinary workmen are under the control of employers. Communism is, in fact, in almost every case rigid despotism; the members are voluntary serfs. A resolute, enthusiastic leader, who is also a good man of business, and whose power is supported by spiritual sanctions; room for agriculture as a main industry; a system of discipline that cramps and deadens individual will and the free development of character; and isolation from the rest of the world, would seem to be the chief conditions of success in experiments of this kind. It is only in such a country as America that such societies are practicable at all, and we find that even there, when they get over their first troubles, they gradually sink into something like tontines. The economical results which have been obtained are due not to the communistic principle, but to the opportunities which the settlers have found in a particularly favourable field, and in restrictions on the natural increase of population. A vast number of people have done very well for themselves in America without being communists, and have at the same time contrived to do something for the world at large. The most melancholy feature of communism is the sort of blank, intellectual stupor which it seems to impose on the mass of those within its limits. The standard of material comfort is coarse and poor; the fresh impulses of the heart and mind are paralysed; and though the animalism is not usually gross, it is animalism after all—the dull contentment of stall-fed cattle. Mr. Nordhoff has to confess sadly that you look in vain for highly educated, refined, or cultivated men or women; that art is unknown, that education is treated with indifference, and that all the elements of grace and beauty are ignored or despised. At its best, communism under certain favourable circumstances, which are rarely to be found, may be the means of securing a steady livelihood of a rough kind to those who have no ambition or capacity to rise above the class of common labourers; but as it prospers the community invariably shrinks from sharing its property with newcomers, and tends to become an ordinary joint-stock co-operation, working with hired labour, and dabbling in the investments of the world. And even this low material contentment is to be obtained only by destroying at the roots the tenderest and noblest elements of human nature. Mr. Nordhoff's picture of the dead, mechanical round of life in the communities of America is more depressing than incidents of disorder in a strenuous and progressive struggle for a higher existence. Nor should it be forgotten that nature, violently repressed, finds strange and terrible outlets.

THE DUCHY OF BRUNSWICK.

THERE has lately been talk in one or two newspapers about the succession to the Duchy of Brunswick, and, in the course of discussing the point, the *Times* lighted on the singular discovery that the Hanoverian royal family was of "English origin." One is reminded of the mediæval chronicler who believed that the Saxons of Germany were a colony from the Saxons of Britain; but it was most likely only the *Times's* way of saying, what the person most concerned seems to have forgotten, that the prince who still calls himself King of Hanover really is Duke of Cumberland. The question is to whom the Duchy of Brunswick is to go at the next vacancy—to the Duke of Cumberland or his son, or to the Emperor in some character or another. The mere question of pedigree is of very little importance or interest; in these times one does not see why mere hereditary descent should count for more in Brunswick than it counts for in France, Spain, Italy, or Sweden. Those who look on a kingdom or principality—that is, on the government of a certain number of human beings—simply as a property, like a house and land, an ox or an ass, may be left to settle the genealogical question whether the Duke of Cumberland or the King of Prussia is the next heir to the present Duke of Brunswick. But the matter has been put in a light which gives it a much higher importance, and which starts several questions of no small interest, both historical and practical.

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It is rumoured—and, whether the rumour be true or false, the thing is quite worth discussion—that any hereditary claim to the Brunswick succession on the part of Prussia is to be put aside, but that a claim may possibly be set up that the Duchy should fall in to the Emperor in the old fashion as superior lord. It is hard to believe that any such claim can be seriously put forward by any statesman, however much ingenious men may exercise their minds on the theoretical point. As the rumour appears in the English papers, the claim is said to be a claim to incorporate the Duchy, whenever it shall be vacant, with the kingdom of Prussia, on the strength of the King of Prussia being also German Emperor. It is said, and with perfect truth, that in the old state of things a fief of the Empire to which no heirs were forthcoming fell in to the Emperor. That it should do so was a necessary consequence of the feudal relation. As long as the faintest shadow of the Roman Empire and the Kingdom of Germany lived on, the theory was that every principality, great or small, within the Empire was a fief held of the Emperor; that it was, in its origin, a grant to such a man and his heirs, and that, on the failure of such heirs, it came back as a matter of course to the representative of the grantor. But it would not be easy to prove from this that, under the present state of things, the territories of any German prince who may die without heirs should be incorporated with the kingdom of Prussia. The two cases seem to be wholly different in every way. The position of the Emperor in the old and in the new state of things is wholly different. The origin of his power is wholly different. No doubt the power of the modern German Emperor is far greater than that of any Roman Emperor and German King for ages before the dissolution of the kingdom. But in this respect of escheats and forfeitures, the older theory of the Empire had the advantage. It would be hard to show anything in the present constitution of the Empire that can justify this particular claim. Both in the old state of things and in the new, each prince or free city of the Empire is clearly sovereign, less the powers, greater or smaller, which the feudal or federal tie gives to the central power. The principality or city is in the same position as a Swiss Canton or an American State. The local sovereign is sovereign on all points except those which are expressly given up to the central power. Whether the powers so surrendered are greater or smaller makes no difference.

So far the feudal and the federal ties come to the same thing; but, looking at the two historically, they spring from quite different origins. In the feudal relation the principality is a grant from the superior lord. Such a grant may include full sovereignty within the territory granted. It may reserve no authority at all to the grantor as long as the grant lasts; but there is always a chance that the grant may come to an end by the failure of those to whom the grant is made. If it is even held that the grantor parts with everything which he does not formally reserve, still it is from him that the grant issues, and to him it may finally come back. In this way, as long as the feudal theory of the Empire lasted, however practically independent a German prince might be of the Emperor, it was always theoretically possible that his dominions might pass to the Emperor as an escheated fief. But the federal relation, whether the members of the federation are princes or commonwealths, whether the central power is an hereditary Emperor or an elective Council, begins at the other end. The grant is not made by the central power to the members of the body; it is made by the members of the body to the central power. The members of the body agree to give to the central power such and such powers. Whatever powers they do not expressly surrender they keep to themselves. The extent of the powers surrendered and of the powers reserved makes no difference. The powers of the local State, whether principality or commonwealth, may be cut down to the narrowest possible range. Still within that range the local State is sovereign. Its powers are not held by a grant from the central power; they are what was left when the other powers were surrendered by the State to the central authority. The central power can claim nothing but what is expressly given to it by the original act of confederation, or by some later act done in such a way as that original act may prescribe. Now the relation of the German princes and cities to the present Empire is certainly not the feudal relation which lasted in theory down to 1806. By the event of that year the feudal relation came to an end. The central power destroyed itself. The several members of the body which already held all powers which the central authority did not reserve, became absolutely independent, and all the obligations into which any of them have entered since must be looked on as obligations voluntarily contracted by independent States. Such a one is the relation into which the States of the modern Empire have entered with its Imperial head. It is a federal relation, answering to that of America or Switzerland or the old German *Bund*. That it is a relation infinitely nearer than this last, and that the central power has infinitely greater authority, makes no difference. The range of the central authority is infinitely wider in the new Empire than it was in the old *Bund*. But its powers spring from the same origin, the grant of the members of the body. The Emperor and the Imperial Councils can have no authority except such as is given them either by the constitution of the Empire or by some act constitutionally done since. Can it be shown that any right of succeeding to principalities where heirs are not forthcoming has been in this way granted to the Emperor?

But, even if we accepted any doctrine so wild as that the modern Emperor, whose powers come from a wholly different source, has inherited a power which the ancient Emperors held according to a totally different doctrine, it would certainly not follow that the escheated lands should be incorporated with the kingdom of Prussia. The modern hereditary Emperor, like the ancient elective Emperor, holds a twofold position. He is head of the Empire; he is also the local sovereign of one of its members. In the old Empire it was indeed theoretically possible that the Emperor might not have been a local sovereign within the bounds of the Empire. In theory the Empire was open to every baptized man, and the election of a King of England or France who had no dominions within the Empire was a thing which at one time was at least talked of as possible. Still, in point of fact, the Empire always was held by a Prince of the Empire; but his two characters, as Emperor or German King and as King or Duke of that particular State, were altogether distinct. The escheated fief fell in to the Emperor, who, as such, was the representative of the grantor, not to the King of Bohemia or Duke of Bavaria, who, as such, had nothing to do with the grantor. In the older days of the German Kingdom such escheated fiefs became, as elsewhere, part of the *Reichslande*, the territory held by the Emperor as Emperor. The later practice was that escheats or forfeitures should be granted out afresh. The Emperor had doubtless the disposal of them; he could grant them, if he thought good, to his own son, a power which was useful in days when that son had no claim, often no likelihood, of succeeding to the Empire. In this way the Duchy of Austria came into the House of Habsburg, and the Kingdom of Bohemia into the House of Lüzelburg. But it would be hard to prove from all this that, supposing there is any right of escheat or forfeiture in the modern Emperor, escheated and forfeited lands should be incorporated with the kingdom which the Emperor holds in another character. By the present Constitution the Kings of Prussia are hereditary Emperors, but the characters of Emperor and of King of Prussia are quite distinct, and each is held by a separate right. Granting that the doctrine of escheat and forfeiture can apply at all, later precedent would give to the Emperor a power of disposing of them, but would not dictate their incorporation as a matter of course with the territories which the Emperor holds in another character. The utmost that such an argument could prove would be that he might grant them to his son, and that at his own death they would be united to his son's other dominions. But the general theory of escheat and forfeiture, as distinguished from later German use, would lead to their incorporation with the *Reichslande*. Brunswick would thus find itself in the same position as Elsass and Lothringen, not part of the kingdom of Prussia, having nothing to do with the Emperor in his character of King of Prussia, but having to do with him and the other authorities and assemblies of the Empire in their strictly Imperial character only.

We say all this hypothetically, because the question seems to have been raised, and because, as a question, it is a curious one. But, as we said before, we can hardly believe that such a claim can be seriously put forward. And again, the expediency of any particular arrangement of the Brunswick succession, the question what may be best for Brunswick or for all Germany, has nothing to do with the points which we are discussing. From one point of view there seems very little use in keeping up a number of small principalities, most of which are mere modern collections of odds and ends. It is hard to see what a man at Hildesheim has lost by his very modern absorption into the kingdom of Hanover being exchanged for a still more modern absorption into the kingdom of Prussia. One understands such a man having a patriotic feeling for Germany and a patriotic feeling for Hildesheim. We can hardly understand him having any feeling for Hanover which cannot be easily transferred to Prussia. But the Duchy of Brunswick is a real thing, and not a mere make-up of odds and ends. Moreover, it is a Duchy, and not a Grand Duchy, keeping in the simpler title the memory of the fact that even in modern times there have been two Dukes of Brunswick who deserve to be remembered—two Dukes who never bowed the knee to the common enemy, but who gave their lives for Germany and for Europe. But if any sentimental feeling for the Duchy of Brunswick is called up by these memories, it is somewhat dashed by the fact that the later experiences of the Duchy can hardly have been such as to kindle any lively fondness for a separate ducal government. But these matters it is not our business to decide; all that we feel called on to do is to discuss, as we have done, a curious question of historical law.

MOURNING *À LA MODE*.

LITERATURE and conversation would seem this Christmas-tide to have assumed a strangely sepulchral tone. The charnel-house is the favourite topic of the hour. The yellow grinning skull goes round with the wine-cups at the banquet, and the skeleton strikes a note amid the dancers like the grisly fiddler in the German picture. The talk of the day is fashioned on that of Hamlet and the gravediggers. "How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?" "Faith, if he be not rotten before he dies, he will last you some eight or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year." While an eminent surgeon is understood to be maturing his grand scheme for the application of the ashes of our friends to the cultivation of the soil, a lively Broad Church clergyman has dished up a mess of horrors about people being buried alive, rats

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and birds of prey foraging among the tombs, and other ghoulish tales that make the reader's flesh creep. Sensitive persons have been startled by the account of a shocking experiment in Germany; and a report has even got about that, among other strange things, urns may one day be admitted to the Abbey with a view to make the most of the mortuary business of the Dean and Chapter. Cremationists and anti-cremationists maintain a bitter controversy which pervades society with its musty odour, and breaks out in the most unexpected places. People have to choose sides. The duet of "disgusting decay" and "atrocious desecration" is only interrupted by the butler's "Hock or sherry, sir?" Mr. Browning has described a young person of remarkable purity as able to pass through this bad world

> As through a place of tombs,
> And touch not the pollutions of the dead.

But she would have to hold in her skirts very tightly nowadays to avoid the noisome contact. We shall hardly be surprised to find Augustus and his Angelica absorbed in the intervals of a quadrille in an impartial consideration of the relative merits of being burned or buried. And now another eminent surgeon comes in to give a new turn to the discussion. He is against both cremation and burial, at least as usually practised, and points out that interment cannot properly mean shutting up a body in a box so as to keep the earth away from it. His remedy is to abolish coffins, which perpetuate decay and check the natural resolvent action of the earth; and there can be no doubt that a compromise of this kind would meet the more serious objections to the present system of burial. The difficulty of getting it adopted, however, is that it involves the shortening of the interval between death and inhumation. It is because the remains cannot be kept safely in a house for several days without being enclosed in an air-tight covering that double sheets of lead and solid oak coffins are in use, and, if these are to be given up, it follows necessarily that the funeral must be hastened. Thirty-six hours, the period within which Mr. Haden suggests that interment should be made compulsory, would seem terribly short to most people, and would undoubtedly intensify the apprehensions of premature consignment to the earth. Moreover, any one who has any acquaintance with practical legislation must be aware that to attempt to pass, or at any rate to enforce, a compulsory law on such a matter is, in the present state of opinion, simply hopeless. There can be no doubt, however, that Mr. Haden has indicated the direction in which reform should be encouraged, and reflection and common sense may perhaps gradually establish a general custom which will be as effective as a law.

Whatever may be the result of the present controversy, it is to be hoped that it will at least be conducted with decency and temper, and left as far as possible in the hands of scientific experts. It would be foolish and unmanly to try to shut our eyes altogether to the physical consequences of death, but there is a kind of reverent awe in regard to such things which requires to be cherished. It is not desirable that shrouds should be unpacked in company, and the garbage of the grave bandied about in general conversation. In China the highest mark of respect which can be shown to any one is, we believe, to present him with a coffin for his own use, and we have heard that an English nobleman, now deceased, was in the habit of offering his guests the key of the mausoleum which he had prepared for himself in order that they might tell him what they thought of it. On the whole, however, it will probably be argued that such subjects, though they need not be nervously avoided, ought not to be protruded. The writer of a little book which has just reached us, entitled *Le Deuil comme il se porte dans la haute société anglaise*, by Dr. Le Roy de Sainte Croix, would seem to have been inspired by a kindly desire to distract attention from the more gloomy and morbid aspects of our common fate, and to relieve the anguish of bereavement. Dr. Le Roy naturally addresses himself to the more sensitive and tender sex, who, it will be admitted, stand most in need of consolation. It may at first sight seem strange that a publication intended for English ladies should be written in French; but students of kitchen literature are aware that French is invariably used in this country by persons of distinction when they have anything particularly sublime or affecting to communicate. And Dr. Le Roy, of course, appeals only to the highest classes. He deals so tenderly with the lacerated feelings of those for whom he writes, that at the outset, but for the indication on the title-page, we should hardly suspect the melancholy position in which his readers are supposed to be placed.

The book itself is a gay book, bound as it is in red and gold, with gilt edges; and the Doctor plunges at once with cheerful enthusiasm into a dissertation on the magical influence of artistic dress on "the eye, the imagination, and the heart." Art, he exclaims, enhances natural beauty, and brings into relief the charms which rejoice the sight, act favourably on the imagination, and make hearts palpitate. Next we have a hint that artistic talent is especially displayed in the composition of mourning apparel, since the most has to be made of a very restricted gamut of colours. And then he goes on to particular articles. He holds up with admiration a little hat of white straw covered with a black silk *toque*, round which is twisted a veil of muslin and lace, while behind these is a large bunch of silk, and as a relief at the side "une plume de corbeau qui s'élance, avec une fleur de Cobea qui retombe." "Vous avez là la plus ravissante coiffure de demi-deuil qu'on puisse imaginer." There is a subtle and suggestive, and we can hardly suppose accidental, touch in some of the phrases in which a widow who has got to the stage of half-mourning is encouraged and consoled. "Je vous prie," says the insinuating Doctor, "de remarquer comme les diverses nuances de noir se marient harmonieusement"—a widower equally in want of consolation must surely be glanced at here. A wider range of choice is opened up, however, in the reference to a "heureuse alliance de tous les tons de gris, de violet, de mauve, de lilas, et de pensée." Nor can he remain silent before the hat of silk and crape, with marabout feather and black grapes. "Il est si beau, avec son nœud de faille par derrière et ses raisins retombant en grappes gracieuses!" The Doctor is also fertile in suggesting expedients for reducing the sombreness of full mourning, and giving promise of reviving bloom to the orphan and the widow. He describes "de beaux manteaux, sérieux, sévères, qui conviennent parfaitement à la position de la personne qui les revêt.". Here is one:—"Le magnifique objet qui nous arrive maintenant est un Vêtement de Veuve, en soie et crêpe, très-sévère de forme et très-beau d'effet. Cet objet est brodé de perles de jais. Une grosse ruche en turquoise noire court autour du vêtement, dont le bas est terminé par un long effilé de soie gaufrée." Another remarkable piece of costume is a black mantle of the same shape as the cloak of an officer of Spahis, "dont la coupe est sévère et l'ornementation extrêmement belle dans sa sobriété." Why a woman who has just lost her husband should be supposed to derive moral support from dressing herself like an officer of Spahis is perhaps difficult for ordinary people to understand. Then there is the Dolman soutaché, which, we are assured, while strictly in the category of mourning, attenuates its severity. Tunics encrusted with jet embroidery, "sortes de cottes de maille féminines qui rendraient jaloux les plus fiers guerriers du moyen-âge," are prescribed as a certain cure for deep affliction. Balm may also be found in the robe Mercédès, with "son gros pouff par derrière," and in that "jupe de faille qui retombe si fièrement sur un superbe jupon de satin, et se termine par un long plissé plein d'élégance." Nor are the bereaved left without "fraîches et coquettes toilettes" for summer wear.

Dr. Le Roy's own enthusiasm about these wonderful works of art is perhaps very simply accounted for. We are led to suppose that they can be obtained only at a well-known mourning warehouse in London, which the Doctor has inspected, and of which he professes to give an "impartial, conscientious, and disinterested" account. Nothing indeed can exceed the rapturous ecstasy into which he seems to have been thrown by everything he saw at the Maison ——, from the honoured principals to the nice young women in the shop. A singularly vivid picture is drawn of the lightning-like despatch with which this establishment competes even with the suddenness of apoplexy. On receipt of a telegram, an experienced member of the house, loaded with models and patterns, "vole"—we must give it in French—"au domicile du demandeur aux frais de la maison même." It is easy to conceive why the mercantile establishment thus lauded should have given Dr. Le Roy the opportunity of writing his book, and why he should himself have thought it worth while to glorify the Maison —— in this extravagant fashion. The difficulty is to imagine who the sort of people can be upon whom such an appeal is supposed to have an influence. The vulgar puffery of an obvious advertisement is bad enough in itself, but the situation of the class of persons among whom the book is apparently intended to be circulated gives a deeper colour to the offence. It is true that nobody need read this fantastic travesty of natural woe who does not like it, but there is an offence in even suggesting that at such a time any woman should be capable of balancing the merits of the various fripperies which Dr. Le Roy extols so gushingly. If the theory of the affections on which it is founded is correct, it would seem that the bereaved widow, notwithstanding her reluctance to part with the body of her late spouse, is not indifferent to the chance of speedily captivating a successor.

THE PAPAL JUBILEE.

THE solemn proclamation of a "Jubilee" for the year 1875 will take the present generation even of Roman Catholics somewhat by surprise, as half a century has elapsed since the last celebration of a similar kind took place. To Protestant ears the whole affair will of course sound strange and novel, nor can even the modicum of information which the name may seem to suggest be safely relied upon. It is a mere accident that the present Jubilee is proclaimed after an interval of fifty years from the last. When the observance was first introduced by Boniface VIII. in 1300, it was intended to recur only once in a century, but obvious reasons of convenience led Clement VI. to celebrate another at the close of the next half-century, while Urban VI. soon afterwards fixed the intervening term at thirty-three years, and this was further reduced by Sixtus IV. to twenty-five years, at which latter point it has remained unchanged since 1475. But the untoward circumstances of the period, when he was himself an exile at Gaeta, and Rome in the hands of the Triumvirate, did not seem to the present Pontiff propitious for a pilgrimage to the Holy City in 1850, and accordingly no Jubilee was announced for that year. It is true, indeed, as his Holiness pathetically observes in the long and elaborate document which has just appeared, that matters are still worse now, for the Holy Father is a prisoner in his own

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city, and there is no apparent prospect of its occupation by his enemies coming to an end. It is perhaps this last consideration which has moved him to waive the objections which in 1850 were deemed insuperable. There would have been no more difficulty then than now in substituting visits to the Cathedral or other local churches for the visits to St. Peter's and certain other Roman shrines on which the peculiar "indulgences" of a year of Jubilee were formerly made dependent; and the plea which is now found in the afflictions of the Church and the advance of unbelief for exhortations to more earnest and united prayer might have been urged with hardly less reason then. But the revolutionary triumph over the Temporal Power was then believed—and rightly believed, as it turned out—to be a passing storm; whereas the present usurpation of "the Subalpine Government" is probably felt, even at the Vatican, to have a good chance of being permanent, though the studied omission of all public ceremonies hitherto connected with the ushering in of a year of Jubilee marks the continued refusal of the Pontiff to recognize existing facts. And meanwhile it would be rather hard that the faithful should again be deprived, for the sins of their rivals or of their rulers, of "the abundant treasury of graces" which it is in the power of the Pontiff to open to them on these exceptional occasions. Pius IX. may fairly be credited with feeling the full force of such a consideration, though the same could hardly be affirmed of some of his predecessors, who made a sufficiently unscrupulous use both of indulgences in general and of that particular method of bestowing them which appeals to the passion for pilgrimages, of which our own day and country have witnessed so remarkable a revival under the auspices of Archbishop Manning and Mr. Cook.

The original institution of the Jubilee year was, in point of fact, little more than a fresh device for refilling the exhausted coffers of the Roman treasury. Boniface VIII., who added the second of the three crowns which now make up the triple Papal tiara, was one of the most ambitious of the long line of Pontiffs, and it was in the very thick of his quarrel with Philip the Fair of France, two years before the issue of the ill-omened *Unam Sanctam* of which we have heard so much of late, that he proclaimed the first Jubilee, which is said to have brought two millions of pilgrims to the threshold of the Apostles. When we read of two priests being employed all day long in raking up the stream of gold pieces poured in lavish abundance before the shrine of St. Paul, it is not uncharitable to surmise that such Popes as Boniface had an eye to the main chance in their distribution of spiritual graces. It may be added that in the case of these, as of many other pilgrimages, history testifies only too plainly to the moral as well as material cost at which these spiritual favours were obtained. Pius IX. speaks with regretful enthusiasm of the vast multitude and exemplary devotion of the crowds who flocked to Rome when the last Jubilee was solemnized in 1825 under Leo XII.; and so it possibly may have been. But contemporary writers tell a very different tale of the spectacle presented by Rome on earlier occasions of the solemnity, when the crowd of pilgrims was certainly not less numerous, but their conduct, to put it mildly, was far from edifying. There was however a further and less sordid motive than the acquisition of money for encouraging this concourse of the faithful to the Holy City at stated intervals. If an increase of temporal wealth and splendour was the ruling passion of the later mediæval Pontiffs, their successors from the reign of Adrian VI. onwards have for the most part been actuated by a nobler ambition. Such Popes as Pius V. and Sixtus V. cared little for mere temporal aggrandizement for its own sake; but for the aggrandizement of the Papacy, as a spiritual power, they cared much. The whole tendency of things since the Reformation has been to centralize as well as circumscribe the action of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. As Ranke puts it, "Catholicism, in limiting the field of its operations, concentrated its strength, and braced up all its energies." It would take us too far from our immediate point to exhibit in detail the various methods by which this process of concentration has been carried out. The Jesuit Order itself, which has been termed "the Catholic Church put into commission," is of course a signal illustration which will at once occur to everybody. The virtual abolition of University education for the clergy, and the substitution of a minute system of exclusive seminary training begun in early boyhood, is another obvious example. And, to take an instance more closely connected with our present subject, there is the obligation, rigorously imposed on every Bishop in communion with the Holy See, of visiting Rome at stated intervals—for English Bishops once in every five years at least—and submitting a report of his administration to the central authority; a rule which certainly harmonizes admirably with the new Vatican dogma making the Pope the real ordinary in every diocese of Christendom. No such duty can be imposed on laymen, but it is of course desirable, from an Ultramontane point of view, to lead them also to realize their intimate dependence on Rome, and the encouragement of periodical pilgrimages to the Apostolic See is a step in that direction. As far as offerings are concerned, they can be transmitted from a distance just as well in these days of easy and rapid locomotion; but the old principle of *segnius irritant animum* is as true now as ever, and the impression produced by a visit to the holy places and the personal benediction of the Pontiff, especially if that Pontiff be Pius IX., may do more than many arguments to check those nascent tendencies to "Liberal Catholicism" from which even such devoted sons of the Church as the late Count Montalembert are not altogether free; witness his recently published paper on *Spain and Rome*, most "offensive to pious ears," written within a few months of his death.

Meanwhile it is obvious to remark that the year of Jubilee is likely to be a year of conflict, if not of reverses, for the Roman Catholic Church, which—as the Encyclical itself reminds us—is involved in two serious quarrels, for one of which at least the present Pope himself is mainly responsible. In Germany we learn from the latest reports that five Bishops and 1,700 priests have been fined or imprisoned during the last twelve months, while one Bishop has been deposed by the new Supreme Court, which is a civil tribunal, and a second is about to be deposed, to say nothing of sentences of fine and imprisonment impending over several other prelates. The Vatican Decrees are alleged as an excuse for the Falk laws, and to whatever criticism such a plea may be open, we need not travel beyond the letter of the Jubilee Encyclical to learn that those Decrees have given rise to a deadly struggle within the bosom of the Church. Pius IX. hints pretty broadly that none of its spiritual benefits are designed for those Catholics who refuse to accept the new dogmas, and a correspondence just published in the *Times* supplies an ugly comment on the practical working of this exclusive policy. Our readers may recollect that among the Liberal Catholics who were called into the field by Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet was Mr. Henry Petre, a relation of Lord Petre's, and a member of one of the oldest English Roman Catholic families. It now appears that his letter to the *Times* drew upon him a close cross-examination, promptly followed by an excommunication, from Bishop Vaughan of Salford, and nobody can be surprised that he should describe the whole procedure as "a striking illustration of the dictation and clerical absolutism which distinguish the action of the Ultramontane party—a party which, unfortunately for the true interests of the Catholic Church, at the present time inspires and guides its policy." Mr. Petre had replied to the Bishop's first inquiry that his letter to the *Times* "was entirely restricted to the practical, not theological, part of the discussion now going on"; notwithstanding which Dr. Vaughan denounced him publicly in his Advent Pastoral, and, on his remonstrating against this summary procedure, plied him with a string of "interrogatories" as to his belief, which, he observed in reply, "belong rather to the unhappy period when the Inquisition flourished." On his declining to submit to this additional catechizing, after he had already "sufficiently repudiated the inferences drawn by the Bishop" from his original letter, he finds himself put under ban, and the clergy of his Church publicly commanded to repel him from the Sacraments. If this is the measure dealt to a Roman Catholic layman who pointedly disclaims all intention of discussing the dogmas of the Church, we may easily imagine by what machinery of ecclesiastical terrorism the supposed unanimity of acquiescence in Vatican teaching has been secured in the ranks of the priesthood. The first Jubilee, celebrated by one of the most grasping and unscrupulous of Pontiffs, immediately preceded the humiliation of the Papacy before the throne of France and the seventy years' Captivity of Avignon. Two centuries later it was solemnized by Alexander VI. on the eve of the Reformation. The present solemnity occurs at a time which can hardly be judged less eventful in the annals of the Papacy, and which, to say the least, does not look more promising for the furtherance of its ambitious aims. Meanwhile one characteristic feature of the day is illustrated alike by the Jubilee itself and by the adverse circumstances under which it is proclaimed. It is little more than a century since Horace Walpole observed, in his sneering fashion, "There are no religious combustibles in the temper of the times. Popery and Protestantism seem at a stand. The modes of Christianity are exhausted, and cannot furnish novelty enough to fix attention." No doubt the sneer was quite congenial to the temper of the eighteenth century. But times are changed, and "the modes of Christianity" have not only succeeded in fixing attention, but in contributing an abundant supply of "combustibles" to our own age. The religious question, as it has been observed in France, is the order of the day.

MINING AND METAL POLLUTION OF RIVERS.

OF all British mining operations, the raising of tin ore is probably the oldest, and it is one of the most remunerative. The tin mines of Cornwall have been worked as long as history goes back, and the county is still far from exhausted of this metal. The "tin stone" of Cornwall is associated with friable peroxide of iron, which communicates to the effluent water from the dressing floors a dark red tint. The tin stone with its rocky matrix is stamped in water to fine powder under wooden pestles shod with iron, and the tin stone is then separated from the refuse slime by the action of water upon the mixed materials, which possess different specific gravities. The effluent water from tin mines silts up the rivers into which it flows by the suspended matter contained in it, but this water becomes by subsidence purer than the average of potable water supplied to towns. The drainage from the tin mines near Camborne constitutes the so-called Red River which flows into the sea near Gwythian, on the north coast of Cornwall. From the lowest tin mine to the sea a succession of works exist for the purpose of extracting from the Red River such particles of tin ore as may have escaped the works above. At every separate establishment of washing floors the best effort is made to extract all that is possible from the leavings that come down to it, but so ineffectual are these efforts that even the sea-sand at the river's

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mouth still contains enough tin ore to be worth the labour of extracting. The suspended matters contained in the water of the Red River when it enters the sea would not be likely to affect the health of cattle drinking the water, if indeed cattle could be induced to drink such a red and muddy liquid. After subsidence or filtration this water is better for domestic use than the Thames water supplied to London. Speaking generally, the river pollutions of Cornwall are not injurious to health. The Commissioners who have investigated this subject assure us that the refuse of tin and copper mines is "but slightly poisonous," and where cattle in riverside pastures have suffered, the injury is probably due rather to the quantity of mineral matter with which the grass has become loaded during floods than to any active poison which it contained. Riparian owners who complain of the destruction of fish will no doubt be comforted by the assurance that the fish have been "choked rather than poisoned," and that the spawn has been buried in the slime which has subsided from the river water. Looking to the extent and value of these mines and works, and to the shortness of this river's course, the Commissioners think it would be better to regard the Red River as one continuous tin-work, and to trouble no more about the cattle and the fish. If all the riverside population desire it, they would leave this river "as the common conduit of the mines from which it runs," and would exempt it from the general rules which they propose for the abatement of pollution in rivers. Nevertheless the Commissioners admit that the injury to riverside lands from the deposit on them of the comparatively harmless mud from tin mines during floods has been considerable in many parts of Cornwall. The richest alluvial soil, fertile with a luxuriance almost peculiar to the deep and sheltered valleys of that county, has been over many acres covered several inches deep with worthless slime and sand from tin mines above. The fine grasses and clover have been destroyed, and coarser grass, and large perennial weeds, docks, buttercups, and thistles, alone able to escape destruction, now flourish where the land was formerly of the finest grazing quality. It may possibly be worth while to destroy this choice pasture for the sake of mining profits, but the process cannot be seen without regret. The cloth works in Yorkshire turn the rivers blue, the tin mines of Cornwall turn them red, the coal-washings of Derbyshire turn them black, and the china-clay works of Cornwall turn them milky white, and all these results are equally unlovely.

The china-clay works about St. Austell are a remarkable example of Cornish industry. The enormous quarry on the top of the granite hill overlooking St. Austell had for many generations been worked exclusively as a tin mine. The hard veins of tin stone were easily separated from the soft granite, and the latter was simply washed away as waste. But for the last twenty years, although the tin industry is still maintained, the chief value of these works has been derived from the china-clay which the decomposed granite yields. The soft white rock is dug and channeled, and the water is charged with as much as it can carry down to shallow pits where the clay settles, and is afterwards dried in kilns and shipped. It is used in the manufacture of earthenware, and also in paper-making and the manufacture of calico. The effluent water, when the clay has thoroughly subsided, becomes even purer than before, but unfortunately the subsidence is seldom complete, so the country is permeated by milky streams, which, however, are innocuous to animal life. Another modern process is that of coal-washing, which makes the effluent water both unsightly and pernicious. Formerly coal-dust was burned at the pit's mouth to get rid of it; but now it is first washed to free it from shale, and then "coked" in ovens. In the neighbourhood of Chesterfield this process may be seen in all its hideous perfection. Great volumes of black water are discharged into the brooks, and the heaps of shale separated by washing are so placed as to ensure their being carried down stream by the next flood. Thus the rivers silt up and often overflow their banks and injure the meadows by covering them with coal-dust, which kills the grass and causes coarse weeds to grow in its place. The Commissioners saw that a flood had carried away a heap of shale, and thus covered the neighbouring land with a layer of oxide of iron, which would doubtless render it sterile for many years. They were told that cattle had died after grazing upon meadows which had been covered with colliery detritus, and instances were reported to them in which as much as two quarts of coal-dust had been found in the stomach. This dust is said to occasion internal ulceration and purging, which is ultimately fatal. It would perhaps be incorrect to say that cows thus dying were poisoned, and perhaps there is some quantity of dirt which a cow, like a man, can eat and live. The stomach of a Londoner is popularly supposed to contain a certain quantity of granite dust and horse-dung, and it is possible that cows may become habituated to swallowing coal-dust without any ill effect beyound turning their milk grey. The Commissioners, however, seem by their use of strong language to have decided that this nuisance must be abated. They speak of a "Stygian tributary" of the Rother near Chesterfield, and they mention a brook at Merthyr Tydvil which has become a "black puddle," seriously polluted by arsenic derived from the pyrites of the coal. The beautiful Derwent in Cumberland has become in some places "muddy and unsightly" from the same cause, but happily at present its volume is large enough to conceal much of the offences committed on its banks.

So much controversy has prevailed as to sewage irrigation that it is satisfactory to find these Commissioners unshaken in their belief in its efficacy, coupled with intermittent filtration, to dispose of the sewage of towns, and of the refuse arising from industrial processes and manufactures. These remedies, capable of successful and economical, or even profitable, application, after certain easily observed conditions have been enforced in the case of offending manufacturers, depend for their efficiency on the action of the air within the soil in oxidizing, and thus virtually destroying, the putrescible matters which are submitted to them. They are applicable therefore only in cases where the river pollution is due to the presence of substances of animal or vegetable origin. There are, however, many rivers and streams which owe their polluted condition to mineral substances suspended in them, and this pollution may arise either from the discharge of solid refuse matter and of ashes and cinders into the river channels, or from the outflow from mines and works of water carrying mineral refuse into these channels. The former practice can be easily prevented, but the Commissioners, as we have already seen, find difficulty in dealing with the latter. The process in all mines is nearly similar. The "orey stuff," on being brought to the surface, is first washed with water, then reduced to powder in stamping or crushing-mills, and afterwards submitted to the action of streams of water so as to separate and carry forward the lighter portions of rocky material and to leave behind the specifically heavier metallic compounds. The water thus used is received in successive catch-pits as long as the miner considers that anything which contains sufficient metalliferous ore to repay extraction is deposited from it. The water is still very muddy as it flows from the last catch-pit, and not unfrequently contains a considerable proportion of highly poisonous metallic compounds; nevertheless it is almost invariably discharged into the nearest stream without any attempt at purification. The discharge from some classes of mines is, however, more pernicious than that from others. We have spoken already of the nuisance from coal-washing, which is comparatively a new process. The water discharged from coal mines where this process is not adopted is either colourless and nearly pure or red. This colour is assumed at those mines where iron pyrites abounds. The water is red, and it deposits an orange-coloured mud. Water thus contaminated is "very fatal to fish," and "may be injurious to cattle." The Commissioners in drawing this distinction imitate, perhaps unconsciously, a familiar phrase which distinguishes between water going to a man and a man going to water. No cow or horse of any discretion would be likely to drink water from a red stream with yellow banks. It should be added that this ferruginous water readily cleanses itself by precipitation, and thus gets rid not only of the sulphate of iron which it received from coal mines, but also of "organic elements" which are more mischievous. Thus a few years ago the Taff, which received the unpurified sewage of Merthyr Tydvil, was "strikingly improved" by the mixture of ferruginous water from a colliery. It should be added that vast volumes of unferruginous water are pumped from collieries and discharged into rivers with unmixed benefit to the latter. Lead mining is distinguished among all forms of mining industry in this country as causing the most serious pollution. The "skimpings," or rocky refuse, and the slime of these mines both find their way into the nearest watercourse. "It is a common complaint that no ducks or poultry can be kept near rivers so polluted." The processes of these mines are generally slovenly and wasteful. Much valuable material is lost to the adventurers of the mine, and may cause injury and death to the valleys below. It should be mentioned, for the sake of pictorial effect, that the slime of lead mines is white. This slime spreading over riverside flats injures cattle and destroys the roots of grass which hold the land together, and then the next flood abrades and destroys the shore. It is owing to the latter cause, as well as to the immense quantity of broken rock which every lead mine sends forth, that two small rivers near Aberystwith present such surprising widths of bare and stony bed. The Commissioners consider that an industry of such magnitude as these mines is well able to pay for whatever injury it inflicts. They think that power should be given to mineowners to take land near their works either to pile "skimpings," or to form reservoirs for deposit of mud. "But no escape should be allowed them from any injurious consequences following their neglect to keep their poisonous refuse matters out of the river channels." This is a tolerably sweeping sentence as regards lead mines, and it may be observed that the Commissioners propose an exceptional treatment of the tin mines on the Red River only on the ground that the refuse coming down that river employs the industry of those who dwell on it. We need not, however, follow the Commissioners into a troublesome and perhaps dangerous discussion of supposed necessary exceptions to general rules.

The descriptions of mining industry given in their last Report are highly interesting. They tell us that at the Devon Great Consols Copper Mine the mundic or arsenical pyrites is utilized for the manufacture of arsenious acid. It is washed in a current of air, and thereby converted into marketable arsenious acid or "white arsenic," sometimes mentioned in criminal trials. "It is a startling reflection that there leaves this single mine every month an amount of white arsenic competent to destroy the lives of more than 500,000,000 of human beings." Arsenic is used largely in the manufacture of some of the new colouring matters obtained from coal-tar, in colour-printing and dyeing, and in the manufacture of glass and of shot. The Commissioners, considering that the store of arsenic at the Great Consols Mine alone would suffice to kill every living thing on the face of the earth, think it "only reasonable" that some special supervision should be exercised over its manufacture. They remark strongly upon the pollution of streams by discharge from wire, tin-plate, and galvanizing works which abound in and near Birming-

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ham. This pollution is "intense, noxious, and notorious." In all these works iron is "pickled" in dilute sulphuric or muriatic acid, and it is the general, but not universal, practice to discharge the waste contents of the "acid baths" into rivers or sewers, thus corroding brick-work and cement, and destroying fish, if any happen to have survived the other "industrial" processes of the locality. The interdiction of this discharge would be no hardship on the manufacturer, and in most cases he might profitably utilize it. As regards Birmingham, however, this particular pollution from "acid baths" is "almost lost" in the general filth arising from the sewage of an enormous population and from metal manufactures of various kinds. When the philosophers of Birmingham have completed the political and religious reformation of the country, they may perhaps have leisure to observe that their town has been declared on impartial authority to be the nastiest place in England.

THE ROSS KIDNAPPING CASE.

THE kidnapping of children seems to be one of the least profitable crimes that have been invented. A full narrative in the *Times* makes it reasonably certain that two men who stole a child near Philadelphia last July were shot in December near New York in a burglary to which they were reduced by want. The child had not at the date of latest advices been recovered, but he was believed to be still alive, and if he can escape being torn to pieces by newspaper reporters, it is possible that he may yet be restored to his afflicted family. The police, the newspapers, and the public all took up the case and pursued it with more or less pertinacity for six months; and if the American detectives do not show to much advantage in the business, we must remember that the insatiable appetite of the country for news almost forbids their proceeding with necessary secresy.

According to the narrative in the *Times*, the child Charles Brewster Ross, aged about four years, was stolen from Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, on the afternoon of 1st July last. The child and his elder brother, aged six years, were playing in a road near their father's house, when two men invited them to take a ride in a buggy. The children got in and were driven some distance, and then the elder child was sent into a shop to buy candy, and on his return the buggy with the two men and his brother had disappeared. This was the abduction of Charlie Ross which in three weeks had aroused the excitement and indignation of all the United States and Canada, and caused the entire public to form itself into a committee of investigation much too large for any useful purpose. The detectives, professional or amateur, were always hot upon some track which led to nothing, until a brother of one of the two men gave information which would have brought about their capture if they had not perished in the commission of another crime. Their story clearly shows that child-stealing will not pay. They could not finger the price they had put upon the child, and if they had attempted to do so, they would almost certainly have been caught and "lynched." Without desiring that such summary proceedings should be taken in our own country, we cannot help seeing that the certainty of popular vengeance operates as a deterrent to crime in America. *Fieri non debet, factum valeat*, so long as the wrong man be not hanged. However, these men were never caught until one of them was dead and the other in his last agony. When the land became too hot for them, they lived chiefly on the water around New York and in Long Island Sound, "where there are myriads of almost unknown islands which afford excellent hiding places" to criminals of aquatic capability. Here in November last, between fear, hunger, and cold, the kidnappers were having a bad time of it. The preparations for their capture were extensive and complete, and would probably have been successful. It does indeed occur to us that these "desolate islands in the Sound" might have been thoroughly searched for two men in a boat rather more quickly than the police found practicable. They were at this time living upon the proceeds of stolen goods, which they could only dispose of by coming to New York. The "fence" and the drinking-houses which they frequented were found. Officers were secretly placed everywhere—at the ferries, railway-stations, suspected houses, on the highways, and wherever there might be a probability of finding them. A steam-launch was used in patrolling the Sound. Occasionally there would be robberies on Long Island or the Connecticut shore, and these were traced to the abductors who in their extremity were compelled to steal. A boat was stolen by them at Bridgeport, Connecticut, in November, and this they made their home. One cannot help feeling that this "Ross abduction case" prolonged itself almost as if it were a play in five acts, or a novel in three volumes, instead of a police case. But in America they take so much time and spend so much money in hanging a man that perhaps it is proper to display equal deliberation and sumptuosity in catching him. However, on the early morning of 14th December an unoccupied, but fully furnished, house at Bay Ridge, Long Island, was entered by burglars. It was connected by a "burglar alarm" with an occupied house fifty yards distant. The occupants of this house were awakened by the alarm, turned out, and after a running fight shot two burglars, one of whom died instantly, while the other lived long enough to confess that he helped the other man to steal Charlie Ross. When he was dead, an inquest was held upon the bodies, at which the agent of the "burglar alarm" distributed circulars among jury, witnesses, and spectators, and no doubt will make a good thing out of the incident. The brother of Charlie Ross and another person were brought from Philadelphia, and it seems that their identification of the bodies was satisfactory. But although the abductors were thus discovered, more than a fortnight had passed without any trace of the missing child. The *New York Herald* of 27th December noticed a rumour that Charlie Ross had been found in Ithaca, but nothing came of it.

We could hardly believe, except on the best evidence, that a sort of piracy could go on for weeks among islands near New York, which seem however to be as unknown as the "keys" of the West Indies were when the buccaneers haunted them three centuries ago. But Detective Wood is an unquestionable authority, and he describes how he and five other officers cruised in a small tug-boat in Long Island Sound. He told a reporter of the *New York Herald* that the party searched thirty or forty islands in the Sound containing four or five to a hundred acres each, and found them almost all unoccupied, except a few by squatters. They were cruising about twelve days, but did not find the man. The elder of the two men—Mosier—must have been near the head of the burglarious profession. About a year ago he and his brother were arrested for a burglary and lodged in gaol at Monmouth, N. J. A detective of New York told the local authorities that they had better be careful, for the brothers would very likely break gaol. "They only laughed at us, and said they guessed their gaol was strong enough to hold them. Bless you, they were out before morning. They took away the whole side of the gaol." Then the brothers dissolved partnership, and one of them associated himself with Clark, and went into the abduction business, with less success than they had enjoyed in burglary. Mosier had a wife and three or four children, whom he seems to have maintained by an industrious career of crime. "He and Clark were known as bad eggs always," and not long after the abduction the police set it down to them. It was known that they had a horse and buggy with which they "peddled" about the country, embracing any favourable openings for crime. Yet, although they were suspected of the abduction in August, and were believed to be in or near New York, the police never laid hands on them alive. If there are in this country any amphibious burglars, they will doubtless transfer their talents to a locality so favourable as Long Island Sound, where a man who can both manage a boat and "crack a crib" may reasonably hope to maintain a wife and family in comfort. The excitement in Philadelphia when the news came of the discovery and death of the abductors was enormous. Cheers rent the air, "and all felt confident that in a few days Charlie would be once more in the arms of those who love him." But this hope has been deferred in realization. The police believed that the child was alive when the two men were killed, and they expected that associates would "drop" the child where it might be found. Soon after the abduction the child's father advertised that a large reward would be paid for its return and no questions asked, or to that effect, and considerable correspondence passed with the kidnappers, but without result. A wealthy and sympathetic gentleman of New York advertised a similar proposal, which was also made by an enterprising tailor. If the child should turn up, he could be shown over the Union for enough money to provide for him for life, and perhaps his recollections of his captivity might be sold by auction to the best bidder among enterprising journalists. There has been a supposed Charlie Ross discovered in many towns, and his father and uncles have travelled hundreds of miles to examine children of various ages from ten months to ten years. All sorts of suspicious persons have been arrested, and in fear of summary hanging have confessed to various crimes in order to make it more clear that they did not abduct this child. On the whole, therefore, justice has gained by the transaction, which, however, presents a queer compound of tragic and grotesque elements. A reporter of the *New York Herald*, eagerly seeking for "developments," obtained the privilege of copying a letter purporting to be addressed by the abductors to the wealthy and sympathetic gentleman who offered the reward. They required a cheque payable to bearer to be deposited with "responsible parties" in New York, and also an undertaking against arrest or prosecution for sixty days, in a form to be settled by a well-known lawyer. But these and other negotiations fell through from the difficulty of fixing place and time for the exchange of child for money. It is also stated that after a time public feeling was strongly against any compromise. Funds were subscribed for detective operations, and of course the newspapers were ready to undertake this as well as every other department of human business. We almost wonder that the *New York Herald* does not fit out an expedition of its own for the extirpation of the pirates of Long Island Sound. After all, however, the universal excitement, although somewhat absurd in its manifestations, has been useful, as it must bring home to the minds of possible imitators of Mosier that they are dreadfully certain to be hanged if caught. They had better stick to burglary, which seems to be still a tolerably safe and profitable business. It appears that Mosier was born and brought up a thief. His father is mentioned by experienced officers of police with the respect due to the talent which descended to the son. The father belonged to the gang of Dennis M'Cabe, who "afterwards moved up town, and became a member of the Assembly," where it may be hoped his peculiar talent did not fail to shine in use.

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THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

NOTHING at the present moment is more instructive in the way of art than to pass from Burlington House to Trafalgar Square for the purpose of comparing together the divers pictures—sometimes similar, and often widely different—ascribed to the same masters. The National Gallery has, with some notable exceptions, been formed with so much judgment, that it furnishes, as it should do, standards of criticism. But the collection now at the Royal Academy avowedly possesses less assured credentials; some works, it is true, come with long-established reputations, but many others stand upon their trial, and the rank they may hold hereafter will much depend upon how they are able to pass through the present ordeal. As an example, let us compare two portraits of the familiar head of the Doge Leonardo Loredano, the one in the Academy (119), ascribed to Giovanni or Gentile Bellini, the other in the National Gallery, an undoubted masterpiece of Giovanni Bellini. This last, Mr. Wornum says, is an epitome of the painter's style, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle extol the head as the best of Bellini's portraits, and as a proof of the perfection to which the technical system of the Van Eycks had been then carried in Venice. It is evident that the portrait in the Academy can justify no such superlative praise, neither can it pass as a mere replica; it is on canvas instead of on panel, and the measurements of the two pictures differ. And yet the inferior work may very possibly have come from the Bellini, or at all events from their *bottega* or school. We may remember that Giovanni held an appointment which imposed upon him the duty of painting portraits of the Doge, and these heads were multiplied as was once the custom with the likenesses of the reigning sovereigns of England. But so oppressed was the painter with commissions, and so much was delegated to pupils, that many heads in the galleries of England and of the Continent bear the name of Bellini only by courtesy. This is especially the case with the numerous likenesses of Giovanni said to be by the hand of the artist himself; which, if any, is the true head, it is almost impossible to determine, "for all are dissimilar in character and features." The portrait of Doge Loredano here exhibited, if authentic, must date between 1501 and 1516, as Loredano was created Doge in the former year, and Giovanni died in the latter, having survived his brother Gentile nine years. It is said that Giovanni, though he lived to the age of ninety, went on improving to the last; perhaps the natural decay of the faculties was more than counterbalanced by the amazing progress of art, partly consequent on the adoption at Venice of the process of oil-painting.

Still more provocative of controversy are the seven works in the Academy set down to Titian. One bears the modest title "Finished Study for the famous Picture, Peter Martyr, destroyed by fire in the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, Venice, in 1866" (120); it was exhibited at Leeds in 1868. We remember to have heard after that disastrous fire that the National Gallery might have purchased almost any number of such studies, and seven years before the National Gallery of Ireland possessed itself of a "Replica or very old copy"; original drawings for the picture were brought into the market at the Woodburn sale. Also, referring to the *Portfolio* for 1870 we find a full description with a photograph of "a small 'Peter Martyr,'" which Mr. Hamerton discovered by accident at a country house in central France. Mr. Hamerton writes:—"My opinion of the authenticity of the picture has since been confirmed by several artists in Paris, who have studied Titian in the technical sense more profoundly than I (who have never copied any of his works) can pretend to have done." One argument used in favour of the study found in France was that it is not a servile copy, that the variations on the original are such as could scarcely come from any person but the artist himself. The "Finished Study" in the Academy also shows variations, and it must be admitted that the handling has a sketchy breadth, a freedom and force indicative of the master. Still this "Study" has scarcely sufficient merit to justify its presence in preference to other competitors for the honour.

All great pictures are beset by counterfeits; even the works of our English Academicians are so skilfully forged as almost to defy detection. The Old Masters are also known to have been in the habit of repeating their compositions according to the demand. After the lapse of centuries it naturally becomes all but impossible to determine priorities and authorships; hence the confusion which now baffles the student—a confusion which the invaluable labours of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have in some instances rendered more than ever perplexing. Yet we would willingly avail ourselves of their assistance in the Academy, especially as to Titian; and we are glad to hear that their investigations on this, the greatest master of the Venetian school, have reached the stage of manuscript, and are advancing towards publication. We stand in need of something more definite as to "The Disciples at Emmaus" (125), otherwise "The Supper at Emmaus," lent by the Earl of Yarborough, and, turning for assistance to the "revised and remodelled" Handbook of Kugler, just published, we are disappointed to find that the passage in a previous edition on this well-known and oft-repeated subject is expunged. If recent investigations tend to show that not one of these originals or replicas is trustworthy, we think that a too credulous public had a right to receive correction and enlightenment. We have seen at least four renderings of the scene, one in the Louvre, another in the National Museum at Naples, a third in the National Museum at Dublin, and now a fourth in the Academy. This last is certainly not the best on the list, though some allowance must be made for the condition into which the canvas has fallen. The following description from the Catalogue of the Louvre may be read with interest:—"If tradition can be credited, the figure on the right of the Saviour represents the Emperor Charles V., that on the left Cardinal Ximenes, and the page Philip II. of Spain." A "Magdalen" (136), also from the Earl of Yarborough's collection, is a repetition with variations of the figure in the Pitti Palace. "The Queen of the Gipsies" (130), the ridiculous misnomer given to St. Catherine—re-named by the Academy, since the day of opening, "The Queen of Cyprus"—certainly cannot be accredited to Titian; but internal evidence favours "Diana and Actæon" (117), lent by Earl Yarborough, the "Triumph of Love" (126), contributed by Mr. W. Graham—singularly like to Etty in being just beyond moderation, and yet also bearing resemblance to Titian's masterpiece, the "Bacchus and Ariadne" in the National Gallery. Also Titianesque in breadth and boldness, in sketchy suggestiveness, and in solemn colour and slumberous shadow, awakening into warm glow and scintillating light, is a "Landscape" (127), lent by the Queen.

Some minor, though not altogether insignificant, specimens of other Italian painters are scattered about Galleries III. and IV. A "Deposition from the Cross" (128), lent by the Earl of Yarborough, is stamped by the characteristics of Tintoretto, a wild, imaginative master, too seldom seen in England. The National Gallery possesses but one example; for more than forty years no further acquisition has been made, notwithstanding that Mr. Ruskin has by a tempest of eloquence attempted to raise Tintoretto to a pinnacle of glory shared in the writer's imagination only by Turner. But unfortunately here in the Academy, while in the "Wreck of the Minotaur" (158) we can measure the genius of our greatest English landscape-painter, we are forced to go to Venice to gauge the vastness and versatility of Tintoretto. Yet in this "Deposition" (128), also in a less degree in a more questionable specimen, "Jupiter Nursed by the Melian Nymphs" (135), we discover that specific type of beauty, that sport of fancy, play of line, and ring of colour which distinguish Tintoretto from his great contemporaries. We might well have been spared "Judith and Holofernes" (124); this coarse and ill-drawn composition is little else than a parody on Paris Bordone—an artist who needs to be seen at his best or not at all. The early and severe art of Venice as it first issued from Murano is recognized in the "Virgin and Child" (182); the manner of Carlo Crevelli here, as in the magnificent examples in the National Gallery, is patent in decorative draperies and hard realism of accessories.

The Academy is indebted to Mr. John Murray for a couple of small compositions severally of "The Virgin and Child" (174, 180), by Pedrini, a painter of the Milanese school, of whom in England we know too little. The dreamy and subjective expression of the heads, the grey and cold shadows, the delicacy and minuteness of the execution, seen especially in the hair and in a transparent veil, all belong to the disciples of Da Vinci. In the recent edition of Kugler we find quoted the works of this rare master in Milan and Berlin only. These little gems in London certainly deserve to be added.

Holbein, a painter proverbially surrounded with perplexities, never presented more salient points for controversy than in the truly "imaginary portrait" of "William Tell" (167), lent by Sir William Miles. In the first place, instead of being a portrait of William Tell, who died (if he ever lived) two centuries before the time of Holbein, the figure is evidently a study from the life for an archer in some composition of St. Sebastian. As such a study, nothing could be finer. The drawing is true; the modelling of the torso articulate, yet of a *morbidezza* worthy of Italy. But the question arises whether Holbein ever set hands or even eyes upon this panel; if so, the fact has entirely escaped the notice of Mr. Wornum in his exhaustive life of the artist. It is extraordinary, under the present system of sceptical criticism, how many sound and legitimate products are cast upon the world as foundlings to seek for parentage. The picture now called to give an account of itself will be received by every one accustomed to the interpretation of internal evidence as worthy of a well-trained artist; the date apparently is somewhat later than Holbein, while the stern study of nature had not yet yielded to the more seductive charms of the ever-encroaching Renaissance. A conjecture has been thrown out, not without semblance of reason, that this picture is not Transalpine but Cisalpine; in other words, that its locale is Lombardy or Milan, a territory where the arts of the North, including architecture and sculpture as well as painting, met and intermingled with those of the South. In the pictorial schools of Milan and of Padua we accordingly find a rigidity, a naturalism, and even a gracelessness, which are all to be seen in this figure. Moreover, on this nude there is a scrap of drapery about the loins which has the technique of Milan rather than that of Basle. We incline on the whole to transfer this remarkable figure from Holbein to some quattrocentisto or cinquecentisto studying in Lombardy. The only other portrait assigned to Holbein is that of Edward VI., lent by the Earl of Yarborough, and exhibited in 1866 at Kensington among National Portraits. Mr. Wornum quotes three likenesses of the young King by Holbein, and the one now exhibited, although termed "a charming little picture," he thinks may be a copy of that in the Guelphian Museum, Hanover. Mr. Wornum writes:—

I should not be astonished to find, if a proper comparison could be made,

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that Lord Yarborough's portrait is a copy of that in Germany, from some few peculiarities in its execution, from some defects in the right hand, and a certain want of transparency, or a mealiness in the colouring, that are not entirely consistent with Holbein's practice.

Charles I. had a copy of this picture by Peter Oliver, and Hollar executed the engraving, which is among the singularly rare collection of Hollar prints now on exhibition in the Gallery of the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

Rembrandt is never more himself than when chronicling the time-worn wrinkles in the face of some "Old Lady"—see No. 157, lent by the Earl of Yarborough. With what soft, yet firm, impasto is the flesh modelled! liquid light shines out of transparent shade. Rembrandt at his best justifies the title of "the Dutch Correggio." Of inferior quality are "The Adoration of the Magi" (152), lent by the Queen, and "The Deposition," contributed by the Duke of Abercorn. These large and ambitious compositions are scarcely up to the standard of even the National Gallery picture, "Christ Blessing Little Children," a work now usually transferred from the master to his school. The striking and forcible "Portrait of a Man" (105), lent by the Right Hon. W. Cowper-Temple, obviously belongs to the time when Gerard Dow was passing through the atelier of Rembrandt. Not one of the above pictures is named in the new edition of Kugler's Handbook of the Dutch School, "thoroughly revised" by Mr. Crowe; the only inference to be drawn from which is that these examples, if authentic, are not of primary importance.

Rubens is, for a wonder, limited to three performances, one of which, however, "The Conversion of St. Paul" (110), from Leigh Court, covers a surface of 14,790 square inches. The whole affair is far too tremendous for minute criticism. Such an interpretation of a Scripture narrative we should have supposed possible only to a circus. We are expressly told that the men who journeyed with Saul heard a voice, but did not see the vision, whereas Rubens makes even the horses rear with amazement and kick in self-defence. The picture is to be regarded merely as an exploit of the brush, a triumph of colour. We turn for repose to a quiet, cool landscape (106), contributed by Mr. Fuller Maitland. Rubens was not too distracted or intoxicated to love nature in her simplicity; he could on occasion dwell with delight, like Gainsborough, among the greys which shadow green trees and fields.

The Spanish school shows noble portraits by Velasquez, of which we shall speak hereafter. Also to the great chief of the Madrid school is assigned, apparently on insufficient grounds, "The Virgin in Adoration" (198), from Leigh Court. Yet this dramatic figure, which is masterly, whoever may be the painter, finds a place in Sir Stirling Maxwell's possibly too exhaustive list of the works of Velasquez. But in the "Annals" no mention is made of two life-size and grandly solemn figures, "St. Benedict" (197) and "St. Jerome" (200), contributed by Lord Heytesbury. And yet these striking impersonations are not inconsistent with Sir Stirling Maxwell's assertion that Zurbaran "is the peculiar painter of monks, as Raffaelle is of Madonnas and Ribera of martyrdoms; he studied the Spanish friar, and painted him with as high a relish as Titian painted the Venetian noble and Vandyck the gentleman of England."

In landscape the "Old Masters" are not at their best. Yet the "heroic style" of Gaspar Poussin is seen to some advantage in two famous pictures from Leigh Court, "The Falls of Tivoli" (191–195). Of four Canalettos, "St. Mark's, Venice" (50), lent by Mr. K. D. Hodgson, is perhaps the choicest; and "A Sketch near Rome" (134), contributed by Mr. H. Reeve, deserves attention as a study of realism and detail unusual to Claude. The Cuyps, Hobbemas, and Ruysdaels are about as usual. Altogether the collection tends to sustain Mr. Ruskin's position that the Old Masters are inferior to the moderns in landscape. Thus Turner, Müller, Cotman (not Calcott, who is found to suffer in competition), make the landscape-painters of Italy appear by comparison artificial, and those of Holland cold and mechanical.

REVIEWS.

MAINE'S EARLY HISTORY OF INSTITUTIONS.*

SIR HENRY MAINE has made the subject of Ancient Law and of the Early History of Institutions so peculiarly his own, that a new volume from his pen is sure to mark an epoch in the settlement of opinion and the advance of knowledge with regard to a branch of literature the importance of which cannot easily be over-rated. The work he has now published, although built on the lines of its predecessors, shows that he has been able to take a great step forward by the accumulation of new materials and the devotion of new study and the play of an inexhaustible ingenuity. He has at last constructed a theory of the history of early institutions which will be criticized, amplified, and perhaps modified, by subsequent investigators, but which cannot fail to be the central theory on which others will have to work. The shape in which his present volume appears has the merits and demerits incident to the republication of lectures. Something is gained and something lost when philosophical works are composed in this way. The materials are apt to be arranged somewhat out of their natural order. The whole is broken into parts designed with reference to the convenience of the lecturer and the entertainment of the hearers rather than to the gradual expansion of the main ideas which it is sought to convey. Matter which has been once given is necessarily repeated, for a lecturer cannot be sanguine enough to believe that his hearers will carry in their heads all that he has previously said; and qualifications of assertions made in earlier lectures are appended to restatements in later lectures when there has seemed a danger of misapprehension. Sometimes, too, matters of very various kinds are grouped together, the tie between them being mainly that the lecturer in each case was the same person. A fourth of the present volume is devoted to a discussion of the various systems of dealing with the property of married women, and to an examination of Austin's favourite term "Sovereignty"; and these subjects come as a surprise on a reader who has been previously occupied with the chief subject of the volume—Ancient Irish Law. There are also one or two apparent and unimportant inaccuracies which betray probably the pressure of a lecturer who could not afford the leisure of an historian. On the other hand, a volume which is a republication of lectures gains in many ways. The first and greatest of its advantages is that it exists. A writer with many calls on his time may be capable of writing what he always puts off writing; but a lecturer is obliged to lecture. By its judicious endowment of a suitable Professorship, Corpus College has forced Sir Henry Maine to write, and it may congratulate itself on the certainty that the result of its expenditure is cheap at the price. In the next place, a lecturer is animated and stimulated by the duties of his office. There is an air of enjoyment in his discussions throughout Sir Henry Maine's volume which interests the reader, and is often wanting in methodical treatises. Lastly, the grouping together of materials only slightly connected may often have a special value for particular classes of persons. A discussion on Austin and Sovereignty may seem somewhat alien to a treatise on the Brehon Laws. It is in the hands of Sir Henry Maine connected with Ancient Law, for it is impossible to conceive any juristical topic which he could not connect with Ancient Law. But a jump from Brehon Law to Sovereignty is a jump, however well it may be jumped. To those, however, who are studying Austin's work at a University nothing could be more valuable than to have Austin's theory criticized with a power of analysis and illustration which has never been applied to it before; and the basis of the criticism, that Austin's propositions as to Sovereignty and the nature of law are only practically applicable to societies which have passed from the stage of ancient into that of modern law, seems equally ingenious and true.

Various authors have in recent years occupied themselves with accumulating proofs that throughout Europe primitive institutions prevailed, traces of which have survived even to the present day in spite of the influences of Roman law and of feudalism. These institutions are spoken of generically as village communities, and remnants of the cultivation of the soil obtaining in these communities are to be found, or were recently to be found, in countries even so far advanced as England and France. Types of such communities actually exist in the more backward parts of Europe, and are familiar to all who possess Asiatic experience. Local records, the descriptions of Roman historians, and the analogies offered by what is visible in places where village communities still exist, amply suffice to show that these communities must have had, in countries where they have ceased to exist, some definite relation to the beginnings of society in its patriarchal form, to tribes, to chiefs, and to individual possessors of land. To seize on the historical order under which village communities and institutions connected with them ought to be ranged is to reproduce the early history of what are now the leading families of mankind, and this is the point which Sir Henry Maine has reached in his new volume. He has made a skeleton out of fossil bones. In attaining this success he has been greatly aided by possessing two new sources of most valuable materials—Indian records and facts, and the recent translation of a great portion of the old Irish law-books. These materials may have been accessible to others, but he has been the first to perceive the threads that must be followed if the disjointed pieces of knowledge suggested were to be grouped together. Like most satisfactory theories, his theory of the history of early institutions may be stated shortly and simply, when it is once constructed; but the difficulty of getting to it can scarcely be appreciated, except with a knowledge of what ancient laws look like when they are first approached. Sir Henry Maine's theory of historical succession in the ideas to which the subject of early institutions introduces us is briefly this:—We set out with the patriarchal family, the man with paternal power over his descendants, the ruler and owner of the persons and things arranged under him. The next stage is that of the joint family, a familiar feature of Indian life, and traces of which are to be found in the Irish laws. The family is now enlarged; there are families in the family, but with a common table; and the paternal power has faded away into the management of the joint interests of the family. Then one or more of such families settle on a particular piece of soil and begin to cultivate it; and the possession of this definite holding changes the social life of those living on it. Kinship, real or fictitious, is the bond of the whole society, and cultivation is for the benefit of all, either by an actual participation in common produce or by a periodic redistribution of lots. But for such a society something more than management is needed. There must be an approach to government or administration, and the village council is formed, or the headman comes to the front. In process of time the village community tends to break up, the holders of plots keep

* *Lectures on the Early History of Institutions.* By Sir Henry Sumner Maine, K.S.I. London: John Murray. 1875.

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them, the soil belongs to an individual; but there are many shades and fluctuations in the process. The individual may be rather in the enjoyment than in the ownership of the thing; the inherent claims of his family on it may be recognized more or less. But as the interest of the individual in the soil becomes more permanent, as he breaks away so far from the group to which he belongs, his power over his immediate group revives, and the Patria Potestas once more makes its appearance. Each community is, however, attached, by at least a theoretical community of descent and by contiguity of location, to other similar communities, or, in other words, is part of a tribe, and over this tribe presides a person who wields what may be termed a glorified Patria Potestas, and is a chief; and the whole tribe, with its chief, may be subordinate to a tribe in a wider sense, the tie of kinsmanship becoming more legendary and the power of the chief greater at every stage. All tribal chiefs may be under one supreme chief, and there is even in Ireland a poetical reminiscence or fiction of such a person as a King of Erin.

Such theoretically is the history of early institutions, and when we have carried them to this point, then, in those societies which advanced, we begin the disintegrating process which has stamped its special character on modern as opposed to ancient society. The power of the highest chief is increased; there is a central government, there is legislation, there is the orderly enunciation and administration of law. The power of the lower chiefs augments, the chief becomes a person more distinct from those over whom he presides; he protects them, and they begin to serve, and then to hold under, him; he enlarges his domain; he forms a retinue dependent on him; he quarters servile or semi-servile strangers on the tribal domain. The feudal lord enters on the scene, and when we have the king, legislation, and lords, we have modern society started, the tribal system dies out, men are connected by living in the same place, not by kinship, and village communities are only traceable in antiquated customs of cultivation. But all this is only the general and theoretical history of the progress and transformation of early societies. It has been gathered by Sir Henry Maine from many sources, and one of the richest of these sources has been the Brehon Law. But neither in Ireland nor anywhere else is the continuity of the chronological chain preserved. This arises partly from the very nature of the facts to be analysed. At any given moment the main change is never complete. There are always remnants of the old existing by the side of the new, and the process by which tribes are formed may be renewed, and a new tribe formed by some new Paterfamilias starting a family that is once more transmuted into a joint family, and possibly into a village community, or even a tribe. Things may, in short, go round instead of onwards, and even if there is some approximation to general advance, there is no synchronism of movement in the advancing parts. Further, there may be, and generally have been, perturbations and modifications of the whole society under external influences, as, for example, in the case of Ireland, the introduction of Christianity and of Roman, through ecclesiastical, law. It is therefore the difficult task of the explorer of early societies to conceive the general theory of the changes to which they are inherently exposed, and in each particular case to see the modifications in the application of the theory which are introduced by the degree to which the old and the new have happened to have a simultaneous existence, and by the action of external influences. Sir Henry Maine warns his readers that he does not hope to have arrived in every case at the precisely right explanation of the various modifying causes that have operated on a society of which we still know so little as that of ancient Ireland; but he may certainly lay claim to have shaped once for all the true method of treating the phenomena with which every investigator of early societies has to deal.

Those who are acquainted with the previous works of Sir Henry Maine will be prepared to find in his new volume an abundance of suggestive speculations on a great variety of topics more or less connected with the main subject of discussion. He delights in raising problem after problem, and briefly despatching each with an explanation which must from the necessities of the case be frequently merely conjectural, but which never fails to possess the merit of being prompted by a mind quick to seize analogies and of great fertility of invention. Instances far too numerous for quotation might easily be drawn from this volume; but no reader can fail to be struck with the discussions he will find in it on the Brehons as a literary, law-uttering class with close analogies to the Druids and the Brahmins, on the part which distress by seizure of cattle plays in early law as an instrument for bringing about arbitration in a society to which law courts are unknown, and on the causes which have adversely or favourably affected the pecuniary position of married women in India, in ancient Rome, and in modern Europe. Perhaps of the special sections of the book, that which sketches the history and the position of the Irish chiefs is the most original, interesting, and valuable. It is not too much to say that Sir Henry Maine has here lifted the veil from one of the long-standing mysteries of feudal history. The granting of territories to retainers on the condition of the beneficiary rendering personal service in arms is a matter which presents little difficulty. It is a merely historical question as to the time at which a practice so familiar to the German tribes and to the later Roman Empire prevailed over antecedent modes of holding land. But this was only one mode in which feudalism was established. The other mode was that of commendation—that is, the voluntary placing of himself by a free proprietor under a lord. The desire of the humbler and weaker to put themselves under the protection of the greater and stronger affords a partial, but only a very partial, explanation. It throws no light on the complexity of tenures, on the variety of customs by which tenure was regulated, on the degradation, and degrees of degradation, of the mass of those who lived by cultivation. Sir Henry Maine invites us to begin by realizing that in early societies land is a drug, and cattle to crop pastures and to till and fertilize arable land are the real sources and constituents of wealth. The ox is the basis of the social structure. He is so valued that in India he was made sacred, and in Rome he was what Sir Henry Maine, with a generous enthusiasm for the animal he has in a manner invented, terms "elevated into a *res mancipi*." But it is in Ireland that the ox is best seen in his character of an originator of feudalism. The Irish chief was the man who held the greater part of the wealth of his tribe, the man who had inherited or stolen the greatest number of oxen. He had that by which alone the land of his tribesmen could be made valuable. He used to let out his stock, and it was by taking stock that his tribesmen became his tenants. The more oxen a man took, the more he was in the power of the chief. The man who, having some oxen of his own, took few from the chief, was recognized as superior to the man whose land was useless to him unless the chief supplied all the necessary oxen. In return for the loan of the oxen, the cultivator could only give a part of the yield he derived from them and some sort of personal service; and thus the stocktaker became, or was on the high road to becoming, a rentpayer and a vassal. To take stock was therefore to recognize a superiority, and to owe duties; and it passed into a sign of subordination, chiefs forcing men to take stock, and one chief by taking stock placing himself under another. The takers of much stock occupied a position the character of which became more and more humble, and even servile, and as the chief found it easier or pleasanter to consume his share of the produce on the spot, he quartered himself and his retainers at stated intervals on the occupier, and thus the practice of coshering grew up, which excited so much indignation in the minds of English observers. Nor was this all. Ireland was in a state of chronic disorder, and outcasts abounded who were allowed to settle on the wastes of a tribe, and who deteriorated the condition of the lower tribesmen both by the contamination of a more complete degradation, and possibly by pressure on the tribal means of support. It is easy to see that we have in the conditions of a society subjected to such a process a clue to the varying relations that subsisted in feudal Europe between lord and vassal, and subsequently between landlord and tenant, and to the deepening shades of degradation, from the free tenant to the villein and the slave, that marked off into classes the dwellers on the soil.

SMITH'S OCCASIONAL ESSAYS.*

WE do not remember to have ever heard of the author of these essays before; and the only bit of personal information given in the book is that he is in some way engaged in business. But if we know nothing of Mr. Smith himself, we are thoroughly familiar with the type which he represents. We have been half inclined to fancy at moments that he is an imaginary character, and that the essays have been written by some clever person with a purely dramatic purpose. The views which they express are not particularly interesting in themselves; but by their very want of interest they become an amusing illustration of a common, perhaps the commonest, variety of the English mind. Mr. Smith is the intelligent person whom we meet in foreign countries, who is perfectly ignorant of the strength of his own prejudices. He judges everything by a purely British standard; but then it has never even occurred to him that any other standard is conceivable. He runs over a little string of commonplaces with never-failing interest, because he cannot distinguish between the process of thinking and of repeating what was once thought. He has not vivacity enough to start a paradox, and therefore supposes that he has a judgment of unusual soundness. He is not offensively dogmatic, but he has an indefinite supply of perfect self-complacency which becomes equally irritating in the long run. His greatest range of thought is from one to the other of the two sets of platitudes which are to be found in regard to every conceivable subject. He tells you that he likes liberty so long as it does not become license; that temperance is a good thing, though of course it should not be pushed to a culpable disregard of the good things of this life. He is very fond of observing that a doctrine is theoretically perfect, but that it will not answer in practice. He admires zeal when it does not become fanaticism; religious belief when it is not superstitious; originality when it does not verge upon eccentricity; and, in short, he thinks that excellence in every department of thought and conduct is to be obtained by striking a judicious medium between all extremes. His style is the faithful exponent of his mind. It is not ungrammatical, but it is never picturesque. It flows in a level stream of sleep-compelling monotony; and each paragraph is neatly rounded off by some of those sounding sentences which, like pebbles on the sea-shore, have lost all distinctive character by the incessant attrition of common discourse. Canning, if we remember rightly, once described a speech as consisting entirely of the matter which in other

* *Occasional Essays.* By Samuel Smith. Edinburgh: Maclaren & Macniven. 1874.

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speeches filled up the interstices of argument. Mr. Smith's essays consist exclusively of that colourless substance which is used by inferior writers to lubricate their discourses and conceal the absence of any particular opinions.

If, as we have suggested, Mr. Smith is really an imaginary person, his character is admirably sustained. It must have been a task of no small difficulty to touch upon so many subjects of interest without letting fall a single remark which deviates from the most unequivocal commonplace. Two essays deal with the United States before and after the war; another with India; a third with the late French and German war; two or three more with historical and political history; and two with theological controversy. It is not easy to criticize a book the chief peculiarity of which is the absence of any marked peculiarity. But dipping into it here and there, we may bring up some of those pearls of wisdom which reward the researches of commonplace philosophers. Mr. Smith, for example, compares the vitality of ancient and modern civilization. He is of course one of those persons who lump together "the ancients" as a set of people who may be regarded as having all lived about the same time and entertained much the same opinions. "The systems," he tells us, "of the ancient sages were distinguished by the most marvellous subtlety"; but unluckily they had not a modern scientific training, and therefore "never since the world began were so much learning and genius expended with so little practical result." Unlucky ancients! We had fancied that Greek and Roman speculation had had some trifling influence upon later developments of thought, and that we could have picked out one or two other periods and countries where intellect had run to waste fruitlessly enough. However, the explanation of the fact is that "the ancients . . . . knew not the sure process of inductive inquiry, that grand instrument for the discovery of truth which Bacon was privileged to bring to light." This little remark perhaps shows us where Mr. Smith has been studying. He has doubtless read a certain essay by Macaulay, who is worshipped by the ordinary Briton as much for his faults as for his really great merits. Another weakness of the ancients was the want of a sound religious belief. We are sorry to say, however, that, according to Mr. Smith, this is a misfortune which has been shared by almost every race and in every period. The ancient Jews, the early Christians, and the modern Protestants are the only people who have had a religion good for anything. Some people have thought, indeed, that mediæval Christianity had a considerable and not altogether prejudicial effect upon society. But Mr. Smith knows better. "Adown the dreary vista of the middle ages," he poetically observes, "we see little of the pure and elevating genius of the Christian religion. We gaze upon that odious mixture of truth and falsehood" (we wonder, by the way, how long and how closely Mr. Smith has gazed upon it) "and almost hesitate to give it a preference to the torpid corruption of Paganism. As the centuries advanced this caricature of Christianity became more gaunt and hideous, and when we reach the times of Philip and the Inquisition, of Alva and Bartholomew, we feel ourselves in the presence of demons, not men." From which it follows—and we are glad to give credit to Mr. Smith for actually pointing to a logical difficulty—that if sound Christianity degenerated in this lamentable way, the soundness of our present Christianity can be no guarantee that we shall not fall back into similar corruption. However, we escape from this difficulty by remembering that primitive Christianity "had no hold on the intelligence or conscience of the great mass of the people," whereas, since the Reformation, "the numbers of those who at all events recognize intellectually the lofty claims of the Christian faith have been steadily increasing." This is specially gratifying, as elsewhere Mr. Smith laments the rapid increase of infidelity. However, the argument is supplemented by other considerations. People have always been steadily growing more intelligent; printing "has virtually rendered truths once discovered imperishable"; and, finally, "there is no agency in modern times which tends so powerfully to the spread of intelligence as the newspaper." Of course Mr. Smith would not be himself if he did not immediately begin to unsay this remark, and observe that the press has been grossly abused everywhere except in England, where, as we are glad though hardly surprised to hear, it is the palladium of our liberties. And here we may leave Mr. Smith fairly on the road to the familiar eloquence about Free-trade, railways, and the progress of education. We are such clever fellows, it seems, that it is out of the question that we should ever again sink into the corruptions of the middle ages or "the ancients."

A good solid complacency is of course the favourite attitude of mind of the Smiths. But it is amusing to see how keenly sensible they can be to the faults of every one whose self-complacency exceeds their own, though on precisely similar grounds. The average American, it may be said, is in many respects an exaggerated version of the average Englishman. He believes a little more in the value of railways and schools, and has a rather more pronounced contempt for the ancients. The public opinion which he worships is not unlike the same power in England, but is less restrained by habits of respect for the authority of a cultivated class. Accordingly, our good Mr. Smith, when he goes to America, becomes painfully impressed by the faults of his cousins. He takes his stand at once on the opposite set of platitudes. He has been boasting of our material progress, but when he sees the same phenomenon in an exaggerated degree, he calls it by the ugly name of "materialism." English industry is an admirable quality, but in America the same quality becomes a degrading mammon-worship. We have a proper respect for the pound sterling, but our cousins grovel before the almighty dollar. The English liberty becomes American license, and our extension of political rights to the ordinary householder may be a judicious step in advance, whereas universal suffrage in America is a hideous phenomenon, exemplifying all that has been said of democracy in all ages. We need not ask whether Mr. Smith's opinions are in any degree sound; but it is perfectly clear that they are the opinions which he would hold, whether sound or not. They are simply a form of translating the harmless truism, "You are not Englishmen," into what appears to the Smiths to be an equivalent proposition, "You are a set of degraded beings." We need only remark one other characteristic touch. The Smith mind is specially accessible to the argument from success. Mr. Smith's first visit to America was in 1860, when everybody was looking forward to the possibilities of civil war. Mr. Smith then held that America was going to the dogs; and he only ventures upon the prophecy—so dear to all commonplace politicians—that, if a civil war takes place, it will end in a Napoleon or a Cromwell. But the next visit was just after the close of the civil war, and Mr. Smith discovers that the Americans had a vast amount of patriotism and common sense for which he had not given them credit. His opinion of their future becomes accordingly more hopeful, but it is not yet quite fixed; for in the preface he intimates that he is once more trying to hit off the judicious mean, and now thinks that he was at first too despondent and afterwards too sanguine. Gradually, we may hope, he will succeed in hitting off an opinion absolutely neutral in tint. From his observations he has constructed a political theory which is admirably characteristic. He is neither a Tory nor a Radical, but announces as the great article of his creed "that political rights should be extended as far as may be done without danger to the public welfare." He adds that this may seem to some persons "rather a lame conclusion"—as we confess that it does to us. We can only say that it would be a little more to the purpose if he would give us some criterion of "danger to the public welfare." If he means that we are to extend political rights when the extension does no harm, we suspect that most persons would agree with him. If he thinks that some good is to be derived from their extension which may counterbalance a certain amount of harm, we are then left entirely at sea for any method of comparing the good and the evil. However, he has a good ambidextrous commonplace which will serve equally well to throw at a Conservative or a Radical, and that seems to be the end of most of his speculations. There is indeed one exception. He is a good orthodox Christian, and confutes the infidel in a couple of essays whose intention is certainly not ambiguous. In a single page he settles the controversy which is now raging between Professor Lightfoot and the author of *Supernatural Religion*, and we will suggest to both gentlemen that they had better look at it if they think from the preceding remarks that it is likely to clear up the subject.

GIPSIES.*

THE list of works upon the language and habits of the English gipsies includes no less than thirty-three books, pamphlets, and articles, not counting the old edicts against them and the recently discovered specimen of their dialect given by Dr. Andrew Boorde in 1547. The wild and amusing medley of real and fictitious adventures contained in Mr. Borrow's various publications first aroused a general interest in the strange people who have so long lived amongst us, an isolated semi-barbarous race in the midst of civilization. Mr. Leland, in his *English Gipsies*, has placed them before us as they are, and, while he deals chiefly with the picturesque element of their character, he has furnished far more complete specimens of their language than were previously attainable. Dr. Smart and Mr. Crofton now come into the field with a book the scope of which is purely philological, but which also contains copious materials for the study of their ethnological peculiarities. Although avowedly a second edition of a pamphlet issued by Dr. Smart some ten years ago, it is so augmented and improved, and the arrangement is so altered, that we hail it as a new and valuable addition to the literature of a subject of daily increasing interest.

The chief authority cited in the work is a certain Silvester Boswell, one of the "deepest" (*i.e.* purest) Romanies in the country, as we are told. We are charmed to be introduced to this interesting personage, but we must protest against the words in which he is introduced:—"No *posh* and *posh* mumper is he, but a genuine specimen of a Romany-chal." Now this expression "*posh* and *posh* mumper," "half-bred tramp," is the worst conceivable form of abuse that can be uttered in polite gipsy ears, and the implied sneer at the sources of information open to other Romany students is not in the best taste. With this exception, the estimate given of the value of previous writings on the subject is both just and critical.

There are two distinct forms of speech in English Gipsy—first, the old Romanis, spoken by perhaps only a dozen living persons, in which no English words and forms occur, yet which is so imperfect and obsolete that of those dozen no one knows more than

* *The Dialect of the English Gipsies.* By B. C. Smart, M.D., and H. T. Crofton. Second Edition, revised and greatly enlarged. London: Asher & Co. 1875.

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a part; secondly, the new or broken dialect, the "Romanis of the Roads," in which Romani words are used with English forms and idioms. The older dialect Dr. Smart and Mr. Crofton have with great skill and success rehabilitated in the work before us. As they themselves tell us:—

> These "fathers in Israel," the "jinomescros," or pundits of their tribe, are well acquainted with words and idioms which are unfamiliar to their sons and will be almost unintelligible to the generation which shall come after them. Little else than bare root words are to be obtained from the modernized Gipsy of the Period; but in conversing with his patriarchal sire,
>
> Whose spirit is a chronicle
> Of strange and occult and forgotten things,
>
> we have often been rewarded by hearing archaic terms and obsolete inflexions, which, like the bones and eggs of the Great Auk, or the mummified fragments of a Dodo, are the sole relics of extinct forms. These need to be eagerly listened for and carefully treasured as the broken utterances of an expiring language.

The work contains a grammar, a Gipsy-English and English-Gipsy vocabulary, and a miscellaneous collection of Romany compositions, translations, and dialogues. The first part is not strictly speaking a grammar, but is an attempt, as we have said, to rehabilitate the old language by giving an account of the various grammatical inflections still existing in English Romanis, and referring them to their proper places in the paradigms (from Dr. Paspati) of the fuller Turkish-Gipsy forms. The vocabulary, though collected from the utterances of such "deep" Romanies as the Boswells and their "pals," and borrowing something from the works of Borrow, Leland, and others, is yet far from extensive; and such words as *chamor*, cherries; *sakku*, a swan; *chinger*, through; *atut*, across or against; *kamakonyo*, a mouse, and hundreds of other words which are familiar enough to many families of gipsies, are unrepresented here. But then it is an undoubted fact that there is scarcely any Romany word-collector in England who has not a few unique specimens which he alone has discovered, and which he exhibits with pride to brother collectors.

Dr. Smart and his colleague are evidently careful chroniclers, but indifferent lexicographers; and in their striving after orthographical reform they are not always consistent. They very rightly discard the *r* in the plural termination, and write *aw* instead of *or*, which is used by most of their predecessors; but they write *korlo*, black, instead of the more usual *kālo* or *kawlo* (Hindi *kālā*), and thus perpetrate the very Cockneyism against which they have been warning their readers. Again, they employ the Greek χ, as in *hoχer*, to jump, but give no equivalent for the guttural *g*, as in *sig*, quick, and other words. This χ might with advantage have been used in many other words, notably in *χushto* and *χushko* (written kóoshto), which represents the Persian *khush*. We cannot agree with them either in considering the prefix *mi* in *Miduvel* or *Midoovel*, God, as representing merely the English "my." Mr. Leland's hypothesis, that it is the *Maha* of the Indian *Mahadeva*, is much more in accordance with the facts and traditions of the language. Where much is excellent it is perhaps invidious to call attention to such slight inaccuracies as the confusion of *ker*, to do, and *kel*, to play or dance. In a gipsy's mouth the liquids are not always very nicely distinguished, but that the roots just mentioned are separate and distinct is obvious from a comparison with the Hindi *ker-na*, to do, and *khel-na*, to play. The authors, it is true, disclaim any profound acquaintance with etymology, but the temptation to dabble in it has proved too strong for them, and, as might be expected, they are not always successful. Thus *bor*, mate, is not, as they suggest, the provincial "bor" (for "boy") with which inhabitants of the Eastern Counties and readers of *David Copperfield* are familiar, but the Hindi *bhāi*, brother, sir, which appears also as an honorific title in Gujerati in such names as Jeejeebhoy, Dadabhoy. *Barsengro*, a shepherd, also, is not the French *bergère*, but is from the Hindi *bher*, a sheep, with the formative *s*, and the ordinary Romany termination *engro*. Again *trad* (in *lel trad*, take care) is not a corruption of the French *garde*, but of the Persian *dard*, pains, formed exactly on the same principles as *trash*, fear, from *tars*, and *drab*, poison, from *dāru* or *dārav*. A single example will show how important a knowledge of the Oriental idioms is for properly prosecuting the study of the Gipsy language; two words are here given for "river," namely, *doriōv* and *doyáv*; one being considered as a mere variant of the other, and referred to one and the same Turkish-Gipsy original. The fact is, however, that they respectively represent the Persian *dariyá*, a river or sea, and *djū i āb*, a stream of water. Again *forus*, a market town, is set down as a variant of *fairus*, the English word fair, whereas it is obviously the Hindi *pūr* or *pore*, which appears in so many well-known Indian geographical names.

The basis of the Gipsy language is doubtless some dialect of the *Hindi*, but it also contains a very large proportion of purely Persian words and idioms. This fact is very significant as showing the course taken by the original emigrants from India, who appear to have travelled through Persia, where many of their descendants still exercise the trade of saddle-makers, *Zingán* or *Zinkár*, which has given rise to the appellation by which gipsies are most commonly known throughout Europe. The vocabulary is full of Persian words; *e.g.* *chaho* and its variant *chukka*, a coat, are the Persian *chokha*, a kind of overcoat, the two forms arising from the different modes of pronouncing the Oriental guttural *kh*. Indeed, every fresh word exhibits more plainly this intimate connexion between Gipsy and Persian; for instance, *wonka*, when, a common word in the present work, is the Persian *ān gāh*, at that time, when, with the euphonic *w*, which almost invariably appears in such derivatives—*e.g.* Pers. *angusht*, a finger, Gipsy *wongust*. It is a singular fact that English Gipsy contains a large proportion of pure Indian root words which have not yet found their way into the continental or Turkish dialects.

The close relationship between the English and Oriental Gipsy dialects is exhibited in this work by a rendering into the former by an English gipsy of some sentences from Paspati's work on the Turkish Tchingianes. The writer of the present article has frequently found English Romany with a slight admixture of Arabic perfectly intelligible to the *Nawar* of Syria and Arabia. In an appendix to the vocabulary a number of words are cited from Borrow, Leland, Paspati, &c., which the authors have apparently not been able to verify, and have therefore not embodied in the main portion of the work. Some of these, such as *peshota* (? *pishota*), bellows, are surely well known enough; with others the writer is personally familiar, such as *shelno*, green (pronounced by the Mathews family *shall*); *pitaree*, basket; *lullero*, dumb (also *lalero*); *yul* or *yol*, they, &c. Again, we find *jōlta*, or, more correctly, *jōta*, spoken of as a signal cry, "the meaning of which is obsolete." Mr. Leland tells us that Mat. Cooper informed him that the word meant "together," and was well known to members of his tribe; it is, in fact, simply the vocative of the Hindi *jūth*, a band or company; and is connected with *jatna*, to unite. It would have been fairer to say that the meaning was unknown to Dr. Smart's informant. In word-building gipsies appear intuitively to follow the same principles which influence the formation of words in the languages of more civilized people. Thus we have *beshopen*, sessions, from *besh*, to sit; *gavengro*, a policeman, from *gav* = πόλις, a town.

Perhaps the greatest triumph of philology in the book is old Wester Boswell's translation of "His Holy Word" by *lesti heveski lavaw*—*heveski*, from *hev*, a hole. But not only in philology, but in ethnology, the Romany-chals are a far-seeing people; witness their name for Lancashire, *Peerodelin-tem*, foot-kicking country. The following are odd instances of the gipsy method of translating English words and objects. *Kil-pisham*, literally, butter-fly; *grooveni roozha*, cow-flower (cowslip); and *divousy roozha*, daily-flower (daisy). The assonance between certain English words has caused them to be confused in Romany, and in some cases a grim, though unintentional, joke is the result, as when we are told (p. 134) that they have only one word to express both "lawyer" and "liar."

By far the most interesting part of the work is the collection of "genuine Romany compositions" at the end. There is a wealth of the picturesque element in these, which comes out all the more remarkably from their very simplicity. The figure of Wester Boswell is one of the most characteristic of Romany life and thought which we ever remember to have come across, and Dr. Smart and his colleague have done well in refraining from touching up the old gipsy's sketches of himself with any descriptions of their own. These short pieces are also, what the authors assert them to be, the "deepest" English Romany extant. Old Wester's letters are almost unique, as it has not been the good fortune of any previous author, so far as we know, to fall in with so "deep" a Romany who could express himself in writing. The tales and translations are less interesting, and have not the same true Romany ring about them; still they are not without merit as showing that the language, rude and simple as it is, is capable of being adapted to the requirements even of poetry and oratory. There is, we must confess, a certain sly unctuousness in the religious pieces which is very characteristic of the gipsy when upon that, to him, most uncongenial of all subjects.

A very amusing contrast between the Romany and English ways of looking at the same thing is afforded by a newspaper account of the trial of a gipsy girl for a fraud, too commonly practised by the tribe, and the girl's own version of the affair (pp. 204–207). The case was dismissed with a solemn caution from the magistrate, which is thus related:—"And he said to the woman, 'What a big fool you were to lend your things to one like her. Don't you know that you were the fool? The gipsy girl was no fool. Get off with you. Don't let me see you here any more.' And he told the gipsy girl he could not punish her." The manner in which many of the gipsy customs are related is also very characteristic of the people. Unlike the English peasant, the Romany when asked about a particular practice does not give a dry categorical account, but at once conjures up the scene before him, and gives an impromptu dramatic representation of it. The following account of gipsy funeral ceremonies, short as it is, is infinitely more graphic than whole columns of a newspaper report could be:—

> Alas! alas! my friends. What shall I do? My poor old father is no more. What must I do with all he left behind? I will burn them all. Everything except these things of iron, and those I will cast into the deep.

When a person has been engaged for years in collecting notes of conversations such as those which form the basis of the present vocabulary, it is, no doubt, difficult to eliminate all the part that he himself may have taken in them. But this should be done very conscientiously, for, although the Englishman may speak Gipsy "like a native," yet we can hardly accept his utterances as authoritative illustrations of the language. In p. 47 we find as an example of syntax, *toogeno shom mé to dik tout akei*, "I am sorry to see thee here"; and on turning to p. 209 we find it to be an extract from a dialogue between a gipsy in prison and a visitor. The words in question can only have been uttered by one of the authors, for if the visitor, and consequently the interlocutor, had been merely a gipsy friend of the prisoner's, the authors would not have been present at the interview so as to

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record it, unless Lancashire gaol discipline is much more lax than elsewhere. And such an expression as *mi-duvelesko mauromengri*, God's murderers, as a rendering for Jews (p. 111), was never, we are sure, evolved out of a gipsy brain.

There is still a great deal to be done in the field of Romany investigation; but Dr. Smart and Mr. Crofton have certainly made a very valuable contribution to the study in the present work. Books on the Gipsy language have at present but a small circle of readers, and, the number of impressions being necessarily limited, they must quickly get out of print. But as the importance of the dialect begins to make itself felt they will become more valuable, and we recommend philologists not to lose the chance which is now afforded them by the somewhat phenomenal appearance, within a short time of each other, of two or three new works on the subject.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.*

THE pen of a ready writer is too often taken for an unmixed good. The phrase has become proverbial, and the thing passes for being desirable in itself. As often happens in such cases, a false impression is given, or at least kept up, by the currency of words apart from their original context. In this instance there is a qualifying context, not without significance, which men of letters would do well to bear more constantly in mind. That ancient poet who was eager to speak of the things he had made unto the King did not let loose the readiness of his tongue until he was clearly satisfied that his heart was inditing of a good matter. Mr. Alfred Austin is a ready writer, as appears by the number of his already published works, and on the present occasion he has indited a serious dramatic poem on the Tower of Babel, in five acts and about 4,700 lines. Probably Mr. Austin will find some readers who think this a good and profitable matter for an Englishman to indite in the present time, and we wish him joy of them. But, at the risk of being for ever excluded from the list of those "pure descendants of Afrael and Noema" to whom "this poem is familiarly inscribed," we must confess we are not of the number. The subject is not altogether new, and an author who treats it naturally invites comparison with his predecessors. The poem that most immediately occurs to us is one to which we are unable to give any reference, as we have forgotten in what particular Sunday book for children we found it; but we have no difficulty in quoting it at length. It ran thus, if we remember right:—

> O impious man, to tempt the Lord so high
> By building Babel's tower to reach the sky!

In point of brevity this excels Mr. Austin's performance in a ratio of more than two thousand to one, nor does it compare unfavourably with it in perspicuity. The sentiments are certainly not less just nor the moral less pointed, and we incline to think that the design is more sober, the language more becoming, and the indication (artfully introduced rather than a set description) of the catastrophe more dignified. We have also another and probably an older author in mind, but, as he supplements rather than competes with Mr. Austin, he will more fitly be mentioned at the end. Seriously, this is one of the things that move one to perfect and inexpressible amazement. Human actions may or may not be ultimately reducible to scientific explanation, but it will assuredly be at least a very long time before we ascertain what the conditions can be that determine a man who is neither mad nor inspired, but simply a practised writer with a very pretty facility for turning out passable verse, to sit down sadly and compose a dramatic poem in five acts about the Tower of Babel, which entirely depends for its interest on the loves of a spirit hero and a mortal heroine. This kind of machinery may in the hands of a Byron or a Shelley be the vehicle for sublimity; in less powerful ones it can seldom escape from being tedious, except when it becomes ridiculous. There may be those, but we do not think there will be many, who will find it majestic in Mr. Austin's poem, and if any find it ridiculous enough to give them much entertainment of another sort, they will be more fortunate than ourselves.

The principal characters are Aran, the chief builder of the Tower, Noema, his wife, whom he does not appreciate, and Afrael, a spirit (resident, it seems, in some planet near the sun), who does appreciate her. Afrael lights on the earth by accident in one of his wanderings, sees Noema, and falls in love with her. He takes her out for an excursion in space and talks popular astronomy and mild metaphysics; and on various occasions he expresses his love in rapturous lyrics of exceeding mediocrity. Meanwhile Aran's rash enterprise proceeds in spite of his wife's presentiments and warnings, which he scouts as a woman's idle dreams. In the fourth act the Tower is struck by lightning, and Aran perishes in the general ruin. In the last act the spirit-lover Afrael becomes mortal on his love being returned by Noema, which would be an agreeable conceit if it were original; and they determine to migrate to the shores of the Mediterranean, to live happy ever after, and to become the ancestors of the progressive and artistic races of mankind. Aran, we presume, is meant for a type of the ordinary grasping, short-sighted man of the world; Noema stands for the better susceptibilities and ideal aspirations of humanity; and Afrael for the elevating influences of artistic and emotional culture, more especially as the same are set forth by Mr. Alfred Austin. There is also Irad, the son of Aran and Noema, a boy some seven years old, of no marked character, with other subordinate persons of strongly typical characters. These are Peleg, the orthodox priest (as orthodoxy went in Shinar, however that may have been—a point which is not made very clear); Korah, a Rousseau born forty centuries before his time, who is described in the *Dramatis Personæ* as "an Enthusiast and Believer in Perfectibility"; Sidon, an indifferent philosopher; and Eber, an astrologer, sceptical in all things but his own assumed science. Perhaps it is not without an intention of political allegory that the Priest and the Enthusiast are shown in agreement only once—namely, when they join in stirring up a servile insurrection. All these personages are very handsomely killed off in the fall of the Tower at the end of the fourth act. The stage direction runs thus, in the intervals of a defiant speech addressed by Aran to things in general:—

> [*As he speaks, lightning strikes the summit of the Tower, and amidst the roar of thunder, the topmost storeys with their armed defenders are hurled headlong through the air, crushing, as they reach the ground, many of those collected at the base; amongst these,* PELEG *and* SIDON. *Some of the survivors fly from the ground. Others crowd fearfully round* ARAN.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> [*A fresh peal is heard, and several more storeys, injured by the previous shock, are toppled down;* EBER *among those who fall.*

The monologue is broken by a final protest from Korah, which, however, Aran has time to suppress before his own end:—

> KORAH.
>
> Leave him, friends!
> Hear how he raves! It was a madman's hand
> Piled up the Tower, a madman who defends.
> Away, and keep yourselves for better days!
> What's Heaven to you, who still have got the Earth?
> 'Ware lest ye lose them both!
>
> ARAN.
>
> How, insolent!
> Thou wouldst incite my legions to desert,
> And march towards the Future! March there thou!
>
> [*He pierces* KORAH *with his spear, who falls.*
>
> * * * * * *
>
> [*A thunder-crash is heard more violent than any gone before. The ground rocks and splits.* IRAD, *who has till now remained scared but silent by his father's side, utters a cry.* AFRAEL *swoops through the air towards him.*
>
> Ha! Here is one of them at last! Now, taste
> The savour of my spear, which those shall chew
> Who follow after thee!
>
> [*He strikes at* AFRAEL *with his spear, which catches a flash of lightning on its point, and* ARAN *falls, a blackened carcass.* AFRAEL *bears* IRAD *into the air. Seeing* ARAN *fall, those still at the base of the Tower fly in all directions, whilst those left above hurry down, and do the same. The storm begins to abate and die away.*

We are bound to say in common justice that the most thorough-going lover of melodrama cannot complain of Mr. Austin for not having made a sufficiently clean sweep of the stage. On the other hand, we think people may be reasonably disappointed at not finding so much as one scene or speech about the confusion of tongues. Mr. Austin seems anxious to take credit for orthodoxy, to judge by a curious "prefatory note" on the reverse page of the *Dramatis Personæ*. We are not aware of any serious objection to his assumption "that at the date ascribed to the building of the Tower of Babel the Semitic race . . . had not . . . as yet arrived at the doctrine of the immortality of the soul even as a speculative opinion." Nor do we think any reader would trouble himself on the point were it not for Mr. Austin's request that he will be good enough to bear it in mind. But if a writer on the Tower of Babel does choose to call attention to his orthodoxy, he should be prepared to justify his omission of what has always been considered to be the main point of the received history. Happily the omission can be supplied from the works of that excellent Scotchman, Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, who took a straightforward view of his subject, and duly set forth:—"Quhow God maid the dyversitie of languagis and maid impediment to the beildaris of Babilone"; as thus:—

> Sick languagis on thame he laid,
> That none wyste what ane uthir said:
> Quhare wes but ane language affore,
> God send thame languagis three score.
> Affore that time all spak Ebrew;
> Then sum began for to speik Grew,
> Sum Dutche, sum language Sarazyne,
> And sum began to speik Latyne.
> The Maister men gan to go wylde:
> Cryand for treis, thay brocht thame tylde:
> Sum said, Bryng mortar heir at onis,
> Than brocht thay to thame stokis and stonis.
> And Nembroth, thare gret campioun,
> Ran rageand lyke one wylde lyoun,
> Manassyng thame with wordis rude:
> But never one worde thay understude.
> Beholde quhow God wes so gratious
> To thame, quhilk wer so outragious:
> He nother braik thare leggis nor armis,
> Nor yit did thame none uther harmis,
> Except of toungis divysioun.

Or, if Sir David's Nimrod was too barbarous for Mr. Austin, he might have taken a hint from Dante's. To a poet who knows

* *The Tower of Babel: a Poetical Drama.* By Alfred Austin. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1874.

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all about the "unconditioned ether" of interplanetary space, and how a spirit feels when he stands on the edge of an extinct lunar volcano, it would be a trifling task to explain and develop those mystic words uttered by Nimrod in the *Inferno*, which, notwithstanding the well-meant endeavours of commentators and Orientalists, refuse to be construed into any known language. But there is another clause to the prefatory note. We are informed that "the author has not concerned himself to eschew what are commonly called anachronisms." Accordingly it appears in the first scene that in the twenty-third century B.C. Semitic children slept in cribs furnished with pillows. The development of the art of painting at that time is illustrated by Noema's likening the sky to a "dim canvas stippled o'er with red." And, best of all, she has taken prophetic counsel with Descartes and Professor Huxley, and calls her body a "weak out-worn automaton of clay." Even the stars dabble in modern philosophy. One of them sings to Afrael and Noema as they fly past in the course of the excursion already mentioned, "I am the Absolute Star." An Absolute Star can of course have nothing less than "unconditioned ether" to live in. We never heard of either before, and we hope never to hear of them again. For the rest, it is enough to say that Mr. Austin has an ample, if not always judicious, vocabulary, and a plentiful flow of rhetoric, which would doubtless be much to the purpose if the subject and design on which they are expended were either reasonable or beautiful. Some short pieces called Interludes are printed at the end of the volume. They are well enough as magazine verses, but seem hardly worth fixing in a book. There is little of good or bad to be remarked in them, except one intolerable false rhyme.

MANUALS OF CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.*

OF manuals some come alone and some by battalions. Mr. Smith's book belongs to the latter class, Mr. Fulton's to the former. Mr. Smith's is one of a series—yet again a series of Historical Handbooks—a series most of them by authors who are as yet unknown, but who have had the good luck to secure Mr. Jebb as one of their fellow-workers. Mr. Fulton stands all by himself, without any colleagues. In this case we greatly prefer the member of the battalion to the one who stands all by himself. In comparing the two books, it is wonderful to see how much the state of knowledge has been changed during a single year. Mr. Smith has, we think, made the best of his opportunities, as they stood in September 1873; Mr. Fulton has not made the best of his opportunities, as they stood in December 1874. The difference between the two points of time is that Professor Stubbs's *Constitutional History* had not appeared at the earlier date, and that it had appeared at the later date. Mr. Smith therefore, who seems to have worked up the very earliest history with praiseworthy care, breaks down somewhat when he comes to the times just after the Conquest, where Mr. Stubbs was specially needed to help him. Mr. Fulton, on the other hand, had the light before him, but he seems to have shut his eyes to it. He tells us in his preface in a kind of jaunty way that

> the field of Constitutional History is a *terra incognita* to the great mass of the public, and the reason is not far to find.
>
> A very general feeling exists that Hallam is a very hard book, and it must be confessed that it is not the lightest possible reading; but if Hallam is hard Professor Stubbs is ten thousand times harder, and without a general acquaintance with the subject it is difficult to follow either author.

We think we can understand Mr. Fulton's feeling. If by "hard" he means that the books he speaks of need some exercise of thought to master them, the charge is quite true; neither Hallam nor Stubbs can be read as one reads a novel; and we can further understand that for a mere lawyer, brought up in a mere lawyer's way of looking at early history, they may appear specially hard. Mr. Stubbs is not a lawyer at all; Mr. Hallam was a lawyer who had in a wonderful way set himself free from a lawyer's prejudices. The later part of his History is as valuable now as it ever was. The earlier is now antiquated, but it is not the less a memorable witness to its author's love of truth and boldness of thought. As the works of both authors are written from the point of view of fact and not of theory, they naturally contain many things which to a mere lawyer are strange and novel, and which to him seem hard to be understood. And Mr. Stubbs, because he writes with so much additional light, will for that very reason seem darker than Mr. Hallam. The case of the mere lawyer is very like that of the ordinary teacher; through the whole early history he has been elaborately taught wrong; he is therefore in a much worse case than a man who has not been taught at all. Before he can learn anything, he must unlearn everything, and this double process of unlearning and learning is naturally much harder than the simple process of learning. We do not say that the works of either of the great writers of whom Mr. Fulton speaks are easy. If, as it would seem, he looks for a Constitutional History which shall be "the lightest possible reading," we certainly cannot guide him to one; but we believe that correct and scientific views of early English history and early English law are found, if not by the "great mass of the public," yet by a large part of it, by all who have not as yet been taught wrong, to be not nearly so hard as they seem to Mr. Fulton. As for Mr. Fulton himself, he is still in the state in which one book and one statement of facts seem much the same as another. He is much given to the grievous fashion of working long extracts from other books into his own text, in a way which suggests the uncharitable notion that they are put there chiefly to show that Mr. Fulton has read the books. The extracts are from all kinds of books, and from books of every variety of value. Sometimes we get down as low as "Hume remarks." Allen is brought in to be patted on the back; it is something to know that, in Mr. Fulton's opinion, the nature of folkland and bookland has been "perspicuously illustrated by him." Mr. Fulton does know that the Witan elected the King, though the word Witenagemôt is too hard for him to spell. But the discovery of this truth is made the occasion for an extract from Hallam in refutation of Carte. How far Mr. Fulton is fit to deal with legal history may be seen from the following sentence:—

> The institution of trial by jury has been attributed to Alfred the Great; and though there is no evidence of a reliable character in support of this view, it is clearly traceable to Saxon times.

One is ashamed of having to explain for the ten thousandth time that the germs of trial by jury are as old as the Teutonic race, or rather as the Aryan family; but that the thing itself is not to be found till ages after the time of Alfred. Yet here we have a learned gentleman from the Middle Temple who in December 1874 gives to the world such childish talk as this. It is to no purpose that Mr. Fulton goes on to talk about compurgators and recognitors, and so to trace out the history of the institution down to our own times. The summary from which he starts is not the less muddle-headed, and compurgation is only one out of several forms of the general principle out of which in the end trial by jury grew. Mr. Fulton's account is after all confused and imperfect. If he was in search after a Constitutional History which should be "the lightest possible reading," it would have been better to stick to the old legend of Alfred itself, which is at least part of a pretty story.

Mr. Smith, writing a year before Mr. Fulton, had mastered the fact that Englishmen are Englishmen. Mr. Fulton has not gone beyond the old vague kind of talk about Saxons, and he gives the following curious recipe for making an Englishman, for which Blackstone is not quoted, but which sounds to us as an echo of some of the weakest parts of the *Commentaries*:—

> Not a little of our national character is due to the fact of our being an essentially *composite* nation, and four elements have combined to make up the great whole. First, the Roman and Celtic element, but this only in a small degree; secondly, the Saxon element, which largely predominates; thirdly, the Danish element, like the Roman and Celtic, to a very small extent; and, lastly, the Norman, which, together with the Saxon, practically makes up the English nation.

Then we are told, with a noble contempt of physical geography, of "the defeat of Harold on the *plains* of Hastings"; and with a contempt of chronology no less noble we are told that "never was there a conquest more rapid and complete than that effected by William the Norman in 1066." Mr. Fulton is clearly in a state in which the reading even of Mr. Kingsley's *Hereward* would do him good. Then comes an extract from Hallam, containing a picture which was not wonderful in days when men believed in the false Ingulf, but which seems strangely out of date in 1875. We next get some of the usual talk about the feudal system, and then we are told that "the reign of the Second William is in no way remarkable constitutionally, nor indeed in any other respect save for that strange outburst of religious fanaticism which culminated in the first crusade." Mr. Fulton's notions of general history seem a little odd, but if he had girded himself up for the hard task of mastering Professor Stubbs, he might have found out that this in no way remarkable reign was exactly the time when the whole theory of the feudal incidents was worked into shape by the wicked ingenuity of Randolf Flambard. As a specimen of the deep research of Mr. Fulton, we read in p. 30:—"Reeves tells us that Vacarius, an Italian lawyer, came to England towards the end of Stephen's reign, and began to read lectures at Oxford on the Canon and Civil law." Scholars would be likely to go for that fact, not to Reeves, but to Gervase, Robert de Monte, or John of Salisbury.

In the later times, of course, when the professional lore of the lawyer, if a man has it, is no longer a hindrance, but a help, Mr. Fulton is not quite so much at sea as he is in the earlier stages of our history. But there are some strange things here too. We cannot find that Mr. Fulton anywhere brings out the importance of the great constitutional landmarks of our history; the depositions of Edward the Second and Richard the Second; the settlement of the Crown under Henry the Sixth; the Convention Parliament which recalled Charles the Second, and the Convention Parliament which elected William and Mary. Those of them which are mentioned at all are slurred over without any feeling of their importance. This is perhaps not wonderful, for all these events are like detached pieces of our ancient history going on in later times. They are therefore puzzling to a modern lawyer, though all, save one, would have seemed quite regular and natural to a man of the eleventh century. When Mr. Fulton reaches 1689, he makes a long puzzle-headed quotation from Blackstone, who fancied that the Crown had never been vacant before the deposition of James the Second; and he himself adds, what he certainly did not find in Blackstone, that the Bill of Rights "declares Ecclesiastical Courts illegal." What Mr. Fulton means is of course the clause aimed at James the Second's Ecclesiastical Commission—"That the Commission for

* *History of the English Institutions.* By Philip Vernon Smith, M.A. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1873.

A Manual of Constitutional History, founded on the Works of Hallam, Creasy, May, and Broom; containing the Fundamental Principles and the Leading Cases in Constitutional Law. By Forrest Fulton, LL.B., B.A. London: Butterworths. 1875.

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erecting the late Court of Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes, and all other Commissions and Courts of like nature, are illegal and pernicious." But that is quite another thing from saying that all Ecclesiastical Courts are illegal. If Mr. Fulton, in the exercise of his profession, should ever be called on to appear in any suit before the Dean of Arches, he ought, to be consistent, to refuse the illegal invitation. Altogether Mr. Fulton is not very lucky, either in his beginning or his ending. When he leaves the earliest parts of English history for the latest he may be said, to adopt a metaphor and a spelling of his own, involving, to be sure, a slight confusion between the Homeric monster and the perpetual Dictator, "only to escape the rock of *Sylla* to fall into the whirlpool of Charybdis."

It is a wonderful relief to go back from Mr. Fulton to Mr. Smith. Mr. Fulton doubtless thinks that he has solved the problem of producing a Constitutional History which shall be the "lightest possible reading," and in one sense he has succeeded. Mr. Smith is less jaunty than Mr. Fulton. His book is not in the same way crowded with quotations from other people, but it is far more solid. We have sometimes had a little difficulty in following Mr. Smith's arrangement, but both the earlier and later parts are done with great care. In the one period where he trips a little he is doubtless now quite ready to correct himself by the light which has appeared since he wrote. Mr. Smith has not allowed himself to be carried away by the prejudices of his profession. He gives us English constitutional history as it really was, not as, according to lawyers' theories, it ought to have been. His chapter on the "King" is a wonderful and honourable contrast to Mr. *Fulton's* slipshod way of writing. But we certainly wonder that he does not at once cast away the grotesque notion, though it is as old as Sir Thomas Smith, that the word "King" has something to do with "canning" or "cunning." The only place where we have noticed the least falling aside into the mere lawyer's notion is when he speaks of the two Convention Parliaments, and adds, what in a certain sense is perfectly true:—

> In the case of the conventions of Lords and Commons, which met at the Restoration and Revolution, some of the strict parliamentary forms were wanting. For the peers had never received the royal summons, and the whole body had met without royal authority. It was therefore deemed necessary on both occasions that the assembly should pass an Act, declaring itself to be a Parliament (12 Cha. 2, c. 1; 1 Will. & Mar., c. 1). This, of course, could not, from a strictly legal point of view, remedy the defect; nor on the later occasion was the blot entirely removed by the fact that the succeeding Parliament, convened by the authority of the sovereigns who owed their title to the Convention of 1688, solemnly ratified the Acts which the latter had passed (2 Will. & Mar., c. 1).

The real point of all this is that these two Parliaments were a little afraid of themselves. It is certainly true that a body which was not a Parliament could not make itself a Parliament by declaring itself so. Just as the Convention, in the act of deposing James, shrank from saying that it deposed him, so it shrank from saying that an assembly of the Lords and Commons of England was a perfectly good Parliament, whether any King had summoned it or not. A more thorough knowledge of our earliest history would have taken away any such scruples. They declared in act that Parliament does not derive its being from the King, but that the King derives his being from Parliament; but they feared to put their own act into words which, if they had known how strictly they were following the wisdom of their forefathers, they would not have feared. We need not say that Mr. Smith does not fancy, like Mr. Fulton, that Ecclesiastical Courts were declared illegal by the last Convention Parliament.

TOURGUÈNEFF'S RECENT WORKS.*

WE cordially welcome the appearance at New York of a long series of translations from Tourguèneff's works. By all who anxiously watch the feeble health of American literature it may be accepted as a favourable symptom, pointing towards a return of healthy appetite, an accession of firmer tone. A nation which can appreciate and enjoy the consummate skill, the genuine feeling, displayed in such masterpieces as *Fathers and Sons*, *Smoke*, *Liza*, and the rest of Tourguèneff's stories published by Messrs. Holt and Williams in their "Leisure Hour Series," cannot long endure the sickly sentiment and the false art which seem of late years to have commanded a high price in the American literary markets.

The three novels which we have named are well known in this country, as also are, though in a minor degree, two of the other tales included in the New York Series, *On the Eve*, and *Dimitri Roudine*. It is to be hoped, however, that at least some of them are known to English readers by means of their French or German versions, for but scant justice has been done to most of them by their English renderings. Few writers have suffered so cruelly at the hands of their translators as Mr. Tourguèneff, few men of genius have had such ample reason for exclaiming "*Traduttori—traditori!*" We are glad to see that the parody on *Smoke* which was published here some time ago has not been re-published in the States; but the London version of *On the Eve* has reappeared in New York—revised, it is true, so far as its language is concerned, but not purged of its innumerable offences against the author of the Russian original. Let us quote as an example one of its sins, worthy to rank among the great crimes of which translators have shown themselves capable. In a scene described with the delicacy and grace by which his writings are invariably characterized, Mr. Tourguèneff has shown us the first blossoming of love within a young girl's heart. After a sleepless night, when the first rays of the sunlight pour into her room, she suddenly exclaims, "Oh, if he only loves me!" and then, in the very face of day, she opens her arms with a gesture of embrace. The words in which the movement is described are, it is true, hard to translate in a satisfactory manner. The German version, however, gives their exact meaning:—"Und ohne Scheu vor dem sich über sie ergiessenden Lichte breitete sie ihre Arme aus." But the English translator, confusing, in all probability, the Russian word for embrace, *obyatie*, with that for clothing, *odéyanie*, describes the maiden's gesture as follows:—"Unabashed by the light that shone in upon her, she threw off the clothes." Such a translation as this would almost justify an action for libel.

The most recent volume of the New York Series contains two tales which are probably less known to English readers than those already mentioned. The one, *A Lear of the Steppe*, narrates the sorrows of a Russian father who loved his daughters well but not wisely, and was abandoned by them after he had divided his substance among them. So far, the story is neither original nor unusual, but exactly the opposite must be said of the manner in which it is worked out. So novel to English readers is the kind of life with which it deals, that its various episodes form a series of surprises. From the first chapter to the last we see before us actors and scenery different from anything to which the West of Europe is accustomed. But the other tale, *Spring Floods*, deals entirely with well-known scenes, while neither its heroine, nor the persons with whom she is most closely connected, are of an unfamiliar nationality. The hero, it is true, is a Russian, and his conduct is marked by truly Slavonic impetuosity, indecision, and fickleness. And the irresistibly attractive married woman by whom he is carried away from his charming young Italian betrothed is Russian, though not of a common Russian type. So bad is she, unfortunately, that her existence goes far towards destroying the favourable impression left on the mind by the earlier chapters of the tale, in which is described, with all the author's magic power, the pleasant little back parlour in Frankfort in which the hero passes so many enchanted hours with Gemma—that "young impulsive girl, so good, sensible, pure, and ineffably beautiful, with her dark, deep, shadowy, and yet luminous eyes"—with her kindly mother, Frau Lenore, her sensitive brother Emile, their servant friend the ex-singer Pantaleone, the dog Tartaglia, and an anonymous cat. Of dogs, it may be observed, more individual portraits occur in Tourguèneff's works than in those of almost any other novelist. In two of his stories indeed, *Moomoo* and *Sobaka*, it may be said that a dog is, if not the central figure, at all events the pivot on which the whole machinery of the plot revolves.

We now turn to the second of the volumes before us, a Russian one, comprising two stories and the record of an occurrence which took place at Paris during the Revolution of 1848. Of these stories, as they have not yet been rendered familiar by translations, some brief account may prove acceptable. Both of them contain careful studies of character, portraits evidently drawn from the life. But in each the hand of a great artist is easily to be traced, more especially in the second. The hero of the first belongs to a class not often represented in romance. Paramon Semenovich Baburin (the nomenclature of the story is most exasperating) is a *méshchanin* or Russian *bourgeois*, who first appears on the scene as an assistant in the steward's office of an imperious country gentlewoman. That he is poor is not wonderful, but what is remarkable is that, in spite of his poverty, he manages to support, or at least to shelter, a feeble-minded, but trusty and affectionate follower, Nicander Vavilych Punin. Strange also is it that he objects on principle to the administration of corporal punishment to the peasants, and that in dealing with all men, even with his employer's family, he displays such self-respect and dignity as were in old days unusual among his fellows. Before long he ventures to step between the despotic proprietress and one of her serfs, a young man in feeble health on whom she has passed a sentence of banishment because he did not work energetically enough to please her. She listens to his expostulation, and then gives him his dismissal. Seven years pass by, and we find him working as a clerk in Moscow, still supporting his devoted Punin, and as addicted as ever to ideas of independence and rectitude. With the two inseparable companions lives also a young girl, rejoicing in the name of Musa, whom Baburin, having saved her from starvation when an outcast orphan, has brought up and educated. She develops into a blooming and attractive maiden, and Baburin proposes to make her his wife. But she, though full of gratitude and respect, shudders at the idea of loving her stern guardian. Temptation falls in her way, and she flies from his house. Again years pass by, and then we see Baburin conducting to the grave the remains of his friend Punin. But he is not left alone, for Musa is now his devoted wife. Long did he seek her sorrowing; at last he found her again deserted, in a position still more desperate than that from which he saved her when a child. And a second time he saved her, and from that moment she became attached to him by ties which never loosened their hold. Sharing all his hopes and beliefs, she takes part with him in the dangerous alliance into which he enters with the young and ardent sighers after reform in 1849. He is sent to Siberia, and she accompanies him thither, lives with him there

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* *Ivan Turgénieff's Spring Floods.* Translated from the Russian by Mrs. Sophie Michell Butts. *A Lear of the Steppe.* Translated from the French by William Hand Browne. New York: Holt & Co. 1874.

Tri Novuiya Povésti J. Turgeneva. [Three new Tales by Tourguèneff, in Russian.] Berlin: B. Behr. 1874.

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during his term of exile, and remains there with him when he elects to stay as a free man in his Siberian home. At length arrives the 19th of February [O.S.], 1861. The happy news of the Emancipation reaches Baburin in his distant abode, and that stoical republican for the first time gives way to a burst of feeling. His voice wavers, tears stream from his eyes, and at last he exclaims, "Hurrah! O God, preserve the Tsar!" Then, summoning his friends to hear the joyful news, he gazes wistfully on the ground, and calls to his faithful companion of former days, "Nicander, hearest thou? No longer are there slaves in Russia. Even in thy grave do thou rejoice, old comrade!" A few days later he dies from the effects of a chill contracted while hastening bareheaded to spread the glad tidings of the Emancipation.

The second of the stories was intended, at the time when it was written, to form part of the *Notes of a Sportsman*, which gained for Mr. Tourguèneff, rather more than a quarter of a century ago, a great literary reputation, and the grave displeasure of the police. Since that time it has remained in his portfolio; but this year it was extracted, and printed in an album published for the benefit of the famine-stricken peasantry of Eastern Russia. It is a very simple story of suffering and of resignation; but it is told with such true feeling, and at the same time with such dramatic skill, that it leaves a most vivid impression upon the minds of its readers. The narrator describes how, in one of his expeditions in search of game, he spent the night in a small and secluded country house belonging to his mother, and wandered out next morning into its neglected garden. There, in a little wattled hut intended for the shelter of beehives in winter, he finds an invalid stretched upon a primitive kind of couch. In her, to his surprise, he recognizes a certain Loukeria, formerly one of his mother's maids, the handsomest, brightest, and merriest of all the household train. She tells him how, some years before, she met with an accident which rendered her a cripple for life, deprived of all power of moving from her couch. What rendered the blow still more severe was that it came upon her just when she was about to be married, and her betrothed, though very sorry for her, naturally married some one else. In spite of all her troubles, however, she never murmurs or complains, bearing her lot with resignation, almost with cheerfulness, and fully deserving the high character which she bears among the neighbouring peasants, who have given her the name of the "Living Relics." So far the story belongs to a class with which we have long been rendered familiar by the literature of tracts, but the details are all novel, and the style in which the simple tale is told is that of a consummate artist.

By way of a specimen we may quote a part of the account given by Loukeria of the visions which sometimes transport her from the dull reality of her everyday life into a region in which she is no longer a bedridden cripple. Many a solace, she says, she finds during her waking hours. To all sights and sounds she is alive. Although she cannot move she can look and listen. "The bees hum about the hives, a pigeon lights upon the roof and cooes, a hen comes with her chickens to pick up the crumbs, sometimes a sparrow flies in, or a butterfly." One spring a pair of swallows made their nest in a corner of the hut and reared a brood, and once a hare ran in and sat by her couch, staring at her composedly, and "twitching its nose and moustaches, just like an officer." In the winter the dark hours are very long, but even then "there is always something to listen to. A cricket chirps, or a mouse begins to gnaw, and so one gets on well enough." Besides she is not always left alone. "The village girls come in at times and gossip; pilgrim women turn in on their wanderings, and tell stories about Jerusalem, and Kief, and the Holy Cities." Solitude, however, is not irksome to her, for at times, she says, when she lies in the hut all alone, feeling exactly as if she were the only being left alive in the whole world, it seems to her as if a shadow fell upon her from on high, and she becomes rapt in meditation. Its nature she cannot explain, for when it has passed away she has but a vague recollection of it, only she says to herself, "If there had been any one here nothing of the sort would have happened, and I should have been conscious of nothing—except my infirmity." But it is in dreamland that she finds her chief solace. Sleep often keeps aloof from her, but when it comes it sometimes brings with it visions, which she almost believes to be revelations from on high, though the priest tells her that revelations are vouchsafed only to "ecclesiastical personages." In one of these dreams, for instance, she seems to be standing in a cornfield, surrounded on every side by tall, ripe rye, gleaming like so much gold; and by her side is a dog of a ruddy colour, which is always snapping at her. She is awaiting the approach of Vassily her betrothed, and meantime she begins to make herself a wreath of the cornflowers which grow around in clusters. "Presently along the surface of the corn there came swiftly floating, not Vassily, but Christ himself! And how I knew that it was Christ I cannot tell. He was not as we see him in church pictures, but still it was he. Tall, youthful, beardless, clad all in white, with a girdle of gold. And he stretched out his hand to me and said, 'Be not afraid, my chosen spouse, but follow me.' And I, how closely did I cling to his hand! The dog was following at my heels, but just then we rose in the air. He was in front, his wings, long wings like those of a seagull, spreading over all the heavens, and I floated after him. And so the dog had to stay behind. Then for the first time I understood that the dog was my ailment, and that in the heavenly kingdom there was now no place for it."

Perhaps the most striking of her visions is this:—She seems to be sitting by the roadside, under a willow-tree, dressed in a pilgrim's garb. "Before me pilgrims kept constantly pressing. Slowly did they move, as though unwillingly, and all in one direction; the faces of all of them were sad, and they all closely resembled one another. And I saw that among them there kept darting to and fro a female form, a whole head taller than the rest, and her dress was strange, unlike ours, not a Russian dress. And her face also was strange, a meagre face and stern. And from her all the others seemed to keep aloof, but suddenly she turned round and came straight to me. Then she stopped and looked at me. Her eyes were like those of a hawk—yellow, large, and exceedingly clear. I asked her, 'Who art thou?' and she replied, 'I am thy death.' I might well have been frightened, but instead of that a great joy came over me, and I made the sign of the cross. And to me she said, that death of mine, 'I pity thee, Loukeria, but I cannot take thee with me. Farewell!' Ah, me! how sad did I become! 'Take me away,' I cried, 'take me with you, mother dear!' Then my death turned back to me, and began to speak. I knew that she was telling me of my appointed hour, but obscurely, in words hard to understand. 'After St. Peter's Fast,' she said. And then I awoke." A few weeks later St. Peter's Fast arrives, and Loukeria passes away. A sound as though of church bells, she said, rang in her ears all through the day preceding her death. It seemed to come from "above," she explained, not venturing, observes the narrator, to say it came "from heaven."

OLYMPIA.*

THE leading idea of Mr. Francillon's book has one great merit—that of novelty. That it should have some touch of extravagance and unlikelihood ought not perhaps to be set against this merit. There is no difficulty so great as that of being at the same time original and perfectly natural. The author has sometimes come near to making his readers believe in what is a singularly improbable set of circumstances, but he has not come near enough to this result. One is tempted to think that this is not altogether his own fault. *Olympia*, like many other novels, suffers much from being in three volumes. The senseless custom against which protests are continually made in vain, which lays every fiction upon a bed of Procrustes and clips or stretches it to a regulation length, has done more harm than one would expect from a mere stupid habit. It is unfortunate that the English, who copy many foolish fashions from the French, have not thought fit to adopt the very sensible one followed by French writers and publishers. Could Mr. Francillon's ideas have been compressed into one such volume as Gustave Droz's *Autour d'une Source*, instead of being extended into three such as he has given us, the merit of his work must have been much enhanced. As it is, the early part of his production gives a promise which is belied by what follows.

We have instanced Gustave Droz's book, because in *Olympia*, as in that finished and artistic fiction, the interest centres in the development of one or two peculiar characters. The English book is indeed filled with a crowd of minor personages, but these could for the most part have been advantageously omitted. The novel opens with the discharge from gaol at Melmouth of an elderly convict, whose manners, thoughts, and language are so inconsistent with his position that the reader immediately conceives him to be "no *convict*, but a Knight-Templar in disguise." In his journey from Melmouth to Gressford St. Mary he makes an attempt to obtain first labour and then food, and on both occasions is unsuccessful. On both occasions, moreover, he begs to know who is the landlord of the people who scornfully refuse him what he asks. Oddly enough, instead of railing at his impertinence and sending him away unanswered, the farmer who denies him work and the baker's wife who refuses him the alms of a roll both reply that their landlord is the Earl of Wendale. Mr. Francillon, who has elsewhere shown that he can depict the manners and customs of such people accurately enough, might well have spared this sacrifice of probability to a trick which throws a light upon the secret of the convict's life somewhat too soon. The repetition of the question and answer reminds one of the servant in Scribe's vaudeville who continually announces that he will get drunk on the day of his young mistress's wedding. After this intention has been expressed once or twice the spectator begins to see that it must have some influence on the plot. So the convict's question strikes one as being very much out of place the first time that he asks it; the second time one is led to believe that there must be some very special reason for its being repeated. It is not difficult to conjecture what that reason is likely to be. Having failed to obtain the alms which he asks for, the man finally receives an unasked gift from a fairy-like child whom he encounters in the village in company with a dancing bear and a vagabond Frenchman. This he spends at the village inn, where, discovering that the signboard is much out of repair, he offers to paint a new one for a moderate reward. He acquits himself of his task well and quickly, but while he is engaged in it a passer-by seeing him recognizes him as a gaol-bird, and warns the landlord against him. Accordingly, when he demands his due, not only is payment refused, but he is on the point of being roughly handled by the villagers, when the young Lord Wendale rides up opportunely and interposes. He looks at the convict's picture, recognizes in it the hand of a master, listens to his statement, is

* *Olympia: a Romance.* By R. E. Francillon. 3 vols. London: Grant & Co. 1874.

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charmed by the quaint humour of his talk and the good breeding of his manner, and finally gives him a sovereign, and an order to visit him at Beckfield Park the next day. In his way to Beckfield that evening he finds the little girl who gave him charity in the morning asleep by the roadside, resting her head on Oscar the bear. He drops the sovereign into her hand, and passes on. The author has made a curious slip in connexion with this incident. Years later, at a critical moment in the life of the convict, who has become a celebrated painter under the assumed name of Forsyth, this very girl recognizes him, and rushes at him with an exclamation of "Mon dieu! c'est lui; it is he to whom I gave some pennies, and who gave me gold!" As she was asleep when the gift of the gold took place, and the reader does not learn that any one besides Oscar was present on the occasion, he is forced to conclude that she was informed of the circumstance when she woke by the bear. In this, the first chapter of *Olympia*, there is a good deal of humour, and of clever perception and description. Considerable interest is excited by the strange convict, whom the reader is likely to set down as wrongly convicted. This interest the author does his very best to destroy by taking no kind of notice of this character until several chapters have elapsed. These are occupied by the history, needlessly detailed, of the Westwood family, who inhabit a house known as "The Laurels" at Gressford St. Mary. The indolent, good-natured Captain Westwood is not an ill-drawn character, but it is difficult to believe that he would have married so vulgar and ill-tempered a woman as his wife, in spite of the plausible explanation given by the author. "He married her and her twelve hundred a year just as he had mounted Mr. Corbet's *high stool*—there was she and there was he." Before the Westwoods settled at Gressford St. Mary there had come to them a waif and stray of humanity in the person of Olympia, whom the Captain announces to be the orphan daughter of his scapegrace brother Charley. It is evident, however, from the first that there is some mystery connected with her, as well as with the felon in the first chapter. There is a good deal of fun in the child's first conversation with the exceptionally proper Mrs. Westwood, who is, as indeed less proper people might be, entirely bewildered by a child of six who in a strong brogue gives an artless account of the things which she has seen in her past life, among which are counted free fights with revolvers and battles with Indians in America. "And I've seed a man lynched—Aunt Carh'line—will you?" she asks, and goes on to state how she had "a par'ht o' her own wonst what could say 'Damn' and 'Kiss Polly,'" and use yet worse language.

Olympia's conversation is modified by education as she grows up in the prim atmosphere of "The Laurels"; but her nature remains untamed, and the first reappearance of the former convict, now Forsyth the painter, patronized by Lord Wendale and admired by all men of taste, is made just in time to save her from the consequences of a scrape into which she has got by losing her little cousin Gerald in the woods. Although the landlord of the village inn for whom Forsyth originally painted a new sign had passed away before this time, yet it seems a little strange that no tradition of the painter's history should remain in the village, that in spite of his intimate connexion with Lord Wendale he should only be known as "that Lon'on chap," and that the very farmer who recognized him before as a discharged convict should fail to do so again. In the talk of the farmers who are assembled round the fire before Forsyth's appearance among them there are some happy touches:—

> "Talkin' o' hay," said a voice from the smoke across the room, "talkin' o' hay, one man's meat be another man's pis'n. Strikes I, there be some'at in this here come-down. 'Twarn't for nowt as 'twere as fine as a needle till Mr. Fletcher's burying. 'Taint likely as a old chap 'ld go off as lived in Gressford nigh on four score year, and no notice took extra."

After this the story goes back several years, and narrates the adventures in America of a certain Lord Calmont, who but for his sudden disappearance and supposed death would have become in due time Earl of Wendale and reigned at Gressford St. Mary. As this young man took the name of Francis, and as Francis is the name borne by Forsyth the painter when he was a felon, it is easy to conclude that the lost Earl of Wendale has been found again in the person of the mysterious convict. There is some ingenuity in the notion of a man being imprisoned for forgery when, in fact, he had in a moment of forgetfulness signed his own name. The situation of an uncle living on the patronage of a nephew who is in the possession of the estates and titles which rightly belong to the uncle is also novel. But the improbability of the circumstances is not sufficiently concealed. Lord Calmont is represented as having led a wandering, reckless life, embittered by the perfidy of the woman whom he had loved while he was in America. When he returned to England he found himself accounted dead, and, for no other reason than a wish not to disturb the happiness of a brother whom he had not seen for years, resolved to conceal his identity. Such a life as he had led seems the very worst training for such an action as this. Such a man as the young Lord Calmont had been can hardly be imagined as developing into such a man as Francis the supposed forger, or Forsyth the painter. This inconsistency of character is not concealed by the author. We are told that he passed much of his heavy-laden time after his return in gambling; for, as the author quaintly observes, "even the most heartbroken must pass the time. The pieces of a broken heart have always been admirably fit to make dice of, when they are fit for nothing else in the world." It was to pay a gambling debt that the Earl of Wendale was foolish enough in a drunken moment to sign his old name of Calmont, then borne by his nephew, to a cheque. One would have supposed that a chance acquaintance of the gambling-table would have thought twice before accepting a cheque in payment of a debt. That the person to whom the cheque was given was no more than a chance acquaintance is evident from the fact that the signature did not appear to him inconsistent with the character of the man who gave it. Mr. Francillon avoids the encounter of such difficulties as these by the simple means of silence. The situation is no doubt a tiresome one. The effect desired is that a man carefully concealing his identity should be convicted of forgery for signing a name which once belonged to him. The author has gone straight to this effect without sufficiently considering the means by which it should be produced. It is not a bad plan to leave something to the reader's imagination in a fiction. It is a very bad plan to make him do the most tiresome part of the author's work. The inconsistency of Forsyth's character of which we have spoken is brought out strongly in the account of the reasons for which he preferred being condemned as a convict to asserting his identity as Lord Wendale:—

> He was still gentleman enough not to betray his trust, though self-imposed, to save his own paltry reputation. It mattered nothing what became of a man with no friends. But to come forward and say "I am Lord Wendale, who proclaim that I have been leading the life of a blackguard, and who now destroy the moral rights of others acknowledged by myself for years in order to save myself from getting my deserts"—the thing was not to be done.

In the first place, however, the fact that he had been leading the life of a blackguard would militate strongly against his making so extraordinary a sacrifice as he did. In the second place, conviction as a forger can hardly be termed the "deserts" of time wasted in gambling.

As time goes on Forsyth's position becomes more and more difficult. Complications of all kinds arise in Gressford St. Mary. He recognizes Olympia as the daughter of the faithless Olympia whom he had loved years ago in America; and by slow degrees grows to love her as he had formerly loved her mother—an incident about which there is something singularly unpleasant. Lord Wendale also falls in love with her, much to Mrs. Westwood's disgust, proposes to her, and is refused. Her cousin Gerald has returned from service in the navy, and, finding her flouted and ill-treated by the whole Westwood family, has proposed to her in a moment of impetuosity and been accepted. This should surely have been the signal for Captain Westwood's revelation that Olympia is his own daughter. Wanting the courage to make this revelation, he resolves to send her away. Gerald however cuts the knot by going away himself, and starting off to London to make his fortune. After his departure, Mrs. Westwood discovers that Olympia is an heiress, and is as anxious for a match between her and Gerald as she was previously opposed to it. Gerald is therefore recalled, but has meanwhile fallen in love with some one else in London, never having really loved Olympia at all. From this point the story becomes even more rambling and improbable than it was before. Olympia, mistaking the motives of Gerald's return, makes a sudden flight to London disguised as a young man, in company with an old protector of her childhood in America, who opportunely proposes to take her away from "The Laurels." She finds a lodging in the same house with the girl whom Gerald loves, the same girl who appeared in company with a bear in the early part of the novel. Having studied painting for no very long time under Forsyth at Gressford St. Mary, she takes it up as a profession in London, and paints the most successful picture of the year. Meanwhile the secret of Forsyth's identity is gradually leaking out. In dealing with this the author has managed to spoil another of his characters, in a more patent way than he has spoiled that of Forsyth himself. It is quite incredible that such a man as Lord Wendale, who is, until the third volume, represented as a gentleman, with no worse faults than those of indolence and vanity, should become suddenly most base, and resort to the meanest possible devices in order to keep his title and his estates. Nor is it to be believed that he would behave as he is said to have done in his duel with Gerald Westwood. In one passage of *Olympia* the author speaks of "the Fates, to whom even the most stubborn storyteller must bow when once his children have taken to act and think for themselves, and to move independently of his wish and will." It is sad to think of the responsibilities which, if this is so, the Fates daily incur. One cannot but regret that the author of *Olympia* has allowed his children to act and think for themselves in such an improbable manner. The duel between the Earl of Wendale and Gerald Westwood is not the least absurd among many absurd incidents which disfigure the latter part of the book. It serves as an occasion, however, for a clever remark from the author:—"The fashion (of duelling) was even then dying out, and was yielding to a public opinion which holds that human life is so inestimably sacred as to be privileged from all but the most scientific and wholesale destruction." Mr. Francillon displays on many occasions a talent for the happy expression of ideas. His style is for the most part good; and there are many merits to be discovered in his descriptions and characters. In order to discover them, however, it is necessary to follow him in a ramble through a good deal of rubbish.

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SEGUIN ON LACE.*

IT is amusing to remark what a number of different things exist about which children will make the same inquiry, "Are they real?" When you answer the oft-repeated question to the best of your ability, they proceed to cross-examination as to how you arrived at your conclusion. It is sometimes not a little difficult to explain the process. A child sees no difference between a gold locket and a gilt one, a necklace of Roman pearls and one worth a thousand pounds, an old Worcester willow-pattern plate and one made by Minton last week. Had some of the Nottingham lace at the International Exhibition been labelled "Malines" or "Valenciennes," an uneducated eye would not have perceived the mistake. A larger and more admiring crowd was always assembled before the case of Messrs. Howell and James, with its modern Alençon, than before the carefully arranged collections of ancient work exhibited by Mrs. Hailstone, although some of her specimens were unique. In lace, as in so many other works of art, the quality which entitles it to the designation "real" is human intelligence working through human fingers. The slight irregularities inseparable from handwork are happily necessary to its beauty, and the more ingenuity and invention displayed in varying the pattern, so much the more ought the work to be valued. The French can get wools as fine and dye them as delicately as the dwellers in the Vale of Cashmere; but the scarfs they make are not "real"; they are woven by machinery, they are smooth and lifeless. There is something in the hand-wrought shawl which no loom can give; an indescribable light and shade, a blending of colours, and a certain elasticity, only to be attained by human fingers. A musical-box may be a marvel of mechanism and may play in faultless time and tune; but it will always lack that something which a true musician can coax from his instrument—that soul of sound which he mingles with the chords he strikes. A chromo-lithograph may be rich in colour and well executed, but it is not a "real" picture. A panel of tapestry woven at Aubusson may be a splendid imitation of a magnificent picture, but all its glory pales beside a piece of tent-stitch tapestry, be it ever so old and faded. A vessel of blown glass full of faults, and perhaps a little crooked, is really more artistic than an elaborate centre-piece turned out of a mould. Sewing-machines are very useful, but when will they hem a pocket-handkerchief or sew on a ruffle like our great-grandmothers? Damask looms are no doubt clever inventions, but the hand-spun, home-made napkins of two hundred years ago are more beautiful than anything that a damask loom can produce.

In France, three centuries ago, lace was as much valued as diamonds are now, and the possession of it was a mark, not only of wealth, but of high rank, for even merchant princes were not allowed to make use of it. Many a young man in those days ruined himself for the sake of outshining his companions in the trimming of his surtout or his boots. Henry III. did not disdain to see to the proper stiffening of his collars, and Cinq-Mars left at his death three hundred suits of lace. The nobility wished to keep the beautiful fabric for their exclusive use, and many are the edicts to be found on the subject. In 1634 it is forbidden "de mettre sur les habits des hommes au-delà de deux passements de la largeur d'un doigt seulement, et qui ne pourront être appliqués qu'à l'entour du collet, et au bas de leurs manteaux, sur le long et canon de leurs chausses, coutures des manches, au milieu du dos, le long des boutons et boutonnières, et aux extrémités des basques des pourpoints." In 1640 the Parliament of Toulouse issued an order forbidding the wearing of lace, because so many women were employed in its manufacture that no female servants were to be had in the town, and moreover it was becoming impossible to distinguish between the nobles and the common people. M. Seguin quotes several epigrams from a series composed on the same principle as the well-known Dances of Death, in which different classes express their regret as they lay aside the prohibited but much prized ornament. A young lady standing before her glass putting the finishing touches to her toilet closes the series. She says:—

> Quoique j'aye assez de beauté,
> Pour asseurer sans vanité
> Qu'il n'est point de femme plus belle,
> Il semble pourtant à mes yeux,
> Qu'avec l'or et la dentelle
> Je m'ajuste bien mieux.

With regard to the antiquity of lace-making, M. Seguin entirely disagrees with Mrs. Bury Palliser. He considers, and apparently with very good reason, that her conclusions on the subject are entirely wrong, being based on mistaken renderings of words which she has found in old documents. M. Seguin denies that these have any reference whatever to the fabric we now call by the name of "dentelle." He ridicules her supposition that the Crusaders had anything to do with its invention in Italy, or that the Moors taught its secrets to the Spaniards. To embroidery, however, M. Seguin is willing to allow a much earlier date; he considers that such words as "Guipure," "Bisette," "Campane" were derived from it, and became terms in lace-making. It is not improbable also that it furnished the motive for many *Point de Venise* designs, particularly those intended for furniture. Books upon lace were not long delayed after the lace itself was introduced into European Courts. *La Pompe*, published in 1557, is the oldest treatise now known on the subject. Vinciolo collected a number of beautiful patterns, and twelve editions of his book appeared between 1587 and 1623. Then came Siebmacher, who brought out a treatise in four parts, the first in 1600 and the last in 1604. It was published at Nuremberg, and had many splendid designs, some of which have been reproduced in *L'Art pour tous*. Dürer, it is said, made some patterns for his countrywomen, and was no doubt interested in improving the manufacture of an art quite to his taste. The year 1623 seems to have been about the time when lace-making attained its highest development, both in quantity and quality. It was produced in nearly every convent in Europe, and no lady's or gentleman's costume was considered complete without its aid, whether for outside decoration or the trimming of underclothing. It was also largely used on napery and furniture. In 1704 one-fourth of the population of France between six years old and sixty are said to have been engaged directly or indirectly in this lucrative trade. Of course in this startling calculation the makers of pins, scissors, parchment, and thread are included, as well as the pedlars who then hawked it about in different countries.

M. Seguin is a true Frenchman. He thinks Paris the only place in the habitable globe where perfect taste and real originality are to be found combined. No other country is worthy of being called manufacturing. He faintly praises the work done at Honiton, and says, what is very true, that the designs given to the girls there are atrocious; that with proper patterns, proper teaching, and proper encouragement, there might be founded in Devonshire one of the most beautiful industries in the world, but that at present the sprigs are too thinly worked and the ground not good. It has lately been made in some quarters a point of charity to buy Honiton lace. This is a mistake. Real charity would be to send to the manufacturers some competent designer, and then be ready to pay ungrudgingly for good work. As it is, people of taste, even if they buy out of kindness, do not think it necessary to carry their kindness to the point of wearing what is now really an ugly and worthless lace. At one time Russia could show work that was not at all to be despised, being bold in outline and fairly well executed; but French fashions have quite extinguished this modest manufacture for the present, as Russian ladies agree with M. Seguin about the worthlessness of things not made in Paris. He is much impressed with the position of his own country in history, and boasts, among other things, that the age of Louis XIV. was the epoch of her greatest glory; that we must "go back to the times of Pericles to encounter a period which may be compared with it for its prodigious fecundity in men of genius"; that the names of the Turennes, the Condés, the Vaubans, as warriors; of Poussin, Lesueur, Lebrun, and the sculptor Girardin, in the arts; of Descartes, Pascal, Corneille, Racine, Molière, and others, in science and letters, may be cited to show how undoubtedly France had won the first rank in the civilized world; that it is easy to see how, under the able and intelligent administration of Colbert, nothing would be neglected to profit by the influence which such celebrities gave France in Europe, nor to extend that influence in everything. M. Seguin views all history through this patriotic medium, and includes in the dark ages alike the time of Augustus and that of Elizabeth; for the simple, but to him, no doubt, convincing reason, that neither Virgil nor Shakspeare was French.

The unwieldy dimensions of this book make it awkward to read, and there are many digressions like the preceding, and some very curious deductions from old documents which have nothing whatever to do with the subject in hand, and which are only wearisome to persons seeking for exact information on a branch of art to which full justice has not yet been done. The book looks very imposing, but its real importance is not commensurate with its size and weight. The amateur who imagines he can learn all about lace by reading it will be sadly disappointed. It is intended apparently for people who already know all that is known about the manufacture, and only want further information on bibliographical and historical points. While M. Seguin seems to have paid little attention to any modern authorities, only mentioning Mrs. Palliser, whom he easily refutes on several questions, he is very learned about sumptuary edicts, and has at least reached the advanced stage of knowing how little really accurate information has yet been brought to light. He takes up many pages in proving lace to be not so ancient as is generally supposed, but in several other branches of the subject his work is interesting. A great deal too much of it is taken up with turgid passages on the glory, greatness, taste, invention, industry, and ingenuity of France. The illustrations, however, leave nothing to be desired, though experts may quarrel with the names and dates affixed to some of the facsimiles. Magnificent and imposing as this book is, the history of lace has yet to be written.

* *La Dentelle.* Par Joseph Seguin. Paris: Rothschild. 1875.

BARRETT'S MANAGEMENT OF CHILDHOOD.*

THE terrible statistics of infant mortality, and the undue proportion of deaths and disease amongst children of all classes up to the age of five years, are a sufficient reason for a book like the present, which to mothers and intelligent nurses will recommend itself as much as the Letters of Dr. Conquest, which indeed are perhaps not quite so systematic. Mr. Barrett has devoted himself to the study of the diseases of childhood, and believes that there are indications by which the ailments and sufferings of infancy may be approximately traced home, in spite of the inability of the little patients to describe their feelings or sym-

* *The Management of Childhood and Infancy in Health and Disease.* By Howard Barrett, M.R.C.S., Fellow of the Chemical Society, &c. London: Routledge & Sons. 1875.

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ptoms. Accordingly he has aimed at furnishing a handbook giving the results of this study, which will be available as a temporary substitute for the doctor whose coming is delayed, and may thus serve to abridge the intensely painful anxiety of parents when the minutes seem as hours by reason of the undiscovered cause of some childish sickness, as sudden as it is fierce. "Is a child," asks the author, "of smaller account than a ripened pine or a pink camellia?" If not, it is worth the mother's while to master the details of a book such as this, not with the aim of superseding the doctor, but in order, like the amateur florist or fruit-grower, to be able to follow and second with intelligence and exactness the prescriptions and practice of professional experience. Book-knowledge, we are prepared to admit, goes only a very little way, yet we all know the comfort and support of even book-learning to fall back upon in an emergency.

Mr. Barrett's book is likely to be serviceable, not only for reference in cases of sickness and disease, but as an intelligent guide for mothers in keeping their children in health. Practically the third part of the volume, which is devoted to the description and treatment of all kinds and phases of child-disease, is inferior in interest and value to those which treat of food, diet, clothing, exercise, and the intelligent ordering of the nursery and its inmates. The conscientious mother may thus be encouraged to take care of her own health, as well as to lay the foundation of healthfulness for her babe, by not deputing to a wet-nurse, or to a feeder-by-hand, that duty of suckling which is shown to develop well as many as 62 infants in 100, whereas bringing up by hand shows only a percentage of 10 well developed. Cases often occur where a mother has no choice in the matter; curious instances, indeed, are cited where an excitable or sensitive constitution utterly precludes suckling; and Mr. Barrett's advice will be found almost exhaustive as regards the order of desirableness of the next best resources. As to the foods recommended for the weaned child, we find that he sets most value on Liebig's Food for Infants, as in its composition the closest imitation of milk possible with vegetable ingredients. Revalenta Arabica is more dubiously spoken of. As to milk, the author considers asses' milk almost as good for infants as mothers' milk, and regards the preserved milks now in vogue as of dubious value for infants, by reason of the sugar put into them to preserve them. No one who has ever noticed the average nurse's mode of minimizing the frets of infancy and inducing an unbroken quietude by means less culpable than Godfrey's Cordial, Dalby's Carminative, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and the rest, will be surprised to find a strong protest in p. 41 against the plan of placing the mouthpiece of a full milk bottle in the mouth of a cotted infant, to be sucked at its own sweet will. It will suck the bottle dry, and draw in quantities of air to its certain detriment and discomfort. "The little one (like many of its elders) knows nothing of the capabilities of its own digestion, and usually takes its nourishment so rapidly that the stomach rejects the overload, and the mother concludes the milk has disagreed with it." A remedy for this contingency is to be found in the bottle with a patent stopcock, patented by Cooper in Oxford Street, the principle of which would seem to be the same as the excellent patent wine-bottler, which is warranted to fill and not to waste, or overload the bottles. All the advice concerning the feeding of children, whether strong or delicate, is dictated by common-sense views; and the caution against "odd morsels at all sorts of times," as hurtful to health, looks, temper, and morals, is worthy of scrupulous observance. So is the review—generally speaking—of the relative digestibility of animal foods, though we should think the author refines overmuch when he recommends that rabbits should be avoided, not only because they are indigestible, but because also they eat deadly nightshade and other poisonous herbs. Our experience, in a country district, of persons who feed a good deal on rabbits is by no means small, and we know that children are very fond of them. Yet we cannot call to mind a case of adult or child, within that experience, who has fallen a victim to the ready-made vegetable poison supposed to lurk in the rabbit's vitals.

The chapters on clothing and ablutions, ventilation and light, are remarkable for their soundness and lucidity. The merest novice in physiology will glean from the second chapter the importance of encouraging the normal functions of the skin and promoting the due maintenance of its moisture. The gist of the lesson is to preserve the mean between hardening and coddling, to beware of colds, to avoid over-clothing and tight clothing, and not to accept without a little reservation the belief that every child, whatever its health and constitution, is born a "water baby," inasmuch as "no child or adult ought to go into a cold bath unless they can afterwards establish a good reaction and a glow independent of any rubbing." A hint in season to the paterfamilias who is in the agonies of housebuilding may be gathered from the data for a model nursery. The day nursery and schoolroom should have at least five hundred cubic feet of air for each child, the bedroom from seven hundred to a thousand. It should face south, south-east, or south-west, and be at the top of the house, with a pleasant look-out. Its walls or papers should be sized or varnished to admit of constant washing; and on the principle "that where light is not permitted to enter, the physician will have to go," it might be well if Dr. Andrew Wynter's suggestion could be adopted, and glasshouse nurseries built, like the topmost chambers of a photographic establishment. The experiments in delaying the development of tadpoles into frogs, and in blanching asparagus, seakale, and lettuce hearts by the exclusion of light, illustrate this important question; and the vast benefit of light in hospitals in accelerating convalescence is proved by the records of army surgeons' experience. Mr. Barrett quotes a remarkable case of the baneful effects of obstructing light. "A French surgeon's attention was drawn to the mutilated condition of some large mulberry trees whose boughs had overshadowed a schoolroom in which several girls with chronic diseases were educated." On his inquiring why they had been cut, "he was told that the deep shade produced by them had visibly aggravated the scrofulous disorders rife among the girls, and that a very favourable change in their condition had taken place since their exposure to the free sunshine." It is an instinct with patients to lie with their faces to the light; and we know from of old what it means when the sick at heart or in body turn their faces to the wall. Akin to the advice about the brightness of a nursery is the valuable hint in the second part of the volume about fresh air in the sick-room. Who can tell how many children's ailments originate with the neglect of sanitary precautions, of ventilation, and of cleanliness in the one and the other? There should be no gas, no cooking, no slops in the rooms where a young child lives or sleeps. A good nurse will hold it a primary duty to have everything in the nursery department fresh, clean, and sweet. To burn pastilles in the sick-room by way of cloaking the non-removal of nuisances is like locking the stable-door when the horse is stolen. An anecdote is told, in a note at p. 197, of a medical lecturer who one day thus began his discourse to his pupils:—"Gentlemen, fumigations are of the utmost importance. They make such an abominable smell that they compel you *to open the window.*" It were to be wished that such compulsion, or some other akin to it, were in vogue in many of our nurseries, and as regards the sick-room it cannot be too generally known that, "so long as the patient is in bed, there is little or no risk of cold being caught from a partially opened window." As regards precautions against the spread of infection, too, this volume will confirm those who have read the pamphlets of Dr. Budd and others in the vigorous employment of thorough measures. We know so much in corroboration of the views propounded by Mr. Barrett as to the thorough isolation of the patient, and the vigilant surveillance of every outlet of infection, as to convince us that the fevers and infectious diseases of children might be limited within the narrowest range by a resolute parent with a staff of servants ready to obey orders faithfully and intelligently. The hindrances to such a parent, if external to himself or herself, are ignorance, indolence, conceit, and a general want of intelligence. We cannot here quote the directions which are given on this subject, but they ought to be summarized for the use of nursery and sick-room, and mastered by every housekeeper.

Another valuable chapter of this manual treats of the signs of disease in these little ones, whose "infans pudor" or other hindrances prevent them from explaining their discomforts and ailments to parent or nurse. Such signs are to be looked for in the face—whether brow, nostrils, or mouth, for each of these betray disorder of head, heart, or stomach—in the demeanour, the voice, the pulse, skin, or tongue. The cries of hunger, of cold, of croup, and of pain may be discriminated from each other, as the author observantly notes, as well as from the *tearless cry of passion.* This last, we quite agree with him, is unmistakable, and quite distinct. Mr. Barrett inspires confidence in the soundness of his judgment by his assertion that "the less medicine children take, the better." Dietetic measures, exercise, open air, change of air, are in ordinary cases infinitely more efficacious; whilst in fevers, epidemics, and other grave cases the medical man must be allowed plenary authority, and edged tools must not be trusted to those who cannot use them aright. On this ground we do not attach so much value to the second half of Mr. Barrett's volume as to the first; though it is true that the hints on the treatment of special diseases may be useful as confirmation to the doubtful-minded, and sometimes suggestive in emergencies. Thus those who have read the pages on rheumatic fever will be prepared for its affecting the heart at different stages of the disease; and a study of those on diphtheria will satisfy the doubtful that one of the two means of successfully treating it is to support the strength with port wine, champagne, or even brandy at an early stage of the malady. Here and there we get a valuable hint for an emergency, as when the question is "how to stop the bleeding of a wounded artery," or how to act when a child has "swallowed a foreign substance"—*e.g.* a small coin, a button, or a pebble. "The quickest emetic is the finger passed well down the back of the throat"; but we confess we were unprepared for the caution not to *slap a patient* under such circumstances *on the back.* We have always heretofore cherished the example of Buckhurst Falconer in Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage*, who, though an indifferent priest, got the best living in the diocese for his presence of mind in thus assisting his bishop to get rid of a fish-bone from his throat. After Mr. Barrett's caution we shall feel our hands tied should any similar opportunity arise for displaying a promptitude sure to be remembered in a diocesan's promotions or a rich man's will. The remarks in pp. 176-7 on "change of air and climate" are as instructive as they are curious.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

A NEW biography of Goethe by Karl Goedeke * is a work of decided merit, and may be strongly recommended as a useful companion to all students of his writings. It is nevertheless far

* *Goethe's Leben und Schriften.* Von Karl Goedeke. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams and Norgate.

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from being *the* biography which Germany is to produce some day, but of which we as yet see little sign. Mr. Lewes remains immeasurably above all other biographers of Goethe; for, with resources of information equal to those possessed by any German, he alone has approached the subject in the frame of high-strung enthusiasm requisite for the production of a great work. Herr Goedeke must not be judged by too high a standard. His subject, as he tells us, has not been independently conceived, but has grown upon him insensibly as he added preface after preface to the successive volumes of a collected edition of Goethe's writings. The work has therefore inevitably something of a disjointed, and something too much of a purely literary, air. "I considered it my business," says the author, "to keep the poet as closely as possible to his studies and achievements." The prefaces not having been incorporated with the body of the narrative, but remaining isolated as detached chapters, following in uninterrupted succession, the biographical part of the work frequently falls so much into the background that we seem to be perusing a mere literary disquisition. It is perhaps fortunate that in the composition of his prefaces the author was restricted to prescribed limits. His criticism is generally sound and sensible; he is free from any exaggerated estimate of his author, erring perhaps, if anything, rather in the opposite extreme. Although, however, the biographical is not the leading department of the book, it is ably executed, and manifests a perfect command over the principal sources of information. Here, as elsewhere, the writer preserves his independence of judgment, and does not hesitate to bestow censure when he considers it deserved.

H. von Treitschke's political essays * are valuable partly from their good sense and sound judgment; qualities sufficiently attested by the fact that the author is able to reprint the speculations of ten years without alteration—partly from their characteristically Teutonic spirit. They are as complete an exposition of the aspirations and tendencies of the average Teutonic mind as could easily be produced; and when we find the writer pronouncing that Austria must be let alone, as her German provinces will probably gravitate to the Empire of their own accord, that the Russian alliance is more valuable to Germany than the Baltic provinces, that the Luxemburgers must be made Germans in spite of themselves, that democrats and socialists are mischievous nuisances, whatever we may think of the propositions, we feel a conviction of their really commending themselves to the author's public.

The last volume of Arnold Schaefer's History of the Seven Years' War † embraces the least interesting portion of that great struggle. The great battles had mostly been fought, and the military operations, though not less worthy of study in a professional point of view, are less exciting for the general reader. The most dramatic episode is the rescue of Frederick from imminent ruin by the sudden death of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, one of the most remarkable instances of the effect which an apparent accident may produce in politics. The volume is, however, particularly interesting to English readers from the increasing prominence of the part performed by this country and the frequent dependence of the narrative on the despatches of English envoys.

The title of Dr. Sierke's *Visionaries and Impostors of the Eighteenth Century* ‡ excites expectations which the book fails to fulfil. We had hoped for a museum of recent discoveries in the regions of eccentricity, and find only five biographies, three of such well-known personages as Swedenborg, Mesmer, and Cagliostro. From the author's point of view, he seems to have no business with Swedenborg or Mesmer either. He considers his impostors and fanatics not merely as such, but as men engaged in a conspiracy to prolong the reign of ignorance and superstition on the earth. The slightest insight into the tendencies of Swedenborg's writings, or acquaintance with the character of the persons chiefly influenced by them, would have shown him the utter absurdity of such a notion as respects the seer of Stockholm. Religious mystics, however dogmatic in the enunciation of their own peculiar gospel, are almost invariably revolutionists in relation to the creed to which they are nominally attached, and Swedenborg affords quite as striking an illustration of this fact as the Sufis or Master Eckart. The use of Mesmer's name in this connexion is even more unwarrantable. The possibility of inducing an unconscious state by mesmeric manipulations is now very generally admitted; if Mesmer's explanation of the phenomenon is generally rejected, this is no impeachment of his good faith. An observer is not bound to furnish the correct interpretation of what he describes under pain of being pronounced a charlatan. Cagliostro is too vulgar a quack to deserve the prominence here accorded him; and the legitimate interest of the book is concentrated in two less known characters, the necromancer Schrepfer and the exorcist Gassner. The former, the original of Schiller's "Ghostseer," was unquestionably one of the most impudent impostors that ever practised on the credulity of mankind; the latter may possibly have been to some extent deceived by his patients. Dr. Sierke's own position is that of a thorough unbeliever in everything occult; he nevertheless pays his own tribute to the marvellous in the shape of a firm belief in the ubiquity and other preternatural attributes of the Jesuits, who were, according to him, the secret instigators of Cagliostro, Mesmer, Schrepfer, Gassner, and (as he would fain but cannot quite believe), Swedenborg.

The literary performances of K. F. von Klöden's * lifetime, though most honourable and useful, are not calculated to perpetuate his name, but we are much mistaken if his autobiography does not take rank as a German classic. Entirely unpretending, and sometimes almost fatiguingly minute, it is nevertheless a masterpiece of ingenuous self-portraiture and graphic narrative. In its warmth and simplicity it reminds us of Mr. Smiles's Life of Stephenson, with the zest of autobiography superadded. Klöden's early days were days of hardship; his father was a gatekeeper in a petty Prussian town. All the circumstances of this sordid existence are described with accuracy, but without repulsiveness; we have read few passages of autobiography more interesting than the account of the boy's wakening to intellectual life from the perusal of Campe's *Swiss Family Robinson*. The description of the manners and customs of his Jewish fellow-townsmen is also full of interest. Later we find him the discontented apprentice of an uncle, a goldsmith at Berlin, whose unamiable household is sketched to the life. This was the period of study, of the arduous acquisition of knowledge under every disadvantage, ultimately of the development of the extraordinary talent for mapping which procured him patrons and resources, until he found himself at the head of the Berlin Industrial School. The whole is interspersed with the liveliest sketches of scenes and persons, and is not the less enjoyable for a perceptible under-current of self-complacency, combined with a knack of exhibiting opponents and other unacceptable persons in a disagreeable light as it were by accident. Taken as a whole, however, the morality of the book is equal to its entertainment, nor is it usual to encounter so many proofs of tenderness and sweetness of disposition in the lives of persons who have made their own way in the world.

Dr. Pünjer's little critique on Kant's Theory of Religion † is advantageously distinguished by its objective character and impartial tone.

The subject of Dr. W. Endemann's work ‡ on the development of modern economical and financial legislation under the influence of Roman and ecclesiastical jurisprudence, is one of the most interesting which it is possible to treat, and his work will be most serviceable to the future historian of culture. The first section describes the long and arduous struggle from the twelfth to the eighteenth century by which the lawfulness of lending money at interest eventually came to be acknowledged in the teeth of theory, precedent, and infallibility itself. No clearer proof can be found of the Church's liability to commit herself to an untenable position when she intrudes into the domain of the civil magistrate. As Dr. Endemann remarks, however, the pretension, though dropped, has never been retracted, and may be revived at any apparently favourable moment. The second book treats of the history of exchange; the third of partnership; and the fourth of banking, including pawnbroking. In all these departments the theological has had to recede before the secular spirit, and the principle of legislation for the public interest has triumphed over that of legislation on abstract principles, or merely in conformity with authority. Dr. Endemann's illustrations of mediæval jurisprudence are most interesting, and his work abounds in references to the original authorities. A second volume is to follow.

An anonymous treatise on marriage § is also an important work, not merely on account of the writer's ability, which is considerable, but as being probably a manifesto of the Reformed Catholic party, of which he is evidently a member. In the first part of it he investigates the New Testament theory of marriage, and, having arrived at sound conclusions, proceeds to inquire into the corruptions subsequently introduced. Two of these, of course, are paramount to all the rest, the conception of marriage as a mere *pis aller*, and the celibacy of the clergy. Both of these are vigorously assailed by the writer, who pronounces in favour of the recent State legislation as a needful transition to a better state of things.

It may be questioned whether *Osiris* ‖ will add much to the reputation of the author of *Isis*, so far at least as concerns the portion of the work which relates to physical science. On this ground the writer has no pretensions to originality, and can but sum up and restate the results obtained by others. The work is designed as an exposition of the laws governing Nature and Man—a "Cosmos" adapted to the present state of knowledge, but including those departments of mental science with which Humboldt declined to meddle. The discussion of these, however, if not the soundest, will no doubt be the most attractive part of the book. The writer gives notice that the part of his work relating to organic existence will be based upon the unconditional acceptance of the Darwinian theory. Some will consider this a proof that the period for such a cosmogony as he is ambitious of framing has not yet arrived. The volume now published will encounter less contradiction, being little else than a perspicuous explanation of the genesis of the solar system in general, and the earth in particular, on the premisses laid down by Laplace.

* *Zehn Jahre deutscher Kämpfe. Schriften zur Tagespolitik.* Von H. von Treitschke. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

† *Geschichte des siebenjährigen Krieges.* Von Arnold Schaefer. Bd. 2, Abth. 2. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Schwärmer und Schwindler zu Ende des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts.* Von Dr. Eugen Sierke. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Asher & Co.

* *Jugenderinnerungen K. F. von Klöden.* Herausgegeben und vervollständigt von Max Jahns. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Asher & Co.

† *Die Religionslehre Kant's.* Von Dr. G. C. B. Pünjer. Jena: Mauke. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Studien in der romanisch-kanonistischen Wirthschafts-und Rechtslehre.* Von Dr. W. Endemann. Bd. 1. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Nutt.

§ *Die Ehe, populär wissenschaftlich dargestellt.* Von einem katholischen Theologen. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Nutt.

‖ *Osiris. Weltgesetze in der Erdgeschichte.* Von C. Radenhausen. Bd. 1. Hlf. 1. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Asher & Co.

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Count Anton von Prokesch-Osten* has produced a handbook to Egypt and the accessible parts of Nubia which, so far as we can judge, seems useful and practical, and such as any travelling Englishman acquainted with German may advantageously associate with his own good Murray. The Count's strong point is his acquaintance with Egyptian history and archæology.

Mme. von Kudriaffsky's† lectures on Japan are, to a considerable extent, made up from Mr. Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*, and must be highly interesting to Germans unacquainted with that delightful book. Others might have preferred information at once more recondite and more substantial.

The late Dr. Hankel's‡ intention of writing a complete history of mathematics in antiquity and the middle ages was frustrated by his death. The work, however, was left in so advanced a state as to require no apology for its publication. It is, even to non-mathematical readers, perspicuous and interesting, and, while sufficiently copious, still of very manageable compass. After discussing the origin of reckoning and calculation, and the rationale of the various numerical systems in use among mankind, the writer traces the development of mathematical science through the Greeks, Indians, and Arabs into the mediæval period, and up to the Renaissance. The Greeks, Dr. Hankel thinks, derived the germs of their knowledge from the Egyptians, but so vivified and expanded these as to be entitled to rank as new creators of the science. They were in turn the instructors of the Indians, whose first eminent mathematician was born about A.D. 476. Greek and Indian influences contended for the mastery with the Arabs, the former preponderating more and more as the Arabs became better acquainted with the learning of the Western world. The Arabian inventor or restorer of algebra, Mohammed ben Musa, did not derive his knowledge from the Greek treatises of Diophantus, still less from the Indians, neither was the conception original with him. The difficulties of the problem can only be surmounted by supposing that, after the extinction of classical culture, a knowledge of the subject had lingered on among the Syrian or the Persian subjects of the Caliphate. The great mathematical genius of the middle ages was Leonard of Pisa, whose method, contrasted with that of the brilliant but erratic Diophantus, illustrates the superiority of the modern intellect in patience and persistence. Such are Dr. Hankel's conclusions on some of the most interesting of the subjects discussed by him. He is an enemy to logic, and remarks that the periods when it has principally flourished have been the most unfavourable to mathematics.

In a massive volume Dr. G. Cohn§ discusses the railway system of England, mainly with a view to the question of the acquisition of the railways by the State. In his first chapter he treats of railway administration in its relation to law and the executive; in the second he inquires into the manner in which the Companies fulfil their obligations with respect to the public convenience; in the third he discusses their financial position and rates of fares and freights; in the fourth he sums up in favour of their purchase by the nation. Whatever may be thought of his conclusion, the work shows a careful study of English Blue-Books on the subject, and is probably a much fuller digest of them than any to be obtained in this country.

Professor Georg Curtius‖ seems to have established a Philological Society or Club at Leipsic, consisting, so far as appears, of his own pupils. The subject of his instructions being Greek, it is not surprising that the labours of the Society should be devoted to that language. Nine disciples have united to present him with a token, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his professorship, consisting of an essay apiece on some recondite subject of Greek philology. The most important is the first, by C. Angermann, on the causes which have operated to produce the divergence between Greek and Latin. The most generally interesting, but also the least original, is that by E. Beermann, on the words borrowed by Latin from Greek.

W. Scherer's lectures and essays¶ fall into three sections of unequal value. The first consists of disquisitions on the origin of the German nationality, literature, and language, with a particularly interesting study of the voyage of Pytheas of Marseilles, the first navigator who made the shores of Germany known to the civilized world. The credibility of Pytheas, like that of Megasthenes much impugned by his contemporaries, seems, like that, in a fair way of being re-established on most essential points. Even his statement of amber being used as a combustible has been shown to be true in a measure as regards inferior varieties. His principal merit, however, is his application of astronomical observations to geographical purposes. The essays on the development of the German language and the origin of its literature are also well worth reading. A second group of a slighter character is still connected by a unity of interest. They relate to Austrian literature; the most important is a minute and somewhat tedious dissection of the dramas of Grillparzer. The miscellaneous notices at the end of the volume are too slight to be worth reprinting.

The expediency, at least the necessity, of reprinting the greater part of the new series of Julian Schmidt's critical essays* may also be a subject of debate. This would hardly have been thought of if they had been his first instead of his last. The only one of real importance is that on the late Otto Ludwig, and this owes its main interest to the circumstance of the poet having been the critic's intimate friend, and accustomed to unbosom himself in his correspondence both as respected the progress of his works and the strong and weak points of his literary talent, as they appeared to himself. This unusual circumstance renders the review unusually piquant. Another essay, that on Strauss as a theologian, is interesting from the writer's more ingenious than successful endeavours to establish a genuine distinction between his author's standpoint and his own. An analysis of the Russian novelist Pisemski's "Thousand Souls" is not unworthy of preservation in a permanent form. With these exceptions, the essays, though highly creditable to the publications where they originally appeared, might well have been left there.

Arthur Fitger's tragedy, *Adalbert of Bremen*†, is a work of talent, but, like most modern tragedies, too much a work of reflection. It turns on the conflict of Pope and Emperor in the eleventh century, and is evidently prompted by the renewal of the struggle in the nineteenth. In the two curious old "Puppet Comedies"‡ edited by C. Engel, where the whole responsibility of entertaining the spectators rests upon Jack Pudding, a little drollery is made to go a great way. They afford an unfavourable contrast to the sprightliness and pungency of Tieck's and Marc Monnier's pieces of the same class, but are interesting as germs of a class of composition meriting more attention than it has received in modern times.

Herr Fitger§ is more successful as a poet than as a dramatist, and yet his pieces can hardly be said to attain the level of genuine poetry. They are inspired in part by the doctrine of the struggle for existence, and contain much masculine sense expressed in nervous language. The best are perhaps the cyclus of reminiscences of Rome entitled "Via Felice," and composed in elegiac verse. This form is especially adapted to the writer's talent, and his diction is often remarkably terse and epigrammatic.

Georg von Oertzen‖ is also a master of form, and there is something very refreshing in the ringing rhymes and spirited versification of his anonymous "Satires and Glosses," political and social. The thoughts are also those of an observant man accustomed to think for himself; but although each individual stanza is carefully elaborated, the pieces as wholes frequently appear deficient in point. The same mastery of form is conspicuous in his "Lays of a Young Man's Love," a kind of half-veiled confession of youthful errors supposed to be made to an affectionate wife. The imitation of Heine is too visible.

A reprint of a standard history of modern German literature¶ deserves notice on account of the additions made to the final chapters by a very competent editor. The dramatic history of J. L. Klein** (singular misnomer!) threatens to be as extensive as the drama itself. It has reached the first part of the eleventh volume, being the first part of the fourth volume of the special history of the Spanish stage. The author is at present on the inexhaustible subject of Calderon.

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* *Nilfahrt bis zu den zweiten Katarakten.* Von Anton Graf von Prokesch-Osten. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.

† *Japan. Vier Vorträge.* Von E. von Kudriaffsky. Wien: Braumüller. London: Nutt.

‡ *Zur Geschichte der Mathematik in Alterthum und Mittelalter.* Von Dr. H. Hankel. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Zur Beurtheilung der Englischen Eisenbahnpolitik.* Von Dr. G. Cohn. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Sprachwissenschaftliche Abhandlungen, hervorgegangen aus Georg Curtius, Grammatischen Gesellschaft zu Leipzig.* Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Vorträge und Aufsätze zur Geschichte des geistigen Lebens in Deutschland und Oesterreich.* Von W. Scherer. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Characterbilder aus der Zeitgenössischen Literatur.* Von Julian Schmidt. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Adalbert von Bremen.* Trauerspiel. Von Arthur Fitger. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

‡ *Deutsche Puppenkomödien.* II. Herausgegeben von C. Engel. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

§ *Fahren des Volk.* Gedichte von Arthur Fitger. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

‖ *Satyren und Glossen eines Weltmannes.* Stuttgart: Metzler. London: F. Norgate.

Liebeslieder aus jungen Tagen. Von Georg von Oertzen. Heidelberg: Weiss. London: F. Norgate.

¶ *Die deutsche Nationalliteratur im XVIII. und XIX. Jahrhundert.* Von Joseph Hillebrand. Dritte Auflage, durchgesehen und vervollständigt von K. Hillebrand. 3 Bde. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

** *Geschichte des Drama's.* Von J. L. Klein. Bd. xi. Abth. 1. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams & Norgate.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

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THE LIBERAL PARTY WITHOUT MR. GLADSTONE.

THE Opposition may perhaps by this time have virtually settled their Parliamentary organization, either definitively or for the purposes of the next Session. The meeting of the Liberal party which Mr. ADAM has been asked to summon will be held, not to elect a leader, but to express formal confirmation of a preliminary choice. On former occasions the principal members of a party, including the possible candidates for the first place, have undertaken among themselves the adjustment of conflicting claims. Only four or five years ago, on the retirement of Lord CAIRNS, the Conservative peers found it necessary to select a representative. It would have been difficult to choose between Lord SALISBURY and Lord DERBY if either or both had desired to fill the vacant post. By general consent the Duke of RICHMOND, a statesman of the second rank, with no pretension to oratory, was recognized as official leader. The question was considered to be the exclusive concern of the House of Lords, and it was understood that Mr. DISRAELI was not even consulted. Nearly thirty years have passed since the Protectionists, on their secession from Sir ROBERT PEEL, found themselves in the strange condition of a considerable section of the House of Commons not including a single [illegible] Cabinet office. Lord STANLEY, the only discontent among the Ministers, was in the House of Lords; and Mr. DISRAELI, though he inspired the policy of the party, had only emerged a year or two before from the Conservative rank and file. During a part of the Session, while the function of the malcontents consisted chiefly in vituperation of Sir ROBERT PEEL, the entire brunt of debate fell on Mr. DISRAELI. He was probably at the same time seeking for a nominal leader whose rank and character might reconcile the party to his promotion. His usual sagacity was displayed in the discovery of the most suitable candidate for the vacant post. Lord GEORGE BENTINCK had served an apprenticeship to public business as Private Secretary to CANNING, and he was animated by a profound animosity to the statesman whom Mr. DISRAELI had attacked with dispassionate bitterness of language. After Lord GEORGE BENTINCK'S early death a considerable interval elapsed before Lord DERBY would recognize Mr. DISRAELI'S irresistible claim to the office of Conservative leader. An absurd attempt to put the place in commission was defeated by Mr. DISRAELI'S profession of confidence in colleagues so competent that they would, in his opinion, not need his assistance. At an earlier time the aristocratic Whigs, during their long exclusion from office, appointed leaders who were not always obeyed by their adherents in the House of Commons. One of these nominal chiefs, who had previously been Lord Chancellor of Ireland, is best remembered by PEEL'S "Trial of HENRY BROUGHAM" in the *Old Whig Guide*. The indictment charged that the defendant had called Mr. PONSONBY 'an old woman; and it is highly probable that the offence had been committed in real life. At a later time the office was placed in the more capable hands of TIERNEY, who was succeeded by Lord ALTHORP; but BROUGHAM always asserted a right of independent action; and the official leaders contended with disadvantage against the eloquence and unbounded energy of their formidable rival. When Lord ALTHORP became a peer, Lord JOHN RUSSELL succeeded to his post by the unanimous vote of his colleagues in the Government.

The choice of a successor to Mr. GLADSTONE is rendered embarrassing by the promotion of Mr. CARDWELL to the peerage. The favourite pupil and colleague of PEEL, he had sat more than twenty years ago in Lord ABERDEEN'S Cabinet, and in 1856 he had been prevented only by honourable scruples from becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord PALMERSTON. Since 1859 Mr. CARDWELL held a post in every Liberal Cabinet, and his rank in the House of Commons and in the party corresponded to his seniority. Although the changes which he effected have not made him popular in the army, it was admitted even by opponents that he had shown great mastery of detail, and that he had never made disagreeable measures unnecessarily offensive by faults of manner. Colleagues younger in years or in Parliamentary standing would have willingly acknowledged Mr. CARDWELL'S precedency, in just confidence that, if he displayed no remarkable brilliancy, he would seldom make a serious mistake. His retirement from the House of Commons proved that he was influenced neither by an immoderate devotion to party nor by personal ambition. It is not surprising that his friends and political allies should have grumbled audibly at his preference of his own ease to the Liberal interest. Lord CARDWELL will probably be a member of any Liberal Cabinet which may be hereafter formed; but Lord GRANVILLE, Lord KIMBERLEY, the Duke of ARGYLL, and Lord SELBORNE have no urgent need of assistance in the House of Lords. Lord CARLINGFORD and Lord ABERDARE belong to the same class of retired Ministers, possessing respectable powers of debate and much official experience.

The occupants of the front Opposition bench in the House of Commons are inconveniently equal to one another. Not one of the number is a match for Mr. DISRAELI, who will regard with a melancholy feeling the vacant place of his accustomed adversary. Against any of his lieutenants the ex-Ministers may willingly measure their strength. Mr. LOWE, indeed, was at one time in the front rank of Parliamentary debaters, until the end of the Reform contest deprived him of a thoroughly congenial subject. The exposure of a popular delusion, which was at the same time countenanced and abhorred by the vast majority of both parties in the House of Commons, stimulated by the combined excitement of sympathy and antagonism the highest powers of a vigorous and cynical intellect. In office Mr. LOWE failed to satisfy the expectations which he had raised by his efforts in Opposition. His financial schemes were sometimes ingenious, occasionally capricious, and never comprehensive; and he was conspicuously deficient in the indispensable art of conciliating opponents and managing subordinates. The head of a great department who is habitually served by unwilling colleagues is unfit to be the leader of a party. Even when Mr. LOWE is complimentary, his courtesies are always, as JOHNSON said of POPE'S eulogy on a certain preacher, intended to give pain to somebody. The extravagant praises which he periodically bestows on the respectable and intelligent profession of Civil Engineers are obviously addressed in an inverse sense to the class of scholars which he paradoxically depreciates because it is his own. If the rank of leader were to be adjudged by competitive examination, Mr. LOWE would distance any rival candidate. It is doubtful whether he will submit to an equal or inferior, but as an aspirant to Mr. GLADSTONE'S succession he would not command a single vote. Mr. FORSTER, Mr. CHILDERS, and Mr. GOSCHEN are nearly on a level in official rank, and they all possess considerable ability. Of the three, Mr. FORSTER has perhaps the greatest weight in the House, though neither Mr. CHILDERS nor Mr. GOSCHEN

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is unpopular. Unluckily, as is proved by the protest of the Nonconformists of the North, the feud with the more intolerant Dissenters is not yet at an end; and the difficulty of choosing between two hostile sections of the party, which sooner or later awaits any Liberal leader, would meet Mr. FORSTER at the threshold. Mr. CHILDERS is acute, industrious, and probably ambitious; but he has hitherto scarcely established a claim to the first place in the party. Mr. GOSCHEN combines the accomplishments of Oxford and of Lombard Street, but he is unduly sensitive to criticism; and his clever attack on the Government in the last Session indicated an imperfect faculty of estimating the fitness of times and seasons. Before any leader can be conveniently appointed it will be necessary for the managers of the party to agree on a policy. In the last Session Mr. FORSTER took a leading part in the measure for extending household suffrage to counties, while Mr. LOWE voted against the Bill, and Mr. GOSCHEN left the House before the division.

Any leader who may be chosen will have to deal with Sir W. HARCOURT on one side and with Mr. TREVELYAN and Mr. MUNDELLA on the other. It will not be easy to satisfy two bodies of politicians who are diametrically opposed to one another. Although technical and personal difficulties may postpone a coalition for many years, it is almost impossible that approximate identity of opinion should not ultimately end in union. There is no reason why Sir W. HARCOURT should not concur with Mr. DISRAELI on all important and practical questions, and he is extremely unlikely to agree with Mr. TREVELYAN. The result of an elimination of other political candidates points to the expediency of preferring Lord HARTINGTON. In official seniority he has the advantage over all competitors except Mr. GOSCHEN, who was admitted to Lord RUSSELL'S Cabinet about six weeks earlier. The preference of the heir of the great house of CAVENDISH would not imply a claim to Parliamentary or intellectual superiority. Lord HARTINGTON is equal to any of his late colleagues in experience, and he is probably not inferior to the best of them in the paramount quality of political discretion. An opponent of his pretensions invidiously remarked that his appointment would, in the view of his possible removal to the House of Lords, be regarded as a Septennate. The provisional tenure of a seat in the House of Commons by the eldest son of a peer may well be an advantage when no section of the party is provided with a definite choice. A Parliament, or a President, or a leader of a party may sometimes be more advantageously elected for seven years than in perpetuity. While Lord HARTINGTON was the nominal head of the party, and perhaps the real director of its counsels, there would be time to ascertain whether Sir W. HARCOURT or some younger member of the party might not disclose himself as the destined chief. In the meantime no candidate who has hitherto been suggested would be equally likely to obtain general acceptance.

EUROPE IN ARMS.

THE great rivals in arms of 1870 have within the last few days been engaged in discussing their respective schemes for applying the military lessons which the war taught them. The Germans, being the conquerors, were naturally satisfied with the system that had won them victory. Those who guide Germany in military matters did not want their system altered, but merely its scope enlarged. They were not satisfied with the numerical preponderance with which in 1870 Germany had overwhelmed France. It was open to France not only to adopt a better system, but to have a very much larger army. To meet this larger French army there must be an increased German army, and the only question was the ultimate limit of military expansion. In order not to make two bites of a cherry, the German authorities determined to ask that the Landsturm should be made available in time of war, or, in other words, that every grown man not physically disqualified, under forty-three years of age, should be available to fight his country's battles. This, it is calculated, will give Germany 2,800,000 soldiers in case of extreme necessity, and with this force even Count MOLTKE may be presumed to be content. The Landsturm is to be regularly drilled and organized so that its services may be at the immediate command of the authorities. Those who belong to it may be transferred into the Landwehr as the needs of war may demand, and no general levy of the Landsturm is to be required. The authorities will not have to proclaim the country in danger, thus exhibiting a consciousness of weakness to the enemy. They will merely order the Landsturm in any district they may select to place itself at the disposal of the War Office. There will be nothing like notoriety, nothing exceptional, to call general attention. This enormous reserve will be quietly ordered to contribute to the defence of the country in such manner as the plan of a campaign may make advisable. Not only will there be a nation in arms, but the nation in arms will be made to act for the purposes of war with the perfection of machinery which has hitherto been only applied to regular armies. The German Parliament was perfectly aware of the enormity of the sacrifices which it was making in agreeing to these proposals. But, looking on the army as an insurance against real and indisputable dangers, it could not find any point at which to stop short of making its insurance as solid and substantial as possible. With France on one side and Russia on the other, Germany feels its existence to depend on its army, and on the size of its army. If the regular army and the Landwehr are not sufficient, there is nothing to be done but to utilize the Landsturm; and if it is to be utilized at all, it had better be so utilized as to give effectual assistance in time of war. In France, the recent discussion has turned not so much on the size as on the system of the army. When the projects for calling out men already adopted have been carried into effect, France will have an army, all told, of about 1,800,000 men, and with this figure she is content. What had to be decided was how the army should be organized as to its formation, the Government insisting that there should be six, and its opponents in the Assembly that there should be four, companies to a battalion. The argument against the Government was that four companies conduced to the successful action of an army in loose formation, that the Germans had won their victories by this loose formation, and that France must condescend to be taught by her conquerors. The chief argument which weighed with the Government was that it conceived that, if the system of four companies was adopted, fewer officers would be wanted, whereas the War Office is already overwhelmed with officers whom it cannot employ actively. A convenient though expensive compromise was effected. The system of four companies was adopted, and the lessons of the German war were so far taken to heart; but two captains were given to each company, so that employment was at once secured for a great number of officers. The Finance Minister, rather than the War Minister, is likely to be made anxious by the result.

When the system of universal conscription lately established in Russia has borne its full fruits, the total nominal strength of the Russian army is calculated at 3,300,000 men. This is half a million in excess of the German force, but the vast extent of the Russian dominions must always make it more difficult to concentrate Russian than German armies; and for the present Russia has not enough officers to supply the requirements of so vast an army. The German army is therefore, and must for some time remain, the first army in the world. The arming of the greater Powers has, however, made it necessary that lesser Powers should follow in their wake, and not only Austria and Italy, but smaller States like Sweden, Belgium, and Switzerland, are doing their best to make their armies efficient. Spain exhausts itself in raising armies to fight each other, and Turkey exhausts itself in raising an army which it is not allowed to use. Europe may therefore be said to be in arms from one end to the other, although there is no immediate prospect or assignable cause of war; and it is natural to ask what are the probable causes of such a state of things? It is often assumed that it is necessarily a temporary state of things, and it would be very comforting to discover the grounds on which this assumption is based. In old days it was said that preparations for war were so costly that war was cheaper, and that therefore war would come and then armies would be reduced. But the present arming of Europe is after, not before, a war. The lesson of the last war was that victory lay with the nation which had made the longest and most permanent preparations, and not with that which was capable of the greatest spasmodic effort. No war could be more decisive than the war of 1870, and the consequence of this decisive war is that both the conquered and the conquerors have come to the conclusion that the only thing to be done is henceforth to get every available man ready for battle. The exhaustion con-

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sequent on these great increases of military force is also considerably exaggerated. It is the ordinary regular army that is the chief burden on the country, and the expense of efficient reserves is comparatively slight. An extra million or two goes a long way when spent on organizing reserves consisting of men who have been taught service in their youth, who are obliged to do what they are told, and are not carried, for the purposes of training, far away from their homes. Some amount of labour is, no doubt, withdrawn from agricultural and manufacturing operations, and so far the country is poorer. But it may be doubted whether, even from a money point of view, a country really loses by large masses of its male population being passed through the army. Service quickens the intelligence, fortifies the frame, and increases greatly the stores of information of those who serve. Germans, at least, do not seem to suffer much by the military demands made on them in their youth, considering that in every part of the globe they are cutting out English traders, and even in England are seizing on whole branches and even centres of trade as their own. Nor are the political effects of this arming of nations to be overlooked. Even in a pecuniary sense they are highly important. Each nation as a whole is made to act more together. There is a decreasing wish to disturb the fabric of society, and the Government becomes more powerful, not perhaps because it can more effectually suppress its own special enemies, but because it is looked on more as the exponent of the national will and the guardian of the national interests. So far, therefore, as the State has to borrow, it can borrow on better terms. Among the causes which tend to keep the French Funds at a respectable height, none perhaps is so powerful as the perception that even the present miserable, distracted Assembly is ready to do everything to make the army strong; and the Russian Funds have not for years been so high as they have been since the universal conscription was introduced.

Instead of these vast preparations leading to immediate war, as used to be the case with preparations on a smaller scale, they lead, at least for a time, to peace. There is no longer any umbrage taken at an increase of forces, whereas in old days, if a great Power added a hundred thousand men to its regular army, its neighbours thought themselves entitled, if they dared, to ask for explanation. When it is once assumed that every competent male subject is to be a soldier, asking explanations as to an increased army would be like asking a neighbouring country what on earth it meant by having an increasing population. War, too, will now touch so many persons, affect the peace of so many families, and imperil so many interests, that nations on the eve of war will no longer feel the light heart with which they sent paid champions to die for their country. Wars of revenge or of territorial aggrandizement will not be undertaken without much balancing of advantages. But it is very possible that the kind of peace which this state of things will produce may be compatible with the accomplishment of many high-handed transactions. Just now the armed Powers are occupying their energy with regulating the affairs of Turkey, and for the moment they are bent on making Turkey merely keep peace. They altogether ignore the troops and the ironclads of which Western creditors have made gifts in such handsome numbers to the SULTAN. A quarrel breaks out between Turkey and Montenegro. The pride of the Ottoman, the despair of the mountaineer, the religious frenzy of both, are excited; and war seems imminent. The representatives of the great Continental Powers assemble and decide what is to be done; and the decision they come to is that a Vizier must resign. This seems simple, and very possibly such a grand way of regulating its internal affairs may be all that Turkey deserves to receive from its masters. But it is obvious that attempts might be made to regulate the affairs of other powerful countries in the same way, and the independence or even the existence of small Powers might be sacrificed to the concerted arrangements of big Powers who do not wish to go to war with each other. Questions that may cause England great anxiety may arise, even though the peace of Europe is not broken. In order to make our voice heard in the decision of such questions, we must make it recognized, not only that we ourselves are beyond the possibility of attack, but that within the natural limits of our action we can strike a hard blow if we strike at all. It is enough if our army is efficient, but it is not enough unless our navy is overwhelming.

MINISTERIAL PROSPECTS.

MINISTRIES, like men, cannot be called happy before they die, and possibly when the present Ministry comes to an end it may be a part of its history that the Session which now appears to open so brightly before it was not unmarked by disaster. But no Ministry could enter on a Session with brighter prospects. There is not the slightest opposition to it visible in any quarter. The constituencies are, so far as can be seen, in precisely the same mood now as a year ago. The Liberal party has not even begun to recover from its breakdown. There is no call on the Cabinet to do much; but if they choose to do little, and to do that little well, they are sure of friendly criticism, steady majorities, and sincere applause. Since Parliament was prorogued nothing has taken place which could force upon them the decision of any doubtful or difficult point. If the revenue has not been springing forwards by leaps and bounds, it will in all probability show a general result sufficiently satisfactory to justify the last Budget. As to religious matters, those who like a Protestant champion cannot but acknowledge that Mr. DISRAELI is the elder brother of Mr. GLADSTONE; and those who dislike theological indiscretion in statesmen cannot but own that here too the two leaders are on an equality. The Conservatives also are still amply enjoying the peculiar advantages which belong to them as a party. They can do things without offence which, if done by Liberals, would awaken howls of indignation. They have the privilege of being always treated, not as perfect enemies, but as imperfect friends. If they interfere with the right to State-paid labour in the dockyards, this is not set down to the parsimony which notoriously disgraced the Liberals, but merely to some of those mysterious reasons to which gentlemen with benevolent hearts have occasionally to bow. If they cut down the list of Irish judges, the Irish CÆSARS wonder that it should be BRUTUS who stabs them, but they do not resent the blow as if it came from an adversary. If a Conservative Colonial Secretary interferes to protect a native race, he receives no reproach for deserting the cause of gallant Anglo-Saxons under the difficulties which beset the founders of an Empire. This is exceedingly pleasant for Conservatives. They can harass, and their harassing is merely styled firmness. They can put down abuses, and are blessed by their victims, or at least no one listens to their victims if they complain. Had Mr. AYRTON ventured on the vigorous steps by which Lord JOHN MANNERS has recently signalized his tenure of power at the Post Office, his tyranny, his bullying, his indifference to vested interests, would have made the cup of Civil Service indignation run over. But then, in the first place, Mr. AYRTON is Mr. AYRTON, and in the next place he is a Liberal.

There are several reasons why Conservatives enjoy this exceptional freedom from hostile criticism; but perhaps the most prominent is the thoroughness of the discipline of their party. Liberals vote with their party on grand occasions, but they do as they please in minor matters. They have no notion of not telling their leaders of their mistakes. They freely indulge in the pleasure of forcing the hands of those whom they profess to follow. They regret this, and are puzzled about that, and want explanations and concessions of all kinds. The Conservatives go on the much simpler plan of backing up what their men do, and starting nothing on their own account. Nor does this habit of discipline benefit a Conservative Government merely in matters of administration. It equally benefits it in the sphere of legislation. If a Liberal Government is thought to be getting too Conservative, hosts of minor Liberal members are ready to bring in Bills of a more or less advanced order, not with the hope of carrying them, but merely that they may keep up an atmosphere of general excitement, and may prevent the Ministry from going to sleep. But if a Conservative Ministry is thought to be getting too Liberal, the Conservatives who hold this opinion keep quiet. It might be a great annoyance to Mr. DISRAELI'S Government if those Conservatives who really hold the opinions which are supposed to be especially those of the party were to bring in Bills calculated to raise awkward questions. But from this annoyance the Cabinet can be sure it will be free. A Conservative would be thought disloyal to his party if he hampered his leaders by taking a step the exact parallel to which is taken without any concern by

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independent Liberals under a Liberal Ministry. Thus free in a great measure from criticism, and sure to have little of their time wasted by random proposals of legislation on their own side, a Conservative Government can really hope to achieve much in a Session, if it sets about the task in the right way. Its one danger comes from the nature of the duties which it may very properly seek to perform. So far as it has to concern itself with really important questions, it is quite safe unless the Cabinet has been guilty of some egregious blunder. If it brings in a large measure, and treats it in at all an adequate way, and confides its conduct to competent hands, it has only to press on its Bill, and is sure to carry it. Such a measure as the Judicature Bill in the hands of Lord CAIRNS may be as bold, and may deal with interests and prejudices in as trenchant a manner, as its authors please. It is sure to pass if the Government determines to have it passed. But Conservatives have a much more difficult class of work to get through. As they wish at once to do something, and to avoid blazing questions, they take up social questions as to which legislation is, no doubt, in many cases very much needed. It is quite right they should do this. It is a field which they have always claimed as specially their own. But the difficulty they have to encounter is that on such matters each man thinks himself quite as good a judge as any one else. No one has so poor an opinion of his powers as to recognize that he is not qualified to understand sewers, or Friendly Societies, or precautions against railway accidents. Very probably the Minister who has charge of the Bill is willing to allow that he has no very great confidence in the superiority of his wisdom or knowledge on such matters, and is willing to accept advice. The Government loses control over the Bill, and over the general distribution of the hours of business. It cannot push its Bill forward, and begins to be thought ineffective and weak. It loses credit, and is considered not to be much of a Ministry after all. If the danger of a Liberal Ministry is in its large measures, the danger of a Conservative Ministry is in its small ones.

Whether the retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE from the leadership of the Opposition is a gain to the Conservatives is a question easier to ask than to answer. To Mr. DISRAELI personally it is unquestionably a loss. To have some one worth doing one's best to beat is the first condition of an interesting combat; and Mr. DISRAELI need not very seriously exert himself to show a superiority to those whom Mr. GLADSTONE has left behind him. Mr. DISRAELI has lost the only source of pleasurable excitement on which he could rely, and he has also lost the prospect of being able to bring home to his followers the one special value of his leadership, and to make them see that he could do for them what no one else could do. On the other hand, the Conservatives are now relieved from one great difficulty. They need not be anxious about the succession to Mr. DISRAELI. Hitherto they could not be altogether free from dismay when they considered that some unlucky accident might any day leave Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE or Mr. HARDY to face unsupported the overwhelming batteries of Mr. GLADSTONE'S oratory. But they may now repose in the happy confidence that their men will do perfectly well to answer Lord HARTINGTON or Mr. FORSTER. There was always, too, a possibility of Mr. GLADSTONE, in some political field of which he is specially the master, not only criticizing the proposals of the Ministry, but indicating the outlines of something so much better that a regret at his not being in office might creep over the variable minds of the constituencies. Nothing of the sort need be feared now, and the foremost men of the Liberal party in the House of Commons may be trusted not to disturb the balance of parties by the brilliancy of their inventions. But, although the opposition to which the Ministry will be exposed must be much less powerful than it would have been if Mr. GLADSTONE had heartily thrown himself into the task of rallying and consolidating his party, anything is better for the Opposition than that it should be in the unhappy position in which it was last Session, when the nominal leader, after long absences, appeared as the whim seized him, and none of his supporters had the vaguest notion when he would come, or when he would go, or what he would say, or which side of any question he would take. At any rate the Opposition may hope now to behave like an Opposition, and to jog on in a humble and useful manner.

THE *QUARTERLY REVIEW* ON PIUS IX.

THE announcement of a review of the Speeches of PIUS IX. excited interest and curiosity on account rather of the reputed author than of the object of his criticism. It is unnecessary to derange the transparent veil which covers the name of the reviewer. Archbishop MANNING will perhaps feel that a second breach has been made in a friendship of five-and-forty years through the conclusive refutation by the anonymous writer of a charge of inaccuracy which the zealous prelate, or, as he is called, the "bold controversialist," had preferred against Mr. GLADSTONE. The *Quarterly* Reviewer has not generally been supposed to include among his varied accomplishments any considerable faculty of amusing his readers; but the essentially comic nature of his present subject has elicited a vein of playfulness, and supplies the place of humour. Don PASQUALE DE FRANCISCIS, the compiler and editor of the speeches, seems to emulate in his sycophantic exaltation the marvellous hyperboles of the POPE. As the reviewer neatly says, Don PASQUALE always goes mad in white linen when the POPE goes mad in white satin. The gaiety of spirit which is produced by the contemplation of Papal extravagances finds a still more remarkable expression in an unexpected play upon words:—"While other Governments generally are here and "there admonished, even when they are guilty of no sin of "commission, as to the neglect of their duty to restore the "POPE, there is one which receives his warmest commenda-"tions. It is the 'glorious' Republic of the Equator, "which, 'amidst the complicity by silence of the Powers "'of Europe,' sent its poor feeble bark (we mean its vocal "bark; probably it possesses no other) across the Atlantic "to proclaim—

"Auditum admissi risum teneatis amici?—

"the principle of the restoration by foreign arms of the "Papal throne." The contrast of the vocal or canine bark with the probably non-existent naval bark of the South American Republic is not a good pun; indeed it is a very bad pun; but everybody will like the eminent reviewer better for making a pun at all. The substance of whom he is the shadow would have profited in public life as in literary composition by an occasional digression into harmless trifling.

The review of the POPE'S speeches, which is at the same time lively and severe, will perhaps reassure alarmists who absurdly suspected the veteran friend of Italy of a disposition to subject himself to the spiritual despotism of the POPE. The reviewer denounces with just indignation the language in which foreigners, some of them unfortunately English noblemen, have spoken of the Italian Government while they were enjoying its protection. "After more "slang of the same kind—from persons acting entirely be-"yond their right this language deserves no better name—"the Addressers gave place to the Addressed, who assures "them that all that they have said is true," including their remark that PETER alive in the person of the POPE will be ever admirable in his heroic resolution against HEROD, who is no other than the King of ITALY. The Italian Government has perhaps acted wisely in allowing the self-styled prisoner of the Vatican the unbounded license which he has grossly abused. Anile scolding loses much of its effect when it is uttered in perfect and assured impunity. Whatever may be the feeling of ill-informed English fanatics, Italians are not likely to forget the political condition to which the POPE incessantly recurs as an ideal state which must hereafter be restored by Divine intervention. "The POPE speaks "of it with a coolness, an exultation, a yearning self-com-"placent desire which would deserve no other name than "that of a brutal inhumanity were it not," &c. A personage who, but for some extenuating circumstances, might be justly accused of brutal inhumanity is not likely to be regarded by his critic as a divine and inspired being. "We "had already and often seen Infallibility in full dress, in "peacock's plumes; Infallibility fenced about with well "set lines of theological phrases, impenetrable by us the "multitude, the uninitiated. But Don PASQUALE has taken "us behind the scenes. He has shown us Infallibility "in the closet, Infallibility in dishabille, Infallibility able to "cut its capers at will, to indulge in its wildest romps with "freedom and impunity." It is true that Dr. NEWMAN may plausibly contend that the Church attributes no infallible authority to the colloquial or declamatory nonsense which may proceed from Popes; but the reviewer conclusively shows that both PIUS IX. and his flatterers claim for his political speeches and for himself an inviolable sanctity

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which would be incompatible with human error. "A "crowd of three thousand persons shouts 'Viva il "'Pontefice Infallibile!' A lawyer, speaking for a conclave "of lawyers, reveres 'the great POPE, the superlatively "'great King, the master of his faith, the most loving "'father of his soul.'" The mob of devotees and satellites in the courts of the Vatican, and throughout the Roman world, disregards the subtle definitions by which a great logician reduces incredible pretensions into forms less shocking to the understanding and the conscience. Don PASQUALE, if he expressed his real opinion, would adopt the interpretation of the *Quarterly* Reviewer in preference to the apology of Dr. NEWMAN.

If the POPE had not retained even since the loss of his temporal dominions a political position, his eccentricities would merely serve as matter of instruction and amusement to those who are outside the pale of the Roman communion. The bombastic phrases quoted from Don PASQUALE'S compilation by the *Quarterly* Reviewer are curious illustrations of the quality which is admired by some Frenchmen under the title of logic. They express nothing but what is implicitly contained in the most moderate language which is habitually applied to the POPE. Don PASQUALE'S compilation resembles an extract from SWIFT'S *Tale of a Tub*, which also was a logical exposition of the genuine claims of the Roman Church. If the POPE really possessed almost any one of the attributes which he claims, it would follow that he was entitled to universal dominion and to implicit obedience. It is natural that when he is relegated into his spiritual province he should dwell more and more fondly on his superhuman pretensions. The Popes of two centuries ago were Italian princes, immersed in petty diplomacy and family jobs, who were united by common interests and common moral infirmities with their secular neighbours. The projectors of an Italian Federation under PIUS IX. regarded him as a fellow-creature who might exercise a limited power for the public good. He now consoles himself with dreams, such as little children are trained to flatter in rhymes which announce that shortly PIUS

Regnerà sul mondo intiero.

His absolute supremacy over his spiritual subjects, and especially over his clergy, is concentrated and strengthened as its area is narrowed. Ecclesiastical critics complain that the bishops of the Romish Church have been deprived of their legitimate authority in favour of the prerogative of the Holy See. The servile and profane adulation which surrounds the Papal throne has never been exceeded in Byzantium or in Asia; and PIUS IX., like some of the weaker Roman Emperors, has taught himself almost to believe in the epithets which describe his unapproachable sublimity. At his death, or perhaps during his life, he will be rewarded by the official title of "Great" for the services which he has rendered to the Church in alienating the allegiance of Europe, and in adding two or three articles to the creed.

If it were not for the ecclesiastical legislation of Prussia, and for the annoyance which is borne with a prudent display of indifference by Italy, it might almost be supposed that the POPE had withdrawn from practical interference in politics into the abstract contemplation of his own sacred pre-eminence. To Prince BISMARCK he is still a real and formidable enemy, and a celebrated English statesman has persuaded himself that the Vatican dogma involves injurious political consequences. The chief of the French Legitimists accepts the dedication of Don PASQUALE'S book in language which perhaps implies a pledge that a restored French Monarchy would make war on Italy for the benefit of the Holy See. It will probably be found that the alarms which may be felt in Germany, in England, or in France, are, like the Papal pretensions on which they are founded, mere anachronisms. The partial deference which is paid to the last temporal ruler among the Popes will not be extended to his successor; nor will another Pope be able with success to assume the character of a prisoner and a martyr. The fawning courtiers of PIUS IX. deprive themselves by their exaggerated personal flattery of the opportunity of permanently maintaining the dignity of his office. His transcendent excellence cannot plausibly be attributed to the next incumbent of the Papacy. The commencement of a future reign will be watched with interest wholly unmingled with anxiety. The *Quarterly* Reviewer perhaps attaches an undue importance to the extravagant language which he ridicules and condemns; but the reproaches which have been addressed to him on account of his present publication are unreasonable and unjust. It is an historical, though perhaps not an important, event that a dignitary who is still courted by two rival candidates for the throne of Spain should not lose his influence by the habit of prattling after the fashion which is described in the *Quarterly Review*. Few English readers are likely to study Don PASQUALE'S work; and they ought to be grateful for illustrative extracts.

LORD CAIRNS AS A LAW REFORMER.

A THOUGHTFUL article in the *Quarterly Review* (apparently not from the pen of Mr. GLADSTONE) recalls attention to what is likely to prove the great topic of the coming Session. Free from the distraction of all blazing questions, safe in the arms of a faithful majority, with a well-assured prospect of peace and prosperity, the Cabinet can afford to frame their programme with a view rather to utility than to party triumph. First among the unfinished works which it devolves on them to complete is the great measure of Law Reform which has taken shape in the Judicature Act and the Judicature Rules. When Lord SELBORNE introduced the Bill which has since ripened into the Judicature Act, we pointed out that, with the co-operation of Lord CAIRNS, it was in his power to pass almost any measure of Law Reform which he thought desirable. The event justified our anticipation. Any reform approved by Lord CAIRNS was certain to command the unquestioning support of the House of Lords, while Lord SELBORNE and his associates were equally secure in the House of Commons. Things have changed since 1873, and what we then said of Lord SELBORNE and Lord CAIRNS combined may now be said of the LORD CHANCELLOR alone. Supported as he is by the confidence of an ample majority in each House, he possesses a power of reforming our judicial administration which not one of his illustrious predecessors ever enjoyed. It is a splendid opportunity. What will he do with it? Will he be content, after the additional experience which has been gained since 1873, to bring the Statute and the Rules into operation without any material rectification, or will he bend all his energies to the task of making the comprehensive Reform which Lord SELBORNE imagined perfect and complete before he ventures upon the great experiment?

The *Quarterly Review* pleads for the consolidation and completion of the new code of procedure which, as matters now stand, would have to be picked (at infinite cost to suitors) out of two documents—the Schedule to the Act, and the subsequently framed Rules—which are avowedly incomplete, frequently obscure, and not always consistent with each other, or with the broad principles on which they are evidently intended to be based. The magnitude and difficulty of this task are far greater than superficial observers would imagine; but the more arduous it is, the more imperious is the necessity of the undertaking. Every difficulty which is grappled with and conquered before the new edict goes forth will save litigants in years to come a host of difficulties which they will otherwise have to face at their own peril. More than that, every obstacle to the smooth working of the Supreme Court which is removed by anticipation will be one chance more of preventing our reconstituted tribunals from lapsing into the very condition from which Lord SELBORNE'S measure was intended to extricate them. No one can so much as guess beforehand what the practical effect of the Judicature Act will be. There is one school of which Lord PENZANCE once made himself a distinguished spokesman who think that the change effected by it will be and ought to be more nominal than real. There is an opposite school sanguine enough to believe that the magic of the Statute will transform everything, from the title of a cause to the tone of a judgment, and that a new system ideally perfect will spring at once into mature existence.

Another view very widely entertained is that the working of the Act must depend wholly on the construction which may be put upon the Schedule and the Rules; that those documents are so marred by omissions and ambiguities that on very many points no settled meaning can possibly be got out of them until after years of costly litigation; that when the final interpretation is reached, if it ever should be, it will be one interpretation in one division of the Court and another in another, so that in the end the supposed unity of the several divisions of the Supreme Court will turn out to be a dream. Without going the whole length of these gloomy views, the writer in the

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Quarterly Review insists on the absolute necessity of re-editing the Schedule and the Rules in the form of a revised Schedule to an amending Act, as the only means of avoiding the most ruinous confusion and perplexity hereafter; and happily, if this view is right, there is one circumstance which will largely mitigate the arduousness of the undertaking. What we think comes out very clearly from the investigation is that there are no material differences of opinion on any questions of principle. The blots on the work in its present half-finished state are simply due to the fact that it is half-finished, while the principles which underlie it are found to be substantially the same whether they are sought for in Lord SELBORNE'S Schedule, in the Rules framed since his retirement, or in the Reports of Lord CAIRNS'S Judicature Commission, on which the whole project was originally based. In order to prove this, the Reviewer commences his inquiry by an examination of the primary maxims by which the Judicial Investigation of Truth ought to be governed. For the reasoning on which these conclusions are based we must refer our readers to the *Review* itself; but many, if not all, of the maxims propounded seem to us to form the common creed of what has been called the philosophical school of Law Reformers, of whom Lord CAIRNS may in some sense be taken as a type. The main conditions insisted on are these:—

1. Full discovery on both sides at the first stage of every suit.
2. Untechnical pleading.
3. Issues of fact when necessary to be settled by the Court.
4. Trial with or without a jury as the Court may direct in each case.
5. Proof by the Nisi Prius method or by affidavit as the Court may direct in each case.
6. Decision of legal questions by a single Judge of First Instance, subject to appeal to a Court of many Judges, with a further appeal to the ultimate tribunal.
7. No delegation to inferior officers of any strictly judicial functions.

We need not consider whether any of these conclusions might be improved by addition or modification. In the main, at any rate, they are the maxims of common sense, and no one can fail to see they are maxims which must have largely influenced the framers of the Schedule and the Rules. But, as is pointed out in the article, these fundamental principles, though acknowledged in theory, are none of them effectually reduced to a working shape. We do not propose to enter now into the discussion of the details from which this inference flows. Nor can we here examine all the criticisms applied to the specific provisions which the Rules contain. It is enough for our present purpose to dwell upon the absolute necessity of a thorough consolidation of the Schedule and the Rules into one complete code of procedure which shall, as far as human ingenuity can compass the task, exclude all ambiguity and start the new Court with a system of practice free from the tendency (too apparent in the proposed Rules) to reproduce the dualism which it was the purpose of the Act to destroy. It was recognized almost from the first introduction of Lord SELBORNE'S measure that the gravest of all the difficulties which he had to contend with lay in the utterly conflicting systems of procedure which had established themselves in our rival Courts. It was comparatively easy to assimilate the law administered in Westminster Hall and Lincoln's Inn. It was impossible to bring the strongly contrasted procedures in an action and in a suit into anything like harmony. Lord SELBORNE attacked this obstacle with more courage than he showed in other parts of his scheme. He framed and passed his Bill on the principle that the rules of practice in force in ordinary actions and suits at Law and in Equity were to be swept away, and an entirely new machinery (compounded of what was best in each) substituted as the universal rule throughout all the divisions of the contemplated Court. This idea was faithfully carried out in the sketch of the new procedure —for it was nothing more than a sketch—embodied in the Schedule to the Act. In that we find no indication that the new Rules were to be a mere graft on the existing codes of procedure; but the very nomenclature was changed, for the express purpose of showing that a new point of departure was to be taken, and nothing of the past retained, unless specially incorporated in the Rules which the Statute authorized. In working out this idea, the framers of the Rules began by abrogating it altogether, and the first lines of their draft Rules direct that the old practice shall survive wherever it is not expressly modified. In effect, though not in terms, the proposed Rules direct that in all matters not expressly dealt with (and the number of these is far greater than of those for which new machinery is provided) three divisions of the Supreme Court shall reproduce the old Common Law practice, while the first division is to revive the very machinery of the Court of Chancery which was supposed to be abolished. This is *pro tanto* a repeal in spirit, if not in letter, of the Statute itself. Nor is this the only danger of the kind, for the wording of the new Rules (whatever may be said of it if looked at as the nomenclature of a new precedure) is such as to make them almost unintelligible as a graft upon either of the pre-existing systems. Nor is this conflict of intention between the Schedule and the Rules the only hindrance to the effectual working of the future Code. A Code to be clear and serviceable must be a single document. In place of that we have now two supplementary Codes, one in the Schedule the other in the Rules, out of harmony with one another, and still more out of harmony with the diverse systems into which they are to be pieced.

It is clear that, even if the details were far more perfect than they are, such machinery could not work. It is of vital importance to revert to the original idea of the Act and to create a new Code of practice complete in itself as a substitute for the dual system which the Act proposed to abolish. To do this, and to do it in accordance with sound principles, is the work which the LORD CHANCELLOR has on his hands if he desires to make the projected Reform a practical success, and we do not doubt that he will accomplish it. Lord CAIRNS'S antecedents have proved that in breadth of grasp he stands first among our Law Reformers. The original impulse towards all that has been done was given by him to the Judicature Commission, and the initiative in other legal reforms may be traced to the same source. Certainly there is no one who would be more fully trusted to construct the new machinery of our Courts of Justice. If he fairly attacks the difficulty, no one doubts that he will master it. But a Reformer needs tenacity and strength of will no less than philosophic breadth of view, and it has been doubted (we think without reason) whether Lord CAIRNS, in working out his ideas, will hold to his purpose with the persistent energy to which Lord SELBORNE'S triumph was so largely due. And yet in many respects his position is much more favourable. Lord SELBORNE started with no step of the contemplated Reform effected, and he found it necessary to disarm prejudices by concessions which seriously marred the symmetry of his work. Lord CAIRNS finds prejudices rapidly dying out and the great principles of reform already established as the law of the land. Yet in the Bill which he introduced last year he sacrificed to some extent the ideas for which he had contended in the previous Session, apparently as a graceful concession to the party by whom the first stage of the work had been accomplished. That this temper is a vast improvement on the spirit of old times when a Chancellor in office delighted to tear to pieces the projects of his predecessor on the woolsack cannot be denied; but, after all, the first duty of a reformer is to his country, and it would be a poor excuse for passing an imperfect measure to say that it was framed as a compliment to the sentiments of the Opposition bench. There is a limit even to complaisance. If Lord CAIRNS succeeds in perfecting the half-finished project of reform which has fallen into his hands, his name and Lord SELBORNE'S will be associated as the founders of an enlightened system of judicial administration. If he allows a measure which he has himself pronounced imperfect and incomplete to come into operation without adequate amendment, he may share only the credit or the discredit, as it may be, which belongs to good intentions imperfectly worked out.

MR. FORSTER AT BRADFORD.

MR. FORSTER spoke at Bradford, as he always speaks and acts, with good sense and good taste. His earnest praise of Mr. GLADSTONE contained the truth, and nothing but the truth, and it was not necessary that it should exhaust the whole truth. Eulogists select one side of a man's character, and satirists another; and it is

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possible that both may be accurate. No reasonable critic ever accused Mr. GLADSTONE of conscious selfishness, or of deliberate indifference to the public good. Since he has retired from his high position, the recollection of his intellectual and political defects would not be profitable; and it was never pleasant. Mr. FORSTER was quite right in expressing the feelings of an attached colleague and loyal supporter. If he should himself be selected to fill Mr. GLADSTONE'S place in the House of Commons, his honesty of purpose will never be impugned. In the more practical part of his speech, Mr. FORSTER naturally selected topics which were suggested by his recent visit to the United States. He had happily disposed in his speech at New York of all the commonplaces of fraternal affection and of admiration for material progress. His constituents at Bradford are probably content to take the physical magnitude and moral greatness of the States for granted, and perhaps some of them may have lately considered whether anything could be done to increase the export of woollen goods. Mr. FORSTER opportunely remembered that, when he was at Philadelphia, he had been requested to say a good word for the forthcoming Centennial Exhibition; and although he is himself, like the rest of the community, sated with Exhibitions, he thinks that it may perhaps be worth while to encounter American manufacturers in the centre and capital of Protection. If Bradford goods contrast favourably with native products in quality and price, it is possible that merchants and retail dealers may think that it would be desirable to relieve their customers from the tax which they pay to American producers. On the other hand, the manufacturers, who are more resolute, and therefore more powerful, than the consumers, will regard with increased aversion competitors who are prepared to undersell them. Mr. FORSTER thinks that English inventors might learn something from the Patent laws of the United States; but the Patent Museum which he admired at Washington has but a remote connexion with the proposed fair at Philadelphia. The era of Exhibitions which were once expected by some mysterious process to accelerate the advent of the Millennium has already passed away; and while it lasted American imitations of the shows of London and Paris were not successful. Two or three years after the first Exhibition, Lord ELLESMERE was sent over in a man-of-war as English Commissioner to an Exhibition at New York. When he arrived, he found that the enterprise had failed, and the compliment which the English Government had paid in despatching his mission was not acknowledged in the form of remarkable courtesy to himself. If anything is to be got by attendance at Philadelphia, the manufacturers of Bradford and other industrial towns will not be deterred from a promising enterprise by fear of the declamations which visitors will have to hear. Travellers in search of recreation will probably not expose themselves to the eloquent denunciations of England and GEORGE III. which will be thought appropriate to the centenary of the American rebellion. A comparatively remote posterity has little inclination to do penance for the mistakes of GRENVILLE and Lord NORTH, or for the policy which was common to the KING and the nation. It is perfectly natural that the people of the United States should be proud of their wealth and their power; but their mutual congratulations will be most conveniently exchanged among themselves.

Mr. FORSTER was justified in his belief that the collapse of the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty is not a subject of regret. He might have added that the unwillingness of the American Senate to encourage Free-trade with Canada has relieved the Dominion and the Imperial Government from embarrassments which might have become serious. The negotiation was thoughtlessly commenced, and it was entrusted to incompetent agents, who displayed neither diplomatic adroitness nor economical knowledge. Sir EDWARD THORNTON may perhaps be excused for entire ignorance of commercial principles; but his experience ought to have taught him that, in a bargain with a jealous and selfish dealer, it is a gross mistake to be ostentatiously eager. In addressing a Memorandum in support of their proposed Treaty to the American Government, the plenipotentiaries ensured the failure of the negotiation. They were also to blame for the adoption in their argument of the obsolete fallacies which inspire the commercial legislation of the United States. They assumed that the interest of the American Government was to secure a favourable balance of trade, or an excess of exports over imports; and they undertook to prove by statistical documents that since the abrogation of the former treaty the balance of trade had inclined more and more in favour of Canada. It was obvious that the English agents were not even candid in their erroneous reasoning. If the balance of trade was likely to be less favourable to Canada after the conclusion of a treaty, there was no apparent reason why they should wish to confer a gratuitous benefit on the United States. It is not known whether one blunder corrected the other by disinclining the PRESIDENT and the Senate to conclude an arrangement recommended on suspicious grounds. It is perhaps more probable that the assurances given by the English Government to a manufacturing deputation convinced the Americans that it would be impossible to establish in Canada the differential duties which could alone have rendered the treaty palatable to the Protectionist party. Whatever may have been the cause of failure, the result may be regarded with unqualified satisfaction. Treaties of commerce are in themselves clumsy contrivances for forcing independent States to adopt partially rational legislation. It is far better that every nation should adjust its tariff to its own wants, and that it should not allow foreigners a voice in its domestic legislation. The inconvenience of treaties is greater in the case of an imperfectly independent community such as the Dominion of Canada, which may at the same time be bound by foreign engagements and tempted to incur a collision with the mother-country.

As it was evident that the American Government must calculate on the enactment of differential duties against England, it is strange that neither the negotiators nor those Canadians who took an interest in the question should have foreseen a necessary consequence of the proposed Treaty. Mr. FORSTER says that during his visit to Canada he was frequently assured that no party in the Dominion would consent to favour American produce at the expense of English trade, as long as the existing political connexion was maintained. The conditional form of the declaration has a disagreeable sound, but Mr. FORSTER adds that a desire for separation was generally disclaimed. If the Treaty had been concluded without any stipulation as to duties on maritime imports, the American markets would have been virtually opened to the English and European produce which is at present discouraged or excluded. It would have been impossible in many cases to distinguish articles of Canadian origin from imported goods; and in a short time the whole Transatlantic trade to the United States would have been diverted to Canadian ports. A large part of the Canadian revenue is derived from Customs duties, which at present average from 20 to 25 per cent. on the value. If American goods had under the Treaty been admitted at lower rates of duty, the Government of the Dominion might perhaps have thought it necessary to increase the Customs duties, and they would certainly not have reduced them. No provision for the security of English trade was included in the draft of the Treaty, and, when the arrangement was once complete, remonstrance would have been too late. Lord DERBY, who is responsible for treaties, and Lord CARNARVON, who conducts the intercourse between England and Canada, promised that they would not sanction any compact which might tend to impose differential duties on English trade. It would have been extremely inconvenient that the threatened danger should be averted by the exercise of the prerogative of the Crown. Colonists, notwithstanding the assurances of Mr. FORSTER'S friends, are always prone to prefer their supposed interests to their allegiance; and the rejection of a Treaty approved by the Canadian Legislature would have been represented as a grievance both in the Dominion itself and by sympathetic American agitators. A Treaty which must have been objectionable to England, if it had been acceptable to the United States, ought to have been in the first instance discountenanced by the Colonial Office.

THE EMPIRE AND THE RIGHT CENTRE.

THE result of the second ballot in the Upper Pyrenees has been a surprise to all parties. The contest originally lay between an Imperialist, a Republican, and a Ministerialist; and when it was found that the first ballot gave none of the candidates an absolute majority, the Republican candidate, who stood lowest of the three, withdrew, in the belief that his supporters would transfer

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their votes to the Ministerialist on the principle of anything being better than a Bonapartist. Whether the Republicans in the department shared this opinion cannot be ascertained. All that is known is that some of the Conservatives who had voted for M. ALICOT in the first instance were frightened at the Radical company they would have found themselves in had they again voted for him last Sunday, or that some of the Republicans who voted for M. BRAUHAUBAN in the first instance prefer the Empire to the Septennate, when the choice lies between the two. So far as the Bonapartists are concerned, it does not much matter which reading of the event is the true one. Either way, it is clear that, so long as the present political stagnation continues, the Empire will more and more be looked to as the easiest way out of the difficulty. Whether it is the Radical lion that will not lie down with the Conservative lamb, or the Conservative lamb that dreads the neighbourhood of the Radical lion, the issue is the same. In both cases it is the Empire that offers the best chance of a settled Government that shall not be displeasing to the more careless members of either party. From one cause or another M. CAZEAUX polled upwards of 6,000 votes more than M. ALICOT, and 10,000 votes more than he had polled at the first ballot. The genuineness of this expression of public feeling is not open to question. The Government probably did not scruple to use all the influence they could bring to bear in behalf of their candidate, and they could do so with virtual impunity, as the Left would not be likely to quarrel with administrative pressure when it was resorted to to keep out an Imperialist. The result shows that in the present condition of affairs the Government cannot secure a candidate's return, or even greatly help him. From this point of view it may convey a useful warning to the Duke of BROGLIE. It is believed that he is anxious to return to office before the dissolution, for the purpose of having the general election under his control. Unless he can devise some more attractive policy in the interval, he may probably spare himself the anxiety of being in power at a critical moment. There are not many things that the French electorate cares for, but there are a few; and when it has set its mind on one of these few, it contrives to make its desires known whatever Prefects or Sub-Prefects may say to the contrary. It has evidently set its heart now on living under a settled Government of some kind; and while parties in the Assembly are disputing whether this Government shall be Royal or Republican, or scheming how to keep the decision open until they can gain strength enough to turn the scale on the side to which they wish it to incline, the electors who rarely meddle with politics are coming in constantly increasing numbers to the conclusion that the Empire can be sooner established than either of its rivals, and that the best hope for the future lies in voting with the Bonapartists.

The Duke of BROGLIE is apparently blind to this state of things, but the Duke of AUDIFFRET PASQUIER is perfectly alive to it; and one of the problems about which public opinion is languidly exciting itself at Paris and Versailles is the question how large a part of the Right Centre the Duke of AUDIFFRET PASQUIER can expect to carry with him if he elects to sever himself from the Duke of BROGLIE. The difference between the more liberal section of the Right Centre and the Left Centre has now reduced itself to this. Shall the revision of the Constitution, which it is agreed shall be provided for at the end of the Septennate, be compulsory or permissive? Even the Left, with the exception of a few extreme members, has given up the idea of a Republic to be maintained for all time, and without reference to the wishes of those who have to live under it. It is conceded that, if Frenchmen get tired of a Government, they can generally find some means of getting rid of it; and this being granted, it is only a very violent fanatic who would not rather see it got rid of constitutionally than by force of arms. Accordingly M. CASIMIR PÉRIER'S Bill provides that at certain intervals it shall be in the power of a prescribed number of deputies to propose the convocation of a Constituent Assembly, and to take the opinion of the Legislature upon the proposal. If this bill were passed, the Duke of AUDIFFRET PASQUIER and his friends would be able, if they commanded a majority in the Legislature in the autumn of 1880, to obtain the election of a Constituent Assembly which might, if it pleased, declare the Count of PARIS King of France. But this is not enough to satisfy them. They insist that in 1880 a Constituent Assembly shall be convoked, even though there may obviously be nothing for it to do. If this is conceded them, they are willing in their turn to allow the Republic to be formally set up for the remainder of the Septennate. The Duke of AUDIFFRET PASQUIER confesses that at this moment the Republic is the only Government that has a chance of keeping out the Empire, and as he is anti-Imperialist before everything, he will accept the Republic, much as he dislikes it, in order to effect this paramount object. But he will not allow France to drift into a permanent Republic. Six years hence, whether the experiment has answered well or ill, it must be solemnly reconsidered. The mere power of revising the Constitution, apart from any obligation to exercise it, is not enough, because if things had gone prosperously with the Republic, there would be no disposition to renew the constitutional quarrel, and without its renewal there can be no hope for the Orleanists. The Duke says in effect to the Left Centre, We both wish to live under a Republic for the next six years; let us go so far as that together at all events, and then discuss whether we must needs part company.

The reply of the Left Centre, so far as it can be gathered from their organs in the press, will be that this concession is satisfactory so far as they themselves are concerned, but that it is not enough that they should be satisfied. The Six Years' Republic must not only be submitted to the Centres, it must be carried through the Assembly, and this cannot be done without the aid of a larger contingent from the Left than there is any prospect of bringing over. All sections of the Right may be trusted to vote against the proposal. The opposition of the Extreme Left may be equally counted on. The Centres can make head against this coalition if the Moderate Left go with them; but if the lattar side with the Extremes, the Six Years' Republic would have no better chance than any other of the many solutions which might have succeeded if the Assembly would only have made trial of them. It does not appear that there is any sufficient reason forthcoming why even the most moderate member of the Left should accept the Duke of AUDIFFRET PASQUIER'S proposal. It will not put the Republic in any better position than it is now; for though there is a difference in form between a Septennate which may come to an end at any moment by the death of Marshal MACMAHON, and a Septennate which must run out its assigned course either under Marshal MACMAHON or under somebody else, the knowledge that the Constitution must be reconsidered in 1880 will keep all the anti-Republican parties on the alert, and deprive the Republic of that appearance of stability which goes some way towards creating the reality. The distinction between a Provisional Government which may be pulled to pieces any day, and a permanent Government which must be pulled to pieces in six years, is very much too refined to stand the wear and tear of political life in France. The public generally will lump the two together, and will seize hold of the one important fact, that after the Septennate comes anarchy. It is a strange example of honest self-deception that the Duke of AUDIFFRET PASQUIER should not see all this. He has evidently brought himself with a great deal of difficulty to accept the Republic, and so far it is natural enough that he should wish to make the inevitable dose as small as possible. The wonder is that he should have persuaded himself that six years is a sufficient dose to serve the purpose he has in view. He sees that France is becoming more Imperialist every day, and he rightly attributes this tendency to the dislike of the nation for a merely Provisional Government. Frenchmen are not over-nice about their institutions; they are ready to accept anything definitive that the Assembly may offer them. But if the Assembly offers them nothing, they will see what there is offered them outside the Assembly. The Duke of AUDIFFRET PASQUIER seems to believe that, if the Assembly offers them a definitive and permanent Republic determinable at the end of six years, they will be too pleased with the words definitive and permanent to notice that the limitation to six years makes them mean the same thing as provisional and temporary. In this he certainly does the intelligence of his countrymen less than justice. Frenchmen have often been led away by fine words, but rarely by fine words of which the emptiness is so apparent. If the Duke of AUDIFFRET PASQUIER wishes to set up a breakwater against the Empire, he must build it of stronger materials than institutions which so literally perish in the using as a Government which is only to last for six years.

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THE CLERGY AND ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

WHEN a member of any learned profession speaks slightingly of his own special subjects, and proclaims his readiness to bear all the obloquy which his frankness may bring upon him, there is usually reason to suspect that the future risk is in his eyes more than counterbalanced by the prospect of immediate applause. The Bishop of MANCHESTER has lately been taking credit to himself for his contempt for theological controversies, and warning the clergy against sacrificing the interests of education to the maintenance of the Denominational character of Church schools. Had Dr. FRASER been a layman, this impatient attitude of mind might have been pardoned on the score of ignorance. But a Bishop ought to know that there is more in "the long columns of theological correspondence "in the *Times*" than the mere newspaper reader is disposed to admit. Lawyers and physicians do not usually characterize the technical phraseology of their science as "metaphysical subtleties about hard and almost in-"explicable terms." Whenever the English public comes to share Dr. FRASER'S feeling, he may be sure that the temporal accidents of a Bishop's position will undergo a very great change. Whether the position itself will be as pleasant after that change as it is now is more uncertain than the Bishop of MANCHESTER perhaps thinks. Again, considering how much nonsense is talked about the moral enlightenment conferred by the ability to read with moderate fluency and to work an easy sum in arithmetic, it was hardly necessary for a Bishop to repeat the commonplace antithesis between real and Denominational education. If Denominational schools made the children brought up in them keen Denominationalists, the community would certainly not be a loser. Theological controversy is at least a better instrument of culture than the spelling-book or the Multiplication Table. The training which has made the Scotch peasantry so learned in Calvinistic speculation and so acute in distinguishing between apparently similar aspects of Presbyterian doctrine has not left them ill equipped for the business of life. The inert stupidity which those engaged in teaching the English poor usually find their worst enemy will not be overcome by that scanty provision of secular knowledge which, for some time at all events, is likely to be the most that elementary schools will give. It is quite possible no doubt for the provision of religious knowledge to be equally imperfect, and we do not question the truth of the Bishop of MANCHESTER'S remark that the great majority of elementary schools turn out children who are neither good scholars nor intelligent Christians. But the production of intelligence in any form is so difficult a process that it seems needless to denounce a particular variety of it. Even if it be granted that a good scholar is a better article than an intelligent Christian, the latter is not so common a product as to make it requisite to discourage the manufacture.

The substance of the Bishop of MANCHESTER'S speech was better than the rhetorical fringes with which it was here and there bedecked. It is satisfactory to find a Bishop who is not afraid to acknowledge that, no matter what precautions may be resorted to, School Board schools are likely in the end to crowd out voluntary schools. Appeals to subscribe to Church schools are often based on the commercial ground that it will be a cheaper mode of satisfying the requirements of the Education Act than a school-rate. As regards the bulk of the ratepayers this is perfectly true, for the very sufficient reason that the persons who contribute to voluntary schools and the persons who contribute to an education-rate are not the same persons. A voluntary school is a device for throwing on the few the obligation which, if the few did not undertake it, the law would throw on the many. It is unsafe to suppose that, because the few were willing to subscribe to a school when there was no other means of maintaining one, they will be equally willing to subscribe when they know that a school will be maintained whether they subscribe to it or not. Those who have subscribed for years may go on doing so because they do not wish to be thought mean, or because they have a tenderness for the feelings of the clergyman. But if the clergy draw the inference that they can go on setting up fresh schools in reliance on fresh support of the same kind, they will probably find out that they have reckoned without their host. Before the passing of the Education Act the zealous supporters of voluntary schools were made up of two classes—those who subscribed to them because they were the only means of providing education of any kind, and those who subscribed to them because they were a means of providing Denominational education. In future only the latter class will be represented in the subscription lists, and any calculations founded on the number of persons who have hitherto contributed must be falsified by results, except on the exceedingly improbable assumption that the two classes are co-extensive. The Bishop of MANCHESTER has all the probabilities on his side when he predicts that it will be found increasingly difficult to support voluntary schools in the face of, and more or less in competition with, rate-supported schools. He may be right or wrong in assigning a quarter of a century as the date before which School Board schools will have become the rule, and voluntary schools the exception. But the process of which this is the ultimate result has apparently begun. When the clergy are reduced to plead cheapness as the most popular argument for keeping alive the Denominational system in elementary education, it needs no prophet to pronounce that the Denominational system is already in danger. The Bishop of MANCHESTER urges the clergy not to look on while their schools die out one by one before the superior resources, and consequently the superior efficiency, of rate-supported schools. Why, he asks, should not they agree with their adversary quickly while they are in the way with him? The School Boards are not, as a rule, hostile to voluntary schools. They would be very glad to be saved the cost of building by taking over schools already in existence, and they would in most cases be willing to give the managers of the schools so taken over the use of the buildings for religious instruction out of school hours. In country parishes the managers of the Church school would probably be the most zealous members of the School Board, and in this character they would be able to exercise all the control they can reasonably desire over the religious instruction given in the school. Such influence for good as a clergyman now possesses over the children in attendance at the parish school he would then possess over the same children when in attendance at the Board school. The only difference would be that the burden which the mere maintenance of the parish school now imposes upon his time, his thoughts, and his pocket would be removed, and all would be left free to minister to the support and extension of that religious teaching which he has specially at heart.

It must be admitted, however, to make the statement of the case complete, that this religious teaching would, as a matter of fact, be subjected to one restriction. As regards the exposition of doctrine, the clergy would be as free as they are now, but they would not be able to convert elementary schools into instruments of political proselytism. Many of our readers will be inclined to deny that any such notion has ever come into a clergyman's head; but a speech delivered at the Church Defence Conference at Birmingham on Monday will show that there is at least one clerical brain which is ingenious enough to conceive even this. Mr. ILES, who is a prebendary and a rural dean, as well as the rector of an important town parish, read a paper in which he proposed that, besides a National Church Sunday on which in every parish sermons should be preached and collections made in support of the Established Church—a prospect sufficiently alarming in itself to regular churchgoers—there should be a National Church Monday, on which, among other things, provision should be made "to leave upon the minds of the school "children pleasing recollections of the occasion." It may at once be conceded that, if the voluntary schools were made over to School Boards, it would be impossible to carry out this plan. But the clergy will do well to ask themselves whether this scheme of a National Church Monday is really so promising as to constitute in itself a reason for making a desperate effort to maintain voluntary schools. There is a judicious vagueness about the words "pleasing recollections of the occasion," but we need not tell the clergy what they really mean. Mr. ILES'S suggestion is neither more nor less than a proposal to rest the Established Church upon a foundation of buns. Pleasing recollections with school children always stand for recollections of something they have had to eat, and nothing is so easily provided on a large scale as buns. What is this but a challenge to the Liberation Society to outbid the Church in a field where Dissenters are likely to be more expert than Churchmen? A National Church Monday would soon be followed by a Disestablishment

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Saturday, on which the young minds, apparently knit so closely to the Church through the kindly agency of the penny bun, might be seduced from their allegiance by the debasing influence of a twopenny puff. Of course no sane man would propose to dispense with buns in education, least of all in religious education. But it would certainly be a mistake to bring them so prominently forward as Mr. ILES proposes to do. The distribution of buns is one of those good deeds which are best done by stealth, and to set apart a given day for the solemn performance of it in the cause of the Established Church might attract more hostility than affection.

THE ACTION AGAINST THE *TIMES*.

IT is possible that, if the candid and judicious statement which was published in the *Times* on the day after the verdict in the recent action for libel had been presented in Court as the argument for the defence, the case might have had a different result. It was, of course, the object of the plaintiff to show that he had been distinctly accused of fraud, and the defendant's counsel seemed to admit this interpretation of the incriminated articles. Any one, however, who will take the trouble to turn to the articles may reasonably doubt whether this construction is justified. The intention of the writer was to expose what is admitted to have been an outrageous swindle, and he incidentally referred to certain persons who had been named in some of the American papers as being connected with it. As Mr. RUBERY had been conspicuously mentioned as "the very intelligent young Englishman" who had come to San Francisco with a story of his having accidentally stepped upon an ant-hill and found it composed of diamonds and rubies, the writer was led to suggest that perhaps this Mr. RUBERY was the same who had had something to do with an unsatisfactory gold speculation and with fitting out a privateer in 1862. In a second article the privateering enterprise was, perhaps inadvertently, certainly incorrectly, described as piracy. It was further remarked that "some of the cleverest "rogues in the two worlds" had been engaged in the diamond conspiracy; and Mr. RUBERY conjectured that he must be included in the number. This was probably the inference which most people drew from the account which was given of Mr. RUBERY's connexion with the affair; but an inference which is left to be drawn from a statement of facts is a different thing from a positive accusation, especially when, as in this instance, there is room for a choice of readings. Mr. RUBERY is perhaps too simple and confiding, but the suspicion which in the first instance attached to him was only the natural consequence of his own acts. Persons who are unfortunate enough to get into bad company are always liable to suffer from the reputation of their associates. As the jury gave a verdict for Mr. RUBERY, they must have thought that the *Times* had put its statement of Mr. RUBERY's antecedents into such a form as to do him an injustice, and in coming to a conclusion on this point they could hardly fail to be influenced by the line taken by the defendant's counsel, as well as by the use of that unlucky word "piracy." It is unnecessary to follow the CHIEF BARON in his elaborate argument to show that the name of pirate suggests the idea of an enemy of the human race, and of a ruffian who is probably a murderer. It is extremely unlikely that anybody would take the phrase seriously as applied to Mr. RUBERY, but the jury may have thought that it indicated a certain degree of spitefulness. It is a warning to writers to avoid the florid garnishing of a simple fact.

The main interest of the case turns, however, not so much on a nice discrimination of Mr. RUBERY's honour as on the peculiar relations which have been disclosed between Mr. SAMPSON and Mr. GRANT. Mr. GRANT occupies a sufficiently well-known position which makes it intelligible that he should cultivate the friendship, even at a considerable pecuniary cost, of an influential journalist who in the ordinary course of business may be useful to him. Mr. SAMPSON, however, was by the nature of his duties obviously debarred from accepting such kindnesses. As City Editor of the *Times*, he had to discharge what were practically judicial functions, and he was bound to keep himself clear from all entanglements which might be incompatible with the pure judicial spirit. Mr. SAMPSON did not offer himself as a witness, but Mr. GRANT, with much reluctance, gave evidence as to certain transactions which were already known to the plaintiff by means of cheques which had been abstracted from Mr. GRANT'S office. Mr. GRANT is known to cultivate with arduous liberality a reputation for general benevolence, and he may possibly have regarded his benefactions to Mr. SAMPSON in the same light as his renovation of Leicester Square and his hospitable exploits at Kidderminster. His own account of the matter is, that he gave Mr. SAMPSON free gifts to recoup him for losses for which he, Mr. GRANT, may have been, in one case at least, in some way responsible. Mr. SAMPSON, it seems, made a mistake now and then in his investments, and Mr. GRANT took a fatherly care of him, and helped him to square his accounts when there was a balance on the wrong side. Thus, when a Labuan Coal Company in which Mr. SAMPSON had shares was merged in the China Steam Packet Company, and did not answer, Mr. GRANT generously made it up to him out of the profits he derived from bringing out the Buenos Ayres National Tramway Company. In order to understand the position in which Mr. SAMPSON placed himself by accepting these donations, we have only to ask what value any reasonable person would have attached to Mr. SAMPSON'S published opinion of any new undertaking in which Mr. GRANT was interested, if it had been known at the time what were his private relations with the chief promoter of the speculation. During the years when the writer of the Money article in the *Times* was receiving periodical gifts from Mr. GRANT, Mr. GRANT was bringing out Companies by the dozen or the score, and some of them very remarkable Companies. Mr. GRANT'S denial that he ever paid Mr. SAMPSON specifically for writing anything for him in the *Times* may be accepted without hesitation, and yet it does not in the least exonerate Mr. SAMPSON from the charge of having accepted obligations inconsistent with his fiduciary responsibilities to the journal which he represented, and to the public which looked to him for independent and unbiassed counsel.

It will be observed that the relation of the *Times* to this case is twofold. There is, first, its treatment of the diamond frauds, and next its responsibility for Mr. SAMPSON. On the first of these questions every one will admit that the *Times* has a right to say that the articles for which it has suffered an adverse verdict are certainly no dishonour to it. In crushing, before it had time to do much harm, an impudent swindle, it added another to the important services which by its courage and intrepidity it has at different times rendered to the public, especially in regard to commercial matters. Some of the younger generation may perhaps not remember that more than thirty years ago the *Times* exposed the great BOGLE conspiracy for the manufacture and circulation of forged letters of credit, which also led to a libel suit of which it had no reason to be ashamed. In consequence of a technical difficulty as to the reception of evidence, the *Times* was cast in a farthing damages; but a daring plot which, if it had not been denounced, would have done infinite damage to English bankers, was happily nipped in the bud. The present case is another example of the difficulty and danger of discharging these functions for the benefit of the public. There was a gigantic conspiracy on foot, and the *Times* was anxious to save credulous investors from certain ruin. In doing this it made, as the jury thought, a mistake as to one of the persons concerned. It is evident, however, that the *Times* acted in perfect good faith; and everybody makes mistakes at some time or other. Even Mr. RUBERY is no exception to the rule. He made a mistake about the diamonds at Arizona, which was very awkward for the poor people who believed him; and in the case of the London and California Company, as the CHIEF BARON pointed out, "he confessed "that he could not disavow having made the mistake of "certifying to 70,000*l.* worth of reserves which had no "existence." These are much greater and infinitely more injurious mistakes than that into which the *Times* fell, but it is Mr. RUBERY who gets the 500*l.*

With regard to Mr. SAMPSON, it is stated that he had ceased to be connected with the *Times* before this action was brought; and no one can doubt the assurance of his employers that they were ignorant of the false relations in which he had placed himself and their journal, and that, if they had known how he was "betraying the un-"bounded trust" reposed in him, there would long since have been a change in the authorship of the Money article. It is a pity perhaps that their confidence was quite so un-

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bounded. A great journal owes an obvious duty to the public, not only in the choice of its agents, but in the constant and careful supervision of their conduct; and it is mere justice to say that the managers of the *Times* have hitherto set a good example in this respect, and have justified the high character of their journal by the scrupulous care which they have habitually shown in the selection of its representatives. The only safe rule in such a case is to see that those who are entrusted with important duties of criticism are not only competent for the task, but that they are not, by their personal and private relations, exposed to temptations which make it unsafe to trust to their independence. An art-critic ought not to be in the service of a picture-dealer, nor ought the writer of a Money article to be in the habit of receiving favours from the promoters of speculative Companies.

DR. NEWMAN'S LETTER.

WHEN we had occasion the other day to refer to a feeble and pretentious "Reply" to Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation, we observed that the real conflict was yet to come. It is only under strong pressure from without, and with evident reluctance—we might almost say under protest—that Dr. Newman has for several years past allowed himself to be drawn into the theological arena. First Mr. Kingsley's attack, then Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, and now Mr. Gladstone's pointed challenge in his recent pamphlet, have forced him out of his voluntary retirement, and the public has in every case had reason to be grateful to his critics for the result. Dr. Newman speaks here, as he has more than once spoken before, of what is likely to be his "last publication," and we sincerely trust that he will be found this time also to have spoken prematurely. But meanwhile his present work, which bears evidence throughout of very careful and deliberate composition, and is about three times the length of that which has given occasion to it, will on many accounts have a permanent value of its own. It is a characteristic of such writers as Dr. Newman that their *obiter dicta* are hardly less suggestive than their direct treatment of the subject they are professedly handling, and that they never grapple with even the most seemingly ephemeral controversy without throwing many side-lights, so to say, on questions of not less, or perhaps much greater, importance than that immediately before them. There is much, for instance, in the author's *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, to which he refers here, of far wider interest than the particular phase of controversy which evoked them. And so in the present Letter, to take but one instance, the section on "Conscience" brings out with peculiar force and felicity of expression that view of conscience as the voice, the messenger, and the witness of God, which all who are familiar with Dr. Newman's previous writings, or even with the *Grammar of Assent* only, will recognize as a fundamental principle of his whole ethical and religious system. If it contained nothing else, his last publication would have an interest, independent of its immediate scope, for the moralist and the divine. The professed object of the Letter is of course to meet Mr. Gladstone's challenge, but the method of doing so is so radically different from that of his Ultramontane opponents as to make it in fact quite as much a reply to them as to him. If we do not entirely misinterpret him, Dr. Newman seems to have had a threefold purpose in writing—first, to vindicate against Mr. Gladstone the substantial identity of modern and ancient Catholicism; secondly—and this object is at least equally prominent—to vindicate the latter against what he regards as Ultramontane perversions of it; thirdly, and chiefly, to "minimize" to the utmost (the phrase is his, not ours) not only difficulties on the score of civil allegiance, but what to a large and increasing number of Roman Catholics appear grave, if not insuperable, theological difficulties in the new Vatican dogmas. It is not too much to say that the direct reply to Mr. Gladstone, though in some respects it is very complete, is in itself, and apparently in the author's own estimation, the least important part of his Letter. The spirit which prompted his well-known protest, in a private letter which accidentally got into print, against the "insolent and aggressive faction" who are virtually responsible for the Vatican Decrees breathes throughout. He begins and ends with a sharp attack upon them. "There are those among us," we read in the second page, "who for years past have conducted themselves as if no responsibility attached to wild words and overbearing deeds; who have stated truths in the most paradoxical form, and stretched principles till they were close upon snapping; and who at length, having done their best to set the house on fire, leave to others the task of putting out the flames." The alienation of "so religious a mind" as Mr. Gladstone's is ascribed in great measure to this "chronic extravagance." A still stronger passage occurs further on in reference to the Vatican Council:—

> What I felt deeply, and ever shall feel, while life lasts, is the violence and cruelty of journals and other publications, which, taking as they professed to do the Catholic side, employed themselves by their rash language (though, of course, they did not mean it so), in unsettling the weak in faith, throwing back inquirers, and shocking the Protestant mind. Nor do I speak of publications only; a feeling was too prevalent in many places that no one could be true to God and His Church who had any pity on troubled souls, or any scruple of "scandalizing those little ones who believe in" Christ, and of "despising and destroying him for whom He died."
>
> It was this most keen feeling which made me say, as I did continually, "I will not believe that the Pope's Infallibility will be defined, till defined it is."

And again in the last page Dr. Newman feels bound to denounce, as "a usurpation *too wicked to be comfortably dwelt upon*," the prevalent Ultramontane habit of "using private judgment for the purpose of anathematizing the private judgment of others."

Dr. Newman states at the outset that he shall confine himself for the most part to answering Mr. Gladstone's objection that Catholics cannot, consistently with their principles, be loyal subjects, and he does no doubt answer it very satisfactorily on his own principles; but this is hardly the main point of his contention, for he does in fact go very fully into those theological questions which Mr. Gladstone has himself raised, while professing to decline entering upon them. His reply to the old argument about the disclaimer of Papal infallibility by the Irish and English Roman Catholic Bishops at the time of Catholic Emancipation is that this, like many other misunderstandings of a similar kind, would have been precluded but for our foolish prejudice against having an accredited representative at the Court of Rome. "A hundred grievances would have been set right on their first uprising had there been a frank diplomatic understanding between two great Powers"; but "as England has for so long a time ignored Rome, Rome, I suppose, it must be said, has in turn ignored England" at the Vatican Council. There is much force in the retort, but the weak point in it is that Rome was certainly quite aware of the negotiations between the English Ministry and the prelates under her obedience half a century ago, and, to say the least, winked very hard at their Gallicanism. It may be true that Rome would not herself have become a party to such a pledge as England wanted, but she was virtually, though not ostensibly, a party to her Bishops in England and Ireland giving it. We cannot follow Dr. Newman in detail through the interesting sections on the Ancient and the Papal Church, in which he argues that the Pope is "the heir by default" of the rights, privileges, prerogatives, and duties of the Nicene hierarchy, and that Mr. Gladstone's objection to his exercise of those powers is really an objection, not to the existence of a Pope, but of a Church. In other words, the ecclesiastical polity of the fourth century is found nowhere now in its original form—neither at Constantinople nor at Canterbury—and has either disappeared from the earth altogether, or must be recognized, with its form modified but its identity unchanged, in the Church in communion with Rome. Not indeed that Popes are never in the wrong, or are never to be resisted; and here Dr. Newman goes out of his way to quote with marked approval the "very able and careful Life of Campion" by Mr. Simpson—a conspicuous member of the Liberal Catholic party—as to the fatal unwisdom of the sixteenth-century Popes in their dealings with this country. It is equally characteristic of his very different way of looking at these matters from such writers as Dr. Manning and Mgr. Capel, that whereas the latter went out of his way, in replying to Mr. Gladstone, to interpolate a malicious and irrelevant sneer at the "Ritualists," he goes out of his way, in another passage, to say a good word for them.

Those who are chiefly interested in the issue raised by Mr. Gladstone as to the civil loyalty of Roman Catholics will turn naturally to Dr. Newman's section on "Divided Allegiance," where the supposed conflict of civil and ecclesiastical obligations is disposed of by the "minimizing" process which holds so important a place in the argument throughout. The Pope, it is admitted, has "the *supreme* direction of Catholics in respect to all duty"; but "supreme" is not "minute," nor does "direction" mean supervision or "management." So little indeed has the Pope to do with the regulation of our daily lives that "the weight of his hand upon us, as private men, is absolutely inappreciable." It is not true that "every act of the day is under his control," as Mr. Gladstone imagines; "not *every*, but *any*, and this is all the difference." We are in fact much more under the control of law, of public opinion, and of journalism than under the Pope's, and yet no one thinks this "slavery." However, Dr. Newman goes on to examine the conceivable, though, as he thinks, in this age practically impossible, case of an actual conflict of allegiance, such as occurred in the time of the Spanish Armada; and he tells us frankly that he should judge each case as it arose on its merits, and should decide accordingly whether to obey the Pope or the civil power. Thus in a question of worship he would obey the Pope; in a question of disputed succession to the Crown, or of taking part as soldier or sailor in a war forbidden by the Pope, he would not obey him, though he would of course feel at liberty to use his constitutional rights like any other citizen for the alteration of a law which he deemed objectionable. "Absolute obedience" he would give neither to Pope nor Queen. The reply is perfectly satisfactory as it stands, and we have little doubt that the great body of English Roman Catholics would act as Dr. Newman here says that he should act himself; but one is tempted to ask how far Archbishop Manning, to say nothing of higher authorities, would endorse his view.

We have referred already to the striking and eloquent discussion on "Conscience" which follows, and we wish we had room to transfer a part of it to our columns; one short extract however will give a general idea of the author's attitude towards what he considers prevalent errors of the day, both philosophical and popular, on the subject:—

> The rule and measure of duty is not utility, nor expedience, nor the hap-

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piness of the greatest number, nor State convenience, nor fitness, order, and the *pulchrum*. Conscience is not a long-sighted selfishness, nor a desire to be consistent with oneself; but it is a messenger from Him, who, both in nature and in grace, speaks to us behind a veil, and teaches and rules us by His representatives. Conscience is the aboriginal Vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas, and, even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church could cease to be, in it the sacerdotal principle would remain and would have a sway.

The Pope therefore cannot be supposed to "speak against conscience in the true sense of the word," for "he would be cutting the ground from under his feet"; and, inasmuch as conscience is not a judgment on speculative truth, but bears immediately on conduct, and the Pope is not infallible in laws or commands, or acts of State, or administration, or public policy, the two authorities can hardly come into conflict. But, if they do, conscience must take precedence. "Certainly, if I am obliged to bring religion into after-dinner toasts (which indeed does not seem quite the thing) I shall drink—to the Pope, if you please—still, to Conscience first, and to the Pope afterwards." This is of course diametrically opposed to the view of the relations of conscience to ecclesiastical authority in Mgr. Capel's "Reply," as quoted by himself in the *Times* of last Tuesday.

To most readers probably—certainly to those Roman Catholics to whom it appears to be primarily addressed—the latter part of Dr. Newman's Letter, on the Encyclical, Syllabus, and Vatican Council, will be the most interesting. And here it is that the "minimizing" method is most conspicuous. We have always thought that Mr. Gladstone had somewhat misunderstood the technical language of the documents on which he comments; and Dr. Newman succeeds in showing that this is to a great extent the case, though it may be questioned whether the Encyclical really contains, *in sensu imponentis*, no more than the bare statement of truisms which he has extracted from it. As to the Syllabus, he will not allow it to be an official act at all, or to have any authority of its own; "viewed in itself, it is nothing more than a digest of certain errors made by an anonymous writer," an "index for reference" to various public documents issued by the present Pope, by reference to which—and still more to the works from which the condemned propositions are taken—its contents are strictly limited and explained. It is not even an exact transcript or echo, still less an utterance, of the infallible Voice, and such utterances "are not made every day, indeed they are very rare"—so rare, if we rightly understand Dr. Newman's argument, that it seems doubtful whether there has been more than one exercise of Papal infallibility during eighteen centuries. As regards the Decrees of the Vatican Council, Dr. Newman tells us plainly that he was doubtful at first of their binding authority. A week after the assembly had separated he wrote to a friend that he liked "the moderation" of the definition—"that is, if the doctrine in question is to be defined at all"; but he thought there were good reasons for suspending his judgment on its validity. He considered—so far agreeing with the Old Catholics and others who have rejected or demurred to the Council—that at least moral unanimity is essential to the validity of Conciliar decrees, and that, if the Opposition Bishops held together and maintained their protest, this would be wanting. A week later he wrote to another friend:—"Nothing shall make me say that a mere majority in a Council in itself creates an obligation to receive its dogmatic decrees"; and he added that he could not receive the definition "as the word of the Council, but on the Pope's self-assertion" only. And he still hints that the definition, which in his hands becomes comparatively innocuous by being almost reduced to a dead letter, need not be altogether final. "There is nothing of course that can be reversed in the Vatican definitions"; —why, is not explained—"but, should the need arise (which is not likely) to set right a false interpretation, another Leo will be given us for the occasion." He thinks with Mr. Gladstone that the principles of development and of authority have never been so largely used as in the ecclesiastical acts of 1854 and 1870, but will not allow that the testimony of history was repudiated or perverted. And he undertakes to prove this as regards the crucial case of Pope Honorius—which is allowed to be "certainly a strong *primâ facie* argument against the Pope's doctrinal infallibility" —in what seems to us the weakest part of the whole Letter. To say that the heretical judgment of Honorius was no utterance of infallibility because nobody, whether Anglican, Protestant, unbeliever, or Catholic, will say "that Honorius in the seventh century did actually intend to exercise that infallible teaching voice which has been dogmatically recognized in the nineteenth," is surely either a paralogism or a mistake. If the Pope's *ex cathedrâ* utterances are infallible at all, they must have always been infallible, though we readily admit of course that no Pope for centuries after Honorius dreamt of laying claim to infallibility. It is true for the same reason that no Pope of that date could use the official phraseology of the Papal Constitutions of Pius IX. But if Dr. Newman means that the heterodox decision of Honorius was not a formal and *ex cathedrâ* judgment, in the only sense in which any such formal judgment was possible in that age—and therefore was the act of the Pope as "a private doctor" only—we must venture respectfully to submit that he has said not a word to disprove the learned and exhaustive argument put forward some years ago by a distinguished English Roman Catholic writer, Mr. Renouf, to demonstrate the contrary. And we should be very curious to see what he would say of the infallibility of the *Unam Sanctam*, issued with great solemnity more than six centuries after the time of Honorius, and, if infallible, by what possible interpretation its statements are to be reconciled with the principles of conscientious duty and civil allegiance here laid down. What, again, is to be said of Leo X.'s formal condemnation—implicitly referred to at p. 80—of Luther's assertion, *Hæreticos comburi est contra voluntatem Spiritûs?* And if "the *present* bearing of the Holy See towards Copernicanism" proves that the condemnation of Galileo had no "necessary connexion with dogmatic truth," and was therefore not infallible, it has been shown by Roman Catholic writers that the Holy See at the time most emphatically taught the contrary. Certainly the extent of infallibility of Papal and even Conciliar decrees is reduced to a *minimum* in the chapter on the Vatican Definitions, and even that *minimum* is alleged to be ordinarily subject to exceptions, which may be determined in course of time by the scrutiny of the *Schola Theologorum*.

We are obliged to content ourselves with a general reference to this very remarkable disquisition, which will repay careful perusal. How far it may satisfy the scruples of those disaffected or doubting members of the author's own communion for whose conscientious difficulties he is evidently anxious to provide, it is not for us to determine. That he has shown some of Mr. Gladstone's criticisms to be mistaken, and most of them to be irrelevant in their practical bearings, we are quite ready to admit. We may go further and say that, if his estimate of Roman Catholicism, even modified as it is by the Vatican Council, were the true one, many of the objections urged by historians and theologians would lose their force. But we may fairly desire some authoritative sanction of a view so startlingly unlike that usually put forward by modern champions of the Papacy. We will not dwell now on the two bulky volumes of Pius IX.'s recent speeches, published with his express approval, and declared by the editor to be "inspired," and by the *Unità Cattolica* to be "a continuation of the Gospels and of the Acts of the Apostles." But, if the new Vatican dogmas really mean no more than is here represented, it is but natural to ask why so huge an expenditure of labour should have been hazarded, and such heavy risk incurred, for so inadequate a result? Surely, if so, it is not private individuals only who have acted "as if no responsibility attached to wild words and overbearing deeds, have stated truths in their most paradoxical form, and done their best to set the house on fire." Meanwhile, we need hardly read between the lines to become aware that, if Dr. Newman has confuted Mr. Gladstone, he has far more effectually confuted, and intended to confute, such writers as Dr. Manning and the editor of the *Dublin Review*. But it is impossible to forget that they, and not he, represent the party who are virtually responsible for the Papal decrees which he is so laudably unwilling to suffer them to interpret.

DISPUTES ABOUT TASTE.

THE inventor, whoever he may have been, of the venerable aphorism which declares that there is no disputing about tastes, did not express himself accurately, or his saying would hardly have been so successful. The utmost that he could have plausibly asserted would have been that there is no settling a dispute about tastes. As a matter of fact, there is no question about which people dispute more eagerly and persistently. You may contradict a man's opinions as to any historical or philosophical question with comparative impunity, but if you tell him that something pleases your palate which is disgusting to his, you may calculate upon a long and bitter controversy. It may be said that this is merely a corollary from the original statement. Disputes about taste are so long and so bitter precisely because they cannot be definitely decided; and the author of the maxim did not mean to deny that such disputes occur, but to assert that they can lead to no result. The dispute is not, it may be said, a real argument, but simply a flat opposition of contradictory opinions. However dexterously the true nature of the discussion may be concealed, it substantially amounts to this—that one man says Yes and the other says No; and there they come to a final and insoluble antithesis. The statement is plausible at first sight; but a little examination will perhaps show that it is untenable. Disputes about taste are not only exceedingly common, but, for anything that we can see, they admit of being conducted upon reasonable principles as well as disputes about anything else. The most obvious example refers to the particular sense from which the metaphor is taken. There are persons—whether they are to be commended or not is another question—who make a serious study of the pleasures of the table. They enjoy good wine as others enjoy a good work of art, and have theories as to the harmonies between different meats and drinks, which they discuss with as much pertinacity as artists might discuss the right system of harmonious colouring. Any outsider who has accidentally found himself amongst a little circle of true zealots will have observed that they have cultivated something which has a curious resemblance to a code of morality. They would look as much in anger as in sorrow upon any man who should drink port at the moment when all the laws of good living prescribe champagne. They are as seriously outraged by an expression of indifference as a politician who hears a man asserting that he does not care whether the Liberal party finds or does not find a satisfactory leader. They accept in all seriousness the great saying of Dr. Johnson that a man who does not care for his dinner will care for nothing else; and they regard incapacity to distinguish between different vintages as scarcely

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less objectionable than an insensibility to the laws of honour. When such persons carry on a learned discussion as to the rival merits, for example, of snipe and woodcock, the outsider naturally assumes that there is really nothing to be said beyond the expression of individual feeling; nor are we prepared to say that the opinions prevalent among connoisseurs have passed from the empirical to the scientific stage so distinctly as to allow of very conclusive reasoning. No mathematical formula has been discovered as yet to which an appeal can be made; and therefore a considerable latitude of opinion is inevitable. There is ample room for the charlatan, and probably there is no department of life in which a thoroughly ignorant person has a better chance of imposing upon his neighbours by sheer force of asseveration. A man will set up for an authority who can scarcely distinguish last year's vintage from growths half a century old, and by a little dexterous management will long escape detection. All that we say is, that even in such a case as this, and, if in such a case, then *à fortiori* in more serious cases, there really exists a criterion of taste, which, though vague enough at present, might be rendered available in time.

The only indisputable statement which can be made is in the form "I like this or that." On that subject each man must be the sole judge. Whether he professes a liking for what is commonly thought a delicacy or a disgusting object, his own judgment is unimpeachable. We cannot actually look into each other's consciousness and compare notes. Nobody can say whether the sensation conveyed through his retina by the colour which we agree to call green is the same as the sensation produced on the sensorium of his neighbour by the same colour. We can only guess that the sensation is similar in any two cases, though it must be one thing to a man who has the eye of a great colourist and another to a man who can scarcely distinguish one colour from another. No conceivable operation can ever make the colour-blind understand what their neighbours mean by red and green; nor can their neighbours ever know what is the single sensation which to the colour-blind stands for both colours indifferently. So far is plain; and the same remark may be made of every other perception. We cannot even say for certain whether the space-perceptions are the same in different persons—whether, for example, a straight line is conceived in precisely the same way; though of course we can say that, in all cases, its relations to other lines are the same.

When, however, we make any statement which does not simply express the momentary state of feeling, there is at once room for argument. The phrase "I like this" is unimpeachable, as we have said, but only in so far as it expresses the instantaneous sentiment. When it means to say anything more, it may easily be exposed to further tests. Do you really like it? we should ask. If so, did you eat it when you could get anything else? Will you pay for it? Can you distinguish it, with your eyes shut, from something which you profess to dislike? The application of these and other tests opens a boundless field for controversy; and though we can never prove that the speaker's sensation was not what he asserted it to be, we can often find reasons for vehemently suspecting his sincerity. If, again, a man says "This is sweet," he is making a very wide statement, which may be tested by other persons. He is putting the object, whatever it may be, in a large class of things which have a common property. If nine other persons should deny that the object was sweet, we should have a conflict of testimony to be decided precisely like any others. We might perhaps come to the conclusion that the solitary disputant was suffering from some morbid condition of the palate; and if we further discovered that some of his organs had independently shown symptoms of disease, we should be convinced that the nine were right and that he was wrong. If, on the other hand, a chemical examination of the object showed the presence of a very minute quantity of sugar, we should conclude that the one person was right in virtue of a finer palate than his neighbours. Sancho Panza's story illustrates the case. Of his two uncles, one declared that there was a slight taste of leather, and another that there was a slight taste of iron, in a cask of wine. They were ridiculed, but when the cask was emptied, it was found to contain an old key with a leather thong; and the fame of the uncles as wine-tasters was firmly established for the rest of their lives. Each man's judgment, therefore, is still unimpeachable so far as his immediate state of consciousness is concerned; the object, he may say, tastes sweet or does not taste sweet to him; but when he says that it is sweet, he is really making a further assertion which may be perfectly well exposed to verification.

If it should still be asked in what sense one liking can be said to be right or wrong more than another, Sancho's uncle may still suggest the explanation. A wine-drinker claims to be a better judge than others, not merely in the sense that his taste is "right"—whatever that may mean—but that it is more discriminative. He can detect the barrel which has the key in it, when to the ordinary world one barrel is as good as another. The difference between men's palates is as great as the difference between their eyes, or as the difference between a microscope which will magnify a million diameters and one which will only magnify a thousand. And, therefore, so far as the claim to judgment means a claim to acuteness of discrimination, we have a fair question for argument. But it may be asked, again, is there any reason for preferring the taste of the man with a discriminating palate to the taste of his more coarsely organized neighbour? We might answer by saying that this is a fundamental assumption of the art. We naturally prefer the man who has most means of judgment. The man with the best ear is *ceteris paribus* the best musician, the man with the best eye the best painter, and the man with the finest palate the best judge of eating and drinking. A certain fineness of taste is obviously necessary in all these cases to obtain any opinion whatever; and perhaps we may assume that a man's authority should increase in proportion to the delicacy of his organs. But we may add a further consideration, if necessary. Let us take what may be called the utilitarian view of the culinary art. We may perhaps say that that theory of eating and drinking is best which discovers the most wholesome combinations of food; or, if this view be repudiated as grovelling by the enthusiastic *gourmet*, we should say that that theory is best which enables the greatest number of lovers of good things (for obvious reasons we cannot say the greatest number of mankind generally) to obtain the greatest amount of pleasure from their indulgences. Now, on the first hypothesis, it is evident that a power of discrimination is necessary to distinguish between wholesome and unwholesome foods, and to detect the presence of ingredients which might be injurious to the digestion. If this be the sole legitimate ground of decision, it is not improbable that some palates are too delicately organized, and that their proprietors would be misled from purely sanitary considerations by mere sensual enjoyment. This, however, is merely to say that the judges would require training; and if it were an accepted rule that eating and drinking should be directed solely to produce the greatest amount of health, the whole question would become a department of medical inquiry, in which a fine palate would be useful in precisely the same sense as a good microscope. Its owner would learn to detect unwholesome food as the microscopist detects the presence of the germs of disease. Probably, however, there are many varieties of food which sanitary science would pronounce to be equally wholesome, though they may vary in the degree of pleasure derivable from them. In this case, therefore, we are driven to the other hypothesis, and assume that food to be best which is most agreeable. Why, then, it may be asked, should a man not trust his own palate and take that which he likes best without attending to authority? We do not deny that this is an excellent practical rule, which perhaps receives too little attention. A man who retains childish tastes after he has grown up is often ashamed to confess them, and we may perhaps say that he is a fool for his pains. But there is more reason than appears at first sight in respecting authority even in such a case as this. The reason is briefly that there is a kind of practical paradox which we may see constantly exemplified. A party of men, none of whom can separately distinguish between good wine and bad, will yet drink more good wine than bad if it is set before them. They have what we may call an inarticulate consciousness of the difference, though their perceptions are not acute enough to decide independently and explicitly. It may be said, in fact, that a man of fine palate knows the tastes of his neighbours better than they know them themselves. A similar fact is often illustrated in literary criticism. A good critic perceives an excellence which is quite indistinguishable by the average intellect. And yet, if you take a thousand average people, not one of whom could point out the merit to save his life, the book will win their attention by reason of this very merit to which they are apparently insensible. A good judge of books or wines is like a man of fine organization who can tell you immediately upon entering a room that the atmosphere is in an unhealthy condition, whilst ordinary men only become sensible of the fact by its gradual influence upon their lungs. His fine sensations give him a warning of a mischief to which others are not sensible till they have suffered other consequences. And thus a dispute about tastes may branch into a whole series of discussions as to the objects by which tastes are affected, the relative value of different people's powers of observation, and the various standards of opinion which have been constructed by appropriate methods.

AN ONLY CHILD.

TO a little girl who is an only child, and educated at home, this season of the year is more one of sadness than of mirth. She has no experience of any of the usual joys of Christmastide. Home for the holidays has for her no meaning. There is no one for whom to prepare an unexpected birthday treat. No elder sister delights her with a new set of doll's clothes. There is no younger one to be surprised with a secretly worked present. No big brother invades the nursery to have a game of romps, or teaches her to bear a good teasing and a little chaff without losing her temper. There is no sick baby to whom to give her favourite toy, and to watch with a smile of honest delight while he breaks it to pieces, pleased that anything should amuse the little invalid. Only children are sometimes treated rather unjustly, and simply classed as odious specimens of distorted childhood. Very often they deserve this condemnation; but see a little lonely girl in the country. With nature she has a subtle sympathy and companionship. The trees have to her living voices, and she has a particular and personal friendship for each rosebush. The present of a bunch of sweet flowers in winter will affect her to tears, and there is a deep tender joy in her eyes as she picks the first snowdrop or discovers the hitherto unperceived little golden ball of aconite amongst the snow. If imaginative, she peoples the woods with the fairies of whom she is so fond of reading, and almost persuades herself that little elves flutter their wings among the grass or hide from the sun under the toadstools. The birds are not afraid of her, and seem to

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know she takes a maternal interest in their nestlings. When lying in the sun upon a bed of wood anemones and blue hyacinths, with a bunch of primroses in her hand, perhaps she feels as much joy as if she had a dozen playfellows. More of her affection will be bestowed upon birds and beasts than if she had brothers and sisters upon whom to expend it; and she may often be found confiding her secrets to some ill-conditioned cur to whom she has taken an inexplicable and violent fancy. Good advice will be mingled freely with caresses, and we have heard exhortations upon the strait gate and narrow way delivered to a very unpromising-looking cat well known to the cook for its thieving propensities. Her mother will take her to visit amongst the poor. She will early learn that there are such things as sorrow, poverty, sickness, and death. She will hear various subjects talked of openly in cottages which are not generally mentioned in society, and will know about many things not usually spoken of before the dangerous age of curiosity has been reached. She will probably be quite an experienced little sick nurse, a capital teacher in the Sunday-school, and be able to delight the old women at the almshouses by singing to them their favourite hymns. She will have made dozens of flannel petticoats, and know about all the little girls in the village who want places.

The town child is a being of quite another order. She hears and remembers passages of conversation which would not attract the attention of a child engaged in play. In her loneliness she broods over opinions on religion and sociology which she has heard expressed by her father's friends while sitting on his knee at the study fire. Though she may not take part in political discussions as our little Transatlantic cousins do, still questions of the day have a fatal interest for the nineteenth-century town child. She knows a good deal about "Woman's Rights," and perhaps aspires to be some day a member of Parliament. If permitted, she will read the newspapers with avidity, pick out with discrimination the best murders and the most exciting cases of wife-beating, and will revel in the last breach of promise of marriage. She knows all about the Claimant, whom she has seen at Mme. Tussaud's, and is much interested in the destinies of the Prince Imperial. If she is asked to commit a poem to memory, and is given a choice, it will almost certainly be a passionate love song, or else something most lugubrious, such as the "Last Man," or "There is a reaper whose name is Death." We have heard a little town girl of seven repeat the whole of *Maud*, evidently learnt only for her own pleasure. If it is a question of hymns, one of the first selected is sure to be "There is a land of pure delight." The unknown has always a strong interest for such a solitary child as this. She often puzzles over the problems connected with a future state, and the workings of her mind; could they be watched, would astonish older people. On the whole, however, she generally prefers fairy tales to every other kind of literature. The descriptions of games she has never played, the accounts of nursery quarrels and sweet reconciliations of which she knows nothing, the tales of little troubles with schoolfellows which she scarcely understands, do not much interest her. *Queechy*, with its single heroine, is more interesting than Miss Yonge's *Daisy Chain*, and she prefers the account of a boy lost on a desert island to the story of his troubles amongst brothers at home. At a children's party she is entirely out of her element. Knowing none of the usual games, she is put aside and voted stupid. Being sensitive, she may soon be found sitting amongst the grown-up people, her natural friends, not because she is what is called old-fashioned, but because she is unacquainted with childish pastimes, and does not know how to join in them. She cannot say, "Onery, twoery, dickery, davy"; but see her at home entertaining visitors when mamma is absent, and there is no trace of the embarrassed child of the evening party. She makes little polite speeches about mamma's regrets, inquiries for the invalids, pours out afternoon tea, and talks of the weather like a young lady of many seasons. She is also an adept at carrying messages, and is a useful aid in the house. Sometimes, with cook's assistance, she can arrange about dinner, and is quick to see any little negligence in the housemaid's work, or the laying of the dinner-table. She criticizes the cookery, to the extreme horror of her mother's guests, accustomed to better-behaved young people. They go away lamenting her bringing up, and prophesy all manner of evil results.

Such a child speaks of love and marriage with the coolness of a philosopher, and does not hesitate to cross-examine her married friends upon the reasons they had for the choices they have made. She will imitate Dr. Wolf by unblushingly asking some shy couple who are engaged in a little mild but unmeaning flirtation when they are going to be married. If not quite pleased with papa—perhaps he has lately been punishing her—she has been known to represent to her mother that there are many people she meets whom she considers much more worthy of the honour of being her parent than the person who at present stands to her in that relation. When her mother, not unwilling to turn the conversation, suggests that, as she seems to have studied the subject of marriage so early and with so much attention, it is to be hoped that her husband will be the perfection of young manhood, the little maiden probably announces her intention to marry some one who will let her do what she likes, and who has plenty of carriages and horses. If her father is a doctor, she will express a disbelief in medicine; if he is a parson, she will dislike going to church; if he is an author, she protests nothing will induce her to marry a "littery" man; if he is an archæologist, she will, as in a case we recently saw, even refuse to visit an aquarium, misreading the name and suspecting a trap—"she has enough of antiquariams at home." Of sick people she is rather impatient, expecting every one to be ready to attend to her when she wants attention, and hints rather unfeelingly that invalids ought either to get well or to die and have done with it. When she is away from home—a rare occurrence—her letters are eagerly looked for. They truly reflect, though doubtful in spelling, the mood in which they were written. She asks for all sorts of things with happy confidence that they will be sent her if possible, and details her small adventures knowing that they will be interesting to those at home. Her letters to acquaintances are as straightforward as those to mamma. She does not scruple to answer an invitation by simply writing, "Dear Mrs. Jones, I would rather not go to your party to-day." When she is taken to the theatre, her criticisms, conveyed in a penetrating and too audible stage-whisper, are frequently embarrassing. She vehemently objects to Miss Helen Faucit's Rosalind, and thinks that man Shakspeare did not know how to call his plays, for it was impossible for him to know whether she would like this one or not. Lord Dundreary has no charms for her. She cannot understand why so many people go to see a silly man. After weeping showers of tears over the pantomime of *The Babes in the Wood*, she insists on leaving as soon as she finds she has been imposed upon, and that the children upon whose untimely fate she has spent both her own and her mother's pockethandkerchiefs appear bowing and smiling from under the leaves with which the phantom robins have covered them. If she lives in London, this nineteenth-century child is most probably broad in her religious views. She can quite understand Eve eating the forbidden fruit, for she has considerable experience in such small disobediences; but as to that little trunk called the Ark, of which there is a picture in her Bible History, having contained all those animals, she simply won't believe it. Had they and the Noah family been packed in layers and squeezed very tight, as they are in her Ark, it might have been possible; but then all their legs and Noah's arms would have been broken. Her private devotions are sometimes scenes of untimely mirth. She will say "Birds in their little nests agree" instead of the Evening Hymn, and has been known to threaten to omit the Lord's Prayer altogether unless allowed to practise the new accomplishment of turning head over heels between each petition. Accustomed to see people exercise self-control, she is, though generally talkative, really reticent of her true feelings, and will often bear pain with the fortitude of a hero. With all her faults one cannot help admiring her intolerance of shams and her impatience of little commonplace speeches which she does not believe to be true. She is a fatal enemy to pretence of any kind, being as much without fear as without discretion. If she grows up she will have many things to suffer. Accustomed to be first, she will sometimes find herself last. The world will not look at her through her mother's eyes, and often will she be made to lament even with tears that she was an only child.

THE INDIAN ARMY.

THE great and increasing interest now beginning to be manifested in the supposed condition of our Indian army is an illustration of the influence which may be exerted in politics by mere force of iteration. The state of that army has not altered materially of late, and the need of reform was as urgent some years ago as it is now; but the Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times*, by persistently harping on the subject in continued weekly letters, has succeeded in securing an amount of attention to it which other and equally earnest writers before him failed to obtain. The *Times*, however, in endorsing the opinion of its Correspondent that there is a case for inquiry, appears to misconceive entirely the question really at issue. The alleged fact that the Indian Government could not place thirty thousand troops in the field is gravely cited as if it were complaint sufficient to justify the impeachment of somebody, while, absurdly enough, the difficulty is ascribed to the want of sufficient officers to lead a force of such strength. It would in truth be very surprising if thirty thousand soldiers could be got together at one point in India. The Indian army, considered with reference to the extent of territory which it occupies and to the obligations imposed on it, is now maintained on a most attenuated scale. The native battalions are kept up on a skeleton establishment, and there are not many of them. So far was the process of reduction carried after the Mutiny, that a place like Delhi, a city with a turbulent population of 150,000 people, is garrisoned by a mere handful of troops, from which not a man could be spared in a time of emergency, when indeed this and numerous other important points in different parts of the country would need to have their garrisons strengthened rather than reduced. In fact it may be said that, with the exception of the European regiments and one or two Ghoorkha battalions stationed in the hills, there are no reserves in India. This state of things would be less unsatisfactory if it had been deliberately encountered by the Indian Government on a careful review of the military situation; but in fact the present strength of the Indian army has been arrived at in a purely haphazard way. It was suddenly cut down some fourteen years ago under the influence of financial panic, and there has been neither leisure nor money available since for dealing with the subject; at any rate it would appear that the Indian Government has persistently turned a deaf ear to every proposal for re-

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viewing the military position in a comprehensive spirit, or even for undertaking such very obvious precautions as the defence of the Peshawur frontier, or of Bombay harbour, or any of the other great strategical points in the interior of the country.

The fact that more than thirty thousand men could not be placed in line for any military operation is not, however, in itself cause for anxiety, since there has never been a time when the British Government could muster an army of that strength in any part of India. The armies which fought at Ferozshah and Chillianwallah were much under that number; considering, too, the enormous proportion which camp followers bear to combatants in India, an army of thirty thousand fighting men with its baggage is a very large body to move, and it may be safely predicted that, if the Indian Government cannot do whatever work is cut out for it with an army thirty thousand strong, it will not be able to do it at all. Again, as to the supposed want of officers, the army appears to be numerically as well officered now as it was in the days before the Mutiny. In the old Indian army there were seldom more than ten or eleven officers actually present with a battalion eleven hundred strong, and they were for the most part the juniors on the list, with such few of the seniors as from want of ability or interest had failed to get some other employment. No man stayed with his regiment who could help it. Regiments now have seven officers to a battalion seven hundred strong, and these are all in a sense picked officers; at any rate they have chosen service with the native army of their own accord. Further, if the native army is now maintained on a very restricted scale with reference to the possible demands on it, India offers a practically unlimited recruiting field, being the only country where voluntary enlistment thoroughly answers the purpose. If the demand arose, the Bengal army might be trebled or quadrupled in a few weeks by young soldiers of excellent quality. It has been objected that there is no reserve of European officers; but neither was there under the old system, for the absentees, although nominally available to supplement the regimental establishment, were not so in fact, the time of general emergency being just the time when officers employed with irregular regiments, or in the various branches of the administration, could least be spared from such situations.

So far, then, the objections which are frequently made to the present state of the Indian army seem wide of the mark. Judging from the glimpses occasionally afforded of Anglo-Indian opinion by the Indian newspapers, it seems to be considered that the new system is sufficiently condemned by saying that the "regular" army has been converted into "irregulars." But it is in truth a much more regular arrangement that a regiment should have a body of officers permanently attached to it, even if their number be small, than that our native regiments should be in effect officered by the residue of a larger nominal establishment, made up of the unfortunates who could not get anything else to do. At the same time it would certainly appear that the condition of the Indian army is from other causes extremely unsatisfactory. It is a minor point perhaps that an organization by regiments with an establishment of seven officers each is from the nature of the case defective. If promotion is to run in each regiment, there must obviously be extreme inequality and unfairness; while an even rate of promotion can only be maintained by constantly shifting officers about from one regiment to another. Either plan is open to obvious objections. A more serious defect is to be found in the organization of those monstrosities, the Indian Staff Corps, which have been denounced already in so many quarters that even the English public must by this time be getting to understand something of the merits or demerits of the case. It was an objection, and a very forcible objection, to the system under which the old Indian army was administered, that officers were allowed to maintain in many cases a merely nominal connexion with the army, remaining absent from their regiments for indefinite periods on all sorts of detached employment; but it was reserved for Lord Halifax, with a singular perversity of ingenuity, to intensify and extend the evil. The civilians with military titles belonging to the so-called Staff Corps which he created no longer retain even the pretence of having any connexion with the army, save that they take rank and precedence in it with the combatant officers; while, as if to complete the absurdity, these so-called military civilians are entitled to retire with the rank of general and on much higher pensions than can be earned by members of the regular Civil Service—these pensions, moreover, which are sometimes even in excess of the pay drawn by the officer while nominally on active service, being charged, as if to round off the anomaly, against the army estimates. As to the degradation of military titles which the system involves, we used to laugh at the Americans for their fondness for sham military rank; but our own practice of creating sham colonels and generals is not a whit less absurd. That these Indian Staff Corps should have been maintained so long after their intrinsic defects have become thus glaringly apparent must be set down, we suppose, to the spirit of inertia which pervades all Governments, and partly perhaps to the fact that those who had a share in creating them have not all passed away from the direction of affairs; but it may be safely predicted that their abolition is only a matter of time—possibly a very short time.

But the organization of the European officers of the Indian army, although a sufficiently large question, is, after all, of secondary importance compared with that of the native troops. The Staff Corps is a grievous burden on the Indian revenues, and is clumsy and inconvenient; one effect among others of a system which makes every man a field officer after twenty years' service, and holds out special inducements to him to defer retirement till he has secured a magnificent pension after a second period of nearly twenty years more, being of course to flood the army with field officers for a large proportion of whom no employment can be found, and who draw their full pay year after year for doing nothing. Still the thing will work after a fashion, with more or less friction; but there seems only too good reason for believing that the native army is being brought into such a condition that it may be expected to fail us whenever a real strain is placed upon it. The Punjabee levies, we are told, which helped so effectively to put down the Bengal mutineers, have now been absorbed into the Bengal army, so that the one great element of safety before existing, the power of pitting one race against another, has been dissipated. We have, indeed, still three separate armies; but while the utility of one of the three as a military body seems by general consent very questionable, we have not even taken advantage of this extent of nominal separation to keep up a corresponding separation of races. There are Mahrattas in the Madras army, Mahrattas in the Bombay army, and Mahrattas in the Bengal army; yet, if any one fact is plainly indicated by the present state of India, it is that, while the good military qualities of the Mahrattas may properly be made use of, these people should be held in check by segregation from others. A small army of Mahratta troops, if it showed its teeth, could be at once put down if the troops in the neighbouring territories were not connected with it by any artificial ties; the latter would probably desire no more congenial occupation; but it might be very different if an army composed partly of Mahrattas were called upon to act against another military body of the like nature. Every consideration, in short, of reason and policy seems to point to the propriety of localizing the different portions of the native troops, and splitting the existing overgrown armies into smaller bodies, organized by nationalities, and stationed in peace time within their own territories. Such a measure, while recommended by powerful considerations of policy, would, according to the highest authorities, be eminently popular with the native troops themselves, who are reported to entertain a strong aversion to the kind of service in peace time which keeps them at a distance from their homes.

Add to these considerations that the Indian Government appears to have been relapsing into the old vicious practice of appointing none but aged non-commissioned officers to the native commissioned ranks, and there would certainly appear to be a strong case for inquiry. Nor do we expect that it will be found that there is any strong party, either connected with the Indian Government or of unbiassed persons, who are in favour of maintaining things as they are. The fact seems to be that the Indian army was reorganized after the Mutiny in a great hurry, and upon no definite principle; it is therefore, so to speak, in its present shape merely a fortuitous concourse of atoms, which none of the authorities connected with India have ever been at the trouble of recombining in harmonious form. It should be remembered, too, that this state of things has been partially disguised by the fact that the Indian army has, ever since the Mutiny, been presided over by a succession of very able generals, aided by an excellent staff. Picked officers, too, in the prime of life were chosen to command the regiments of the new Bengal army, and that army is now probably as efficient as it is capable of being made under the radically faulty conditions which have to be dealt with, and which are thus to a certain extent disguised by accidental and temporary causes. But there cannot always be a Napier at the head of that army; in process of time some mere office-holder may succeed to the command, while the generation of men who saved India will have passed away; and then, if any strain be put on the military machine, there is too much reason to fear that it will yield under the tension like a rope of sand.

AVIGNON.

THE Bishop of Rome, we have been lately taught, is infallible, but infallible only when he speaks *ex cathedrâ*. Now he who would speak *ex cathedrâ* must in the nature of things have a *cathedra* to speak from. This the Bishop of Rome, in his own church of Rome, has no longer. We long ago pointed out the fact that, in that church which is the head and mother of all churches, the *cathedra* of the Bishop has been cast out as a thing no longer needed, a thing to be looked at as a curiosity in the cloister, but not to be made use of for utterances, infallible or other, in the patriarchal church. The patriarchal throne of Western Christendom, the spot from which, if from any spot, infallible utterances ought to flow, is now speechless. Utterances which ooze out from some corner of a suburban palace are not *ex cathedrâ*, and have no claim to be infallible. If the Bishop of Rome wishes us to hearken to him within his own city, let him go back to his own place, put his *cathedra* back again, and speak from it. If infallibility is to be found anywhere, it is clearly to be found in the apse of the basilica of the Lateran, not in the blocked-off transept of the basilica of the Vatican. There alone, in his own city, in his own church, can the Bishop of Rome speak *ex cathedrâ*. If there is any other such spot, it is not to be looked for within the walls of the Roman city, though such a one may be found in the city which once was the spiritual rival in Rome. In the metropolitan church of Avignon there still is, what in the metropolitan church of Rome there is no longer, a real Papal *cathedra*. There then,

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if new dogmas are to be put forth, let them be put forth, as there they really can be put forth—*ex cathedrâ*. Believers in the Council of Constance will not look for much infallibility either from Avignon or from Rome. But, according to the definitions given by those who place a seat of infallibility somewhere, the city by the Rhone, not the city by the Tiber, is just now the place where we should have the fairest chance of listening to a discourse incapable of error in matters of faith and morals. If, then, any new truths are to be discovered, it would be well for their infallible utterer to betake himself to this safer seat for their utterance. The greatest happiness of the greatest number would doubtless be increased by such a migration. Rome would not greatly lose, and Avignon would doubtless greatly gain. Fifty thousand strangers thronged the other day to Avignon to keep a feast to Petrarch, thereby bringing, as the Mayor of Avignon prudently reminded his fellow-citizens in an election placard, much money into Avignonese pockets. How much greater would be the concourse of strangers if Avignon should again become the dwelling-place of the Sovereign Pontiff! Pilgrims might come from Rome itself. There is, or was the other day, in Rome—its name may be changed by this time—a *Via dei Avignonesi*. Avignon, in the new state of things, might have to return the compliment. And if a new Babylonish Captivity were to begin, it would surely be easier among the frowning towers of Avignon than it can be among the Renaissance splendours of the Vatican to persuade him who is a prisoner by his own free will that he is really a prisoner by the will of somebody else.

The history of Avignon is essentially a part of the history of Rome. It plays in the history of ecclesiastical Rome a part which answers to the part which was played by Trier and Ravenna in the history of Imperial Rome. Trier and Ravenna were the dwelling-places of Roman Cæsars whose power was none the less Roman because the local Rome was no longer its centre. So Avignon was the dwelling-place of Roman Bishops who found that the spiritual power of Rome could be wielded from the hill above the Rhone as well as from their own home on the Cælian mount. Doubtless the Pontiff at Avignon did not wield his power so freely as he had wielded it at the Lateran. The very object of the migration was that the Pope might practically become the subject of the lord of the neighbouring realm. But the power which the Popes of Avignon wielded, or which the French Kings wielded in their name, was not the less a Roman power. Western Christendom would never have looked up to a simple Bishop of Avignon; to the Bishop of Rome it looked up, whether it was at Rome or Avignon that he dwelled. We may carry the parallel yet further. Avignon was first the dwelling-place of Pontiffs who were simply non-resident, whom no one doubted to be the true heads of the Roman Church. Clement the Fifth and Clement the Sixth reigned at Avignon, as Valentinian reigned at Trier, because, for one reason or another, it suited them better to reign at Trier and Avignon than at Rome. But the second line of Avignonese Pontiffs fill a place in ecclesiastical history answering to that of the so-called Tyrants in Imperial history. Clement the Seventh—the earlier Clement the Seventh—reigned at Avignon, not as Valentinian reigned at Trier, but as Maximus reigned. He and his successors reigned as rivals of Popes who reigned at Rome, as Maximus reigned as the rival of Emperors whom Rome obeyed. But, when it came to such rivalry as this, the metropolis triumphed over the colony. Theodosius and Urban the Sixth appear in history as lawful Cæsar and lawful Pontiff, while Maximus and Robert of Geneva hold only the place of a Tyrant and an Antipope. Yet it might so happen that for a while Rome itself might acknowledge the ruler who in the end failed of success. Alaric set up Attalus at Rome while Honorius reigned at Ravenna, and Lewis of Bavaria set up his Nicolas the Fifth while John the Twenty-second reigned at Avignon. Each alike presently vanished from history and from memory. Honorius and John still keep their tombs at Ravenna and at Avignon, but he must be a prying inquirer indeed who can guide us to the tomb of Attalus or of Pietro di Corvara. Yet Rome, even if thus vanquished for a moment, has outlived her victorious colonies. The deputy-Rome, as we may call it, of the absent Pope or Emperor held its place in the world only so long as Popes or Emperors dwelled in it. The greatness of Trier, of Ravenna, of Avignon, was only momentary; the greatness of Rome is eternal.

But, if the œcumenical position of Avignon belongs only to the two short eras when the city held a pontifical court, the local history of Avignon is one which is by no means void of importance. In this respect we may set it above either Trier or Ravenna. Each of those cities has its local history before and after its short Imperial day; but it is a history which in no way challenges our attention, which in no way stands out from the history of a crowd of other German and Italian cities. Trier, when the Emperors were gone, had her Archbishops, Electors of the Empire, Chancellors of a realm of which Avignon was part. But an Archbishop-Elector of Trier does not strike us as differing essentially from any other ecclesiastical prince. Ravenna, when no longer the seat of Emperors or Exarchs, had her commonwealth and her tyrants; but the commonwealth and the tyrants of Ravenna are simply units among the many lesser commonwealths, the many lesser tyrants, of mediæval Italy. Both the early and the later history of Avignon are more remarkable, and its early history is in a sense more honourable. At least an Italian commonwealth is something so familiar that we take it for granted; a Provençal commonwealth is something rarer, and awakens more special attention. In later fables the city claimed an antiquity surpassing that of Trier itself; Avignon was the royal city of the first King of the Gauls, Samothes, the son of Japheth. A more reasonable legend made Hêraklês its founder, a tale which perhaps merely meant to stamp the city as of Hellenic origin. For the Latin colony of Avenio laid claims, seemingly not without some ground, to such an origin. Avenio was an inland outpost of the Phôkaian Massalia. And those early days might seem to have come back again when, in the break-up of the Burgundian kingdom, Avignon and Marseilles appeared once more as free and confederate republics. Had Cæsar still kept the things that were Cæsar's in that distant corner of his Empire, the free cities of the Rhoneland, from Marseilles to Lyons, might have kept their place alongside of the free cities of Germany and Italy. But the enemy beyond the river was ever at their gates. The commonwealth of Avignon was the ally of the Count of Toulouse, and the ally of the heretic was doomed to feel the arm of the crusading Lewis the Eighth. The prince whom the barons of England had once called in against their tyrant thus lived himself to play the tyrant on a spot so far from her shores. Hemmed in among enemies, Provence making this claim and France another, the republic of Avignon, like the republic of Marseilles, was wiped out by Charles of Anjou. Near to the French dominions, but not within them, it became first the dwelling-place, and then the possession, of Pontiffs French in birth or in feeling. But the purchase of the city by Clement the Sixth from the Countess-Queen Joanna caused Avignon to remain, like its neighbour Orange, separate from the encroaching realm which surrounded them. Avignon, still a Papal possession, though now a possession of absent Popes, became French only at the great Revolution. It was more than once seized for a moment, and it saw its neighbour Orange seized for ever. Still Avignon and Venaissin lived on as fragments of the old Burgundian realm, and the city kept under its distant sovereigns some practical traces of its ancient freedom. Avignon once had its Podestas; down to 1790 it still had its Consuls, noble and burgher, and its Council made up of noble, burgher, clerical, and academical members. If it has now come under the rule of Prefects and Mayors, there is at least the consolation that Rome herself no longer obeys a Senator, but a *Sindaco*.

In speaking of Avignon we are tempted to be more strictly historical, and less antiquarian or topographical, than in speaking of the other cities on the Rhone. Avignon holds a place in general history far more marked than that of Arles, Orange, or Vienne, while in what we chiefly look for in the Rhone valley, in antiquities of Roman date, it has little to show alongside of its fellows. In its aspect and its history Avignon is, beyond all things, the city of the Popes. The gigantic mass of the pontifical castle, crowning the rocky height which overlooks river and city, towers supreme over all. The metropolitan church by its side sinks into insignificance beside its mighty neighbour, and in the general view it is simply lost in it as a small portion of its vast mass. At the first sight of a picture of Avignon—perhaps more so at the sight of a picture than at a sight of the place itself—it is impossible not to be reminded of our own Durham. There is a superficial likeness in the mass of towers overhanging the river at their feet. But a second glance shows the inherent unlikeness; at Durham the castle is an appendage to the minster; at Avignon the minster seems to be utterly merged in the castle. But, if the student seeks anywhere in Avignon for remains of Roman or Romanesque art, it is in the cathedral, not in the castle, that he must look for them. If any earlier fortress ever occupied the site, it has wholly given way to the huge work of the fourteenth-century Popes. Two thoughts specially press upon us in looking on this, the vastest monument of non-residence that the world can show. It is far more a castle than a palace; it so far claims kindred with Durham, while it has nothing in common with Wells or Salisbury or St. David's. Many a traveller has commented on the significant fact that the prison-house should be the most prominent feature in the dwelling of a Bishop. But it is not merely a castle; it is a castle such as might have been found anywhere where there was a prince or prelate with means to raise such a pile; there is nothing—as there very distinctly is in the church by its side—to remind us of the land we are in. By the fourteenth century the native Provençal style had died out; throughout Southern Gaul buildings of that date do not essentially differ from those of France. The metropolitan church of Avignon comes in its natural place among the Roman and Romanesque buildings along the great Burgundian river. The castle which overshadows it is an exotic, like the absentee Pontiffs who overshadowed the local metropolitan.

The church of Avignon, like all the churches of that district, is small and plain compared with churches of the same rank in England or France; but it has features well worthy of notice. Its outline is most remarkable. A massive western tower groups with a low central octagon without transepts, the propping of which involves a most singular arrangement of pendentives within. The style of the church is the Provençal Romanesque, and the inside is even more gloomy than usual. It is a good deal modified, and in some cases disfigured, by later changes; but it keeps two magnificent altars of early work. It keeps the Papal *cathedra* and two pontifical tombs, one of them that of John the Twenty-second, with its canopy, which would seem lofty if it stood under the vault of Amiens. But here again there is nothing Avignonese or Provençal; the tomb would not seem out of place in France or in England. It is far otherwise with the building in which it is placed, both within and without. The western tower has been carried up in a late, almost Renaissance,

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style, but one which has quite caught the Romanesque character; of the senseless modern addition which crowns all it is best not to speak. But it is the western porch attached to this tower which alone gives Avignon any right to rank in the same series as Arles and Nimes. Ancient Corinthian columns adorn its angles within and without; smaller columns with spiral flutes act as the shafts of its inner doorway. The church boasts of Constantine and of Charles the Great as its successive founders; but we may doubt whether much, if any, of the present building is of earlier date than 1038, when a reconstruction is allowed to have taken place. Pointed arches of that date bespeak, we need hardly say, the memory of the Saracen rather than any approach to the pointed style of Northern Europe. The church has played its part in the general history of Avignon; it has received the visits of Kings; and as it became the resting-place of Popes, it became also the place of their crowning. There too Charles of Bohemia, on his way to take the Burgundian crown at Arles, assisted in Imperial state at the feast of Pentecost. Lord of the world as he was, he had nothing to grant. An earlier and lowlier King, Alfonso King of Aragon and Count of Provence, had endowed the canons of *Notre Dame des Doms* with substantial privileges, and had enrolled himself in their number.

The castle, almost untouched without, is within in a state grievous to the eye of taste. Made into a French barrack, with floors cutting off the height of what must have been about the stateliest hall in Europe, its architectural features are utterly ruined, and the visitor is tempted to linger as short a time as he can in the pestilential air, or rather lack of air, to which its present inhabitants are condemned. But we see the chapel with its pictures; we see the kitchen akin to Fontevrault and to Glastonbury, which local fancy has turned into a torture-chamber; we see what professes to be the prison of Rienzi, though our guide romances a little as to the harshness of his confinement, seeing that he is known to have been allowed the use of his Bible and his Livy. We go forth again to look on the city below with its many towers, on the long line of its almost perfect walls, on the broad river with half a bridge, and the chapel which makes us think of Wakefield and the West-Saxon Bradford; on the suburb beyond the Rhone, with its monasteries and churches, itself the burying-place of more than one bearer of the triple crown. And let no visitor to Avignon go away without a visit to its Museum; he will there find sculptures and inscriptions to remind him of what he might be tempted to forget, that, even in the city of the Popes, he has not wholly bid farewell to the land of consuls and of Cæsars.

VAGABONDS IN WINTER-TIME.

THERE are a good many people to whom the preservation of our open land and commons is a matter of even more vital consequence than to the artisans in crowded cities or the clerks and comfortable tradesmen who look forward to outings in the country. The tramps, gipsies, and dwellers in tents and caravans have seldom a voice in the election of Parliamentary representatives. Their names would carry but little weight if attached to "humble petitions," even supposing that they chanced to be able to subscribe them. Yet they must watch with a peculiarly jealous interest the encroachments of lords of manors and the stealthy nibblings of neighbouring landed proprietors. They may not trouble themselves greatly about politics, yet we doubt not that the measures contemplated against illegal inclosing are sometimes discussed more intelligently round their wandering camp fires than even the statutes levelled at vagrancy, with all their pains and penalties. Of course we all know that in the milder seasons of the year there are numbers of persons who never sleep under a roof, unless they take up their quarters in a casual ward or borrow the temporary accommodation of a barn. To say nothing of those very independent members of society who are to be seen trudging along shoeless, whose whole worldly goods are comprised in a moderate-sized bundle, who manage to pick up a living somehow and find some stray coppers to spend on beer and gin, who lie down anywhere under hedges or haystacks, and are rarely reduced to breaking stones for a breakfast—to say nothing of these light-hearted single gentlemen, a vast number of families live entirely on the roads. We are familiar enough with the yellow caravan, with its brass knocker and its crimson curtains, that lumbers along from fair to fair, from market town to market town, opening an *al fresco* bazaar, or offering some kind of entertainment, at the villages where it pulls up for the night. We know the great waggon, loaded outside and in with rugs and wickerwork—the grimy van of some itinerant tinman or tinker—the humble handbarrow on which the tagrag and bobtail of the roads push along the paraphernalia that are to rig up their night encampment. But we are wont to believe that these various tribes of vagrants are in the habit of hybernating through the winter like squirrels. It is true that the bachelor tramps usually take their precautions against the short days and the cold nights. They either get locked up at Government expense, or they drop in freely on workhouse wards, or else, as a last resource, if they are sensible men, they resign themselves to a spell of honest labour. Almost all these gorgeous caravans, too, withdraw into winter quarters. There are fields near Battersea, beyond Notting Hill, and away to the East of London, in swampy waste lands by the river, where you may see them methodically drawn up in rows or squares like an encampment of some ancient German tribe. Their proprietors still shift somehow for a livelihood, and many of them go to work on the stores of wares which they hope to dispose of in the ensuing summer. Not a few are fairly well-to-do, and may retire with tolerably easy minds to those fixed domiciles of which we have spoken. Others who are content with their customary quarters in the caravan contrive to live in it in very reasonable comfort. As far as exposure to the weather goes, they are not very much to be pitied. Their camp is usually pitched in a protected situation. They warm the atmosphere a good deal by simply drawing closely together. The confinement of their small living rooms has its advantages when a diminutive stove has to heat them through a bitter night; and though the wooden walls are thin, draughts may be guarded against by paying and caulking the seams between the planks. But while many of these people manage to make their arrangements for spending the winter among the comforts of town, a great many others must live all the year in the country. There are many who know nothing of London, who cannot afford to interrupt their pursuits or break away from their profitable connexion; and these are necessarily the poorest of the class and the worst provided against the inclemency of the season.

When all the world is stirring in the summer, you come upon these itinerant adventurers everywhere. You meet their long strings of vehicles jogging along the high-roads. You see them pulled up on the patches of turf alongside of sequestered lanes. If there is a favourite nook you know of famous for its foliage and its nightingales, where the mossy-stemmed trees overhang some weed-grown pool in the middle of a natural lawn, you are sure to find it in the occupation of a nomadic party. Probably it is the practical recommendations of the grass, the shade, and the water that attract them, rather than the song of the birds and the smiling beauties of nature. But, whether by accidental coincidence or design, it is certain that tramps and rural studies for the artist generally go together. So we find it in the winter now, and this is very much the reason why tramps may be scattered pretty thickly through the country without the passing traveller ever suspecting their vicinity. They don't camp out in Nightingale Corner in January. The leaves have fallen that used to thatch the encampment in June, and have gathered into the ditches in damp, rotting heaps. The hedges are stripped bare that served well enough as shelter from the summer winds; the herbage where the worn old nags used to luxuriate is bare and frost-bitten. So the settlers we saw there in summer have betaken themselves elsewhere, to some spot where they will be as snug as circumstances will allow. They do not move further out of the world than need be. It is an object with them to have as little as possible of rough cart-track between them and the nearest road. They like to do a little shopping in the village from time to time; and they must be miserably poor or extraordinarily virtuous if it is not a paramount consideration with them to be in the immediate neighbourhood of a public-house. Then, in pitching upon a particular locality, one of the first things to be thought of is the soil. It is no use settling in mud or clay, inviting attacks of rheumatism, and provoking all manner of diseases, when the whole of England is before them. What they prefer is a sandy or gravelly slope that drains itself naturally and breeds no fevers. The sticks there are drier too, and that is something when one must always be kindling fires. So, if you look out carefully over the tops of the trees from any eminence as you are driving along among the fir-woods in Kent or Surrey, you are pretty sure to see a thread of thin grey smoke ascending somewhere. In certain districts where wild woodland heaths lie in neighbourhoods overrun by villas, and are surrounded by thriving villages, you may remark more than one of these. They come from the places which seem least eligible for cottages. Occasionally, if you may trust the evidence of your senses, the signs of fire proceed actually from the ground. Should your curiosity tempt you to follow up these indications, you will always be landed at much the same scene, having been guided to it by voices when you lost sight of the smoke. You will come upon some little den or dingle, or stumble on to the brink of some deep gravel-pit half grown over with furze and bramble. If there is not always much shelter overhead, there is pretty sure to be a thick screen of half-grown firs to the north and east. If the squatters are in fairly easy circumstances, there will be a weather-beaten old caravan, knocked together of rough deal and painted originally in sombre green and blue, drawn up somewhere in the background. The odds are that its proprietors do not live in it; at all events it is only used as a sleeping-place by the old, the sick, or the luxurious. Their actual quarters are under low canvas tents stretched out on hoops, pegged fast down, and carefully earthed up all round. They have to crawl, or rather wriggle themselves, under these; but, once there, they are tolerably snug, for beings who have been accustomed to a rude animal existence. The wind may howl over their heads, but it does not catch their lowly dwelling. The form of their roof is about the best that can be devised for throwing aside any quantity of rain. The flooring is probably a rug stretched over bracken or heather, and below all is most likely some tattered waterproof. Blankets may be scarce with them, but they have been little given to making a night toilet, and have been in the habit generally of "turning in all standing." According to our notions, about the greatest hardship of their case is that they have few or no changes of raiment. Yet they are scarcely worse off in that respect than many a respectable labourer, and they are more hardened than the labourer to the exposure which both must endure. They have the advantage of him too in another way. The labourer comes home drenched from his work to spend the

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evening in a draughty cottage, grudging himself each morsel of fuel that smoulders to waste in his absurd chimney. The tramp has always his shelter close at hand; or, if he does get wet, he has only to kindle a brazier. In a few minutes he is drying thoroughly, while the vapours that disengage themselves put him in a regular Russian bath, which is a preventive of rheumatism as well as a cure for it. Naturally, however, he never gets into that gloomy tent of his when he can help it. The best part of the day he is to be seen working away at some occupation or other, by the side of a bright little fire that burns merrily in the open. His wife is nursing the last baby, mending the clothes of the elder children, and possibly taking turns with her husband at a short black pipe. The children themselves are tumbling about in the cart track, or playing round the nearest pool; healthy, cheery-looking urchins, although very likely they go bare-footed and bare-headed, and are rigged out in big garments that have never been cut down for them. The School Boards have had nothing to say to them. But the boys are sharp enough and handy as well, although they take their wild life as it comes in a rough-and-tumble fashion. In spite of hard and scanty fare, the girls often shoot up strong and healthy. Their good looks, such as they are, may be merely the *beauté du diable*, but with their red lips, their laughing eyes, their blooming complexions, and their heavy shocks of thick long hair, they are as different as possible from the stunted, shrivelled-up little careworn creatures who are being reared in the rookeries of the Seven Dials or East London.

We believe in the "book learning" which prepares every one to take advantage of a chance, and which may give native intelligence invaluable help in raising itself up from the lowest station. We certainly do not say that a rough and ready practical education is a safe system on the whole, although, hardships notwithstanding, it has its physical advantages, and although these unreclaimed children of the commons and heaths may escape the most debasing forms of city contamination. Their parents are of course their examples, and their parents sometimes are bad enough for anything. Yet this does not necessarily follow, although thoroughbred tramps are thrown in the midst of all sorts of temptations, with very little to aid them to resist. Their Bedouin manner of existence naturally begets Bedouin habits of thought and morality. Most men's hands being turned against the tramp, it seems but natural that he should turn his hands against every one. He has no good name to be careful of, nor can he make one. If there is a theft from a neighbouring farmyard, if there has been a bit of fire-raising or heath-burning anywhere about, if any graver crime has been committed, he is sure to be the first to be suspected. The police come poking about, making offensive inquiries, and are far too sharp to show any faith in his proofs or protestations of innocence. What is the use of being suspected for nothing? Besides, few of the tramps can have spotless consciences. When a man lives out among the hedgerows, and has a hungry family growing up about him, he can hardly help becoming a poacher. A few wires go so far to help the larder, and there is the pot on the fire ready to boil down the *pièces de conviction*. When a man once takes to wiring hares, he soon goes on to stealing fowls. When he begins prowling about poultry-yards with dishonest intentions, all is fish that comes to his net. The descent from bad to worse is at once easy and obvious, and he must be a strong-minded or strangely well-principled person who can pull himself up on the first slopes of the treacherous incline. The more credit to him when he does stop short at mere venial offences, and we believe that many of these people who are regarded as pariahs are, in a sort of a way, meritorious members of society. They often work hard and honestly for their living. Year after year you may find them in the very spot where their children were born, because their fair dealing has made them a local connexion in their own particular line. Their patrons will very likely be free in abuse of them, and will certainly look down on them with supreme contempt; yet they pay their characters a certain tribute by continuing to deal with them season after season. There are weaknesses and vices that are almost inseparable from the vagabond life. It breeds improvidence, and it tends to squandering money in public-houses. When a man has no roof over his head but a strip of canvas, and gets a precarious living from hand to mouth, you can scarcely expect him to recognize the advantages of the savings bank any more than to be a regular attendant at church in his weather-washed rags. A bright tavern-bar must be like a glimpse of paradise to him when he has been kennelling by the light of a farthing candle out in the cold and darkness of an English winter night. But, on the whole, and in spite of all their faults, we suspect that these professional vagabonds have scanty justice done them. They are a curious race, little accustomed to civil treatment, but as likely to be hospitable as their congeners of the Arabian desert, if you only take them in the right way. And a visit to them would at all events be not uninteresting, even if it did not serve some more creditable purpose than curiosity.

CONSEQUENTIAL DAMAGES.

JUDGES, especially in County Courts, have gone far lately in holding Railway Companies responsible for violations of the undertakings or representations contained in their published time-tables. But although it may be reasonably clear that a disappointed passenger is entitled to some compensation, the question how that compensation should be estimated often presents great difficulty. If a Railway Company fails to carry the passenger to the place he desires to reach according to their time-table, he is entitled to be repaid any reasonable outlay incurred in reaching that place by other means. Thus the Great Western Railway failed to carry a passenger from Reading to Twyford in time to catch a train on the branch line to Henley, and the passenger took a fly, and a County Court Judge held the Company liable for the expense. The case is, we believe, under appeal, but we only use it for illustration of the question as to damages; and we will suppose that the passenger, instead of taking a fly, had walked, and in walking had lamed himself, and thus incurred medical charges and loss of time. No lawyer would hesitate to say that he was not entitled to compensation for these matters; but other cases may arise which are not so easily disposed of, and it seems to be agreed that little can be done towards laying down general rules, and that each case must be decided on its own circumstances, so that a considerable latitude is allowed to the judges who decide them. The attempts which have been made in this country to narrow the range of consequential damages were either suggested or encouraged by American jurists, and yet we cannot help suspecting the existence of a tendency in American Courts to widen this range in response to popular sympathies which happen to prevail.

A London tailor, having customers at Hull, Driffield, and other places in Yorkshire, was in the habit of visiting these places to receive orders and settle accounts. He took a ticket at King's Cross station of the Great Northern Railway Company for the 2 P.M. train, which the time-tables of the Company marked as arriving at Hull at 9.30 P.M. He paid his fare to Hull, and received a ticket for the whole distance. On arriving at 8.2 P.M. at Great Grimsby, where the Great Northern and East Lincolnshire lines terminate, he found that the train of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, whose line it is from Great Grimsby to the Ferry at New Holland, had left, and there was no other boat that night in correspondence with the trains. He slept at an hotel at Great Grimsby, and had to take a fresh ticket next morning to Hull, where he arrived too late for the first train to Driffield, and thus lost the full opportunity of meeting his customers on market-day in that town. This failure dislocated the other arrangements of his journey, and he thus consumed more time and spent more money in meeting his customers than he would otherwise have done. He brought an action against the Great Northern Railway Company, and the Judge who tried it said that the plaintiff was entitled to a verdict by reason of the defendants having no train to take the plaintiff on from Great Grimsby to Hull. But the Judge held that the defendants were not responsible for any damages occasioned to the plaintiff by reason of his not getting to Driffield and the other places in time to see his customers, the defendants not having any notice that the plaintiff wanted to proceed to Driffield by the first train from Hull; and that, although the plaintiff might have posted all the way from Great Grimsby to New Holland—a distance of eighteen miles—and taken a boat across to Hull, so as to meet the first train for Driffield, and recovered the amount from the defendants, yet not having done so, he was only entitled to recover the amount he actually paid for his night's lodging, and the fare to Hull next morning, which amounted to not quite five shillings; and it was even doubtful whether he could recover for the bed, as he must have slept at Hull if he had got there according to the time-table. The Court of Exchequer sustained this ruling, and Chief Baron Pollock remarked that there is some vexation in finding that a contract is not performed; but the law takes no notice of that. "It is one of the evils of life, and every one must bear his own share of them." This, we may observe in passing, was an *obiter dictum* of the Judge which Railway Companies must not press too far against the public, although in the sense that railway travelling is one of the evils of life of which we all have to bear our shares, few persons would differ from the late Chief Baron. The plaintiff was perhaps not greatly comforted by being told what he might have done at the Company's expense. To start from Great Grimsby, say, at 8.30 P.M., arrive at New Holland at 11 P.M., and cross to Hull in a steamer, or failing that in an open boat, would not be a cheerful prospect, and might on a wild night at the end of October be decidedly disagreeable. The Chief Baron further said that the damage or mischief for which the jury could give compensation must be "the natural and fair result" of a breach of contract. This is clear law, but difficulty may arise in its application.

In a recent case the plaintiff, a tradesman living at Hampton, had, with his wife and two young children, taken tickets at night back to that place. The train, however, did not stop at Hampton, and carried them on to Esher, about four miles further. They arrived there at midnight, the only inn was closed, and there were no conveyances to be had. We take this statement of the case from a daily newspaper, and we pause here to remark that the plaintiff was entitled to require the innkeeper to rise and admit him and his wife and children if he could make the innkeeper hear him, which he probably could not. One of the effects of the early closing of public-houses is that the keepers of them go to bed, and a person who misses the last train to London from such a place as Esher would have great difficulty in finding a night's lodging. But, to proceed with the case, the plaintiff and his wife had to walk all the way to Hampton, and as it was wet, and they both had to help in carrying the children, the wife caught

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cold and was laid up for some time. An action was brought against the South-Western Railway Company, and the defendants paid 40*s.* into Court and denied any further liability. The compensation for inconvenience in walking home was assessed at 8*l.* and that for illness of the wife at 20*l.*, and the question was whether the plaintiff was entitled to either sum. In the course of the argument Chief Justice Cockburn said, "It must be borne in mind that there are as many wet nights as dry in this climate." This remark may be taken in connexion with Chief Baron Pollock's doctrine that the "natural and fair result" of a breach of contract must be compensated. However, the Court ultimately decided that the plaintiff was entitled to the 8*l.* for inconvenience, but not to the 20*l.* for his wife's cold and illness, holding that the former damage resulted "naturally and immediately" from the Company's default. Lord Bacon has said, "It were infinite to look to the causes of causes and their impulsions on one another," and therefore the law only looks to immediate causes. It may be conceded that, if the tailor in the previous case had shown inconvenience, he might have recovered damages for it. If he had travelled by gig and boat from Great Grimsby to Hull on a cold wet night, his case would have been similar to that of the man who walked with his wife and children from Esher to Hampton. But he stayed at Great Grimsby and went to bed. In this way the two cases may be made consistent; but it appears nevertheless that, both in England and the United States, the rule as to consequential damages is being gradually relaxed.

The following is a good example of the American mode of looking at the question. In 1856 a steamship, being on her regular voyage as a carrier of passengers between Panama and San Francisco, arrived at the intermediate port of Acapulco, where one Duane got on board with the intention of proceeding to San Francisco. He had shortly before this been banished from that city by a revolutionary, yet powerful and organized, body of men called "The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco," upon penalty of death in case of return. This Committee put him on board a steamer with direction that he should be conveyed beyond the limits of California, and he was carried to Acapulco. He now embraced the earliest opportunity to get back, being willing to encounter the risk to which his return might expose him. The master, however, on learning these circumstances, determined to put Duane on board the first down ship he met, and send him back to Acapulco. Accordingly he was transferred without any circumstances of personal indignity to another steamer of the same line, and carried back to Acapulco. He did not return to California until 1860, when the Vigilance Committee no longer existed. He proceeded against the master of the first steamship for damages, alleging that all his subsequent efforts to get a passage from Acapulco or Aspinwall to San Francisco were unavailing; that he obtained through charity a passage to New York, where he was without money or means, his character and reputation blasted, dependent on charity, and confined for months in hospital from sickness, and that he only got back to San Francisco in 1860. Under these circumstances he obtained a decree for 4,000 dollars damages, and it would hardly be incorrect to say that this was the estimate formed by the District Court of the natural or probable consequences of not being hanged. On appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, it was in effect argued that the Vigilance Committee must be regarded as a *de facto* government. "It was an organized sort of anarchy, irresistible from its force, and unyielding in the execution of its purposes." To have taken back an obnoxious exile would have been a direct challenge to the Vigilance Committee, which they would have answered by hanging him under the sentence already pronounced. The Court, however, thought that the motive of the master was commendable for its humanity, and went far to excuse the transaction, but did not justify it. Duane was entitled to compensation for the injury done him by the transfer to the second steamer, so far as that injury arose from the act of the master in putting him there. But the difficulties he experienced in getting to New York, and the obstructions he met with in returning to California, were not caused by the defendant. The Court remarked that Duane, by way of explaining why he had not brought his suit earlier, swore that he believed if he returned to California for that or any other purpose he would be hanged, and it was under this same belief that the defendant refused to take him back. The Court reduced the damages to 50 dollars. In a case where a coloured woman was excluded from a "ladies' car" on account of her colour, it was held by the Court that the jury might add something to the actual damages for the indignity, vexation, and disgrace sustained. It is unfortunate that we have only access to this case in an abridgment, as the argument of counsel for the woman would probably be an amusing specimen of "bunkum." The decision may be harmonized with Chief Baron Pollock's *dictum* that the law takes no account of vexation by considering this as an instance of a wrongful act irrespective of any contract. In another case the physical condition of a passenger who had suffered great bodily exposure in consequence of neglect to stop a vessel and take him on board, according to agreement, was allowed to be shown in aggravation of damages; and this comes near to doing that which our Court of Queen's Bench has refused to do as to the cold caught in walking. In several cases damages have been given for breach of contracts to bring immigrants to New York or other port by a fixed time, and perhaps counsel and judges are insensibly influenced by consideration of the hardship of delaying even for a day the exchange from benighted European despotism to the freedom and enlightenment of the United States. It is easy to see, at any rate, that the Supreme Court has much to do in controlling the erratic tendencies of inferior Courts in this department of law.

HIGH FLYING.

THERE has lately been a good deal of correspondence in the papers which makes one doubt whether the human intellect is going backwards or forwards; but the depth, or height, of foolishness has probably been reached in a series of letters on what is called "levitation," with which the *Daily News* has thought it worth while to fill its columns. It seems that an article has been published in a scientific periodical, edited by a well-known Spiritualist, on the power which certain human beings are said to possess, under peculiar conditions, of overcoming the ordinary laws of gravitation and floating in the air. A great many stories are quoted of flying saints and similar persons, including Peter of Alcantara, who, we read, "uttered a fearful cry, and was shot through the air as if he had been fired from a gun," and Joseph Coperting, who in 1650 is said to have floated in the air—as some modern divines would now seem to be doing in another way—to such good effect that Prince John of Brunswick forswore the Protestant faith. The general conclusion of the writer would appear to be that feats of this kind, though not very common, are natural and possible in the case of persons of a certain temperament. It is asserted that even at the present day a medical man at Bristol recently saved his railway fare and avoided accidents by flying to Swindon, and there can be no doubt that this mode of locomotion has many advantages even over Pullman cars. Mr. Home has also had his aerial trips, and that eminent "æthrobat," Mrs. Guppy, has pierced even the dense smoky atmosphere of London in a flutter from Holloway to Lamb's Conduit Street. The *Daily News* called attention to this article, and the result was that it was flooded with letters from a host of people who all professed to have had strange experiences of this kind. One of these correspondents, "J. H.," writes to say that, when he was six years old, and long before he had ever heard anything of levitation, he firmly believed himself to be able, by an act of volition, to rise from the ground and float about in the air. He adhered to this belief for several years, but, with a discretion which we must say we should hardly have expected, took good care not to mention it to any one. The conviction remained in his mind for six or seven years, and during that time, he says, he fancied that he exercised this strange power at intervals, no year passing without three or four aerial peregrinations. It never struck him that this was at all extraordinary, nor can he say exactly when he began to doubt his actual possession of the power; but it must at least be satisfactory to his family, if he has arrived at an age to have one, and to make a will, that these delusions are now relegated to the land of dreams. "J. H." gives some particulars as to the manner in which he performed his flights. He would say to himself, "Now I will rise in the air, and float to such a spot," usually not more than twenty or thirty yards off. Drawing in his breath, and bracing all his muscles, so that the body was quite rigid, he would find himself rising slowly and steadily off the ground, and moving through the air not in a direct, but in a curving course. If he relaxed the rigidity of his body in the slightest degree, he was sure to come to the ground, and he does not seem to have been in any way astonished that, in such a case, he did not have even the slightest bruise, though it was difficult to soar again. Even now (this looks like a relapse, and his friends should see to it) "J. H." finds it hard to persuade himself that his flying was a dream, and nothing more.

A legion of other correspondents have followed "J. H.," detailing similar experiences, so that if he thought there was any personal distinction in his power of aerial elevation, he must have been grievously disappointed. It is clear from the letters in the *Daily News* that any fool in a dream can fly as well as another. "A. W." has a vivid recollection of the "wavy motion" which accompanied his flights, and regrets that the gift ceased at fourteen years of age. "W. H. C." used to dream that, when walking in a hurry through crowded streets, he felt himself suddenly rising and skimming over the heads of the people until he came to where the pavement was less crowded, when he descended. "F. R. H.," in order to show "how one gets educated even in dreams," states that he can now manage the performance much more skilfully than formerly—that is, he "can navigate the air in a more seamanlike manner, and can get up floating power in a second or two." "The aerial passage," he adds, "usually occurs in a crowded street, and occasionally there is great consternation." He travels feet first, and turns round like a compass-needle on a pivot. When he comes to the ground it is with a shock resembling that of a tumble to a drunken man. "G. N." describes the many airy flights he has made over Clifton Suspension Bridge. "Volans Nolans," who may perhaps be suspected of a little irony, declares that he once flew over an orchard, fell into an apple-tree, and found himself afterwards in bed with a much furred tongue and a bad headache. He suggests that involuntary levitation might perhaps be prevented by simple diet and the occasional exhibition of blue pill or podophyllin; and we are rather disposed to agree with him. Most of the correspondents admit that their experiences took place during slumber; but "One of the Levitated" positively asserts that he has gone through his performance in the air when in a room with two

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friends, who tickled his feet and talked with him as he floated over their heads. We are afraid that this case is too far gone for any amount of pills.

If it were thought worth while to publish all the nonsense which people dream, it would be very easy to fill the largest paper in the world. There are probably few people who have not experienced the sensation of fancying, when asleep, that they were floating through the air, or doing something else equally wonderful. It is not, we suspect, an uncommon experience to find oneself at such a time addressing a large audience in a state of more or less perfect nudity, and to be suddenly discomfited by the discovery of the fact. But it is difficult to see what useful purpose can be served by sending an account of such ridiculous imaginations to the newspapers and asking for an explanation. It has been suggested that the mind is unceasingly at work, but that, though we are always dreaming, we remember only some of the strange fancies which pass through the brain. It is very easy to see that the idea of levitation is only a symptom of indigestion. All the correspondents of the *Daily News* lay stress on the necessity of making an effort to fly and keeping the muscles rigid; and this is of course only an idea suggested by the feeling of oppression which arises from a disordered stomach. As soon as the oppression is relieved, the sufferer comes to the ground. Anybody who desires to have what is called "this seraphic enjoyment" has only to make a hearty supper of pork chops and Welsh rare-bits. It is a significant circumstance that the correspondents who have unbosomed themselves to the *Daily News* all agree in having been ashamed to talk of these supposed flights to any one who knew them, and they might just as well have restrained their present confidences. Of all the foolish talk in the world, the gossip of dreams is perhaps the most childish and absurd; it is almost an infallible sign of what a man is when he does not immediately forget his delusions as soon as he shakes himself out of the bedclothes. A thoroughly healthy person is rarely, if ever, troubled in this way.

As to the other set of stories told by people who profess to believe that they have moved through the air, not in dreams, but in actual life, there is, as far as we can see, in the present state of the case very little to be said on the subject. It is no doubt somewhat startling to find that they receive countenance from one or two men of science who in their special subjects are no doubt entitled to respect. But this is only another illustration of the well-known fact that people are not equally and uniformly rational in all parts of their minds. It is quite possible to be a good chemist or naturalist, and at the same time not to be proof against the most imbecile and contemptible superstitions. The reason is, we suppose, that the sort of facts which have to be dealt with in one case are different from those in the other. A chemical substance may be analysed by being subjected to the appropriate tests; the structure or other peculiarities of an animal may be ascertained by anatomical investigation; but a spirit in the air has not yet been shot and dissected. A chemist or naturalist is usually concerned with things which are honest in themselves. The investigators of Spiritualism are liable to be deceived by more or less conscious impostures, and they also stand greatly in need of that knowledge of the world which is not invariably the possession of men of science.

THE THEATRES.

IT is vain to lament that Mr. Byron writes so many plays. After all, if the characters and incidents are stale, the jokes are fresh, and they amuse the audience. The success of *Our Boys*, lately produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, is undeniable. It is harmless, and even in a gentle way didactic, and it makes one laugh. There is the inevitable character which in other plays Mr. Byron has often himself performed, and there are other characters adapted to the talents of the company. For the sake of economy of valuable force it might be wished that Mr. Byron would, as a rule, abstain from acting, in which he is only moderate, and devote himself to writing, in which he can, when he pleases, excel. It is not that he acts badly, but he writes better than he acts. Mr. Thorne is at least his equal in delivering those jokes which Mr. Byron has a special faculty for constructing. If he would not write quite so many plays, and if he would not insist on calling them comedies, he would be a thoroughly successful artist. The complaint that the last act of *Our Boys* is farce has, however, been almost answered by comparing it to the last act of *Ours*. The late Mr. Robertson did not write nearly so many plays as Mr. Byron, and yet he was obliged to use such expedients as cooking a leg of mutton and making a pudding on the stage. There is, besides, the improbability of young ladies following young gentlemen to a hut in the Crimea, whereas Mr. Byron only brings them to a third-floor lodging in London. The "boys" who occupy this miserable abode have brought themselves to poverty by each falling in love with the wrong girl. Their offended fathers have banished and nearly starved them, but cannot resist the inclination to look them up when they come to town for the Cattle Show. There is much humour in making one of them, who is a retired butterman of great wealth, apply his professional skill to an examination of the relics of his son's breakfast, while his personal appearance is neatly summed up by the maid-of-all-work, who remarks that there is a "county-court look" about his shawl. Mr. Middlewick, the retired butterman, poses as the Roman father in Act ii., but it is inevitable that in Act iii. there should be melting moments, and also that Mr. Byron should in this connexion refer to Greece. Before relief appears one of the "boys" remarks that they have made no appeal to their families, to which the other of course replies that an "avuncular relative" is an exception. The joke of calling a pawnbroker "my uncle" is always fresh; and when the conversation turns on the dearness of coals, the audience feel that, if this is not comedy, it is truth. The first act is, however, the best of the play. The two young men return home after a long tour abroad. One of the fathers is disappointed in his son, and one of the sons is disappointed in his father. There is both truth and comedy in the younger Middlewick's remark that, either he must have grown more fastidious, or his father must have grown more coarse, since they last met. The father has made a large fortune in trade, and is fully conscious of his own importance, and entirely ignorant of defects in his grammar and pronunciation. The son's education and associations have made him keenly sensible of such blemishes, and he wants to marry a girl who is even more impatient of them. Here is the material for scenes in which the pathetic may be mingled with the grotesque. It is necessary for theatrical purposes to suppose that asperities which arose in the first and second acts have been smoothed in the third, but practically they would remain. The more successful the son might be in life the wider would become the breach between him and the father whom he dearly loves. Mr. David James exactly represents the barbarous tongue and ear of the Londoner of the ante-School-Board period. He cannot learn to pronounce "h" correctly, because he cannot perceive that he is wrong. This peculiarity of the genuine Cockney has perhaps received less attention than it deserves. The habit once acquired is nearly indestructible. A man may make a fortune in trade, and enjoy whatever social advantages wealth can procure, and yet never be able to speak decent English. Even his children, however they may be educated, are more likely, if they live at home, to learn his bad habits than to teach him good ones. There is only too much truth, therefore, in poor Mr. Middlewick's belief that the heiress who loves his son dislikes him, and the son's marriage would in actual life separate him from his father. Happily, however, there is a middle-aged lady who appreciates Mr. Middlewick's sense and shrewdness, and is probably not unmoved by the contemplation of his wealth. The other father is disappointed in his son, for whom he confesses that he had looked to a career in public life. Mr. Middlewick comments upon the Baronet's aspiration by the remark that young Champneys has not brains enough to keep a public. This young man has at any rate the merit of modesty and of knowing what he wants in life. He enumerates his own talents, which are billiard-playing, riding, and smoking, and, having met a girl he likes, he chooses to be happy in his own way. The two girls are like most other girls in these so-called "comedies," mere figures to carry clothes. It is true that one of them says some smart things, but it is too obviously Mr. Byron who prompts her. Few modern dramatists are able to present women on the stage without making them caricatures or shadows.

The "material Venus" having retired from the Opéra Comique, the *Lady of Lyons*, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Ryder, has occupied the vacancy. The company is perhaps hardly strong enough for great success, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who may fairly aspire to places in the first line of actors, would do well to improve their elocution. Many modern plays depend chiefly on situation, and sometimes the less we hear of the words the better. But every sentence that Lord Lytton wrote for the stage deserves to be spoken carefully, and we think that a careful listener will perceive that both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal sometimes put the accent on the wrong word. They are no worse than many other actors and actresses of the time, but they might be better. It cannot be too often repeated that the aspirant to the stage requires drill, drill, drill. No doubt our ancestors sometimes carried formalism to a grotesque extreme, but that was preferable to thinking, as actors nowadays appear to do, that one way of delivering a speech is as good as another and better. The old strict traditions are still preserved by a few veterans, and if one listened to Mr. Henry Marston when he appeared as the Ghost in *Hamlet*, to Mr. Phelps in Falstaff, or to Mr. Ryder in any part, it would be perceived that every word is uttered with nice discrimination. Another branch of stage discipline only second in importance to elocution is deportment, and this has come to be even more conspicuously neglected. It is, however, gratifying to observe that in some quarters attention has been aroused to this defect. The very moderate and guarded praise which we bestowed a few weeks ago on the fencing scene in *Hamlet* at the Lyceum has already been justified by improvement, although we must still say that the merit belongs chiefly to Laertes. A German critic quoted in the *Times* describes the movements in this scene as "exceedingly easy and graceful," and, although we might retort that the French or Italians, and not the Germans, are the recognized judges of ease and grace in fencing, yet it is pleasant and permissible to assume that there is some foundation for the compliment thus conveyed. One of the best features of the British stage in its best age was the attention bestowed on fencing. A silver cup presented by Garrick to the first teacher of his day bears the inscription *Pegno d'amicizia di David Garrick al suo amico Angelo Malevolti*, and the connexion thus recorded between the stage and the fencing-school has subsisted more than one hundred years. Henry Angelo, second of

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the name in England, writes in his *Reminiscences* in reference to Stephen Kemble's son:—

> Having been long known to his two brothers, especially Charles Kemble, who, at one time, was one of my most indefatigable scholars, and best fencer, happy to have an opportunity of showing my civilities to the family, and, encouraged by the comely figure of the new aspirant, he was welcome to my efforts to improve it.

And, again, in reference to another aspirant:—

> I could only promise to perfect him in the graces of the two positions, the attitudes of defence and attack, and also the salute, as the latter (which, when I instructed Mr. Kean, I recommended him to exhibit previous to his assault with Laertes) might be pleasing to the boxes.

The same writer, returning to town after an autumn holiday, called on Kean, and each artist complained to the other of having increased in size. Angelo proposed to have a good bout of fencing every morning before breakfast, to which Kean assented:—

> The next morning I was punctual, when we made our *début, carte* and *tierce, pour nous mettre en train*, to supple our limbs preparatory to the *grand assaut*, which I may compare to the minuet before the Scotch reel.

This passage may usefully explain the preliminary practice of "thrusting carte and tierce" which is observed at the Lyceum Theatre. It may be doubted whether this practice in its present shape belonged to the fencing of Shakspeare's time, but the practice of saluting the spectators and antagonist, or at least the former, has obtained with the swordsmen of all times and countries, as is sufficiently proved by the well-known words "Ave, Cæsar Imperator! morituri te salutant." Henry Angelo adds that, in the first lounge he made on Kean, he strained the tendons of his *thigh*, and was compelled to bid adieu, after forty years' labour, to the "practical exertions of the science," and this "disaster" he ascribes to having discontinued fencing during his two months' holiday. The younger Kean was a thoroughly well-taught pupil of the same school; and playgoers will remember the excellence of the combat between Prince Henry and Hotspur in *King Henry IV.*, and of that in the *Corsican Brothers*, which were both, we believe, "composed and arranged" by Henry Angelo, third of the name, and the latter was carefully practised under his supervision or that of his son when this play was produced under Charles Kean's management.

The interest which *Hamlet* now excites might perhaps extend to the fencing of Shakspeare's time, to which in this and other plays, especially the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, he copiously refers. But at this moment we can only say that the fencing at the Lyceum has that breadth and simplicity which is most effective on the stage, and happens also to be archæologically correct, because the more subtle refinements of the art were mostly introduced by the masters of it who taught and wrote after Shakspeare's time. The placing of the fencers diagonally across the stage is judicious, because the play, and especially that of Hamlet, is thus better seen than if they stood in line with the footlights, and a slight movement of pressing forward by the spectators of the match as the interest rises after the first two hits is natural and effective. The German critic praises the way in which the exchange of foils is managed. Hamlet disarms Laertes so that his foil drops near Hamlet's feet, and Hamlet, seeing this, passes his own foil to Laertes, and takes himself that which is on the ground. A man of unsuspicious nature and not solicitous about minute points in the game might easily do this; but perhaps it would be better done if Hamlet handed the foil to Laertes instead of throwing it; at least we may surmise that the former method would have been more in harmony with the precepts of that graceful school of which the Angelos were masters and the Kembles and Kean were pupils. But still we must join the German critic in giving "a word of praise to the fencing-scene" at the Lyceum; and whether or not "Young England" calls for the name of the fencing-master, as the same critic anticipates, we may hope that the example of Mr. Irving and Mr. Leathes will induce young actors to practise fencing diligently under competent instructors.

REVIEWS.

LORD RUSSELL'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

LORD RUSSELL'S latest publication will be received with the indulgence which it greatly needs. The earlier part of the book has been published before; and the remainder consists of desultory remarks neither connected by any logical sequence nor arranged in the natural order of time. An attack on Mr. Lowe is followed by a statement that Edmund Burke was born in 1730, and Henry Grattan in a later year, and that both were illustrious Irishmen. A part of the history of the Reform Bill is told more than once; and a dissertation on Irish land tenure is followed by an invective against Ritualism. The best comment on a medley of vague thoughts and fragmentary recollections is furnished by the motto on the title-page, which is given both in the original Latin and in the grander version of Dryden:—

> Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
> But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

It is no small thing to have been eminent in public life for nearly sixty years, leader of the Liberal party for thirty years, and Prime Minister in two separate terms of office for seven years. Lord Russell has displayed high administrative ability as Secretary of the Home Department, and afterwards of the Colonies, and he has been for several years Foreign Secretary. Although his devotion to party was hardly consistent with a claim to the highest rank as a statesman, his career has been on the whole honourable and patriotic. He candidly admits some of the errors of judgment which he has committed, as in his dismissal of Lord Palmerston in 1851. Baron Stockmar, adopting the view of the Court, thought that the Prime Minister was timid and dilatory in repressing the insubordination of his powerful colleague. Lord Russell more justly blames himself for precipitation in completing the rupture without a preliminary conversation in which he might perhaps have persuaded Lord Palmerston to acquiesce in the proposed relations with the Crown. Only a few months before Lord John Russell had boasted to an applauding House of Commons that Lord Palmerston was not the Minister of Austria, nor the Minister of Russia, but the Minister of England. He afterwards made the conduct which he had defended in Parliament the ground of official remonstrance. The letter in which Lord John Russell required that all despatches should be submitted to the Queen was left without notice for ten days or a fortnight. To a complaint in the House of Commons of his negligence Lord Palmerston replied, with contemptuous indifference, that he really could not recollect the reason of the delay, but that he believed that about that time he had been much occupied. "I cannot," says Lord Russell, "say that, in breaking up my own Administration, or in leaving Lord Aberdeen's Administration, or in leaving office in 1865, I have been satisfied with the reasons which determined me to give up the high position in which I had been placed by my Sovereign." He afterwards adds that he "had committed a much greater error in consenting to serve under Lord Aberdeen as Prime Minister" than in afterwards leaving the Government. It would undoubtedly have been in Lord John Russell's power to declare that, having been for several years Prime Minister, he would hold no lower office; but the Whigs and the followers of Sir Robert Peel had combined to overthrow Lord Derby's Government, and they were morally bound to supply its place. Although Lord John Russell still commanded a large number of followers, the Peelites preponderated over their new allies in Parliamentary and administrative ability. Lord Palmerston, who hesitated to join the coalition, would almost certainly have refused to act under a Minister who had, a year before, summarily dismissed him from office. Lord Russell can scarcely be mistaken in a strange statement that Lord Aberdeen often intimated his intention of retiring from office in his favour. If the experiment had been tried, the other members of his Cabinet might have had something to say to the change. One of the weakest Foreign Ministers on record, Lord Aberdeen has always hitherto been deemed an upright and prudent statesman in domestic affairs. Lord Russell explains his regret for having consented to serve under Lord Aberdeen by blaming the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary for not having insisted on the submission of Turkey to Russia. The Emperor Nicholas rightly attributed the alteration made in the Austrian proposals to "the Padishah," as he called Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Mr. Kinglake's Great Elchee. At that time it was erroneously believed that Lord John Russell was more warlike than Lord Aberdeen or Lord Clarendon; and the popularity which he consequently obtained was never repudiated.

No explanation is given of the most indefensible act in Lord Russell's career. At the moment when the general anxiety for the army in the Crimea was at the highest point, the second member of the Government, who had neither remonstrated with the Duke of Newcastle nor objected in the Cabinet to any of his measures, suddenly resigned his office, denouncing at the same time in exaggerated language the conduct of the war. The statement that he had from the first unwillingly consented to serve under Lord Aberdeen may perhaps partially account for a breach of official loyalty which at the time provoked just and universal censure. On the consequent reconstruction of the Government, Lord John Russell again accepted a subordinate post; but in the following summer another strange proceeding rendered his retirement from office unavoidable. After his return from his mission to Vienna he made a warlike speech in the House of Commons against an Austrian scheme of pacification which, as it transpired, he had in his diplomatic capacity approved. Lord Russell more than once quotes with some irritation Sydney Smith's assertion that he would have not hesitated to accept the command of the Channel fleet; and it appears that the joke was founded on a playful declaration of his own. Unhesitating faith in the Whig creed, in Mr. Fox, and in himself, both explains and partially excuses obliquities of judgment which in a differently constituted mind would have been scarcely compatible with upright intentions. A conscience void of offence may, in the language lately made familiar by theologians, be either objective or subjective. The highest form of virtue is to do right, the next is never to be conscious of doing wrong. Lord Russell in his political character attains to the second standard of moral excellence. Lord John Russell would neither have broken up Lord Aberdeen's Government nor have rendered his own resignation necessary in 1856 if he had not been confident in an honesty of purpose which could scarcely have been inferred from his conduct. The sincerity of his moral judgment in his own case is illustrated by his inability to understand the political errors of Fox. In one of his numerous dissertations on Irish history he claims for "Charles Fox" the honour of having accomplished a bloodless revolution by the Act

* *Recollections and Suggestions*, 1813–1873. By John, Earl Russell. Longmans & Co. 1875.

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which established in 1782 the legislative independence of Ireland. "Unhappily," he adds, with perfect truth, "the victory was not fruitful of prosperity to Ireland. From 1782 to 1801 the Parliament of Ireland was remarkable chiefly for intolerance and corruption." A bloodless revolution which fails to produce prosperity, while it is fertile of corruption, cannot be thought to justify the eulogy on its author which is implied when he is affectionately designated by his Christian name. The concession of 1782 was only excusable because it was extorted by force. With an independent Legislature Ireland would have been absolutely ungovernable if the fault of the Constitution had not been mitigated by the necessary, though questionable, element of corruption. Lord Russell's incapacity to form an impartial opinion where Fox is concerned is still more remarkably exemplified in his estimate of the consequences which might have ensued if Fox had been at the Foreign Office in 1804 and 1805. "Austria would not have been hurried into war, the battle of Austerlitz would not have been fought, and Pitt would not have died in 1806." It is a bold assumption that Pitt would not have died if Fox had been Foreign Secretary. The prolongation of the life of Pitt would have been worth a great sacrifice, though the battle of Austerlitz was only a conjectural, and at most a partial, cause of his death; but if Fox would have interfered with the Austrian alliance, he was as unfit to direct the national policy as Addington himself. The greatest of Pitt's achievements were those of his second Administration, which lasted less than two years. He entered office without an ally, without an adequate revenue to maintain the war, and with Napoleon's army at Boulogne daily threatening the invasion of England. His accession at once revived the confidence of foreign Courts, and the House of Commons granted him without hesitation all the supplies which he demanded. The Austrian declaration of war finally relieved England from the dread of invasion, and it was not the fault of Pitt that Mack surrendered at Ulm, or that the Emperors of Austria and Russia incurred the defeat of Austerlitz. During his short term of office Pitt's measures compelled Napoleon to break up the army of Boulogne, and to fight the battles of Trafalgar, of Austerlitz, of Eylau, and of Friedland. Before the Polish campaign ended, Pitt had died; and Fox, with his party, by abandoning Russia in her unequal contest, produced the Treaty of Tilsit. If the same policy had been continued, the Peninsular war would never have been undertaken, and the whole course of modern history would have been altered. Lord Russell had in his youth the merit of agreeing with the minority of the Whig party, who deeply regretted their suicidal opposition to the war.

While Lord Russell adheres with unshaken fidelity to all the convictions and prejudices of his youth, it is pleasant to find that he freshly remembers, and strongly resents, the causes which produced the fall of his last Administration, and the conduct of the Government in the *Alabama* negotiations. If Mr. Fox is at one extreme of his scale of political merit, Mr. Lowe has the misfortune to occupy the other. A dispassionate observer might perhaps hold that the balance of good and evil between the Whigs and Mr. Lowe has on the whole been not unfairly adjusted. As the leader of the Liberal secession of 1866 had been obstinately excluded from the Cabinet by Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, his rooted dislike to the extension of the suffrage conflicted with no party or personal obligation. In reviewing his experience of sixty years Lord Russell candidly admits that he has himself been received with as much favour as he deserved. "Speaking generally, and with some exceptions, I am willing to give the same testimony to those with whom I have been associated, and to the chief leaders to whom I have been opposed." Lord Russell relied, as he thinks justly, on the integrity of Lord Althorp, and he sees no reason to doubt that Sir Robert Peel's great capacity was employed for what he believed to be the welfare of his country. "Indeed I do not doubt that, with the exception of the small band who were said to occupy the cave of Adullam, the parties I have had to act with or to confront have been animated with the sincere desire to devote their talents to the public good." When Mr. Bright invented his humorous nickname for the Liberal opponents of Parliamentary Reform, he can scarcely have foreseen that Lord Russell's animosity would induce him to condense a metaphor into an impeachment. It seems that "the band of Adullam was divided into three columns or gangs, the first consisting of the selfish, the second of the timid, and the third of those who were both selfish and timid." Their leader resembled the Achitophel of Dryden; and "on the whole I have never in my long political life known a party so utterly destitute of consistent principle or of patriotic end." Indeed Mr. Lowe, and those who thought with him that schemes of Reform had been revived by Lord John Russell some years before for personal objects, were no better than robbers. "When these bandits, uniting themselves to the Tories, had put the Government in a minority, the Cabinet thought it right to offer their resignation. It was not that they could not bear a defeat on a detail of the Reform Bill, but that it was obvious that the band of Adullam would never be satisfied till by wiles and stratagems they had driven the Ministry from office." Having accordingly committed political suicide to save himself from official slaughter, Lord Russell sums up his vituperation of his opponents in the statement that, "of the three gangs which issued from the Cave of Adullam, the timid inspired pity, the selfish indignation, the timid and selfish contempt." After all, it might be contended that the defenders of an existing Constitution were not guilty of an unpardonable crime in questioning the expediency of a change; but pugnacity and injustice, though not intrinsically laudable, excite a sympathetic interest when they are proofs of characteristic partisanship consistently sustained in advanced years. When Mr. Gladstone succeeded to office the task of forming a Ministry "was performed with little tact or discrimination." Mr. Cardwell was sent to the War Office, and the obnoxious Mr. Lowe was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Russell's complaints of the conduct of Mr. Gladstone's Government at Washington and Geneva are better founded than his hostility to Mr. Lowe; but it would perhaps have been judicious to be contented with Sir Alexander Cockburn's severe rebuke of the pettifogging insolence of the American agents. Lord Russell cannot think that he was mistaken in giving way to Mr. Gladstone as head of the Whig-Radical party of England. "During Lord Palmerston's Ministry I had every reason to admire the boldness and judgment with which he directed our finances. I had no reason to suppose that he was less attached than I was to national honour; that he was less proud than I was of the achievements of our nation by sea and land; that he disliked the extension of our colonies; or that his measures would tend to reduce the great and glorious Empire of which he was put in charge to a manufactory of cotton cloth and a market for cheap goods, with an army and navy reduced by paltry savings to a standard of weakness and inefficiency." The terms of Lord Russell's farewell blessing to his party may be explained by the fact that the Liberals have abandoned the name of Whigs, and have almost forgotten Somers and Fox.

THE METHODS OF ETHICS.*

IT is not surprising that so many books should have been written, and should still continue to be written, on human behaviour and the conduct of life. For though the subject may not have the attraction for our curiosity which is possessed by some other more exciting topics, such as the critical moments of history, or adventure by sea or land, or the marvels of science, yet in point of permanent interest no other can compare with "the daily round and common task" in which every mortal man and woman of us has an equal and abiding share. And the intricacies of human life are so manifold, the varieties of character, the casts of situation, are so endless and capable of indefinite multiplication, that, though every literature is filled with pictures or descriptions of these things, no literature can ever exhaust them.

But when we turn from observation or description of the concrete mass to the philosophy of life, from practical morals to the theory of morals, the case is altered. Infinite as are the individual specimens which may be offered to our study, human nature is one and the same. The species "homo" is but a single species, and its natural history therefore cannot be either very voluminous or very difficult. *A priori*, we should expect the theory of conduct to be capable of being summed up in a very short space, and of being known with something like certainty. Indeed we all have in our mouths every day, and use without seeming to think it ambiguous, a short word in which is really wrapt up the whole of moral theory. When we say that we ourselves, or that some other person, *ought* to act in a particular way, we are passing a judgment about which we do not doubt that we know what we mean by it. Our judgment in the particular case may be erroneous; it may be a judgment which we should ourselves alter upon another view of the circumstances; but the verb by which we enunciate our judgment is one which we use in the fullest confidence that both we ourselves and those to whom we speak understand it. Yet this is so far from being the case that neither the vulgar nor the philosophers have up to this day succeeded in giving an explanation of the words "right" and "ought" which has been found generally acceptable. In other words, there is no science of ethics. The most opposite theories still continue now, as much as at the beginning of speculation, to be maintained by partisans and impugned by opponents. Theology excepted, there is nothing in which approximation seems so hopeless as in moral theory. But for all that the theorists have not abated one jot of their zeal. The books which were written on the subject in the last century were more numerous and thicker than the books which had been turned out in the seventeenth century. And in the present age, when we have so many new topics demanding our attention, the old ethical debate seems to have lost none of its charms, and the books we write and read upon the subject are more numerous and thicker than they were in the eighteenth century.

This never-ending debate, in which nothing is settled, is, it must be admitted, a very disheartening spectacle. It is not without some reluctance that we settle ourselves down again to the contemplation of another argument for or against utilitarianism, another contrast of the comparative claims of the "interested" and the "intuitional" systems. It is with a regret akin to the feeling with which we watch a noble animal beating out its life against the bars of its iron cage that we look on at a mind ardent, imaginative, and richly cultivated, such as is that of the author of this volume, spending its strength upon a disputation from which it seems impossible to hope for any ascertained resultant of truth.

Mr. Henry Sidgwick's retort to this preamble would doubtless be that, if we are not hopeful, he is. He may challenge us to examine his arguments, and then to say if moral theory has not gained some elucidation from his treatment. Everything which Mr. Sidgwick will give himself the trouble to write is sure to carry the

* *The Methods of Ethics.* By Henry Sidgwick, M.A., Lecturer and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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stamp of originality. There is many a keen sentence and freshly-written paragraph in this volume which excites thought, and carries light in itself. The tone itself of the discussion is instructive, free as it is from the passion of partisanship, or the desire to edify. The assumption that there is a moral orthodoxy, and the habit of regarding oneself as the preacher of it, has much impeded, in this country, the progress of moral science. Mr. Sidgwick, inverting Aristotle's phrase, proposes as his end knowledge, not practice, and adopts the impartial and scientific treatment of a German psychologist. He is neither the advocate nor the assailant, but the investigator.

And it may be that this kind of originality, the originality of method, is all the originality he would himself claim for his treatise. He has no new theory to propound, nor does he offer any novel array of argument in support of any one of the standard theories. Yet, in spite of the absence of all announcement of new views or of the promulgation of adventurous opinion, we have in reading Mr. Sidgwick's pages a sense of that originality which may be imparted to any subject by its being handled in its whole extent and expounded in all its breadth by a powerful mind, a mind which has not only mastered it in all its details, but informed them with its own life. Indeed in morals, to talk of discovery, in the sense of addition to our stock of facts, is out of the question. Almost the only elucidation which the subject is now open to receive is to be looked for in distinctness of statement, in eliminating the irrelevancies which less clear-headed or interested writers have heaped upon the subject, and in placing the conflicting theories in clear outline, side by side. We say this is *almost* the only hope of progress for moral science, because we except the line of investigation which has been recently opened by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Tyler into the rudimentary manifestations of moral sentiment. Here a new class of facts has been brought within the domain of morals—facts not only of a most interesting kind in themselves, but the existence of which as known must greatly modify all future speculation on the theory of morals. Mr. Sidgwick complains that modern moralists have given a disproportionate amount of attention to the origin of the moral faculty. We quite consent to his omitting all discussion of the question of such origination from his treatise. But we cannot agree with him that the nature of the moral judgment is outside the domain of morals, nor does he himself in practice treat it as being outside. And upon the nature of our moral judgments nothing has thrown more light than the inquiries which have been recently carried on into their origin in rudimentary states of society, or in lower forms of animal life. And Mr. Sidgwick himself will occasionally look in this direction for relevant facts. An instance of this reference is in p. 426, where "gradual approximation" is dwelt on as one of the most obvious facts of history telling in favour of the utilitarian theory.

If Mr. Sidgwick does not come forward as a setter-forth of new views, he offers what judicious readers will think more valuable, and what is probably quite as difficult, a very complete survey of all possible views. He has not chosen to call his book a "Manual of Ethics," and there is an originality about his treatment which would have made such a title hardly a fitting label for the volume. But he has in effect given a summary of speculation over the whole field of ethics. We cannot at this moment recollect any English book to which we could turn as a methodical treatise on the science of morals nearly so complete as this. There seems, indeed, to be something in the arrangement of the matter which is not perfectly lucid. We are made more conscious of the intricacy of the subject, and of the interdependence of its parts, than of their distinction. But for the manysidedness with which every possible aspect of a subject is brought into notice, and the judicial fairness with which each consideration is allowed its due weight, and assigned its proper place, few modern books can compare with Mr. Sidgwick's present volume. It reminds us in this respect of Butler's *Analogy*. It is not the exuberance of a ready pen, it is the preparedness of long meditation. Not that Mr. Sidgwick quotes much. He refers very little to the books of his predecessors. When he does so, it is mostly as evidence of the existence of an opinion, without regard to the age or circumstances in which the writer referred to wrote. The history of ethics is not his subject, it is true. But, more than this, he does not regard phases of opinion as owing their origin to each other. He is intent on examining and comparing possible opinions, and in this point of view may be justified in regarding them as all contemporary, or out of relation to history. There are exceptional paragraphs. One such is interesting, in which the author observes that the distinction between the intuitionists of the common sense school and the intuitionists of the philosophical variety corresponds to a difference of periods, and that the philosophical is the earlier. Cumberland and Clarke, in their efforts to refute Hobbes, went much more profoundly into the principles of morals than Reid and Stewart. The cause of this occupation of the inferior ground by the later moralists Mr. Sidgwick finds in the special necessities of moral controversy. The empirical Scotch school wished to meet the empiricism of Hume on its own ground. It claimed to show among the facts of psychological experience, which empiricism appealed to, facts which empiricism overlooked or denied. This seems plausible. But surely the want of power and searchingness which marks the philosophical literature of Britain in the latter half of the eighteenth century was not confined to ethical controversy, and was owing to a wider and pervading influence.

Another historical retrospect incidentally introduced is one in which Mr. Sidgwick characterizes the process of ethical thinking in Greece. Here again we can hardly follow him in his assertion that the antagonism between virtue and pleasure was an antagonism not recognized in the times of the Sophists, but that it first became manifest to Plato. Surely the conflict between duty and interest is one of the earliest dilemmas proposed to the moral experience of the child, or of the youthful nation; it is a perception which precedes all philosophy, and must have been manifest enough long before Plato or Prodicus. But this is not the only point in which we find Mr. Sidgwick's reference to Greek ethics not quite satisfactory. He speaks of "the quasi-jural notions of modern ethics" which must be thrown aside if we would understand the Greek speculation, which took the form of an inquiry into comparative human "goods." But Greek thinkers were quite alive to the possibility of throwing the whole of ethical discussion into the form of a treatise on "rights," or "the right." If they preferred to investigate "the good" rather than "the right," it was from no want of apprehension of the true relation between these two ideas. It is from limiting itself to the subordinate question of "What is right?" that modern speculation has given on the whole lame and imperfect theories of morals such as those of common-sense Intuitionism or Utilitarianism discussed by Mr. Sidgwick. We do not do justice to the Greek schools if we do not recognize that, in enlarging their speculation to a comparative estimate of all things considered as desirable, they went to the very foundation of the ethical problem, of which the inquiry into the nature of moral obligation, which forms the sum and substance of English ethics, is only a subordinate branch. Indeed it may be said of English ethical speculation that, in having narrowed the question to this one—namely, What is the nature of moral obligation?—it has precluded the possibility of answering it. It seems to have reduced moral speculation to its simplest terms, and to have stript it of its accessories. It has really removed it out of the sphere of life and action, and reduced it to a scholastic puzzle.

Mr. Sidgwick is so far scholastic that he has, as has been already said, that excellent quality of scholasticism—its exhaustive exposition of all the possible aspects of a question. But he is not scholastic in the sense of pursuing the phantoms of the study—the idola specûs—or of combating logical difficulties with logical weapons. The constant reference in his pages is to common opinions. Rather this is not a mere reference, one topic among many. Common-sense morality seems to afford him all, or nearly all, his premisses. Mr. Sidgwick is much less "scholastic" than Kant; but to him, as to Kant, practical worldly wisdom—*populäre sittliche Weltweisheit*—is the starting-point of all moral philosophy; the starting-point, not the ultimate appeal. It is his aim out of the loose popular notions to evolve scientific distinctions. A loose combination or confusion of methods is the common type of actual moral reasoning. The matter of moral science is not only actions, but opinions; not only opinions, but sentiments, habits of judging and thinking. It is the business of the scientific moralist to examine this floating mass of prevalent and traditional moral thought with the view of eliciting from it propositions of real clearness and certainty. The philosopher has to define and formulate common opinion. But he has also to test it. His function is to tell men, not only what they do think, but what they ought to think. He is expected to transcend common sense in his premisses, and to raise worldly wisdom into a metaphysic of morals. When the formal moralist comes to turn over the confused mass of rules and notions which are current among civilized men, he finds that obviously the first thing he has to do is to sort them. On attempting to do this, they will easily be found to fall under three heads. The three heads or "methods" of thought—this is the sense in which the author uses the word in the title of his book—yield in the result three incompatible and strongly contrasted moral systems. But practical men are not aware of this inconsistency, and continue to enunciate moral judgments some of which must be referred to one of these systems, and some to another. Common moral reasoning is reasoning from contradictory and mutually destructive premisses. Most men believe, or at least they act as if they believed, that each man's own welfare was his first and primary concern. But most men also believe that they are under an obligation to promote other people's happiness. And, thirdly, there is a very prevalent belief that an instinct will guide us to right conduct in most cases, without reference to the happiness either of ourselves or others. Here we have the rudiments or premisses of three, and the only possible three, systems of ethics, which Mr. Sidgwick calls the Egoistic, the Utilitarian, and the Intuitional. It will be observed that he does not make this classification, but rather finds it come up of itself, as soon as an arrangement of the current general rules is attempted. The intuitional method may be further subdivided, or graduates itself into three varieties or stages. The most popular view of conscience is one which supposes that each individual man has lodged in his own breast an infallible oracle of right conduct, which "perceives" in each particular case what is right to be done. This is ultra-intuitional morality; but it is, in fact, a negation of moral science, or of the possibility of reducing conduct to general rules, and it disappears as education is carried further. The second type of intuitional method has for its fundamental assumption that, not particular cases, but the validity of general rules of "right," is the object of the moral faculty. This is the prevalent cultivated form of intuitionism. Thirdly, there is theoretical intuitionism, which arises in a few minds from the two impulses which have been the source of all philosophic effort; the desire of completer synthesis,

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and the desire of greater certainty. This phase of intuitionism, while accepting the morality of common sense as in the main correct, aims at finding for it a philosophic basis; it seeks to deduce the current rules of conduct from one or more fundamental principles.

This is an outline of the classification offered us of moral theories. Assuming this classification, Mr. Sidgwick proceeds to compare the methods with each other. Egoism is rejected on account of its manifold shortcomings, though it is admitted that it is a true explanation of a pretty large class of human action. Intuitionism and utilitarianism are worked out very fully. Though these two methods are not formally compared, yet the result we gather is that utilitarianism, in the sense here used of universal Hedonism, offers the only scientific proof of intuitional morality. There is not only no collision between common sense and utilitarianism, but the utilitarian carries on and applies systematically the reasoning processes which all admit to be properly decisive of the questions. Common-sense morality is therefore an unconscious utilitarianism, and the code of common-sense morality is roughly coincident with that which a perfectly enlightened utilitarian would lay down. This identification or harmony of two theories usually presented as diametrically opposed to each other appears to be the chief result of Mr. Sidgwick's exposition—the result, *i.e.*, as far as positive moral teaching is implied; for the interest and value of his book lies, as we have attempted to convey above, in the method of his exposition, much more than in any dogmatic positions. Indeed there is such an abstinence from the inculcation of doctrine that, when we assign a doctrinal result of his discussions, it is only by drawing our own inference that we can do so. It is an inference which is hardly put forward, or, at most, is stated incidentally only, by the writer himself.

In setting out the proof of utilitarianism Mr. Sidgwick is abounding and triumphant. But we feel a sense of weakness in that part where all utilitarian teachers (Mr. Sidgwick is not a teacher but an expounder) are weak, in the conception of what the happiness is that should be promoted. While they are proving that all other considerations must give way to universal welfare they are irresistible. But when they come to define "welfare," we usually find that they have no basis to stand upon. Socialism, be it ever so mistaken, is an attempt to give such a basis to utilitarianism. But a utilitarian who is not a Socialist is—what? Mr. Mill admitted of himself that he was not at home in the region of ultimate aims—the constituent elements of the highest realizable ideal of human life. This seems to us to be true of all utilitarian morals, that they deal only, or chiefly, with the immediately and practically attainable. Mr. Sidgwick does not appear in the present volume as an exception. There is even one passage in which (p. 372) he declares that the higher and nobler preferences of which our nature is capable, when they come into competition with "happiness," cannot be rationally justified. The same weakness of ethical theory is exemplified in Mr. Sidgwick's contemptuous attitude towards Greek ethics. He seems to have satisfied himself that Greek ethical speculation is smitten with the incurable defect of affirming mere verbal propositions or tautological solutions. It would not have been wonderful if we had met with this estimate in a writer who had derived his acquaintance with Greek philosophy from some modern manual in which the "tenets" of the schools were presented in a compendious form. But it is a surprising judgment as coming from a scholar like Mr. Sidgwick, to whom Greek life and thought are open in all the wealth of their original sources. We should say, on the other hand, that the merit of Greek ethical speculation, and its great superiority over the modern English, is that it is persistently occupied with the attempt to construct the highest realizable ideal of human life, and that it is the "incurable defect" of utilitarianism that its ideal tends to banish from life all that makes life worth having or thinking of.

The style of Mr. Sidgwick's treatise seems to call for some remark. For in philosophical exposition style is not a question of literary gratification, it is of the essence of the thought and the method. In no part of his long argument do we find the writer allowing himself to be striking, original, brilliant, forcible. We say allowing himself, because we cannot doubt that Mr. Sidgwick could have been any or all of these if he had so thought fit. He has deliberately adopted the style and tone of ordinary conversation; a style which, if deficient in excitement and interest, is yet a style which a reader can bear for a longer time together than he can one more dressed and elaborate. This, then, can scarcely be deemed a fault, especially in a book which is so rich in matter that it can dispense with ornament. We cannot so easily acquit Mr. Sidgwick of what appears to us to be want of lucidity. It becomes a critic to speak with much caution on this point. For it may be, after all, that what the critic has felt to be a want of lucidity in a writer may have only been want of attention in the reader. With this admission that the fault may possibly lie in ourselves, we venture the criticism that Mr. Sidgwick does not arrange his matter so as to aid his reader. When a topic has been started for our consideration, we have by the way so many *détours*, so many branching lines of thought leading off from the main line, that we have soon ceased to be sure whether we are on the main track or on a siding, or to know if there *is* any main line on which we are intended to travel forward. Hence we never know when we have done with any topic. Matters which we supposed settled and done with in earlier parts of the volume keep cropping up in the later. True, that in those instances where we have noticed this recurrence it is not repetition pure and simple. The topic is revived in a different connexion. It might be impossible to point to any one of these collateral discussions which was not strictly relevant. But, if always relevant, such digressions are often not duly subordinate. Mr. Sidgwick has imitated Bishop Butler in the tight packing of his reasoning, in a style plain even to homeliness. He has not followed him in keeping down the steps of the argument to a size which never allows them to be in the way of the argument, or to obscure the drift of the general reasoning.

TALES OF THE ZENANA.*

THE success which attended the republication of the Mahratta story, *Pandurang Hari*, reviewed by us on May 31, 1873, has had the effect of rescuing from oblivion another work by the same forgotten author. Mr. W. B. Hockley entered the Bombay Civil establishment in the year 1813, filled several situations in the judicial department of the service, and was dismissed from his judgeship in September 1821. Some twenty months afterwards he was tried for corruption and malversation at his Presidency, and acquitted. He seems, however, to have been considered unfit for any further employment, and he was allowed to retire, with a compassionate allowance of 150*l.* a year, in March 1824. He then lived in retirement, and died in 1860. These facts have been taken from a short preface by Lord Stanley of Alderley, who acknowledges his obligations to *Notes and Queries*. We should have been glad of some more details regarding an event so unusual as the impeachment of a civil servant, who had held an important judicial office, before the highest Court of his Presidency. We should, for instance, have been better pleased if the editor had told us exactly why Mr. Hockley was arraigned, what was the nature of the evidence, and how the prosecution ultimately failed. He has said both too much and too little. Mr. Hockley, we may rely on it, belonged to a limited class of Anglo-Indian officials now wholly extinct. They mixed as familiarly with Hindoos or Mohammedans as the barriers of caste or the exclusiveness of fanaticism would allow. They had a marvellous aptitude for mastering native dialects, and they could produce, on the instant, an équivoque or a proverb, a Hindi or Mahratta couplet, or even a Sanskrit *sloka*, in order to confute an opponent or to gain the applause of a crowd. In many districts of British India there are, or there were, queer stories current about the sayings and doings of these worthies. One man was able to disguise himself as a Cashmiri or Mogul merchant and to hold, undetected, a conversation with half a dozen shopkeepers in one of his own bazaars. A second struck a learned Pundit dumb by whispering in his ear a sacred formula only known to the initiated. A third entered the sacred precincts of Jagannath at Pooree, and discovered, at the risk of his life, that the shrine contained little beyond a hideous and misshapen idol. The magic spell, in each instance, was due to a connexion with some native Delilah. It may be questioned whether the ability to impose on Mohunts or Gosains, or to construct a tale which would pass muster side by side with the *Toti Namah* or the *Anwari Sohaili*, was not too dearly bought. When private morality is relaxed, public morality is apt to follow in the same direction, or to expire "unawares," as it does at the close of the *Dunciad*. Hungry relatives and unscrupulous dependents gathered round a Hindu or Mohammedan woman known as the *Beebee* of a magistrate and a judge. No vigilance on the part of the official Englishman could prevent the unauthorized use of his power and his name. Places were somehow paid for, even if he bestowed them on men who would have satisfied a whole Board of Examiners. Money was exacted of which he never saw the colour. And it became more than ever a rooted belief that justice might be bought or equity be defeated by corrupt influences. Lord Stanley expresses an opinion that the *Tales of a Zenana* are far superior, "in wit and liveliness," to *Pandurang Hari*. In this we entirely agree. But he goes on to say that the reader may regret that "Mr. Hockley did not serve under some public office less vigilant than the East India Company." Lord Stanley must surely have forgotten that the first condition of all good government in our Indian dependency is the integrity, spotless and beyond suspicion, of the members of the Civil Service. Our regret is, not that the Bombay authorities of the day discharged their obvious duty, but that the late Mr. Hockley did not keep clear of entanglements with natives, and evidently failed to control his subordinates. From a notice in a number of the *Oriental* for July 1873 we learn that Mr. Hockley was sent down, under a guard of twenty-five sepoys, to stand his trial in the Court of the Recorder of Bombay. This event, Lord Stanley tells us, took place in June 1823; but we have searched the files of no less than three Indian journals, two of them published at Bombay, without tracing the least allusion to an event which to the Anglo-Indian community must have possessed the interest of Count Arnim's trial. The writer in the *Oriental*, as well as Lord Stanley, states that the accused owed his acquittal to the efforts of Mr. Ayrton, father of the late Chief Commissioner of Public Works, who spoke for four hours. We much regret our inability to hit on the record of this great case, which may for some reason have been kept out of the papers. If there is any truth in Mr. Galton's theory of hereditary genius, it would have been an interesting task to trace, in the eloquence which persuaded an English jury in the tropics half a century ago, the

* *Tales of the Zenana; or, a Nuwab's Leisure Hours.* By W. B. Hockley, Author of "Pandurang Hari." 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

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germ of that polished diction and graceful address which charmed and entranced the House of Commons during the administration of Mr. Gladstone. However, Mr. Hockley was acquitted, and doubtless on substantial grounds. But it is quite conceivable that what transpired as to his habits of business may have rendered his re-employment impolitic or impossible. We lately stumbled on a passage in an old Parliamentary Blue-book which shows that in the year 1817 Mr. Hockley had been much commended by his Government for successful interposition in a case of Suttee, at Bassein. The widow at first was "frantic," and would listen to no remonstrance. But she was afterwards won over, and quitted Bassein, so the record states, "with a strong feeling of gratitude to Mr. Hockley, whom she regards as her preserver." This incident, so creditable to this unfortunate civil servant, fully bears out the conception which we have formed, after a perusal of his works, of his thorough knowledge of the native character. In vol. ii., p. 273, the description of a Suttee was doubtless in part taken from what the author had seen on the occasion referred to.

The resemblance of these tales to the *Arabian Nights* is so obvious as scarcely to require comment. But the stories possess an originality of their own beyond what we recognize in similar works, as, for instance, in Captain Marryat's *Pasha of Many Tales*. The colouring is often local; the knowledge of Hindu and Mohammedan social characteristics is extensive; the plots, though intricate, are not unhappily devised and are skilfully worked out; and the humour, though not delicate, is much less coarse than that of *Pandurang Hari*. The tales have a setting or framework of their own. The scene at the commencement is laid in the middle of the eighteenth century, just when the unwieldy and effete Empire of the Moguls was tottering to its fall, and when provincial governors and adventurers of all kinds were snatching, here a province, and there a kingdom, and founding new dynasties. The Nawab of Surat is the main figure round which the actors in the other stories revolve. He has a Dewan or Prime Minister who, like most of his class, is intriguing, dexterous, and without scruples. The Dewan interferes with the province of the Kotwal, or Chief Commissioner of Police, provokes his enmity, and gets into disgrace in consequence. In order to reinstate himself in the Viceregal favour, the banished Dewan, by the advice of a confidential barber, endeavours to secure a beautiful Persian captive for the harem of the Nawab. It is according to the trick of the trade that this peerless creature should possess a skin of alabaster, lips like the ruby, and a form more graceful than the cypress. Unluckily the Kotwal is bidding for the favour of his master in the same market, and the rivalry between the two induces the Dewan to disguise himself, and dye his beard with a certain wash which changes colour or comes off. Mr. Hockley wrote before *Ten Thousand a Year* was published, and Mr. Warren, we doubt not, never plagiarized from the *Tales of the Zenana*. But the resemblance to Tittlebat Titmouse is curious. Then two astrologers are brought in, with a view of inducing the fair Persian to make up her mind to become one of the inmates of the harem. Failing to give correct or satisfactory answers to certain questions, one of them is very properly bastinadoed, and a similar fate attends the ex-Minister himself, who in a nocturnal adventure is mistaken for a foreigner, caught in a net, and soundly flogged. Other incidents follow, and the respectable inhabitants of Surat are threatened with pains and penalties because the favourite was insulted, when a device is hit on to appease the anger of the Nawab. The heads of every principal trade and profession are summoned to recite an amusing tale; and stories are told successively by the Kotwal, the Barber, the Captain of the Guard, the Butcher, the Tailor, the Coppersmith, and the Dyer. The appropriateness of the names of the chief personages does not require a very deep knowledge of the Oriental tongues. Kazi Ahmak is Justice Shallow. Old Haris Nugdi, the usurer, is simply Hari of the Cashbox. A warrior of the time is aptly named Fasad Khan, or the Lord of Mischief or Violence. A dwarf is *Budnuzur*, or the Ugly One. And a doctor who practises alchemy is Tabnag, or, more correctly, *Tabnak*, the Choleric. The author, in fact, though his mode of spelling names and places might not satisfy the fastidious criticism of modern Orientalists, is never at fault for a striking epithet, a native phrase, or an Eastern illustration. He writes from the abundance of knowledge. It is difficult to say whether his love of adventure had made him more familiar with the mysteries of Hindu caste or with the doctrines of Mohammedan philosophy. To judge him by *Pandurang Hari*, he must often have seen the interior of a Mahrátta household. To estimate his attainments from the volume before us, we should say that he had studied the deepest of Mussulman divines and the most Horatian of Persian poets. A quick apprehension, a retentive memory, a power of influencing Orientals, not infrequent contact with pitch and defilement, and a strange love of adventure, must have been oddly combined to enable any one Englishman to sketch native society with so firm a pencil, and to fill up the outline with such correct colours. Lord Stanley truly says that it is not necessary for any reader to "go through the whole volumes at once." The stories are almost as distinct as any in the *Tales of My Landlord* or in the *Diary of a Late Physician*. There is, however, a family likeness in the actors. Adventurers try to find a short cut to wealth. Men supplant their rivals, obtain access to their mistresses by clever stratagems, are exposed in the jungles when infants, and recover their patrimony when grown up, have recourse to artifice or to violence as it may suit their purposes, and generally display those odd contrasts of frantic excitement and calm resignation which are so characteristic of natives. We shall analyse briefly two of the stories, not because of their undeniable superiority to others, but because they are not too long. To any charge of plagiarism from the *Arabian Nights* the author might have replied that he tried to better his instructions, even if he failed, and that he honestly endeavoured to make Surat as famous as Bagdad or Aleppo.

The Coppersmith tells a story about two men of different creeds, each trying to get the clue to a hidden treasure of untold amount. It has a death scene which reminds us of the Abbé Faria in *Monte Cristo*. In the days of Portuguese rule an inoffensive Brahmin, named Donga Sette, lived in Bombay. As he managed to thrive during a general confiscation, his prosperity provoked a Jew informer, named Ishmael, to denounce him to the authorities as one who had buried his wealth. When a search resulted in nothing but the discovery of some musty Sanskrit manuscripts, the discomfited Jew had to avert the wrath of the governor by lending him a large sum. Now the Jew, when visiting the caves of Carli, had heard a Gosain, or Hindu mendicant, disclose on his deathbed the secret of wealth concealed by himself and his fraternity, of whom he was the last, in the Cave of Elephanta. But the secret was in reality told to Donga Sette, and the interest of the story hangs on the rivalry for possession of Brahmin and Jew. Subsequently the latter became acquainted with a young Mohammedan named Alnusur, who was anxious to marry the daughter of the Dewan of Cambay, and who was exiled from the town for his presumption. The Jew then employs this disconsolate Mohammedan youth to purloin the Book of Knowledge, of which the Brahmin had contrived to get possession. This was effected while the old Hindu was performing a purification at a place which from its description must be Malabar Hill, at Bombay. The Book, on perusal, proved to be a sort of *De officiis*, containing exhortations to patience, charity, temperance, honesty, and devotion, and all the moral virtues. It also, however, let its possessor into the secret of a certain spring in the toe of one of the colossal statues which are the wonder of visitors to the Cave of Elephanta, and which, in the story, lead to a cavern full of golden rings, precious stones, and bars of silver; to wealth, in short, like that which rewarded the sagacity of Faria and the perseverance of Edmond Dantès. As the Jew and the Mussulman soon disagreed regarding the fulfilment of the bargain, the latter determined to dog the footsteps of his employer, and detected him leaving the mysterious entrance. Pressing the spring as he had seen the Jew press it, Alnusur got in, and once inside remained a prisoner from ignorance of the mode of exit. The Jew returned the next day, while Alnusur was contemplating the chances of starvation, was startled at the appearance of an intruder, fell over the stone steps, and fractured his skull. He lives long enough to explain how the statue would revolve so as to let them both out, and dies just as he is brought into upper air. In all Eastern countries, to be seen near a corpse is often to expose yourself to a charge of murder. Alnusur by his shouts and cries persuades a passing boatman to hurry up the hill of Elephanta, gets off in his empty skiff, lands at Panwell, and lets the boat drift away. Pretending to have just come from the Deccan, he returns to Bombay in another boat, and finds the luckless boatman in custody on suspicion of having murdered the Jew. How Alnusur and the Brahmin then try to outbid each other at the sale of the Jew's effects for the possession of the "Book of Knowledge"; how they are both disappointed, because the treasure had remained with the unfortunate boatman; how the release of the latter is purchased for the sum of one thousand rupees; how Alnusur marries the Dewan's daughter, who from curiosity finds her way into the treasure-house only to perish of hunger, must be read in the Coppersmith's own words. The end of the story is that Alnusur, struck with remorse, makes restitution to the Brahmin, who becomes an incarnation of every conceivable virtue, while his rival is changed into what Eastern phraseology terms *tarik-i-dunya*, or one who has resigned the world for a life of mendicancy. The moral is, obviously, that wealth enjoyed without virtue and charity becomes a curse to its owner.

For the second story we select one out of a series recounted to no less a person than the Emperor Aurungzebe, by three men, one of whom was blind, another lame, and the third maimed. Yusuf, or Joseph, from a common soldier became a confidential clerk to a *Buckshi*, or paymaster of the forces. To avoid the exposure of his peculations he escaped from Shiraz to Bagdad, and entered the service of a merchant. One day his master fell sick, and Yusuf had the ill luck to bring to the house a doctor who was suspected of practising alchemy, and whose very appearance killed the sick man and sent all his family into fits. This ended in Yusuf being compelled to enter the alchemist's service, where his only companions are a monkey, a cat, a parrot, and a dwarf, all evidently slaves to the Evil One. The dismal life of Yusuf, his enforced toil, the punishment of his curiosity and his dismissal, and the particulars of the doctor's compact with Eblis, are very fairly told; and the story ends with the reappearance of the Satanic doctor, who vanishes with a horse belonging to his victim, and is never seen again. The tales are discontinued owing to the consent of the fair Persian, after the death of her old lover, to wed the Nawab, who rewards the story-tellers; and the whole thing winds up with a blaze of fireworks, gifts to beggars, discordant music, and a general gaol delivery of prisoners, who in all probability at that epoch were not half so guilty as many outside the prison walls. There are some obvious misprints in these volumes in names and places, and some explanatory notes might have been added with good effect; but we are thankful to Lord Stanley for reprinting a work written

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of a time which has happily passed away, by an author whose career we trust no one, either of the old or the new race of Indian civil servants, will be tempted to imitate.

SCHMITZ'S HISTORY OF GREECE.*

HERE is yet another series of small Histories besides those which are put forth severally by Messrs. Macmillan, Longman, and Rivington. The name of Dr. Schmitz is one which has been familiar to us ever since, more than five-and-twenty years ago, his name appeared among the contributors to Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Biography and Mythology*. His present little book is instructive as marking a kind of transition between the state of knowledge twenty-five years ago and the state of knowledge now. We need hardly say that in Dr. Schmitz there is no fear of anything grossly wrong; there is no fear of mere blunders. The scholarship of Dr. Schmitz, though a little behindhand now, is far too thorough in its own kind for anything like that. But it is easy to see that his scholarship is that of a past time. The early part of the book shows that curious, but not uncommon and really very natural, state of mind when a man opens his eyes to researches which were unknown in his youth, when he masters their general results, but does not quite understand how utterly they ought to displace the beliefs of his youth. He is like the half-converts who set up altars in the same temple to the old gods and the new; he tries to serve two masters, and to stitch a new piece of cloth on to the old garment. The early chapters of Dr. Schmitz's History do not well agree together. They read as if the first chapters had been written a long time ago, and the Introduction put on afterwards as a kind of homage to a new state of things which had come up since the first chapters were written. The Introduction gives a very good summary of the results of the latest research as to the position of the Greek nation among the nations of the world. We here see the influence of the critical and comparative methods in all their fulness. But when the actual history begins in the first chapter, we seem to be hearing the voice of a generation back, when the old half-critical, half-believing way of dealing with legends had not yet wholly died out. It needs, in fact, an effort fully to understand what progress critical history has made since Dr. Schmitz began to write. The early part of Bishop Thirlwall's History, and the early part of Mr. Grote's, show two wholly different ways of dealing with Greek legend, but both have now quite passed away. Bishop Thirlwall had not wholly shaken off a kind of half-belief in the legends as they stood. Mr. Grote held that no historical matter at all could be got out of the legends. We now know that legend is not history, and that it cannot be made into history by any euhemeristic process of leaving out the divine machinery; but we know also that the legends do not the less contain history. We know that, by comparing one kind of information and one kind of evidence with another, we can learn a great deal about Greece, not only before Peisistratos, but even before the Olympiads, though during a great part of that time we must do as well as we can without dates and almost without names. There can be no reasonable doubt as to that union of the Attic towns which made Attica to differ from Bœotia. But a personal Thêseus with a definite date is quite another matter. So we cannot doubt that some Hellenic chieftain conquered Lesbos, but it would be unsafe to pledge ourselves to his name being Achilleus. Now Dr. Schmitz, after his scientific Introduction, falls back on a præ-scientific first chapter, in which he does not exactly follow any of these methods. He tells the legends, but he tells them, not exactly as legends, but rather as doubtful history. His first sentence is curious:—

> This period, during which the gods were supposed to have descended among men, and personally to have taken an active part in their affairs, extends from the remotest times to about B.C. 1100.

Then he goes on to say,

> All that the Greeks themselves knew about that period had been handed down by oral tradition, and had been so much altered and embellished by the poetical genius of the nation and by the poets of later times, that in most cases it is impossible to say what may have been the real groundwork of those ancient stories.

Then we have the legends of Hêraklês, Thêseus, Jasôn, the Theban and Trojan wars, told in the kind of way in which one might tell some legendary or distorted version of the events of real times. "It is said," "it was believed," and so on, with ever and anon a commentary pointing out that this and that part of the story cannot be true. Then follows a chapter on the state of civilization during the heroic age, which might seem to belong to a stage of knowledge later than the first chapter but earlier than the Introduction. Then comes a chapter headed "From the Trojan Times to the Conquest of Messenia by the Spartans," in which the traditional story is told seemingly with full belief, at all events without any hint of the untrustworthy character of every detail. No one doubts that there was a Spartan conquest of Messênê, but when we remember that all the details of the commonly received story come from writers who wrote long after the restoration of Messênê by Epameinôndas, we shall see that it is hardly safe to go beyond the general fact of such a conquest. After the restoration of Messênê, the earlier legends of the country filled a large place in men's imaginations, and they were embellished both in prose and verse much in the same way as the legends of Arthur and Charlemagne. The scraps of Tyrtaios form the whole of our contemporary materials, and it is not acting the part of a critical historian to tell the tale which Pausanias abridged from the verse of Rhianos and the prose of Myrôn as if it rested on the same authority as the narrative of Herodotus or even as that of Thucydides. Dr. Schmitz nowhere gives the least hint that there is the least doubt as to the credibility of the whole story.

From the early parts of Grecian history we leap to the latest, because it is the treatment of the earliest and the latest times which shows whether a writer has a real grasp of the true relations of the Greek nation to the rest of the world. It is needless to go through those parts of the story which have been told over and over again both by the great writers and by their modern commentators. Dr. Schmitz may safely be trusted to condense their narratives with substantial accuracy. But at the end, just as at the beginning, he seems to have felt that something more was wanted than is given by the common Histories of Greece, that, as Greek history did not end with Philip, so neither did it end with Mummius. To supply the lack Dr. Schmitz has added a sketch of the history of Greece from the fall of Corinth to the last insurrection in Crete, written by an Athenian Professor. It is written of course from a modern Greek point of view, and, from a modern Greek point of view, it serves its purpose well enough. We forgive an Athenian Professor for trying to make out the Eastern Empire from the earliest days to have been as much Greek and as little Roman as he can make it. But a sketch of this sort tacked on as an appendix does not any the more make the book a real history of the Greek nation from the Homeric times to our own. Now this is just what none of our historians of Greece, whether on a great or a small scale, have as yet given us. Yet it is just the thing that is wanted. Dr. Schmitz sees that it is wanted, but does not know how to set about to make it. It is not made by writing a History of Greece in the old uncritical fashion, and sticking a short summary of the results of comparative research at the one end and a sketch of the history of modern Greece at the other. Such an attempt as that of Dr. Schmitz is valuable only so far as it shows that there is in him, as doubtless in many others, a striving after the right thing, though his attempts to reach it are somewhat feeble. The fault throughout, as we might be sure it would be with Dr. Schmitz, is not inaccuracy of detail, but failure in the general conception. One great stumbling-block is the formula "History of Greece." Of Histories of Greece we have perhaps enough and to spare, but we have no History of the Greeks. All our writers, great and small, good and bad, have been more or less—often quite unwittingly—hampered by the notion that Hellas is a certain part of the earth's surface between the Ionian and Ægæan Seas, and that of that land the Hellênes are the inhabitants. Thirlwall, Grote, Curtius, stop at three different points, but each stops at the point where he thinks that the story of geographical Greece ceases to be worth the telling. Mr. Finlay, speaking roughly, starts from the point where they leave off, and he as yet stands alone in having dealt with a large and neglected part of Greek history from a really historical point of view. But it is not always easy to patch him on to the writers who deal with the earlier time, and we want to see that earlier time itself treated from a wider point of view. Neither in a large nor in a small book have we yet seen the history of the Greek nation, as opposed to the history of geographical Greece, treated in its proper place as a part of universal history. In such a view Crœsus begins the work which Mahomet the Conqueror ends. Looking at the history from one side, the Greece of Periklês, the Greece of Miltiadês, is already in a state of decline. Part of the Greek nation has already been brought into bondage to the Barbarian. Looking at it from another side, the Macedonian conquests, far from being the overthrow of Greek life, give Greek life a wider field than it ever had before. Just as Greece becomes politically enslaved, she becomes intellectually dominant. The modern Greek nation, the Greek nation which now is marked, not by blood, but by language, and in later times by religion, was beginning its career—a career which has not yet come to an end. Whoever writes Grecian history, whether on a great or a small scale, should write it so as to bring out, not merely the local history of that small part of the Greek world which formed "continuous Hellas," but the œcumenical history of the Greek mind, the Greek speech, and the Greek civilization. Grecian history no more ends in B.C. 146 than Roman history ends in A.D. 476. This Dr. Schmitz sees, and it is a hopeful sign that he does see it. But the object is not gained by putting the beginning and the end of the story into mere physical neighbourhood with its middle. What is yet to be done is to tell the whole as an unbroken tale. This may be done in a dozen volumes; it may be done within the compass of a primer. We should be glad to see it done in both ways.

* *A History of Greece for Junior Classes.* By Leonhard Schmitz, LL.D. With an Appendix, giving a Sketch of the History from the Roman Conquest to the Present Day. By A. Gennadios. London and Glasgow: Collins & Co. 1875.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. GRANVILLE.*

ALLOWING for rather more than the usual dash of egotism to be looked for in every autobiography, there is a variety

* *Autobiography of Dr. Granville, M.D., F.R.S.; being Eighty-eight Years of the Life of a Physician, &c.* Edited by Paulina B. Granville. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

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of incident and a liveliness of style in Dr. Granville's reminiscences of his long life which make the book pleasant, and even in many respects instructive, to read. To few men is it given to tell the tale of a career on which fortune has so uniformly smiled throughout. Whether to feel thankful or proud in the face of so many great favours may be said to have been the chief difficulty with the writer. Was he the better and the greater for the good turns done him by the world, or was the world dignified and bettered by what was done for it on his part? Great things, it was clear to him, were going on in the world the year he was born, the only apparent doubt being which was the greatest of them all. There was the Declaration of Independence by the United States of America. There were the suppression of the Accademia della Crusca at Florence, the opening of the Campo Santo at Pisa, and the Peace of Versailles. To these political portents nature contributed something in the earthquake which destroyed Messina and swallowed up the three thousand inhabitants of Casal Nuovo with their Princess Grimaldi. Ample compensation was at the same time rendered to mankind and to the realm so rudely shaken, in the judgment at least of the writer who records the fact, in that on the same day there was added to the family of Carlo Bozzo, Postmaster-General of Milan, a third son, borne to him by his wife Maria Antoinetta Rapazzini. Of their progeny, ultimately extending to nine children, this son at the time of writing remained the solitary survivor. Having passed his youth under a rough Republican *régime*, neither the pride of genealogy nor the means of making it available had, he avers, ever entered his head. He is nevertheless at the pains to let us know that there was noble blood on one side at least of the family, unwilling as he was to boast of it. The family of Bozzi goes a long way back into antiquity. Its equivalent in mediæval Latin is Bosius or Botius, the root of the name being sufficiently indicated by the two bulls regardant on a fess azure upon the family coat-of-arms. The word *Italos*, moreover, according to Gellius, signifying *bos*, and becoming as such the symbol of Italy, it is made no less clear that such families as carried that representation on their shield or escutcheon are descended from the aboriginal Italians. One branch was long settled at Genoa, and a second at Verona, kept in memory by the Museo Bozziano, the gift of an ancestor. Bartolomeo Bozzi, or Bozius, from whom our writer was the sixth lineal descendant, a friend of Carlo Borromeo, shared the pious labours of the Saint during the terrible Plague of Milan in 1576. Another scion of the family about the same time passed over into Corsica, with the result of mingling its blood with that of the Buonapartes. The Chevalier Rapazzini, whose daughter Carlo Bozzi married, having taken for his second wife the daughter of a Cornish gentleman, Basil Granville, who, owing to political troubles, had taken refuge in Italy, our author, in settling down to practice in England, changed his name for that of his maternal grandmother's family.

Combining the suppleness and versatility of the Italian with the vigour and pertinacity of the English nature, young Bozzi seems to have struck out for himself from the first an energetic and independent, if desultory and changeful, line of life. At fourteen he had gone with credit through the course of the Lyceum, or High School, of Milan, passing on to the College of Merate, where he showed much taste for classical reading, especially for the Latin poets, together with mechanical and chemical philosophy. The Adda, but a short walk from the college, afforded opportunities for boating, as at Eton and Oxford. At the close of the first year the chief poetry prize fell to him. The pride of his parents was at the same time greatly damped by the rector's character of the youth as restless and dissatisfied, always aspiring to revolutionary changes in the constitution of Alma Mater. The Republican fuel accumulated by much reading of the palmy times of Rome had been in fact kindled into flame by the political excitements of the time, and above all by the French invasion under Buonaparte, who had constituted Milan the capital of the Cisalpine Republic. Our author's impression of the hero of Montenotte and Lodi remained to the end of life that of "an undersized man with a lank, sallow face, rather compressed than meagre, or, as he himself used to say, 'j'étais un vrai parchemin,' with sparkling eyes, overshadowed by straight black hair, which, descending over a large forehead, came down the sides of the head and touched the shoulders." Fired by the proclamation of the liberating army, the college youths rose in a body, planting in the midst of the playground a tree of liberty, round which they swore fealty to the Republic, to an ode written, recited, and composed by Bozzi, "il poeta," who also in an extempore oration reminded his hearers of the glorious days of Roman liberty. Scowled at by the reverend fathers of the University, and doubtfully received as a Jacobin at home, the young man had to cast about for a start in life. An early hankering for the priestly office had long given way to sceptical doubts. His *dilettante* love for the fine arts led him to dally awhile with architecture, painting, and music by way of a profession. The advice of an old family friend, Dr. Rasori, rector of Pavia, finally determined the choice in favour of medicine, and at that University he entered in 1799. There he had the benefit of being trained under such men as Joseph Frank, Spallanzani, Moscati, Scarpa, and Volta, and of associating with students of promise whom the high reputation of these professors brought thither from all quarters, amongst them the future author of the *Promessi Sposi*. In the class-room of mechanical philosophy at Pavia he witnessed the birth of Voltaic electricity under the hands of the great discoverer from whom it took its name. Placing two discs of dissimilar metals in contact, Volta laid upon them a paper moistened in salt water. Then, having repeated this pairing of the metals, piling them up between slender rods of glass to the number of one hundred couples, he showed his class on the instant the electric spark, and made them feel the shock. Forthwith those undergraduates who had more cash than others set about procuring a number of *soldi* and *lire* well scoured, with which, putting between them round pieces of the same size cut from their linen, and wetted with salt and water, they reproduced the experiment of their master. Such scenes the writer at the distance of almost seventy years kept in memory as things of yesterday. About the same time Galvani, coming over from Bologna, displayed his frog experiments, raising up supporters of his system amongst professors and students in partial rivalry with that of Volta.

Towards the end of his University course, during which his atheistic and revolutionary tendencies had got him into serious scrapes, young Bozzi reports a total change in his political views, the result in the main of a hatred for the French not less intense than that for the Tedeschi. Gaining his doctor's diploma, and escaping the conscription which had fallen upon his elder brother, by the device of joining a company of strolling players, he found his way to Venice, where his brother, who had previously made good his escape from Buonaparte's military grip, was established Commissioner under the Austrian rule. Casting about in the same desultory way as before for a profession or a walk in life, a happy chance brought him to Corfu. An intimacy there contracted with Mr. Hamilton, afterwards British Minister at Naples, then private secretary to Lord Elgin at the Porte, led to an invitation to accompany that gentleman on his return to Constantinople, with the title of Physician to the English Embassy at that city. This was his first step towards England. His experiences of travel in Greece on the way furnish some particulars of great interest relating to the Turkish rule and the condition of the country, together with his own impressions as a scholar and student of art at the aspect of the great monuments of the country. The masterpieces of Phidias had been removed by Lord Elgin the year before, and had been recovered by the energy of Hamilton after having been temporarily submerged in the *Mentor*. One curious fact mentioned by the author as having escaped the notice of Leake, Hobhouse, Hughes, Holland, and even the compiler of *Murray's Handbook*, is that of the floating islands opposite the Metzikili mountains near Janina. These islands, formed, like those of the English lakes, of matted reeds and roots of trees, though not more than a cubit thick, will support men and cattle, the surface undulating beneath them like sheets of ice. Large trees grow upon some of them, and when there is much wind they are set in motion, the fishermen and their families making merry upon them. Upon one of them, called Tumba, which was so regular in its movements as almost to serve as a ferry for crossing to the town, our author embarked under the auspices of the proprietor, whose family had from time immemorial borne the name of Charon. The silk farms of Zagora, too jealously guarded for him to gain an entrance, prompted the ingenious suggestion that the true object of the voyage of the Argonauts was the golden web of the silkworm, which was then cultivated and woven at Colchis, but kept secret with the same dragon-like care. We must leave him to reconcile this fancy of his with the fact of the utter silence of antiquity concerning the production of silk in Europe, and the received story of the introduction of the eggs from China by monks, in the reign of Justinian, hidden in a hollow bamboo.

On taking up his commission as medical officer in His Majesty's service, at which time he assumed the name of Granville, our author describes himself as being unable to speak a syllable of the English language. It tells well for his quickness and versatility of parts that we find him in the course of no great length of time thoroughly at home in the duties of his new calling, and, later on in life, not easily distinguishable as of alien extraction either as to speaking or writing. With what zeal he threw himself into the cause of his adopted country and profession, appeared during the manifold episodes of active service which came in the way of our naval forces in the Mediterranean. He had previously, indeed, had his baptism of fire during the operations before Acre, whilst serving for a brief season in the navy of the Porte and wearing the costume of a Turk. Through the good offices of M. de Kantzow he was entered on the 8th of March 1807 on the books of H.M.S. *Raven*, an eighteen-gun sloop of the squadron in the Tagus, and, coming to England in her, he was transferred to the *Millbrook*, to be wrecked before many months on the Berlingas rocks near Oporto, after convoying reinforcements to the army in the Peninsula. Few men have had to record more varied adventures or escapes by fire and flood. The *Dover*, to which he was shortly after appointed, went down off the Irish coast before he could join her. Passing rapidly from ship to ship and exchanging service in European waters for the West Indies, with the penalty of a smart bout of rheumatic fever, a new phase of his erratic career opened upon him with his touching shore near the end of 1812. Tired of a nautical life, and bound by the obligations of a marriage contracted three years or so before, in the interval of a hurried visit to England, he gladly closed with the offer from his friend Mr. Hamilton of the function of instructor to his children, at the same time getting placed on the half-pay list, and entering upon the advantages of a medical career in London.

Duly enrolled a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and through his national connexion "honorary physician to the Royal Italian Opera House," Dr. Granville found his services for a while more in request as interpreter to the Foreign Office than in his professional capacity. Meanwhile his energies found

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perpetual scope in scientific study at the Royal Institution under the auspices of Count Rumford, and in antiquarian lore at the Society of Arts, his leisure hours being diversified by conversaziones at Sir Joseph Banks's, by the society of Colonel Leake and Mr. Salt, Mr. Thirlwall and Blanco White, or enlivened by the melodious strains and enchanting society of Catalani and Rubini. A pamphlet of his in favour of Italian independence led to his being associated in a semi-official capacity with Mr. Hamilton on a diplomatic errand to Lord Castlereagh, then engaged with the Paris Congress, from which city Dr. Granville received the charge of despatches to Lord William Bentinck at Milan, finding himself, with a joy and pride which he feels unable to express, breathing his native air in the arms of his aged father. With Ugo Foscolo, Carlo Botta, and the whole band of eager young patriots, he talked himself hoarse over plans for national deliverance, which he asserts himself to have predicted from the first with literal accuracy, and obviously believes himself to have been very like the prime agent in bringing to pass, as he was the first to recommend a prince of the House of Savoy as King of United Italy. It is more than hinted that by his conversations with the Duke of Sussex, into whose confidence on his return to England he was admitted, he was in no slight measure the cause of the refusal of that offer of the Italian Crown which threatened, by the substitution of a British-born sovereign, to dissipate the vision of a native dynasty. To the advice and encouragement of Sir Walter Farquhar, then retiring from a long and successful career, was due Dr. Granville's setting up in London as a physician, with especial devotion to the obstetric department of practice. It was here that he was destined for fifty years to make his mark in professional circles and in general society, with the substantial result, as he informs us with more than ordinary professional frankness, of "transferring legitimately, and with his patients' goodwill, from their satchels to the custody of Messrs. Coutts and Co. during the first part, and next to the London and Westminster Bank during the second part of half a century, fourscore thousand pounds and upwards of English money—a pleasing contrast with the few hundred piastres given to a travelling physician in Greece, or with the amount of pay of a Turkish hekim-bashi." Nor was he less blest in regard to his internal constitution, as he says that he hardly ailed for a single day in his life, barring a passing fever or two, the plague at Stamboul, the temporary loss of smell through the accidental breakage of a jar of chlorine gas during an experiment, and an attack of dyspepsia from which medical friends augured fatal cardiac symptoms. At the crisis of this nervous misery he was summoned away to Paris in the summer of 1816. Here he set himself to rights in no time, whilst slaving day and night with patients, writing for English journals, and making notes on Cuvier's Lectures, which somehow provided him with material enough for upsetting to his own satisfaction at a later date the whole Darwinian theory. The secret of this cure, which he promises to impart for the benefit of all sufferers from nervous dyspepsia, we fail indeed to catch, unless it is to be found in the reflex action of congenial work and progressive reward upon an active, restless, and ambitious nature. As regards other specifics, our author takes credit for having introduced prussic acid in pulmonary cases, of which the basis and the constituents had been recently discovered by Gay-Lussac, and for having mainly contributed to the adoption of ergot of rye in his especial branch of practice.

Of his success with patients, including well nigh every name of mark during two generations, we get an extraordinary abundance of details. Rarely has a physician been more communicative in respect to the names, ailments, fees, or compliments which the case-book of fifty years' leading practice must be the means of yielding. Madame de Staël, Lord and Lady Ellenborough, Mrs. Siddons, Bishop Tomline, Count Woronzow, and a great Persian satrap, are prominent among the list; their maladies and mode of cure giving occasion to many a characteristic anecdote. We are shown how Lord Palmerston was pulled through an attack of cholera, and we are all but seated by the bedside while Sidney Herbert was brought into the world. How many lives of noble ladies and infants he was the means of saving we have not space to enumerate. To save the most august and valued of all lives was, we read, denied him by one of the few mischances whereby fortune chequered a career of triumphs. "Too late! too late!" were the words wrung from his lips as the fatal news of the Princess Charlotte's death met him in the postchaise in which four foaming horses bore him homewards from the Continent. On another occasion human jealousy or prejudice snatched from his hands the chance of altering the succession to the throne and the future history of England:—

> I ascertained when in London that Lady Ellenborough had addressed a letter to the Duke of Clarence, recommending that on the approach of an important event in H.R.H.'s family I should be selected as the medical attendant of the duchess at a moment so significant to the interests of our country. Lady Ellenborough had quoted a letter from Lady Frances Cole, who spoke strongly on the subject from her own experience. I was favoured with a sight of the duke's prompt and considerate reply to Lady Ellenborough—"The Duchess of Clarence has already a medical attendant belonging to her household, in whom she confides." This was Dr. Halliday, doubtless a most respectable physician, but not an obstetrician in practice known to his brethren in London; the result of which was made known to the public in a repetition of the failure to change the line of succession to the throne of Great Britain.

In short, Dr. Granville holds himself to have played the part of a minor deity on the stage of Europe. How it was he who reformed the Royal Society, and gave new life to the Royal Institution, hardly needs mention, after we have learned how he would have prevented the Crimean war had his diagnosis of the madness of the Emperor Nicholas been attended to by Lord Palmerston, or how he held in hand diplomatic notes between Louis Philippe and Metternich, the revelations of which would cause a whole chapter of modern politics to be rewritten. His Autobiography gives us the picture of a gentleman of good parts, restless energy, and prominent self-esteem, intensely fussy, not easily rebuffed, and on the best terms with himself and with the world. The long list of his writings bespeaks his love of work and the versatility of his mind. His services to medicine and the influence he exerted in society will not soon be forgotten; and, with all their faults or weaknesses, these memoirs of his lifetime contain a great deal of matter which is well worth the reading.

KATERFELTO.*

THE story before us might be criticized in various ways. We might, for example, consider it in its ostensible character of historical novel, and endeavour to point out how far the colouring is in accordance with the assumed period. We could pick a few holes in Major Whyte-Melville's statements of fact without much difficulty. At the very opening of the story we are told that the date is 1763, and that Wilkes is just committed to the Tower. A song is sung by a chairman in honour of the popular champion ending with these words:—

> But John Wilkes he was for Middlesex,
> And they chose him for Knight of the shire;
> For he made a fool of Alderman Bull,
> And called Parson Tooke a liar.

Now Wilkes did not stand for Middlesex till 1768; he did not quarrel with "Parson Tooke" till two or three years later; and Parson Tooke was not called Tooke, but Horne, till some time after this again. In another place a gipsy in Somersetshire about the same period meets a "Primitive Methodist." The body called Primitive Methodists had no existence till the year 1810, and Major Whyte-Melville is falling into precisely the same error as if he had made an early Christian meet a person called an "Old Catholic." A tradesman does not describe his shop as being the real old original concern until some rival has set up a claim to the designation. Or, if we consider it rather hard to insist upon minute slips of this kind, we might urge that we are a little surprised to find Jacobites in so rampant a state after the accession of George III.; and that, indeed, the colouring of the story belongs altogether to the preceding generation, though some of its facts belong to a later one. But, in truth, all such criticism as this would be wholly out of place. The severe historian generally looks with an unfriendly eye upon historical novels; and we doubt whether they are often entitled to much more respect at the hands of literary critics. They are a kind of hybrid production, and are for the most part equally unsatisfactory whether we go to them for facts or fancy. But Major Whyte-Melville could hardly be brought in guilty of having written an historical novel at all. He has appropriated the well-known manslaughter of Mr. Chaworth by Lord Byron for a nucleus to his story, though the actors in that tragedy do not appear in their own persons; and he has therefore found it convenient to keep to the period in which the quarrel actually happened. But we certainly acquit him of any intention to present us with a faithful portrait of the manners and customs of the eighteenth century. His real motive, if we may venture to indulge in pure conjecture, was to illustrate certain drawings by Colonel Crealocke, though of course the title-page describes the text as illustrated by the drawings. Colonel Crealocke, as we guess, had made some spirited sketches of the red deer on Exmoor, with a horse or two plunging out of a bog or galloping across a common. Here and there we should be inclined to doubt whether the drawing is quite as accurate as might be desired; but at any rate they are vigorous performances for an amateur; and, if not quite equal to Landseer, show a keen eye for the beauty of the noblest of animals. Major Whyte-Melville has provided a story much in the same spirit, with a good many blunders upon which a minute critic might pounce with satisfaction, and with no very lofty pretensions to art, but still written with a certain freshness and animation which carries a careless reader along pleasantly enough. Two or three of the illustrations have probably been added to match the story more closely, and do not appear to us to be so good as the rest; and we guess also that the difficulty of making the story fit the pictures has apparently led to some rather irrelevant forms of description. But, though the necessity of mutual accommodation may have been slightly troublesome both to artist and author, the result is sufficiently lively to disarm captious criticism.

We must of course be prepared in reading such a book to be as little exacting as possible on the score of coherence and reasonableness. The characters are dashed in recklessly enough, and so long as they amuse us, we do not much care whether they are possible or absurd. Who would be cold-blooded enough to inquire whether all the strategy recorded in the thrilling adventures of Harry Lorrequer is strictly according to the rules of war; whether Peter Simple could have escaped from a French prison in the manner represented in his autobiography; whether the relations of the three immortal musketeers to Charles I. and Cromwell can be regarded by the sober historian as agreeing

* *Katerfelto: a Story of Exmoor.* By J. G. Whyte Melville. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

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with sober fact; whether Canon Kingsley's wonderful Goths in *Hypatia* or his muscular heroes in *Westward Ho!* could ever have existed outside his own imagination; or whether the princes and the genii of the *Arabian Nights* behave themselves according to strict laws of morality and decorum? When we once enter that domain of fiction to which Katerfelto belongs, we feel that we have nothing to do with any such sublunary considerations. Events happen according to laws of their own; coincidences turn up just when they are wanted without the slightest regard to probability; characters have only just enough consistency to give us an excuse for taking some sort of interest in their performances; and we should not have had the slightest objection if, instead of misdating the history of John Wilkes, Major Whyte-Melville had brought a mediæval monk or an Elizabethan dramatist into the reign of George III. What have we done to chronology, geography, or history, that these obtrusive studies should force themselves upon us at our leisure moments? We leave Major Whyte-Melville's facts to the pedants whose pleasure in Shakspeare is spoilt by the seaport in Bohemia, and willingly abandon ourselves for the time to his arbitrary guidance. Katerfelto, for example, the marvellous charlatan, Jacobite spy, money-lender, physician, Jesuit, gipsy—we don't precisely know which may be his real character—what does it matter that no such being ever existed in this world? His motives and his character are absolutely inscrutable if you will insist upon it that he must have a character and motives; but if we do not make that absurd assumption, he is an amusing personage enough. He is always making mischief in the most diabolical manner, for no very intelligible reason, and we don't care whether he has reasons or not. So long as he keeps the ball rolling we are perfectly content. All the characters seem to be more or less puppets pulled by Katerfelto's hand; and we look on like rustics at a show applauding heartily all their most eccentric performances. At one moment we are repeating the ride of the immortal Dick Turpin, galloping at full speed along the roads with a dashing young gentleman, who is more or less of a murderer, with a strong touch of the thief and a happy propensity for gambling; at one time he carries upon his saddlebow a beautiful young gipsy girl who is alternately madly attached to him, and plotting his delivery into the hands of justice; soon afterwards, we sympathize as he gallantly stops a carriage containing a nobleman of the Congreve-Vanbrugh-Wycherley variety, and four servants armed with pistols and blunderbusses; we are delighted when the loveliest girl in the West country falls in love with him without rhyme or reason, and disposed to give him a cheer when he escapes from his pursuers by leaping his marvellous horse over a vast chasm, or rather a cañon, imported expressly from the State of Colorado, and placed across a ridge of Exmoor simply to give him a chance of exhibiting his prowess. Of course, too, we are quite prepared to drop the story for a time in order to have the pleasure of an imaginary stag-hunt in Exmoor, where, as on all these occasions, we find a stag of such wind and speed as never crossed the heather before, and are in at the death with nobody but the gallant highwayman, his wondrous horse, and a certain jovial parson. We have had many such gallops in books since the infantile days when we could start from

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,

and wind up in intense excitement about the

Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed.

The very same animals meet us here upon Exmoor. We should like to know, purely as a matter of curiosity, whether Guy Livingstone, mounted upon his splendid horse Asceine, would have been able to hold his place in this tremendous run, and how another favourite of ours, an animal called Moderidderoo, would have distinguished himself. The jovial parson, too, above mentioned seems somehow to be an old friend of ours. A drinking, wrestling, cockfighting, staghunting, swearing kind of parson, it is perhaps just as well that Major Whyte-Melville has put him a century back, and therefore cannot be accused of slandering the clergy. His bishop would never have been troubled by any ritualistic or heretical tendencies on the part of this worthy pastor; and apparently in the wilds of Exmoor he was tolerably well matched with his flock, if not absolutely respected on the score of his athletic tendencies. We are a little puzzled to remember where it is that we have met him before, and why it is that we have a sneaking affection for him. He seems to be a kind of cross between Parson Trulliber and a certain parson whom we remember in one of Mr. Henry Kingsley's novels, who runs a mile in five minutes along a turnpike road in full canonicals and jumps a five-barred gate at the end of it, thereby proving his qualifications for converting Australian bushrangers. Anyhow, he is not a thief or a murderer, and we therefore wish that the lovely Nelly Wren had preferred him to her scamp of a lover, and that he had not broken his bones in tumbling down a non-existent chasm. But we are in danger of moralizing, a performance which would be totally out of place. We will stop whilst there is yet time, and admit that Major Whyte-Melville has written a very amusing, though not a very serious, novel. He writes a good style even when he is writing something which comes perilously near to nonsense, and his descriptions of scenery are vivid enough to remind us of the similar scenery in *Westward Ho!* We could not praise it more warmly, and we may conclude by recommending the novel to those whose tastes lie in the direction indicated.

COLONEL VERDY ON CAVALRY SERVICE.*

IT would hardly be natural, when his comrades are so busy with the study of cavalry service, and younger writers are making their mark by giving opinions on it, that Colonel Verdy, the instructor of many distinguished officers of the Prussian staff, should be silent on the topic. Moreover, his great Essay on the Conduct of Troops, though nominally covering all the arms, is based chiefly on the movements of infantry, which are ever justly held in Germany the first in importance and precedence. The new work we have to notice follows precisely the same lines, and indeed so far supplements the other that it may be looked on as a sequel devoted specially to that one more mobile branch of the army which has been hitherto spoken of as but a link in the action of the whole. Its proper title, *The Cavalry Division in its Connexion with the Army*, expresses clearly the author's intention of treating separately the study of the arm which these words associate with the others. And the pages of the two Parts before us are accordingly devoted to the supposed case of a division of cavalry acting almost independently, yet never without reference to the main body from which it is detached.

Colonel Verdy was thought to have done one of the boldest things a military critic ever dared when he based his former work on the march upon Trautenau, which ended in a sharp defeat of the Prussians by an equal body of Austrians, the only affair in which the former were thus worsted in the war of 1866. It is true that his march was in its details an imaginary one, conducted with no less remarkable care than successful result, and ending in a comparatively peaceful bivouac well on the Austrian side of the little town of Trautenau, instead of the hurried retreat which in actual fact carried General Bonin and his disheartened corps far back into the Prussian territory before a halt was made. Still the result was inevitably to rivet attention on the facts as well as on the suppositions; and it must have needed courage and frank readiness in recognizing the weak point of an otherwise brilliant campaign, for him thus to select this particularly ill-omened piece of ground—perhaps because it was so painfully conspicuous to Prussian eyes—for the imaginary operations which he has made the text for a singularly careful and practical treatise on the minor operations of war. But in his new work he displays a literary audacity which outdoes his former feats, and may almost take the breath away from readers unused to his method. For, instead of moving his cavalry division on any unused terrain, or even selecting for its operations some less known portion of the ground traversed by the German armies in 1870, he deliberately places the scene where every intelligent military man must not only have some knowledge of the actual circumstances that occurred there as being very different from those narrated, but must be more or less aware that one of the chief deficiencies shown in the Prussian strategy at the opening of the campaign of four years since was the total absence of that division of horse which in Colonel Verdy's pages is performing feats of activity and energy in advance of the Crown Prince's army as it moved over the French frontier to encounter MacMahon's. This may almost indeed be read for satire. Certainly when we know that poor General Douay's division, though turned, overwhelmed, and isolated in the dangerous position which MacMahon had assigned it on the frontier line, yet managed to get away from its fourfold enemies with comparatively moderate loss, and was scarcely followed up by their cavalry at all; and when we reflect that the more important action at Woerth, two days later, was brought on as it were by chance without the French position being felt by the German horse, and that this arm was conspicuously absent in the pursuit that followed, it becomes difficult to avoid the conviction that our author considers the opportunity too good to be lost of enforcing a practical lesson on his comrades from recent events in their own history.

Be this as it may, it is not our intention to follow him through his narrative of gallant deeds which were never done, and cool conduct for which there was no opportunity, all told in such a precise and matter-of-fact way as would form a perfect model for official narrative were the events but real. It is enough here to say that the supposed division is formed at Landau, crosses over the historic Lauter with proper precautions, and drives in the parties of French cavalry, which were as wanting in fact on that side as the larger body on that of the Germans. Finally, on the 1st of August, a day fixed three days before the date of the first firing that really took place at Weissenburg, it has beaten the French cuirassiers before Soultz, and taken possession in true Uhlan style of that very district in which MacMahon made his headquarters. Should the Marshal President be introduced too abruptly to this work, without a knowledge of its purpose, he will no doubt be astonished at the audacity of the writer, who actually puts his own lodgings beforehand under charge of a German picket. We leave these details, however, aside, to look at the author's more general views of war. For, side by side with his main purpose of instructing military students in every detail that can insure success in a particular movement, Colonel Verdy keeps ever in mind the larger object of making his text the means of conveying those higher teachings which concern strategy, organization, and tactics in their largest form.

Let us take, for example, the second of these. The gathering of his imaginary division at its first headquarters near Landau affords

* *Studien ueber Truppen-Fuehrung; die Cavallerie-Division in Armeeverbande.* Von J. v. Verdy du Vernois. I. und II. Theil. Berlin: Mittler.

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the author an opportunity of treating fully a question which has of late occupied military writers all over the Continent—the proper formation of such a body for duties independent of the infantry. We had occasion not long since to point out what careful study Major Scherff has devoted to it, and we observed that he arrived by theory at a result not very dissimilar from the recognized practice of the Prussian service, a division of six regiments distributed in three brigades. Without going so deeply into the first principles of the subject, Colonel Verdy takes it up in a more critical view, and propounds as questions for the cavalry officer to solve, by the aid of the examples scattered through the subsequent chapters, the following:—Should the strength of six regiments to a division be looked on as the proper one? Is it better to divide it into two or into three brigades? What quantity of artillery should be attached to a cavalry division? He is not content to rest entirely for the answers on the imaginary manœuvres which he goes on to describe, but proceeds to discuss these questions in the abstract with the skill in theory of which he is a recognized master. We select his remarks on the first as a happy instance of his treatment, though not more so than those that follow it:—

> War needs the union of masses for a common end, and therefore the units at the disposal of those who lead armies should be made as strong as other circumstances allow. These other circumstances, as regards the particular units we are considering, consist in the ability of a single commander to handle them, and in the special difficulties of supplying large bodies of horse.
>
> The ability to handle has its severest test in action. The rapid course of a cavalry combat makes it necessary that the commander should not merely be able to sweep the whole front of his troops with one glance, but also to see what is going on near them, as otherwise it would be impossible to give their proper direction to the reserves, on which depends the most important influence this commander can have on the course of the fight. Moreover the very nature of a cavalry action demands that the reserves may be made available for direct action in the affair immediately after the collision of the leading troops. The conditions of space, however, do admit of a mass of six regiments deployed for battle meeting these requirements. Yet the task of its leadership can never be an easy one, and the commander of such a body needs natural gifts, complete training, and great practice; for to manage it in fight effectively can only be done by marked talents in the chief, aided by the thorough instruction beforehand of his subordinates and their men.
>
> On the other hand, to form a cavalry division of fewer regiments—for example, of four—is undesirable, because in the majority of cases it has to make detachments, and hence its actual combatant strength would be disproportionately small. The duties which war on a grand scale imposes on it could then hardly be accomplished satisfactorily.

Having purposely allowed Colonel Verdy to speak for himself fully on one point, we need only add that he proceeds to treat the other details of the question with equal breadth and clearness. The conclusions at which he arrives are, to give them briefly, that heavy cavalry cannot be got rid of from a large army, since so many men and horses are naturally fitted only for that special branch; but that it is not desirable to employ it systematically in the advanced duties of cavalry divisions. As each of the latter are shown to be best arranged in three brigades of two regiments each, so two of these should certainly be light, the third or heavy brigade being distinctly made into a permanent reserve. The practice of mixing regiments of light and heavy horse in one brigade is decisively condemned; and surprise is expressed that the famous Uhlans are preferred for duty with the infantry divisions, when much lighter cavalry might be set apart for a service that requires special activity in outpost work. But before passing on to speak of this particular point as one of various errors indicated in the German cavalry organization for the war of 1870, Colonel Verdy examines the details of the composition of each of the six divisions of horse which did such noteworthy service with the Second and Third armies. Of all these he finds the 2nd Division only to come up to the required standard of fitness, as before arrived at theoretically; and he adopts it for the imaginary division of the following chapters of his work, where the examples will, he thinks, prove the truth of the principles already laid down.

On the remaining question of the proper force of artillery to serve with such a division he is purposely less precise. Two batteries of horse artillery were with the 2nd Division, and he assumes this strength as it stood for his model one; but with the express purpose of allowing the student of his work to trace through the various operations the conditions which show that it may be inadequate, or sufficient, or superfluous, under various circumstances. For the question, in our author's view, is not one that can be decided offhand, and settled for ever. "In actual battle," he observes, "the permanent allotment of any artillery force at all to a cavalry division is not necessary; on the contrary, it may lead to the withdrawing and rendering useless a number of guns needed for some important part of the engagement." But a cavalry division acting independently away from the main body of its army is shown to be liable to be absolutely paralysed by trifling obstacles, if left without a few guns to clear its way. The most important point here to be borne in mind, according to the author's view, is that whenever more than a single battery is attached to the cavalry, a field officer of artillery should invariably be in charge, to ensure unity of action whilst employed with it, as well as to keep the guns together as one unit in case they are to be suddenly withdrawn to strengthen the mass of artillery elsewhere for decisive action.

As we have before said, we are not proposing to follow Colonel Verdy into his instructive chapters of examples. For the bulk of readers they will prove too technical; but to the class of scientific soldiers whom he addresses they are, like those of his former essay, invaluable as studies. We cannot part from this work, however, without drawing from it a plain moral; and this is, that no other army of anything like equal force can hope to cope successfully with that of Germany until its officers throw themselves ardently into the study of their profession. Whether it be desirable for the world's good or not that these studies should exist is beside the real question. A nation that has a million and a half of soldiers inspired by such teachings as those of Count Moltke and the school of staff officers he has created, possesses an engine whose strength it is difficult to measure. Not to speak of a new contest on the part of the French (which would be hopeless past expression at present), we look with surprise at statements which we have lately seen put forth exultingly, that Russia will soon have one or two hundred thousand soldiers to bring into the field more than Germany. Numbers, of course, are very important in war; but Russia, with her surface covered with railroads, and her troops led by men half a century behind the Verdys and Scherffs who are working for the rival Empire, would assuredly find, if she provoked the modern Lion of the North, that she has to face an enemy far more formidable than Napoleon the Great leading all Europe against her.

HILLER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MENDELSSOHN.*

THIS book does not contain much valuable material for that biography of Mendelssohn which has yet to be written. As a sketch of the great composer from the pen of an attached fellow-musician it will be read with interest, but probably with some feelings of regret also that Dr. Hiller has so little to tell which is in the highest sense of the word *characteristic* of his friend. Mendelssohn's correspondence with him turns for the most part on matters of business or musical technicalities; and his own reminiscences include a good deal that is rather trivial and insignificant. It was hardly worth while, for instance, to put on record that Mendelssohn never ate butter, but liked a glass of good wine, or how one night in Paris he "practised his jumps" on the pavement of the Boulevards, how he "rolled on the floor" at his lodgings to Hiller's music, how he lost his temper and blew up a Frankfort cabdriver, or how he used jocosely to address Hiller with the words "Hail Zedekiah!" A tendency to gossipy details may easily be overdone. It is not desirable to specify how a man of genius blows his nose, or whether he eats rice-pudding with a spoon or a fork, nor is it necessary that his mere commonplace utterances should be handed down to posterity. Personal traits are admissible in biography, but within certain limits only, and in proper subordination to the main business of delineating the hero's character, mind, and opinions. Of Mendelssohn the man, with certain foibles and peculiarities of habit, and not without a dash of the rather clumsy humour of his nation, this volume affords a series of glimpses; but of Mendelssohn the artist, passing judgment on the men and things of the present and the past, it is but a scanty revelation. Perhaps this was inevitable from the desultory and intermittent nature of the intercourse between the two friends. Hiller's first sight of the "wonderful boy" from Berlin was on the occasion of a visit of the Mendelssohn family at Frankfort. "He's jolly enough," was the natural reflection of his boyish critic, as the young composer entered the house "hanging upon Schmitt's back." This impression gave way to astonishment when the wild boy entered the drawing-room a minute afterwards in quite a dignified way, and, though very lively and talkative, yet all the while preserving a certain formality. A few years later, Mendelssohn, now a youth of sixteen, passed through Frankfort on a holiday tour, and happened to be present at a practice of the Cecilia Society. Being asked to play, he began to extemporize on some of the principal melodies from *Judas Maccabæus*, which had just been rehearsed. "I hardly know," says Dr. Hiller, speaking of his performance, "which was most wonderful, the skilful counterpoint, the flow and continuity of the thoughts, or the fire, expression, and extraordinary execution which characterized his playing. It quite carried me away." In 1831 the two friends met in Paris. The taste for good music and the welcome accorded to artists in the French capital at this period were remarkable. Mendelssohn was received with enthusiasm in the best musical circles. Through the Conservatoire Concerts, conducted by Habeneck, he was introduced to the Parisian public. His *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture was performed, amid much applause, and Dr. Hiller records that at its first rehearsal the drummer's place was found to be vacant, upon which Mendelssohn "jumped on to the platform, seized the drumsticks, and beat as good a roll as any drummer in the Old Guard." His connexion with this splendid orchestra was terminated by the withdrawal of his "Reformation Symphony," which failed to please the musicians. "To a certaint extent," says Dr. Hiller, "the composer probably came round to this opinion," but in the Paris days he was very fond of it, and its quiet shelving certainly pained him. Hiller, Chopin, and Liszt were his chief companions. Cherubini he saw occasionally; Meyerbeer seldom. Of these eminent men, and Mendelssohn's intercourse with them, our author has nothing to tell but what is of the most commonplace kind. Of the former Mendelssohn once said:—"You would fancy that a man could not be a great composer without sentiment, heart, or feeling, but I declare that Cherubini makes everything out of his head alone"—not a very profound criticism on the author of

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* *Recollections of Mendelssohn.* By Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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Medea and *Les Deux Journées*. Of Meyerbeer Dr. Hiller has nothing more interesting to record than that he wore his hair in the same style as Mendelssohn, who was often teased about his likeness to the composer of *Robert*, until at last he went out one morning and returned with his hair "absolutely cropt."

In the spring of 1836 Dr. Hiller was present at the Lower Rhine Musical Festival in Düsseldorf, at which *St. Paul* was performed for the first time, under Mendelssohn's direction. Later in the same year came Rossini's visit to Frankfort, and Mendelssohn's introduction to him at the Hillers' house. When Felix appeared, Rossini received him with marked respect. He wanted Mendelssohn to play to him, and it was arranged that they should meet next morning. These meetings were often repeated, and it was quite charming to Dr. Hiller to see how Felix, though inwardly resisting, was each time afresh obliged to yield to the overwhelming amiability of the maestro. "I cannot deny the fact," says our author in a naïve tone of apology, "but Felix, with his juvenile looks, playing his compositions to a composer whose melodies just then ruled the whole world of song, was in a certain measure ostensibly acting an inferior part." The impression produced by Rossini on the musical world of Frankfort seems to have been prodigious. Some of the musicians were "ready to faint with fear and surprise" when he appeared, and it was comic to see how each did his best to shine before the great leader of the light Italian school. In a letter written in the following year from Leipzig, whither Mendelssohn had gone to conduct the Gewandhaus Concerts, we find him criticizing a work of Hiller's with friendly frankness:—

> I dislike [he writes] nothing more than finding fault with a man's nature or talent; it only depresses, and worries, and does no good; one cannot add a cubit to one's stature; all striving and struggling are useless there; one has to be silent about it, and let the responsibility rest with God. But in a work like the present, where all the themes, everything which is talent or inspiration (call it what you will), is good, and beautiful, and impressive, and the development alone is not good, then I think it may not be passed over; there I think that blame can never be misplaced—that is the point where one can improve oneself and one's work; and as I believe that a man with splendid capacities is under an obligation to become something great, and that it may be justly called his own fault if he does not develop himself exactly in proportion to the means given him, I also believe it ought to be the same with a piece of music . . . I know perfectly well that no musician can make his thoughts or his talents different to what Heaven has made them; but I also know that if Heaven has given him good ones, he must also be able to develop them properly.

Here Mendelssohn draws a distinction between the inborn power and the power that may be acquired by study. No one doubts that a composer, like a poet, must be *born*. The question is, where does the inborn power end and the power of workmanship begin? According to Mendelssohn's opinion, all that comes within the range of invention of melody belongs to the first power, and all that concerns development to the second. Hiller's view seems to us the more correct one. It is a mistake to consider development as less dependent on original genius than invention. In the best works of the five great masters—Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, it is impossible to point out any separation between invention and treatment. As soon as such a separation is discernible, the music is no longer great. We attribute far too much to artistic education and development if we see nothing in natural gifts, when they are in any way remarkable, beyond the mere power of inventing melodies. Although inaccurate, the criticism of Mendelssohn is interesting to read, because, as Dr. Hiller points out, it had its source "in his own harmonious nature and perfectly matured artistic education." He possessed in a pre-eminent degree that indefatigableness which made him devote the minutest care, as well as the greatest energy, to attaining his ideal; and this leads him to exaggerate the province of industry and restrict the province of genius.

In 1838 Mendelssohn writes to Hiller from Berlin, whither he has gone to introduce his wife to various members of his family. He has been to the theatre to hear Gluck's *Armida*, and the splendour of the performance by a mass of thoroughly trained musicians and singers suggests a contrast between the musical advantages of small towns and of capitals. "I was obliged to say to myself that there was nothing to be done with small towns and small means and small circles." This opinion, however, had soon to be retracted. "The very day after they gave a so-called Beethoven Memorial Festival, and played his A Major Symphony so atrociously that I had soon to beg many pardons of my small town and my small means." The atmosphere and surroundings of Berlin seem to him to explain the "coarseness and effrontery" of the playing, the "nature of the Prussian official being about as well suited for music as a strait waistcoat is for a man." "It all hangs together with the sand, the situation, and the official life." In the following year Hiller visited the Mendelssohns at Leipzig. His sketch of musical life at Leipzig and the extraordinary impulse it had received from Mendelssohn's influence is the most interesting part of the work. Symphonies and overtures were the prominent feature in the programmes. At one of the first Gewandhaus Concerts which he attended a half-improvised performance of the *four* overtures to *Fidelio* took place. Many novelties were introduced. At the Quartett evenings, Mendelssohn's playing of the music of Mozart and Beethoven, as well as his improvising, was incomparably beautiful. Ernst and Liszt in turn enchanted Leipzig audiences. Dr. Hiller draws a graphic sketch of the latter "gliding along the platform to the piano dressed in the most elegant style and as lithe and slender as a tiger cat," and of the extraordinary impression made by his playing Schubert's *Erl König*, when "half the people stood up on their chairs." During this winter (1840) Mendelssohn was principally engaged in composing his *Lob-gesang*. Of the infinite pains which he took with his work down to the smallest details, Dr. Hiller was a constant witness. One night he found him in a feverish state of excitement, and learnt on inquiry that he had been sitting up four hours "trying to alter a few bars in a song," and could not do it. He had made twenty different versions, the greater number of which would have satisfied most people.

When Mendelssohn was summoned in 1843 to Berlin by the late King of Prussia, he was succeeded by Hiller in the direction of the Gewandhaus Concerts. In spite of their long friendship, Mendelssohn confessed to feeling a pang at the sight of one who was to fill the place which he so loved and gave up so unwillingly. He was drawn to Berlin by his promise, and to Leipzig by his inclination. A coolness ensued between the friends which put an end to their intercourse during the last four years of the composer's life. While regretting this, as one of the greatest losses he could sustain, Dr. Hiller consoles himself with the knowledge that Mendelssohn's feelings towards him remained unchanged. Even during his last illness his thoughts reverted with sympathy to his friend, who had just been appointed musical director at Düsseldorf. A week after his death Dr. Hiller came to Leipzig to visit his widow. In the evening there was a concert to his memory:—

> There stood the orchestra [says Dr. Hiller pathetically], the chorus, the audience which for so many years had been inspired by Mendelssohn—they made their music and played and sang—and only a few days before they had followed his corpse to the church. I could hardly listen to the music. His last song, most touchingly sung by Madame Frege, is all that I remember of it. Indeed it seemed to me impossible that there should so soon again be music in that Gewandhaus Concert-room.

In some concluding remarks Dr. Hiller deprecates the view that the advantages of fortune, by which Mendelssohn from his birth was surrounded, ought to be allowed to detract from his merits and his fame. The more free a man is from mean cares, the less incentive he has to work; and so a stronger, because a more independent, force of will is needed to produce great things, out of wealth than out of poverty.

The modest tone of this book goes far to disarm criticism, but we cannot part with it without again expressing our disappointment with the greater part of its contents. Now and then one lights on a grain of wheat in the surrounding stubble; as when Mendelssohn, talking of Handel, observes that "one might imagine he had different musical drawers for choruses, one labelled 'warlike,' another 'heathen,' a third 'religious,' and so on." One pretty anecdote is recorded as illustrative of Mendelssohn's admiration for Weber. When the latter composer came to Berlin to conduct the performance of *Freischütz*, Mendelssohn did not dare to approach him, and once when Weber was driving to the Mendelssohns' house after a rehearsal, and wanted to take Felix with him, he obstinately refused the honour, and then ran home by a short cut at such a pace as to be able to open the door for the Herr Hof-Capellmeister on his arrival. To Wagner and his school Mendelssohn refers in a tone of modified sympathy. "I am afraid," he says, "that a great deal becomes exaggerated in that quarter; and just those musicians whom I know to be conscientious people increase my fears not a little. I have not yet heard any connected things out of his operas, and I always think they must be better than people say. Talent he has most certainly." Finally, there is an historical interest in the following "recollection":—"One evening I found Felix deep in the Bible. 'Listen,' he said, and he then read to me, in a gentle and agitated voice, the passage from the First Book of Kings beginning with the words 'And behold the Lord passed by.' 'Would not that be splendid for an oratorio?' he exclaimed; and it did become part—the most sublime part—of the *Elijah*."

A QUIET CORNER OF ENGLAND.*

MANY answers have been given to the question why Englishmen go abroad in search of scenery and architecture. Those which refer the fact to merely accidental causes, such as the badness of English hotels, or the natural tendency of mankind to think little of that which lies at their doors, may be dismissed as unworthy of notice. So universal a tendency must have its origin in a genuine preference of some kind, though that preference may have been mistaken in the first instance, and have been unintelligently adopted by many of those who profess to be guided by it. Nor is it enough to say that the taste for foreign travel is generated by the concomitants of the journey; that we go to see Continental cities and Continental landscapes not because we think them better than our own, but because our jaded brains require a greater change of scene than can be had without seeing strange faces and hearing strange tongues. This is true no doubt up to a certain point, but it is not enough to account for the whole intelligent minority of foreign travellers. Weariness of brain is not a universal disease, nor are all forms of it judiciously treated by the administration of intellectual stimulants. In the introduction to *A Quiet Corner of England* Mr. Basil Champneys undertakes to suggest a new explanation. The restlessness of contemporary civilization, he thinks, has acted upon our taste for scenery and architecture in much the same way that brandy acts upon the palate. It has dulled it to all delicate and evanescent flavours:—

> Our minds are less open than in earlier and simpler ages to those subtle

* *A Quiet Corner of England: Studies of Landscape and Architecture in Winchelsea, Rye, and the Romney Marsh.* By Basil Champneys, B.A. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1875.

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influences of nature and of art which thrive upon daily and hourly association, and which move us more slowly and more unconsciously, but not less effectively, than those of a striking character. . . . It is for this reason, I believe, rather than on account of any essential superiority, that the more imposing forms of Continental landscape and the more colossal productions of foreign architecture are so commonly preferred in the present day.

This is a true description of a modern habit of mind; but we are not so sure that, even when its truth has been recognized, Mr. Champneys will be much nearer the aim he proposes to himself. That aim is to challenge more general appreciation for the "modest and homely landscape and architecture of our own country." But these subtle influences of nature and art which thrive upon daily and hourly association are hardly to be realized in the course of a short holiday. A remedy which can only be taken in infinitesimal doses usually requires a prolonged course of treatment to make it effective. The emotions engendered in a quiet and homely atmosphere may be wholesome and enduring; but Mr. Champneys himself admits that those whose association with either landscape or art is only occasional, "naturally find grandeur more effective than modesty, scale more easy to appreciate than sentiment." The drawing which hangs over your own mantelpiece may have greater merits than many large pictures, but it might be rightly passed over in a gallery. We are not sure, again, whether Mr. Champneys has not too much taken for granted that the most delicate and tranquil influences of nature and art are necessarily the highest. They may be the best to live among, without being for that reason the best to choose for those short periods which are all that most of us can devote to holiday-making. Take, for example, the "impression of amphibiousness," so admirably described by Mr. Champneys as attaching to Romney Marsh:—

Not only do the more obvious and practical conditions lend themselves to this effect, such as the elaborate system of dams and deeply-cut drains filled with brackish water, the insular look of the little hamlets and village churches, the arrangements of rustic bridges and stepping-stones, set by the faithful of long-forgotten times, that they might worship dry-shod, safe from the water of flood-tides now ebbed for ever; but the more subtile effects are as those upon the sea. You see the storm gathering in the distance, and it sweeps over the equal ground self-contained, solid, and detached, neither distorted nor delayed by any prominence; the wind blows steady and undiverted; and the countryman, who shows you a circuitous path to some distant object on the open plain, has some story to tell of former perils by sea. The farmers keep a few boats, and the retired sailors become farmers or farm-labourers, and the old houses far inland are specially and elaborately planned for hiding smugglers and smuggled goods. Moreover the sea, though from the dead level it is actually unseen, is constantly present to the imagination as a haunting influence, and to the senses as a bright horizon of reflected light; and the sea-shore is marked here and there by a low line of white-washed cottages and a flagstaff.

Any one who has a real love for the sea has felt how much dignity is given to an unbroken level by the knowledge that where it ends the land ends also. Nothing vulgarizes the sea. Even the pier at a watering-place, with its tawdry stalls and exaggerated finery, is saved by the recollection of those winter nights when the cold spray comes dashing over it, and the whole structure shakes under the battering-rams which the waves every moment send against it. Mr. Champneys is quite right therefore in striking the note of amphibiousness when he wishes to enlist his readers' sympathies for what they might otherwise think commonplace scenery. And it would certainly be well if those of us who live among this scenery, or from circumstances are often led to visit it, were more sensitive to the charms which are to be found in it by those who care to look for them. But it does not follow that those who are not so circumstanced would do well to visit it as a matter of choice. To take an example from literature, Miss Austen is in her own sphere as eminent a writer as George Eliot, and readers who can take up either again and again may read Miss Austen's novels three times for once that they read George Eliot's. But a man who had only time to read a single novel would be badly advised if he read *Emma* rather than *The Mill on the Floss*. There is something in the nature of a revelation in scenery and architecture of the grandest order, which is wanting in more ordinary landscapes and buildings, beautiful as in themselves these often are. A busy man who took Mr. Champneys for a guide in his holidays might perhaps miss this source of enlightenment altogether.

This only applies to the abstract soundness of Mr. Champneys's counsel. That it is well that such advice should be given we have no doubt at all. The tendency of modern travel is all the other way, and even if a few should be led to conceive an exaggerated preference for quiet scenery, it is better than that it should, as now, be passed over by so many to whom, if they had learned to study it more carefully, it might have yielded genuine and abiding enjoyment. There is another aspect of the same question upon which we are entirely at one with Mr. Champneys. "Whether," he says, "it be the result of familiarity or of hereditary association, it is certain that, for me at least, the more homely and vernacular English buildings possess a poetry and sentiment which I can find in those of no other country that I know." Mr. Champneys does not undertake to decide whether this appreciation is absolute or relative. It is enough for him as a practical artist that "it is likely to be shared by the majority of those for whom he works, to many of whom reproductions of foreign styles must be strange and void of association." From an architectual point of view this is both true and important. To determine how far a foreign style can be used for new work in this country is far more difficult problem than to determine to what extent and with what modifications English architecture of former ages can be reproduced at the present day. Modern artists have not been so uniformly or so conspicuously successful in dealing with this latter question that they can safely go on to the other. In treading in the footsteps of English builders of a past generation, contemporary architects have at least the advantage of following traditions which are of home growth. And for some time to come it seems as though the following of tradition would be the wisest thing for an architect to aim at. It is so in part because the choice seems very much to lie between following tradition himself, and making it so far as in him lies impossible for any one else to follow it. If he has not the reverential temper which exposes a man to be set down as a mere copyist, he will probably have the iconoclastic temper which leads a man to become a restorer. As it is, it would have been a wonderful gain for art if the admiration for old buildings could have remained dormant a generation longer. A few more of them might perhaps have been destroyed through sheer ignorance, but a far greater number would have escaped that subtler form of destruction which leaves the substance of a building intact and only removes the characteristic details which give it a great part of its artistic value. Perhaps an architect here and there may be induced to be a little more conservative in the matter of restoration by considering the passage in which Mr. Champneys reminds him that he cannot eat his church and have it:—

An unrestored church has about it all the charm of infinite possibilities unrealized. All that the past has left it is there. All that the future can do for it may be created by the imagination. It is not only in questions of restoration that we hesitate to discount the possible for the actual. It is an intelligent and harmless amusement, both for professional and amateur architects, to effect restorations of the most thorough and complete kind on the tablets of the brain or even upon paper. I know of few more interesting pastimes than for a number of architects, archæologists, and admiring *dilettanti*, to visit an ancient building, and there to enter upon a tournament of imaginary restorations, provided only that there be an absolute predetermination on the part of its owners and guardians to carry out no single one of the suggestions. Otherwise the game is played with too heavy a stake to be an innocent amusement, with a property to wit of future ages, of quite immeasurable value.

Mr. Champneys's descriptions of Rye and Winchelsea are full of interest. Their merit is that they are studies as well as descriptions. They evince a genuine desire to get at the heart of ancient work. The writer is not content with merely cataloguing all the variations he comes across, in order to have a fuller bag of patterns into which to dip his hand the next time he has occasion to use them; he tries to trace each variation to its root in the endless inventiveness and fertility of a living style. An example of this may be seen in his description of the doorways in the Ypres tower at Rye:—

The elasticity of the Gothic styles, which allowed each practical feature to gain its appropriate expression, has perhaps been scarcely adequately appreciated by the most devoted practical exponents of Gothic. . . Somehow or other unconsciousness and elasticity are, of all others, the elements of effect which seem most foreign to the contemporary mind.

The modern architect has his formulæ drawn from the best sources for a great number of situations, but whenever a new situation presents itself he is often hopelessly at a loss. The reason in part is that he has studied the deeds of the old workmen more than their motives. Mr. Champneys makes his studies a text for more than one attack on the mistakes of modern art. He is specially and justly severe on the English tendency to strip churches of all ornamentation which partakes of the character of furniture. This tendency is due in a great degree to the legal and theological conditions under which English churches are ordinarily built, but, as Mr. Champneys truly says, "a modern designer who kept before his imagination the complete and perfect ideal would probably make a very different use of his limited opportunities to one who recognized only the mere permanent and constructional conditions." The difference in the impressions left on the mind by English and by foreign churches is attributable to this more than to any other cause. It used to be set down to the fact that a foreign church was left open all day and every day, and so acquired a homelike aspect unattainable by churches which were shut up all the week. But it is a common thing now for English churches to be as continuously open as foreign churches, and yet the homelike aspect is as much wanting as ever. The reason is, that in foreign churches the principal altar and the great central spaces are reserved for the functions which gather together crowded congregations, while the occasional worshippers tend to make little nooks for themselves in side chapels or round subordinate altars. Consequently there is never that empty look about a foreign church which there is about an English church whenever it is not absolutely full. If the choir is deserted there will be what, in proportion to the space, is quite a throng in front of an image fixed against a transept pillar. If the high altar is left dark, lights will be burning and voices murmuring in some recess at the far end of the nave. After all needful allowance has been made for the difference between English and foreign ritual, the fact will remain that architects and restorers have gone much further in the direction of stripping churches than they were bound to go either by law or custom. In their reasonable dislike of high pews and three-deckers they have set to work as though the ideal of a correct church were a building gutted by a recent fire which had been got under before the walls were injured. Not a wooden screen has been spared, not a hint of mystery has been left undisturbed. The great object has been to show everything at once, to bring the east wall and the west door into the greatest apparent proximity, by removing everything that broke up the intervening space and helped the imagination to take in what a world of art and devotion lay between those two boun-

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daries. As services multiply and become more varied there can be no reason why the same parts of a great church should be resorted to for all of them. If something like a fourth part of a cathedral is the utmost that can ordinarily be filled, why should not each quarter have its share of use?

We must not take leave of Mr. Champneys without a word of praise for the illustrations and the general appearance of his book. *A Quiet Corner of England* ought to be as popular with the givers as with the readers of books. It would make a more than commonly attractive volume even if it were not filled with subtle and suggestive observations upon art and scenery and the relations which each bears to the other.

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THE LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

A MEETING is to be held at the Reform Club on Wednesday next to elect the new leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. That such an election should be held at all is something extraordinary, and a writer in the *Times* has attempted to show that it involves a great constitutional innovation. If this reasoning was followed to its conclusions, it would appear that the Crown ought to make the appointment; and as the Crown can only act under the advice of the Ministry for the time being, Mr. DISRAELI would be charged with the singular duty of having to select the person who was to answer his speeches. The election of a Liberal leader in the Commons by a general gathering of the party is no doubt an exceptional proceeding; but the circumstances under which the election is made are very exceptional. It is universally recognized that Lord GRANVILLE must be the leader of the party generally; but no one can think that Lord GRANVILLE would be acting with his usual prudence and good sense if he not only was the first person to recognize himself, but signalized his accession to his new office by venturing on so great a stretch of authority as to nominate the leader of his party in the House of Commons. Nor does it appear that even the recognized head of the party has ever thought himself entitled to exercise this privilege. Mr. DISRAELI led the Conservatives in the Commons after the death of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK simply by virtue of his indisputable superiority, and Lord DERBY waited to see whether there was any one to contest Mr. DISRAELI'S superiority before he gave the tiny benefit of his approval by recognizing what had been settled without him. The Conservative peers some years ago arranged that the Duke of RICHMOND should lead them, and they did not think it necessary to ask Mr. DISRAELI'S sanction to the arrangement. There would now be no difficulty and no need of an election if there was any one conspicuously fit for the post. It is simply because there is no one conspicuously fit for it that some exceptional means must be adopted to decide who is thought to be the least unfit. The only practicable method was to take the sense of the Liberal members of the House of Commons, although some curious questions may arise as to who the Liberal members are. It will be difficult to exclude or to include the Irish Home Rulers, and, if they are included, it will be a satisfaction to some of them to think that on this occasion at least they cannot be kept out of the Reform Club, and that they can do something to control the arrangements of a party which avowedly recognizes them as the source of its greatest danger. But if the Liberal members are to elect, the whole Liberal party can amuse itself with trying to influence the election. Local Liberals have been short of pleasures lately, and they find their spirits rising at the thought that they may claim to have something to say in the awarding of what they consider to be a great political prize. They have easily persuaded themselves, step by step, to imagine that the leadership is a benefit conferred on an individual, and that they ought to decide on whom it is to be conferred. At first the correspondence of ardent Liberals was confined to discussing the relative merits of Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. FORSTER, but it has now reached a much more advanced stage. The amateur awarders of what they consider to be a good thing for some one to get have come to write as if they were electing a Pope or the Head of a College. If the parties of the two best men are so nearly on a par of strength, why, they urge, should not the third best man manage to slip in? Mr. GOSCHEN is the person who is honoured with this curious mark of distinction, and his supporters hope to convince the friends of Lord HARTINGTON and the friends of Mr. FORSTER that they will do well to acquiesce in a judicious contrivance by which they will be equally satisfied or equally disappointed. A party which, losing Mr. GLADSTONE, selected its third best man to watch and answer Mr. DISRAELI, would certainly be a party that deserved the attentive consideration of a student of English history.

Lord HARTINGTON has found, in speaking at the meeting held in honour of Mr. DODSON, an opportunity of showing on the eve of the Reform Club meeting what are likely to be his powers and his views if he is made the Liberal leader in the Commons. His speech was in no way remarkable. There was no attempt at oratory in it, and no indication of the ability to impress a new policy on his party. The most that can be said of it is that it was eminently sensible. If Lord HARTINGTON were a remarkable man, he would have made a more remarkable speech; but if he had been a remarkable man, there would be no doubt as to his having an indisputable claim to the leadership. The very difficulty which embarrasses his party is that they have no remarkable man, nor anything approaching to a remarkable man, to lead them. There are no tall poppies in their field. If Mr. FORSTER had been at Lewes, he would probably have spoken no worse than Lord HARTINGTON, and he would probably have spoken no better. If Lord HARTINGTON'S speech is criticized minutely from the point of view of those friends of Mr. FORSTER who think that every hole picked in what Lord HARTINGTON said is so much scored to the credit of their candidate, there is room for fault-finders. Lord HARTINGTON was not quite right in describing Mr. DISRAELI'S supposed reference to Count ARNIM'S trial as a reference to the foreign policy of Prince BISMARCK. If Lord HARTINGTON meant to indicate that the connexion between the foreign and domestic policy of Prince BISMARCK was a close one, he meant to indicate what was true, but his mode of putting what he meant was too succinct and abrupt. He ought to have remembered that in a competitive examination candidates receive marks not only for meaning to say what is right, but for saying what they mean. A construction of his language which is perhaps somewhat strained might be used to impute to him an imperfect acquaintance with the speeches of Mr. CLARE READ; and he was a little too hasty in attributing to Mr. BRIGHT an intention to agitate for disestablishment without explaining that he could not understand what other object Mr. BRIGHT could have had in making disestablishment the exclusive subject of a long speech on a special occasion. But the examiners for the prize of the leadership may recognize, if they are at all impartial, that Lord HARTINGTON'S speech, if it had some defects, had also some real merits. It showed a commendable horror of popular sentimentalism, and a careful consideration of the conditions on which the boundless independence of individual Liberals is to be reconciled with the coherence of the party. His conception is that every Liberal should be left unfettered to air as many new truths or fancies as he pleases, on the understanding that he is to commit no one but himself. He is to have the utmost liberty of prophesying, and if he can make converts so much the better for him. Personally Lord HARTINGTON seems to be persuaded that few of the new prophets are likely to convert him; but if they do have any manifest success, he will be ready to be their CONSTANTINE, and will give his official approbation to their novelties. Meanwhile the Liberals are to agree to differ, and re-

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posing on their common grounds of harmony, are to unite in offering a gentle opposition to the present Government.

But Lord HARTINGTON is by no means incapable of forming decisive opinions and using decisive language on some questions. He wisely repudiated the notion that the country is to be accused of ingratitude for overthrowing the GLADSTONE Ministry. The Ministry are, as he observed, but instruments to do the business of the nation; and the nation would be very foolishly sentimental if it kept on instruments who were no longer doing its work well, or who were doing what it did not want done. Just, too, as last Session he stood forward somewhat in front of the late Cabinet to disavow any political sympathy with the Home Rulers, so at Lewes he let it be plainly understood that he was entirely opposed to the disestablishment of the English Church. There are parts of the Liberal programme, if that programme is to include all the vagaries and wishes of all those who call themselves Liberals, which are very distasteful to the English people; and what is wanted at this crisis of the Liberal party is a leader who can convince the constituencies that he is perfectly safe on all dangerous points, and yet can show enough of good-humoured tolerance to the votaries of crotchets to persuade them to work with him. If, in addition to this, a Liberal leader could be found with real force of thought and character, and whose utterances seized on the imagination and possessed the minds of his hearers, all would be had that could be desired. But there is no possible Liberal leader who at all approaches this standard; and the Liberals must take the best they can get. The rival claims of Mr. FORSTER are by no means inconsiderable, for he showed much meritorious courage in upholding his Education Bill in spite of the Dissenters who had considered him to be specially their man; he has a happy power of expressing strong views without giving personal offence; and the enthusiastic language in which at periodical intervals he used to protest his admiration for the intellect of Lord RIPON proved that he was capable of going a long way in the employment of those kindly arts by which a party is kept together. But Lord HARTINGTON is Lord HARTINGTON, and he cannot be separated from the accidental advantages of his station. The Liberal party to be strong in the House of Commons must gain strength out of the House. It must strive to acquire anew its lost hold on the constituencies. It is by no means unimportant that Liberalism should be thought to be respectable, and local attorneys would probably go more cheerfully to work if they could defy any one to impute a want of respectability to a party that was led in the Commons by the heir of a Duke. To let the party and its local agencies go to pieces on the speculation that the English people may some day be in the humour for a new revolution seems a shortsighted policy. A party that bases its ultimate hopes of office on such a speculation is not a party at all. It is merely a gathering of aspiring, discontented, restless, impotent individuals. The Liberal party is in danger of becoming such a body, and it may wisely, as Mr. GLADSTONE would say, think twice and even thrice before it throws away the hope of consolidating itself which is offered by the opportunity of accepting a leader who not only brings with him respectability in its most glorified shape, but who also, while he is willing to give free play to the eccentricities of individuals, is himself perfectly firm and pronounced on some of the points as to which the constituencies wish most to be reassured.

TURKEY AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

THE turbulent little clan which occupies the highlands of Montenegro has contrived of late years to obtain a notoriety out of all proportion to its material force. The population is estimated at 100,000; and perhaps on occasion it could arm 25,000 men, leaving no fraction of reserves at home. The Montenegrins have all the virtues of mountaineers—bravery, frugality, and, when opportunity offers in neighbouring countries, indefatigable industry. Their religious zeal has been constantly stimulated by their perpetual feud with the Turks, who have never succeeded in destroying the virtual independence of the Black Mountain. As the champions of Christianity, they were, down to the present generation, governed by an hereditary Bishop, who was by virtue of his office a prelate of a highly militant order. Their present chief, though a layman, has not degenerated from the character of his ecclesiastical predecessors. The standing quarrel with the Turks is as much economical as religious. Since the Montenegrins are unable to contend with the Austrians, who on the West exclude the Montenegrins from the coast, they are always seeking to acquire or reclaim disputed lands on their inland frontier. Their last war with Turkey ten or twelve years ago resulted in disaster; and since that time the border has been comparatively tranquil. The squabble which has lately attracted general attention seems in itself to have been utterly insignificant, for Turkish soldiers and armed Montenegrins, meeting at a frontier market or fair, are probably always ready to come to blows. It may be assumed that both parties were to blame in the recent fray at Podgoritza; and the Turkish authorities have acknowledged their responsibility by sentencing to death certain Mahometan offenders. The Montenegrin rioters have also been tried or committed for trial; but the Turkish Government, distrusting the good faith of the Christian tribunal, announced that their own sentence would not be executed until the culprits on the other side were duly punished. If the story has been accurately reported, a more frivolous case has never served as a pretext for diplomatic interference. That the Governments of three great Empires should concern themselves with the revolts of a village would be a strange absurdity, but that political paradoxes always admit of explanation. The fall of a barometer is not less significant than a tempestuous sky, and the condition of Montenegro is watched as an index of external change rather than as a phenomenon of intrinsic importance.

Successive accounts of the affair were contradictory or uncertain. It is not yet positively known whether there has been a change in the Foreign Office of Constantinople in deference to the supposed remonstrances of the three Imperial Courts. It now seems to be settled that the Montenegro offenders are to be tried by a mixed Commission on the frontier, and the report is probably inaccurate that 12,000 highlanders were armed for the purpose of making an incursion into Turkish territory. The probabilities are in favour of a peaceable solution of the immediate difficulty, because it is utterly improbable that the three Powers should have determined on a war of dismemberment at the present juncture. If the Turks and Montenegrins were left to settle the dispute by arms, the result would not be doubtful, unless the warlike movement extended to the kindred population of Servia. For many reasons Russia, as well as Germany and Austria, must wish to postpone a contest which would involve indefinite and incalculable complications. If the allied Courts have really insisted on the dismissal of the Turkish Foreign Minister, it may be safely conjectured that the humiliation which will have been inflicted on the Porte had some other origin than the casual outbreak at Podgoritza. Since the rupture of the Treaty of 1856 the English Government has ostensibly cultivated the most amicable relations with Russia; but perhaps the Foreign Minister may not have been sufficiently zealous in promoting a policy which is necessarily artificial and insincere. If the petty disturbance at Podgoritza was made an excuse for demanding a change in the Ministry, the dependence of Turkey on its domineering allies will have been proclaimed with calculated ostentation. It may perhaps have been thought still more desirable to prove to the rest of Europe that English influence no longer predominates at Constantinople. The princes of Montenegro have long been professed clients of Russia; and no countenance has been afforded by the English Government to their encroachments on Turkey.

The policy or the interest of England in Turkish affairs is still regulated by the same considerations which have determined the conduct of several generations of statesmen. As long as no successor but the Emperor of RUSSIA is prepared to take the place of the SULTAN, it is not expedient to precipitate a revolution which would result either in the aggrandizement of a formidable Power or in a chronic war of semi-barbarous races. Within twenty or thirty years an entirely new reason for vigilance has been created by the adoption of a more direct route from England to India; and since the opening of the Suez Canal it has become more than ever indispensable to secure the independence or neutrality of Egypt. But for political impediments, it is nearly certain that railway communication would be established between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf; and it would be intolerable that

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such a line should be under the control of a rival, and perhaps unfriendly, Power. The extension of Russian dominion involves the exclusion of and discouragement of English commerce, for the supposed benefit of native industry. The reasons for maintaining for the present the independence of Turkey are conclusive, if only the object is practicable. There is no use in disguising the change which has been effected by the modern art of war in the balance of power. It is out of the question that England should engage in war on land against an alliance which disposes of five or six millions of soldiers. Supremacy at sea, if it is not already secured, may be resumed at pleasure; and, if necessary, the whole national force must be exerted to maintain the communication with India. In the meantime the inclination of the Porte to follow the respective counsels of England and Russia will depend on the alternate preponderance of fear and of well-founded confidence. All Turkish Ministers are well aware that England is, during the anomalous alliance between Austria and Russia, the only sincere friend of the Porte. When the Russian Government announced its intention of renouncing the Black Sea Treaty, the Porte offered in the most honourable spirit to follow without reserve the advice of England, on the single condition of a guarantee of protection. When the assurance was withheld, and when the English Government prostrated itself with superfluous abjectness at the feet of an overbearing antagonist, the Turks were fully justified in throwing themselves into the arms of Russia; but they are well aware that the secular policy of the Empire is unchanged; and when they can find support elsewhere, they will prefer friendly to hostile patrons.

There can be no doubt that the Turkish Government is on the present occasion well advised in adopting the equitable and temperate proposal of the three allied Powers. It is not desirable either to furnish a plausible ground of offence to Russia, or to embarrass the efforts of Austria to preserve the peace. It would have been more agreeable to the feelings of Turkish statesmen to reject foreign interference; but deference to irresistible force is prudent and not dishonourable. When Montenegro next becomes troublesome the policy of the Porte will be regulated by circumstances. A local war with Montenegro could only be formidable to the Porte if it extended into the neighbouring provinces. Russia might perhaps favour a Servian insurrection, but Austria would assuredly discourage, and if necessary oppose, a movement which might probably involve her own subjects of the same language and religion. The Roumanians also are supposed to cultivate aspirations of greatness which would come into immediate collision with projects of Servian aggrandizement. The Hungarians would regard with the strongest jealousy the turbulence of either Servia or Roumania; and Germany, notwithstanding the closeness of the Russian alliance, would object to the conversion of the Principalities into a Russian dependency. The present union of the three great military Empires is justifiable and useful as long as it is directed to the maintenance of peace. An attempt on the part of any one of the Powers to accelerate the disruption of Turkey would, among other consequences, be fatal to the alliance. It is in such a contingency that an English Government might confidently rely on the revival of the understanding with Austria which is founded on a common interest. Provident statesmen will not lose sight of a great political object because temporary difficulties may be interposed. A resolution to pursue with undeviating consistency the policy of WELLINGTON and PALMERSTON is compatible with a prudent regard to immediate possibilities. In the course of half a century England has become relatively less ready for war, but not relatively poorer, weaker, or less populous. Strength may be distinguished from organization, though in default of organization it may be inoperative or latent.

MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

THOUGH Mr. BRIGHT'S dull and inappropriate speech to his constituents on Monday last has been received with surprise and disappointment, his silence on every topic which he might have been expected to discuss was not without excuse. His colleague, Mr. DIXON, when he undertook to supply Mr. BRIGHT'S omissions, instead of indicating a practicable policy for the adoption of the Liberal minority in the House of Commons, only proved that the party is hopelessly divided. As an active member of the most intolerant section of Reformers, Mr. DIXON declines to obey any leader or to belong to any organization, except for the promotion of his own special objects. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, in a speech delivered elsewhere on the same day, was reduced to the humorous suggestion that Mr. DISRAELI should be invited to lead the Radicals, and that Sir W. HARCOURT should be handed over to the Conservatives in his stead. If Mr. BRIGHT could think of nothing more satisfactory than the proposals of Mr. DIXON and Sir WILFRID LAWSON, he would have done well to excuse himself on some plausible pretext of health from attending a purposeless meeting. It is possible that this reflection may have prompted Mr. BRIGHT'S subsequent denunciation at the meeting on Thursday of the childish policy by which fragments and sections of the Liberal party were destroying its unity. It was certainly not worth while to substitute for a political manifesto a stale and irrelevant argument against an Established Church. Mr. BRIGHT'S constituents were not even invited to begin an agitation for the attainment of the object which he considers abstractedly desirable. It seemed that, in default of a policy, the great democratic orator instinctively recurred to his most ancient and familiar bundles of prejudices and sophisms. He quoted with complacency an epigrammatic phrase of his own to the effect that the Ministers who had then lately succeeded to office would do well as long as they kept clear of politics. He added that they afterwards plunged into ecclesiastical discussions, which he described as the most troublesome and embarrassing branch of politics. The charge was not wholly unfounded, but it is more directly applicable to Mr. BRIGHT himself than to the Government, and it has been repeatedly and justly preferred against Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. BRIGHT then settled down into a sectarian argument which exclusively occupied the remainder of his speech.

The first error attributed to the Government was the Duke of RICHMOND'S Bill for abolishing Scotch patronage, and Mr. BRIGHT forgot that the principal supporter of the measure was his own late colleague and political ally, the Duke of ARGYLL. Mr. GLADSTONE'S violent attack on the Bill could only be explained by some fantastic process of reasoning, and Mr. BRIGHT'S objections are equally unintelligible. It was not unbecoming on the part of the two largest owners of patronage in Scotland to propose the abolition of their own privileges and property. The General Assembly, which represents the Scotch Church, approved of the measure, and if the change really endangers the principle of Establishment, Mr. BRIGHT and his friends have no reason to complain. Having briefly touched on the Patronage Bill, Mr. BRIGHT proceeded to criticize the Public Worship Bill on grounds which deserve the consideration of the friends of the Established Church. There is some foundation for the proposition that unanimity in the House of Commons is in itself suspicious. Mr. BRIGHT is entirely mistaken in his belief that the policy of the war with Russia has been universally condemned by competent politicians; but it is true that the deference to clamour which produced the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was not entitled to respect. The House of Commons in 1851 was almost unanimous in its vote, but probably a majority of the whole body of members disapproved of the measure which was thought necessary to satisfy the multitude. One candid member, now in the House of Lords, stated with perfect truth, to the great annoyance of his colleagues, that he disapproved of the Bill, but that he voted for it because he thought it right to consult the wishes of his constituents. The majority in favour of the Public Worship Bill was perhaps more sincere; but it may be hoped that all parties have since last year recognized the inconvenience of theological debate and legislation. Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY'S hasty pledge to Mr. LOWE that he would introduce a Bill for the promotion of strict doctrinal uniformity will not be redeemed with the aid or approval of any political party. Litigation on ceremonies and postures is sufficiently mischievous; but theological arguments incessantly delivered before the Dean of Arches and the Committee of Privy Council would be a more intolerable nuisance.

Mr. BRIGHT has often made more acrimonious attacks on the Church of England; but in his late speech it was difficult to understand how the greater part of his criticisms bore on the question of Establishment. In a free Anglican Church there would certainly be simpletons, and simpletons are none the worse for being learned. Antipathy to race-horses, to Wesleyan ministers, and other representatives of

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ecclesiastical irregularity would probably survive disendowment. The reference to the circumstances attending Bishop COLENSO'S late visit to England had still less bearing on Mr. BRIGHT'S contention. He objects, not without reason, to a rigid uniformity, and then he proceeds to show how three or four dignitaries of the Establishment differed as to an important question, and acted on their respective views. It is at least possible that Dissenting ministers in a corresponding case might have been called to account by their congregations. The advantages of an Established Church, or rather of the Established Church of England, must in secular discussions be considered as principally depending on social and political grounds. Whatever may be the judgment of zealous controversialists, judicious politicians are not unwilling to obtain guarantees for the good behaviour of those who exercise an indefinite spiritual influence. Mr. BRIGHT, as was natural, summarily passed over one of the principal advantages of the English Establishment. Modern reforms have perhaps already lowered in some degree the social condition of the clergy, but, as a body, they still hold the rank of gentlemen. In some parts of the country, where the poverty of endowments has rendered necessary the employment of a less cultivated class, the Church is exceptionally weak and comparatively unpopular. It is found that a very moderate rate of remuneration secures the services of men of honour and refinement, who are as likely as their social inferiors to be pious and orthodox. There is nothing to prevent a Nonconformist minister from being a gentleman, except that the position which he occupies is singularly unattractive to those who are born and educated in the upper middle class. If the Establishment were abolished to-morrow, the rank of Dissenting ministers would not be raised; and the satisfaction which they might feel in the reduction of the Anglican clergy to their own level deserves little sympathy. Discussions on such matters are sometimes necessary, but always invidious. No well-bred man would wantonly tell a village grocer that he was not a gentleman, but there is nevertheless a difference between a gentleman and a small shopkeeper. Mr. BRIGHT'S contrast between the respective tendencies of the clergy and the Dissenting ministers to conform to the Church of Rome was both shallow and inapplicable to his argument. It is obvious that, if endowment renders the clergy secular and lukewarm, the motives which lead a few among them to adopt exaggerated ecclesiastical theories can have nothing to do with their position as members of the Establishment. When Sir W. HARCOURT said that Rome would be the residuary legatee of the Establishment, he referred to the real or supposed advantages of an elaborate organization. It is certain that the English gentry never will become Protestant Dissenters, for the sects are notoriously compelled in one or two generations to part with those families which are constantly passing into the upper ranks of society. If a clergyman were no longer esteemed a gentleman, the Church of England would lose its hold on an important section of the community; and it is possible that many of those who were alienated from the Anglican Church might resort to the Church of Rome. After disestablishment, there would be many enthusiastic young men eager to sacrifice themselves in the service of the Church; but very few fathers of families would share the enthusiasm of their sons. The social change which would ensue might be gradual, but it would be inevitable.

It is not satisfactory, even to those who have little sympathy with his opinions, to see that Mr. BRIGHT'S political career is at an end. His speech on Monday was almost as definite an abdication as Mr. GLADSTONE'S formal announcement; and the impression it produced is confirmed by his second address, in which he acknowledged that he had come to Birmingham depressed and burdened, and that the fidelity of his constituents was the only relief to the general gloom. It is indeed possible and probable that from time to time Mr. GLADSTONE may intervene in Parliamentary discussions; and if he were now to attend such a meeting as that at Birmingham he would find abundant matter for eloquent disquisition. Mr. BRIGHT, by delivering his speech on the Established Church, tacitly confessed that he had no opinion to express and no advice to give to his party. His oratorical and political collapse is more creditable to his honesty than any artificial attempt to produce factitious excitement. The legitimate conclusion from his silence is, that in his judgment the country requires no disturbing or organic legislation; and it would seem to be a fair inference that the present Government represents the prevailing opinion, especially when it incurs Mr. BRIGHT'S ridicule by keeping clear of politics. While the veteran leaders of the Liberal party withdraw from the field of political activity, their successors will have some difficulty in attracting enthusiasm and confidence.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION IN FRANCE.

THE two schemes now before the Assembly may be supposed to represent the last words of the party that wishes to organize the Septennate and of the party that wishes to organize the Republic under the Septennate. M. DE VENTAVON'S Bill proposes that the legislative power shall be exercised by two Assemblies—a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate; that the MARSHAL-PRESIDENT shall have the right of dissolving the Chamber of Deputies; and that, at the expiration of Marshal MACMAHON'S term of office, or at any earlier vacancy of the Presidentship, the Council of Ministers shall at once convoke the two Assemblies, and these sitting together in Congress shall determine what steps are to be taken. The amendment originally associated with the name of M. CASIMIR PÉRIER, but now moved by M. CORNE as president of the Left Centre, proposes that the Government of the Republic shall consist of two Chambers and a President; that at each vacancy of the Presidentship the two Chambers shall have power to form themselves into a Congress to examine whether the Constitution stands in need of revision; and that, if a majority of the members shall be in favour of a revision, the work shall be entrusted to a new National Assembly. As things stand at present, it seems unlikely that either of these proposals or any other that can be substituted for them will command sufficient support to become law. Indeed the reasons which might once have been urged in favour of M. CORNE'S scheme have by this time lost much of their weight. There was a period when it seemed very much to be desired that the Republic should be established by the existing Assembly. In spite of many faults, that body had done great things for France; it comprised among its members a large number of distinguished Frenchmen; and the Conservative complexion of the majority promised to give an unusual stability to any Republic which they might be induced to found. In form all these reasons remain in full force. Historically, the Assembly is the same body that paid off the indemnity and freed French territory from the presence of foreign troops. The personal eminence of many of the deputies remains what it was. And though the casual elections have on the whole strengthened the Radical element, it is still in a very decided minority. Notwithstanding these conspicuous qualifications for dealing with constitutional problems, the reputation of the Assembly has steadily declined. It has lost public respect from the day that it showed itself afraid to meet its constituents. So long as it seemed fairly probable that a majority could be obtained in favour of any kind of Government, permanent or provisional, there was at all events an excuse for the deputies holding fast by their seats. Even then it was not much more than an excuse; for every one knew that, as the Assembly had long ceased to represent public opinion out of doors, the existence of a majority on one side or the other was not necessarily a proof that any corresponding majority existed in the constituencies. Still, if the deputies could have agreed upon a Government, there would have been a chance at all events of getting it accepted with submission, if not with enthusiasm, by the country, and in the present condition of France such a chance is not a thing to be disregarded.

Now, however, it is doubtful whether even this can be said with truth. No doubt, while Marshal MACMAHON remains at his post, any Government which he consents to administer will get a certain amount of deference paid to it. But this deference will be paid, not to the decision of the Assembly, but to the decision of the MARSHAL-PRESIDENT. Indeed, if it be allowable to separate the two ideas embodied in this compound title, it will be paid very much more to the MARSHAL than to the PRESIDENT. The feeling of the country will be one of acquiescence in a Government which can count upon the army, and is consequently able to enforce acquiescence if it is not yielded willingly. A settlement of this sort may accidentally coincide with the general tendency of French opinion. If M. CORNE'S amendment were to be not only adopted by the Assembly but

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accepted by Marshal MACMAHON, it probably would do so, though less completely than if the Assembly had arrived at a similar conclusion two years ago. But it would have very little of the true political character about it. Every party in the Assembly has lost character, either from violence, or timidity, or inability to know its own mind, or to understand when that mind has ceased to be one which it is possible to impose upon the nation. For the moment this might matter little, since, when an Executive has sufficient force at its back, the degree of respect felt towards the legislative element in the Government becomes a secondary consideration. But after a time it would matter a great deal. The elements of disturbance are not dead in France, and unless the Government is one that commands general respect, they must be kept down by sheer force, in which case the Government, by whatever name it may be called, will be a military Government. The best thing that can be hoped for France under present circumstances is probably the definitive establishment of a Republic of a highly Conservative type. But, supposing that this result is brought about by a narrow majority in the present Assembly, the Radical party throughout the country will soon begin to hint that their wishes were not consulted so much as, considering their strength in the country, they ought to have been, and that the Republic, instead of embodying the views of the great majority of Frenchmen, only embodies the views of the Left Centre.

It does not follow that the Left Centre are not doing their duty in trying to pass M. CORNE's amendment. Speculations of this sort are necessarily exceedingly uncertain, and if any one had now to determine whether the Republic should be organized by the present Assembly or by its successor, he could perhaps hardly do better than leave the decision to chance. Under these circumstances, the Left Centre are right in making the most of the materials at their disposal. There can be no harm in trying to bring good out of the ills they know of, before subjecting unknown evils to the same treatment. Besides this there are two other objects which may be gained by making the best fight they can. If a dissolution is the only resource left, it is important to bring home this fact both to the Assembly and to Marshal MACMAHON. If the Left Centre took no active part in the present debate, it might be more possible to arrive at some makeshift arrangement, and so to stave off the appeal to the electors which is naturally dreaded by all sections of the Right. Again, in the present absence of political life beyond the walls of the Assembly, the speeches made in debate are almost the only instrument of political training of which the Left Centre can avail themselves. Looked at in this light, M. LABOULAYE's speech in defence of M. CORNE's amendment was of the highest value. It was terse, pointed, and conciliatory. M. LABOULAYE avoided dangerous appeals to general principles, and contented himself with showing, not that the Republic was a better Government than others, but that it possessed the essential features common to all good Governments, combined with the additional advantage of being attainable, which at present no other form of good government is. He began by expressing his entire acceptance of Marshal MACMAHON. Whatever else the proclamation of the Republic may effect, it has nothing to do with him. He will be President of the definitive Republic just as much as of the Provisional Republic. Then M. LABOULAYE had a word of praise for the Count of CHAMBORD. He is raised above ordinary pretenders by his refusal to allow a drop of blood to be spilt for his cause; so that, in accepting the Republic, the Legitimists would only be emulating the sublime self-renunciation of their chief. But the main part of M. LABOULAYE's speech was directed to convincing the Orleanists, first, that between Constitutional Monarchy and a Republic the difference is only formal; next, that, even on their own showing, a Constitutional Monarchy is not now to be had; and lastly, that, if the conditions necessary to its establishment should be forthcoming in 1880, it will be as easy to establish it under the definitive Republic, with the right of constitutional revision provided for by M. CORNE's amendment, as under the Provisional Republic contemplated in M. DE VENTAVON's Bill. Even the non-political element in the constituencies was not left out of sight; for M. LABOULAYE reminded those who look back to the Empire as to a golden age of internal tranquillity and external peace, that the Empire cannot give liberty to those who remind it of the disasters it has brought upon France, or security when its principal mission would be to efface the memory of those disasters by revenging them. An "immense workshop," such as France, has need of a Government which has no compromising antecedents. The Left wisely pressed for the *clôture* after this speech. Anything else that could have been added on their side would only have injured the effect of M. LABOULAYE's many-sided appeal; and whether as a prelude to a division, or as a preparation for dissolution, it was precisely what the last word of the Left ought to be.

LORD SALISBURY ON INDIA.

IN replying to the address of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce Lord SALISBURY wisely took but a passing notice of the theory, so much favoured by certain newspaper editors in India, that the alarm about the famine had been carefully fed by the Government to cover the disproportionate magnitude of their own preparations to meet it. It was shown at the time that, if the Government of India had really found their preparations too extensive, they need not, so far as their own reputation was concerned, have taken any trouble to conceal the fact. They had had full authority from England to spend every farthing that was wanted, and, if they were blamed, it was for their supposed hesitation about carrying out their instructions to the letter. Their whole stock of rice might have remained unused without any single official being to blame for the purchase of it. What was clear from the *à priori* probabilities of the case has now been confirmed by the VICEROY'S actual observation. He has lately, it seems, been over the distressed districts, and "has "satisfied himself by close personal scrutiny that the "danger was very frightful, and that, but for the enor- "mous efforts which the British Government has made, "millions of lives would have been sacrificed." That this testimony will convince the authors of the theory that there never was any danger of famine in Bengal is not to be expected. They will say that we have made the VICEROY judge in his own cause. But to those who were simply staggered by the assurance with which the theory was put forward Lord NORTHBROOK will probably appear a competent witness.

When he turned to the various expedients to which the Government of India must look for the prevention of famines in the future, Lord SALISBURY was not able to speak with so much confidence. He had to confess that his faith in irrigation as the panacea for Indian disasters had been rudely shaken. Of the projects actually carried out, none has been a financial success; the cultivators will not take the water when it is brought to them; the districts into which it is carried become unhealthy from excess of moisture, and occasionally the soil, instead of being fertilized, produces nothing but an efflorescence of alkaline salts. From the point of view of a Secretary of State this heaping up of arguments against irrigation was fair enough. Lord SALISBURY was answering an address which instanced the famine as a conclusive proof of the need of increased expenditure on irrigation, and he wished to bring out in strong colours the difficulties with which the subject is surrounded. It is hardly necessary, therefore, to note that the objections he enumerates are alternative, that two of them admit of being surmounted, and that of the remaining two one depends closely on the other and would cease to operate if it were removed. The presence of alkaline salts has only been discovered in one or two cases; and, considering how long irrigation has been known in India without this result being observed to follow from it, it is not too much to hope that it will continue to remain exceptional. The injury to health from excessive damp is a more serious business, but it ought not to be beyond the powers of English engineers to invent some means of making a district moist enough to keep vegetation alive, and yet dry enough not to condemn human beings to death. As regards the financial failure of irrigation schemes, it is less easy to suggest consolation. All that Lord SALISBURY says about the unwillingness of the cultivators to take the water when it is brought to them is unfortunately true. "They are slow "to believe in anything of this kind, and slowest of all to "believe in anything that their rulers do." It is clear that, until this unwillingness can be surmounted or disregarded, financial success is impossible. If no one will buy the water when it is provided, the machinery which provides it cannot be paid for out of the proceeds. It is not quite clear whether Lord SALISBURY'S criticism of the suggestion that, if the cultivators will not take the water, they might be forced to take it on the

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principle that you force a man to pay rates for lighting or paving, is merely dictated by official caution, or implies that he has made up his mind against an irrigation rate. What he says is that the suggestion "involves political questions of a "very serious character." If the proposal went the length of making every cultivator pay his proportion of the cost of irrigation, whenever the Government or a majority of his fellow-cultivators choose to try the experiment, Lord SALISBURY would be quite justified in thus speaking of it. Nor would it be safe in thus dealing with India to deny that any interference, however slight or however beneficial, with the traditional habits of the natives may conceivably be a source of political danger. But the particular suggestion to which Lord SALISBURY refers seems to be surrounded with all the safeguards that can well be devised. Lord MAYO proposed to give the cultivators five years' grace after the water had been brought within their reach before levying the rate, and then to levy "only in places "where it can be proved that the cultivator's net profits "will be increased by the canal after paying the irrigation "rates." In this way those who refused to take the water in the first instance would have an interval in which to learn wisdom by studying the results of irrigation on the lands to which it had been applied—it being hardly likely that all the cultivators of a district would refuse to make themselves independent of drought; and they would only be compelled to take the water under conditions which would soon convince even the most obstinate that he had gained, not lost, by the rate. No adherence to tradition will long survive such a demonstration of the benefits of irrigation as is afforded by a larger tale of profits.

Lord SALISBURY spoke in terms of decided condemnation of the duty on cotton goods imported into India. The reasons he brought forward against its retention are not perhaps those which lead the Manchester Chamber of Commerce to dislike it. Manchester naturally wishes to secure the largest possible market for her piece goods, and she complains that the revenue of India should be partly raised from a duty which encourages native manufactures. Lord SALISBURY may have incidentally meant to show the members of the Chamber of Commerce that, if the duty had on fiscal grounds to be maintained some time longer, they might console themselves by reflecting that it is not quite certain whether its abolition will have the particular effect expected from it. Some of the manufacturers present in the Town Hall on Saturday must have felt anxious when Lord SALISBURY described the favourable conditions under which cotton can be manufactured in India—the raw material growing on the spot, the presence of millions of consumers, the cheapness and excellence of the labour, the abundant supply of coal—and then asked how it is that factories are not springing up with rapidity in every part of India in which these advantages are found in combination. Lord SALISBURY'S answer is that the one thing wanting is capital, and that capital will not go to any country in which the conditions of its employment are uncertain. "If it knows the worst, it can adapt "itself to the worst; but if there is the probability of some "great change of uncertain scope and import to which some "attach a large importance and some a small importance, "the calculation becomes altogether so uncertain that "no man of capital likes to risk his money in the venture." The existence of the Cotton duty keeps every capitalist who has a fancy for investing money in promoting manufactures in India in precisely this state of doubt. Every one knows that it must go, but nobody knows exactly when it will go, or what will be the effect of its going. It is the absence of this knowledge that makes capitalists shy about lending money for this purpose; and so long as the duty remains the shyness caused by it will probably remain also, and the abandonment of the duty would be, in Lord SALISBURY'S opinion, the surest possible means of promoting the growth of such manufactures as can properly and healthily flourish in India. This is a thoroughly statesmanlike view of the subject, but it must have a little startled some of those who had just been asking for this very change "as a just recognition of the manufacturing "interests" of Manchester. Looked at from this point of view, it is at least possible that the manufacturing interests may be better served by the withholding of this just recognition than by its concession. It may soon become a question with capitalists whether to invest their money in building cotton factories in Lancashire, where the supply of cotton may be cut off by a war, where the labour market is always exposed to great fluctuations, and where coal is steadily becoming dearer, or carry it off to India, where they will have none of these difficulties to contend against. In the interests of India, therefore, there can be no question that the duty must go as soon as Indian financiers can invent some new tax which shall not be open to even greater objections. The interests of Manchester are not so specially concerned in hurrying forward the change that the Indian Government need be pressed to disregard considerations which lie nearer at hand.

MILITARY RULE IN LOUISIANA.

THE President of the UNITED STATES and the SECRETARY for WAR have committed a grave indiscretion in approving General SHERIDAN'S despatches from New Orleans. If it is true that Mr. FISH and some of his colleagues dissent from the policy of the PRESIDENT, it is strange that Mr. BELKNAP should have formally and unnecessarily quoted their authority in support of the opinion officially expressed by the PRESIDENT and himself. In his confused Message to Congress General GRANT professed to withhold his sanction from the arbitrary measures and insolent language of his lieutenant; but he had already adopted to the fullest extent the responsibility of General DE TROBRIAND'S interference with the Legislature; and his SECRETARY for WAR had assured General SHERIDAN that his conduct was in all respects approved by the Government. In political morality and in respect for freedom General SHERIDAN appears to be on the level of the military adventurers who are the curse of Spain and of the South American Republics. It is possible that an apology might be found for the decision of a disputed State election by Federal troops; and General GRANT'S officers may in some degree be excused for assuming that his previous proceedings in Louisiana must have been legal. The establishment of the Republican majority in power had been completed when General SHERIDAN assumed charge of the military department of the Gulf. He of course became technically responsible for the acts of the officer whom he superseded; but he was not satisfied with the accomplished triumph of the faction which had been uniformly favoured by the Federal Government. In his telegraphic despatch to Washington, General SHERIDAN, after asserting that the White League or Democratic party were engaged in a conspiracy against life and property, suggested that the PRESIDENT should stigmatize them as rebels and bandits, and intimated that he would in that case be able to ensure the maintenance of order. In other words, it was proposed that the PRESIDENT should entrust to the Federal General in command of the department absolute power of life and death. It is evident that General SHERIDAN intended to make ample use of the despotic authority which he solicited from the Government. He seems not even to have been aware that the Constitution of the United States imposed any limit on the PRESIDENT'S prerogative, unless perhaps he attributed to the Republican majority in Congress absolute indifference to the methods which might be employed for the injury of their political adversaries.

The people of the United States are sometimes tolerant of official irregularity, but their traditional attachment to law and liberty has not been seriously impaired. The despatches which were applauded by the PRESIDENT and his Minister excited universal indignation throughout the Union. It is more surprising that the Federal Government should adopt General SHERIDAN'S ferocious suggestions than that a rude and ignorant soldier should propose the institution of martial law in a time of profound peace. General SHERIDAN raised himself by military merit from obscurity during the Civil War, when Mr. LINCOLN was encouraged by the general consent to assume any power which he might from time to time deem necessary for the successful prosecution of the war. The concession of unlimited or indefinite authority to a ruler whose honesty might be implicitly trusted was a proof of national good sense. All constitutions are intended for ordinary times, and the first duty of a Government during revolution or civil war is to take care that the commonwealth suffers no injury. Probably General SHERIDAN is not the only American soldier who mistook an extraordinary exception for the normal system of government. Absolute power is eminently simple and intelligible, especially to those by whom it is administered. General SHERIDAN perhaps sincerely disap-

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proves of the conduct of the Democratic or white party in Louisiana, and he is not mistaken in his belief that his enemies would be most effectually suppressed by the process of imprisoning or shooting their leaders. It would have occurred to a civilian that, even if State rights were disregarded, Congress might have something to say to the suspension of ordinary law; but General SHERIDAN is perhaps incapable of understanding any authority which is not wholly personal. It is scarcely possible that Mr. BELKNAP should have intended to encourage the strange policy propounded by General SHERIDAN. He probably only thought it desirable not to check the zeal of an officer who was ready to obey any orders from Washington.

General SHERIDAN'S extravagant language has had a good effect in calling general attention to the more complex question of the relations between the Federal Government and the Southern States. The PRESIDENT'S interference in the original dispute between KELLOGG and his competitor was condoned or approved by the Republican majority, both because it gave a political victory to the party, and in consequence of the popular rumours of violence inflicted on the coloured population. According to the Constitution, the PRESIDENT is authorized and bound to guarantee a Republican form of government in every State, and in case of need to defend the local Government against armed rebellion. If KELLOGG or KELLOGG'S opponent were to proclaim himself King or Emperor of Louisiana, it would clearly be the duty of the PRESIDENT to overthrow the usurpation. It is also probable that an aristocratic Republic would not be held to satisfy the spirit of the constitutional enactment; but it is extremely unlikely that either a King or a House of Lords will be established by any faction in an American State. The contending parties had no dispute about the form of Constitution, but only as to the title of those by whom a democratic Republic was to be administered. Consequently the only pretext for Federal intervention was the actual or threatened employment of force against the State Government. When KELLOGG and his faction were violently displaced in the course of the last autumn, the interference of the Federal troops admitted of a plausible justification. The substituted Government, though it represented the most respectable part of the community, and perhaps the numerical majority of the population, had superseded the KELLOGG Government by an irregular proceeding. The PRESIDENT had already recognized the Republican Governor and Legislature; and his course had not been disapproved by Congress. It is on the whole better to abide by constitutional forms than to redress practical grievances by revolutionary methods. It was not for the PRESIDENT to consider any moral excuse which could be offered for an illegal disturbance. The insurgents themselves virtually admitted the propriety of the PRESIDENT'S conduct by peaceable retirement from the offices which they had occupied. On his part General GRANT exercised his superior power with moderation, and he was supposed to have given KELLOGG a hint that it would not be prudent to strain too far the immunity which he secured through the PRESIDENT'S patronage.

The Federal officers appear, under their instructions from headquarters, to have inferred from the recognition and protection which had been accorded to KELLOGG and his Legislature that it was their duty to decide between any conflicting claims to office which might occur in Louisiana. At the State election the Democrats, or opponents of KELLOGG, seemed to have obtained a considerable majority, but a Board appointed by the previous Legislature for the purpose had invalidated a number of elections on the alleged ground of violence and intimidation. At the meeting of the Assembly the Democrats contrived, with the aid of a temporary majority, to elect a Speaker, and they then proceeded to confirm the elections of five members of their party. On the requisition of the Government, General DE TROBRIAND with a file of soldiers expelled the five members from the place of meeting, and consequently transferred the control of the Legislature to the Republicans. As neither the Conservative nor the Democratic party nor the five members had used any kind of violence, the intervention of the soldiery was wholly without constitutional excuse. The PRESIDENT'S subsequent adoption, at the instance of General SHERIDAN, of General DE TROBRIAND'S arbitrary measure has filled up the measure of his unpopularity. It is obvious that, if the Federal Government can decide a contested election in Louisiana through a military officer, it has an equal right to supersede State authority in Pennsylvania or New York. If the rumour about Mr. FISH and his colleagues is well founded, the rats are already beginning to leave the sinking ship. It is certain that public opinion will condemn the PRESIDENT'S measures, and it may probably prevent a repetition of similar encroachments. The PRESIDENT'S apology contained in his Message to Congress proves his inability to comprehend the rudiments of constitutional law or justice. Admitting that the interference of the Federal troops was irregular, he argues that the first offenders were the five Democratic claimants of disputed seats. In other words, he holds that his own claim to decide disputed State elections would be justified by a proof that his decision was sound. It will not be surprising if the present crisis proves to be the beginning of a reaction against the centralizing tendencies which have prevailed since the beginning of the war. General GRANT can only urge in his defence the necessity that some superior authority should have the power of repressing civil war at its commencement. Within three or four years there have been as many disputed elections in different Southern States, resulting in the temporary coexistence of two hostile Governments. It may be contended that the quarrel must have been settled by an appeal to arms if the Federal Government had not assumed a power of peremptory arbitration. Having recognized the Government which supports his own political party, the PRESIDENT proceeds to denounce the rival claimants as rebels; and in each particular case it is probable that any arrangement is preferable to a continuance of the dispute. A constitutional provision for the determination of such conflicts might perhaps be expedient; but it appears that the Americans are not disposed to cut the knot, or to allow the PRESIDENT to cut it at his discretion.

GARIBALDI AT ROME.

GARIBALDI'S arrival at Rome has given occasion to an outburst of enthusiasm which perhaps only an Italian population could have shown, but which certainly no one but GARIBALDI could have awakened. It was a voice from the heart of the people that welcomed him, and the people whose heart spoke was the Italian nation. From the throne to the cottage GARIBALDI is the idol of Italy. It was not a mob cheering a Republican hero; it was men and women of all ranks uniting to honour a man they loved. VICTOR EMMANUEL, Italian and even Roman Princes, great ladies, were as eager to testify their affection to the national hero as shopkeepers, porters, and flower-sellers. Twice in his life, by his defence of Rome and by his promenade of occupation through Sicily and Naples, GARIBALDI has done great things for Italy. The foundations of Italian liberty and unity were laid in the unsuccessful struggle of 1849. Then, for the first time, Italian aspirations passed from words into deeds, and it was shown that Italians could not only die for their country, but, what is more difficult, fight for it against overwhelming odds. Italy awoke to a new sense, that of respect for herself. The defences of Rome and Venice, hopeless as they were from a military point of view, made Italians proud of Italy. Nor did they only awaken national ardour and hope; they and the struggle of which they were a part gave the first shock to the local jealousies and antagonism of rival cities which constituted one of the chief impediments to Italian unity. Venetians, Turinese, Milanese, and Romans fought and died side by side, and to this day the memory of that spring-time of union is fresh, and grateful cities record on tablets the names of those of other cities who fell in the common cause. Sicily and Naples, in spite of the detestation with which the BOURBONS were regarded, might have felt their honour involved in not yielding to the arms of Piedmont, but they fell like ripe fruit into the lap of the wandering hero. But it is not so much for what he has done as for what he is that Italy loves GARIBALDI. He is, and was, and always has been, like a glorious child. He has fought the battle of life with the same young, tender, pure, uncalculating enthusiasm with which boy readers fancy themselves tilting as disinherited knights in the lists at Leicester, or slaying the fiendish enemies of Christian in his Progress. Where he has loved he has loved much; where he has dared, he has dared greatly, thinking nothing of himself, or of his life, or even of those dearest to him. Above all, he has been absolutely and perfectly simple. He has not

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wanted or taken anything for himself, and has just ended his career of abnegation by refusing the magnificent dotation which his countrymen proposed to bestow on him. The man who gave the throne of the South to VICTOR EMMANUEL would have none of the purple and fine linen, the patronage and the pomp, which he might have had for the asking. He hates fine phrases almost as much as he hates priests. When he found that he could not satisfy the enthusiasm of his enraptured votaries at Rome without appearing on the balcony to address them, he merely said, "Do you wish me to speak to you? Well, "then, I am very pleased to see you, and now go home, and "above all things be orderly and good." Simplicity cannot go further than this; and, although Italians are as fond of grand language as most people, his hearers felt the magic of simplicity and obeyed.

For the work of consolidating the kingdom which he had helped to found, of giving Italy a place in Europe, of welding together its parts, of balancing its disordered finance, GARIBALDI was altogether unsuited. A child in heroism, in ardour, in simplicity, he is also a child in statesmanship. Worldly wisdom and GARIBALDI are names so discordant that it raises a smile to couple them together. Unless Italy had produced not only GARIBALDI but CAVOUR, the Austrians might be still holding Venice and Milan; the BOURBONS might still be demoralizing Naples; and the agents of the POPE might be still bestowing on the Roman provinces the unappreciated benefits of ecclesiastical government. GARIBALDI belonged to a past which was totally unsuited to the present, but which once was a present full of life and hope and value. Driven into dreams by the pressure of terrible and revolting realities, he was one of those who believe that the tyranny of princes and the corruptions of superstition could be replaced by a universal Republic and the religion of human brotherhood. It was a simple, childish creed, but without this creed it is difficult to see how Italy could have begun its work of self-sacrifice and renovation by opposing the crushing forces of France and Austria. Sensible men would not have defended either Rome or Venice. Such as he was GARIBALDI has remained, never growing in mind, never growing old in feeling. In his old age, when France was once more under a Republic, and the Republic was known to be hated by the priests, nothing could restrain him from offering his sword to a country which did not want him, in order to fight a country which had never done him harm. To his countrymen he has for years rendered the best service in his power by staying in the isolated seclusion of Caprera. The Italians loved him, but did not know what to do with him. As was said in the district of Rome which was ultimately persuaded to return him by a feeble majority to the present Parliament, "We adore GARIBALDI, but we do not "want him for our deputy." He has no notion of the small difficulties, the minute problems, of social life. It is the adroit wisdom of the Italian Government that, with a delicate prudence of which GARIBALDI would have been incapable, has ordered a new road to be made to the villa which he is to occupy, in order that he may not have to pass the Vatican every day and give the imprisoned martyr a chance of saying that he is being insulted. Still, when he did actually come to Rome, everything was forgotten except that it was GARIBALDI who was there. The population of Civita Vecchia turned out at two in the morning to greet him. Horsemen rode by the side of his horse; reckless adventurers clambered on the roof of the railway carriage on the chance of being able to see the edge of his cap through the lampholes. Rome itself went wild with delight, and the Chamber in which he was to take his seat was crowded with a brilliant throng, carried away by the excitement of the moment. Broken by disease, unable to walk alone, GARIBALDI was slowly supported into the Assembly; he took the oath of allegiance to the KING, and the scene was over.

There was some apprehension felt lest he might at the last moment refuse to take the oath, and the Ministerial party naturally withheld its applause until it was seen whether his presence was merely to end in placing the Government in a most embarrassing position. Fortunately his attachment to an imaginary Republic has not prevented him from associating himself with a Monarchy which has accomplished all the great objects on which his heart was set. After all, the siege of Rome and the battle of Mentana have somehow ended in an Assembly elected by united Italy sitting quietly in Rome; and GARIBALDI finds what has been done very good, although it has been done by other hands than his own and by means which he would not have used. That when he came to Rome he should be welcomed by the devotion of a united people was the triumph of GARIBALDI, and that he should be free to come and should recognize to whom this freedom was due was the triumph of the Monarchy. He has come to the crowning act or scene of his life. Henceforth he has, in all human probability, no part to play. He has not, and is not likely to have, any political influence whatever. Curiously enough, at the moment when he entered the Chamber it was engaged in discussing a motion of censure on the Government for having too rudely interfered with a secret Republican Society. GARIBALDI voted with his friends in the Extreme Left against the Government, but a majority of more than a hundred supported the Ministry and approved of its conduct. The deepest devotion to GARIBALDI, the sincerest admiration of what he has done and what he is, does not prevent a general conviction that for all the purposes of practical government any little child taken at random out of the streets would be the equal of GARIBALDI. It is said that he himself is aware that he has no place in the arena of political contests, and that he intends to devote himself to efforts for the draining of the valley of the Tiber and the reclamation of the Campagna. Struck with a sudden fancy for these good objects, he rushes to pronounce himself their advocate, as a child when first hearing of the savage darkness of Africa rushes to subscribe its hoard of halfpence for the conversion of the blacks. He has no more notion of how drainage is to be carried out and waste lands to be reclaimed than the lisping philanthropist has of the difficulties which Christianity has to encounter in its struggle with heathendom. GARIBALDI will not help engineers to combat inundations, or settlers to avoid malaria, or a penniless Treasury to find money. All that he can contribute is the boundless enthusiasm of hopeful ignorance. But the genuine enthusiasm of childlike innocence is seldom entirely thrown away. GARIBALDI cannot make Rome more healthy, but he may stimulate the national desire that it should be made more healthy. He may do more, perhaps, than wiser men could do to set the heart of Italy on winning the great triumph of establishing, by a decisive proof, the superiority of secular over ecclesiastical rule. To do this might not be an unfitting end of his singular career.

LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

THERE can be no doubt that London will one day be a fine, and not merely a big, city; but it must be admitted that it takes a long time to get various things done which would seem to be very obviously and urgently necessary, and that the work of improvement is apt to be set about in rather an odd way. We should fancy that it must have been with quite a shock of surprise that many persons read the other day the paragraph which announced that the Thames Embankment is at last to be turned to account as the site of one building at any rate in which the public may be expected to take an interest. The Embankment is perhaps at once the noblest and most convenient site in London. It is approached by one of the broadest highways in the world. It can be conveniently reached from either end; and it would be very easy to contrive a few more approaches to it along its course. There is no other roadway in which a throng of carriages can come and go so readily, and be marshalled with so much ease and comfort during the time they have to wait for their occupants; and there is now also railway communication with it from every part of the town. Yet it is some seven years since the Embankment was opened for traffic, and the only building of any importance which has been erected there is the office of the School Board, a graceful and picturesque edifice, which, however, is not quite substantial or impressive enough to bear the comparison to which we hope it will afterwards be subjected. It is impossible to imagine a site more suitable for an important public building; yet, when it was proposed to erect the Natural History Museum there instead of in remote South Kensington, the plan was opposed by the Government of the day, and rejected by the House of Commons. For various reasons it is not likely that the Embankment will ever become a great business thoroughfare. It is not the place for retail trade, because it is a little out of the way of the direct line of communication from

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East to West for foot-passengers, and the people who chiefly use it are not in the mood to loiter and look into shop-windows. But for this very reason it is excellently adapted for any building which requires easy, spacious access on its own account, without interference with the ordinary flow of traffic in older and more crowded streets.

It would be very difficult to explain in a satisfactory manner to any foreigner how it has happened that, after the investment of a vast sum of money in the construction of a magnificent road, it should, as if by common consent, be left desolate and deserted. It is said that an Opera-house is now to be built there, but whether, if built, it will ever be opened, is another question. And this is another curious illustration of English ways. There are already, besides theatres which are occasionally used for opera, two Opera-houses expressly devoted to this branch of art. One of them is a perfectly new house, erected on the ruins of an older one destroyed by fire, and is understood to be one of the prettiest and most comfortable theatres in London, and exceptionally good in acoustic qualities. Yet no use has ever been made of it. It is said that it pays the lessee better to keep it closed in order to discourage competitors than to open it, and the lease has still some time to run, and may be renewed to the present holder, who may continue to use, or not to use, it as at present. It is possible that it may be thought worth while to shut up the new Opera-house for similar reasons. The mere idea, however, of erecting such a building on such an obviously suitable site, so free and open, and in every way accessible and convenient, is a startling blow at old traditions. As a rule, when you go in search of a theatre you have to seek it in the midst of a dirty maze of narrow crowded streets and blind alleys. There is a rush of theatres to the most inconvenient part of the Strand, as if out of mere perversity, because the natural traffic is as much as the street has room for, and cabs and carriages waiting for people at the theatre have therefore to burrow in all sorts of side streets and crooked lanes. It is also notorious that theatres are peculiarly inflammable, and this is perhaps another reason why they prefer to niche themselves in dense neighbourhoods where a conflagration is likely to spread the utmost amount of destruction. People have grown so accustomed to this sort of thing that, if an Opera-house is really built on the Embankment, those who go there will probably rub their eyes and wonder whether they have not made a mistake when they find that they can actually get to their destination along a broad highway without the slightest difficulty, and that there is abundance of room for files of carriages to await the return of the company. It is to be hoped that the advantage of such a site may be appreciated, and that more theatres and public institutions will migrate there.

Another form of public improvement which makes strangely little progress is that of noiseless pavements. Here and there about London there are patches of wooden or asphalte pavement, and the usual jar and noise disappear as one glides smoothly and silently over the level and elastic surface. Everybody is delighted with the change, and the experiments are pronounced successful by competent authorities. But somehow little is done to extend the convenience. It is conceivable that neither wood nor asphalte makes an absolutely perfect pavement. Wood is rather costly, requires an elaborate foundation, and wears away on the top. Asphalte is cheaper, and more durable, but requires attention in the way of watering. Whatever may be the comparative merits of these materials, either is at least infinitely superior to granite, which makes a rough, dirty, noisy, and in every way most uncomfortable roadway, and is expensive into the bargain. Yet we find it stated that the Paving Committee of the Marylebone Vestry wished to refuse the request of the shopkeepers of Oxford Street to pave that thoroughfare with wood, and to re-pave it with granite. Happily, however, the Vestry has reversed this decision. It has also allowed a banker in Cavendish Square to lay down a wooden pavement at his own cost; and a resident in Piccadilly has made a similar arrangement with the Vestry of St. George's in regard to a small section of the roadway between Hamilton Place and Park Lane. It is possible that other liberal householders with a taste for quiet, and perhaps some of the Clubs, may imitate this example; but, if a noiseless road can be provided at a not unreasonable expense, it is difficult to see why the public should not undertake the work at their own charge. What is a heavy investment to a private person is a trivial burden when divided among the whole body of ratepayers, and the improvement is for the benefit, not merely of residents by the side of the thoroughfare, but of the public at large. Apart from the diminution of noise, such pavements as wood, or, perhaps better still, asphalte, would greatly facilitate the solution of the problem of cleansing the streets of which we have had lately such unpleasant experience. It is evident that, whenever there is a heavy fall of snow or rain, the ordinary system of spade-work and carting utterly breaks down. It is only a fair-weather plan, and when bad weather comes it is suspended, and people have to wade miserably for days, and even weeks, through a deepening slough of accumulated filth. A system of asphalte or wooden pavements, with hydrants at convenient intervals, would ensure the periodical washing of the roads, and thus relieve them from much of the wet mud by which they are at present frequently made impassable to people on foot. It can hardly be said that clean and noiseless streets are only a matter of luxury, for the health of the community is directly concerned. It is impossible to doubt the medical evidence as to the increasing tendency to nervous distress which is produced by the irritating tumult of the streets; and everybody can understand the sanitary objections to damp and dirty thoroughfares. If this were to be made a point at the next elections of vestrymen, something would perhaps be done.

MR. KINGSLEY.

A VERY large number of persons will have heard the news of Mr. Kingsley's death with a peculiar sentiment of regret. Those who knew him personally would have no difficulty in explaining their feelings. No man could be a more cordial and attractive companion. His genuine kindliness of nature and the width and quickness of his sympathies were as unmistakable as they were fascinating. But a much wider circle have entertained for him a somewhat similar feeling, and will fancy that, if we may use such an expression, there was something almost out of character in his premature death. Perhaps the most obvious quality of his writings was their intense vitality and the sincere enjoyment of all natural beauty. Nobody has written more powerful descriptions of scenery; he did not simply admire, but fell passionately in love with, his favourite hills and woods and seas. Whether he is describing a village in his delightful West country, or a quiet chalk stream in Hampshire, or some gorgeous fragment of tropical scenery; whether he is writing of what he has seen with his own eyes, or reproducing descriptions of what he has only seen through the eyes of others, the effect is always the same. Nature in his pages is always rich, glowing, and full of life. At times, it may be, his colouring is too uniformly brilliant; and we may wish for an occasional touch of the more melancholy sentiment with which other poetical writers generally associate the grandest scenery. But his enthusiasm is seductive; and as we turn over his pages we come upon innumerable vignettes touched off in a line or two with one vigorous sweep of the brush. The characters whom he has described partake of his own impulses. They are alive to their fingers' ends. They may commit anachronisms and be over-anxious to expound the views of their creator, but they have the one essential merit of being genuine human beings, full of passion, force, and interest. We need not ask whether *Hypatia* is an accurate picture of any historical period, or even whether it can be considered as quite a satisfactory composition from an artistic point of view. But we think it is almost the only English historical novel since one or two of Scott's best in which the writer has completely avoided the danger of allowing his information to stifle his imaginative fire. Monks, and bishops, and Jews, and philosophers, and Goths are all as vividly drawn as though they had been parishioners of Eversley. His favourite Elizabethan heroes, Salvation Yeo and Amyas Leigh, and their like, stand out before us as vividly as the Goths in Alexandria, and we can say no more. His singular pictorial power is always ready. We may recall, for example, the vigorous sketch, in one of his articles, of the young Puritan soldier wounded in Naseby fight, and riding home to his family along one of the dykes across the Lincolnshire fens. There could not be a better specimen of the mode of substituting a striking picture for an argument. Throughout the novels by which Mr. Kingsley will be best remembered this power never flags; everything comes spontaneously, without a sign of that weary process of spurring a jaded fancy which is too common with our overworked writers. Since every man has the defects of his qualities, there is often a want of repose; but we can easily forgive a fault indicative of excess of power. Though Mr. Kingsley's novels are of course his chief claim to posthumous reputation, we have sometimes thought that he had it in him to gain even a higher name as a poet. He has left comparatively little, and he has attempted none of the loftier flights. That little, however, is of the kind which one may criticize in various ways, but which one cannot easily forget; and the reason is doubtless that he always had a touch of that Byronic energy which a modern school admires even in excess without having the smallest power of imitating.

We do not propose, however, to give anything like a critical estimate of Mr. Kingsley's merits. We have merely said enough to

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explain why the sudden extinction of a life that seemed so keen and intense should be regarded as more than usually melancholy. As the leader of a school of thought, it can hardly be said that Mr. Kingsley produced any great effect upon the world. The fact is simply that he was not a man of any speculative power. He watched the ways of beasts, birds, and plants with characteristic enthusiasm, but did not care much for abstract science; and history was to him a collection of striking biographies, not an embodiment of political or sociological theories. And therefore, though he had the fervour which fits a man to be an admirable disciple, he had not the penetration which should fit him to be a guide in speculation. He was led by his instincts much more than by his reason. Much has been said of the extreme Radicalism of his early books, *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*, and it has been said by way of excuse that young men are apt to take up violent opinions. That, indeed, is true enough, if any excuse be needed. We should not, however, deny that some of the most excellent men who ever lived have had revolutionary tendencies; and we do not admit that there is any presumption of guilt, though there may be of error, against a young man who takes up extreme speculations. The obvious fact, however, is that Mr. Kingsley's Radicalism was simply an expression of natural indignation against social evils which undoubtedly existed, and which fully justified much warmth of feeling. There was a further and far more difficult question as to the best mode of remedy. The extreme Radical proposes the abolition of all existing creeds and conventions; as the extreme Conservative proposes to return to the creeds of past centuries. In such matters Mr. Kingsley was guided by his heart much more than by his head. His opinions remained in a more or less hazy condition. He did not pin himself down to any very clear set of dogmas. When a young man's Radicalism has taken the form of dogmatic disbelief in accepted principles, whether social or religious, it is apt to become fixed. He has, we may say, taken a pledge, or signed a covenant, and cannot draw back without obvious inconsistency, and therefore some sacrifice of pride. But a man who, like Mr. Kingsley, judges by his emotions can slide more easily from one phase of sentiment to another. Possibly, as he grew older and fell into a regular round of duty, he somewhat confused the improvement in his own condition with a change in the world at large. It was at any rate natural that, without any sense of inconsistency, he should come to attach more value to the conservative elements of society, and see more danger in revolutionary agencies. His sympathies remained true and generous. We cannot here ask what are the merits or faults of the peculiar theological school with which he became associated. Its charm for him was of a very intelligible kind. He loved its leader, Mr. Maurice, as every one who knew him loved him. He thought that the teaching of that remarkable man gave the solution of the great problems of the day. He thought that Christianity thus expounded might welcome without a trace of misgiving the advances of scientific inquiry in every department of knowledge. He thought that it dissolved the fetters which a mistaken dogmatism had imposed upon men's minds and upon their natural impulses. He hated what he regarded as priestcraft with a hatred as ardent as that of any revolutionist, and yet he held that the essential doctrine of Christian priests gave the true and only remedy for the evils which were preparing revolution. If the Maurician creed strikes ordinary minds as hazy and intangible, his comparative indifference to mere logical speculation made the objection unimportant to him. To him it seemed to be a genial doctrine, which cast no ghastly shadow upon the world which he enjoyed so heartily and unreservedly, and inculcated a wide cultivation of every faculty of human nature. Whether he was right or wrong, or how far he was either, are questions which we need not ask; but at least his creed was not another name for selfishness or peevishness, but held him by the most kindly and generous emotions of his nature.

The vulgar interpretation of Mr. Kingsley's opinions was that objectionable form of belief known as Muscular Christianity. It is bare justice to him to say that he disavowed the inferences drawn from his writings by some ardent but unintelligent disciples. Perhaps this is not enough to absolve him from all responsibility. The gigantic Amyas Leigh was the legitimate parent of a lusty progeny, which has become a considerable nuisance in these latter days. He was, for example, the undoubted ancestor of Guy Livingstone and a host of huge blundering male animals of the heavy dragoon species, with a "most plentiful lack of discretion," and a terrible superfluity of muscular development. The lads who have discovered that the whole end and object of a University career is to get into thorough training for athletic contests were doubtless more or less impressed by Mr. Kingsley's books—unless indeed it is a rather forced speculation that books of any kind can have had much influence upon them. But it must also be said that prophets of every new creed are sure to be caricatured. A great authority has observed that even the whale has its unmentionable parasites, and worse than the parasites are the little fish who try to imitate the whale. Imitation may be the sincerest flattery, but it is also the most effectual satire. And therefore we may admit, though the truth is somewhat dangerous, that even muscular Christianity, as it is to be found in the writings of its supposed parent, has its good side. The truth is dangerous because it is so easily distorted. To recommend people to be manly and simple is too often to encourage them to be brutal and animal. It is true that a man ought to take care of his body; but moralists have been shy of insisting upon the principle, because without their advice men have been only too ready to pay a good deal more attention to their bodies than to their souls. And thus Mr. Kingsley's dislike for the excesses of asceticism or sentimentalism, and generally for a stunted and one-sided development of human nature, was easily pressed into the service of people who were anxious to develop the inferior instincts at the expense of the superior. Moreover, there is no more annoying form of affectation than the affectation of simplicity; and Mr. Kingsley's frequent denunciations of morbid self-consciousness made some of his disciples too obtrusively and demonstratively unconscious of themselves. It is hard to be fair to him when we are suffering from the excess of the qualities which he admired. And yet we must admit that, when the balance is rightly struck, there is really something to be said for the genuine Amyas Leighs. Manliness and simplicity are after all good qualities, though the factitious imitations of them are detestable. And in Mr. Kingsley's pages they were certainly not intended to imply any predominance of merely physical excellence. His ideal hero may have been a trifle over-muscular; but he was also a man endowed with strong poetic feeling, with a keen sensibility to all beauty of art or nature. At a time when the artistic sense is so often combined with effeminacy and affectation, and only relieves the over-refinement of dilettantism, by an occasional dash of obscenity, we could wish that the vein of genuine manliness in Mr. Kingsley's writings were more widely appreciated. If marked by a little more repose, and fewer symptoms of nervous irritability, his portrait of the ideal Christian gentleman would have shown us a really grand type of character, fully deserving the respect of our feverish generation. As it is, mere superficial blemishes cannot conceal the wonderful spirit of the author. And, when the plague of muscularity dies away, as we hope that it is beginning to die, we suspect that future readers will recognize in Mr. Kingsley's novels some of the most forcible writing of the present generation. *Alton Locke*, *Hypatia*, and *Westward Ho!* stand out in the fictitious literature of the last quarter of a century as surpassed only by a very few works of our greatest writers, and possessing certain merits in a degree to which it is not easy to find any complete parallel. And, like all other good writing of the same kind, their merit is due to the fact that they reflect the finest qualities of their author's character. His death can hardly be called premature in a literary sense; for he had succeeded in saying effectively what he had to say to his generation.

VIVISECTION.

THE feeling of pity for the sufferings of animals has made great progress in recent years, but it would seem that it is still somewhat capricious and one-sided. It would be interesting to know how many of the persons who are shocked at the idea of vivisection for scientific purposes are troubled with any qualms of conscience in regard to crimped cod, eels skinned, or lobsters boiled, alive, or that nice white veal which is obtained by bleeding a calf to death. One form of vivisection has been selected for denunciation, while other forms are systematically practised on an infinitely larger scale without the slightest hesitation or compunction. The mild angler placidly condemns two sorts of creatures to cruel agony for the sake of a little amusement. A vast amount of exquisite pain is wantonly inflicted on all kinds of game by incompetent sportsmen who maim and mangle the animals which they are too clumsy to kill outright. Ratting is prohibited, but the hare and the otter are still hunted to death, and the fox is expensively cultivated for the express purpose of being tortured in the chase. Again, there is perhaps no more horrible and loathsome butchery in the world than that which is practised on the seals which supply fashionable ladies with pretty jackets. It is certainly odd that all these widespread varieties of cruelty and torture should be accepted with complacency, and that so much indignation should be concentrated on just that form of cruelty which is least generally practised, and for which there is most to be said by way of justification.

We have felt bound to make these remarks, not from any want of sympathy with the proposal to place vivisection under adequate regulation, but because we think that more good is likely to be done by treating the subject frankly and honestly, and by distinguishing between the uses and abuses of experiments on living animals, than by a sweeping condemnation of a form of cruelty which is hardly more painful than that practised in many other ways without objection, and which can at least be defended on much higher grounds. The main question to be determined is, whether it is permissible to inflict severe and possibly prolonged pain upon a living animal in order to obtain such a knowledge of its physical structure and functions as may throw light upon the diseases of human beings, and the means which may be employed to mitigate or cure them. Looking back at the past, it can hardly be doubted that a number of most important discoveries bearing on physiological and medical science have been made in this way, which, as far as one can see, would never have been made in any other way. Even admitting that similar results might in the course of time have been reached by another method of approach, it is evident that the one actually chosen was the swiftest and most decisive, and saved the world long years of weary waiting. Dr. Michael Foster has pointed out in an able essay that Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood, Haller's doctrine of "irritability," Weber's demonstration of the "inhibitory" function of the pneumo-gastric nerve, and Claude Bernard's researches on vaso-motor nerves, which were all more or less due to vivisec-

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tional experiments, have been of the utmost service to pathology. At the present moment an effort is being made by similar means to explain the mystery of diabetes, and it may be fairly asked whether the sufferings of a few animals upon which experiments are made should be allowed to weigh against the immense relief to humanity at large which would be involved in the discovery of some means of coping with this terrible malady. The same question may also be put in regard to investigations into various forms of nervous or febrile disorder. It must be admitted, therefore, that vivisection is in certain cases necessary and permissible, and that the gain to humanity may be balanced against the sufferings of the victims. At the same time it ought not to be practised except when it can be shown to be absolutely necessary; and every precaution should be taken to reduce the sufferings of the animal experimented on to the lowest point. To attempt to put a stop altogether to vivisection would probably be impracticable, and would in any case injuriously retard the progress of medical science, while in some directions it would bring it to a standstill. It does not follow, however, that, because vivisection may under certain conditions be perfectly justifiable, it should be allowed to be practised without restraint at the discretion of any person who happens to have a taste for it. And this is really the question at issue.

It is impossible not to respect the evident earnestness and sincerity of the memorialists who have just called attention to this subject, but it is to be regretted that their zeal has not been tempered by more cautious inquiry and cool reflection. Although they profess to ask, not for the suppression, but only for the restriction, of vivisectional experiments, their arguments would seem to be directed against the practice even in its most necessary and useful applications, such, for instance, as Dr. Virchow's researches with regard to trichinosis. They have also committed themselves to some statements of a very exaggerated kind, and to invidious imputations on professional honour. It may be true that the practice of vivisection has in recent years been unjustifiably extended, but it is surely going too far to assert that "it has now become the everyday exercise of hundreds of physiologists and young students of physiology throughout Europe and America." For our own part, we believe that, as far as England is concerned, the number of animals sacrificed in this manner is really very small. A very active physiologist, as Dr. Foster says, will in a year be the means of bringing about, for the sake of science, as much death as a small village will in a week for the sake of its mouths and its fun, and will give rise to about as much pain as a not too enthusiastic sportsman in a short sporting season. It should be observed however that, admitting the lawfulness of vivisection in certain cases, the question of its propriety turns, not upon the number of animals experimented on, but on the genuineness of the alleged necessity for making such experiments. And if the memorialists would be content to take their stand on this ground, they would have a really strong case. As it is, they have collected some information which would certainly seem to show that living animals are sometimes made to suffer rather to gratify a prurient curiosity than to promote original research.

There was, for example, a recent trial of certain surgeons at Norwich for assisting M. Magnan, a Frenchman, in some cruel experiments on dogs—injecting alcohol and absinthe into the arteries—during the meeting of the British Medical Association in that town. The experiments were of so revolting a character that several members of the audience protested against them, and some even interfered to prevent them from being carried on. Sir W. Fergusson and Mr. Tuffnell gave evidence that the experiments were useless and unnecessary, inasmuch as they showed only what was already known. The case broke down on account of the absence of the chief operator, but there can be no doubt of the atrocity of the exhibition. Again, we find some significant passages in the prospectuses of various medical schools. A course of demonstrations in animal physiology is advertised among the attractions of University College, in which "students will be made familiar *by actual observation* with the structure and functions of the principal tissues of the animal body." It is stated that "additional rooms have been added, and furnished with the apparatus and appliances necessary for the prosecution of original researches in physiology," and that "such persons as are desirous of engaging in investigations of this kind may be admitted to the Laboratory as workers." This would seem to mean that any one who will pay the subscription may enjoy the pleasure, not only of witnessing experiments on living animals, but of trying his hand on them himself. At Westminster Hospital School the treat is also held out of "experiments on animals on the action of the heart, the rate and force of the blood currents, &c.," and "Gentlemen will themselves perform the experiments as far as opportunities permit." And again, at St. Thomas's Hospital, students in ophthalmic surgery are allowed to perform operations on "the eyes of living animals," as well as on the dead subject. At Guy's Hospital "demonstrations of the functions of organs in *living animals* are performed before the class by the lecturer on physiology," but nothing is said of giving "gentlemen" the free run of the victims. It is difficult to conceive how the continued repetition of cruel experiments for the sole purpose of demonstrating things already known can be defended; yet we find even so moderate a writer as Dr. M. Foster remarking that, "though much of the evidence touching the flow of blood may be shown in a dead body, yet the full proof cannot be given even now without an experiment on a living creature." Why should the full proof be given? The facts have been ascertained beyond all question, and nothing can be more monstrous than that animals should be tortured for the sole purpose of enabling every medical student to satisfy himself by the evidence of his own eyesight that what his teacher tells him is true. The nature of some of these demonstrations may be gathered from one or two extracts from physiological handbooks. Here is one:—

Recurrent Sensibility.—This can only be shown in the higher animals, the cat or dog being best adapted for the purpose. The method adopted is:—The arches of one or two vertebræ are carefully sawn through, or cut through with the bone forceps, and the exposed roots very carefully freed from the connective tissue surrounding them. If the animal be strong, and *have thoroughly recovered from the chloroform* and from the operation, irritation of the peripheral stump of the anterior root causes not only contraction in the muscles, but also movements in the other parts of the body indicative of pain. On dividing the mixed trunk the contractions cease, but the general signs of pain or sensation remain.—Handbook of the Physiological Laboratory, p. 403.

It is clear that in this case the experiment is only for the sake of demonstrating to the student's eye what is already known and can be learned from books. And here are some other demonstrations—Asphyxia by slow suffocation, mode of producing permanent fistula in dogs, production of glycosuria (in rabbits) by a chisel designed for the purpose.

There can be no difficulty in laying down one or two general principles in relation to this subject. In the first place, experiments inflicting pain on animals are justifiable only when they are absolutely indispensable to original research, and when they are performed by persons who may be supposed to be capable of making a good use of the privilege. No experiment whatever of a cruel kind should be permitted for the mere purpose of demonstration. The student must be content to believe that his teacher is neither a fool nor an impostor, and to accept what he says without requiring actual proof in the contortions of mangled animals. The other day a cabman was caught roasting a live rat on a fork before the fire, and if he had only had the presence of mind to say that he was engaged in a physiological demonstration, nothing could have been done to him. The sort of free-trade which at present exists in the torture of animals on scientific pretexts certainly ought not to be tolerated. It is unnecessary for the purposes of science; it is demoralizing to those who are thus taught to treat the sufferings of the brute creation as of no account; and it has also an obviously dangerous tendency to spread beyond professional circles. It was stated at the recent meeting in the rooms of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that some of the suburban ladies' schools are visited by lady physiologists, who carry with them rabbits, pigeons, and lobsters, and vivisect them in the presence of the pupils. In one case the lady principal, who was very much horrified at the first experiment of the kind, said that she found it very instructive after she had got used to it. This is just the danger of the present system, that people will get used to it. It may be supposed that students will be tempted to repeat in private the demonstrations of the laboratory, and that young people who have been regaled with the torture of animals at school will not grow up with a particularly delicate and tender sense of the obligations of humanity. The absolute prohibition of vivisection is neither practicable nor desirable; but useless cruelties should be promptly checked. The regulations by which this should be attempted will of course require careful consideration, and some of those proposed by the deputation do not seem very wise. It is to be hoped that the question will not be left too exclusively in the hands of people imperfectly qualified for a task which requires sound and discriminating judgment as well as warm and generous sympathies. More is probably to be hoped for from the cultivation of a healthy opinion on the subject than from severe legal restrictions.

THE GAIKWAR OF BARODA.

THE circumstances in which this Prince is now placed are so exceptional, even for India, that it is desirable to recapitulate the steps which have led the Government first to remove the English Resident, and then temporarily to suspend the native Sovereign. In order to give a clear and connected view of the situation it is necessary to go back nearly a quarter of a century. In the year 1852-3 the whole of the Western Presidency of India was convulsed by the existence of a belief in a custom termed "Khutput." We can only explain the phrase by saying that it was an attempt to obtain favourable decisions from the executive officers of Government, and from the judicial tribunals, by the agency of money freely spent at headquarters. It was not exactly bribery. No English official was impeached. No judge was directly accused of venality. But suitors, place-hunters, convicted criminals, unsuccessful litigants, and so forth, had somehow got to think that, by sending large sums to Bombay, matters would be manipulated favourably for themselves, and unfavourably for their opponents, whether the rival candidate or the law itself. The scandal caused by this mysterious agency was very great, and a rigid inquiry was set on foot. Baroda enjoyed the distinction of having attained the highest eminence in these discreditable transactions; and at that time the place of Resident there was filled by no less a person than the high-minded and chivalrous Outram. Like some other officials gifted with keen sensibilities and generous impulses, this distinguished soldier spoiled a capital case, and got into hot water with the Government of Lord Falkland, owing to a mistaken view of his own powers. Outram lost his place as Resident, but his plain speaking had the

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effect of blowing up Khutput; and Lord Dalhousie, at that time in the zenith of his popularity and power, gave it the final blow by placing the native State of Baroda directly under the Foreign Department of the Government of India. Khutput became thenceforth as unknown as the Man in the Moon would be in a constituency canvassed by Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli. All things for a time went on smoothly; and Outram was soon re-employed by the Supreme Government in posts of high honour, emolument, and responsibility, to the day of his retirement. In the year 1859 Lord Canning's Government considered that this transfer of Baroda had only taken place for special reasons; that the peculiar exigencies of the occasion had ceased; and that the State, from its geographical situation, language, and customs, interlaced, as it was, with our own territories, as well as with some petty native States, belonged properly to the Presidency of Bombay. To that Government, then, it went back; and we are far from saying that Lord Canning acted hastily or without reason. Two rulers, Sevaji Rao and Gunput Rao, had, since the disclosures of 1852, passed away in succession. The political atmosphere had been purified. There was some faint hope of internal reform. But it must be remembered that the duty of giving advice, encouragement, approbation, and warning to all native States of the first or second, or even third, rank belongs now more than ever to the Foreign Office at Calcutta or Simla. Our relations with Scindiah or the Nizam, and with other Hindu or Mahommedan principalities, form as important a part of its business as do affairs at Cabul, Nepaul, or the Persian Gulf. And we should not be surprised to learn at any moment that Lord Northbrook had reverted to the policy of Lord Dalhousie, and had re-assumed direct charge of our relations with one, neither the first nor the last, in the catalogue of Mahratta States.

Shortly after the re-transfer to Bombay, Mulhar Rao, the present ruler, first appeared on the scene. He is just forty-three years of age, the fifth and last surviving son of Maharaja Sevaji Rao. Of his four elder brothers, two, Gunput Rao and Khanderao, had governed in succession to their father, the administration of the latter enduring from 1856 to 1870. In the year 1863, Mulhar Rao was thrown into a State prison on a charge of having attempted to poison his brother, and from this he only emerged, on the death of Khanderao, in November 1870. If exile and ignorance of his countrymen have been held to disqualify a Bourbon from filling the throne of his ancestors, it may safely be asserted that the inside of a State prison would hardly be the place for an Oriental to pick up the rudiments of sound kingcraft. And the Maharaja did not belie his training. His accession was recognized by the Government of India at the close of 1870; but from that date down to the beginning of last year, all the familiar symptoms of Eastern maladministration in an aggravated form supplied material for the remonstrances of official and independent pens. Arbitrary and unjust reductions of expenditure had been called by the title of retrenchment. The revenue was realized by iniquitous processes. Excessive punishments, ill treatment of women, domestic slavery, even the infliction of torture, were matters of no unusual occurrence. Under the head of *nuzzarana* heavy fines and "benevolences" were exacted. Some of the prominent officials of the State were utterly ignorant, oppressive, or incapable. British subjects, employed in mercantile transactions at the capital, had begun to suffer and to cry out, and the name and character of the British Government were tarnished by the continuance of evils which its own troops were practically supporting, and which its accredited agent was powerless to check. In this state of things Lord Northbrook fell back on the appointment of a Commission, to the members of which, on the score of impartiality and efficiency, no objection could be taken. Mr. E. Ravenscroft, a Bombay civilian of high standing; Colonel Etheridge, a Companion of the Star of India, and well versed in the language and customs of Guzerat; the Nawab Faiz Ali Khan, a Mahommedan gentleman, also decorated with the Indian Star, and Prime Minister to the enlightened Rajpoot Sovereign of Jyepore—these three were the ordinary members of the Commission; while the President was Col. R. J. Meade, now Chief Commissioner of Mysore, a diplomatist and administrator known for honourable service in Central India, and for his intimate acquaintance with the dealings of Mahratta States. The Baroda Blue-book has not yet been published, but it is notorious that the complaints of the Gaikwar's subjects and the strictures of the Indian press were in the main borne out by the evidence. It is understood that there were not wanting advisers in India who recommended that the ruler should be at once deposed and the State be administered directly by British officers for the benefit of some eventual heir. The Gaikwar had, however, behaved with decency and propriety during the sittings of the Commission. Failing a vain attempt to secure an audience of the Viceroy, he had tried no underhand proceedings, and had placed no impediment in the way of a full and fair investigation. The Government of India, in that spirit of firmness, dignity, and forbearance which it can well assume on such occasions, contented itself with giving the ruler of Baroda a grace of eighteen months to amend his ways. The propriety of certain improvements and the objectionable character of sundry official measures were, it is believed, pointed out to him in language of clear import. He was urged to dismiss four or five officials from his councils, and he was invited to avail himself of a better agency, English and native, to institute imperative reforms. In short, he was given a fair opportunity of proving that his condition was not hopeless, and of justifying to the world the lenient course on which the Paramount Power had resolved.

This was in July. In January we find the Resident removed, the new Prime Minister resigned or bent on resignation, the Gaikwar carried off to the Residency, and a second Commission just about to sit for the purpose of sifting the attempt on Colonel Phayre's life. It would be premature and improper to express any opinion on the worth of the evidence that connects the Gaikwar with this grave charge. An Oriental may collect his revenue at the cannon's mouth, dishonour women, insult respectable householders, and hang up unfortunate creditors by their heels in the sun, without having either the wickedness or the folly to countenance the practices of the middle ages. Neither does it argue for or against the Gaikwar that he celebrated the removal of the late Resident by indecent manifestations of joy. Every successful litigant in India does just the same. A native who has won a great civil suit, or procured the imprisonment of his rival, beats a big drum in all his villages, and assembles hosts of Brahmans and Faquirs at his own mansion, sending every one away with new brass drinking pots, a change of raiment, and pieces of half or a quarter of a rupee, brand new from the mint. It is quite possible, too, that the late Resident may have been injudicious in his dealings with the Baroda Court. But the Government of India can no more overlook an attempt on the life of one of its high officials than it can permit the green flag to be hoisted openly in Lucknow. It must exert its strength and dignity, and this it does, not by declaring war or directing annexation, but by appointing a composite tribunal to sift the charge of poison, and by affording the Maharaja a chance of proving that he has not added murder to maladministration. Nothing can give a fairer promise than the constitution of this second Commission. The Chief Justice of Bengal will bring to the discharge of his duties impartiality, equity, and knowledge of the rules of evidence. Mr. Raymond West possesses that power of testing the worth of native statements which may be expected from an acute civilian judge of the High Court of his Presidency. Of Colonel Meade's attainments and experience we have already spoken. And those who know anything of native statesmen are well aware that Dinkur Rao, for talent, sagacity, and, we may add, keen sense of humour, occupies the first rank. He is, too, himself a Mahratta. No enactment, new or old, is necessary for this tribunal. The members will be bound by no technicalities; their proceedings, we believe, will be open; their forms those of substantial equity; their report will go direct to the Supreme Government; and the transaction, like any other of the Executive Department, must ultimately come under the revision, not of the Privy Council, as might be erroneously imagined, but of the Secretary of State. This responsible Minister will then be able to explain the whole proceedings, on the motion of any M.P. who may discern a short cut to distinction in getting up the "Great Baroda Case."

MANCHESTER LIFE.

THE chequered history of the Manchester Athenæum illustrates very clearly one of the difficulties connected with the social organization of a great commercial town. Manchester would seem to have arrived at much the same conclusion as Sir G. C. Lewis, that life would be tolerable but for its amusements, though not exactly for the same reason as that which drew a groan from the philosopher. Sir George deplored the waste of time in amusements which took him from the studies that were his greatest pleasure; while Manchester appears to be distressed, not by the pressure of amusement, but rather by the difficulty of finding any for its leisure hours. If existence could be wholly devoted to business, all would perhaps be well; but then people cannot be always drudging at their work, and when work is over they are at a loss to know how to spend their time. They might of course read an improving book, but books are probably not much in their way, and if they did take one up they would be pretty sure to go to sleep over it. Out-door games demand more freshness than they have left in them after the day's toil, and are besides scarcely practicable in a crowded town, and under such a climate as that of Manchester. What occurs to most men of the ordinary stamp to do under these circumstances is to light their pipes, lounge about, and drink. Formerly the Manchester type of tavern adapted itself to these requirements. The private bar of the landlord or landlady expanded into the chief room of the house. Admission behind the wicket into the snug parlour, with the bright kettle on the hob, and the host or hostess in the seat of precedence, was not for every one, but was regarded as indicating a certain friendly relationship to the establishment. It also marked the social position of the favoured ones. It may be assumed that there was no great difficulty in any one who could pay for his liquor finding some house that would have him; yet each place had its own traditions and restrictions, and the company gathered there had a special and distinctly recognizable character. The domestic appearance of the room in which they met took off the rough aspect of tavern life, and gave the boozing an air of decent private hospitality. Thus Manchester at a not very distant period was broken up at night into numerous little knots of men sitting over their pipes and tumblers in their favourite haunts, and gossiping on the events of the day, with perhaps an occasional hand at cards. Each set kept pretty much to its own tavern, and there were of course taverns of as many grades as the people who frequented them. As a rule, this was the regular life of the whole community after business hours. Even men of wealth and position did

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not disdain to appear nightly in the bar-parlour, and to take in this humble way almost the only relaxation which was open to them. Men spent their evenings in the public-house simply because there was nothing else to be done, except go to bed. As was to be expected, this state of things was scarcely calculated to promote habits of sobriety. On the whole, the tavern world was quiet enough, but it had a way of getting soaked and sodden with deep and regular drinking, which had unpleasant consequences. Some fifty years ago, when Mechanics' Institutes first came into vogue, it was imagined that now at last the great panacea had been found, and that all that had to be done to wean the community from dangerous habits, and raise them to the level of a more refined and intellectual existence, was to establish one of these useful institutions. This was done, but with rather disappointing results. As soon as the novelty had passed away, the Athenæum began to languish, and though its lectures and classes did good in a limited way, it did not meet the great social difficulty. A year ago the building caught fire and was burned down. It is hoped that, with a fresh start and some judicious reforms, the revived institution may be more prosperous than the original.

It would perhaps hardly occur to any one who heard or read the lofty eloquence with which the opening of the new Athenæum was celebrated that, after all, the object in view was mainly to see whether the working and lower-middle classes of Manchester could not be provided with some substitute for the pot-house. This want is no doubt not so pressing as it was; but it is evident that it still exists. Of course Manchester, like other towns, has in recent years made great progress, not only commercially, but socially. Education of the best kind has been munificently endowed, and placed within the reach of all classes. Treasures of art, not altogether perhaps of the purest choice, but still comprising objects of great beauty and value, have been collected at lavish cost. A taste for literature has also sprung up. Manchester is one of the most profitable book markets in the kingdom, and there are few other towns in which so many well-stocked libraries are to be found. The establishment of the assizes at Manchester, and the consequent growth of a resident Bar, has added an element of much importance in such a community; and the habit of travelling has also assisted to remove much of that narrow hardness of character and opinion which was characteristic of the Manchester man of the last generation, and to introduce larger views and greater tolerance. Indeed it would now be difficult to discover more than some scattered relics of what was once known as the Manchester School, and the political revolution is only a counterpart to the more silent social changes. Even in politics, however, the men of this region, though they have in a great degree changed their opinions, have not lost all traces of their traditional character. In the Lancashire Conservatives may be traced some of the stubborn and rather arrogant positiveness of the old Radicals. In an age of morbid smoothness and assimilation the preservation of an original and vigorous type of character, even with some of its defects, is not to be regretted. Mr. Cobden once drew a graphic picture of the millowner of the early days of Lancashire prosperity—absorbed in his factory, living in it or close to it, ever thinking of it, watching it, cherishing it like a pet child or flower; constantly going about in it, looking after everything himself, knowing every belt and strap in the place, and every face around him, and putting every shilling he could spare into the aggrandizement of his business. For this he lived, and for nothing else; and if this single-mindedness was perhaps not very wholesome for the general development of his character, nothing could be more favourable to commercial success. The cotton-spinner of those days looked askance at the land and all that it represented, and regarded it either with bitter suspicion or open enmity as necessarily opposed to manufacturing interests. It seemed a conflict of hostile forces, prescribed by nature, and inevitable. A fusion of personal objects and family ties has gradually been wearing down the antagonism. Landlords have discovered that cotton-mills are their best crop, and millowners that it is better to acquire land themselves than to attack its rights. More tender influences have also been at work. The sons of God have married the daughters of men, and aristocratic houses and manufacturing millionaires have joined hands. All these influences have powerfully combined in their effect on local character. There may be some truth in the remark which is sometimes heard, that Manchester men of to-day are not so keen and concentrated in their business faculties, so devoted to their work, as their fathers and grandfathers; but there can be little doubt that whatever has been lost in this way has been fully compensated by an important gain in higher cultivation, wider sympathies, and larger range of thought. It is possible to be more of a man by being less of a huckster. The old idea that the successful production of calico was the highest mission of humanity, the ostentatious contempt for anything in the nature of grace, refinement, or imagination which would not fetch ready money in the market, has certainly been fading, and the result is seen in the more generous tendencies of the modern school.

This increase of culture and liberal tastes among the upper classes of the place has naturally an influence on those below; and there can be no doubt that the Manchester man of to-day is, in all ranks, much less a mere creature of business than he used to be, and consequently less helpless in his leisure hours, and more capable of finding things to interest and amuse him. A man who can enjoy a book at home is placed above the temptations of the tavern, and becomes more critical as to public amusements. Good music has evidently many votaries in Manchester, and encouragement is also given to dramatic performances of a high order. Allowing Mr. Calvert every credit for the taste and spirit with which he puts Shakspeare on the stage in a way superior to anything now seen in London, it cannot be doubted that he is stimulated by his confidence in the intelligence of the audiences to whom he appeals. The general progress of education will of course continue to produce a more instructed and cultivated body of people; and in the meantime the influence of the Athenæum itself will probably make the members less dependent on what it does for them. The defect of the institution in its original form was that it aimed rather at being a didactic pedagogue than a genial companion. The lectures were dull and not particularly edifying, and the classes were not attended because those who were invited were not in the mood to take advantage of them. The Athenæum in its new form is intended to be socially attractive, and there can be no question that this is a wise policy. The truth is that a man who has done a hard day's work has earned a fair right to spend the evening in any amusement which is not actually pernicious. The idea that there is any moral compulsion on a man to be continually improving his mind in the sense in which improvement is understood by schoolmasters is all nonsense. What he is most in need of is healthy relaxation, and though this may in some cases be found in intellectual studies, nobody need make himself unhappy because he prefers something simpler and more commonplace. The chief difference between an Englishman and a native of France, Italy, or Germany, is that the latter seems to be born with a knowledge of the way to amuse himself, while most Englishmen acquire the faculty only by effort and practice. If the Manchester Athenæum is very successful as a social institution, it will probably be as cheerful and well-conducted as an ordinary French café, and there would perhaps be no need for it at all if Englishmen would only use such places as soberly as Frenchmen do. In most German towns you can hear a concert of excellent music for a few pence, and at the same time enjoy a cigar and a glass of light beer or cup of coffee. Whenever such an entertainment is attempted in England the beer somehow seems to get uppermost. It is certainly not because Frenchmen and Germans are as a rule more highly instructed than the corresponding classes in this country that they are able to take their pleasure in this temperate manner; but because they are brought up to avoid dulness, and to believe that it is worth while to have a taste for pure amusement. There are some philosophic minds which are above this necessity; but on the whole there is no branch of English education so much in need of attention as that which concerns the capacity for being amused without drinking.

ANTIQUITY.

WE wonder how many times we shall have to play the part of Sir Thomas Browne against three widely spread vulgar errors which seem to have a wonderful power of cropping up again the oftener they are cut down. One is, that the "ancients," the "classics," that is the inhabitants of Greece and Italy during certain rather arbitrarily chosen periods, were not men like ourselves, but beings of some other kind. Sometimes they are demigods to be half-worshipped, sometimes blind heathens to be preached at and made horrid examples of, but in neither case are they simply men, simply kinsfolk, speaking tongues akin to our own, living under institutions akin to our own, whose laws and language and literature are things which, instead of being "dead," are just the things which are pre-eminently alive. The second is that all these mysterious beings, however unlike to us, were exactly like one another; in short, that all "the ancients," like all "the Saxons," lived at the same time. There is the great fact that people have sat down to compare Homer and Virgil, not by way of contrast as types of language and literature in two wholly different stages, but by way of rivalry, to see which was the better poet, as they might have compared two writers of the same age and country. The third vulgar error might at first sight seem contradictory to the first, yet in practice the two hang very well together. This is the belief that the "ancients," the "classics," though they have nothing in common with later things, are yet somehow the groundwork of all later things. Modern languages especially, both those which really are forms of Latin and those which are not, are all held to be "derived" from Latin; the more curious go on to believe that Latin is "derived" from Greek, and sometimes that Greek is "derived" from Hebrew. Our own tongue especially, in accordance with the great first truth that nothing English can simply be English, must be "derived" from something or other; and what derivation for it can be so grand as a derivation from ancients and classics? A plain man might ask how, if ancients and classics are something so cut off from all modern things, any modern things can be derived from them. But this is really no difficulty. Every inventor of a pedigree traces up the illustrious house for whom he has to devise forefathers to the queerest, the most out-of-the-way, the most mythical forefathers that he can think of. If real forefathers and real kinsfolk happen to be anywhere recorded, they are always passed by as something too commonplace to be taken any notice of. What Berkeley would be descended from real English Eadnoth when it is open to him to be descended from an imaginary son of a nameless King of Denmark? You might as well whisper to Smithson and Williams-Wynn that they are really descended from

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Smith and Williams. As with families, so with nations and languages. As they must be derived from something, derive them from whatever is most unlike, most unlikely; trace them up to whatever quarter is most unknown, and where there is least chance of being found out. Now to those who babble about ancients and classics no quarter is so unknown, none looks so unreal and legendary, as the quarter inhabited by ancients and classics. After all, what unlikeness is so great as the unlikeness between order and chaos? And yet is it not allowed that order sprang out of chaos? To no source then can the English language, or anything else of modern days, be so safely traced up as to those times of ancients and classics which to those who talk in this fashion about them are assuredly the most unknown depth of chaos itself?

We need not say that all this kind of stuff is the very thing which it is the great work and object of the highest modern scholarship to uproot. The greatest achievement in this way of our time is to put nations, periods, languages, into their true relations to one another; to show that "ancients" and "classics" are not something which is wholly cut off from ourselves, but something in which we have the nearest and deepest interest. Those few centuries of the history of the Greek and Italian peninsulas which are vulgarly thrown together under the name of "antiquity" have now become the objects of a reasonable respect founded on knowledge, instead of an abject superstition founded on ignorance. We now know that those favoured periods of Greek and Italian history are simply acts in one great drama, of which whatever we and the other nations of Europe are doing at this moment is simply another act. We know that our language and our institutions are not derived from those of Greece or Rome, but we awake to a far higher interest in the study of all three when we grasp the fact that the languages and institutions of Greece, Rome, and England all spring from a common source. But it seems wonderfully hard to beat all this into the heads of large classes of people. It is a sign of the difficulty of learning when learning has to be preceded by unlearning, that so many people, sometimes people who think themselves fit to review philological works, seriously believe that the object of comparative philology is to derive Greek from Sanskrit. Against all this mass of confusion and muddleheadedness, we have, among others, done our best to fight. But the struggle is a hard, and it sometimes looks like a hopeless, one. Take, for instance, the leading article in a late number of the *Times* about the speech of the Lord Chief Justice of England at Manchester. The Chief Justice spoke of the advantage of what are commonly called classical studies, and he spoke of them in the way in which it was natural that one in his position should speak. That is, he spoke of them as one to whom they are an occasional relaxation and ornament of life, not as a professed historian or philologer, to whom they are part of the business of life. But the Chief Justice did not say one word which committed him to any one of the three vulgar errors of which we are speaking. That was reserved for his commentator in the *Times*. To be sure, in setting forth again the exploded nonsense of a past time, it has somehow stumbled on a truth. We are told, in a style of the most patronizing instruction, that

> much is wanted before the ordinary English mind can be so raised and purified as to relish and assimilate the beauties of style and sentiment which, after all, were the luxuries of a highly-cultivated caste, and not of the whole population, even of the best cities.

These "beauties of style and sentiment" are those of "the great classical authors" generally. Now, if the ordinary English mind is, as some say it is, fairly represented by what appears daily in the *Times*, it would seem as if much were wanted before it could relish and assimilate beauties of such utterly different kinds as those which are thus lumped together when the great classical authors are spoken of as if they formed a class by themselves, a class, it would seem, like one another and unlike everything else. The "great classical authors" are not defined by the writer in the *Times*, but we may conceive that they at least range from Homer to Tacitus. This is about the range that people commonly have in their minds when they talk about the "ancients" and the "classics." The *Times* evidently thinks that there are some special beauties of style and sentiment which are common to all these authors—beauties which "were the luxuries of a highly-cultivated caste, and not of the whole population." Now, if we strike out the silly word caste, this description is fairly true of some branches of Greek and Roman literature, just as it is true of some branches of English, French, or any other literature. It is true of nearly all the "classical" Roman literature. In that literature there is hardly anything, except the comedies of Plautus, which can be called popular in the strictest sense; there is hardly anything else, except the comedies of Terence and a few of the speeches of Cicero, which was so much as addressed to a popular audience. The existing Roman literature is artificial; it is the literature of a literary class, not the literature of a whole people. The older and more truly popular literature of Rome has perished. It was buried with Nævius; when it rose again we will not say in disputing with the uninitiated. And a good deal of Greek literature also belongs to the same literary class. The whole Alexandrine school, poets, grammarians, scientific men of all kinds, are purely literary. Theocritus no more represents the real life of real shepherds than Virgil or Pope does. The philosophy too, be it Plato or Aristotle, and a good deal of the history—Thucydides, for example, and Polybius—could only have been addressed to a special class, and not to the whole population. But what of Demosthenes and Æschines pouring forth their eloquence before thousands of citizens under the canopy of heaven? What of the great dramatic writer, tragic and comic, who addressed yet greater audiences in another shape? What of Herodotus, whether his recital at the Olympic Games be truth or legend? What of the political verses of Solon, what of the battle-songs of Tyrtaios, what of the poetry of every-day life in Hesiod and the elder Simonides? Last of all, are we to conceive of the Iliad and Odyssey as the luxuries of a highly cultivated caste, and not as poems designed for the popular ear, and setting forth every popular feeling of the men of their own time? People who talk like the writer in the *Times* do practically fancy that all the ancients lived at the same time, and were much the same kind of people. To them the popular poetry of an age when writing, if known at all, was used only for scratching on stone or brass, and not for committing literary compositions to paper or parchment, is exactly the same as when the Court poet of a Ptolemy or a Cæsar writes down what there is a class of professional scribes to copy and a class of professional booksellers to sell. If, when the New Zealander comes, he shall fancy that Mr. Tennyson and the poet of Beowulf lived at much the same time, and were much the same kind of people, he will not be further wrong than our instructor in the *Times* when he tells us that the great classical authors as a class, the authors from Homer to Tacitus, sang or wrote for a highly-cultivated caste, and not for the whole population.

Our teacher then goes on to tell us, what we at least are not inclined to dispute, that "there is indeed much that we may learn from antiquity." There is much that we may learn from every age of the world's being, and, among them, much that we may learn from those ages which the *Times* speaks of as "antiquity." "We change," it is sententiously added, "but it changes not; and it recalls a nation to purity and simplicity of style and thought when it has gone into fresh and fresh barbarisms." It is quite certain that in a sense antiquity cannot change, because no part of the past can change; but the *Times* perhaps forgets that, though the past cannot change, yet our knowledge of it may easily change, and it perhaps forgets that a number of the *Times* and all the works of Thucydides have at least thus much in common, that, when either has become a thing of the past, it becomes incapable of changing. The ancients, the classics, cannot change now because they are dead; but one thing that makes them instructive is that, while they were alive, they did, like ourselves, a good deal in the way of changing. Then, in the belief of the *Times*, there is just the same amount of "purity and simplicity" in Homer singing in the only tongue that he knew, according to a grammar whose rules had never been drawn out as rules, and in the artificial constructions of a learned poet like Virgil, or in a letter of Cicero crammed full of Greek words, as a modern English letter might be crammed full of French words. Then comes the darkest saying of all:—

> The very languages of Classical antiquity are the true home of our own, nor need we seek one further back, but for the curiosity which would dig into the earth or dive into the ocean, if need were, for something further back than all.

If this oracle has any meaning at all, it can only mean that the English tongue is derived from the Greek or the Latin, and the mysterious warning about the earth or the ocean is perhaps meant to forbid us to look back any further to Sanskrit or elsewhere. We should not be the least surprised if this writer fancies that when we talk of "to-day's *Times*," *day* is derived from *dies*, and *Times* from *tempus*. We have known people say so in print, and those who tell us that the home of our own language is to be found somewhere in classical antiquity are just the kind of people to think so. In short, our teacher in this column is very much of a piece with his colleague in a parallel column who in the obituary notice of Mr. Kingsley tells us:—

> "Hereward" shows that self-sacrificing patriotism is independent of physical conditions, that the men of the Fen country could make as good a fight for their liberties as those who had been bred and trained in inaccessible mountain solitudes.

There is something rather queer in the notion of military training going on in inaccessible mountain solitudes; but the writer does not see that the merit of a fen country for defensive purposes is because it is as rich in inaccessible solitudes of another kind as a mountainous country can be. Self-sacrificing patriotism has commonly done most among fens and among mountains, not because it is independent of physical conditions, but because fens and mountains alike supply the physical conditions under which it is able to do most. Self-sacrificing patriotism did a good deal among the mountains near the sources of the Rhine and its tributaries; it also did a good deal amongst the dykes near its mouth. If our teachers can come down from the heights of classical antiquity to the history of kinsfolk nearer to us in time, place, and speech, Mr. Motley, especially as corrected by Mr. Markham, may teach them a thing or two.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

IN a recent article on Life Assurance we gave a list of Companies which sufficiently satisfied two tests of solvency which had been previously proposed both in these columns and elsewhere. We remarked at the same time that it does not necessarily follow that Companies which do not satisfy such tests are insolvent. We divided this list into three classes according to the amount of premium income of the Companies, and we guarded ourselves against being supposed to imply that one of these classes was pre-

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ferable to another. Against the name of each Company was placed the date of its establishment, the proportion (approximately) of its assets to liabilities, and the proportion of its expenditure to premium income. As it was necessary to arrange the Companies in some order, we adopted that of the proportion of assets to liabilities, placing the Company which appeared to have the highest proportion first and the others in succession. This arrangement is, however, open to the objection that we thus seem, although unintentionally, to indicate a preference for one Company over another. The calculated proportion of assets to liabilities was necessarily only an approximation, and there are many considerations proper to be regarded by persons intending to insure which cannot easily be expressed in figures. Thus a proportion of assets to liabilities which would be high for a Company of twenty years' standing might be low for one of sixty years' standing; and if the managers of a Company were determined to commit fraud, it would be possible to present a list of assets of which a large part might be worthless. On the whole, it appears to be the fairest way to arrange Companies in any list according to the dates of their establishment. All authorities agree that this date is a main element in estimating the position of a Company, and it is the only element as to which there can be no dispute or error.

But when we attempt to ascertain the proportion of assets to liabilities, several difficulties arise. In the first place, what are assets? The balance of professional opinion appears to be in favour of taking the Life Assurance Fund which each Company shows in its accounts as the amount of assets to be set against liabilities. But if the accounts of a Company merely showed that it had a Life Assurance Fund of a specified amount, such accounts would furnish small protection against fraud. The Act of 1870 requires a balance-sheet to be prepared yearly in the form given by the Act, in which the Life Assurance Fund and other funds, if any, are placed on the debit side of the account, and the assets on the credit side. An account in this form shows not only that there is a Life Assurance Fund of specified amount, but also that assets of equal or greater amount exist out of which that fund may be made good. Each class of investments being specified, it is generally possible to judge whether they are such as may be safely reckoned on, and unless we suppose direct falsehood in the return, the enumerated items must be taken to be actually existent. It appears, therefore, to be necessary to look not only to the amount of the Life Assurance Fund, but to the investments of the Company; and if it be correct, as high authorities hold, that the former affords the fairest basis of comparison, as acting impartially between Mutual and Proprietary Companies, it might be useful to give both that and the investments. In Companies which do only Life Assurance business both may readily be given; but many Companies combine Fire or Marine Assurance, or both, with Life Assurance, and these Companies may be under large and indefinite liabilities on these accounts, for which, as well as for liabilities in respect of Life Assurance, provision ought to be made by invested assets. Thus, suppose a Company doing Life business only has a premium income of 100,000*l.* a year, a Life Assurance Fund of 1,000,000*l.*, and invested assets to the amount of 1,500,000*l.* Then we may fairly say that that Company holds assets of the latter amount against liabilities which are either known from the published accounts of the Company, or may be estimated with approximate accuracy by assuming that they are about thirty-three times the premium income. But suppose that this same Company, besides its Life business, has a Fire business from which it derives a premium income of 100,000*l.* a year, then it is under liabilities which must be large, and are almost incalculable. In this case we not only cannot say that the whole of the assets are available for Life liabilities, but we cannot even say how much of the assets is so available, because the whole of the assets is generally liable to the whole of the debts of the Company. It is true that Companies of this class show not only a Life Fund but a Fire Fund, on the debit side of their balance-sheet, and assets of sufficient amount to cover both funds on the credit side, and it may be assumed that in a well-conducted Company both these funds are of adequate amount. But here we get into assumptions based on knowledge or belief as to the character of the managers of the Company. The difficulty is greater if the same Company does not only Life and Fire, but also Marine, business, in respect of which it may have large liabilities which do not admit of positive scientific valuation. The Company may indeed profess to keep its Life business funds and expenses distinct, but as regards Companies founded before the Act of 1870, it may be doubtful whether, in a legal view, this has been effectually done. A mere arrangement of the accounts of a Company would not affect the rights of its creditors, but it is of course open to a particular class of contingent creditors to stipulate that they will only look to a particular class of assets for payment. In respect, therefore, of Companies doing other business besides Life, neither the amount of the Life Assurance Fund nor the amount of assets affords a perfectly satisfactory basis of comparison, but it appears on the whole more safe to take the former; and as regards Companies which do Life business only, the former may be safely taken, having regard, at the same time, to the amount and nature of assets shown by the return. It may indeed be urged that a Company in its early years could have a Life Assurance Fund in its proper sense of only small amount, because that fund is the aggregate of invested premiums and interest; and if that Company has a large capital paid up and invested, it is entitled to take credit for the provision thus made for liabilities. Such a Company might have a very small "fund" proper, and yet might have considerable "assets"; and unless a Company can in this way obtain confidence, it is difficult to see how a new Company can ever be started.

But whether we take "fund" or "assets" to compare with "liabilities," the next question is, how are the "liabilities" to be obtained? The plan adopted in our former article of multiplying the premium income by thirty-three is at least equally fair to all Companies, and a Report to the Board of Trade which gives the total premium income and the total liabilities of all Companies shows that the latter are about thirty-one times the former, so that this plan corresponds pretty nearly with the average result of actual facts. But it must be admitted that as regards some Companies the estimated liabilities thus obtained are below the actual amount. The figures in our former article showing the proportion of assets to liabilities were taken, with some corrections, from a pamphlet by Mr. G. W. Knott. These corrections were only made where the proportion given by Mr. Knott was manifestly too high, and in one instance, that of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, Mr. Knott's figure was given, although it was too low. Mr. Knott gives results only, without showing the figures on which he founds them. We have now before us two different compilations giving both bases and results. One is a *Table showing the Financial Position of the Life Assurance Companies of the United Kingdom*, prepared for the use of the agents of the Scottish Equitable Life Assurance Society. The figures of this table are taken from the Blue-book for 1874, and therefore as regards many Companies it is one year behind the last accounts. It does not give the proportion of "fund" or "assets" to liabilities, but it gives the proportion of "fund" to premium income, which answers the same purpose. The test originally proposed in these columns was that the assets invested in first-class securities ought to be at least one-fourth of the liabilities, or at least eight times the premium income. This table conveniently applies the test in the latter form, substituting "fund" for "assets," and it thus avoids the necessity for an estimate of liabilities, and proceeds on the actual figures of premium income. The other compilation, by Mr. W. Emery Stark, is an *Abstract of the Valuation Returns* of such Companies as had made these returns at the date when it was compiled. These Valuation Returns are different from the Annual Returns on which we have hitherto proceeded. The Act of 1870 required Valuation Returns to be made before the end of 1872, and thereafter at intervals of ten years. Some Companies made their Valuation Returns soon after the passing of the Act, and as regards such Companies, the information we derive from these returns, although very complete, is not nearly so recent as that afforded by the Annual Returns as far as they go.

It must be remembered that, in presenting the subjoined tables, we, for the sake of simplicity, omit several qualifications of the statements contained in them which would be necessary for complete accuracy. Thus, when we give the percentage of "Life Funds" to "Sum Assured," this sum includes bonus. When we speak of "Premium Income," this refers sometimes to original premiums, sometimes to premiums reduced by bonus. Annuity Reserves are sometimes included in "Life Funds." The second proposed test of solvency was that the percentage of office expenses to premium income should not exceed 10, or at the outside 12, per cent. This percentage is in some cases, we believe, reckoned not on the premiums actually received, but on the original amount of premiums before reduction is made in the shape of bonus. This, if it be so, is unfair to other Offices. These are only a few of the qualifying remarks which might be made on the figures of the subjoined tables, and such figures should always be considered in reference to the age and other circumstances of the Company.

CLASS I.—Offices with Premium Income of 200,000*l.* and over:—

Date of Establishment.		Number of Years' Premium Income in hand (Scottish Equitable).	Percentage of Life Funds to Sum Assured (Stark).	Percentage of Life Funds and Capital to Sum Assured (Stark).	Percentage of Expenses of Management and Commission to Premium Income (Board of Trade).
1806 ...	London Life Association	11·2	40·0	Mutual	3·4
1807 ...	Eagle	9·7	29·4	31·1	9·3
1815 ...	Scottish Widows' Fund	11·5	32·3	Mutual	11·3
1823 ...	Law Life	16·8	44·2	53·6	7·7
	Economic	12·5	30·7	Mutual	8·5
1835 ...	National Provident	12·9	31·7	Mutual	8·3
1837 ...	Scottish Provident ...	8·8	24·6	Mutual	12·5

CLASS II.—Offices with Premium Income below 200,000*l.*, but not less than 100,000*l.*:—

Date of Establishment.		Number of Years' Premium Income in hand (Scottish Equitable).	Percentage of Life Funds to Sum Assured (Stark).	Percentage of Life Funds and Capital to Sum Assured (Stark).	Percentage of Expenses of Management and Commission to Premium Income (Board of Trade).
1721 ...	Royal Exchange ...	12·6	35·8	52·	10·6
„ ...	London Assurance ...	9·8	30 4	40·3	(not shown)
1762 ...	Equitable ...	26·9	72·5	Mutual	5·
1806 ...	Rock	12·9			9·3
„ ...	Provident	11·0	33·1	34·	11·8
1807 ...	West of England ...	9·3	28·1	33·6	11·
1808 ...	Norwich Union ...	11·6	34·	Mutual	11·
1810 ...	Sun	10·9	33·	40·1	13·6
1821 ...	Guardian	12·8	37·5	61·6	10·8

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CLASS II. (*continued*).

Date of Establishment.		Number of Years' Premium Income in hand (Scottish Equitable).	Percentage of Life Funds to Sum Assured (Stark).	Percentage of Life Funds and Capital to Sum Assured (Stark).	Percentage of Expenses of Management and Commission to Premium Income (Board of Trade).
1823	Edinburgh	8·0	28·6	30·8	16·2
1824	Clerical, Medical, and General ...	11·1	33·5	34·4	10·2
1825	Crown	7·7	23·0	28·0	14·3
1826	Scottish Amicable ...	9·0	24·1	Mutual	11·4
1829	Clergy Mutual ...	12·1	38·0	Mutual	5·0
1831	Scottish Equitable ...	11·1	30·1	Mutual	9·7
1834	Universal	5·1	30·4	32·0	11·2
1835	Metropolitan ...	10·1	32·7	Mutual	5·4
1836	Legal and General ...	11·4	34·6	38·3	11·2
„	Hand-in-Hand ...		40·4	Mutual	7·5
1844	Equity and Law ...	8·3	22·9	25·0	10·3

CLASS III.—Offices with Premium Income below 100,000*l.*, but not less than 50,000*l.* :—

Date of Establishment.		Number of Years' Premium Income in hand (Scottish Equitable).	Percentage of Life Funds to Sum Assured (Stark).	Percentage of Life Funds and Capital to Sum Assured (Stark).	Percentage of Expenses of Management and Commission to Premium Income (Board of Trade).
1797	Pelican	11·9			12·2
1808	Atlas	15·9	40·9	44·5	11·1
1820	Imperial	9·6	27·6	33·7	11·9
1824	Alliance	10·4	27·9	44·2	11·8
1825	University	17·0	43·9	45·3	10·6
1830	National	10·2	31·3	Mutual	11·7
1832	Friends' Provident	15·1	33·1	Mutual	11·8
1834	Mutual	10·2	30·2	Mutual	11·6

REMARKS.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.—Transacts Fire and Marine business. Percentage of "Life Assurance Fund" to sum assured on Life is about 37. Percentage of same Fund and Capital to same sum is 52. Percentage of total Assets to same sum would exceed 80. But, in the absence of special provisions, Fire and Marine liabilities are chargeable, as well as Life liabilities, against Capital and Reserves.

LONDON ASSURANCE.—Transacts Fire and Marine business. Percentage of "Life Assurance Fund" to sum assured on Life is about 30. Percentage of same Fund and Capital to same sum is about 40. Percentage of total Assets to same sum would exceed 50. But see remark on Royal Exchange.

ROCK.—Not noticed by Stark, and no statement of sum assured accessible. Percentage of "Assurance Fund" to (estimated) liability is about 40. Percentage of total Assets to same is about 60.

WEST OF ENGLAND.—Transacts Fire business. Percentage of "Life Assurance Fund" to sum assured on Life is about 28. Percentage of same Fund and Capital to same sum is about 33. Percentage of total Assets to same sum would exceed 35. But see remark on Royal Exchange.

GUARDIAN.—Transacts Fire business. Percentage of "Life Assurance Fund" to sum assured on Life is about 37. Percentage of same Fund and Capital to same sum is about 61. But see remark on Royal Exchange.

UNIVERSAL.—Percentage of "Assurance Fund" to sum assured is about 21. Percentage of same Fund and Reserve Fund together to sum assured is about 30·4, which Stark gives. But in dealing with other Companies he excludes Reserves, and S. E. Table excludes it in this case. It is believed, however, that the system of valuation of this Company is peculiar; and perhaps what is called "Reserve Fund" really forms part of "Assurance Fund."

HAND-IN-HAND.—Transacts Fire business. Accumulated Fund is liable for both Life and Fire. Percentage of *this* Fund to sum assured on Life is over 40, as stated by Stark. But no percentage is given in S. E. Table, apparently because there is no separate "Life Fund."

PELICAN.—Not noticed by Stark, and no statement of sum assured accessible. Percentage of "Assurance Fund" to (estimated) liability is about 40.

ATLAS.—Transacts Fire business. Percentage of "Life Assurance Fund" to sum assured on Life is about 40. Percentage of same Fund and Capital to same sum is about 44. But see remark on Royal Exchange.

ALLIANCE.—Transacts Fire business. Percentage of "Life Assurance Fund" to sum assured on Life is about 27. Percentage of same Fund and Capital to same sum is about 44. But see remark on Royal Exchange.

By way of commentary on the above tables we may quote the opinion of a well-known actuary that—

A Company of 10 years' standing should have 2 years' premium in hand
„ 20 „ „ 4 „ „
„ 30 „ „ 6 „ „
„ 35 „ „ 8 „ „
„ 45 „ „ 10 „ „
„ 60 „ „ 12 „ „

If any Company has the amount of assets required by this rule, this affords presumptive evidence that it is solvent, but it is by no means conclusive proof of the fact; and, on the other hand, a Company may fall considerably short of the above amounts without being insolvent.

In a pamphlet by Mr. Tucker on *The Causes which lead to Insolvency of Life Assurance Companies* (Kent and Co.) the author concludes from certain tables which he gives that

An Office should at all times have in hand at least 50 per cent. of the premiums on its existing policies, exclusive of the value of any additions made to the sum assured, or reduction of premiums by way of bonus.

This rule could only be applied to Offices as they render the detailed Valuation Returns which the Act only requires to be made every ten years, and we doubt whether even those Returns would be sufficient. We have already made nearly the same remark with reference to the useful table of Mr. Stark which depends on the "sums assured." The table of the Scottish Equitable Society has the merit of depending only on the Annual Returns, and the most important column of this table might be conveniently added to the table already published by the Board of Trade. Mr. Tucker's pamphlet enters fully into the important subject of "the true mode of valuing for reserve," and exposes some of the ingenious methods by which certain Companies have concealed their insolvency even from themselves. The inventor of the idea of regarding a policy, not as a liability, but as an asset, may be compared to the financier who hit upon the plan of advancing to troops by way of loan one-third of the sum due to them for arrears of pay. This, said one of the sufferers, was, when rightly considered, a loan by the soldier to the State of the remaining two-thirds. The conception of treating a promise to pay 100*l.* on the death of the promisee as an asset of the promiser was an important advance in the science of deceptive commercial book-keeping.

JESUIT TEACHING.

THE current number of the *Quarterly Review* devotes an exceptional amount of space to theological controversies. The closing article on the Pope's Speeches, which we have already noticed, was sure of course from its reputed authorship to attract the chief attention, though it may well be doubted whether its intrinsic value is by any means equal to the immediate interest it has excited. Ultramontanes will not be more open-mouthed in resenting the bitter attack on Pius IX. than in disclaiming the factitious importance and authority which his eager assailant has ascribed to the unofficial utterances of the Pontiff, or, to use the writer's own phraseology, to "infallibility at romps." The article on the Doctrines of the Jesuits is evidently from a different hand, and of a very different stamp, and will appeal to a more appreciative, though not so wide a circle of readers. It is a sequel to the review in the October number of Professor Huber's striking and serviceable—though, as his critic justly points out, not altogether impartial—volume on the Jesuits which appeared a year and a half ago. The former article, which discussed the history and constitution of the Jesuit Order, was perhaps chiefly remarkable for an elaborate attempt to prove, as it seems to us, on very insufficient evidence, the existence of a class of "Crypto-Jesuits," or clandestine members, "affiliated through bonds of positive profession and direct engagement, while exempted, in deference to motives of particular expediency, from any overt signs of membership." These are of course the familiar scarecrows of the Protestant platform and the sensational novel, but we must plead guilty, after studying the Reviewer's calm and learned vindication of his theory, to an unsubdued scepticism as to their existence in real life. To say this, however, implies no disparagement to the review or to the book reviewed, both of which will abundantly repay perusal, whether or not we may be disposed to accept all the conclusions arrived at by the writers. The article in the present number of the *Quarterly* deals exclusively with the doctrines of Jesuit divines, to which Huber had devoted one of his longest chapters; but it is not a review of Huber's treatise, and dwells mainly on the moral aspects of the system, whereas their directly theological teaching, on the supremacy of the Pope, "the *cultus* of Mary," image worship, and the like, occupy a prominent place in the pages of the Munich Professor.

The Reviewer has evidently taken great pains to examine authorities for himself, such as Gury's highly-sanctioned and widely-disseminated *Compendium Theologiæ Moralis*, based on Liguori's treatises, and his *Casus Conscientiæ*. We do not think that he at all over-estimates the practical importance of such works. Anybody who supposes that the Bismarckian policy of expelling the Jesuits, whatever may be said for or against it in other respects, will have the effect of suppressing Jesuit influence in the Church, or in the particular country from which they are ousted, may profitably be reminded that Jesuit manuals are in the hands of at least three-fourths of the confessors of the Latin Church. And even Prince Bismarck has not yet claimed the right of "tuning" the confessionals, as Elizabeth aspired to "tune the pulpits" of England. So far we are quite agreed with the Reviewer, but there are one or two preliminary remarks we should desire to make before touching on the details of his indictment, which have a very material bearing on the issue raised. A good deal of his criticism—we are far from saying all of it—would necessarily apply to any system of casuistry, and is an argument, *valeat quantum*, against drawing up technical rules of the kind at all, rather than against the particular method of the Jesuits. To analyse "cases of conscience" is to enter on the thorny and delicate investigation of doubtful or conflicting duties; and any maxims that may be laid down on such a subject-matter, however unexceptionable really, are sure to have an appearance of arbitrary if not dishonest refinement, representing as they do *ex hypothesi*, not a standard of perfection, but a *minimum* of obligation; and to this impression the popular use of the word casuistry itself testifies. It is quite open to an objector to urge, with Professor Jowett in his Excursus on the subject, as very likely the Reviewer would urge, that casuistry is therefore a mistake altogether, and tends to sap the foundations of morality. That casuistry always involves such a risk, needing to be carefully guarded against, there can be no doubt, but we are not ourselves prepared to say that, in the inevitable complications of human affairs and difficulties of conduct, there is no room for such a science. On that point however we have more than once

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had occasion to speak before now *, and the question is too wide to admit of parenthetical discussion. What we wish to insist upon here is that the recognition of a need, whether real or imaginary, for some definite rules of the kind, is not at all confined to the Roman Catholic Church, still less to the Jesuit Order. The names of Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Sanderson among Anglicans will at once occur to everybody, to say nothing of modern writers, such as the able author of a paper in the *Contemporary Review* for last June. In the Church of Rome the employment of such a code is rendered absolutely indispensable by the exigencies of the confessional. So much the worse for the confessional, it may perhaps be replied. But that again is not the question. Confession in some shape or other is by no means unknown among Protestants, even beyond the limits of the Anglican Church, while its obligatory character in the Roman Catholic Church is at least many centuries older than the Jesuits, who cannot therefore fairly be blamed for upholding that "spirit of casuistry" which is virtually part and parcel of the system of confession, in "unimpaired vigour." And this leads us to make another remark which is very necessary to be kept in mind in examining treatises on moral theology such as those reviewed here, but which hardly seems to have occurred to the Reviewer. Works on moral theology like Gury's *Compendium* are composed in Latin for the use of experts, and, like medical treatises, are neither intended to be read, nor are read as a general rule, by any one else. They are not written for the instruction of private persons as to the permissible limits of right and wrong in doubtful matters, but for the guidance of confessors in dealing with persons who have already overstepped, or may suspect they have overstepped, those limits. The distinction is an important one, and was disagreeably illustrated some years ago, when the editors of that unsavoury publication, the *Confessional Unmasked*, did their best to make controversial capital out of the wilful neglect of it. We are not of course for a moment suggesting a comparison between such purveyors of nastiness and the *Quarterly* Reviewer; but we do not think he has sufficiently taken account of this distinction in his criticisms. It is one thing, for instance, to maintain that a man may act on a "probable" opinion—which means practically an opinion advocated by any respectable authority—against what he himself holds to be the "more probable," and therefore true, view of the case; it is quite another thing to say that a confessor is not bound to enforce his own view of duty on penitents who are acting in good faith on "probable" opinions which he himself holds to be mistaken. Nor does it follow, as the Reviewer infers, that because "implicit belief" in the Trinity and the Incarnation, as distinguished from explicit belief, is held to be sufficient for those who are "invincibly" ignorant of those doctrines, therefore missionaries are justified in omitting to teach them. Indeed here we venture to think that the Jesuit moralists are simply advocating the cause of charity and common sense.

The three principles of Jesuit teaching here dwelt upon, with all of which readers of the *Provincials* will be tolerably familiar, are Probabilism, Mental Reservation, and Justification of Means by the End; and of all three—the last two especially—the Reviewer cites some very ugly illustrations from approved authors. We do not feel sure, however, that he has always caught their meaning accurately, and Mr. Gladstone's strange blunders in interpreting the Syllabus should suggest caution to outsiders in handling a technical terminology in which they are not versed. So portentous, however, was the use of these flexible principles by Jesuit divines of a former age that Gonzalez, the General of the Order, wrote against Probabilism at the request of Innocent XI., and they tried in consequence to depose him from his office at an extraordinary Chapter, but failed. A work on Moral Theology by Father Maimbourg was actually placed on the Index, and the Jesuits were ordered to eject him from the Society. And the proceedings of Jesuit missionaries in China, to which the Reviewer refers, and which are described at length by Huber, form a very dark page in the history of the Order. But these, like Mariana's once famous doctrine of tyrannicide, are things of the past, and we do not believe that the elaborate indictment here preferred against the lax morality of Jesuit teaching as regards dealings between man and man, and between the citizen and the State, has more than a theoretical interest at the present day. Some of the maxims cited are certainly monstrous enough, if they are not explained by the context, but in their obvious sense any tolerably healthy conscience, whether of priest or penitent, would at once reject them. The weak point in the Jesuit programme has always been, as the Reviewer rightly insists, not a deliberate intention of corrupting morals, which only fanatics will impute to them, but an absorbing passion for gaining influence, for which a lax connivance in matters of conduct was found to be an efficient instrument in dealing with the mass of men. The writer has not, we are afraid, overrated the ascendency obtained by the Order over the discipline and life of the Latin Church, which he compares to the action of a chemical agent precipitating a substance previously present in solution. "The substance precipitated by Jesuit agency has been the essence of pure absolutism, the sublimated corrosiveness of which has been steadily gnawing away with deadly edge every element of organic independence." Against independence of character, of mind, of research, the Society wages perpetual war, and, as the ecclesiastical annals of the last two centuries, especially in France, only too well testify, with fatal success throughout Latin Christendom. The result of the Vatican Council has no doubt been a signal and emphatic victory for the Society, "consummating," as it did, "the conversion of the Church into a synonym of the Jesuit Order," over which the Pope presides with absolute authority, being himself guided by the Jesuits. There is no need to impute dishonest or dishonourable motives to those who have consistently bent all their energies to achieve this crowning result. But we cannot doubt that it was rendered possible by the spread of Jesuit influences, which had dominated "those who needed only to have protested, firmly and persistently, in order to have saved the liberties of the Church; and that the recovery of what has thus been lost from failure of courage can be hoped for only when there is in the body of the Catholic community a revival of the spirit now apparently quenched." The general acquiescence in the Vatican Decrees, which is not counterbalanced by any general acceptance of Dr. Newman's "minimizing" interpretation of them, does not promise well for such a revival at an early date. On the other hand, we may say with Dr. Döllinger, that the experience of three centuries shows that the Jesuits have no "lucky hand," and that in the long run no blessing rests on their undertakings. The fate of the Vatican Decrees, which are their own work, may well be left in the hands of their authors.

* See *Saturday Review*, November 21, 1868; June 20, 1874.

BILLIARDS AND BILLIARD-ROOMS.

THERE is no more beautifully scientific game than billiards, and yet it has fallen into very general discredit. The great American handicap that came off this week in some rooms in Oxford Street was contested by the first professors of the art, and the play, generally speaking, was admirable. But the company, we fancy, was something less than select, although billiard-tables are articles of necessity in the clubs, and are considered almost indispensable luxuries in the best houses in town or country. Nevertheless there is no game more scientifically admirable. It calls all the mental faculties into play, to the full as freely as whist, with the single exception of the memory. You must be quick to conceive and prompt to decide. You must be ready to shift and modify your combinations, adapting them to each fresh situation of the rapidly rolling balls. If you hesitate unduly you are lost, for in practice "pottering play" is found to be invariably suicidal. Yet you must always call the teachings of your former experience into council. You must look out for what you mean to leave, and must feel your adversary as if you were fencing with him. Power of profound calculation is as essential as presence of mind. Every skilled billiard-player must have a sort of mathematical instinct. He must divine rather than study the angles of incidence and reflection. He must allow for the disturbing influence of the "side" he imparts by striking his own ball in a particular spot with a peculiar motion of the wrist and arm. He must estimate "strengths" with extreme nicety —not merely the strength of his own stroke, but the smoothness of the cloth and the elasticity of the cushions. After a variety of impacts and consequent rebounds, he should still be able to tell pretty nearly where three balls will be left lying. Then he equally needs mere mechanical gifts; his eye should be sure and his hand steady. He is all the better for a certain reach of body that dispenses him from frequently employing the rest. His grasp of the cue should almost amount to genius—it should be free and flexible, yet firm. And the head and hand must act in a common sympathy with iron nerves. It is not given to any player to command fortune, and the most magnificent game may be foiled by balls clashing unexpectedly. But if a man is to take leading rank among masters of the art, it may be said broadly that he should be equal to any execution in any emergency. We are of course setting up almost an ideal standard of excellence, yet we think all we have laid down will be admitted in the main by any expert in the game. For, as a matter of fact, all celebrated players have possessed in considerable measure all the qualities we have attributed to them. Yet the strange thing is that, for very obvious reasons, the greatest stars in the world of billiards should be men of little or no education. Some common billiard-marker who has the cue perpetually in his hand steadily comes forward to the front from among the ruck of his fellows. Keeping the confidence that comes of an easy control over the balls, he has yet the sense to eschew the loose and flashy play which is the bane of the ordinary professional. In nothing so much as billiards does the proverb hold good that practice makes perfect. Without the faintest tinge of scientific mathematical teaching a raw lad masters to a great extent the soundest mathematical principles. It is inspiration rather than reasoning that tells him that such or such a stroke will have such or such a result. We should be curious to have it tested whether a skilled mathematician could bring his play much nearer to perfect finish than has been done by the crack champion of the day, supposing him to be equally endowed with the indispensable physical capacity. This, however, is a matter that can never be put to the proof, simply because the game is not worth the candle, and the aspirations of most mathematicians rise above the board of green cloth.

For the great preliminary objection to billiards is the waste of time which the game must involve, if you are once fairly fascinated and determined to excel. If you only frequent the table in moderation, it may at least be said that it is a delightful piece of furniture in any country house. It is an unfailing resource on a wet day, or in those dark and dreary hours before dinner in the winter-time, when you have come home from hunting and shooting, and the

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time is hanging heavy on your hands. Men will smoke, and it is better to take gentle exercise over your cigar before retiring to rest than to talk scandal in an armchair with a glass of brandy and water at your elbow. The exercise, though gentle, is by no means to be despised whether for men or women. It opens the chest and extends the sinews as you reach out for your stroke on the table. Even if you choose to turn the billiard-room into a smoking-room, it need not be badly ventilated. But then it must be admitted that the game under these innocent conditions is generally something worse than pitiable. All its more delicate beauties are lost in the rough carelessness of the play, and even a fair player finds his hand deteriorate in contact with incompetent company. The best man becomes for the most part regardless of consequences. He may go in for each particular attempt with a true stroke and a quick eye. But his ideas are limited to the immediate stroke, or at most to the next one. He knows that he can venture on any liberties, and that, however loosely he may leave his balls, his enemy will not improve his carelessness to his disadvantage. Besides, and happily, in private billiard-rooms it is the rule to "play for love," and playing with nothing staked on the result is fatal to skilful and careful play. The game has this in common with whist, écarté, or picquet, that, to induce him to devote to it the necessary attention and thought, the mind of the player must be weighted with the sense of pecuniary responsibility. The result is that, at private billiard-tables, strength becomes almost everything and skill goes for little. The balls are set in impetuous motion; they are driven violently against cushions that have been reduced to the very minimum of elasticity. No one can find encouragement under such circumstances to raise himself above a very low level of capacity; if any man habitually does much better than his neighbour, he is apt to be regarded as a Greek, as much out of his proper sphere as a hawk who has swooped among innocent pigeons.

Thus it has unfortunately come to pass that the light of billiards is kept alive almost entirely in public rooms, and a great deal of most harmful dissipation is the consequence. There is dissipation of time, of health, of money. Young men come up to town to find their leisure hang heavy on their hands. They have no family circles, and access to clubs is forbidden them for more reasons than one; even if a new and respectable institution did hold its doors open to them, they would very likely have the sense to know that the entry money and subscription were beyond their means in ordinary prudence. Yet they have a young man's natural cravings and ambition. They must amuse themselves somehow, and they aspire to see something of life. They have no literary bent, even if they had pleasant books to read and a comfortable room to read in. Five guineas for a club subscription is a serious sum, but a shilling or two spent on a billiard-table once in a way is a trifle. Let them once indulge in the extravagance, and they will indeed discover that it is but the first step that costs. They find themselves in a bright and warm apartment. The game is a fascinating one from the first, and if they begin to play with novices like themselves, it agreeably piques their sense of rivalry. Or, if they fall into more experienced hands and get real instruction, they are still more likely to develop any decided turn they may have for it. Then there is an atmosphere of sociability in these public places. Every one is smoking, chatting, laughing, and drinking. The private table soon becomes dull, and to be continually engaging it costs money. As they mount the stairs to it, they hear the rattle of balls and the cheery clamour of voices from the public room below. Pool is always going on there, and it is a cheap excitement to sit and look on. The stakes are not very high perhaps, but they are high enough to excite the players, and to give to raw onlookers a strong interest in the game. The play seems easy enough too; it is the most experienced *habitués* who win with the least effort. The ambitious youth longs to try his hand, and there is always the element of uncertainty to encourage him. Luck may stand his friend, especially if he hits hard enough; and, if he chooses to be very prudent, he may take extreme care of his "lives," sell his ball, and have his amusement for nothing. Possibly luck may befriend him; he may win a trifle to begin with, and be tempted to persist. Or, if he loses, and loses something more than he can afford, he is all the more urged to go on and get it back again. If he has common intelligence he must remark that certain persons whom he meets invariably realize a steady profit. But he comes to regard their superiority as one of the inevitable hazards of the play, a percentage that must be paid to begin with, just as much as the charge for the table. These astute gentlemen, practised in plucking pigeons gently, do their best to nurse and encourage him. So he goes on losing what he can ill afford to lose; smoking and drinking at untimely hours in the foulest atmosphere. His mind is distracted from his ordinary pursuits, which soon grow insipid; he begins to drag a lengthening chain of petty debts behind him; he gets up in the morning feeling out of health and spirits; his morals as well as his manners deteriorate; and, if he has not the resolution to break with habits that are more easily formed than broken, to dispense with the false excitement that is stealthily coming to be the spice of his existence, and to work a radical reformation of a sudden, he will find that the passage that took him into the billiard-room is the road that leads him on to the dogs.

No doubt the fact that English billiard-rooms are answerable for so much evil is owing chiefly to the inveterate English practice of mixing up sport and money-making. All over the Continent, even in the great cities, the billiard-room is usually as harmless a place as a hard-worked man need resort to. Even in Paris or Vienna the table stands in the café where you would in any case be sipping your coffee or your tea. It is quite the exception when any one thinks of betting. Respectable fathers of families take to the game as naturally as to dominoes; they have played it from boyhood by way of exercising the body and diverting the mind, and their sons are playing it now under their eyes in the same room. In every remote village in France, Italy, or Germany you find the official aristocracy of each small community, from the mayor downwards, assembled in the village public-house in blouses or slippers, as the case may be, labouring at the universal game on a ragged cloth, with an immense expenditure of breath and physical force. It does them all the good in the world; keeps them in strength and wind; gives them a harmless subject of common interest, and diverts their mind from dangerous political questions. If it were practised at all in the same way in this country in our long and dreary winters, we should think it matter for unmixed congratulation. But as it is, we fear that, to say the best of them, our public rooms are haunts of perilous temptation.

DESCRIPTIVE REPORTING.

THE practice of descriptive reporting was either invented or has been wonderfully improved in America, and the Tilton-Beecher trial at New York has developed this practice in an amazing manner. We read in the *New York Herald* that this trial began on the 11th instant, before Judge Neilson and a jury. On the bench sat Judge Shackleford of Virginia, who had come to observe the course of justice in New York. "He was a solid old gentleman of the type of Jefferson, greyish florid beard and hair, red cheeks, and blue eyes." Before proceedings began, Mr. Evarts rose, "with several kinds of frowns on his lean, slim face," and remarked that counsel were cramped by intruders—meaning, as appears, reporters. At this moment Mr. Frank Moulton arose to accommodate counsel, and bumped his chair against Mr. Beecher's lawyer, Shearman, upon which Shearman said "Excuse me," and he and Moulton, "who have cordially hated each other," laughed reciprocally. Whereupon the reporter quotes, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," although the only touch he mentions was that of Shearman's body by Moulton's chair. "The great event of the day was the entry of Mr. Beecher, wife and family." We cannot quote the whole of the reporter's description of Mrs. Beecher's dress and looks, which indeed shows that the writer is hardly up to this part of his work. If it be really necessary to describe the dress of a lady who appears in Court, the *Herald* ought to supply the only talent which appears to be wanting to its gifted staff. It is easy to say that Mrs. Beecher wore a black velvet bonnet with a bow, but when it comes to talking about "a piece of black lace coming forward from the lining," it is evident that this reporter has meddled with matters that are too high for him. If this sort of thing is to be done a woman, or at lowest a man-milliner, ought to be engaged to do it. The ladies who are contending for the rights of their sex ought immediately to demand that this province of journalism be ceded to them, and they may support their claim by pointing to the deplorable ignorance of a writer who could not inform an anxiously expectant world whether Mrs. Beecher's black dress was made of silk or velveteen. He is more at home when he proceeds to tell us that Mrs. Beecher looked up with a pair of beautiful black eyes, close under her straight-out brows, that her nose was straight, her lips were very red for one of her age, and her face was a short oval. Her two sons accompanied her, Colonel Beecher with a large brownish moustache, and his younger brother with an incipient moustache. Mr. Beecher sat with a note-book in his hand, but was supposed to be making notes, not of the speech of the adverse counsel, but of some lecture or sermon to be delivered by himself. His splendid forehead and finely cut eyebrows, his straight nose, large and prominent mouth, and pointed chin, defined against a square throat, gratified every critic of vital beauty and expression in one passed the turn of life. His skin was very red, and the grey hair, long and soft, fell behind the ears and rested on the velvet collar of his cloak. Thus far as to the dress and looks of the Beecher family, and now we come to their behaviour. Mrs. Beecher is described as "shaking off some of her stolidity" when she found that "Judge" Morris, counsel for Tilton, was gentle in his remarks, and that the trial was not as bad a thing as she had expected. Mr. Beecher, it seems, was encouraged by the dissipation of his wife's stolidity to address a few words to her, whereupon "she faced about and gave a girlish smile, with an open mouth and full white teeth." We have no concern with the issue of this trial, but it is gratifying to learn that at its very beginning the spectators were satisfied that injustice had been done to the "person and accomplishments" of Mrs. Beecher. It would take a clever man to judge of her "accomplishments" from merely seeing her in Court, but then the reporters of the *Herald* are very clever men. "Comely, bodily attractive, and conducting herself with a grave dignity, which corresponds favourably with Mr. Beecher's volatility," she "drowned" the criticism that arose out of the recollection that the Judge had forbidden ladies to come into Court. Behind the Beechers sat Mr. Ovington, at whose house Mrs. Tilton lodges. Ovington and Tilton had met before, and "exchanged scowls," and now Tilton attended only to his counsel. A "dramatic incident" occurred when Beecher and Tilton, looking up at the same moment, each caught the other's

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eye. They continued gazing, not looking combative but half-shy, until Beecher bowed to Tilton, and Tilton bowed in return, and this "passage at arms" ended. The personal appearance of Mr. Storrs, head of the Church Committee of Investigation, and that of Professor Raymond, "the elocutionist," are then described, and at last we come to "Judge" Morris and his speech.

The judges in New York set a laudable example to our own by avoiding overwork. It appears that the Court sat at 11, adjourned at 1, met again at 2, and rose at 4. "Judge" Morris was suffering from a severe cold, and had a piece of flannel round his neck when he came into Court, and was moody and reticent while the jury were assembling. He has a soft, rather impressive voice, and a sincere manner. The "head and tail" of the jury, or foreman and hindman, as we might say, are then introduced, and the apparent effect of Mr. Morris's eloquence upon them is described. The "tailman" became "perfectly suffused" with the argument, and did not notice when an adjournment was called. When Mr. Morris ceased, Mr. Evarts, of the defence, shook his hand, and said he could not have expected so good an argument. The reporter now proceeds to report Mr. Morris's speech without any relief from the tedium of ordinary talk except the occasional introduction of capital letters. But happily at 1 o'clock the Court took a recess for an hour, and when it reassembled at a quarter-past 2, Mr. Thomas Beecher, half-brother of the defendant, had arrived, and required to have his portrait taken. He is a tall, apostolic-looking man, serious, and "his mind seemed to be far behind his eyes." During the afternoon Thomas Kinsella, ex-member of Congress, came to the gate of the bar, and looked over smilingly. Our knowledge of legal and political society in New York is unhappily insufficient to enable us to appreciate the importance of this incident. At three o'clock Mr. Beecher began to whisper in Mr. Shearman's ear, and his face assumed such a position that, "the worn eyelids and the creases of the face being down, baglike," gave him some resemblance to General Butler. Presently his reddened face showed heat or agitation. At half-past 3 the sun shone in at the window, and struck on the hair of Mr. Beecher and his wife. Meanwhile Mr. Morris was proceeding with his speech until 4 o'clock, and the reporter seems to admire the patience of the audience which listened to him for four hours.

The trial "took no more sensation" on the second day. Mrs. Tilton, encouraged probably by the example of Mrs. Beecher, came into Court, and again was the reporter obliged to undertake the only task to which he is unequal. Mrs. Tilton was in a very perfect state of equanimity—and in purple. He says, however, less about her dress than about her person, and his description is much more clear than flattering. If he were in England he might add a new terror to the Divorce Court by noticing that a respondent had "an uncommonly large ear" for a small woman. At the risk of being accused of hatred for American institutions, we must express the hope that descriptive reporting will never be carried to this disgusting excess in England. In words which we will not quote, the reporter in effect says that Mrs. Tilton looked pretty much like what Mr. Morris in his speech imputed. Her friend Mrs. Ovington is "a large heavy woman," who weighs more than her husband. It seems that in America as soon as you become a public character people want to know your weight. The reporter pronounces that "to look at superficially" Mrs. Ovington was "the more superb woman" of the two; but "critically examined" he would have considered Mrs. Tilton's "the more seductive face." The reporter frankly, and we dare say truly, states that the gratification of looking Mrs. Tilton over was freely indulged in by every spectator, and "the opinion was not favourable." "Judge" Morris unwrapped his throat and went straight to business at 11 o'clock, and continued with the usual recess till 4. There were some incidents to relieve the monotony of talk. Once Mr. Beecher smiled and rubbed his nose. Mrs. Beecher at the same moment "dropped her grim countenance" and smiled. It is almost a relief to find that this reporter can be impartially uncivil. He thinks it a remarkable coincidence that the speaker having to use the words "horror of great darkness," and the sun having flushed the window curtain, the bell of the City Hall began to toll for noon. But the chief incident of the day was Mrs. Beecher's talk with Mrs. Tilton at the recess. As the two ladies are shaking hands, the reporter mentally compares their charms, and states the result with his usual candour. "It was at once apparent how much the superior of the pastor's wife was his communicant in those qualities of face and expression which allure men." The jury were allowed an hour and a quarter of recess, and perhaps they needed it. They had not, as we have, the advantage of interspersed capitals and descriptive sketches, and the unrelieved eloquence of "Judge" Morris seems to have been quite too much for them. He only began at 11 o'clock, and at half-past 12 "the big juryman," Christopher Fitter, closed his eyes for a nap, and his beard flooded the inside of his vest as he nodded forward. It appears that the bell tolling at noon had had rather a soothing effect upon the big juryman, who, as we are glad to find, was not disturbed in his nap until the time came for recess, food, and liquor. That is something like civilization. "Judge" Morris did not quite finish his speech on the second day. He pleaded illness as an excuse for its length, and asked for one hour of the third day, which was allowed. Counsel on the other side complain that he used the occasion of an opening to sum up evidence not yet presented, but they did not interrupt, because, says the reporter, "English practice is conducted in this way, and Shearman" (Beecher's lawyer) "is a great stickler for English methods." We can only hope that the reporter does not suppose himself to be imitating English practice. Such a trial is bad enough, and such reports make it worse, and the nuisance threatens to be almost interminable.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

WE have to speak now of portraits, of which, including British and foreign, there are no less than eighty. The authors of these works are some of the most skilled in their profession, such as Holbein, Antonio More, Tintoretto, Velasquez, Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough. And we are inclined to give all the more prominence to this part of the Exhibition because the art of portrait-painting is peculiarly English, not only as being identified with the history of our country, not only as being the means by which is perpetuated the personal presence of men who have done good service to the State, but also because these national works are sometimes products of the soil, and often heirlooms which descend in families from generation to generation. While for the most part religious pictures, such as Nativities, Crucifixions, and Entombments, have been imported as exotics from abroad, and while the imaginative art of Italy is enjoyed as a kind of superfluity or luxury, portraits have ever been deemed in England of the nature of necessities, first among kings, queens, and nobles, and at length by merchants and the well-to-do middle classes. The amount of these family possessions is without parallel in any other country. The number of National Portraits exhibited at South Kensington exceeded two thousand eight hundred, the vast majority of which were, as a matter of course, executed in England, inasmuch as even when in the earlier times the painter was a foreigner, it was easier for the artist to come to his sitters than for his sitters to go abroad to the artist. In the Exhibition at Kensington the likeness as a likeness was the first consideration, but here in the Academy art as art rightly takes precedence. As a general rule, portraits of foreigners reach this country on account of their art merit—that is, for the sake of the master whose genius they reflect. Thus here we have a "Portrait of a Senator" (123); also another "Portrait of a Senator" (129); even the name is lost; but the great painter, Tintoretto, gives value to the canvas. It is fortunate when a portrait can be prized for the sake of the sitter as well as of the painter. These two considerations meet in "Edward VI." (179), by Holbein; the "Earl of Essex" (161), by Sir Antonio More; the "Infante Don Balthazar Carlos" (132), by Velasquez; the "Earl of Richmond" (85), by Vandyck; to which may be added not a few portraits by Gainsborough and Reynolds.

The history of portrait-painting in England may be divided into the periods of Holbein and Antonio More, of Vandyck, of Van Somer and Honthorst, of Lely and Kneller, and lastly of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and their contemporaries and successors. The whole time, prolonged over three centuries, is represented in Burlington House; but here and there occur gaps in the chronology from the absence of Van Somer, Honthorst, and Kneller. We have already in a previous paper noticed Holbein's interesting portrait of "Edward VI." (179) as a child; eight portraits of this youthful King have been exhibited at Kensington, of which seven were assigned to Holbein: the one now contributed by the Earl of Yarborough to the Academy was the best of the series. The painter's style, in common with his parentage, shows foreign extraction; like the German art of the sixteenth century, it is heavy and hard, plain and plodding, yet not the less fitted to chronicle faithfully the faces of the men of the time. This now extinct manner was more in keeping with our remote ancestors than with our immediate contemporaries; and yet it would have been well if our native school had taken more from Holbein and the old Germans, and less from Vandyck and the Italians. Some such compromise was happily made by Sir Antonio More, of whom we are favoured by the Earl of Yarborough with a magnificent example in the seated figure of the first Earl of Essex, the father of the unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth (161). What firmness of hand, what precision of drawing, what trenchant character, and stern resolve both in head and attitude! The expression becomes all the more striking from the oblique outlook of one eye towards the spectator, as if a second thought had crossed the mind, giving to the face a kind of byplay—an "aside," as they would say upon the stage. Antonio More never lost his way in a face; he read character clearly and searchingly; and even a cross purpose, as in this diagonal glance athwart the features, never threw his pictures into confusion or contradiction. All great portraits are preserved in unity by controlling motive.

Velasquez, only surpassed by Titian, exerted no appreciable influence over the contemporary art of England; among the 2,800 National Portraits exhibited at South Kensington only one was ascribed to the great master of Madrid, and that erroneously. But Spanish wars which beggared Spain enriched England with pictures which have indoctrinated our native school with the principle and practice of Velasquez. The latest manner of Mr. Millais shares *chic* in common with the daring, dashing Spaniard. Thoroughly characteristic of the master are the "Portrait of Philip IV." (121), lent by the Queen, and the "Portrait of the Infante Don Balthazar Carlos" (132), contributed by the Duke of Abercorn. We are surprised to find that neither of these figures has a place in the apparently exhaustive list in Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's "Annals"

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—a catalogue which comprises no fewer than twenty-three likenesses of Philip IV. and twelve of Don Balthazar Carlos. The portrait of the latter now before us, though the face is skinned by cleaning, serves almost as an epitome of the genius of Velasquez; matchless in mastery and sleight of hand, grand in depth of colour, yet brilliant in light, and wide-stretching in space over sky and distant landscape. How true to nature too are the noble mastiff and the sprightly greyhounds! Velasquez ranks as one of the foremost animal-painters—realistic as Snyders, expressive of character as Landseer, yet, unlike our English animal-painter, never degenerating into sentimentality either in men or dogs.

The great Venetian school of portraiture—the greatest the world has known—can scarcely be appreciated in the present collection. However, we may quote as fairly good examples of Tintoretto—here approaching Veronese—the two lustrous portraits of Senators (123, 129), lent by the Duke of Abercorn. Of Titian's senatorial or regal manner there is no specimen, unless "The Queen of Cyprus" (130) be allowed by excess of courtesy to pass as genuine. We cannot congratulate the Academy on the new name found for the figure originally exhibited as "The Queen of the Gipsies." This is not the portrait of Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, as may be determined by comparison with any engraving from Titian's famous portrait in Florence. Yet it is fair to state that in both pictures alike the figure stands near a wheel in the character of St. Catherine. The lovely head in Florence corresponds in general type with that adopted by Herr Makart in his composition, noticed in these columns, of Venice doing homage to the Queen. We may here just mention that "Diana and Actæon" (117) is a subject which Titian frequently repeated; one version is in Madrid, another in the Bridgewater Gallery, and the replica now exhibited is from the Earl of Yarborough. Of how much Reynolds owed to Titian and his contemporaries we have now within these walls, not for the first time, abundant evidence. The manner of this great Venetian, writes Reynolds, "was then new to the world, but the unshaken truth on which it is founded has fixed it as a model to all succeeding painters."

The Dutch school is not in strength, yet some few portraits appear by Rembrandt, Hals, Helst, and Mytens. "An Old Lady" (157), from the Earl of Yarborough's collection, we named in a previous paper as characteristic of Rembrandt at his best. "A Lady in a Ruff" (8) is a poor sample of Van der Helst, and another "Lady" (209) shows Daniel Mytens hard, mechanical, and colourless—faults common to Dutch portrait-painters, Rembrandt excepted. Franz Hals, an ill-conducted creature, addicted to drink, and ever in debt, is unequal. His own portrait (146) is stamped with vulgarity; but we are presented with a different and superior face in another professedly autograph likeness (237). Under the discrepancy we gladly give the painter the benefit of the doubt. Better than either of these heads is one which we remember in Cassel. Rather more approaching to Van der Helst or Rembrandt is a speaking portrait, which by its stereoscopic relief seems ready to jump out from the canvas (142). Many people have been struck with the resemblance between this head and Mr. Alma Tadema. The nationality of the sitter and of the artist is of course the same. Franz Hals was younger than Rembrandt, and in the recent edition of Kugler it is remarked that he "was obviously the model which the great Dutch school directly or indirectly followed, and he thus assumes a significance in the history of art which has never been sufficiently acknowledged."

The prolific pencil of Vandyck produces fourteen examples of his graceful and aristocratic art. Supreme according to their several subjects are the Duke of Richmond (55); the Earl of Strafford (111), and his wife (109); Mary, Duchess of Hamilton (149); "An Artist" (141), exquisitely artistic; and the "Doria Family" (219), probably one of the much-prized portraits which the painter executed during his long stay in Genoa. Vandyck, as distinguished from Holbein, Velasquez, and Rembrandt, was the courtly painter of "the carpet knight" and of the well-dressed lady of society; no one better understood the value of an aristocratic nose, of a nicely tapering hand elegantly drooping as a lily on its stem. His style had the fault of being too artificial, yet with what grace and taste do his ladies glide noiselessly among marble columns and crimson curtains (see Nos. 109 and 149). Vandyck had greater love for ancestral halls than for green fields and the blue sky; Reynolds and Gainsborough, on the contrary, delighted, as we see upon these walls, to place their sitters in the open air in the midst of nature. But if Vandyck did not care to carry his figures into the sunlight, he succeeded in bringing sunshine within his studio. We are told of this prosperous painter, when in London, that "he always went magnificently dressed, had a numerous, gallant equipage, and kept so good a table that few princes were more visited or better served." Titian, Velasquez, and Rubens also kept great state; indeed even down to the present day the idea is held that a man to paint a gentleman must live on the scale of a gentleman.

It is only with Hogarth that we enter on a truly English and insular style, which we confess comes by its directness, simplicity, and naturalness as a grateful relief from the artificial and foreign manners imported from the Continent. We seem to be looking not on shadow but on substance, not on paint but on flesh and blood, not on a picture but on the very life, when we stand before such portraits as "The Hon. J. Hamilton" (212), firm in drawing, masterly in touch; "Miss Fenton as Polly Peachum, in *The Beggar's Opera*" (137), a head frankly outspoken; "Sarah Malcolm" (71), a portrait in which we read the robber and the "murderess"; and "The Shrimp Girl" (31), a veritable "sketch from nature," with sunshine in the liquid translucent colour, and laughter in the open mouth and sparkling eye. Hogarth is perhaps too exclusively prized as a satirist; but we are here able to judge how greatly his success depended on his power of delineating character as a portrait-painter; it used to be said of poor Haydon that he failed in high art because he never mastered the difficulty of painting a good and faithful portrait. Hogarth, too, has rare technical qualities; his colours are liquid, harmonious, and sound; and thus while the pictures of Lely, Kneller, and Reynolds fade, blacken, and crack, the portraits of Hogarth remain fresh and intact as if painted but yesterday.

The independence which has marked our English art from the time of Hogarth is nowhere more conspicuous than in portraiture. Take as an example "Mrs. Wright" (223), by Wright of Derby; for homely character unadorned, for middle tones of tertiary colour, for truth-seeking, care in every touch, how great is the contrast with the artificial style of Vandyck! Also, we may note, for downright straightforward manner, a little portrait on panel of Mr. Stark (17), by Collins, R.A. In a wholly different style, and equally severed from the schools of the Continent whether ancient or modern, is the portraiture of Mr. Maclise, R.A., exemplified in a hard realistic figure of Dr. Quain, with accessories of inkstand and microscope (49), and a melodramatic impersonation of Mr. Macready in the character of Werner (267). The genius of the tragedian and that of the Academician were akin. The harsh, guttural elocution and the spasmodic action of the one find an equivalent in the black shadow and stilted attitude of the other.

By common consent English portrait-painting reached its acme in the time of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. Of the latter we need not speak in the absence of any first-rate example. Gainsborough, on the contrary, is conspicuous in ten pictures, among which are pre-eminent Mrs. Carr (88), small and even sketchy, and yet leaving nothing to desire, so precise yet free is the touch, so pure and perfect the technique and colour. Also capital after its kind is Mary, Duchess of Montagu (156), an old lady of a pattern of stiff and stately propriety, who asserts herself quietly but decisively; and specially artistic are "The Two Sisters," Lady Day and the Baroness de Noailles—recently purchased at the almost unprecedented price of 6,300 guineas. "How well sisters sing together" is a commonplace in society; how well too do they sit together with arms and hands in mutual embrace! There could not be greater harmony in voice than concord in form, line, and sentiment.

Reynolds had more variety than his rival. "Hang him," exclaimed Gainsborough, "how various he is!" He shows himself, in fact, simply inexhaustible; here is added a further instalment of a quarter of a hundred canvases, and a volume would not suffice to tell of the pictorial devices gathered on the eclectic principle from every master from whom it was possible to borrow or steal. Reynolds in Burlington House once more displays himself as a courtier, a ladies'-man, and yet to the very last the unspoilt child of nature. He was fond, as we have said, of taking his sitters into the open air, into the midst of fields and trees, as witness two fancy portraits—prim Lady Caroline Montague Scott as a child (43), and that delightful little lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick standing alone on a hill-top (73). No artist ever endowed womanhood with greater grace, gentleness, or modesty. Vandyck, Lely, and Lawrence were comparatively meretricious; while Reynolds, notwithstanding that he did more than justice to Kitty Fisher, remained loyal to the wives and daughters of England. How ladylike, quiet, and graceful are the portraits of Mrs. Weddell (34) and of Mrs. Morris (83). Reynolds was ever seeking excuse to pass into fancy compositions; in other words, he sought to animate the humdrum of portraiture by poetry; and we are here once more introduced to the pleasing and picturesque conceit, now on a faded canvas, of Mrs. Pelham feeding her chickens (108), a picture which in the Manchester Art Treasures divided with Mrs. Graham, by Gainsborough, the suffrages of a rapturous public. We have also in Burlington House the opportunity of further gauging the range of Reynolds by the comparison of one of his earliest, and therefore most careful and solid, works, Lady Amabel and Lady Mary de Grey (139), with one of his latest, and consequently scamped and worthless portraits, the late Earl de Grey and Philip Robinson (144). Reynolds, in fact, was, in common with some of our living painters, spoilt by success; by a law all but universal in art, his middle period is the best; the prior manner has the advantage of being tentative and student like, the last pays the penalty of carelessness and over self-confidence.

REVIEWS.

DR. BASTIAN AND ARCHEBIOSIS.*

ABOUT two years ago we had occasion to review a work by Dr. Bastian entitled *The Beginnings of Life*.† As is now pretty generally known, the theory which Dr. Bastian then maintained, and which he has since persistently advocated, involved two leading assertions. He said that the lower forms of life which the microscope reveals are capable of Protean transforma-

* *Evolution and the Origin of Life.* By H. Charlton Bastian, M.D., F.R.S. Macmillan & Co. 1874.

† See *Saturday Review*, December 7 and December 28, 1872.

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tions, so that minute aggregations of vegetal protoplasm may be seen to develop—sometimes directly, and sometimes through intermediate forms—into bacteria, monads, actinophrys, amœba, ciliated infusoria, nematoids, and rotifers. This is Heterogenesis. He said again that some solutions of organic matter were, under favourable circumstances, capable of evolving living organisms, though the presence of all previously living organisms and germs had been carefully excluded. This he calls Archebiosis. In support of these propositions he marshalled a vast array of experimental results, some gathered from the works of previous investigators, but for the most part the records of the labour which he had bestowed upon the subject for years. At the date of our review Dr. Bastian's experiments had not been repeated and tested by independent observers, and in our comments we followed the rule which it seems best to follow in such cases. We accepted Dr. Bastian's statements of fact as fact until they were displaced. We assumed that the experiments which he minutely described were genuine experiments carefully performed. We discussed his theories, startling as they seemed to be, on the basis of the materials which he himself supplied. But we did this of course provisionally only. We had not gone over the ground by repeating his experiments, nor had any one else at that time done so. We reserved to ourselves the fullest right to modify or retract our adhesion to his views if subsequent experience should compel us to do so, and we waited for our ultimate verdict for the time when the opponents of Dr. Bastian's views (and they were numerous and distinguished) should have produced their counter-evidence and supplied adequate materials for a final judgment. It may here suffice to refer to the following passages of our review:—

> Dr. Bastian, naturally enough from his point of view, chafes a little at the reluctance which some scientific men who are content to trace the pedigree of man, not merely to apes, but to the simplest conceivable organisms, even to formless protoplasm itself, have shown to accept experiments which carry back the history of life yet another step, and bridge over the gulf between what we have been accustomed to call living and non-living matter. There is nothing, however, more wholesome in science than the fair scepticism which demands ample confirmation of results which seem at first sight to clash with previously accepted theories, and probably no one would desire more eagerly than a gennine worker like Dr. Bastian that his experiments should be repeated and tested by impartial, or even by hostile, observers. We do not propose, for the present at any rate, to discuss the controversial side of the subject. Whether our author's views may ultimately prevail in their integrity or not, they can only be displaced by experiments as yet untried and by observations which have not hitherto been made.

And further on, after describing a special class of experiments, by which Dr. Bastian considered that he had proved that some solutions, such as hay-infusion, and notably a solution of turnip with the addition of a little cheese, constantly evolved living bacteria after all bacteria and germs had been destroyed and all contamination excluded, we observed, taking our facts, of course, from Dr. Bastian's statements:—

> The experiments with the turnip and cheese solution were repeated again and again with almost invariable success, and are regarded by Dr. Bastian as affording a crucial test on this part of the investigation. They may be performed with the greatest ease, and our author insists, fairly enough we think, that no one is entitled to call them in question who has not gone over the same ground with different results. This does not appear to have been done.

We adhere now to all that we said then; but very much which had not been done then has been done now, and we revert to the subject under changed circumstances and from a new point of view. The controversial side of the question, which we then felt bound in fairness to leave untouched, is now ripe for discussion, and we are in a position to discuss it unfettered by any speculations in which we indulged while the materials for forming an opinion were incomplete. Two years of eager controversy have supplied important evidence which was not in existence at the time when Dr. Bastian's original work appeared.

In the little book now before us Dr. Bastian, after a discussion in which it would be foreign to our present purpose to follow him, of the *à priori* considerations applicable to the subject, insists that the accumulated proofs supplied by the investigations of himself and others during the past two years have abundantly confirmed his theories on many points, and especially on the crucial test which he proposed and his gainsayers accepted. On the other hand, those who opposed Dr. Bastian from the first—and they included men as great on such subjects as Professors Huxley and Burdon Sanderson, with a host of minor followers—oppose him still, and maintain that subsequent inquiry has justified their incredulity and displaced the conclusions which Dr. Bastian drew from his own unsupported experiments. We propose now to consider this controversy, and in doing so shall in the first place select for special examination the experiment which Dr. Bastian and his opponents have agreed to take as a crucial test on one of the main questions in dispute.

The experiment was this. A strong solution was made either of hay-infusion, of turnip alone, or of turnip with a pinch of powdered cheese added to it. A flask in the form of a small, narrow-necked retort was partly filled with the solution and boiled over a lamp for about five minutes with violence enough to produce a strong jet of steam, and to spurt portions of the contents out of the narrow neck of the flask. The neck was then hermetically sealed in a blowpipe flame, while the ebullition was still going on, and the vacuum within was tested by noting the indentation of the glass when softened by heat, and the resumption of ebullition on the condensation of the vapour by the external application of cold water. The flask so prepared was kept at a temperature of about 90° Fahrenheit, and after a few days the fluid within was (according to Dr. Bastian) observed to become cloudy. The flask, after being again tested for vacuum, was broken, and a drop of the fluid examined in a microscope, when the cloudiness was found to be due to the presence of myriads of bacteria. These results were, as Dr. Bastian said, generally obtained with each of the three fluids experimented upon, and invariably or almost invariably so with the turnip and cheese solution.

Dr. Bastian's explanation was that the boiling destroyed any living bacteria or germs which might have been contained in the solution; that the process excluded subsequent contamination by bacteria or their germs from the air or any other source; and that the presence of the living bacteria afterwards found swarming in the solution could only be accounted for on the supposition of their *de novo* origination in the fluid, a process to which Dr. Bastian gives the name of Archebiosis.

It is obvious at first sight that experiments of this kind are very delicate, and that to make out his case Dr. Bastian had to establish three distinct facts:—

1. That the boiling sufficed to kill all bacteria and their germs.
2. That no fresh living bacteria or germs could penetrate into the flask.
3. That after the experiment the fluid really did contain living bacteria.

If he failed—we will not say to demonstrate, for inductive science knows no demonstration, but—to prove, in the sense in which proof of scientific facts is always required to be made, any one of these three propositions, his experiment was worthless.

It was open to his opponents to join issue on one or all of these assertions. For reasons which the work of previous investigators fully justified, they declined to join issue on the first and second propositions, and preferred in the first instance to select the third proposition as the one on which to rest their incredulity. Professor Huxley at a very early stage of the controversy announced that he regarded Dr. Bastian's alleged experiments as unworthy even of examination, because he was satisfied that what Dr. Bastian saw in the fluids on which he operated were not living organisms at all, but merely the dead carcasses of bacteria which had been there all the while, and which Dr. Bastian had erroneously imagined to be alive. He pointed out, what was very well known, that minute non-living things sometimes exhibit a kind of motion in the field of the microscope which an indifferent observer might easily accept as an indication of life, and he assumed that Dr. Bastian had fallen into this error. Professor Sanderson and many others expressed a similar incredulity, founded apparently on the same hypothesis. Both of these eminent investigators admitted either expressly or by implication that in some, if not in all, of the fluids on which Dr. Bastian experimented neither bacteria nor their germs (if they had any) could survive five minutes' exposure to the temperature of boiling water. Professor Sanderson moreover not only admitted, but had himself proved by a careful series of experiments, that the atmosphere does not ordinarily contain any bacteria or bacteria germs, and that even without the precaution of hermetically sealing the tubes contamination from that source was a thing which would very rarely occur. In the actual closed-flask experiments both the Professors seem to have thought it futile even to suggest a doubt upon that point.

Dr. Bastian's answer to Professor Huxley was that he was not driven to rely at all upon any observed movements as evidence of life, because he had the much more cogent evidence of rapid multiplication. If dead bacteria could simulate to some extent the movements of living organisms, it was certain that they could not breed, and they did breed, he said, to an extent sufficient in a day or two to render a clear fluid absolutely turbid. There was no reply to this, except to say that, if the experiments were properly conducted, the fluids would never become turbid with swarms of bacteria; and accordingly this was said, and so the controversy was brought to a very simple issue of fact. All that was necessary was that the experiments should be repeated by Dr. Bastian in the presence of a competent opponent, and the result observed. Dr. Bastian challenged this test, and Professor Sanderson accepted the challenge. Together they repeated the experiments with additional precautions suggested by Professor Sanderson, and the result was that the fluids did become turbid, and the turbidity was found to be due to the presence of bacteria, exactly as Dr. Bastian had asserted. In pursuance of a previous pledge Professor Sanderson published his testimony to these results, and from that time to this no one has ventured to express a doubt that fluids like those selected by Dr. Bastian, when treated by his method, are capable of evolving swarms of bacteria, after having been exposed to a boiling temperature. This of course would have ended the controversy in Dr. Bastian's favour if his opponents were to be tied to their previous acceptance or apparent acceptance of the two other propositions. But scientific questions are not to be tried by indiscreet admissions, and it was open to any one, even to Professors Huxley and Sanderson, to say that the belief which had prevailed that the temperature of boiling water was fatal to bacteria and their germs had been too hastily adopted, and was open to question. They did accordingly persist in their rejection of Dr. Bastian's conclusions on this one remaining ground; for after all that Dr. Sanderson and others had proved, atmospheric contamination under the conditions of these experiments was too extravagant a suggestion for any one to put forward.

The controversy therefore started afresh on the new issue whether the death-point of bacteria and their germs was really reached at a temperature of 212° Fah. With characteristic energy Dr. Bastian instituted a fresh series of experiments to confirm the

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evidence which he had previously accumulated, that bacteria and their germs cannot survive a moist temperature of 150°, or at any rate of 160° Fah., leaving himself, if he succeeded in this, a margin of 50° or 60° to ensure the destruction of any germs in his flask. The inquiry was a little difficult, for this reason. It was necessary first to put the bacteria and their germs whose vital resistance to heat was to be measured into some fluid in which they could thrive. But if Dr. Bastian's view was right, most fluids of this kind would be capable of evolving bacteria afresh, and therefore, if bacteria appeared, there would be no possibility of saying whether they were the progeny of germs which had survived the heat applied or newly-evolved organisms. No experiment therefore could be of any use unless the fluid used was incapable of originating such life. Before anything could be done to determine the death-point, it was necessary to find a fluid in which, under the conditions employed, bacteria would thrive and multiply if once introduced, but in which they would never appear without such introduction from without. Fortunately, such a test fluid was found. It was a solution of ammonic-tartrate and sodic phosphate which had been previously boiled. To test its capacity for sustaining bacterium-life a portion of this fluid was inoculated with a drop of similar fluid in which bacteria were living and multiplying, and in which therefore these organisms and their germs, if they had any, must be present in every stage. The inoculated fluid, at first perfectly clear, soon became turbid with teeming bacteria. It was evident that the fluid agreed with them. Another portion of the same fluid was left side by side with the first under precisely similar conditions, except that it was not inoculated, and it never showed a trace of bacteria at all. At a subsequent stage of his inquiry Dr. Bastian found other fluids more closely resembling those used in his flask experiments, which equally satisfied the required conditions of remaining clear when not inoculated, and becoming turbid with certainty whenever they were inoculated with a drop of fluid containing living and breeding bacteria. Weak infusions of hay or turnip previously boiled and used in bottles completely filled and corked down close upon the fluid were found to behave exactly like the boiled saline solution; that is to say, if previously inoculated with living and multiplying bacteria, they speedily became turbid by their increase, while, if left without inoculation, they remained permanently clear.

Having secured test fluids of this character, there was no longer any difficulty in determining whether a fluid which it was desired to examine did or did not contain living bacteria or germs. You had only to put a drop of the fluid under examination into one of what we have called the test fluids and observe the result. If the test fluid became turbid, the drop must have contained living bacteria or germs; if it remained clear, all the bacteria and germs in the drop must have been dead. The method was in fact identical with the ordinary use of re-agents in chemical analysis, the test fluid, as we have called it, being in fact a re-agent which testified to the presence or absence of life. Dr. Bastian made more than a hundred of these death-point experiments of a strictly differential kind. He took a series of bottles of test fluid and inoculated each with a drop of another fluid teeming with bacteria, which had been heated to a temperature carefully noted. The results observed were these. In every case where the inoculating drop had been heated to a temperature not greater than 140° Fah. the test fluid became turbid in the course, at latest, of a few days. In every case where the inoculating drop had been heated up to 160° Fah., the test fluid remained clear. When the heat applied was between these two limits, the results varied, showing conclusively that the death-point of bacteria and their germs in such fluids must lie somewhere between 140° and 160° Fah. This is very cogent evidence. It is precisely the same in kind, though not quite in degree, as that on which a chemist will pronounce that a fluid contains poison, and a jury will feel justified in finding a verdict of wilful murder.

Dr. Bastian in the work which we are now reviewing gives the details of his experiments, and confidently appeals to them as excluding the hypothesis that the bacteria evolved in his previous flask experiments were the offspring either of bacteria or germs which had survived the process of boiling for five minutes. Putting his argument in a syllogistic form, he says:—

No bacteria or germs of bacteria can survive a fluid temperature of 160°.

Bacteria do appear in fluids effectually guarded from contamination which have been exposed to a temperature of 212°.

Therefore the bacteria so appearing cannot be the offspring of previously living bacteria or germs, and must have been evolved *de novo*.

The major proposition rests on experiments which have never been questioned, the minor proposition upon experiments which were questioned and confirmed. The controversy has been conducted with so much keenness as to preclude the supposition that the failure of Dr. Bastian's opponents to grapple with his experimental proof of the death-point of these organisms is due to anything but their inability to do so. Mindful, it would seem, of the result of his former challenge, Professor Sanderson has not offered to repeat the death-point experiments, and he has judiciously abstained from denying what he will not undertake to disprove. Professor Huxley has maintained an attitude of somewhat similar reserve. As yet he has not even expressly withdrawn his original suggestion that Dr. Bastian had throughout his experiments mistaken dead for living bacteria. Perhaps this recantation was thought unnecessary after Professor Sanderson had shown that the suggestion was unfounded. But Professor Huxley has prudently abstained from suggesting any similar explanation, or any explanation at all, of Dr. Bastian's death-point experiments.

It is obviously quite useless to discuss collateral issues or to parade an impressive array of authority against Dr. Bastian's conclusions, while his premisses remain unshaken. When the Professors are prepared to state what they believe to be the death-point of bacteria and their germs in hay and turnip infusions, and to prove that their estimate of the destructive temperature is right and Dr. Bastian's wrong, they will be able to overthrow his conclusions. But they can do it in no other way. So long as Dr. Bastian's experiments remain unanswered and unexplained it is impossible to deny that 160° Fah. is a temperature fatal to bacteria and their germs; and it seems that after two years of controversy neither Professor Huxley nor Professor Sanderson is able to displace those experiments, or to explain them on any hypothesis except that which Dr. Bastian propounded and they at first so vehemently denied. Now they decline to commit themselves to any positive opinion, and seem content to retire in silent scepticism from a position they can no longer hold. The inference is irresistible. Dr. Bastian has fought a hard and prolonged battle against foemen worthy of his steel, and he deserves the victory which he has won.

THE TOURIST SOUTH OF THE ALPS.*

IT is with deep regret that we have to announce that the influences which have in various ages worked so fatally on successive Northern invaders of Italy have done their worst on Messrs. Cook and their Tourists. Every one knows how, over and over again, armies from our side of the Alps have crossed the mountains, to conquer indeed as long as conquest was a matter of swords, pikes, or guns, but to be conquered as soon as the land itself and its climate had time to work a fitting vengeance. Some lost their lives, some their health, some their energy and military discipline. And it happened after the like sort with men who made their way into the land in a more peaceful guise. In early days the passage of the Alps was deemed no slight matter for harmless merchants, for devout pilgrims, even for bishops making their way to the threshold of the Apostles. We hear of some losing their lives among the snow, of others making their way into the Southern land only with the loss of their limbs or their senses. A change of the like kind has clearly come over Messrs. Cook and their tourists. They are as yet far from having reached Capua, though one may doubt whether, in their present estate, either the elder or the younger Capua would be found so rich in enervating luxuries as the elder is said to have been in the days of Hannibal. So far from having reached Capua, the tourist has not yet even reached Rome, the "Roma vorax hominum" of Peter Damiani. The new invader has yielded much sooner. Ravenna on one side, Pisa on the other, as yet mark the utmost extent of his conquests. But his strength has already given way. The tourist by the Arno is already quite another being from what he was by the Seine. His whole spirit and vigour has gone from him. We have no longer any such pictures as that of the never-to-be-forgotten barber's shop at Rouen, where the one little maiden so deftly shaved the single chin common to the whole band of tourists. We have nothing on any of the Italian lakes to compare with the grand burst on the Lake of the Four Cantons, when the united tourist mouth denounced against those who should doubt the story of William Tell an anathema as heavy as any could be hurled against those who doubt the Four Gospels. In those days the tourist had both a chin and a mind. His chin was shaved at Rouen, his mind was made up on the lake, and it was made up to believe the story of Tell in the teeth of all gainsayers. All these pleasant things have passed away. The tourist has perhaps become a convert to the philosophy expressed in the formula of "nil admirari." He can now cross the St. Gotthard into the Canton of Ticino without a trace of that pleasing state of puzzled simplicity which at Airolo or at Bellinzona found it so hard to believe that he was "still in the land which produced a Tell." In short, the process which took place at Rouen would seem to have been somewhere or other gone through on a greater scale. At some stage of his journey he has been not only shaved, but shorn, utterly shorn of his strength. He has become like another man. Messrs. Cook have sunk to the level of Messrs. Bradshaw. If a little more exciting than the time-tables, they are certainly not so exciting as the notices of the towns at the end. Messrs. Cook give us nothing to be compared to the thrilling interest of Messrs. Bradshaw's short history of Milan, how (we quote from memory) it was sacked by Attila, but—we are now quite sure of our quotation—"its destruction was not effected" till the time of Frederic Barbarossa. The implied picture of the whole world for seven hundred years devoting its energies to vain attempts to effect the destruction of Milan made an impression on us which, we feel sure, will never be shaken off, and with which we have not as yet found any touch of Mr. Cook's at all worthy to be compared. It is clear that the enervating influence of the South has done its work. The spirit is gone; the facetiousness is cut down to a few of the mildest of jokes; the eloquence is done at second hand in extracts from Mr. Ruskin, Dickens, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and others with whose name we are less familiar. The only passage we think which shows any large por-

* *Cook's Tourist Handbook for Northern Italy.* London, New York, and Rome: Cook & Son. 1875.

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tion of the old spirit is a denunciation of Magadino, which really suggests to us the iambics which Archilochos launched at his native Paros:—

MAGADINO (E).—Let not the traveller think that this miserable place represents the towns of the lake, or that the view he gets over the wretched delta of the Ticino gives him the faintest clue to an idea as to what the lake really is. Magadino is stale, flat, unprofitable, and, moreover, very unhealthy. But the boats start from here, downward journey; or from Arona (p. 34), upward journey, and this infliction must be borne.

In short, the Italian guide has so far fallen off from the Swiss one, that it is largely made up of remarks so indisputably true that they might find a place in the Table-Talk of the *Guardian*, and of precepts so thoroughly practical that we should by the light of nature have followed the course which our guide suggests. Who, for instance, can doubt the truth of such a proposition as that "a day at least may be spent at Verona with great interest, and no traveller should pass it by"? To be sure, our knowledge of human nature is increased by the implied fact that there are travellers who do pass Verona by. And if it be true that many travellers who do not pass Verona by do "only allow a short time for visiting" its sights, who can doubt the wisdom of Messrs. Cook when they "recommend a cab to be taken"?

As all roads lead to Rome, Messrs. Cook offer their tourists several ways of crossing into Italy; one of course is by Lyons, Marseilles, and the Corniche road. At Lyons we may notice that the tourist, who is told that there is plenty to occupy him for a day in Lyons if he wishes to break the journey there, is sent to "the Cathedral of St. John Baptist"; he is not sent to the decidedly more instructive Abbey of Ainay. At Marseilles we are told:—

Although there are many foreign and almost Oriental aspects of the city, and although its history can be traced from the time when, 600 B.C., certain Greeks founded a colony, and named the place Massilia, up to the time when the name of Gambetta became strongly associated with it, the traveller will be reminded more of Liverpool than of any other place.

The leap from the "certain Greeks" to M. Gambetta is certainly a long one, and those who have not the advantage, when at Marseilles, of being reminded of Liverpool, but who look forward some day to be reminded of Marseilles at Liverpool, might be inclined to fill up the gap with the names of C. Julius Cæsar and Charles of Anjou. On the Splügen route—shorn as Splügen is of its dots—we come to a point of which we should like a fuller description. "The valley of the Rhine is encircled by a guardian chain of lofty mountains, on a lower one of which stand the ruins of a castle, said to be the most ancient in Switzerland, dating nearly two thousand years ago!" But where we most regret the change which has come over our guide is in crossing St. Gotthard, in the course of which process a point is reached where is a tower more than a thousand years old, and where the sound of the Italian language "reminds the traveller that he is almost in another country." Nay, when, some pages later, the traveller reaches Lugano, he is told, without a shadow of emotion, that "opposite the church is a statue of William Tell." This church, by the way, as we may perhaps some time have noticed, or at any rate ought to have noticed, contains not only frescoes by Luini, but the singularly un-Italian feature of a solid and double screen, with the wall above it carried up to the roof. On the Lake of Como our guide grows satirical at the monument on its western shore, which looks as if C. Cestius had gone thither for *villeggiatura*, and had, like Hesiod's φερέοικος, carried his pyramid with him:—

An imposing pyramid will be seen in the neighbourhood of Laglio. It is sixty feet high, and cost 25,000 francs, and it was erected by one Joseph Frank to his own memory, and in grateful acknowledgment of his own worth. The sentimental tourist may drop a tear here with propriety.

At Como we are not inclined to dispute the tourist's judgment that the cathedral "is a remarkably handsome church," but surely "S. Abondio, eleventh century, on outskirts of town," might not only have asked for a second *b* and one or two more definite articles, but might have claimed from the coldest tourist more than to be merely said to be "worth visiting." But just at this point Mr. Whalley should be on the look-out. Messrs. Cook, when at Como, speak without doubt or qualification of "a miraculous crucifix." This, it would seem, is what comes of personally conducting pilgrimages to Pontigny. But we hurry from the dangerous subject, for to doubt the miraculous nature of the crucifix might perhaps be as bad as to doubt the story of William Tell himself.

At Milan the single Corinthian column by the church of St. Ambrose is duly pointed out, but of the many Corinthian columns by the church of San Lorenzo we cannot find a word. Nothing can be more true than the statement that the high altar of St. Ambrose is usually covered, and, except at great festivals, is not exposed without payment of a fee of five francs. We are however bound to say that in 1874, unlike 1873, it was possible for the five francs to see the whole altar, and not merely its less interesting parts. But if Milan has made this slight reform, Monza—if our guide be accurate—is lapsing into bad ways. We are told that "the fee to see the crown is a very stiff one (six francs)," and another franc is put down for the treasury. In 1873 five francs did for iron crown, hen and chickens, autograph of Gregory the Great, and everything else. We may remark that at Monza, after a mention of Theodolinda, we are told that "the Cathedral"—which by the way is not a cathedral; might not the arch-priest of Monza under certain circumstances crown the King?—"contains the sarcophagus of that lady." In discreet contrast to this phrase we read at Ravenna that the mosaics of St. Vital "represent the court of Justinian and Theodora, and those notorious personages themselves." It speaks well at once for the historical accuracy and the moral sensibility of Messrs. Cook and their tourists that so delicate a distinction should be drawn between a "lady" like Theodolinda and a "notorious personage" like Theodora.

Having thus flown to Ravenna, we are not at all disposed to dispute the doctrine that St. Apollinare in Classe "is one of the wonders of the world," and we cannot too much admire the discretion which says "the great object of admiration to many is the tomb of Dante," for, as is truly said directly afterwards, "opinions differ as to the taste in which the monument is erected." But we do think it hard that there is not a word about the tomb of Theodoric or his so-called palace, not a word about the second Baptistery, and that St. Apollinare Nuovo itself is merely set down among things "as worth visiting." Again we see the effect of that unlucky journey to Pontigny. The works of the heretic are to be kept as far as possible out of sight; we even see—shall we call it a snake in the grass, or, according to Mr. Froude's more daring metaphor, a lamb that spits venom?—when we are told that St. Vital was built in the reign of Justinian in imitation of St. Sophia at Constantinople. We do not understand how St. Vital can be said to be built in imitation of St. Sophia, and, as it was certainly begun while the Goths still ruled in Ravenna, we think we see a subtle purpose to give more than his due share of honour to the orthodox Emperor. At the same time we should never think of disputing the position that "the interior is very wonderful," nor can we deny that "mosaics abound," though we are not quite so clear about "reliefs." It strikes us as an odd comparison when we are told that "the choir is gorgeous as a piece of the Alhambra"; and we are sorry to have distinctly to contradict Messrs. Cook on one point. They tell us that "the strange beauty" of Ravenna "consists in architectural remains of all periods scattered on every hand." Now the peculiar interest of Ravenna, that which makes it, as Messrs. Cook truly say, "one of the wonders of the world," is that its architectural remains are, with a few exceptions, all of one period, a period of which so little is to be seen elsewhere.

We are thankful for the glimpses of the tourist mind in two forms which Messrs. Cook have given us, first in their Swiss, and then in their Italian, Handbook. Both are studies of human nature, but we greatly prefer the former one. Italy, in Messrs. Cook's hands, has become decidedly dull; we long for the little Norman maid with her basin and razor. For our own part, if we ever find ourselves in Northern Italy in such straits as to be confined to the companionship of one small book, we shall not feel at all called upon to let Messrs. Cook displace our old friend Bädeker.

JARDINE'S PSYCHOLOGY OF COGNITION.*

ALTHOUGH we do not agree with Mr. Jardine's philosophy, and dissent from great part of his criticism, we can recommend his book as on the whole a fair, sound, and reasonable introduction to the matters it treats of. At the outset he justly remarks (in effect) that psychology is a particular science whose office it is to deal with a particular class of phenomena—namely, those of consciousness—and therefore is for the most part really independent of metaphysics. Accordingly he is sparing of purely metaphysical statements, and, notwithstanding that he does not accept the general conclusions of empirical philosophers, he has studied and appreciated their contributions to psychology with far more thoroughness than usually appears in the writings of their opponents. Indeed there is one thing which, intentionally or not, his condensed review of the subject brings out with remarkable clearness. This is, that whatever may become of the wider philosophic inferences of the empirical thinkers, from Locke and Berkeley to the Mills and Professor Bain, who have worked on psychology, theirs at any rate is the credit of having established by patient observation and analysis those definite facts in the natural history of the human mind which are now accepted on all hands as matter of common knowledge. Transcendental writers not unfrequently use these data with a lofty nescience of their real origin to which Mr. Jardine's work is an honourable exception. However, Mr. Jardine goes beyond this, and even in the more open and unsettled regions makes free use (with all due acknowledgment, be it understood) of the latest work of Mr. Spencer and others. There are passages that look like a compromise between empirical and transcendental views, and others that might stand in a book of purely empirical doctrine. We do not infer, however, that Mr. Jardine's philosophical opinions are in fact in a state of transition or compromise. We should rather conjecture, if conjecture were permissible, that, if we had them more completely before us, we should find a thoroughgoing transcendental persuasion such as, when it is once sure of its leading assumptions, sees nothing to fear in the scientific treatment of particular questions. What we here mean is best shown by an extreme case; and some time ago we had occasion to call attention to such a case in Fichte, who held that will is the only true source of all reality, and furnishes the only sufficient reason for believing in an external world, and at the same time distinctly asserted that, when we consider man's voluntary actions as phenomena occurring in the world of sensible things, it would be absurd to explain them otherwise than by sensible and mechanical causes, or, to employ the form of speech made current by Professor Huxley, to regard them otherwise than as automatic. He was far above any notions about the will creating minute doses of energy, or giving minute deflecting taps to

* *The Elements of the Psychology of Cognition.* By Robert Jardine, B.D., D.Sc., &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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molecules exactly at right angles to the way they are going, or any other desperate pseudo-physical hypothesis of that sort. Such a transcendentalist one can respect, and even admire; he differs from the scientific view of things heroically and at the root of the matter, seeing where the root is. There is another class of transcendentalists who spend all their force in fruitless petty warfare, always just missing the real question; to these we have good reason to hope that Mr. Jardine does not belong.

As the author does not present us with any systematic doctrine calling for criticism as a whole—of which indeed the plan of his work does not admit—we will simply run over some points we have noted in the order in which they come. He makes a good beginning by giving to physical and historical observation, as sources of knowledge in mental science, a weight co-ordinate with that of the direct observation of consciousness. Among the possible theories of mind and body he mentions the verbal statement that mind is a function of brain. This is, in truth, unintelligible, and Mr. Jardine does give the right way of seeing that it is unintelligible; but we should have liked to see it brought out more strongly. Here we find the remark that,

> acting upon this hasty and crude hypothesis, a set of visionary speculators called phrenologists have thought that they could learn all about the mind, its character, and its laws, by the study of its organ, the brain;

which is just in the main, but carries a rather gratuitous foot-note stating that "this is the theory also of M. Comte, G. H. Lewes, and others, who give prominence to the study of physiology as a means of becoming acquainted with mental laws." On this we must observe—1, that the perversity of phrenology consists, not in studying the brain, but in having hit on an absurdly wrong way of studying it, and persisting in that way after it is distinctly known to be wrong; 2, that Mr. Lewes, though he speaks with some respect of the earlier phrenologists, allowing much for their imperfect means of knowledge, fully admits the chimerical nature of phrenology, and cannot fairly be classed with Comte in this respect; 3, that giving prominence to physiology as a means of throwing light on psychological questions is a wholly different thing from treating psychology as a mere branch of physiology. Further on Mr. Jardine doubts the analysis of sensation (*i.e.* the mental fact of sensation) into elements which cannot be felt separately. All the evidence we have about the processes of sensation points to such an analysis, and it really will not do to meet this evidence with the bare assertion that "the essential character of a sensation is that it is felt, and felt consciously"; this may be a reason for not calling the sub-conscious mental elements by the name of sensation, but it is no more. Mr. Jardine states quite rightly and frankly the fact on which these consequences really depend—namely, that numerous apparently simple sensations are positively known to be highly complex.

On the crucial questions of time, space, and the external world the author's definite statements are satisfactory. The general tone shows an intelligent understanding of the empirical position, if not an approach to it. Of time there is not much said, but what is said seems to us quite consistent with Hume. With regard to space we must premise that there are two quite distinct questions—how or why we perceive things as extended, and whence and of what sort is our conception of space or measurable extension as apart from our perceptions of particular extended things. It is curious how these two questions are mixed up even by competent writers, and by Mr. Jardine among them. From criticizing the theory which refers the notion or idea of extension (that is, the *conception*) to the muscular sense, he passes quite unawares to his own explanation of the *perception*, as if the two explanations were not explanations of different things. The criticism in question is, we think, misconceived. J. S. Mill is said to assume that "extension is identical with that by which it is recognized or measured—that is, with a succession of muscular sensations occupying time," for which Mr. Jardine's "unwarranted" is no doubt a mild term. But such is not the assumption. We do not answer for Mill's expression of the theory at all points; but the substance of it is, not that extension is the same thing as muscular sensation, but that our notion of extension is an abstract mental symbol of possible muscular sensations, which is the result of innumerable muscular sensations that have taken place in the actual experience of ourselves or our ancestors. In answer to the other question Mr. Jardine gives an intuitive theory, as he calls it. We should call it neither intuitive nor a theory, but a simple statement of experience. We understand Mr. Jardine to say that we know things as extended, because as a matter of fact our sensations are physically localized in our organism; that extension is something which we know immediately in our own organism in some way of which there is (at present at least) no explanation, and thence mediately in external objects; or that, in other words, we perceive the external world as extended by means of an extended organism, and there is no more to be said about it. This appears to us to belong altogether to the empirical way of thinking. Mr. Jardine, in fact, applies here one of the chief rules of that way—namely, to abstain from the manufacture of illusory explanations when one knows of no real explanation.

Touching our knowledge of the external world Mr. Jardine also goes a long way towards what we consider the sound view. He distinctly says that

> the objects of the material world around us, as far as our knowledge of them is concerned, consists of various sensations projected to a distance without us, and united together in such a way that when one of them occurs, the others are invariably believed to be possible.

It is true that he cannot get rid of that besetting spectre of metaphysics, "the unknown cause or power" (two words, by the way, that ought to be banished from philosophy), otherwise the "noumenal non-ego," which nobody ever saw, felt, or handled, which explains nothing and accounts for nothing, but in which it is supposed that we cannot help believing. But, as Mr. Jardine himself observes further on, "the possibility of an honest doubt is a clear disproof of an alleged necessity." He thus concludes his remarks on this head:—

> The sensible world is partly the creation of the conscious mind; and, in the study of psychology, it must ever be borne in mind that the objects of that world combine in themselves both subjective and objective elements—partake both of the ego and the non-ego. In the study of the particular sciences, however, such as optics, acoustics, mineralogy, botany, as well as in the ordinary affairs of life, it is quite legitimate, and, indeed, necessary, to bestow independent existence upon the objects of the senses. This is done for us naturally in the education which our senses receive; and the study of objective science does not require us to leave the stand-point of practical life, while the study of psychology does.

Apart from the turn of one or two phrases, this is really nothing more or less than the net result of Hume's psychology stated in more modern language. Mr. Jardine seems to think, however, with Mr. Herbert Spencer, that no form of idealism is consistent with a belief in physical science; he says that "light, heat, electricity, force, as studied by physicists, are non-phenomenal powers, and the object of science is to ascertain their laws and relations." We must take leave to say, as Berkeley, foreseeing the objection, said long ago, that the object of science is no such thing. It is to ascertain the laws and relations of phenomena—that is, of things which can be seen, felt, and measured. The laws of force, for example, are not statements about a non-phenomenal power, but about the sensible and measurable motions of bodies as determined by the sensible and measurable positions of other bodies. We demur likewise to the statement (made for not quite the same, but for a similar purpose) that a scientific man would describe a ray of light as the "insensible vibration of an ethereal fluid caused by some power of a luminous body." The vibration is not insensible, for, if so, there would not be any light. The ether, whatever else it may be, is not a fluid, and to speak of "some power of a luminous body" is mere surplusage. However, when Mr. Jardine says "insensible" we presume he means that we cannot catch ether and see its vibrations as vibrations in the same sort of way that we can catch a frog and see the circulation of the blood in his foot; which is true, but not relevant.

The chapters on reasoning and inference are good, but one specimen of an inference which is given (p. 246) is so doubtful that it looks as if covertly intended to illustrate the truth—an important one, no doubt—that there is no formal test for the validity of inferences of fact. On the vexed question of axioms Mr. Jardine adopts a sort of modified empirical theory. He says axioms are generalized from a particular necessary inference, and, taking as his instance the familiar one that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, he gives the following account of its origin:—

> The eye and the hand of a primitive man having been trained to work together, he applies the hand, outstretched to its farthest limits, to a short object; he sees that the tip of the finger and the point of the thumb coincide with the ends of the thing to be measured; he has, in other words, a certain complex act of perception, the result of which is that he pronounces the object examined a span in length. At another place and time, he applies the same test to another object, with the same result; he remembers that the preceding complex act of perception was essentially similar to this one; and he infers that the length of the two objects is the same. Now, be it observed, this inference is not one which he might make or not, as he pleased. . . . Thus, a perception of similarity in the mental acts by which two objects are known to us is the ground of our inferring their equality. But, in making this inference, it is assumed, (1) that each of the acts gives us true knowledge of the spatial relations of each object, and (2) that these spatial relations have a true, and, to our minds, independent existence.

But, looking a little more into the conditions here assumed or implied, we shall see that the necessity of the particular inference is, in truth, determined by previous experience. The real foundation of the axiom, and that which alone makes it of any value, is our experience that things are capable of constant measurements at all, or that, as it has been well said, we live in a world that stays to be counted and measured. This primitive man's eye and hand are trained to work together only by his finding that the relations of visible and tangible extension are constant, and therefore a safe guide to action. When he says that the length of two objects is the same, he does not merely mean that on two particular occasions he got similar sensations of muscular tension by stretching his fingers over them; he means that he has learnt a constant property of the objects by which he can in future compare them with one another and with other objects. The practical meaning of the axiom is not that things which are equal to the same thing at some one time are equal to one another at that time, but that things which have been once found equal to the same thing will at all times be found equal to one another. But this is a pure matter of fact and lesson of experience. The last sentence of our extract shows that Mr. Jardine was on the right track, but he has not followed it far enough. We have been confined by the exigencies of space to picking out such things as we more or less disagree with; but we will give ourselves the pleasure of concluding with one word of unqualified assent. We are glad to see that Mr. Jardine, with a boldness most rare and commendable in a transcendentalist, makes no scruple of dismissing the Absolute as a mere logical abstraction.

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POPULAR TALES OF AGENAIS.*

IN 1867 M. Blade, a French student of the folk-lore of his country, published in the Gascon dialect a small collection of the popular tales of his native place, Armagnac. They were well received by persons of kindred spirit, both in France and in Germany, but two defects were pointed out. His stories had been brought together with very commendable industry, but he had neglected to point out their relation with cognate tales, after the precedent established by the masters of comparative mythology. To obtain such "variantes de faits" as were to be found in the neighbourhood of Armagnac he has since explored the Landes, Béarn, Bigorre, Bas-Comminges, and, above all, Agenais; and the fruit of his inquiries was found sufficient to justify a promise that he will publish a second collection of the tales of Armagnac more instructive than the first. In the meanwhile, however, he warns the curious that the "variantes de faits" which he has discovered under the circumstances are by no means so numerous as might be readily believed. On the other hand, he has found in bordering districts many stories to which nothing corresponded in the place of his birth. For studying the folk-lore of Agenais he has enjoyed exceptional facilities, enabling him to obtain popular stories directly from the lips of trustworthy residents; and of this especial branch of his studies the result is the work now before us.

M. Blade is evidently a gentleman capable of profiting by judicious criticism. To remedy the defect which consists in an omission of "variantes de faits," he has, even in the present collection, availed himself of the services of Herr Köhler, the librarian of Weimar, already known as the erudite annotator of the Sicilian Tales of Laura Gonzenbach, who has supplied an appendix of comparative notes, in which the affinity of the folk-lore of Agenais to that of other nations, however remote, is pointed out. The second defect found in the Armagnac collection was that the glossary by which it was accompanied was insufficient to satisfy the wants of those whose knowledge of French did not include a familiarity with the Gascon *patois*. This he avoids in the present work by abstaining from lexicography altogether, and by giving the tales entire, first in French proper, then in the dialect of Agenais. Those who wish to be very particular on the subject may be grateful to receive the information that Agenais was once situated on both banks of the Garonne, and that its limits were commensurate with those of the ancient bishopric of Agen. The creation, however, in 1317 of the bishopric of Condom reduced Agenais, both feudal and ecclesiastical, to the portion on the right bank, and in this alone have the materials for the present collection been obtained. Even within this narrow compass there are several varieties of dialect. The one chosen by M. Blade is that of the commune of Agen, a specimen of which, together with the corresponding French, may be interesting to some of our readers:—

Lou rei de Françs partisquèt per sou gran bouiatge, e oèit annados francos se passéron sans que tournèsse. Sa fenno attendèt enquèro un mes; après partisquèt au recerc de soun marit. Al cat de tres jours, troubèt uno pèl d'ase sur soun cami e la metèt sur soun col.

Le roi de France partit pour son grand voyage, et huit années franches se passèrent sans qu'il revint. Sa femme attendit encore un mois; puis elle partit à la recherche de son mari. Au bout de trois jours, elle trouva une peau d'âne sur son chemin et la mit sur con cou.

The Spanish flavour of the dialect may be detected by the most superficial observer.

Although the tales are only twenty in number, M. Blade arranges them in three classes, the respective attributes of which are sharply defined. First come the "Contes proprement dits," the fictitious nature of which is equally apparent to the listener and to the narrator, and which exactly correspond to the German "Märchen." Next are what he calls the "récits," corresponding to the German "Schwänke," which, if not true, are at least probable, and are commonly facetious in their tone. Thirdly appear the "superstitious," which belong to the category of the religious legend, and are generally accepted as true both by the narrator and his hearers. The classification is very ingenious, and might advantageously be applied to collections of greater pretension.

The "contes proprement dits," or "Märchen," being fragments of a creed which has long ceased to exist, manifesting themselves in a form which neither claims nor receives belief, are alone important to the student of comparative mythology. In the collection before us these are eight in number, consisting of a "Peau d'Ane," which has little in common with the story of that name rendered popular in France by Perrault; tales of a pair of sympathetic twins, and of a good and bad sister; a fable which in its essentials might have been associated with the name of Æsop or of Bidpay; a story which curiously combines *King Lear* with "Cinderella," the youngest sister performing the functions of Cordelia before she is delivered from her troubles; a nursery story, and a couple of tales nearly alike of a singularly ghastly kind. For all these stories equivalents, more or less complete, are found, and readily found, by Herr Köhler, in the folk-lore of many countries. Nevertheless, exercising the right of choice, arbitrarily perhaps, we call attention to three of them, to the exclusion of the rest.

The nursery story "La leit de Madamo" (Le lait de madame) is founded on the same principle of recurrence to the beginning of things of which we find a corresponding application in our childish story of the "Old Woman who found a Silver Penny." It runs thus:—

Madame asks for milk. I go to the cow, and the cow says, "I will give you milk, give me fodder." I go to the meadow, and the meadow says, "I will give you fodder, give me a scythe." I go to the smith, and the smith says, "I will give you a scythe, give me bacon." I go to the swine, and the swine says, "I will give you bacon, give me acorns." I go to the oak, and the oak says, "Give me wind." I go to the sea to get wind. The sea be-winds me, I be-wind the oak; the oak be-acorns me, I be-acorn the swine; the swine be-bacons me, I be-bacon the smith; the smith be-scythes me, I be-scythe (mow) the meadow; the meadow be-fodders me, I be-fodder the cow; the cow gives me milk, and I give milk to Madame.

Following the example of M. Blade, we have avoided periphrasis, and, making use of the convenient particle "be," have indulged in a series of barbarous verbs to imitate the Gascon idiom:—

La mer m'esbento, esbenti lou casse; lou casse m'englando, englandi lou porc; lou porc m'enlardo, enlardi lou faure; lou faure m'endaillo, endailli lou prat; lou prat m'enfeno, enfeni la baco; la baco m'enlèito, enlèiti Madamo.

Of the two ghastly tales, one of which is a "variante" of the other, and to which parallels may be found in our island, the most elaborate is "La cambo d'or" (La jambe d'or), recounted to M. Blade by an old illiterate woman. According to this, a beautiful lady, walking downstairs without a candle, fell and broke her leg. The afflicted husband called a doctor, who insisted that amputation was necessary. The operation having been performed, the husband betook himself to a jeweller, and ordered a leg of gold, which so perfectly answered its purpose that the lady never limped or used a crutch. At the end of some years the lady died, and was buried, by order of her husband, with her costly limb; but on the very night after her interment one of the servants visited the cemetery, dug up the corpse, took off the golden leg, and, returning home, hid it in a closet. On the following morning the gravedigger waited on the husband, and informed him that the deceased lady was perpetually crying for her golden leg. The widower went to the cemetery, and heard the reported demand; but he listened rather in anger than in sorrow, told his deceased wife that she was unreasonable ("Mio, sès pas rasounablo"), and promised that he would bespeak a mass. The promise did not produce the desired result, and shortly afterwards, complying with the request of the gravedigger, the husband sent a waiting-maid, who heard the complaint reiterated, and again promised a mass. This would not do; the gravedigger again appeared with his dismal report, and now the husband determined to send the man-servant—the real culprit—to the cemetery. The man was frightened. "Monsu, gausi pas" (Monsieur, je n'ose pas) he objected, but he was forced to obey his master's command. Arriving at the cemetery, the unhappy wretch inquired, "Que boulès, Madamo?" (Que voulez-vous, madame?); whereupon the lady having replied that it was himself she wanted, rose from her grave, dragged him underground, and then devoured him. In the "variante," the gluttony of a girl whose parents, having promised her some raw meat, give her the leg of a newly-interred corpse, leads to a similar result.

Every one of the "contes," distinctively so called, ends with these doggrel rhymes, the common-place peroration being apparently accepted as our children accept the common-place exordium "Once upon a time":—

E cric cric, Moun counte es finit; E cric crac Moun counte es acabat; Passi per moun peat. Ambe uno cuillèro de fabos qui m'on dounat.	E cric cric Mon conte est fini; E cric crac, Mon conte est achevé; Je passe par mon pré, Avec une cuillerée de fèves qu'on m'a donnée.

In the tales belonging to the other two divisions this burden does not appear.

The so-called "récits" we may pass over, with the remark, however, that those included in the collection of M. Blade comprise the old story to be found in many places of the man who presents a king with an abnormally large vegetable, and receives a substantial reward, whereas his avaricious rival, who has heard of his good fortune and tempts the monarch with a more valuable gift, is recompensed with the vegetable itself, and that here the wise and liberal monarch is no other than Henry IV., who is still popular in Gascony.

Among the so-called "superstitions" is one, "L'ome a las dens roujos" ("L'homme aux dents rouges"), to which even Herr Köhler cannot find an equivalent in its entirety, although some of the details are to be found elsewhere. A marriageable girl turns a deaf ear to every suitor, declaring that she can only take for a husband a man with red teeth. After a lapse of seven years a man answering to the ideal presents himself. The marriage takes place at once, and the next morning the bridegroom rises early, goes down to the stable, feeds, saddles, and bridles his horse, and gallops out of sight. At nightfall he returns, but refuses to say where he has been, and on the day following the same incident occurs. When, however, he has departed on the third morning his wife, who gives way to a jealous suspicion, tells her family what has occurred, and is quieted by her elder brother, who promises that on the following day he will ride on the croup of the husband's horse. The husband when he is about to depart hears the brother's request, and makes no difficulty in allowing him to "get up behind"; but in the course of their journey the brother drinks the water of a fountain which sends him into a deep sleep, and it is not until sunset that he is awakened by the husband, whom he accompanies home, bringing with him no information. Next morning the stratagem is repeated, the brother resolving on this occasion to abstain from the water of the fountain: but his

* *Contes populaires, recueillis en Agenais.* Par M. Jean François Blade. Traduction française et texte Agenais, suivis de notes comparatives. Par M. Reinhold Köhler. Paris: Joseph Baer. 1874.

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resolution is overcome by him of the red teeth, who makes him thirsty by giving him a large piece of salted pork, and the result is the same as before. Moved by the tears of his sister, a younger brother undertakes the required task, promising to abstain both from somniferous water and from salted pork, and, in accordance with the old traditional precedent in favour of younger sons and third trials, carries out his design. Like his senior, he accompanied his brother-in-law on the croup of the horse, and, the fountain safely passed, they came to a field, where some men were digging. Saying that he wished to speak with these, he of the red teeth desired his comrade to hold the horse, but the lad fastened it to a tree and crept behind him. At the end of an hour he came to some meadows so barren that one might have gathered salt there ("que i auiòn poudut amassa de sal"), but the cattle were extremely fat. A few steps further brought him to meadows where the grass grew high above his head, while the cattle there were miserably thin. Still further on he came to ordinary meadows, where goats of ordinary size were feeding. The meadows traversed, the man of the red teeth proceeded to a small church, which he entered, closing the door after him. The lad followed, still, as he thought, unseen, and peeping through a keyhole saw an altar, with one candle much shorter than the others. The priest who celebrated mass was assisted by the man with the red teeth, and during the ceremony numbers of little birds came from all directions and vainly tapped at the windows for admittance. When mass was over the assistant closed the book and extinguished the candles, which was a signal for the lad to regain the horse as speedily as possible. At night both the travellers reached home, and the lad, recounting at supper-time all that he had seen, asked the man with the red teeth why he did not stop to speak with the diggers, but received no reply. In answer to the questions respecting the other objects which had engaged his attention, he was informed that the fat cattle in the barren meadows were the souls of the blessed in Paradise, that the lean cattle in the fertile meadows were the souls in Hell, and that the others were souls in Purgatory; that the priest who celebrated mass in the small church was the Deity himself, and that the little birds were the souls of unbaptized children who would never enter Paradise. To the last question, why one candle was shorter than the rest, the answer was that a man who had seen so much as the inquirer had no more to learn in this world; that the short candle was his own life, and that he would enter Paradise at once.

In this grim story there is something almost Dantesque. The men who dig doubtless represent the grave, which has no place in an account of the other world. But why the enlightened being should have red teeth, and on that account should be chosen for a husband by an ordinary earthly damsel, it is hard to conjecture. May we be allowed to surmise that the theological allegory has been fitted on to a story of a totally different kind?

KEY ON LANGUAGE.*

EXCEPT on the supposition that Mr. Key is right in all that he says, and that the philologists from whom he differs are all wrong, the publication of this work must almost be regarded as a misfortune. The book may contain—we will admit at once that it does contain—much excellent matter; and amongst the multitude of words examined in it, many are explained more successfully perhaps than they have been explained before. In short, not a few of Mr. Key's etymologies are ingenious, many plausible, many undoubtedly true; and for this very reason it is the more to be regretted that his system generally should be practically a declaration of war against the rules accepted by the majority of competent philologists. When a science has to all outward seeming advanced steadily under conditions which appear constantly to throw an increasing light on difficult questions, and at each step to clear the way for further discoveries, it is, to say the least, unlucky that we should be thrown back by an onslaught which seems to throw everything into confusion, and to strike from under our feet a foundation on which we had begun to place some trust. But in any case regret is useless. If Mr. Key is right, then we must reconcile ourselves as best we may to reconstructing, if we can, to better purpose the scaffolding which he has shaken or pulled to pieces; and if he is not right, our duty is to warn others to take good heed before they follow his guidance, and to test his assertions at every step.

Of Mr. Key himself we would speak with all respect. He has continued to an advanced age studies which to a man of less energy would probably long since have become irksome, and he has persevered in them with the zeal of a discoverer. He cannot, however, fail to see that, unless his own footing is thoroughly sure, the extension of his labours can but multiply mistakes and increase the chances of misleading the unwary. The matter becomes more serious when we learn that this volume on Language, which has grown out of the Lectures on Comparative Grammar delivered in University College during the last thirty years, is put forth by way of introduction to a Latin Dictionary already near its completion. From these pages we are to gather the reasons on which the innovations made in the Dictionary have been grounded, and none who read them will doubt that these innovations will be sufficiently great and startling. The only question calling for an answer is whether they have been made on good grounds, or whether his method does not savour rather of perverseness; for to perverseness, we fear, it must be ascribed, if he has not taken sufficient pains to understand the position of philologists whom he regards as his opponents, and if he has wilfully confined himself within limits which prevent him from taking an adequate view of his subject. The preface to the present volume justifies the suspicion that this is the case. We are told that the illustrations of the author's arguments have been drawn chiefly from the Latin language, as being the special line of his own studies; that Sanskrit has not been made the one basis of his inquiries; and that the high claims of superiority put forward in favour of this language are grounded on gross exaggeration of its merits. It would have been well had Mr. Key named the philologists who insist that Sanskrit should be made the one basis of inquiry, or who claim for it any special merit over other cognate languages. It is not a question of merit, whatever may be the meaning of the word as used here, but of the aid which it may give in the great work of determining the precise affinities, and so of furnishing an exact classification of the varieties, of Aryan speech. The scholars who first made Sanskrit known in Europe may have felt a pardonable enthusiasm as they examined a language which is certainly a very noble instrument of thought; but it may be doubted whether they committed themselves to decided opinions of its superiority over Greek and Latin. Mr. Key quotes the remark of Mr. Whitney that Sanskrit comes next in importance to Latin and Greek. It would be nearer the truth to say that all three are equally important, although the fact may still remain that the lack of Sanskrit must have indefinitely checked the growth of comparative philology, and that even the discovery of verbs in -μι on Lithuanian soil would have been scarcely an adequate compensation for it.

To this deliberate narrowing of the author's horizon may be attributed almost, if not quite, all the faults which run through the book. Starting from the position that "the mimetic language of sound has in it a power to represent ideas that belong to the sight, to morals, and even to negation," he naturally finds himself in opposition to the philologists who have been supposed to sneer at the "bow-wow" origin of language. Whatever is to be said about phonetic types, it might have been thought that the theory of a special faculty granted to man for the discovery of those types, and then never used again, was dead and buried, and might well be left alone. But in his anxiety to show that even onomatopoetic words like "cuckoo" are not to be looked upon as barren, Mr. Key enters on an examination of roots, in which the mischief of drawing his illustrations from one or two languages soon becomes evident. If words in Greek or Latin seem to him to exhibit the root of which he is in search, they are straightway assigned to the same source, even though there may be words in the same or in other cognate languages which should at the least arrest his judgment, even if they fail to force on him a different conclusion. Thus the sound denoted by the word *whirr* would, in his opinion, serve well "as a natural symbol of the idea of revolution"; and this symbol he traces not only through the French *virer*, the English *veer*, and such words as *whirl*, *worm*, *warp*, the Latin *varus* and *varices*, but through the more questionable words *cervix*, *παράσσω*, *torqueo*, and many more.

Among the processes which have contributed to the growth of language, the decapitation of words holds in this volume a prominent place. From this process Latin has, it would seem, suffered in a special degree, if that may be called suffering which has largely extended its vocabulary; but the mode in which the likeness of one Latin word to another or to a Greek word is often caught at, while there remain other words which should be taken into account before settling the point, lies open to grave suspicion, and ought to keep the reader always on his guard. Mr. Key's treatment of the Latin *esse* at the beginning of his book should serve as a warning. The fact that in Latin there is a verb *esse* "to be," and a verb *esse* "to eat," is taken to justify the conclusion that both verbs came from the same source, and that *esse* had for its oldest meaning "to eat" and not "to be." This fact is further urged as an explanation of the irregularities found everywhere in what are called substantive verbs. Yet we may note that if this change took place in the meaning of the Latin *esse*, it could not have done so in the case of the Latin *fuo*, *fui*, or the Greek *φύω*, *εὑμι*, or the English *be*. Mr. Key himself admits the existence of the root *as*, denoting breath, and traces it in the Latin *animus* and *anima*, although he does not care to connect these with the Sanskrit *asu* and *atman*. We may note further the likelihood that the Latin *fui* and the cognate words in other languages were formed from an analogous root denoting breath, and traceable in Pavana, Favonius, Pan, Ventus. We may also note the fact that the roots *ad* and *as* retain a distinct existence in the Sanskrit, Gothic, and Slavonic dialects as well as in Greek, Latin, and English; and hence we may fairly refuse to follow Mr. Key in a conclusion inconsistent with his own statements about the Greek *ἄνεμος* and the Latin *anima*. We become still more reluctant to submit to his guidance on being invited to plunge into his wilderness of decapitated words. "*Remus*, older *resmus*," we are told, "and *ἐρ-ἐσσ-ω*, have their probable origin in *uel* of *uello*, 'pull.'" We are thus taken back to the root which has been already cited as the excellent symbol of revolution, in spite of the fact that the older *resmus* points still more clearly than *remus* to the Greek *ἐρετμός*, and that having reached this word we are bound to take into account such manifestly cognate words as the Sanskrit *aritra*, the Greek *ἄροτρον*, and the Latin *aratrum*. The Sanskrit word, with its meaning of *rudder* instead of *plough*, may suggest a

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* *Language: its Origin and Development.* By T. Hewitt Key, M.A., F.R.S. London: Bell & Sons. 1874.

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question whether the first *earing* was with keels or on dry land; but it throws no doubt on the affinity of the Latin *remus* with words which can have nothing to do with the root *vel* in *vello*.

Elsewhere Mr. Key speaks severely of the etymological system of Varro, who did not hesitate to derive "ager ab agendo, colles a colendo, fundus quod fundit quotquot annis multa." It is not easy to see how some of his own explanations differ materially from the conjectures of the Roman writer, who could do little more than guess within the limits of his own language. Thus we have the conjecture that *lana*, which is set down among decapitated words, is for *uellana*, from *uello*, and that it is connected with *vellus* and the English *wool*. Why are we not told that the Greek has λάχνη and χλαῖνα, with other words of which we cannot lose sight in accounting for the Latin *lana*? Why, again, when the Latin *lac* is compared with the Greek γάλα γάλακτος, "and perhaps *milk*," are we not told that the English word with the Latin *mulgere mulcere* and the Greek ἀμέλγω seem to be directly connected with a large tribe and many families of words with which γάλα and *lac* can have only a remote affinity, if they have any at all? Not less doubtful is the paradox that the three trios of words—(1) ἀγαθος, ἀμεινων, ἀριστος; (2) bonus, melior, optimus; (3) good, better, best—have each and all only one common root, and that the same may be said of (1) malus, pejor, pessimus, and (2) evil, worse, worst. We have not space to give the several steps by means of which Mr. Key performs this wonderful feat of etymological legerdemain; but when he assumes that ἀγαθος and our *good* are one, and that "so also are our *better* with βελτερος, βερτερος, *bonus*, and *bene*," we may mark that some words clearly expressing comparisons of merit from physical qualities or conditions, as ὀπλοτερος, φερτερος, are kept out of sight. Their existence at the least renders his demonstration incomplete, and lessens our inclination to adopt his suggestions even when there is nothing to call their plausibility into question. Our reluctance brings us to a full stop when, by way of showing that *son* and *daughter*, υἱος and *filius*, are only variations of form from the same root, we are told that the root of our *see*, *Gsehen*, "is the base of σ(ε)κ-επτω and of s(e)cio 'know,' and only slightly modified in s(e)p-ecto, softened from *sek-ekto*." We confess that on this subject the speculations of the school to which Mr. Key is so vehemently opposed seem to us indefinitely nearer the truth.

The chapters on accent in Greek and Latin are far more deserving of attention. It may be possible to read Greek so as to preserve both accent and quantity, but it is not the less a fact that the accentuation of a vast number of Greek words has during the last four or five and twenty centuries undergone a change. Without going to Greek at all, and keeping to the history of our own language through only two or three centuries, the conclusion is forced upon us that similar changes, in a like direction, are common to all languages. Mr. Key has rightly insisted that this tendency to abbreviation had begun long before the time of the grammarians, who could do no more than hand down what they had received by tradition, and who therefore cannot be regarded as independent judges. All that he here says well deserves to be carefully considered, although any change in modern practice is perhaps not to be hoped for. Mr. Key is always bold, and he boldly avows his conclusion that "the accentual marks as now printed in our editions of Greek are altogether an anachronism," nor does he conceal his admiration of the scholars who have had the courage to print Greek unaccented. Speaking of the accentuation of poems sent in by candidates for the Porson prize in accordance with the terms of the founder's will, he admits that the practice would have its advantages if the rhythm of the verse were improved by the due distribution of accents. "But," he asks, "is this so? Does any one of the competitors ever think about the accents before the verses are completed? Nay, does it not at times happen that one does the composition and then gets a friend better versed in the abstruse doctrines to supply the required marks?" A question of fact can surely be answered without difficulty. If the charge be admitted, the sooner that a sham is put away the better. Certainly the number of Greek words in old writers which in any way need to be distinguished by accents is few indeed; nor can any plea but that of general necessity be admitted for a custom which has nothing but its prettiness to recommend it.

MY STORY.*

THE fundamental idea of Mrs. Macquoid's latest novel is good, if not very original. To trace the gradual development of a girl from the lowest depths of girlish silliness, temper, and irrational pride, into a wise and noble womanhood, has been attempted more than once by our lady analysts. But we have rarely been satisfied with the result. Either the space of a three-volume novel is too short, or the events are necessarily too weak to give sufficient reason why; or there may be a third explanation, that the art of the writers in question has been imperfect; but, whatever the cause may be, the books which found their interest on this moral development are almost always vague, abrupt, and baseless.

My Story, though pretty and interesting as a narrative, fails as a work both of artistic completeness and intellectual evolution. Gertrude Stewart, who tells her own history, is in the beginning almost all that a good girl ought not to be. She is innocent certainly, as befits a child of seventeen, at which age her autobiography begins; but she is proud, ignorant, shallow, undiscerning; she does not seem to be much troubled with a conscience; and her ignorance of possible evil resulting from over-familiarity, with men is less like innocence in its highest sense than like wilfulness and stolidity. People call her in the book by sweet names; and, being the heroine, by virtue of her *rôle* every one loves her. She subjugates the grave and the learned, the strong and the noble, equally with the vain and the superficial; men fall in love with her at sight, and hearts go down before her like ninepins in a bowling alley; she has four offers of marriage from the four walking gentlemen of the narrative, one of whom, the unprincipled Eugène Vaucresson, first tries her with dishonourable methods, then goes down on his knees beseeching her to marry him. She creeps into the hearts of cold, passionless, virtuous women; the sick rejoice in her presence; the peevish lay aside their petulance, the malicious their malice, for her sake; yet we see no reason for all this magic. Pert, selfish, hard, ill-tempered, the portrait she draws of herself is anything rather than bewitching. Hence the wealth of love with which she is dowered in her progress through the pages of *My Story* is a puzzle which Mrs. Macquoid has not been artist enough to solve either by suggestion or description.

The backbone of the story is very simple. It consists merely of two facts—the forced marriage of a girl of seventeen to a man she does not love, and her gradually learning to understand his true value and to love him in consequence. All the rest is adventitious embroidery, and very little of it is true evolution. The circumstances in which Gertrude Stewart is united to Captain Brand are, we think, scarcely so desperate as to warrant such an act of tyranny and dishonour masked as kindness and chivalrous protection. She is sailing with her mother from Tasmania to England in a certain small vessel called the *Adelaide*. Her mother is very ill, and on her fancied death-bed insists on the child's marrying Captain Brand, the rough, grave, resolute, and love-sick master of the vessel. Gertrude is too foolish and too frightened to refuse, and therefore goes through the ceremony, which it is understood is to be only a ceremony for the next two years; and her mother dies in the storm that shipwrecks them a few days after. Now this ultra-morality is one of the points on which we oppose so many of our lady writers. No man of honour could have proposed or enforced a marriage with such a child as Gertrude, and under the conditions of her openly expressed repugnance. As master of the ship Captain Brand was as much the girl's protector for the rest of the voyage as if he had been her father or her husband; and if Mrs. Stewart had wished to leave him guardian to her daughter, so as to continue that protection when she landed, she could have done so—certainly until such time as her husband and Gertrude's father, still living in Tasmania, should decide what to do with and for her, whether to keep her in England among his friends or to have her back with him in Tasmania. It was surely a cruel, a clumsy, and a wholly unnecessary act of guardianship; and one that from the first sets us at odds with Captain Brand. In the search after something superior to the serviceable homespun of everyday morality, Mrs. Macquoid has fallen into the extreme of high falutin'; and has made her hero less than an ordinary gentleman, because endeavouring to make him more than an honest man. This precious marriage, still further to complicate matters and make poor Gertrude's life more of a burden to her, is to be kept a profound secret from the world at large. In which case what becomes of the protection supposed to be involved in it? Captain Brand leaves his girl-wife in the charge of her mother's friend, Mme. La Peyre, and goes off to sea again, just as he would have done had they not been married at all. And Gertrude lives in Devonshire as Miss Stewart, and does her silly flirtings, and her no less silly deceits, with the quite unnecessary addition of a secret marriage with a man she hates to make her miserable, all the same as if she had no such shadowy protection between her and the consequences of her girlish inexperience and self-will. So that it really does no good to any one; save to complicate matters, as we said, and render the boy-and-girl flirtation between Eugène Vaucresson and herself a misdemeanour verging on a crime rather than an innocent and natural idyl.

If the secret marriage with Captain Brand is a mistake, looked at either as the act of an honest man or as a measure of precaution and protection, the gradual change wrought in Gertrude's mind from loathing to love is too causeless and too sudden. Had Mrs. Macquoid thrown husband and wife more together, and elaborated her picture more minutely, so that the reader could follow step by step the slow but intelligible growth of Gertrude's feeling—from gratitude to respect, from respect to liking, from liking to love—she would have produced a tender and touching story. As it is, we see Captain Brand only occasionally, and then as nothing but a mute adorer, veiling his intrinsic worth behind a rough exterior; trusting to time and the fact of their marriage more than to anything else for the change in his bride's heart which he is sighing for; rough and jealous about her flirtations—as was perhaps natural, but was certainly not winning; seeing her only on snatched and hurried visits, and leaving her for long intervals when there was no influence whatever to work any kind of change in her. And then all at once, because, angry at her deceit and in despair at her dislike, he gives her up, offers to break their marriage and set her free to marry her young lover Eugène, she suddenly bursts into the fondest and most satisfactory state of conjugal passion, like one of those flowers which are so long in forming the bud, but which break into blossom in a night. In all this

* *My Story*. By Katherine S. Macquoid, Author of "Patty," "Through Normandy," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1875.

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Mrs. Macquoid has missed her opportunity, and given us thin scratched work instead of the painstaking elaboration demanded by the subject.

In other things too we find signs of haste, and of that terrible poverty of material which requires so much hammering out to make it cover the space assigned; as in the pseudo-graphic descriptions of places and people—descriptions, however, treated more inventorially than graphically; in those wearisome little stopgaps rather than episodes which bring in the French villagers and the market and the postman, with others; and especially in the hazy, meandering, unanchored personality and history of Mrs. Dayrell, who fulfils we know not what intention, and of whom we never can determine whether she is a maniac or a fool, an opium-drinker or simply an empty-headed woman warped by vanity and love of contradiction. If she is meant to be a warning to Gertrude not to indulge in contradictoriness of temper, not to be self-willed or silly, and to love her husband as a good young woman should, we ought to see more both of the cause of her own wreck and the effect on the girl. As it is, she is very much of a bore. And why poor Mr. Dayrell should have been brought back to such a miserable ghost of his former wife, such a sick shadow of life and the past, and then sent off again while she cries and dies, seems to us needless cruelty and boredom. The whole episode of Mrs. Dayrell is purposeless; but that indeed is the dominant characteristic and central fault of *My Story*. It wants grip and vitality, an intelligible aim, and a stedfast intention; it flounders, is vague, fails for lack of knitting up, for lack of definite design; but it is pretty, and, had it been well worked out, would have been a charming bit of analytical biography.

We think Mrs. Macquoid hard on Eugène Vaucresson. He is too young to be the systematic, cold-blooded seducer she has made him. Boy and girl as he and Gertrude were in the beginning, he would have been either more reticent or more romantic. The Abbé, his tutor, told him that Gertrude was married. The passion of these two young people flamed quick and high on very short notice; and to prevent danger the young reprobate is put on his honour with Gertrude's secret confided to him. Instead of feeling that this is a barrier between them which he may not attempt to overcome, or, more romantically, if less chivalrously, resolving to brave everything for the woman he loves, he quietly acquiesces in the arrangement by which he is minded to profit, according to the received ideas of the relations for the most part existing between young French wives and the unmarried men who visit them. All this becomes revealed to Gertrude by one look; but we question whether a girl of her stamp would not have condoned these presumptuous thoughts and dishonourable promptings when the dear sinner makes atonement by asking her in honourable marriage. "Not wisely, but too well," carries its own forgiveness with it too easily, and Gertrude shows no sign of a code or conscience higher or purer than that of her sisters. She says a great deal to be sure, but, as she behaves very badly, we may take her words as more sound than sense. The faults of youth require a great many of the loveable qualities of youth to make them bearable. We are apt to underrate the extent of a girl's ignorance, and scarcely can understand the stolid indifference to the feelings of others which is the product. Nothing is so cruel as youth, nothing makes such large demands on our patience. Mingled then with all its absurdities, its denseness, its hardness, there ought to be the ever-growing germs of a nobler and grander maturity. We look in vain for anything in Gertrude Stewart greater than girlish fear for her girlish faults, and the character seems to us as crude and undeveloped at the end as it was at the beginning. The only change in it is that she has transferred to her lawful husband the love, if her fancy can be called by that name, which she had given in the first interview to Eugène, and that she is content with the queer choice her mother made for her on board the *Adelaide*. Mrs. Macquoid had better possibilities than this under her hand, had she cared to use them; and we repeat that she has let slip an opportunity for good and careful delineation, and an interesting study of female character. We would recommend her also to ease the joints of her style. At present it goes by a series of spasmodic jerks which make continuous reading fatiguing; and her English French, with real French phrases interlarded, is simply detestable.

OUR SKETCHING CLUB.*

NO book on landscape art containing a reproduction of the lessons and woodcuts in Mr. Ruskin's *Elements of Drawing* could by any ingenuity of the compiler be made absolutely worthless, but Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt has done much towards rendering this reproduction ridiculous and irritating. In a recent letter Mr. Ruskin represents himself as much less good-natured than he used to be. It would be impertinent to contradict him on so personal a matter, but to us it seems that to entrust his *Elements of Drawing* to Mr. Tyrwhitt, and then to say that he is satisfied with the treatment they have received, proves not only that he is more good-natured than he was in his early days, but also that he has entirely lost all his old fastidious feelings about style, and his dislike to seeing the English language mutilated and misapplied. How the "'Fessor," as he is called in this would-be facetious book, could read half a dozen lines of it without being impelled to write an indignant *Fors* on the subject is, and will remain, a mystery, unless Mr. Ruskin himself explains the cause of his astounding good-nature. He confesses to not having read the whole of the book. Let him be advised by those who have read it to lend any copies he may possess as the surest way of getting rid of them, for who knows what might happen did the "'Fessor" open at some particularly objectionable passage when suffering from an attack of the ill humour of which he sometimes so pathetically complains? Mr. Ruskin says that Mr. Tyrwhitt is better acquainted with some processes of water-colour sketching than he is. To judge by the frontispiece, it would seem that Mr. Tyrwhitt is also acquainted with some process of drawing horses unknown to art and unlike anything in nature. However, the grave fault of this book is that all sorts of things are dragged in which have no real connexion with what one would suppose from the title to be the subject of the book. It is time that a protest should be made against a fashion that is gaining ground, the fashion of throwing information meant to be popular into the form of a romance. Why should a silly and incongruous love story be mixed up with a treatise on astronomy, or wild and impossible adventures be required to make the account of foreign explorations palatable? It is a fatal mistake to teach young people that everything in the form of information is to be served up to them minced fine and flavoured, or almost disguised, with amusing stories and elegant extracts. Landscape-sketching is surely a subject of sufficient interest for those who sketch to make them desire a good technical book with clearly defined teaching. Disquisitions on myths, Tennyson, wings, or Martin Luther, however instructive in themselves, could very well be dispensed with. Surely an intelligent girl could find pleasure in being taught how to draw a fir-tree, without requiring a running accompaniment of slang and poor jokes from her drawing-master during the lesson. There are people who enjoy a country view without a fox and a pack of hounds in full cry to give it life.

In the preface to this book Mr. Tyrwhitt speaks of "the heterogeneous nature of its contents." But, much as his "friends on the other side" may approve of the story, or approve of the sketching instructions, it will not be easy on this side of the Atlantic to admire more than one at a time. When Mr. Tyrwhitt gives Mr. Ruskin's lessons in sketching as they were set forth in the *Elements of Drawing* he leaves nothing to be desired. If all Mr. Ruskin's works were of the same practical quality as this one it would be well for his readers. And between Mr. Ruskin pure and Mr. Tyrwhitt pure there is a middle zone of sketching lessons, which are Mr. Tyrwhitt's in language but Mr. Ruskin's in feeling. We have no fault to find with what they teach. No two drawing-masters follow the same method. Nor does any pupil wholly obey his master. We may doubt the value of some of Mr. Tyrwhitt's methods—as, for example, where, speaking in a general way, he recommends his readers to float their colour on "as wet as possible at first" in all the light tints; and to use it "rather thick, so as to crumble on the paper, in the darks"; but these are matters of detail. The present fashion, especially among amateurs, is to use body colour very largely; and for rapid sketching the method has many advantages; but here again doctors differ. If this part of Mr. Tyrwhitt's book is good, though not so good as that which he borrows directly from Mr. Ruskin, it is good only in substance. The language in which the instruction is conveyed can only be characterized as "slangy." With this drawback, the directions for mixing, the lists of pigments to be employed, and the general drift of the instructions are quite equal to those in a fairly good professional drawing-book. It sometimes rises above this level; and, strange to say, Mr. Tyrwhitt, fond as he is of slang, avoids painter's slang for the most part. He describes landscape, and especially landscape in its relation to colour, with ease and clearness, and if painting in water-colour could by any means be acquired by reading, this treatise on the art, in as far as it is concerned with art, would be found most useful. But we can hardly believe that an enthusiast for painting will be satisfied every here and there to pause for a parenthetical love scene; and, on the other hand, we are certain that the thoroughpaced novel-reader will skip the lessons wholesale. The idea of the book, which is to encourage people living in the country to establish sketching clubs with an experienced paid critic, not an amateur, as judge of the work done, is an excellent one. Those, however, who have tried the experiment know the difficulties of managing such societies, as the members do not generally consist of the charming chatelaines, daring Dianas, and accomplished young men to be found in *Our Sketching Club*. If it is well received by Mr. Tyrwhitt's American friends, there is every probability that the next thing they will ask him to undertake will be a love story flavoured with landscape art, to match this book on landscape art flavoured with love. He will then be able to develop his characters a little more, and perhaps to supply another heroine as interesting and well worthy of study as May Langdale. From little bits of description taken at random we find she was an orphan looking very grand. "She had a faint remembrance of many kisses from her father, swarthy and splendid." "She did look like Isis in good earnest, rather grand, and inscrutable in repose no man could break"; "hopelessly grave and agreeable"; "gravity certainly grows on her, but she can let out now and then." "The girl waxed strong in the shade." "She had purple hair and a keen angular beak," "dark pupils *versus* blue, with the gallantest figure and tightest of habits." She had "a great contralto laugh," and a "soft, shrewd voice," liked "champagne at dinner, and

* *Our Sketching Club.* By the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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good coffee and cream afterwards." Mr. Browning's lines admirably describe May and Charlie Cawthorne her lover:—

> What so wild as words are?
> I and thou
> In debate as birds are,
> Hawk on bough!

for their words are wild, and they alternately coo and pull each other's eyes out.

To demonstrate Mr. Tyrwhitt's power as a melodramatic writer, it is only necessary to quote a scene between Charlie and May:—"He looked at her almost savagely for a moment, for they had defied each other, and their ancient blood rose the more merrily to that tune, for that they loved each other, and felt their mutual power of infliction; that fond rage and tender cruelty of quarrel, the temptation of Anteros! But Charles's good angel was behind him." This good angel presently comes to the front and leads him to May, where in a milder mood, and her ancient blood in a less disturbed state, she sits in the library. "He entered, and found May alone; white silk, on a green velvet ottoman; dark night of hair, cheeks flushed like faint sunset, eyes starry and fevered. There was a look of grief about her, and all his heart went out to her, once for all and without return, for ever and ever." English readers would infer from this that Charlie's love was unreturned, but Americans will know better. The most remarkable fact connected with this young couple, who are at last married and live happy ever after, is that they declined wedding presents, and that once a year since their marriage a set of bells which they and their friends gave to a minster "break out impatiently, and will not be restrained . . . . . peal on peal, and wreath on wreath, as swollen with deep thunder and mellow rain, the torrent of their passionate fugues spreads all abroad." Lady Susan Cawthorne's conversation will be an admirable model upon which the young ladies of America can form their style. When her son seems a backward wooer, not quite knowing whether he had better "square the concern," which appears to mean propose for May before he starts on a foreign tour, Lady Susan says to her, "I've no notion of a great man's caring so little for his old mother's little games, and going off to Jericho just when she has asked the beauty of all England to come and stay in a country house with him. . . . I do, in my heart, think that he is just like the rest of them, and would go mad if he thought he should lose you; and I think he is learning to know that too. And really he may learn it best of all at his Jerichoes." May, having been already described as a very proud English girl, must have found this sort of conversation delightful and worthy of a mother-in-law to be. We do not take leave of Mr. Tyrwhitt in the orthodox way of hoping soon to see him again, nor can we help wishing that Mr. Ruskin had entrusted to other hands the republication and explanation of his *Elements of Drawing*.

SMEDLEY'S DRAMATIC POEMS.*

AFTER the favourable reception of *Lady Grace* it was natural that Miss Smedley should make another essay in dramatic poetry. She had shown several qualifications for the task, especially the power of infusing into a modern plot a spice of romance, and of varying well-sustained dialogue with interesting situations. *Lady Grace*, indeed, narrowly escaped being suitable as an acting play; whereas the two dramatic poems now published strike us as more distinctly destined for the study or the closet, inasmuch as they are concerned rather with domestic problems than with the tangled web of fashionable comedy. Yet *Blind Love* and *Cyril* are neither of them deficient in plot, though marked by a deeper seriousness, a more distinct moral, than *Lady Grace*. The story of *Blind Love* resembles the story of the "Maid of Malines" in Lord Lytton's *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, with the substitution of Lucille for Hope, and of Julie for Avice, and one or two more *mutata nomina;* but the skill and delicacy with which it is treated give the poem an original character. Let us take a glance at the characters and incidents. In the home of an old man, Damer Grey, lives his blind son Raymond, whose devoted nurse and betrothed is his orphan cousin Hope, a tender, unselfish girl, for whom indeed true love might well be expected to run smooth. No hindrance to it arises from the unrequited love of one Vernon, an admirer of Hope, and a friend of both the Greys; and little is to be feared from the beauty (which Raymond cannot see) of Hope's cousin and fellow-orphan, Avice, a new comer to her uncle's roof through the death of a mother who had married beneath her. This somewhat shrewish damsel rates and teases and taunts the lovers with very little sympathy for her sweet-tempered cousin Hope, and just the faintest predilection for an occasional spar or word-fence with clever, curious, tentative Raymond. But soon the positions are altered. A clever surgeon restores Raymond to sight, and at the interview at which he designs to make the first use of the recovered sense in recognizing his good angel Hope, the tricksy Avice thrusts herself in his way just as his eyes are unbandaged, and we are made to feel that moral blindness may involve greater misery to Raymond and his friends than the physical affliction which till now had kept him a not unwilling prisoner in the silken bondage of Hope. There is much clever character-drawing in the scenes that follow. "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus," and neither Raymond nor Avice resort without compunction and doubt to the eventual step which shall crush the trustful Hope. Impetuous Raymond, manlike, presses his unworthy suit, and leaves Avice to prepare a way to it by intriguing with Vernon, and using him to open Hope's eyes to the new state of things. Old Grey, a more pronounced and prominent personage than we can afford space to exhibit here, suspects what is going on, hurries on a union between his son and Hope, and, but a day before it is to take place, intercepts a groom with a letter arranging an elopement between Raymond and Avice. The truth breaks fully upon Hope, and in a spirit of self-sacrifice she relieves her cousins from the necessity of an elopement by pathetically joining their treacherous hands. In the last act comes the bitter harvest of all this strangely sown misery. While Hope is drooping into her grave, with one object only in her remnant of life, to reconcile her betrayers to the old father who watches her pillow, Raymond and Avice have discovered that to wed in haste is to repent at leisure; and the ambition of the former, who has attained high office in a twelvemonth (as none but a lady's hero could do), is satisfied at the same time that he discovers reason for distrust and dissatisfaction as to his wife, whose manners are lighter than those of Cæsar's wife should be. At this point Damer Grey brings Raymond to Hope's dying bed, whither, unknown to him, Avice, in an impulse of repentance and returning love, has fled for counsel and means of reconcilement; and after a touching meeting, Hope, as she passes away, bids her old love take her supplanter back, and "let the first never be remembered more."

Our readers will perhaps remember that this *dénouement* is different from that of the tale in the *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, where the cycle of fate or fortune brings back St. Amand to his blindness and his old love; but it must be owned that Miss Smedley's plot is more natural, and has more human interest in it, and it is worked out with much real pathos. Nor is the delineation of character less remarkable. We refer not so much to the portrayal of an ideal saint like Hope as to the power of realizing a blind man's modes of thought and sense, his ways of measuring distances,

> Testing remembrances, collecting facts,
> Resolving doubts;

as one whose pride it is in his blind life

> To see with others' eyes effectively.

No less true and refined is the touch which makes Raymond divine and interpret the byplay of the sensitive Hope when she would check her blunter and less gentle cousin's allusion to his misfortune, and that other which shows us the blind man's estimate of the correspondence of his mental ideal with the visible reality which is as yet unrevealed to his eyes. When Hope would picture Avice, he exclaims:—

> Say't not to me. I know a little face
> As far before hers as your speech is. Hark!
> I'll tell you fairy tales. Say that a wand
> Should wake these sleepers (*touching his eyes*) and give back the dawn
> To this forgetful darkness, setting me
> Once more a man among the multitudes
> And capable as they; if then a host
> Of ranged aspects like a theatre
> Watched my first flash of sight, I, with that flash,
> Would seize your face among them, recognized
> By its own lovely meaning.

Unfortunately "the blind life" which thus, in Hope's account, "made music in the home," was destined to be exchanged for a vision which was associated with mental and moral obliquity. When, with the recovered sight, the man sets himself to gain his new ends, he becomes less scrupulous and more headlong than his tempter and fellow-traitor, whose half-resolves in each direction are disclosed in a soliloquy:—

> Oh, if I come but safely to the light,
> I will abide in it for ever! Truth
> Shall be my daily garment; 'twas not I
> Who set this tree of life beyond my grasp,
> Which I can only reach by stratagem;
> I hate the means, but die without the fruit.

When at last the deception is revealed, Hope exclaims, in bitter keeping with the burden of the drama,

> I was blind
> When I was happy! Now alas, I see!

We are almost afraid to confess that, but for one outbreak of wholesome and bitter truth in Hope's words to the suppliant Avice in the last scene, we should have held Hope deficient in womanly spirit.

We may quote Hope's touching resolve to reconcile those who have wronged her, lest,

> If I join them not
> Before I die, they stand apart for ever;
> For my poor ghost should come against my will,
> And wave them from each other bitterly;
> If I must haunt them, let it be with thoughts
> Of peace and pardon, clasping them together
> With the mere pity of remembering me
> As I would be remembered.

And, again, her appeal to Raymond:—

> My life has been in vain,
> But my death heals you. Let my words abide;
> They are as medicine poured into your wounds,
> To sting—and then to soothe—and then to cure.
> Time draws this virtue from them. Knowing it
> I can speak boldly, and you shall remember

* *Two Dramatic Poems.* By Menella Bute Smedley. London: Macmillan & Co.

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More than you hear; that I have pardoned you
Long since, and that my sleep is sweet to me,
And nothing mars it. I did love you well.
My thoughts of you are tender as the dreams
Where our dead faces smile to us again,
And we are not surprised.

Cyril is made up of four scenes from the life of a brilliant scholar, a senior wrangler, who foregoes the temptations of rank, office, social eminence, and (except for a brief episode) woman's love, to devote himself to the labours of a home missionary. The sketch is novel and vivid, but less connected than *Blind Love*. There is need at the threshold of the third part—a scene at Bertha's house—of a new list of *dramatis personæ* to introduce us to Bertha and her belongings, of whom there has not been a hint in the two preceding parts. Neither does there seem to be any reason for Bertha at all in the picture of this young "Christian soldier," unless it be to introduce parenthetically several pretty songs, or to point a contrast between Cyril's love and the stiff stateliness of his mother and the Lady Blanche (who has doubtless been looked out for him by high contracting parties), or, generally, to introduce an ingredient of love, to be got rid of, almost too summarily, by a sudden death in sleep. And yet perhaps the author's intention is deeper than this. The snatching away of Bertha may be designed as the sharpest conceivable severance of Cyril for the highest and holiest life. The piece has some very good passages, as that where the young student describes the supersession, in his mind and fancy, of the old Greek myths that had fed them at school and college, by the realities of the Gospel, and tells how, under this change,

To me the universe
Was one sublime tradition; not a cloud
But traced his pathway through the wilderness,
And not a tree but talked of Olivet.

Another is a protest against the tendency of the age to denounce the sins of women, whilst the faults of men are taken no account of. Here is a well-expressed remark, if not very new, on the sobering effects of contemplating human life:—

Make the gaze deep, and you shall learn in time
Enough of noble sadness; for I think
All men who look around them and within
Take leave of their boy-laughter.

The friend thus adjured, by the way, is one who struggles throughout the drama with a more or less sceptical and latitudinarian spirit within him, and yet is insensibly acted on by Cyril's self-devotion. At the closing scene we find him, after thirty years, convinced and converted, and ascribing all to his friend's example and reasonings. The scene where this crown is given to Cyril's work is one now first introduced, we should think, into a dramatic poem. What will our readers say to a Church Congress, or, as our author quaintly puts it,

a Parliament
That makes no laws?

We shall not invite them to listen to its deliberations, but simply express our doubt—though after a very limited experience of such Parliaments—whether the thing described is in fact, or could be, quite so conversational an affair as Miss Smedley makes it. Perhaps, too, the introduction of such a scene at all may be regarded as rather a trick of literary legerdemain. Be this as it may, both dramas may be read with enjoyment and profit, for both contain thought and beauty of expression.

HARRY BLOUNT.*

HE is a somewhat daring writer who ventures to add one more book to the vast pile which has in these latter days been heaped up in the honour of boyhood. We had thought that about the boys of England there remained scarcely anything to be said. We had read of their going to school and their coming back home, their scrapes and their fights, their friendships and their games, the canings they received, and the prizes they won. We knew the strong wicked boy who bullied and led astray, and the still stronger good boy who thrashed the bully and brought the lost sheep back to the fold. We were acquainted with every kind of master, from the private schoolmaster who in the preparatory school whipped the hero into his Latin grammar, to the public schoolmaster who birched him and preached him into muscular Christianity. In fact, we thought we had read so much of schoolboy life that there was nothing more left for us to read. We were getting, moreover, heartily sick of it all, and were becoming as tired of boys as if we were guests in a family where they are ever being brought forward for display. It was with some such feelings as these that we took up Mr. Hamerton's story. It mattered little that the title-page told us it contained passages in a boy's life on sea as well as on land. Half the boys who get into stories go to sea, and we were as familiar with sea life as any one can be who has read these fictions by the dozen, and who is not unacquainted with the passage from Dover to Calais. We looked at the beginning of the book, and we looked at the end, and we began to wonder how it happens that the boyhood of a hero is now told at greater length than his whole life used to be not many years ago. Nevertheless, when once we began to read, we soon found ourselves interested, and in a state of interest we were for the most part kept till we reached the end of the book. The story perhaps is not very much in itself, but there is a certain freshness in the incidents and in the characters that is not a little attractive. Moreover, he who only claims to have written passages in a boy's life cannot be justly accused if his narrative has not all the development of a novel in three volumes.

The story opens with Harry Blount's entrance at Brambleby Grammar School, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. His father and mother had been lost in the Bay of Biscay on their return from Spain, and he had been brought up by his grandmother with the help of the vicar of the parish. The day at length came when the good vicar saw that a grandmother and "an indulgent old fogey" like himself were no longer fitted for bringing up a lad of spirit. Sorry, therefore, though he was to lose him, sorry too to lose the money which he had received for the tuition he gave him, he himself moved the old lady to send the boy next half to the famous Dr. Templeman's:—

The Rev. Dr. Templeman was considered to be one of the most efficient schoolmasters in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He was Head Master of Brambleby Grammar School, and was very fond of calling himself Head Master, with a capital H and a capital M, in printed circulars and reports in the local newspapers—something in this style:—

"A limited number of pupils are received in the house of the Head Master."

Or else—

"The higher branches of classical education are under the personal supervision of the Head Master."

The same persistent Head Mastership appeared, too, on the Doctor's visiting-cards, and was engraved on a brass plate on his front door.

In short, Dr. Templeman never neglected an opportunity of making his headship known to all whom it might concern, and he really did succeed in establishing a degree of awful respect for himself in the minds of the Brambleby people.

Harry's life would have been happy enough had it not been for the tyranny of one of the private pupils who made him his fag. He found the newcomer obstinate in refusing to black his boots for him and to discharge the duties of a servant, and he tried to overcome his obstinacy partly by cruelty and partly by corruption. At one time he thrashed him unmercifully, at another time he taught him how to smoke, and made him a present of a pipe in a handsome case. Mr. Hamerton, unlike most writers of school stories, fails to see the merits of either bullying or fagging. He is so blind to the more hidden causes that contribute towards the development of the perfect English gentleman that he puts no faith even in fighting. How, we would ask him, is a lad to learn endurance if he is not kicked, or high spirit if he is not now and then tortured by a fellow a good head taller than himself and twice as strong, or obedience if he does not black shoes, or courage if he is not cheered on to fight by a ring of his schoolfellows? How will he learn the hatefulness of cruelty in a school where cruelty is not known? To the bully of our schoolboy days are due, no doubt, the heroic virtues of which we Englishmen boast, just as to the drunkenness of the Helots was due the temperance of the Spartans. Let us hope that the Helot was none the worse for a drop of drink or the bully for his bullying, but that both the one and the other looked upon himself with respect as a small, though a necessary, part of the plan that is to be traced in the mighty maze of life. Mr. Hamerton, however, for want no doubt of studying mankind in the vast scheme of his existence, and seeing

Of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just,

thus falls foul of one of our most time-honoured institutions. He is speaking, no doubt, in the person of one of the characters of his story, but it is clear, we regret to say, that he fully agrees with the sentiments that he has put into the mouth of another:—

What a perfect system it is, what a complete art of lowering and degrading a human being! The boy's self-respect is first wounded by being ordered to render menial service, and after that fought down by blows, and finally debilitated by bribes! This is the way to educate Englishmen into snobbishness. They say that it prepares us for the world of men, but in that world there are laws for the protection of the oppressed, or of those who would be oppressed without them, whereas here there is no law but the will of the strong man, and nothing to come between him and his victim.

A man who cannot see the humanizing effects of fagging and bullying is likely to be blind indeed to the merits of fighting. At Brambleby Grammar School there was—to its shame be it said—no fighting of any kind. The spark of martial ardour that began to blaze up in any young hero's breast was at once quenched, and quenched in a most matter-of-fact way. Did any newcomer, exulting, like James Wade, the Yorkshire farmer's son of Mr. Hamerton, or like Dares of Virgil, in his vast strength, offer to fight, the other boys threw themselves upon him, and, bearing him off to the pump, there poured upon him a copious and regular stream. The Doctor, when he heard of such an occurrence as this shortly after Harry had joined the school, could not altogether approve of it, as the punishment had been inflicted under the system of Lynch law. "My conviction is," he said, "that the nearer a school approaches to the state of a civilized nation the better. Your Lynch law is an improvement on the barbarism of single combat, but it is not yet the best thing." He sentenced all the pumpers on their next half-holiday to write a Latin Essay on Barbarism. Harry, when he came to think over his essay, began to ask himself "whether the Doctor's high, and doubtless correct, notions about the Reign of Law should not be applied to fagging as well as fighting," and he embodied his reflections in his essay,

* *Harry Blount; Passages in a Boy's Life on Land and Sea.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Author of "Wenderholme," &c. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1875.

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the Latinity of which is not unworthy of the subject. We must trouble our readers with a quotation from it:—

Quicumque desiderat hanc consuetudinem barbarissimam videre, in scholâ Bramblebiense videbit, ubi tyrannus impunitus victimam suam sæpe affligit. Hominem lex protegit, sed nullâ lege puer protectus est. Oportet illum dolorem patienter pati, sine jus suum vindicare.

Barbarus est etiam fusti discipulum cædere, quia magister fortior est discipulo et armatus, quod discipulus imparatus est. Magister qui discipulos suos ad humanitatem instruit, illos aut scribere aut legere cogit. Exempli gratiâ, vir doctissimus, magister noster, hanc pænam a nobis sumpsit, scilicet hanc paginam scribere.

It was well for Harry that he had artfully introduced the well-turned compliment. As the Doctor read on and came "to the bit about the barbarousness of caning, his face flushed, his brow darkened, and he said, 'Greenwood, reach me my cane.'" The *vir doctissimus* saved Harry's skin, for though when "Harry looked at him it certainly seemed as hopeless to soften such a being by smooth words as if he had been an angry bull in the middle of the big field at Bilsbury; yet such is the weakness of human nature that the Doctor *was* mollified internally by the little flourish about the *vir doctissimus*, and the cane was *not* used." The essay led to good results, for the Doctor looked a little into the fagging, and found out its abuses.

The incidents of the story are as varied as they are amusing, and belong not only to the school playground, but to the river, the hunting-field, and the sea that beats upon the rocky Hebrides. Especially comical is an account of the escape of James Wade from the Doctor's study, who had not yet learnt, in spite of Harry's authority, how barbarous it is "fusti discipulum cædere." The boy darts away from the caning into the back-yard, and there finding no place of shelter, jumps into the copper that was half-full of water, and pulling down the lid, lies concealed. He remains shivering with cold till the maid comes to light the fire beneath. He does not even then show himself, but for a while enjoys the pleasant feeling of warmth, till at last he can bear the heat no longer, and jumps out. Ever afterwards he bears the name of Lobster. Mr. Hamerton has shown a considerable knowledge of human nature in the character of this boy. He is aware that even where there are very grave moral faults, combined with a very slight disposition for book-learning, yet, if there are vigour of mind and a readiness to undertake the more practical duties of life, there are always grounds for hoping that a lad will in the end do well. He is aware that a boy who is "greatly zealous" for any one good thing is very far from being utterly bad. By the time that both boys and readers have had enough of school life the holidays come, and with them Mr. Hamerton starts afresh in his story. The descriptions he gives of the pleasant English country life are such as might be looked for in a writer who has so often shown his skill as an etcher. Not every artist indeed can write, yet if he passes from the pencil or the graving-tool to the pen, he brings at least a cultivated eye and a refined mind. Perhaps, however, the part that will be most enjoyed by the young reader will be the yachting trip to the Hebrides, in which Harry and his school friend Greenfield take part. The lecture that is given on ships and navigation is no doubt instructive, but Mr. Hamerton will forgive us for saying that it is by no means artistic. It would have been better if he had introduced it on his own authority, instead of putting it into the mouth of a lad of seventeen or eighteen. Indeed, throughout the book this young gentleman talks and preaches too often beyond his years. Harry and Greenfield get blown away from their moorings under an island, right out to sea, when they are all alone in the yacht. What befalls them there, what adventures they have, whether they escape, and if so, how they escape, we shall leave untold, for we would not spoil Mr. Hamerton's story by taking the word out of his mouth. His own yachting, by the way, must have been done, we should think, in the autumn, for he forgets how early the sun rises and how late it sets in the latter half of June in those Northern latitudes when his hero had his trip. As the wind one day was rising, the captain, we are told, "determined to make all snug in anticipation of a wild night, and the sooner it was done the better, as it was already 5.30 P.M." Off the coast of Cumberland where they then were they had at least four hours of daylight still left them. Moreover all through the short summer night there would not be a single hour so dark that "they could not see a yard ahead." It is no easy matter to catch Mr. Hamerton tripping in a description of nature, and so we make the most of such an error as this. The time for buying books and giving books away is almost past, as far as the young are concerned, for this season. We hope nevertheless that many a schoolboy will "next half" find himself cheated of his hour of play by Mr. Hamerton's excellent story of *Harry Blount*.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE biography of Admiral Foote * is equal in literary merit and intrinsic interest to the average American biographies of the day—no very high praise, perhaps, in an age when the standard of biography is so low, and when it is the practice to spin out into four pages the matter of one, and to pad a volume with a multitude of letters and despatches reporting at full length the details of some unimportant incident or second-rate exploit, and often repeating the story which the biographer has already told. It would seem that no author has the courage to break through this intolerable routine of tediousness, and to secure credit for himself, and a chance of permanent fame for his hero, by compressing his memoirs into a space better proportioned to the leisure of readers, and to the place which his subject has really filled in the public eye or in the history of his time. Either the feelings of the family and friends who have entrusted him with the task would be hurt by so mutilated a record, or the writer shares their absurdly exaggerated impression of the merits of the man whose life he describes, and fancies that the world has time to study a couple of large volumes recording the deeds and thoughts of a subordinate commander or a second-class statesman. Mr. Hoppin is by no means one of the worst offenders in this way; for his book consists of less than four hundred pages, not of the very largest size or closest type. But it has two special defects; one due to the character of the hero, the other common to most American military and naval memoirs. Admiral Foote was what, in the language of the school to which he belonged, is called a religious professor—the meaning of the phrase being aptly explained by an incidental statement that, among several thousand of his countrymen no worse than their fellows, were to be found only a very few "professed Christians"; and the book is consequently larded with stories of sudden conversions, ill-timed preachings, and pious reflections which, if sincere, were never meant for publication. Again, the peculiar circumstances in which America has been placed has led her citizens to make disproportionate boasts over warlike achievements of no extraordinary brilliancy. It has been their fortune never to triumph in war except under circumstances such as, in rendering success almost certain, detract greatly from its glory. In the War of Independence they were victorious rather through English errors and French aid than by their own skill or valour, while their record is varied by defeats on almost every occasion when they encountered the enemy on anything like equal terms. Their victories in 1812–15 were won with such odds of force or position on their side as made failure almost impossible. In the Confederate war the North had such advantages as, in most cases, would have terminated the contest in a single campaign; and even the final triumph was less glorious to the conquerors than to the conquered. Hardly any European Power would deem the honour of its arms enhanced by spending six months, at odds of four or five to one, before an earthwork line of thirty miles, held by an army that never numbered more than 45,000 men. Only in Mexico were the Americans overmatched in numbers; and there they had the same moral advantage over a mongrel race of Spanish Indians that Englishmen have over the races of Southern Hindustan. The navy, even more than the army, has gained its chief successes against inferior—in the late war against immeasurably inferior—forces. And yet the Americans justly feel that in individual courage, and often in brilliant action, their troops and fleets have never been deficient; and, not being able to fall back on a store of great achievements against equal or superior foes, they pride themselves on what they have done with every advantage in their favour. Admiral Foote is unfortunate in this respect. He was never engaged with an equal enemy, and is made ridiculous by boasts of his triumphs over runaway Chinese or half-equipped Southerners; yet his capture of the Barrier Forts was a daring exploit, and displayed even more of that moral courage which does not flinch from responsibility and the chance of disgrace in which very many brave officers are sadly wanting; and his energy and skill in organizing and employing the Western Flotilla contributed as much as the victories of Grant and his predecessors to that complete mastery of the Mississippi which, after the fatal 4th of July, 1863, cut the Confederacy in two and assured its final downfall. Entering the navy not long after the close of the war with England, he had little opportunity of earning distinction in a subordinate rank. He came, however, to be known as a diligent and devoted officer, and was selected for the difficult and delicate service of the African squadron. He probably did more harm to the cause by the high-handed manner in which he asserted the immunity of American slavers from British interference than good by his own activity in seizing them; but he was active, and did much to drive the trade from under the old flag which had till then effectually protected it. In China, during the war of 1858 between Great Britain and France and the Celestial Empire, a reckless outrage on the Stars and Stripes gave him an opportunity of action which he eagerly seized, and which taught the Chinese a lesson they have never forgotten. After this, he was employed in important posts ashore till the progress of the war in the West caused him to be sent thither to organize a flotilla which could command the rivers. His experience there exposed the corruption and incapacity of the Republican Government in a striking light; but he had not time given him to do in person all that he had planned and prepared. Recalled in June 1862, he was placed in high command in the Naval Department, which he held till his death, in 1863. His achievements in the West have been partly eclipsed by the more decisive victories of those who completed his work; and it is probable that his name will be chiefly remembered in the profession as that of the man who, while still a junior officer, introduced the "temperance pledge" into the service, and, later, laboured diligently to deprive the sailor of his grog.

Unlike the generality of biographers, Mr. Aaron Goodrich * is

* *Life of Andrew Hull Foote, Rear-Admiral United States Navy.* By James Mason Hoppin, Professor in Yale College. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

* *A History of the Character and Achievements of the so-called Christopher Columbus.* By Aaron Goodrich. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

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inspired by a bitter contempt and aversion for his hero, which finds expression even on his title-page, and boils over in every chapter and in nearly every paragraph from the first to the last. A certain vehement Secessionist, who was also an inveterate croaker, was visited by some young Southern officers who wished to hear what sharp thing he might have to say upon the news of Gettysburg and the surrender of Vicksburg. "Well!" he said, "if it warn't for that damned inquisitive Yankee, Christopher Columbus, we should all be loyal and happy subjects of Queen Victoria." Mr. Goodrich's opinion of the famous discoverer is not more complimentary; but in this particular censure he would not have concurred. For the chief purpose of his memoir is to show that Columbus was not the discoverer of America, even though he first turned the attention of Spain and of the adventurers of all Europe in that direction. A comparatively small part of the work is given to the voyages of the Genoese. Several preliminary chapters are filled with descriptions of ancient science and navigation, the traditions of Norman exploration, and so forth; and some more are devoted to the denunciation and exposure of Isabella of Castile, whom, as the patron of Columbus, Mr. Goodrich appears to detest hardly less heartily than the alleged pretender himself. Mr. Goodrich's case is briefly this:—that the memoirs of Columbus, written by his son, wilfully and deliberately falsify a considerable part of his history, and especially the circumstances which led him to assume that land would be found at a certain distance west of the Canaries; that the adventurer began life as a pirate; that at Lisbon he fell in with a pilot who, having been driven by winds out of his course, had reached the Antilles, and had made a sort of chart of the voyage; that this chart and distinct information as to course and distances were left in possession of Columbus when the pilot died in his house, and that it was on these documents that he relied; that his expectation of reaching China and India by a westward route, and especially the idea that the Antilles lay near to India, were pure fictions, intended to deceive Ferdinand and Isabella with hopes of reaching, not an unknown and undiscovered world, but a region already reputed to be enormously rich, especially in gold and silver; that the stories of the mutiny and desire of the sailors to return to Spain, of the light seen by Columbus, and other incidents of the voyage as related by himself or his son and accepted by all subsequent writers, are inventions intended to exalt his own merit, and, as regards the light, to steal the reward from the sailor who really was the first to discern the land; that the Pinzons were better navigators than Columbus, and that he was deeply indebted to them for his success; that he was a ruffian, gold-hunter, slave-hunter, cheat, and charlatan; and that the "ingratitude" of the Spanish Court was no more than his desert. We do not pretend to discuss the case; Mr. Goodrich has made some obviously untrustworthy assumptions, and fallen into some palpable inconsistencies, now exaggerating the ignorance of Columbus, now ascribing to him a knowledge of astronomical truth which he is very unlikely to have possessed; but some of his arguments are plausible, and the subject might repay further inquiry.

Mr. Ennis's *Origin of the Stars* *, though now in its fourth edition, comes into our hands for the first time. His theory is certainly strange enough. He tells us that the sun is not what it is supposed to be by nearly all modern astronomers; that there is no such thing as a photosphere, a luminous envelope composed of clouds of various elements at an intense heat, broken by external cyclones here and there, so as to give those glimpses of a lower range of clouds and a comparatively dark atmosphere below which form the so-called spots; neither is the sun's heat kept up by meteor-showers, as Mr. Proctor and others are disposed to insist. The sun is a blazing liquid ball, its heat kept up by conflagration, or, as Mr. Ennis vaguely says, "chemical action"; and the spots are solid continents, temporarily formed by local cooling, cracking so as to show glimpses of light from below—the "bridges" of solar observers—and finally dissolved again by intense heat. The alleged "shivering" of spots, seen on two or three occasions, which astronomers impute to the whirling of cyclonic storms in different directions, leaving the photosphere to close over the original hole, is the breaking up of these continents. One might fancy that Mr. Ennis was imperfectly acquainted with chemistry, or he would know that conflagration (or heat produced by chemical action) means oxidation; and that the process once accomplished cannot be repeated, so that the fuel of the sun would be very rapidly consumed and exhausted; also that he had rarely used a good telescope, or he would be satisfied that the spots are *below*, not above, the luminous surface. The same theory is of course applied to the stars, and is made to explain their various appearances and changes, with the help of some rather wild suppositions as to changes of distance.

Mr. Withrow's *Catacombs of Rome* † is a very interesting volume, full of information and speculation concerning the geography and history, the character, contents, and records of that extraordinary City of the Dead which surrounds what was so long the greatest among the cities of the living. The author affirms that the Catacombs were never dug or used by Pagan Romans; that they were probably made in the first instance by the Jewish colony at Rome, which was a considerable and flourishing community long before the destruction of Jerusalem, the Jews having a thorough abhorrence of cremation; that the Christians, sharing this feeling, dug these subterranean galleries and the graves in their walls, first for their proper use as cemeteries, afterwards to be employed also as hiding-places, refuges, and secret places of worship in times of persecution. He quotes a number of curious facts in connexion with this use of these mysterious and labyrinthine vaults, both from history, from the inscriptions on the tombs, and from the traces left in the condition of the entrances and stairways, and of chambers supposed to have been used as storehouses, where grain was kept for the sustenance of the refugees. Considerable space is given also to the incidents of martyrdom recorded often in contemporary inscriptions, and to the illustrations of the daily life and funeral customs of the primitive Church, as shown in these, the very earliest of her monuments. The whole book is full of interest, if a little too minute in detail and too full of quotation and description.

Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism * is a laborious comparison between the miracles of Scripture and those ascribed by tradition to the Apostolic Church and the alleged achievements of modern mesmerists and Spiritualists. The comparison is laborious chiefly from the vast collection of traditions and texts on the one side, and of stories of modern marvels on the other, which are brought together and placed side by side. Few persons will take the author's view of the supposed analogy between the two, and ascribe the modern marvels to a revival of primitive faith. The character of the mediums, and the general circumstances attending their performances, render any such assumption simply absurd. One remark only we would add—namely, that while there is a close resemblance between the alleged Spiritualist phenomena and some of the post-Apostolic miracles of the Church, there is an essential distinction, both in character and in evidential cogency, which separates the former from the miracles of Scripture. The modern wonder-workers can neither raise the dead nor multiply matter; and when they profess to heal disease or restore a lost sense, there is always a want of proof as to the reality of the mischief. The restoration of a paralysed nerve by the agency of human will is at least conceivable; that of an extirpated pupil would approach the definition of miracle; but we are never clearly told to which class a particular case belongs.

Mr. Bayard Taylor's *Prophet* † is a remarkable poem, of interest half-moral, half-metaphysical. The Prophet begins by painfully doubting the inspiration which he is passionately eager to claim. The craft of a man of the world who sees how the prophetic authority may be made to serve his selfish purposes persuades him that his doubts have been resolved by miracle; he goes on from purely intellectual to moral delusions, becomes an instrument in the hands of his undoer, and realizes his own imposture just as death deprives him of the power to retract his pretensions. By laying the scene in America and in our own days, and borrowing every detail of his history from the Mormon movement, Mr. Taylor introduces needless artistic faults into his story; and this one in particular, that we are forced constantly to compare the ideal Prophet with the real Joe Smith, and can never fully believe in the honesty of the former because we can never forget the tricks of the latter. Otherwise, the story is wonderfully pathetic, and the contrast of the four chief characters, male and female, with their several individualities, all distinct and well marked, always great and therefore interesting even in actual crime, is as powerfully developed as the petty motives and passions of the common herd, one by one, are briefly but sharply indicated. Without being a great poem—which it has missed perhaps through the cramping influence of the reality from which its idea is borrowed—it is a fine, though imperfectly finished, drama, and a true if not a sublime tragedy.

A new edition of Prescott's *Philip II.* ‡ deserves a word of mention. The character of the last King of Spain who made a figure and filled a great place in history can hardly be better studied than in Mr. Prescott's pages, and those who have seen one aspect of that character in Mr. Froude's account of Philip's relations with Elizabeth, and another in Mr. Motley's *History of the Netherlands*, cannot but be interested in the complete picture of his life and reign drawn by a less lively but more moderate and impartial historian.

The Schoolmaster's Trunk ‖ contains a series of slight sketches of domestic and social life in an American village, dwelling especially on the hardship and over-work of the women. It is the less effective because the writer puts her prejudices and complaints into the mouth of a man, pretending to be a judge where she is really an advocate, and to see both sides of the shield where she only sees one. The only noteworthy point is that she, like all other writers on similar topics, bears unintentional testimony to the feeble health and incapacity for work of American women, evidently

* *The Origin of the Stars, and the Causes of their Motions and their Light.* By Jacob Ennis, Principal of the Scientific and Classical Institute, Philadelphia. Fourth Edition, with Amendments. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

† *The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity.* By the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A. New York: Nelson & Phillips. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

* *The Sanctity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism.* By Eugene Crowell, M.D. 2 vols. Vol. I. New York: Carleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

† *The Prophet.* A Tragedy. By Bayard Taylor, Author of "Lars," "The Masque of the Gods," &c. &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

‡ *History of the Reign of Philip II., King of Spain.* By William H. Prescott. New and Revised Edition, with the Author's latest Corrections and Additions. Edited by John Foster Kirk. 3 vols. Vol. II. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

‖ *The Schoolmaster's Trunk; containing Papers on Home Life in Tweenit.* By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

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due to radical faults in their early training—very much, we suspect, to hot stoves, close rooms, over-work at school, and a foolish affectation of equality with the other sex in power of steady and sustained mental application. *Choice Receipts* * help to explain the "Schoolmaster's" wail over the severe work of the farmer's or shopkeeper's kitchen, and the cruelty of the "men-folk's" demand for pie and cakes. The cakes are very good; but we doubt whether they are very wholesome, and are not sorry that they are hardly likely to find in England a favour at all proportionate to their attractions.

The *Lily and the Cross*† is a tale of adventure and persecution in Acadia, before the days of the British conquest. *Toinette* ‡ is a sensational tale of slavery—a libel on the South even worse than Mrs. Stowe's, without the plea of a still subsisting struggle, or the excuse of the violent passions which it called forth. *Maria Monk's Daughter* § professes to be an autobiography, written by the person whose pretended revelations of the interior of a Roman Catholic convent excited so much controversy and such fierce denunciation some quarter of a century back, avowedly in the interest of Romanism. *Running to Waste* ‖ is sufficiently described by its second title, "The Story of a Tomboy"—a book which may interest children not yet too old for books specially written on their behoof.

The collection of verses which takes its title from the first, *After the Ball* ¶, contains many graceful, some weak, no very remarkable poems. The writer's ambition is modest, but a little beyond her present powers or judgment. Aldrich's *Cloth of Gold* ** is somewhat more vigorous, and most of the pieces are such as might be readily accepted by the better sort of magazines. Whittier's *Hazel Blossoms* †† have not the force which atones for the want of the higher poetical feeling in those of his pieces which draw their inspiration from political passion or sectarian history. O. W. Holmes's *Songs of Many Seasons* ‡‡ are hardly as vigorous as his prose; and surely it is carrying poetical license rather far to describe the Federal armies as outnumbered in the late war? Mr. Anderson's *Northern Ballads* §§ are versifications of certain old legends, not less poetic when told in prose.

* *Choice Receipts.* By M. S. W. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

† *The Lily and the Cross: a Tale of Acadia.* By Professor James De Mille, Author of the "Dodge Club," &c. &c. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

‡ *Toinette.* A Novel. By Henry Churton. New York: Ford & Co London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

§ *Maria Monk's Daughter: an Autobiography.* By Mrs. L. St. John Eckel. New York: United States Publishing Company. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

‖ *The Maidenhood Series. Running to Waste: the Story of a Tomboy.* By George M. Baker, Author of "Amateur Dramas," &c. &c. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

¶ *After the Ball, and other Poems.* By Nora Perry. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

** *Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Cloth of Gold, and other Poems.* Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

†† *Hazel Blossoms.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

‡‡ *Songs of Many Seasons,* 1862-74. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

§§ *Northern Ballads.* By Edward S. Anderson. New York: Carleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,006, Vol. 39. February 6, 1875. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6d.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE presence of the QUEEN at the opening of Parliament was all that was wanted to make the beginning of a new Session as satisfactory as possible. The PRIME MINISTER, restored to health after an illness which caused some anxiety, commands a majority desirous to signalize its existence by passing any creditable measures that may be proposed to it. The Opposition in the Commons, under a most respectable young nobleman, is prepared to win back, if it can, the confidence of the country by a modesty of demeanour which will gradually instil the belief that the Liberal party is not nearly so black as it has been painted. There is nothing sensational in the times, or in the temper of the public or of Parliament. Quiet business, peace, and industrious goodwill are the order of the day. With such a state of things the QUEEN'S Speech is in complete harmony. It has nothing in it of the style of the PREMIER when he is in his mysterious or romantic vein. Its framers thought it sufficient that they should make a sort of inventory of public affairs, and each topic has been added to the list only to be despatched in the fewest possible words. The world is at peace with England, and England is at peace with herself. Foreign affairs supply even less food than usual, and the refusal of England to take further part in the Conferences on the Laws and Usages of War, and the approaching recognition of King ALFONSO, exhaust the little that there is to be said as to other nations. The good sense of the Government in declining to pursue the fruitless or dangerous discussions commenced at Brussels is generally recognized; and it is not surprising that the Ministry should have thought fit to suggest language rather justificatory of themselves than encouraging or complimentary to those Powers who are willing to take part in further Conferences. No impartial critic can doubt that at Brussels important principles were involved, that widely divergent opinions were expressed, and that it is extremely improbable that these divergent opinions will be reconciled. In plain language, further Conferences on the Laws of War seemed likely to do much more harm than good; and as this was the judgment at which the Cabinet had arrived, it was advisable, even at the cost of damping the energies of those who will attend in the absence of England, to explain clearly why England found herself compelled to refuse the invitation of a Power which she has no wish to gratuitously slight or offend. The suppression of the East African slave trade, the reconciliation of China and Japan—due in a great measure to the good offices of the English representative at Pekin—the establishment of a new Government on the Gold Coast, the acquisition of Fiji, and the happy termination of the struggle to avert the worst consequences of famine in India, were all subjects on which the present Ministry might touch with natural satisfaction; and it is something to their credit that they have treated this obvious part of the QUEEN'S Speech so as neither to magnify what has been done by useless rhetoric, nor to take more personal credit to themselves, as distinguished from their predecessors and subordinates, than is unquestionably their due.

It must be a great comfort to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE that he is able, in spite of the risks to which his last Budget was reasonably thought to expose him, to make the Royal Speech declare that the condition of the finances is satisfactory. Against a diminishing trade there is to be set an excellent harvest, and in one way or other there has been a steady increase in the consumption of all the necessaries of life, and of "those articles "which contribute to the revenue," as beer, spirits, and tobacco are styled in a pleasing paraphrase suited to Royal lips. All that relates to foreign countries, to our colonies, and to the state of the finances was, under present circumstances, so much a matter of inevitable form, that it is only when it is over, and the proposals of the Government for the coming Session are indicated, that such interest as attaches to the Speech can be said to begin. No one can say that the Ministry has not cut out enough work for itself. No one measure, except the Judicature Bill, is in itself a great measure; but it will severely tax the industry, the tact, and the patience of the Cabinet to get the measures it shadows forth passed into law. The Bill for simplifying the Transfer of Land, which was sacrificed last Session to the religious zeal of the new House of Commons, will of course be again introduced. The old pledges of Mr. DISRAELI to distinguish himself, when he had a chance, in the character of a sanitary reformer are to be redeemed by the introduction of no less than three measures; and if he can really manage to secure the improvement of the dwellings of the poor in large towns, the consolidation and amendment of the sanitary laws, and the prevention of the pollution of rivers, he will have fairly earned a large share of public gratitude. Friendly Societies and merchant shipping are also to receive the attention they so much need. But this is only a small portion of the gigantic task which the Government proposes to accomplish. It is unsparing in its demands on itself and on Parliament. There are no less than five other subjects with which it proposes to deal, and these are all subjects difficult in themselves, and sure to provoke lively and protracted controversies. It invites Parliament to consider whether some of the Acts for the Preservation of Peace in Ireland may not now be dispensed with, and we shall once more have to walk over the hot ashes below which the interminable wrongs of Ireland lie sleeping. An opening is to be given for the amplest discussion of the delicate question whether persons who habitually amuse themselves by kicking their wives and neighbours are likely to be deterred, demoralized, or reformed, by the lash. An attempt is to be made to introduce into the system of English justice a personage who has been hitherto very conspicuous by his absence, in the shape of a Public Prosecutor. Trade conspiracies and agricultural tenancies are also to occupy the attention of a Parliament which, at the beginning of February, is supposed to be indefatigable. Altogether the list of proposed measures is a very long one, and the work of Ministers in carrying them, and of Lord HARTINGTON in understanding them and in watching their progress, promises to be severe. All that can be said at present is that, if even a fair proportion of them are carried, Parliament will greatly need and have well earned its rest when February has at length been succeeded by August. It is obvious that the fate of the Bills must mainly depend on the mode in which they are drawn, and on the mastery of their contents which is possessed by the Ministers who have charge of them. They are almost all of them Bills on which every one can find plenty to say, and will think himself entitled to speak; and the very fact that they are not party measures will necessarily tend to relax the disci-

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pline of the Government over its supporters. Vague and inaccurate language in the drafts, and a feeble wish on the part of Ministers to consult the wishes of the House and take counsel from every one, will soon use up the hours of the Session which seem so many before the Session has begun, and are found to be so few as it is wearing away.

THE LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

THE harmony which Mr. BRIGHT and the other speakers at the Reform Club attributed to the Liberal party was curiously illustrated in the preliminary proceedings. The party, or some of its more active managers, having determined to elect a leader by a general vote, one or two dissentient sections, and perhaps more than one member of the late Cabinet, immediately announced that they would not abide by the decision of the majority unless it approved itself to their judgment. The more acrimonious Nonconformists resent Mr. FORSTER'S alleged leaning to the Church, and some of the moderate Liberals, with better reason, objected to the selection of a Radical. It has been urged with much force that the section of a party which approaches most nearly to the opinions of the common opponent must necessarily direct the combined action of the whole body. The principle has lately received signal recognition in the French Assembly. The Extreme Left has with great advantage to the common cause intrusted the entire conduct of the debate on the Constitutional Laws to the Left Centre. M. LOUIS BLANC himself and his few fanatical followers have been induced to follow the guidance of those Republicans who have the nearest affinity with the supporters of constitutional monarchy. The debateable land which lies on the frontiers of parties obviously furnishes the only possible supply of proselytes or deserters. If M. GAMBETTA had ostensibly taken a chief part in the late struggle, the party with which he is allied would never have obtained its doubtful victory. In England, as in France, the Radicals will approve any measure which the Whigs may be inclined to promote; but they have other objects of their own to which the moderate Liberals are strongly opposed. Neutral and hesitating politicians may sometimes be won over to a policy which approximates to that of their own party. It is notorious that for many years the successive leaders of the Conservatives have been comparatively lax in their adherence to the traditional doctrines of the party. The Duke of WELLINGTON, who detested the name and the substance of Liberalism, conceded Catholic Emancipation, and aided in the repeal of the Corn Laws. PEEL was regarded by his followers with suspicion long before he was denounced as a traitor; and Mr. DISRAELI has never troubled himself to affect serious belief in the doctrines of which he is officially the champion. It was highly expedient to elect a moderate Liberal for the post which Mr. GLADSTONE had before his retirement almost made untenable by his increasing tendency to extreme opinions. Although Mr. BRIGHT may be considered the first member of the party in Parliamentary rank, his appointment to the post of leader, if he had been inclined to accept it, would at once have broken up the party.

Mr. FORSTER'S retirement was well-timed and graceful, but it was also unavoidable. It would have been impossible to discharge the duties of the office with effect after encountering the opposition of some former colleagues and of an active and pugnacious section of the party. A contested election among friends is unseemly; and some of Mr. FORSTER'S opponents were not so much supporters of his rival as political enemies of himself. As the result proved, those who would have preferred Mr. FORSTER are ready to acquiesce in the selection of Lord HARTINGTON, and it was known that the same tolerance would not be exhibited in the converse case. Some surprise has naturally been caused by the absence of any reference to Mr. FORSTER and his withdrawal in any of the speeches which preceded Mr. MORLEY'S. Perhaps it was thought that the mention of inveterate resentments and irreconcilable differences would have furnished an awkward comment on repeated boasts of unity. Mr. FORSTER may be reasonably proud of having been thought by a large section of the party the fittest successor to Mr. GLADSTONE. Having entered Parliament in middle life, Mr. FORSTER has by his own merits acquired an influence and popularity which are commonly reserved for more regularly trained statesmen. The choice of Lord HARTINGTON was in the circumstances probably the best that could be made; but it is remarkable that only one of his former colleagues should have been seriously thought of as a competitor. Mr. LOWE is in mere intellectual ability undoubtedly superior to any Commoner in the late Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. BRIGHT and of Mr. GLADSTONE himself; but if there had been no other impediment to the choice of Mr. LOWE, his antagonism to the section of the party which is represented by Mr. BRIGHT would have furnished a conclusive objection. Though the electors of the University of London have done themselves credit by recognizing Mr. LOWE'S great ability and partial Liberalism, the former supporters of Parliamentary Reform are probably almost as unwilling as Lord RUSSELL himself to forgive their most formidable opponent. Under the easy rule of Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. LOWE may have opportunities of proving that he is the most competent antagonist of Mr. DISRAELI. It might have seemed invidious to prefer Mr. FORSTER to Mr. LOWE, but there is no shock to self-esteem in deferring to the claims of rank. Where the chief or the heir of a great aristocratic House happens to be enlightened and able, he possesses many advantages which ought on occasion to be employed in the public service. Ancient Republics sometimes conciliated or averted envy by disposing of public offices by lot. Recognition of the chance of birth is another mode of appealing to Fortune.

Lord HARTINGTON has held Cabinet rank since 1865. Soon after the formation of his Ministry Lord RUSSELL caused some surprise by offering a Cabinet office to Mr. GOSCHEN, who was then only a young and promising member of the House of Commons. Mr. FORSTER had stronger claims on the party and a higher position in the House, but Lord RUSSELL showed discrimination in appreciating Mr. GOSCHEN'S merits, though it was thought at the time that his promotion ought to have been more gradual. When, six weeks afterwards, Lord RUSSELL made Lord HARTINGTON a Cabinet Minister, cynical observers thought that they had discovered the reason of the elevation of Mr. GOSCHEN. The PRIME MINISTER perhaps reflected that the claims of the middle class had been liberally recognized, and felt confident that no one could then object to the admission of an hereditary Whig into the circle which his ancestors had adorned. More than fifty years before Lord RUSSELL had returned thanks for a toast in which the Houses of RUSSELL and CAVENDISH were associated with the cause of constitutional freedom. It must have been pleasant for a Prime Minister of the name of RUSSELL to make a CAVENDISH his colleague. Lord HARTINGTON has on the whole justified the choice of his discerning patron. He is a respectable administrator, and his speeches display good sense, though he has never affected to be an orator. It would seem that when he is not officially bound to be familiar with the political topics of the day, he pays the subject but cursory attention. At Lewes he betrayed an imperfect recollection of a blunder of Mr. DISRAELI'S, and an ignorance of Ministerial plans which might have been dispelled by an assiduous study of the newspapers; but in the same speech he did something to reassure alarmists who may have thought the Liberal party was still subject to the vehement impulses which actuated Mr. GLADSTONE. Without unnecessarily entering into controversy Lord HARTINGTON professed not to agree with Mr. BRIGHT'S views on Disestablishment, and he recommended the party to wait and watch the Government instead of hastily devising a policy of its own. Neither opinion is eminently original; but it is well that the Liberal leader should possess good sense and moderation. Lord HARTINGTON is rewarded by Mr. BRIGHT'S assurance that the party is tolerably unanimous, though one of its sections, headed by Mr. BRIGHT himself, is bent on a great social and political change of which the majority and its chosen leader steadily disapprove.

Lord HARTINGTON is not likely to be an active promoter of revolutionary measures. Mr. GLADSTONE, when, a few years ago, he suddenly found it convenient to become a convert to the Ballot, entrusted the conduct of the Bill to Lord HARTINGTON, whose equanimity was perhaps not seriously disturbed by the failure which he incurred. In a subsequent Session the Government had resolved to prosecute the measure in earnest; and consequently Mr. FORSTER

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was charged with the introduction and defence of the Bill. In the last Session Mr. FORSTER was the principal supporter of Mr. TREVELYAN'S Bill for the extension of household suffrage to the counties. No politician has been more consistent in his advocacy of measures for increasing the power of the numerical majority, although he has never shared the jealousy of aristocratic privileges which is felt by some of his political allies. For the present, public opinion is not favourable to fresh constitutional changes. There is great advantage in the temper and mode of thinking which find expression in the appointment of Lord HARTINGTON. A coalition will almost certainly take place hereafter between the moderate Liberals and the less reactionary section of the Conservatives; but it is well that it should be postponed as long as possible. The great Whig families have done good service to the country by the pressure which they have for some generations placed on their political allies. As opponents they would often have been unable to resist what they have had sufficient influence to prevent. The mixture of classes and interests in political parties offers a better security against extremes than any artificial contrivances for readjusting electoral power. The heir of a powerful family has a natural repugnance to violent change, and can best give effect to his instinct when he is known not to be a bigot. Lord HARTINGTON was fairly warned by Mr. VILLIERS and Mr. BRIGHT that he must leave his supporters a large margin of open questions. He has no power, and probably no inclination, to prevent the extreme Liberals from proposing the measures which they think desirable, but he can take care that the promoters of special agitations are not allowed to use the regular machinery of the party. Lord RUSSELL has lately recorded Mr. TIERNEY'S refusal to allow him the advantage of party circulars in support of his early schemes of Reform. Lord HARTINGTON will have many opportunities of exercising similar discretion.

THE WALLON CONSTITUTION.

THE proverb that when things come to the worst they must mend seems about to receive fresh confirmation from the action of the French Assembly. The difficulty of deriving any consolation from it up to this time has lain in the fact that things had so often come to what looked like the worst without mending. Perhaps the inner consciousness of French parties has in each case told them that there was a lower depth which they had not yet reached, and that so great a nation must go further into the Slough of Despond than would be required of less conspicuous agents of civilization. At all events, each time that it has seemed impossible that France could exist any longer without coming to some conclusion as to her Constitution and Government, appearances have been proved to be wrong, and the Assembly and the country have managed to get on in the same uncertainty as before. Every party in the Chamber, so far as outsiders could judge, had been hopelessly demoralized by the failure of one attempt at compromise after another. The old majority had been broken up, and the fragments of it had alternately spent their strength in trying to piece themselves together, and in distributing the blame of their ill success. The Left Centre had met the fate of most prophets who cannot get listened to, and had begun to distrust their own policy because they could find no one else to trust it. The Left had become weary of its tardily acquired moderation, had shown signs of repudiating M. GAMBETTA'S leadership, and had on more than one occasion done its best to alienate moderate politicians out of doors. The Bonapartists had naturally been encouraged by the general discomfiture of their enemies, and had lost that sense of caution which had stood them in such good stead in the first year after the war. Down to the Saturday of last week there was not the slightest symptom of improvement visible. Friday was spent in rejecting the amendment of the Left Centre, which had been so ably defended by M. LABOULAYE. Its supporters could only bring together 335 deputies—of whom six were obtained at the last moment, and could not have been trusted to vote a second time in the same sense—while 359 votes were given against it. This result had been expected by everybody, and everybody, except perhaps a very few party leaders, thought that the rejection of this Constitution was only the prelude to the rejection of several others. Saturday told a different story.

The apostle of reconciliation was suddenly disclosed in the person of M. WALLON, a deputy who until then had not been known in the Assembly, but who is perhaps destined to have his name indissolubly associated with the constitutional history of France. The LABOULAYE scheme had come to nothing, because it could not gain any support from the Right Centre. The WALLON scheme contrived to supply this deficiency. Instead of securing only 335 votes against 359, it secured 353 votes against 352. The difference between the division lists on the two days is small, but decisive. The difference between the amendments which called them forth was equally decisive and still smaller. M. LABOULAYE had asked the Assembly to say that the Government of the Republic consists of a President and two Chambers. The Right Centre could not persuade themselves to say words so dreadful as that the Government of the Republic consists of anything. M. WALLON proposed to assume that the Government of the Republic consists of certain elements, and to begin without any preface by determining how these elements are obtained. This compromise gave a part of the Right Centre the opportunity they wanted. They had got over their objection to organizing the Republic, but they could not get over their objection to seeing what they were doing described in plain words. Luck or insight led M. WALLON to suggest that they should do it without describing it, and this happy thought gained a majority of one in favour of the Republic. For there was no doubt that M. WALLON'S amendment, supposing it to be finally adopted by the Assembly, did establish the Republic. It provided for the transmission of power either to Marshal MACMAHON for a new term or to some one else. This was exactly what until then no member of the Right Centre had been willing to contemplate. To make any definite arrangement for the vesting of Marshal MACMAHON'S powers in another President, or for their revesting in himself, was to give up the dream that at the end of the Septennate the MARSHAL would by some unexplained, but as it was hoped natural, process hand over the supreme power to the legitimate King. Perhaps there would have been no disruption of the Right Centre even now, had it not been for Marshal CANROBERT'S letter to the electors of the Lot. But the discovery that there was a Marshal of France cherishing "a profound respect for the fallen "Empire," preserving his faith "in the direct expression "of the national will," and persuaded that in the troubled times through which France is passing, "when the army "is the only defence of calmness, security, and the "national independence, its children ought not to engage "in the dangerous contests of speech-making," was very well calculated to startle them. There was the true ring of Imperialism about Marshal CANROBERT'S phrases. Contempt for Parliamentary government as compared with government by plébiscite, reliance on the army as the sole guarantee of public order, and a resolution to cast in his lot with the army rather than with the Assembly, made up a really alarming manifesto. The Orleanists differ from the Legitimists in preferring the Republic to the Empire, supposing the choice to lie between the two; and the conviction that the choice has been thus narrowed probably determined the scanty secession which promises to make M. WALLON the author of a new Constitution.

When the tide had once turned, it rose with immense rapidity. On Monday the clause proposed by the Committee of Thirty, giving Marshal MACMAHON the right of dissolving the Chamber of Deputies, and providing for new elections within six months, came on for consideration. M. WALLON stood ready with a new amendment. He proposed to give the right of dissolution to the President for the time being, to make the concurrence of the Senate necessary to its exercise, and to order new elections within three months. The amendment was referred to the Committee of Thirty. The Committee at once rejected it, and on Tuesday the Assembly had to decide whether to side with the Committee or with M. WALLON. A far more decisive issue was thus raised than had been raised by M. WALLON'S former amendment. All parties in the Assembly now knew exactly how the question stood. The Republic had been voted by a majority of one. If after this the Assembly gave the right of dissolution to the President of the Republic, and not to Marshal

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MacMahon personally, it would with its eyes open confirm the vote of the previous Saturday. This was plainly put to the deputies by the Duke of Rochefoucauld-Bissaccia. They had, he said, two alternatives before them—either to give the right of dissolution to all Presidents, which would amount to establishing the Republic; or to give the right to Marshal MacMahon, which would be merely according him a fresh expression of their confidence in him personally. The proposal to make the concurrence of the Senate necessary to the exercise of the President's right was equally important for another reason. It was known that the Left Centre would only consent to a Republican Constitution on condition that it comprised a Second Chamber, but it was not known positively whether the Left would consent to vote a Second Chamber. If they refused, the whole Constitution might be shipwrecked by a combination of the Extremes against the Centres. The proposal to vest certain powers in the Senate commits its supporters to the principle of a Second Chamber. The willingness of the Right Centre seceders to constitute the Republic and the willingness of the Left to accept a Second Chamber were thus to be tested by one and the same amendment. A vote was first taken on the question whether priority should be given to M. Wallon's proposal or to a proposal identical in substance with that of the Committee of Thirty. In this division the majority of one grew to a majority of eight. This showed that the Republican party was gaining ground in the Right Centre, and from that moment the Right Centre leaders gave up the struggle. When M. Wallon's amendment was put to the vote, the numbers were 449 for it and 249 against it. It is too soon to calculate what effect this unforeseen series of divisions will exercise upon the attitude and composition of French parties.

SPAIN.

SINCE the English Restoration of 1660 no similar political change has been effected so smoothly as the establishment of Alfonso XII. on the throne of Spain. His envoys have been admitted to audience by some of the most powerful sovereigns in Europe, and the recognition which was withheld from the Republic, and but tardily accorded to Marshal Serrano, is only delayed in consequence of an arrangement that Austria is to take the first step. It is understood that the Emperor of Russia will unite with the other great Powers in the acknowledgment of the restored dynasty. The young King has been advised to deduce his title from the abdication of his mother in his favour, rather than from the national choice, which indeed was only expressed by the army. Few of his subjects will appreciate his promise of emulating the earlier Alfonsos who reigned when a part of the present Spanish monarchy belonged to Moorish Kings; but when members of the French Assembly contrast with the miscarriages of the Revolution the heroic exploits of French Kings who were contemporary with the Plantagenets, it may perhaps not be thought irrelevant for a Spaniard to find objects of emulation in the early history of Castile or of Aragon. The only Royal approval which is withheld is that of a *de jure* potentate. The Count of Chambord naturally reads history through French glasses, and he cannot understand a legitimate title which is not deduced according to the traditions of France. The Roman Court, notwithstanding the personal regard of the Pope for his godson, is in considerable embarrassment when it has to choose between two equally orthodox rivals. The temporal or hereditary claims of Alfonso are at least as good as those of his cousin; but the Church was in some degree pledged to Don Carlos when his forces were arrayed against a godless Republic. There is a certain awkwardness in transferring the Pope's support to Don Alfonso; but, on the other hand, a King in possession can do more for the good cause than a mere Pretender. An official journal accordingly announces in many words that the Pope is not precluded from supporting Don Alfonso, although he still cherishes a warm regard for Don Carlos. It is probably supposed that the young King will bid higher for a decisive preference than if it were in the first instance gratuitously accorded. For the present the moderate section of the Ministry has checked all the attempts of the clergy to re-establish the ancient system of intolerance. The King's reiterated declarations that he is not less Catholic than his ancestors are immediately addressed to the inhabitants of the Carlist provinces. At Madrid the Protestant journals which were suppressed have been allowed to reappear, and there has hitherto been no attempt to interfere with freedom of public worship. Neither the Austrian nor the French dynasty of Spain could have imagined the laxity which is familiar to modern experience. It seems that there has been some disagreement, which is not fully explained, between the Minister of Worship and his colleagues. The declaration attributed to the King that he would never reappoint a Minister who had once resigned must have been inaccurately reported. The best proof that the influence of the Liberal section of the Ministry is at present in the ascendant may be found in the cordiality of his relations with the English Minister.

If the campaign in the North should prove to be decisive and final, the King will derive permanent advantage from the coincidence of his accession with the return of peace. It is impossible at present to test the accuracy of conflicting rumours as to the persistence of the Carlist leaders or their inclination to yield. Don Carlos will be but little injured by the republication in a French journal of his father's abdication in favour of Isabella. It is perfectly clear that no life tenant of a throne can surrender the rights of his successors. If Don Juan of Bourbon had been actually King, he might at his pleasure have abandoned the throne, but his title would instantly have devolved on his eldest son and undoubted heir. Some political dreamers have at various times suggested that the Count of Chambord should adopt Prince Louis Napoleon as his heir, but legitimate kings possess rights to exercise and not to give away. Ferdinand VII. asked the aid of the Cortes because, although he had been an unscrupulous despot, he well knew that a change in the order of succession could not be accomplished by his own prerogative. Don Carlos has no reason to prefer his cousin to a Republican Government, but many of his followers may think it unnecessary to continue the sacrifices which they have hitherto made, when both claimants of the throne are equally religious and equally anxious to guarantee provincial privileges. The season of active military operations is rapidly approaching, and since the beginning of the winter the national army has been largely reinforced. Moriones and Primo di Rivera have probably by this time effectually relieved Pampeluna, and their success may lead to a convention by which the war may be brought to an end. It may perhaps be prudent to grant liberal terms to the Carlist officers, who will stipulate for the preservation of their military rank. Some of them were provoked into joining the insurrection by the folly of the Liberal Ministers of Amadeo and of their Republican successors. In general mutiny and laxity of discipline ought to be regarded as unpardonable offences, but the confused state of parties and of political morality during the last six years might excuse for once a neglect of ordinary rules. If the generals and principal officers can be decorously bought off, the Carlist soldiers will be sufficiently rewarded by the termination of the risks and hardships of war. It is not known whether Don Carlos and his brother are open to a compromise by which they might be recognized as Princes of the Blood. In any negotiation for the purpose it will be remembered that they dispose only of a life interest in a divine and unalienable right; but if the civil war is effectually ended for a time, it will scarcely revive until it is facilitated by another revolution. After the surrender of Maroto at Bergara, the successive Pretenders never succeeded in raising a serious insurrection until the ill-advised deposition of Isabella left the throne of Spain open to a scramble.

For the present Alfonso XII. has a safer tenure of power than any of his recent predecessors. The revolutionary chimeras of fifty years ago are discredited in Spain even more completely than in other parts of the Continent. It is highly improbable that the young King will imitate the tyranny by which Ferdinand VII. almost justified the subsequent follies of the Liberal party. Even if there were any reason for attributing to a promising young prince the base and cruel disposition of his grandfather, a King who is, like Ferdinand in 1821, virtually dethroned, has no longer a Holy Alliance to which he can appeal. Even the Royal office is now in some degree held on condition of good behaviour, although it is a great security to be safe against competition. The Republicans, although

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they were for a few months allowed to administer the Government, are even weaker than at the time when PRIM asserted that there were no Republicans in Spain. A Correspondent of the *Daily News* lately published an interesting account of a conversation with the most brilliant and the most upright member of the party. It seems that Señor CASTELAR, though he considers himself debarred from employment under a Monarchy, candidly recognizes the failure of the experiment which he has spent his life in promoting. He speaks with just indignation of the conduct of the Jacobins of the great towns with whom he was formerly allied, and of the wild attempts at disruption by which his own faction of Federalists attempted to realize the theories which he had preached. Still a Republican, CASTELAR admits that the triumph of his doctrines is for the present impossible; but, with the inveterate prejudice of the sect in which he has been trained, he fails to draw the obvious inference that it is his duty to acquiesce in the only mode by which the country can be governed. His master, MAZZINI, set him the example of ostentatious abstention from political life because his countrymen would only adopt a part of his advice; but MAZZINI was a conspirator as well as an exile, and CASTELAR has no criminal design against the actual Government. Pedantic Republicans, Nonjurors, and French Legitimists, all assume in common that the allegiance which they refuse to certain institutions is theirs to give or to withhold; yet nothing can be more puerile than the pretension of attaching conditions to the performance of ordinary civic duties. The majority of Republicans, or of those who were Republicans two years ago, will fortunately not be disposed to emulate the austere self-denial of their eloquent leader. The officers of the army as a body never concealed their preference for Monarchy; and MORIONES, who was suspected of Republican obstinacy, is now devoted to the cause of King ALFONSO. When it becomes necessary to convoke a Cortes, the members will be even more unanimous in support of the Government than the Assemblies which were successively convoked by SAGASTA, by ZORRILLA, and by FIGUERAS.

MR FORSTER AND THE DISSENTERS.

DURING the last three weeks the Dissenters have shown that they possess in a very eminent degree two qualities which in a political party are justly thought to be merits. They have been consistent, and they have been successful. The humiliation of the Liberal party has not discouraged the particular faction which had the largest share in bringing it about. They have not fallen from the high place they held in their own esteem. They are as unreasonable as ever, as obstructive as ever, and as spiteful as ever. They must have their revenge for the past, no matter at how great a cost in the future. Yet they are economical even in their extravagance, because the cost, whatever it may be, will fall on the Liberal party, not on themselves. They are as persuaded as ever that they are indispensable to the success of the organization which is unfortunate enough to include them among its members, and, strong in this conviction, they have made their own terms. The crotchets which have already helped to make Liberalism the byword it has lately become are not to be excluded even by implication from the Liberal programme, The Liberal leader is to be sound on the 25th Clause, on pain of a secession which, as the Dissenters themselves tell him, will mean certain ruin to his prospects. Every other consideration is to be subordinated to this. As the publicans sank politics in beer, so the Dissenters have sunk them in unmeaning wranglings about school fees. Mr. FORSTER had seen that, if children are to be got to school, the parent must, in theory, be allowed to choose to what school they shall be sent; and, in order to make the application of this principle universal, he had provided for its extension to a small class of children standing between paupers and the independent poor. This is the inexpiable crime which is for ever to shut him out from leadership. The chief who is to lead the Dissenters in Opposition must be a man who has voted against the 25th Clause, and who can therefore be squeezed into proposing its excision from the Education Act whenever he has exchanged Opposition for office. Rather than relax this indispensable condition, they are ready to see elementary education and the Liberal party go to the dogs together. The Roman Catholics who have lately been putting Mr. GLADSTONE into almost bodily fear are not a bit more impracticable than the Dissenters. The difference is that the infallibility recognized by the Dissenters is put in commission, and dates its bulls from Birmingham.

It would be well if this were the only difference. Unfortunately, there is at least as great a distinction in the manner in which the utterances of the two infallibilities are received. The POPE may be omnipotent within his own communion, but he is of very little account outside it. He may excommunicate the Old Catholics, but he cannot secure the rejection of the FALK Laws. The Dissenters are in a very much better position. They claim to shape the policy and dictate the arrangements of the Liberal party, and the Liberal party submits. If the real value of the Dissenters' support had never been tested this meekness would be less wonderful. A bladder looks as solid as a cannon-ball till it is pricked. But in this case the pin has been applied. The general election showed that the Dissenters had had one part to play and that they had played it absolutely to perfection. That part was to warn off wavering Liberals, and the dispersion of Mr. GLADSTONE'S majority proved how generally the warning had been taken. The Dissenters had blown their own trumpet so loudly that half Israel had taken it as a hint to get to their tents. It is this that makes the conduct of the Dissenters since Mr. GLADSTONE'S retirement so glorious. It is nothing to impose upon others when all the conditions are in your favour; but to impose upon the very men who have found you out only a year before, and to do it by the simple repetition of the old trick, is, from the charlatan's point of view, a very great achievement indeed. If the Dissenters had made the experiment and failed, it might have been set down as only extraordinary impudence; but impudence that has been justified by results has a right to take the name of courage. They said that if Mr. FORSTER led the Liberal party he would lead it with the Nonconformist element left out; and, though that was by no means the only reason for the choice which has been made, it no doubt had an influence with many members of the Liberal party. If Mr. FORSTER had been left to decide the question for himself, he might not have been very much alarmed. But he had to consider not only the division caused by the actual Nonconformist secession, but also the further divisions which might be caused by his maintaining his pretensions in face of a Nonconformist secession. It is the fact that these further divisions should have existed for him to consider that reflects so little credit on Liberal boldness. Mr. FORSTER was right in refusing, even if elected, to lead men who were afraid to follow him, but what shall be said of the men who were afraid to follow him because of the Nonconformist spectre which seemed to bar the path? It is hard to say whether the pretensions of the Dissenters are weaker as regards their own body or as regards the public at large. Even while this and that Nonconformist Association were setting forth in fierce resolutions their immutable determination to break with the Liberal party rather than make friends with Mr. FORSTER, there was abundant evidence that they were speaking but for a section of their own numbers. Upon this point, at all events, it would soon have been seen that all are not Dissenters who are counted as Dissenters. And as regards the country, we very much doubt whether the opponents of vaccination are not quite as formidable as the opponents of the 25th Clause. The truth is that the Dissenters, as a distinct political organization, are played out. This is not in the least the same thing as saying that the objects for which Dissenters are agitating, or preparing to agitate, will never be attained. The Church may, for aught we know, be disestablished, and education may be secularized, but the work, if done at all, will be done by other hands and for other ends than theirs. In the controversy which has grown out of the Act of 1870 the Dissenters have been the tools of more far-seeing politicians than themselves. They may find in the long run that their labours have only brought the time nearer when the professors of the religion of science will have to determine whether the interests of humanity cannot now dispense with such instruments. It is to be hoped that, when that time comes, vivisection will have gone out of fashion, or anæsthetics be better understood.

Another curious fact about the excitement which has just been calmed by Mr. FORSTER'S sacrifice is that the Dissenters, when they do not happen to have 25th Clause on the brain, are eager to testify to the groundlessness of their own outcries. Their charge against Mr. FORSTER is

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that his educational policy was designed to strengthen, and as a matter of fact has strengthened, the Established Church. The Education Act has even been described as tantamount to a new Establishment by reason of the immense command of the public purse which it is alleged to have given the clergy. Even the straitest member of the Birmingham sect will probably admit that these effects were not patent on the face of the Education Act. Indeed he would probably quote it as a striking instance of Mr. FORSTER'S duplicity that he was able to keep his purposes so well concealed. Therefore it is in the results of the Act that the evidence of this intention must be looked for; Mr. FORSTER'S condemnation is to be read in the raised hopes of the clergy and in the more assured position of the Church. Now it happens that, whenever the Dissenters are not thinking about the Education Act, they are greatly given to pointing out how much nearer, as they think, Disestablishment has been brought by the legislation of last Session. If the Church four years after the passing of the Education Act was so weak that she could not stand such a very mild form of crisis as the accession of her professed friends to power, the efficacy of that Act, regarded in the light of a new Establishment, must have been exceedingly small. Without in the least denying the harm done to the principle of religious establishments by the Public Worship Act, it seems safe to assert that the doubts which it suggests do not say much for the solidity of the new fortifications with which Mr. FORSTER is alleged to have surrounded the Church. Again, one of the complaints most often heard from the clergy is that their schools are being crowded out by the schools of the School Boards. The alarm of the clergy at the progress of School Boards is obviously genuine, and, whether they are wise in clinging to voluntary schools or not, they are probably sufficiently alive to the state of their own subscription lists and their own school registers to detect the quarter from which danger is likely to come. If the Education Act has done such wonderful things for them, and has enabled them to dip their hands so deeply into the national pocket, it is strange that they should show so much distrust of its ordinary machinery. The testimony furnished by the fears of the clergy, and the testimony furnished by the boasts of the Dissenters, alike point to the truth that the real object of the Education Act was identical with its professed object, and that neither went any further than the provision of elementary schools for as many children as could be got to go to them.

THE FAMINE IN ASIA MINOR.

A TERRIBLE famine is devastating a part of Asia Minor. It is estimated that over an area of at least forty thousand square miles there is literal starvation. More than ten thousand persons have died for want of food. The distress is increasing rapidly, and a large portion of the population that survives only survives upon herbs, grass, and the skins of animals. The efforts of the Turkish Government and of Turkish charity are inadequate to cope with so extreme a calamity, and an appeal has been made to remote England to come to the aid of the sufferers and to give the crumbs from her table to these unhappy victims of an overpowering calamity. The appeal will probably not be in vain, and in the presence of so awful and widespread a desolation all thoughts fade away except that human beings are going through one of the worst evils that can befall man. If we could but see these poor people, if we were there among them, we should not for a moment hesitate to share with them what we had, and those in England who are trying to bring the picture of all this suffering before the eyes of the public are no doubt doing what they are perfectly right to do. But it is impossible, when we think on behalf of whom the appeal is made, and how it happens that an appeal is made at all to us distant foreigners, that some feeling of irritation should not be excited. For centuries Asia Minor, a country rich in all natural resources, once alive with the most buoyant activity, washed on three sides by the sea, favoured by its climate, has been withering away under the deadly grasp of the Turks. Those poor wretches who are now eating grass to keep their miserable souls and bodies together have been plundered, brutalized, misgoverned from their cradles. They have had all courage and all hope taken out of them by the blight of tyranny—not of active persecution, but of that slow destruction which is known under the name of draining the resources of a country. The provinces of Turkey, and especially the provinces of Asia Minor, have had their resources drained, and now the resources of Asia Minor are drained down to eating grass and the skins of cats and dogs. If we can send them a little food we shall enable them to look forward to going on for a few years more under the process of having their resources drained; but only to a point that will permit them just to eat something better than grass. Once more they will set about the endless task of collecting and burying a tiny hoard of halfpence that shall escape the inquisition of the man that is under the man that is under the Pasha that is under the Lord of the Faithful at Constantinople. We cannot mingle with our charity the hope of doing any permanent good. There can be no labour test in Asia Minor. New roads would be but a job for a Pasha; new means of cultivation would mean new pretexts for taxation. The art of draining resources is carried to too great a perfection at Constantinople for foreigners to be able to spoil it. And for what are the provinces of Turkey drained? Primarily that Turkish officials of every degree may live with more or less of ease according to their rank on what is extorted. Ultimately, that the SULTAN may have his palaces, his harems, and his ironclads. If the cost of even one of these useless vessels—these toys which their owner is not allowed to use—had but been devoted to relieve the sufferings of Asia Minor in this crisis of famine, it would have been something. There would have been a show of decency in this appeal of the Turks. But that is not at all consistent with the great process of draining provinces. The inhabitants are ground down to a point just above starvation, a famine comes, they get down to grass, and even of grass there is not enough, and they die. But after all it is the will of ALLAH that the dogs should die; and does any one object to an appeal being made to England? and does not the flag of the Crescent look beautiful on the iron ships which lie—they always do lie—in the noblest of harbours?

It may perhaps be said on behalf of the Turks that they are not much worse than other people. It is not only in Turkey that the sad spectacle of retrogression is to be found. We have lately heard of parts of China where jungles are now growing over the sites of what were in the memory of living men great and flourishing cities. It must be owned that the Turks have not got in Asia Minor quite so far as jungles, partly perhaps because jungles would not grow there. Sicily and North Africa were once the granaries of Rome. The neighbourhood of Rome itself was once occupied by a thriving and healthy population. In the Western world the great works of the old Spanish Government—the roads, the bridges, the aqueducts—are getting into ruins in many places under the feeble management of distracted Republics. Wherever this waste of precious human effort, this annihilation of the results of human endeavour and thought is going on, there is room for pity and indignation in those who behold or are cognizant of what is happening. But we cannot be equally shocked by every calamity. We may feel a sadness, but it is at most a transient sadness, when we read of the sites of Chinese cities covered with jungle. We know nothing whatever about them. If we were told where they were we should not understand, and if we heard their names we could not pronounce them. Asia Minor is different. It is only by an accident not in Europe. We were taught its geography at school with a minuteness which was not extended to the geography of our native country. The Greeks, the Romans, the early Christians, have familiarized us with its rivers, its harbours, and its cities. It is too famous and too near to us to be so thrown away. The Turks seem intruding their misgovernment upon us beyond the limits of decency when they reduce their victims to eating grass in a country to which so many memories attach, and which is in sight of Europe. For us whom purely political motives have led to be of all nations most active in keeping them where they are, it is not quite comfortable to have them washing their dirty linen in our sight, and forcing us to observe what they have done with Asia Minor. Famines may of course occur anywhere. We have had our Irish famine, our Orissa famine, our Bengal famine. The French had their deep distress after the German war. The Irish famine was perhaps partly due to ancient misgovernment, and the French distress was undoubtedly due to a war into which the nation had been foolish enough to be enticed by the ambition of a dynasty, the intrigues of priests, and its own inordinate vanity. On the other hand, the famine in Asia Minor is not wholly due to misgovernment; it is caused mainly by

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sudden and adverse physical influences. But at any rate respectable nations do what they can for those overtaken in their boundaries by sudden calamities; and the inhabitants of Asia Minor, if they had ever heard of Bengal, which is extremely improbable, might learn from the recent history of the Bengal famine how very successful were the efforts of a good and strong Government on behalf of another Asiatic population. As it is, the only news they are likely to hear as they lie down to die after having eaten the skin of their last dog is that another new grand building has been finished at Constantinople, and that its marble staircases are regarded by foreigners with just admiration.

There is nothing in the least to be ashamed of if a nation accepts aid from foreigners under the pressure of extreme calamity. The French took, and took thankfully, the contributions which England made to the relief of the suffering caused by the German war. They frankly accepted what was sent, and the grace of receiving equalled the grace of giving. If an appeal for aid is to be made anywhere, it is natural that it should be made to England, to safe, rich, charitable England. She is the grandmamma of nations, and all kinds of penniless people run to her in their troubles. If the Turks ever did anything whatever for their subject races we should be delighted to help them, and also if there was anything to be effected by helping them beyond preventing in a few cases the fearful pangs of death by starvation. The horrors of famine are so great that all reasoning dies away before their contemplation, and Christian charity may be called upon to forget for the moment everything else, except that English money can preserve life in Asia Minor. But it makes the process of giving a very melancholy one when we remember that we are but saving the victims of oppression to be victimized and oppressed anew. It is not pleasant to think of the existence that awaits those to whom we send something more nourishing than a handful of weeds or the skin of a dog. It will be always more Pashas, more tax-gatherers, more petty bullies, more cunning inquisitors, more stagnation, desolation, and despair. It is useless to conceal that we may before long begin to get very tired of the Turks. It would be extremely convenient to be able to go on liking them, for it happens to suit us financially and politically that they should stay where they are, whether to govern or misgovern. But unfortunately they know that this suits us, and suits some others as well, and so, having, as they think, the choice, they choose to misgovern. Politically they calculate that they can misgovern as much as they please, as, whatever they may do, they will be kept at Constantinople in order that the Russians may not take their place. Financially they base all their system on mismanagement. They borrow millions to squander, and drain their provinces to pay the interest. This is not the Turkey of our dreams, the Turkey we should like, the Turkey of Lord PALMERSTON, but it is the Turkey that exists. Of course we cannot suddenly abandon a great traditional policy because the Turks have disappointed us. We cannot let sentiment or philanthropy persuade us to hand over Constantinople to Russia. We cannot be content unless we have a very large share in the settlement of that future which is to replace the miserable present on both sides of the Hellespont. But we must work, however cautiously, to some end, and that end cannot be the perpetual upholding of Turkish misgovernment.

LORD ST. LEONARDS.

LORD ST. LEONARDS will probably be remembered as, with the exception of Lord ELDON, the greatest English lawyer of the nineteenth century. Although there are strong, and perhaps preponderating, reasons for retaining the political character of the highest judicial office, the career of Lord ST. LEONARDS illustrates the severe public loss which is sometimes incurred by adherence to the ancient rule. He was for five years Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and only for a few months Lord Chancellor of England. Fortunately the judicial functions of the House of Lords gave him an opportunity of applying during many years his extraordinary learning and ability to the public service as a member of the supreme Court of Appeal; but it is difficult to estimate the advantage to suitors and the benefit which might have accrued to legal science if Lord ST. LEONARDS had presided in the Court of Chancery in the place of some of his contemporaries. The indefatigable industry with which he adapted his early legal works to the modifications produced by legislation and by a long series of judicial decisions made his name and authority familiar to several generations of lawyers. The opinion attributed to COKE that lawyers are the special favourites of Providence derives countenance from the extraordinary longevity of which Lord ST. LEONARDS furnishes the latest instance. Dying at ninety-four, he was the third ex-Chancellor who within twelve years has passed the age of ninety. The same unusual term has been lately reached by two other well-known judges, Dr. LUSHINGTON and Sir G. ROSE. There can be no doubt that a good constitution is favourable to success at the Bar, and that the fortunate nonagenarians represent a much larger number of lawyers who have broken down comparatively early in the professional struggle; but there is reason to believe that the employment of an advocate is intrinsically healthy. A counsel or a judge constantly exercises all his intellectual faculties; and during a successful career he has less than average cause for distress and anxiety. The worst that can happen is that his client, and not himself, is ruined. If there were no other explanation of the adage that the man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client, its soundness would be proved by the heavy strain imposed on those who are compelled to apply their highest faculties to matters in which they have a personal concern. Even generals and statesmen are less happy than lawyers in exemption from anxiety, because their own fame and power depend on the success of their efforts in the public cause.

From his earliest youth Lord ST. LEONARDS possessed the singular aptitude for legal reasoning which probably made his life easy rather than laborious. His mind was a judicial machine which naturally worked in accordance with legal deductions and analogies. The retentive memory which is necessary to a great lawyer is supplied by the interest which such a mind as that of Lord ST. LEONARDS took in the processes of his peculiar study. Almost every person who is not below the average of intellectual vigour has a good memory of some kind. Some remember dates in connexion with the historical succession of events, as others retain an accumulation of scientific facts. Lord ST. LEONARDS probably possessed in the highest perfection the artificial memory by which advocates learn to know and retain for the requisite time the most complex narratives and the most diverse facts. Long professional experience shows that almost all subjects of litigation naturally arrange themselves in one of a limited number of groups; and in the trained understanding they are further distributed either in order of time or according to some other natural system. Lord ST. LEONARDS probably acquired by severe study his mastery of facts; but the acquisition of legal knowledge can scarcely have been felt by him as labour. As far as law is a science, every proposition necessarily follows from general principles, and the distinctions and illustrations supplied by decided cases correspond, except where they are erroneous, with the independent reasoning of a thorough lawyer. Lord ST. LEONARDS'S powers as an advocate are only known at the present day by tradition, except to the few lawyers who have the curiosity to study his arguments in Equity Reports. His judgments as English or Irish Chancellor and in the House of Lords still retain their merited authority. It is exclusively as a lawyer and as a judge that he will be remembered, for it is no disparagement to his character to regard with indifference his political career.

The story that his opinion on Catholic Emancipation was determined by the accident of his failing to obtain the support of the Duke of NORFOLK to his candidature at Shoreham, whether it is true or not, is perfectly credible. Having apparently received no regular education, SUGDEN concentrated his mind in boyhood on the study of law, in much the same manner in which composers and painters have almost from infancy often fastened upon congenial pursuits. When he was absorbed in the study, and afterwards in the practice, of conveyancing, he is unlikely to have troubled himself with the acquisition of historical or political knowledge. It was only when he had secured wealth and professional fame that he found it expedient to enter Parliament as the recognized road to promotion. It may be conjectured that his leaning was Conservative, but it is more to the purpose that in the days of Lord LIVERPOOL there was no prospect of legal or judicial office except for a Tory. Having chosen his side, he adhered to it in good and evil fortune with unflinching

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tenacity. A great lawyer is a valuable member of a party, and SUGDEN probably contented himself with placing his stores of learning at the service of his friends and leaders. His political prepossessions were perhaps confirmed by the contemptuous animosity with which, like another eminent lawyer, the late Lord KINGSDOWN, he regarded Lord BROUGHAM during his occupancy of the Woolsack. The story is well known of his pausing in an argument and explaining that he would proceed as soon as the CHANCELLOR was at leisure to listen. He is said even to have entertained a scheme of bringing the conduct of BROUGHAM under the notice of the House of Commons. The versatile CHANCELLOR fully returned SUGDEN'S hostility, and probably considered himself in his turn justified in adding contempt to hatred. The marvellous variety of his own attainments must have contrasted favourably in his judgment with the single quality of legal learning on which SUGDEN'S reputation and power depended. On one occasion BROUGHAM shocked the taste of the House of Lords by attaching to his adversary a coarse and unmeaning nickname.

Although his practice in oratory had been confined to the Courts, SUGDEN was a fluent speaker, and even on the hustings his style was effective, though he was sometimes deficient in tact. When he opposed Mr. SPRING RICE in the borough of Cambridge, soon after the passing of the Reform Bill, he struggled gallantly against the adverse feeling of the mob at the nomination, until he made an injudicious attempt at conciliation and flattery. "I am," he said, "not an aristocrat, for, like yourselves, I am sprung "from the dregs of the people." The compliment which he intended to pay his audience was not appreciated. During his short tenure of Cabinet office he is not known to have taken any active part in the political councils of the Government. He rendered his colleagues and his party more effective service by the weight which was universally attributed to his judicial decisions. When Lord DERBY resumed power he was far advanced in years, and probably he was disinclined to enter into political contests. Lord CHELMSFORD has gracefully recorded the preference which was given to the claims of Lord ST. LEONARDS and another great Equity lawyer over himself. It was due to Lord DERBY'S memory to state that his first object in the selection of a Chancellor was profound learning. If SUGDEN had, like LYNDHURST, become Lord Chancellor in the full vigour of life, he would probably have directed his great powers of acquisition to the attainment of political knowledge and Parliamentary aptitude; but there is no reason to regret his casual or deliberate preference of the career in which he was pre-eminent. Among his successors have been several great lawyers, including Lord WESTBURY, Lord SELBORNE, and Lord CAIRNS; but probably they would all assign the highest place to the veteran who was high in professional reputation sixty years ago.

THE LOCK-OUT.

THE severe measure to which the coalowners of South Wales, acting as a united body, have resorted in their contest with the miners, however it may be justified by the necessities of the case, is undoubtedly in its effects a public calamity of the gravest kind. It is not only that a large number of men, many of whom are perfectly willing to go on working at the very rates which the masters desire to enforce, are condemned to compulsory idleness, but almost the whole industry of a couple of counties is, or soon will be, practically suspended. The withdrawal of a wages fund which is reckoned at some 150,000*l.* a week must necessarily be a heavy loss to the shopkeepers and other agents of distribution, and the local railways are also deprived of the traffic upon which they chiefly rely. It is true that the coalowners will themselves suffer from the interruption of profitable employment for their capital as well as from the deterioration of plant and the various dangers to which the deserted mines will be exposed; but this is an injury which must to a large extent be shared by the general population. When labour is resumed, there will be so much less capital available for mining operations than there would otherwise have been, and the cost of putting the mines once more in working order will represent a large deduction. Even in the event, which is scarcely probable, of the colliers ultimately obtaining a victory, the pecuniary advantages which they would thus secure would be infinitesimal compared with the painful sacrifices which they will have to undergo in order to have even a chance of success. The most unfortunate consequence of the form which the struggle has now assumed is, however, the tendency which it must have to deepen the lines of antagonism between the men and their employers, and to introduce on both sides a spirit of angry exasperation. The men who have accepted the rate of wages fixed by the employers naturally resent the punishment which has been inflicted on them on grounds which strike at their freedom to spend their wages as they please. Indeed the question has already ceased to be one of present wages merely, and has become a contest for future supremacy. The colliers fear that any concessions on their part might amount to a surrender of their right of combination; and the employers are of course equally aware of the perils to which they would be exposed if the Union were to recover its hold upon the confidence and gratitude of the men by a decisive triumph.

The present melancholy state of things in South Wales is of course immediately due to the action of the employers; but the nature of the pressure under which they have taken this extreme step can only be understood by a reference to previous events. It is said that the introduction of Trade Unionism into Wales is of very recent date, and in a sense this is true. It was not till 1867 that a Union was formally established, but any one who will turn to the evidence given before the Royal Commissioners, and especially to Sir G. ELLIOT'S testimony, will see that practically the Welsh colliers had previously been in the habit of combining, under "clever fellows" who turned up for the occasion, whenever they had a grievance. There was, however, this advantage in the old state of things, that the controversy was conducted between masters and men who were old friends and knew each other's ways, and not by strangers who introduced an alien temper and new ideas. At first the colliers were rather shy of the Union, and it seemed as if it was to be a failure. It held on, however, and in 1871 it contrived to take the lead in a strike against the steam-coalowners. This turned out well, and made the Union popular; and the leaders did not neglect to push their opportunities. During the period when the trade of the country was advancing with leaps and bounds, they made another attack on the owners, choosing this time those who supplied the ironmasters and the general market. In this way by successive rushes the miners obtained a large advance of wages—in some cases, it is said, as much as 117 or 118 per cent.—and they no doubt thought they had reason to be thankful to the Union for showing them what they could do when they tried. It would perhaps have been more for their advantage if the Union leaders had at the same time taught them what it was they could not do. Elated by continuous victories, and overlooking the peculiar commercial circumstances of those years of prosperity in which they had been powerful, the miners imagined that this power was something inherent in themselves, which would continue independently of the fluctuating fortunes of trade, and that there was hardly any limit to the concessions which they could exact from their employers. Accordingly when the tide turned, and the coalowners endeavoured to bring back wages to something nearer the former standard, the men took very ill the reductions which were enforced; and they are now making a determined effort to stop the movement downhill in the hope that they may be able before long to resume the ascent. No one will deny that they are perfectly entitled to do the best they can for themselves; but there can be little doubt that they have made a mistake in choosing the moment for warfare. The iron trade practically regulates the coal market, for when the former is depressed the consumption of coals in the manufacture of iron is necessarily diminished. There is then an overflow of coals from the pits which usually serve the iron works into the open market, and prices go down. At present the iron trade is in a very low way, and there is no immediate prospect of any recovery. The iron-masters, many of whom are also coalowners, have therefore come to the conclusion that they must either find some means of cheapening the production of iron or shut up their works, and the reduction which they propose is in the wages of the colliers. The colliers have of course a different point of view, and think it very hard that they should be sacrificed in the interest of another trade; and, like most of the working classes, they have also unbounded faith in the possibility of raising prices to the public. But the chief reason no doubt

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why they resolved upon resistance was the idea they have formed of their own power over their employers; and it is possible that, if the contest had been conducted on the same footing as in 1873, the men might be again successful. The fact that the various classes of coalowners who were then acting separately are now united in one compact and resolute body makes, however, an important change in the conditions of the conflict.

It is impossible without an intimate and special knowledge of local matters to pronounce a decided opinion on the degree of necessity which exists for the course upon which the employers have entered. That is a question upon which opinions may differ; but there can at least be no doubt as to their general right to defend themselves by borrowing the tactics of their opponents. It is quite clear that, if the men are entitled, when it suits them, to combine against the employers, the latter must be equally entitled to do the same. It has also been urged that, if wages are to go up when trade is profitable, it is only reasonable that they should come down when trade is bad; but though the Unionists may be bound by their own philosophy to admit this plea, it is open to the obvious objection that it assumes a relation between the price of labour and the profits of trade which is purely arbitrary. There is nothing in a miner's labour which makes the slightest difference in the value of the coal which he hews out from one day to another; its value depends entirely on external circumstances, such as the general condition of trade, and the owner's cleverness in disposing of his commodity to the best advantage. One owner, simply because he is a smarter and more wide-awake man than another, will make a great deal more out of his pit; but it is difficult to see why this should give the labourer, who has nothing on earth to do with the augmented profits, a right to claim a share of them. No doubt when trade is brisk wages generally go up, but that is simply because there is a greater demand for labour. The question, in fact, between the labourer and his employer is not one of abstract justice, but of practical dynamics; and hence the impossibility of altogether avoiding such tests of relative strength as that which has just been appealed to. The reduction proposed by the masters would still leave the collier 60 per cent. better off than he was four years ago, and 96*l.* 5*s.* a year is, as times go, not a bad income for a working-man. But of course there is no reason why the colliers should not hold out for more if they think they can get it; only their right to get it will depend solely on their power to do so. The answer to the demand that the masters should prove the necessity of a reduction is that there is no basis on which a question of pure free-will on either side can be satisfactorily discussed. Every man, whether master or workman, has a right to determine for himself the terms on which he will carry on his business. The masters believe that the ultimate effect of the course taken by the men would be sooner or later to destroy the iron trade, inasmuch as it would be impossible to yield to increasing demands; and they are now trying to bring the men to reason by anticipating the crisis. There is, however, a question of expediency apart from that of right, and it may perhaps be doubted whether the attempts of the employers in former years to maintain a position which they had to admit to be untenable may not be in some degree responsible for their difficulties, and also whether at the present moment they have fully considered the probable consequences of forcing the whole body of colliers into the arms of the Union. The use to which the combination of coalowners has just been put can hardly fail to suggest to those who think they have been hardly treated some reflections not very favourable to the patriarchal system which the employers are supposed to be anxious to establish. Labour is undoubtedly a commodity, but it differs from other commodities in claiming a voice as to its own disposal, and a little humouring is sometimes not thrown away.

THE MORALITY OF MEMOIRS.

THE numerous readers and the earlier critics of the Greville Memoirs must feel that they are to some extent included in the unsparing censure which is inflicted on Mr. Greville and on his editor in the *Quarterly Review*. Those who listen to an expression of moral indignation which they are aware that they have neither anticipated nor shared are liable to a sense of that kind of humiliation which is felt by a guest when he has not discovered that the wine is corked. The superior delicacy of a more discerning palate almost indisposes him to inquire whether the complaint is after all well founded. It cannot be denied that some of the passages which have been assiduously collected by the reviewer had better not have been written, and that some of them had better not have been published at present; but when they were scattered through three bulky volumes, and not designated for special notice, a few scraps of scandal easily escaped attention. It is said that an American compiler has published a pleasant duodecimo volume containing only those passages of the Memoirs which may be supposed to gratify a morbid taste. English collectors may save themselves the expense and trouble of consulting the American compendium by studying a few pages in the *Quarterly Review*. If the passages which are there collected were unfit to be included in a voluminous work, they must be infinitely more offensive when they are presented in an undiluted form, and garnished with explanatory comments. If a stern sense of moral duty compelled the reviewer to shock his own sensibilities and the feelings of the persons who are supposed to be affected by Mr. Greville's libels, it is strange that he should himself have contributed to the collection of gossip the fact that Mr. Greville himself was implicated in a divorce case to which he was probably not the only party.

That part of the criticism which is devoted to the character, the accuracy, and the judgment of the Memoir writer is perfectly legitimate, though the conclusions of the reviewer may sometimes be open to dispute; yet it is but an irrelevant objection to memoirs that the author had faults and foibles of his own. A biographer, if he is not a dry annalist, is by the necessity of his calling an autobiographer. Boswell can hardly be regarded as a great and good man. Roger North and Horace Walpole display numerous weaknesses. One of the most amusing parts of St. Simon's Memoirs consists in his inveterate belief in the transcendent superiority of dukes and peers to the rest of mankind. Mr. Greville's cynicism and captiousness are exhibited with so little disguise that every intelligent reader makes allowance after the first few pages for the unfavourable judgment which he almost invariably expresses. It is undoubtedly true that, in noting down from day to day the gossip of society, he records many statements which were imperfect and some which were false. In some instances the indefatigable researches of the *Quarterly* Reviewer tend rather to confirm than to impugn the accuracy of the Memoirs. The amended version of the strange speech of William IV. at his last birthday-dinner differs little from Mr. Greville's report, though the reviewer thinks it worth while to ascertain, after nearly forty years, the important fact that the King was not returning thanks for the toast of his own health, but proposing the health of the Princess Victoria. With a carelessness unworthy of the severest and minutest of critics, the reviewer says that "in Greville's report the essential point is missed. The Princess is made an object of the tirade as well as the Duchess." In Mr. Greville's report there is no hint of a tirade against the Princess. The King complains that the Princess had been kept away from his Court, not by herself, but by the Duchess; and Mr. Greville adds that the King "terminated his speech by an allusion to the Princess and her future reign in a tone of paternal interest and affection, which was excellent in its way." The reviewer observes that a month had elapsed before Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence reported the occurrence to Mr. Greville. His own correction of trifling details is made on the authority "of a highly distinguished person, then a member of the household, who was present, and had moreover the best possible opportunities of becoming acquainted with the circumstances which preceded, and in fact led to it." If Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence was, as may probably have been the case, inaccurate in his recollection of words used a month before, the highly distinguished member of the household may possibly also be liable to verbal error after an interval of thirty-seven years. The whole story might perhaps advantageously have been suppressed, but, as the reviewer insists on fixing general attention on William IV.'s irritability and bad taste, the evidence for Mr. Greville's report must be preferred to the amended version. There is a trifling anecdote in the Memoirs of a rude speech addressed by William IV. to a young Lord of the Bedchamber, who, as Mr. Greville naturally remarks, ought to have resigned. The nobleman, who is still alive, seems to have informed the reviewer that he did in fact resign, but that at the request of the King he withdrew his resignation. It appears, therefore, that the person principally concerned concurred in Mr. Greville's opinion, though Mr. Greville had no means of knowing that the resignation had been tendered. There is no ground for the reviewer's serious accusation that the Clerk of Council violated by the publication of official secrets his oath of office. The proceedings of Privy Councils are strictly formal, though they are officially secret, and Mr. Greville never refers to anything which may have been said or done in Council. It is scarcely a breach of the oath of secresy to report the King's question to the Clerk of the Council about a match at Newmarket, or the amusement which the Duke of Wellington derived from seeing Mr. Greville, before or after a Council, in earnest conversation with the Bishop of London. No attempt is made to prove a charge which would, if it could have been maintained, have been delightful to the reviewer, and fatal to Mr. Greville's reputation.

More than one instance may be cited to prove that the reviewer, notwithstanding his intolerance of the smallest inaccuracy, is himself liable to human error. He justly thinks it strange that Mr. Greville should in 1829 state that Palmerston had never been in the Cabinet, and that Mr. Reeve should not have corrected the oversight. The explanation is that Mr. Greville

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said nothing of the kind, and that there was nothing to correct. Speaking of a great speech of Lord Palmerston's on Portuguese affairs, Mr. Greville says that Palmerston "had been twenty years in office, and had never distinguished himself before." It is possible to be in the Cabinet and yet not to have attained high distinction. "The office he held was one of dull detail, and he never travelled out of it. He probably stood in awe of Canning and others, and was never in the Cabinet; but having lately held higher situations and acquired more confidence, he has launched forth, and with astonishing success." Palmerston had, in fact, never at that time held any office but that of Secretary at War; but he had, as the reviewer correctly states, sat in the Cabinets of Canning, of Lord Goderich, and of the Duke of Wellington; or, as Mr. Greville expresses the same facts, he had held higher situations. The twenty years are reckoned, not to his first entrance into the Cabinet, but from his appointment to the War Office in 1809 to the date of his Portuguese speech. Mr. Reeve seems to have made mistakes in lists of Cabinet Ministers, but the reviewer ought to have a fellow-feeling for such slips of memory, inasmuch as he complains that the list of Lord Melbourne's Cabinet in 1834 includes Edward Ellice. Mr. Ellice was Secretary of War in that Administration, with a seat in the Cabinet. In another passage Mr. Reeve is censured for not having noticed a book on Ireland published by Mr. Greville in 1845. As the published part of the Journals ends in 1837, it may have been thought premature to anticipate occurrences of eight years afterwards. Neither Mr. Greville nor Mr. Reeve has made so grave an historical blunder as that of the reviewer when he unnecessarily vindicates the dignity and antiquity of the illustrious family to which Queen Adelaide, as well as King Leopold and Prince Albert, belonged. "The electoral, now royal, House of Saxony (of which the Houses of Saxe Meiningen, Saxe Coburg Gotha, and Saxe Weimar are branches) is one of the most ancient and illustrious of the reigning Houses of Europe." The statement is true, as applied generally to the Saxon family, but the electoral and royal House of Saxony are cadets of the elder line, which is divided into the three ducal branches The electoral dignity was transferred to Duke Maurice and his descendants in the middle of the sixteenth century.

In a journal extending over fourteen or fifteen years it would be surprising if there were not both accurate reproductions of erroneous reports and original errors. In some instances the *Quarterly* Reviewer succeeds, as might be expected, in showing that Mr. Greville was mistaken; but it by no means follows that Mr. Reeve was to blame for perpetuating mistakes which in some instances may at the same time be materials of history. The fact that an erroneous rumour was at one time believed is one among other facts. In many cases the reviewer seems to think that his own incredulity, founded on the supposed improbability of some statement of Mr. Greville's, is a sufficient confutation. It is idle to remark that the Duke of York's depreciation of the Duke of Wellington was inconsistent with the frank manliness of his character. If so, the Duke of York's character was not frank and manly, for he undoubtedly told Mr. Greville that the Duke of Wellington was false and ungrateful, and that he was surprised at Waterloo. The Duke of York further attributed in great measure the success of that day to Lord Anglesea, who, he says, was hardly mentioned, and that in the coldest terms, in "the Duke's despatch." The Duke of York might have added that when a member of Lord Anglesea's family afterwards hinted to the Duke of Wellington that his public mention of Lord Anglesea had distressed his friends, he replied, "They would have been a damned deal more distressed if they had read what I said about him in my private letters." It is impossible that Mr. Greville can have imagined or invented the Duke of York's complaint that Sir Arthur Wellesley had been preferred to himself as Commander-in-Chief of the Peninsular army. "He told me (with many recommendations to secresy) that which immediately explained to me the dislike which he certainly bears to the Duke, and (which I did not know before) to Lord Londonderry." The substance of the Duke of York's story was that Lord Londonderry had, after the battle of Corunna, offered him the command of an expedition to Portugal. Afterwards "Lord Chatham, who was much attached to him, and who was then a Cabinet Minister, came to him one day and told him he was betrayed, and that he was sacrificed to make way for Sir Arthur Wellesley." The story, which is obviously true, proves that the Duke of York was silly rather than that he was not frank and manly. Lord Macaulay often accumulates details which prove that his own general description of a character is inaccurate, for the purpose of enforcing his favourite doctrine of the inconsistency of human nature. The *Quarterly* Reviewer follows his example in contrasting Mr. Greville's remarkable statement with his own unsupported assumption. A more curious anecdote, inasmuch as it possesses historical value, is similarly rejected on appeal to the reviewer's estimate of probability. On the 29th of March, 1832, Lord Melbourne asked Mr. Greville:—"What difficulty can they" (the House of Lords) "have in swallowing the rest after they have given up the rotten boroughs? That is, in fact, the essential part of the Bill, and the truth is *I do not see how the Government can be carried on without them.*" Lord Melbourne's remark is so characteristic that it would almost prove itself, if there were any reason for impeaching Mr. Greville's accuracy. The reviewer, indeed, arbitrarily declares that Mr. Greville was prone to confound what he himself said in conversation with what was said by others; but the proposition which was a paradox as proceeding from Lord Melbourne would have been commonplace if it had been uttered by himself, and it would certainly not have been recorded in italics. The correctness of the report is confirmed by Lord Melbourne's analogous account of his own interview with Edward Irving, who, as he said, proved by unanswerable arguments that he was bound to preach in the streets. "And what," said Mr. Greville, "did you answer?" "I told him he must not preach there." In precisely the same spirit Lord Melbourne helped to abolish the rotten boroughs, and said they were indispensable. The reviewer quotes inaccurately another declaration which he attributes to Lord Melbourne, "that all the members of the Cabinet were *bonâ fide* alarmed at and averse to the Reform Bill." The words are spoken, not by Lord Melbourne, but by Mr. Greville, in the form of a question. Lord Melbourne's answer was, that "they were really all conscious of the violence of the measure, and desirous of avoiding it." It is perfectly intelligible that Lord Melbourne should have considered that the Government was driven to choose between a dangerous measure and the risk of withholding it.

It would be tedious to examine in detail the whole of the reviewer's criticisms. It is surprising that the numerous objections to the accuracy of Mr. Greville's statements which have been published in the *Quarterly Review* and elsewhere have not been more weighty and more successful. Mr. Stapleton, always the loyal friend and apologist of his former chief, doubts whether the Duke of Wellington should have told Mr. Greville that Mr. Canning was unbearably irritable in Council. It happens that the same charge is repeatedly made and implied in the Duke's published correspondence with colleagues who could appreciate its justice. Mr. Greville records the declaration of George IV. that "That fellow Ellenborough" should never dine at his table. Mr. Peel tells the Duke that when Lord Ellenborough was sworn in as President of the Board of Control, the King's look fully expressed his feelings. The *Quarterly* Reviewer states with approximate accuracy the relations between Lord Grey and the Duke after the death of Canning. He is apparently not aware that the King, in giving the Duke a commission to form a Government, told him that he had no objection to anybody excepting Lord Grey. The Duke acquiesced in the exclusion without remonstrance, but he would otherwise probably have given Lord Grey an invitation which might or might not have been accepted. No criticism has affected the justice of the statement that Mr. Greville's Memoirs form the most valuable of recent contributions to social and political history. All the passages which can be considered objectionable or doubtful, as collected in the *Quarterly Review*, would not fill five pages out of more than a thousand contained in the three volumes. The austere and censorious condemnation of revelations of character, and of reported conversations, would, if it were accepted, be fatal to the most amusing and instructive branch of literature. If nothing is to be told which can be disagreeable to any person, or to the relatives and descendants of any person, there is an end of memoirs and of biography. Among other books which, like Don Quixote's Library, would be condemned by the *Quarterly Review*, assuming the functions of the curate and the barber, would be four pleasant volumes of biographical and social anecdote, not long since published by an accomplished writer who might have been deemed a tolerant man of the world.

MR. FINLAY.

THE world is said to know nothing of its greatest men, and certainly the *Times* seems to know very little of its greatest Correspondent. A man of whom Great Britain may well be proud has passed away in a distant land, and the greatest British newspaper, a paper which had been often honoured with his contributions, a paper commonly so ready with long biographies of every man of the smallest eminence, can give him only a few lines of small print without so much as the heading of his name. No one will grudge to the memory either of Mr. Kingsley or of Lord St. Leonards the full recognition which they have met with; but the most truly original historian of our time and language might surely claim a place alongside of the novelist and the lawyer. The men of the Greek War of Independence, Hellênes and Philhellênes alike, are fast passing away; Trikoupês and Church are gone, and now Mr. Finlay has followed them. Or we might put it in another way, that the historian of enslaved Greece has not survived by many years the historian of independent Greece. The historian of the Eastern Empire, the historian of Greece under Ottoman and Venetian domination, has become one of the great ones of the past, no less than the historian of the Athenian democracy. Different in every respect as were the two men in position and temper and line of study, far more widely-spread as the fame of the one is than the fame of the other, still he who wishes to master the history of the Greek nation as a whole can as little dispense with Mr. Finlay as he can with Mr. Grote. And it does kindle a certain feeling of indignation when we find the memory of such a man so unworthily dealt with in the quarter where he ought to have met with most honour. The *Times*, in recording the death of its "late valued Correspondent in Athens," seems hardly to know who it is who has been its Correspondent, or who it is whose death it has to record. Some years ago, after the publication of some of Mr. Finlay's great works, but doubtless before he had begun to supply the *Times* with Athenian news, the author of *Greece under the Romans* was once described in the *Times* itself as "Mr. Finlay, a gentleman of Scotch extraction." We looked for a while to see whether we might not in the same quarter stumble on some such description as "Mr.

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Grote a London banker," or "Dr. Thirlwall, a Welsh Bishop.' It reminded us too of what we once saw in a local namesake of the *Times* itself, where, while the volumes of the History of Greece were coming out two by two, a discussion on the Ballot was ushered in in this fashion—"Old Grote, if he be still in the flesh," might say so and so. The *Times* has now got beyond the fact of Mr. Finlay being a gentleman of Scotch extraction; but it really has not got very far beyond it. While the name of Sir Sterndale Bennett is put in full at the head of the obituary notice just above Mr. Finlay, Mr. Finlay himself is treated as a thing rather than as a person, and his only heading is "The Cause of Greek Independence." And in the few lines which the historian gets after the many given to the musician, all the notice taken of his writings is a kind of casual statement that Mr. Finlay "was the author of an excellent history of the struggle for Greek Independence, in which he spared neither the Greeks nor their friends." It might have been added that Mr. Finlay, who was not much in the habit of sparing anybody, did not spare their enemies either. But this really looks as if the *Times* believed Mr. Finlay's last two volumes to be his only writings, and had really never heard of him as the historian of Constantinople and mediæval Greece. The way in which fame is dispensed in Olympian regions is sometimes a little capricious; but this really beats everything as a case of so little being known in the very quarter where one would have thought that everything would be most known. There is something strange in the notion that there are those who have for a long time had frequent dealings with a very eminent man without in the least knowing with whom they were dealing. There is no reason now why we should not publish the fact that Mr. Finlay has for many years contributed not unfrequently to our own columns as well as to those of the *Times*. We have some satisfaction in feeling that we have at least better appreciated the man with whom we have had to do.

In reviewing the successive volumes of Mr. Finlay's History, we have often pointed out the peculiarity of his position and character, and the weaker as well as the stronger points of his writings. But something like a summary of what we have said at various times may not be out of place now. It is not our business to write his life. He went to Greece as a young man, as a volunteer in the cause of Greek independence. The *Times* does not even tell us his exact age; but we believe that he was born in one of the first years of the present century. Like Sir Richard Church, he made Greece his adopted country after the war was over, and he got involved in personal disputes with the Government of King Otho, of which we suspect that many people have heard who know nothing of him as the historian of the Eastern Empire. In his character of censor of current Greek affairs two things should be remembered. He had something of the spirit of Cato about him, and we suspect that he rather enjoyed finding fault than otherwise. He naturally found most fault with those with whom he had most to do—namely, Greeks and Englishmen. But it is only fair to say that there were always some Greeks and some Englishmen who were lucky enough to escape the lash, while not a single Bavarian was spared. We have sometimes thought that the fair thing would have been for Mr. Finlay to have spent his time alternately at Athens and at Constantinople, so as to have told us the faults of Greeks and Turks equally. And it should always be remembered that, in the matter of Greece, Mr. Finlay was a disappointed man. He had worked for Greece, and much less had come of his work than he had hoped for. A tendency to look mainly on the dark side of things was therefore not unnatural, and we have no doubt that Mr. Finlay seemed to many persons an enemy of Greece, while he was really only a friend who spared not the rod. But there are many passages alike in his books, in his newspaper articles, and in his private letters, in which he did full justice to the better side of the Greek character, a side which is always likely to be overshadowed in most of those dealings with which both past and present history have to do. In Mr. Finlay's portraiture there is really a great deal of likeness between Greeks and Turks. In his showing, a private man of either nation is commonly a very worthy person; it is only when he is put in any post of authority that he begins to be something different. And to the sterling qualities of the Greek nation, without which their struggle for independence could not have been carried on, Mr. Finlay bears witness in every page.

But Mr. Finlay's fame will not rest either on any of the personal events of his life or on his lesser and fugitive writings. He has left his mark on the historical learning of the age. It is easy to point out faults in his writings. It is plain that they would in some respects have gained if, instead of being written at Athens, they had been written in London, at Oxford, or at Göttingen. But we believe that by such an exchange they would have lost far more than they would have gained. Mr. Finlay was not, in his earlier life, a man of the closet. He went out to Greece to fight; he stayed there to till the ground. He was led to study and to write history in order to explain what he saw in the processes of fighting and tilling the ground. He saw that the phenomena of modern Greece could be understood only by going back to that stage in Grecian history when Greece, from one point of view, might be said to be conquered, while from another point of view she might be said to begin her own work of conquest. In his view the history of the modern Greek nation begins with Alexander. And he has told its tale from Alexander to our own day. There is a practical grandeur about such a conception as this which bears on it the stamp of the thoroughly practical way in which Mr. Finlay's studies began. This wide grasp of one side of his subject, of the side with which he was immediately concerned, would have been ill exchanged for any improvements in form and manner which his work would probably have gained had it been done in a Western capital or a Western university. As a contribution to the general history of the Greek nation, as a protest against those who would end Greek history with the fight of Chairôneia or with the burning of Corinth, Mr. Finlay's History marks an epoch. It is quite possible that some one else may tell the tale in some respects better, but it is Mr. Finlay who first showed that there was any tale to tell at all. And his works are hardly less valuable from the Roman than from the Greek side. No one after him, save the most ignorant and thoughtless, can babble any more about "Greeks of the Lower Empire." He sets before us the true nature and importance of that great and abiding power of the Eastern Rome on which the men of the eleventh century still looked with awe and wonder. That he perhaps a little undervalued the Western side of things is in no way wonderful and is quite pardonable. His business was to teach us that there is an Eastern side. Mr. Finlay's books are among those which have an œcumenical value; they give us one aspect of the Unity of History. He was happy in having done his work, in having brought his task to a full end, and not having, like many other historians, left only a fragment behind him. To our mind there is something heroic in Mr. Finlay's literary career. Away from his own country, his name but little known, cut off from many of the resources open to scholars in Germany or England, he put forth volume after volume on an unpopular subject, volumes to which the general public was utterly indifferent, and toiled on, cheered only by the consciousness that he was doing a great work, and by the applause of the few here and there who could appreciate that work. Many a man would have turned away in disgust from such a seemingly thankless task. Mr. Finlay bore up under all discouragements, and did not stop till his work was finished. There are, it seems, those who know him only as the historian of events fifty years old. By scholars he will be known as the man who has rescued two thousand years of the history of one side of the civilized world from undeserved contempt and oblivion.

A LAY SERMON TO MANCHESTER MEN.

THE President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce has been delivering himself of some remarks upon the connexion between commerce and morality of which it is more easy to question the originality than the soundness. His appeal to the German bookseller Perthes gives a certain quaintness to his address, as it seems to suggest that to an English merchant some very obvious maxims of morality had all the charm of novelty when he stumbled upon them in the memoirs of a foreigner. One might have hoped that illustrations could have been found nearer home, and be enforced by an appeal to more familiar experience. It does not want the authority of Perthes, for example, to convince us that goods ought to be made to wear as well as to sell; and that manufacturers who, like Bon Gaultier's Yankee, sold "nutmegs made of wood and clocks that wouldn't figure," would deserve to come to grief. How far such practices prevail at Manchester or elsewhere, to what extent they affect our most important branches of trade, and whether they are increasing or diminishing, are questions upon which Mr. Johnson might be able to throw some light; and perhaps his details would have been more effective than generalities in which everybody must more or less agree.

The truth, however, seems to be that Mr. Johnson was aiming at expressing a principle which is not so widely recognized. If Perthes had simply taken care that his books should be printed on decent paper and with good ink, he would have deserved the negative praise due to ordinary honesty. But we do not generally hold a man up as a burning and shining light because he has not picked our pockets. The morality of trade is so far relaxed that in some cases a shopkeeper would be rising above the ordinary level whose goods were simply that which they purport to be. A kind of general understanding has unluckily arisen, in virtue of which a yard may sometimes mean thirty inches; and a man who should give thirty-six would be outrunning our expectations and indulging in an act of commercial Quixotism. But, after making allowance for this vague margin between theory and practice, it ought to be a poor compliment to any man to say that he is not a cheat and a rogue; nor was it by such qualities that Perthes won Mr. Johnson's admiration. The peculiarity which struck him so much is that Perthes made his bookselling subservient to the independence and cultivation of his country. He would have been equally honest if he had sold intrinsically worthless books so long as they were what they professed to be. But to this prosaic virtue of honesty he added the further virtue of selling books which in fact made their readers better. Mr. Johnson has asked himself the question—and he could not have asked a more important one—whether there is anything analogous in the case of other industrial employments. Is the merchant to be satisfied when he can say, "I have given what I professed to give"? or should he be able to add, "and what will do good to the buyer?" Should a manufacturer be content when he has paid his workmen the wages for which they bargained, or should he try to encourage habits of prudence, sobriety, and industry? The old school of political economists assumed as an ultimate fact that

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in all matters of business each man would attend exclusively to his own pecuniary interest. They used to argue that there was a kind of natural harmony in virtue of which this pursuit of individual interests would result in the greatest welfare of society at large. From this point of view, they would fully admit the advantages of ordinary honesty, and would advocate the punishment of commercial frauds as rigorously as the most exalted moralists. But they would deny that the duty of a merchant went any further, or that he would do any good if he tried to go further. His business was simply to supply any demand that might arise, without cheating his customer, but without thinking of his customer's further interests. Mr. Johnson is substantially saying that this view is too narrow, and that our industrial leaders should take into account more remote consequences of their actions. The bookseller, or rather the publisher, is as good a case as could be taken to illustrate the general bearings of a very interesting problem.

Everybody, as we have said, admits that the bookseller should sell what he professes to sell. And, beyond this, everybody admits that he has a certain responsibility for the character of his books. Neither the "law of supply and demand" nor any other law would justify a man, for example, who sells books of a certain character. All one can say of such a man is that flogging is too good for him. But when we get a step further, the difficulty increases. We admit of course that under existing circumstances a publisher who sells reputable books at a fair price does not deserve the least shadow of blame. He is discharging a useful function in a straightforward way. We all agree in regard to the great mass of books that it is at least desirable that they should have a fair chance of life. They may properly be published, and the man who turns an honest penny by the transaction is perfectly welcome to keep it. We may still ask, however, whether in an ideal state of things the publisher's responsibility would not extend further, and whether we should not even now approve of a man who tried to make his business subservient to the moral and intellectual improvement of his countrymen? The ordinary argument on the subject is simple enough. You should not, it is generally said, mix business with charity. If you want to do people good, set apart a certain sum from the profits of your trade and spend it on charity or in any public-spirited employment. If you try to make the same transaction fill your pocket and do good to your soul, you will make a bungle of both. Either you will be a keen trader under a mask of hypocrisy, or by aiming at the two things you will ruin yourself and do no good to anybody. The maxim about serving God and Mammon seems to be understood in a new fashion. It is very well, our modern moralists tell us, to serve both powers; but we should be very careful to keep the two kinds of worship apart. We should serve Mammon in a good honest way, of course, in our shops, and God in church; and should keep the two spheres of action religiously separate.

Now, though the doctrine when thus expressed has a repulsive sound, we must admit that there is some truth in it. A publisher who did not keep a careful eye upon his balance-sheets would be a fool, even though he might be a saint. There is no use whatever in publishing the healthiest and purest of literature if people will not read it. A man who should publish Bibles for a farthing would be doing no good, if they only filled his warehouse. If, again, he sold them, but sold them at a loss, it might be an act of charity, but would certainly not be business. He might be doing right, as he might be doing right in subscribing to the Bible Society; but he could not carry on his business on principles which would lead straight to the Bankruptcy Court. And, if we grant this, is it possible to give any weight whatever to other than selfish motives? Tradesmen in general must expect to make the average rate of profit. If you tell a man that he ought to sell books which do not pay, you are telling him to ruin himself and leave the field open to less scrupulous persons; and if you reply that in the long run good books will pay, you are simply appealing to his selfishness, and encouraging him to be a hypocrite. The dilemma is a difficult one, and we not know that it can be altogether evaded. Mr. Johnson, however, thinks that Perthes managed to combine patriotism with business; and is anxious that cotton-spinners should follow his example. The difficulty in their case is still greater. There is a vast difference between good books and bad; but if cotton is of good substance, it is hard to see that one kind of cotton affects the moral character of a consumer much more than another. In this and in most cases, when we have said that the merchant ought to be honest, we seem to have said everything. His whole influence upon human happiness consists in his goods being genuine. Any philanthropical motives would be out of place, for there is really no question of philanthropy at issue.

And yet, if we return to our publisher, we shall perhaps see that there is a certain field for public spirit, though the case is not to be defined by any precise and unalterable rules. A publisher of any sense will of course recognize the fact that he cannot do much to alter the public taste; and that he would be very silly to try to prescribe any fixed standard. And yet there may be a very important difference between two publishers equally unimpeachable on the score of honesty. We may suppose, for example, that it is possible to make a great improvement in educational books, and that a publisher can gain a handsome profit by supplying the improved article. Or, on the other hand, there may be a potential demand for books of a flashy and inferior character, which it would be equally profitable to supply. According to the rigid economical theory, the publisher should be guided simply by the state of his probable balance-sheet. He will argue that the demand will be supplied by somebody, if not by him; that he will therefore give the public what they want, and that there would be no more virtue in giving the good article than the bad, because, by the hypothesis there is an equal amount of profit to be derived from either. An answer, however, may be suggested. In the first place, an educated and honourable man would be naturally more alive to the wants of intelligent people. He would perceive more clearly than his rivals any symptoms of an improvement in the public taste, and would have more faith in the power of really good work to be appreciated in the long run. In the next place, he would see that in practice the nature of the demand is not so entirely independent of his exertions as is generally assumed by economists. If good books are made cheap, they may be able to crowd out the bad books. The general standard will be raised, and the demand will be in some degree modified. The publication, for example, of a good school history would enable teachers to insist upon more accurate knowledge in their pupils, and would therefore stimulate the general interest in historical publications. Assuming, therefore, that one publisher is actuated as exclusively by a regard to his pecuniary interests as another, it still remains true that one man is much better able than another to estimate the strength of the forces which tend to improve society, and more ready to associate his own prosperity with their advancement. Moreover, as human beings are not, as a matter of fact, mere calculating machines, a lively interest in the intellectual advancement of the country would probably guide a spirited publisher to enterprises likely to be conducive to that end, though they might also be conducive to his own pecuniary interest. A thoroughly cultivated artistic or literary taste would lead him spontaneously to improve every chance of fostering such taste to his own ultimate profit. The difference between the better and the inferior publisher is not that one is and the other is not mercenary, but that one is less and the other more shortsighted; and still more, that one has his eyes open to all the ways in which good work may be made to pay, and the other to all the ways in which bad work may be made to pay. Further, if we suppose that the trade generally is penetrated by enlightened views, the professional code of morality would be developed, which would gradually raise the inferior limit of honourable conduct. Fewer publishers would pander to the worse tastes of the public, and the general standard of the nation would be improved. In short, the ordinary postulates of economists require some modification. A trade is not a mere piece of passive machinery for supplying a demand which exists independently of it. It can by judicious action gradually alter the character of the demand, and moreover it has to some extent a choice between improving or degrading that character. To demand useless sacrifices from individuals is of course foolish; but individuals may help to discourage the selfishness which seeks an immediate profit at the expense of the corporate interest.

Such principles would require some modification when applied to other trades. The publishing of books is more directly connected with the morality and intelligence of the public than the manufacture of cotton or linen. In some cases a manufacturer may be able to improve the artistic qualities of his productions; but as a rule he will have little to consider beyond the honesty of his workmanship. At present, if some reports are true, the standard in that respect is so low that it would be premature to preach anything beyond the commonest principles of honesty. When manufacturers turn out what they profess to turn out, it will be time enough to suggest that they should try to manufacture something better. When that time arrives there will be something in Mr. Johnson's suggestions. As manufacturers are discharging a very useful function, it would probably be as well if they sometimes contemplated that utility, not perhaps as a guide to their own individual action, but at least as determining that general code of commercial morality which should be enforced by the public sentiment of men of business. Mr. Johnson touched upon a still wider and more difficult subject in the relations of employers to their workmen. How far these relations can ever be regulated on any other principles than those of unrestricted competition is a question which we must hope will settle itself; for it does not seem to be much advanced by any quantity of abstract discussion.

HOUSES TO LOOK ON.

IT would, no doubt, be a great pity that all old houses should be improved from off the face of the land. It is very pleasant for the dwellers in cities to be able now and then to go and stay a few days in some quaint old "Court" or "Place." The visit need only be made in the finest part of the summer, and the visitor may at such a time feel as grateful to a beneficent Providence for allowing old houses to exist, and for allowing people to be created who can brave the horrors of winter in them, as if this were the final cause of old country houses. Nothing is too strange for nature, and some of our fellow-creatures are gifted with insensibility to influenza, and may defy toothache, and disregard colds in the head. To the members of this privileged class only is it given to be able to live all the year round in a half-timbered

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manor-house or a moated grange. Ours be the summer visit. To us be given the pleasures of an ancient garden where

> Violets nestle in the early spring;

and to mark that

> Here clove carnations forth their fragrance fling.

What walks and talks we may have between the borders where

> Love-lies-Bleeding Balm and Heartsease grow!
> Here with bent head Narcissus white as snow,
> Here blushing Rose, by wing of zephyr fanned,
> Gives forth fresh perfume as its leaves expand;
> Here turns the Sunflower, here unrivalled towers
> The fragrant Lily, loveliest Queen of flowers.

Let us, while the sun shines, and if the dew is off the grass, press the smooth turf of an old bowling-green, and even sit out for a few moments, with cigar alight and collar turned up, to admire the green velvet of the yew hedge. Here let us perhaps sketch a remarkably ugly gargoyle, or note the intricacies of a quarry pattern. Let us, while we may, enjoy the perambulation of the shady alleys; let us ascend to the dusty garrets, and penetrate into the damp cellars; let us have a quiet novel in the porch, a flirtation in the oriel, a dance on the oak floor; and give us at last a safe retreat to town when the barometer begins to fall. A great deal has been said or sung about the country homes of England, how beautifully they stand, o'er all our native land, and so on; but Mrs. Hemans perhaps had no experience of a charming Elizabethan manor-house in the winter months. "Houses are built to live in, not to looke on," is a remark at least as old as the time of Lord Bacon. True, it is very pleasant, coming home in the evening, to observe the beauty of our dwelling as the cross-mullioned and latticed windows are set off here and there by the flicker of a lighted hearth within; the tall, twisted chimneys pour out their hospitable smoke; the high-peaked gables, finished with quaint dormers, rise over the lofty flight of mossy steps to the deeply recessed porch. All these things are very pretty to look at, but it is a drawback to reflect on the want of comfort within. We grumble if our neighbour modernizes his old manor-house; and we have all great sympathy with the architect who praised his own profession for allowing him to build pretty houses and not obliging him to live in them. Our picturesque residence would not look so pretty in the twilight if there were any shutters to the windows, so that every light within marks out the stone moulding of the mullions. It would not be so frightfully damp if the high-pitched gables did not make it impossible to keep the roof in repair. It would not be so draughty if the walls were lined with plaster and paper instead of the wainscot, which is split in all directions, mined and countermined by rats and mice. The house would be more comfortable, too, if the sitting-rooms had not doors at both ends, and windows at opposite sides; if they were not passages by which alone the servants can get from the bed-chambers to the kitchen; if the house were not so ghostly that the maids will only work in pairs, and turn pale if you ask them to take coals to your dressing-room, or require to send one of them to the hall-door. You do not yourself care about ghosts, but if you happen to sit alone at night, you wish the ivy did not tap the window-pane in so strange a manner. You think there is something very mysterious in the way the wind makes the creaking boards of the floor above sound, as if somebody were walking up and down in the room you know to be empty. And as you take your candle to go to bed, you cannot help a shudder when you step carefully over the trap in front of your own door, and wonder if there is any truth in the story you have been told of somebody having fallen down into the cellar through that trap a hundred years ago, like Amy Robsart at Cumnor Hall. And it is picturesque no doubt, but not exactly pleasant, to have to wear your hat and greatcoat at dinner in stormy weather, and to have to use your folios for screens to the candles on the table. Nor is your rest at night more peaceful because the starlings have built in your chimney, and you know that at any moment a frantic bird may struggle into your room and dash through the glass in your window. An umbrella, even in showery weather, looks strangely out of place on the breakfast-table, and a parasol forms but a poor cover for the toast-rack. We preserve a discreet silence as to other accidents of a charming old manor-house, and will make no further reference to smells than to advise an incoming tenant to exchange his spectacles for eye-glasses, and to wear them with a strong spring across the nose. We have no objection to think these examples of the domestic architecture of our revered ancestors very suitable dwellings for other people. But, unless in the case of those great show places, where, as at Knowsley or Knole, a new house has been added on to the old and both left standing together whenever modern requirements made the old uninhabitable, any one who wishes for a warm and wholesome home will prefer one not too old nor too new, well drained, well windowed, well supplied with water, well roofed overhead, and well cellared underneath.

Mr. Egerton Warburton, of Arley Hall, has very comfortable notions as to what a country house should be. His *Looking-Glass for Landlords*, from which we have quoted a few lines above, is a very pleasant little poem, quite in the prevailing style of mingled Stuart picturesqueness and Victorian completeness. It should be studied in a red-brick manor-house, with a projecting cornice and pilasters outside, with dove-coloured panelling and sea-green dados inside. The reader should be seated near a window of which no pane exceeds four inches square, and his chair should be painted black, have stop-chamfered corners, and a faded green velvet cushion. Then he will be able truly to enjoy such a passage as this, which might have been written by the courtly Gay or the gallant Somerville:—

> Still strive, when full your hospitable Hall,
> By change of pastime to delight them all;
> Thwart not your guest, whate'er his fancy be;
> If strolling please him let his steps be free;
> Some, feet on fender, spell the paper o'er,
> Sky fair or foul some cannot rest indoor;
> The park, the grounds, the stable, and the farm,
> For varying tastes have each their special charm.

A house ordered in this way must be pleasant for visitors, and Mr. Warburton does not leave the host without directions for entertaining his friends:—

> What suits the father may not please the son;
> Talk not to bishops of the last week's run,
> Nor drag the bookworm from his favourite shelf
> To some dull pamphlet written by yourself.

In sporting matters Mr. Warburton is strictly orthodox. This might be expected from the author of *Hunting Songs*. One does not fear that he will call horses "cattle," or hounds "dogs." And in half a dozen lines he lays down rules for a difficult case of sporting etiquette:—

> If, while impatient at the entrance gate
> The anxious keeper for the shooters wait,
> Should echoing hoof the coming pack proclaim,
> Defer the battue, nor disturb the game;
> The gun must ever to the horn give way,
> Disband your beaters till the following day.

Nor is Mr. Warburton content to hold up his looking-glass to entertainers of gentlemen only:—

> Each female whim should to the host be known,
> Some like to talk, some few to bide alone.

There is a certain touch of sarcasm in that "few." But the rest of the passage is all that can be desired. If ladies like to "mount the coach-box," or, "less aspiring, take a seat inside," or if any other amusement please them, they may have it, not forgetting the claims of the most delightful of modern customs; as he adds:—

> But sing, or play, or walk, or ride, or drive,
> All need of tea the stimulant at five.

Mr. Warburton's ideal host is also careful in another particular, one on which much of the success of country-house gatherings must ever depend:—

> Should favouring chance have brought two lovers there,
> Let jest nor malice wound the tender pair;
> Should the fond youth in some lone shade have caught
> The blissful hour, long hoped for, and long sought,
> Let none invade the bower where "silver sweet
> Sound lovers' tongues," and hearts responsive beat.

This is as it ought to be, and no doubt future generations of Cheshire lovers will rise up and call Mr. Warburton blessed.

So far and further we go with him, but when we have read his account of the laying out of grounds, the planting of parks, the making of avenues, and so forth, we come to a passage of a more questionable sort. There is a frontispiece to the poem which shows, engraved in a quaint Düreresque style, "The Nook" as it was and as it is. The gables and casements of the former are contrasted with the square windows and long plain roof of a modern farmhouse, without ornament, unadorned with timbers, unfretted with lattice-work, and as ugly and comfortable-looking as the old house was pretty and inconvenient. And here is its pathetic history, somewhat abridged:—The "Nook" passed to "one who gave it not a thought," and in the course of time it was handed over to a builder

> Expert in Stucco, and in Fronts first-rate;

no doubt a very useful, practical man. The old house is condemned, in spite of the remonstrances of the "curtseying housewife," who says or sings,

> "Spare, spare, good gentles, spare the dear old place!"

And so the "Nook" is doomed, and a new house springs up, with

> The roof-span flattened and the timbers thin,
> Cheerless without and comfortless within.

We sympathize with Mr. Warburton's feelings, but an inexorable utilitarianism forces us to condemn his philosophy. Though, were all squires like him of Arley, more interesting old houses might remain to us, yet sanitary laws, modern requirements, cleanliness, even morality turn the verdict against him. Farmers who are privileged to use old manor-houses, and are bound by their leases to take care of them, do not rejoice wantonly when a new and ugly house is built for them instead. Even vivisection is not carried on for the pleasure of the thing. These ancient relics are very pretty, they do very well to help us through the summer campaign, they make very nice sketches, and supply us with thrilling ghost stories; but to live in, give us a house built four square, with the chimney in the centre, of brick, with a straight roof well slated.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S REPLY TO MR. GLADSTONE.

WHEN Dr. Newman's Letter to the Duke of Norfolk appeared three weeks ago, most persons who were interested in the controversy raised by Mr. Gladstone, whether Roman Catholics or

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Protestants, must have felt that the last word had been spoken, at least on that side of the question. The illustrious writer appealed to his countrymen not only with that force and eloquence which never fail him, but with a frankness and simplicity which at once won their confidence. His explanations were received with respect, and, so far as the practical point at issue was concerned, with entire acquiescence. Those whose religious convictions are the most widely opposed to his did not hesitate to acknowledge that there was nothing in the Catholicism which he expounded, though it was not their own faith, of which a good Christian and good citizen need be ashamed, or which shocked the reason or conscience, and more particularly nothing inconsistent with genuine patriotism and civil allegiance. The general impression was that he had for all practical purposes met Mr. Gladstone's challenge, and it would have been the wisdom of his co-religionists to let well alone. But Archbishop Manning was already known to be engaged on a Reply, and it was not of course to be supposed for a moment that he, and those who think with him, would accept Dr. Newman as their spokesman. His pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees is now before us, and, so far as it produces any effect, it will serve to weaken rather than to confirm the favourable impression left on the public mind by Dr. Newman's Letter. The reader feels at once that he is breathing a totally different atmosphere, and the contrast both in tone and substance becomes increasingly manifest as the argument proceeds. Not of course that the Archbishop indulges in the sort of fussy rodomontade and pompous pedantry with which Mgr. Capel and some of his suffragans have enlivened the controversy; that would be quite out of harmony with his intellectual habits and antecedents. But it is just because, like Dr. Newman, he approaches the discussion from the vantage ground of an educated English gentleman that the difference in their methods of handling it is so remarkable. Dr. Newman speaks throughout with the calmness, gravity, and breadth of a statesman, and with the directness of an apologist who has measured the strength and weakness of his position and has nothing to conceal. Dr. Manning is argumentative, ingenious, and subtle, but we hardly ever seem to have come to close quarters with him; instead of the direct grappling with facts, and the frank avowal of personal sentiments and convictions, which make us at once feel at home with Dr. Newman, we are involved in a haze of scholastic distinctions and special pleading, varied by sweeping assertions, and still more sweeping denunciations, for which intelligible grounds are wanting. No impartial reader can doubt that Dr. Newman is making a clean breast of it; it is difficult often to avoid the impression that the Archbishop is fencing with a question rather than boldly facing it.

The first point that strikes us in comparing the two apologies is their very different way of dealing with questions of fact; and here certainly Dr. Manning is not happy. At the very outset he has a fling at "the handful of nominal Catholics" who reject the Vatican Council, and ventures on the extraordinary assertion that "they may be told on our fingers," because he has counted the names of those who wrote letters to the *Times* on the subject. Is Dr. Manning so simple as to imagine that nobody can reject the Vatican Council without instantly rushing into print? or is he so ill informed as not to know that there are vast numbers of "nominal Catholics," if he pleases to call them so, in this country and elsewhere, who utterly reject or ignore the new dogmas, but have not thought it necessary to express their opinions in the newspapers? Let us put a parallel case. There has been a brisk controversy going on of late about "Cremation," which some persons zealously advocate, while others, like the Bishop of Lincoln, condemn it as an un-Christian innovation. What would be thought of Dr. Wordsworth's arguing that after all there are a mere handful of nominal Christians in favour of the change, who "may be told on our fingers," for he has counted their letters in the *Times*? Far different is Dr. Newman's way of referring to "those learned and distinguished men" whose rejection of the Council he deplores and disapproves, but against whom he pointedly refuses to say a word. And the contrast is equally marked between the two writers on a far more vital point. There is an amazing "hardihood," to quote the language of the *Quarterly* Reviewer, in Dr. Manning's statement that the Vatican Council made no new dogmas, inasmuch as Papal infallibility was "a doctrine of Divine Faith" before the Council as well as after, which "the whole Church affirmed," though "a handful of writers"—non-Ultramontane Catholics are always "a handful" with Dr. Manning—denied it; indeed "it was *never* an open question." Dr. Manning has heard of the Gallican Liberties, which he somewhere calls the "Gallican servitudes," and he refers to Gallicanism in his present pamphlet for the sake of repeating what he had said before, that it was a "mere modern or transient opinion" which arose in France, without warrant or antecedents in the French Church, chiefly through the influence of the Jansenists. Such a startling paradox, even if we had space to expose it, may well be left to refute itself. Here again Dr. Newman throughout implies the contrary. No doubt he insists that the English and Irish hierarchy, who fifty years ago solemnly disclaimed the dogma of Papal infallibility, could not pledge their successors, and that, if the British Government had applied directly to Rome for a guarantee against its ever being defined, their request would pretty certainly have been refused. But that is a very different thing from saying that the new dogma was always an article of divine faith, or rather, it implies the reverse; indeed Dr. Newman expressly acknowledges that the definitions of 1854 and 1870 have strained the principles of doctrinal development and authority beyond all former precedent in the Church. Why, it may well be asked, if Papal infallibility was always *de fide*, should the Vatican Council have taken the trouble to define the doctrine and wasted several months in discussing it? The simple fact is that it was held by a large party and denied by a large party, including men in the highest positions in the Church, and that with the full knowledge, and sometimes—as in the case of the English and Irish prelates at the time of Catholic Emancipation—with the full approval, of the Court of Rome. Suppose, to put once more a hypothetical case, the English Convocation were to frame, and Parliament to sanction, canons imposing on all the clergy the doctrines of the Real Presence, Apostolic Succession, and universal efficacy of Baptism. Certainly nothing more would be enforced than a large and influential party in the Church of England had always maintained, but nevertheless the situation would be entirely changed, for all who disagreed with them would be excluded or reduced to silence. The Vatican Council has effected a similar change of situation in the Church of Rome. One other question of fact may be briefly noticed. Dr. Manning dwells at great length on the Falk laws, and a good deal of what he says about them is true enough. But when he complains, not unreasonably, of Prince Bismarck's alleging a Catholic conspiracy against the German Empire on "secret evidence" which he declines to produce, what are we to say of his own reiterated and angry allegations, made without any evidence at all, and in the teeth of facts, that Prince Bismarck's policy is the result of an "Old Catholic conspiracy," having for its object "to change all the Catholics in Germany into Old Catholics"? Dr. Newman, on the other hand, says, what is notoriously the fact, that "the Old Catholic movement is based not upon politics, but upon theology, and Dr. Döllinger has more than once declared his disapprobation of the Prussian acts against the Pope, while Father Hyacinth has quarrelled with the anti-Catholic politics of Geneva."

Our readers may recollect Dr. Newman's eloquent exposition of the indefeasible rights and authority of conscience, which he places above the Pope. Archbishop Manning is by no means equally lucid in his treatment of the matter, but it is clear that his view is fundamentally different. He admits that Catholics "put their conscience into the hands of the Pope," and justifies it on the ground that the individual conscience is thereby secured against its own aberrations. Thus, for instance, Neapolitan and Tuscan Catholics have no right "to form their conscience on the doctrines of the revolution which has overthrown the sovereigns of Naples and Tuscany," because the Pope has condemned it; from which we must infer that their allegiance is due not to Victor Emmanuel, but to the dethroned princes whose place he has usurped. Surely to say this goes far to justify Mr. Gladstone's indictment, and implies a direct authority of the Pope in civil matters. We beg Dr. Manning's pardon; he has expended a great many pages in arguing that the Pope's jurisdiction in civil matters is not direct, but indirect, "*ratione peccati*." As a matter of speculative theology the discussion may have its interest, but in its practical bearings it is very much a question between tweedledum and tweedledee. If the Pope's word is final, "and the Civil State ought to yield," not indeed in temporal things properly so called, but "in whatsoever things, whether essentially or by accident, the spiritual end, that is the end of the Church, is necessarily involved," it matters little whether his power is, according to "certain early Canonists and Jurists," called temporal in itself, or is, according to Suarez, "indirect and *spiritual* only." Nor is the Archbishop's treatment of the delicate question of persecution more reassuring, though it is more elaborately obscure. As far as we can penetrate his meaning, persecution was justifiable in former ages—and thus *e.g.* the Inquisition, and the cruelties of Philip II., and the dragonnades of Louis XIV., are tacitly applauded or condoned—but has become unjustifiable in the altered moral conditions of our own day. Faith, we are reminded, is an act of the will, and cannot be generated by force; nay "a forced faith is a hypocrisy hateful to God and man," and "we have learned that the civil ruler may punish what men do, but not what they think." But surely, if these principles are true now, they must always have been true. Yet, on the other hand, when Bellarmine and Suarez defended persecution "they had before their eyes a generation who had all been in the unity of the faith," and had separated from it wilfully, and "their separation from the unity of the Church did not release the conscience" (meaning apparently the person) "from its jurisdiction." But the modern world has passed from the "golden age" of enforced unity to the "silver age" of toleration. We can only gather from all this that "hereditary" Protestants born and bred have a right to be left unmolested, while individuals or nations once "in the unity of faith" and separating from it may be rightly "coerced" by the "indirect" temporal power of the Church. We are assured indeed that, in the improbable contingency of England becoming to-morrow a Roman Catholic country, no attempt would be made at coercion; but it seems obvious on Dr. Manning's principles that in that case the Church would be amply justified in restraining any stray sheep so ill advised as to think of quitting the fold. Then again it is argued at great length that the *Unam Sanctam* does not mean what it plainly says, though it is allowed that Bossuet so understood it; and Bossuet may perhaps be as good a judge of its true sense as Dr. Manning. There are other tricks of style, to call them by no harsher name, which have apparently become inseparable accidents of modern Ultramontane literature, but do not help to inspire confidence. Why, for instance, can no recent controversialist of that school put together half a dozen pages without

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dragging in the garbled version of the Florentine decree on the Primacy, with its qualifying clause left out, and parading what it pleases them to entitle "the Fifth Lateran Œcumenical Council," which no respectable writer till within the last few years would have dreamt of calling Œcumenical at all? Dr. Manning should know that his cause has nothing to gain from such authorities with educated readers.

As a work of art the pamphlet is undoubtedly clever. Its arrangement, as is usual with the author, is studiously elaborated, and the subject-matter, as he has chosen to treat it, was at his fingers' ends, for he has contrived several times to introduce extracts of many pages long from earlier publications of his own. Yet the chief impression left on one's mind at the end of some two hundred pages is a weary sense of having waded through a maze of ingenious and often technical verbiage, without being brought into close and actual contact with the underlying realities. Awkward questions, like the infallibility of the Syllabus, on which Dr. Newman is so explicit, are adroitly parried, and on the grave historical difficulties mooted by Lord Acton in the *Times* the pamphlet is discreetly silent. With all his dialectical skill and *finesse*, the writer has left the questions propounded by Mr. Gladstone, whatever may be their worth, very much where he found them. We remember, to be sure, that Bishop Ullathorne has publicly informed Mr. Gladstone, with a solemn pedantry which is evidently sincere, that before attaining the "merely elementary knowledge" requisite for understanding the language of the Syllabus he must undergo, "first, a year of scholastic philosophy; secondly, a three years' course of dogmatic and moral theology, in both cases under a competent master," and, thirdly, should study the *Theses Damnatæ* of Dominic Viva. Perhaps a similar course of elementary study may be necessary for the full appreciation of Archbishop Manning's tractate on *The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance*. But then it should have been addressed to a select audience of scholastic experts, and not to "the justice and good sense of the English people."

THE PARIS STAGE.

M. JULES VERNE'S clever mixture of instruction and extravagance called *Le Tour du Monde en 80 jours* is tolerably well known in England. At first sight the book would hardly seem suited for adaptation to the theatre. An ingenious version of it, however, by the author and M. d'Ennery, has been running, and seems likely to run, at the Porte St. Martin. The resources of the vast stage have been well used as a vehicle for a fine spectacle, some scenes of which are worth consideration as works of art. In the picture called in the bill "Une Nécropole dans l'Inde" the scene-painter, while actually representing a majestic block of Oriental architecture, has conveyed the idea of a vastness extending beyond the reach of the spectator's vision. The same kind of praise may be given to the "Escalier des Géants," a huge flight of rude steps ascending a snow-covered hill. As a specimen of merely mechanical scenic effect, the wreck of the steamer conveying Phileas Fogg to Liverpool deserves notice. The ship breaks up with an explosion, and the stage is gradually filled with billows which seem likely to convert the footlights into a practicable "float." The wild adventures which in the book occur to retard the journey round the world in eighty days, upon which Phileas Fogg has wagered his whole fortune, are supplemented in the play by others equally wild and more dramatic. Another character is introduced, Archibald Corsican, an American, who, in consequence of his having been blackballed at the "Club des Excentriques" in London, has vowed vengeance against Phileas Fogg. He meets his proposed victim at Cairo, and, taking with him a small portmanteau and a pair of swords, proceeds to follow Fogg all over the world. For some time at every halting place he challenges the Englishman to a duel, and invariably appears afterwards with a leg bandaged or an arm in a sling. Finally, the two swear eternal friendship, and it is partly owing to Corsican's devotion that Fogg's undertaking is finally successful. That the piece should contain many absurdities is in accordance with its character. There is a magnificent procession of Brahmin priests and warriors on the occasion of an intended Suttee. The priests are habited in a costume partly Assyrian, partly Parsee, while the soldiers resemble Egyptian gods capped with firemen's helmets. The procession is concluded by a real elephant which crosses the stage with an admirable solemnity. The ease with which an enormous crowd of Hindoo spearmen is defeated by three men armed with revolvers is a little startling; but the power of the revolver throughout the play is abnormal. On another occasion a train, drawn by a real steam-engine, is attacked by a horde of savages, who are promptly dispersed by the rapid and accurate firing of Fogg and Corsican. The stage management of this scene is so good that its extravagance is almost forgotten. The death falls of one or two of the savages might make the reputation of a melodramatic actor. A good deal of capital is made out of the various disguises assumed by Fix the detective, who, imagining Phileas Fogg to be a distinguished swindler, follows him all through his adventurous journey in the hope of arresting him. One scene at Calcutta wherein he appears in the garb of a Brahmin priest is remarkable also for the presence of an English resident magistrate, who presents himself in full evening dress, bearing in his hand a strange staff, which is probably analogous to the "iron weapon" carried by the "Wapentake" in *L'Homme qui rit*. It is perhaps in order to convey to the audience a full assurance of his profession that Fix, when travelling at Cairo as a private gentleman, habits himself in a wideawake hat, a long black coat, and crimson cotton gloves. For a like reason, no doubt, Phileas Fogg, whether he is travelling under the glare of an Indian sun or the cold of a snowy sky, displays his insular pride by wearing a heavy frockcoat faced with velvet, a tall hat, and a scarlet plaid. On occasions of great peril the hat is exchanged for a Scotch cap. It is to be regretted that no club in London possesses so gorgeous an entrance hall as that assigned to the "Club des Excentriques" in the last scene. On the other hand, it is perhaps fortunate that no club is liable to unchallenged invasion from a crowd of people who, having no connexion with it, yet consider it the best place for the arrangement of their affairs and their bow to the audience. The excellence of the scenic effects is more than supported by the energy and brightness of the acting. M. Dumaine, with nice discrimination, gives a pleasant life to the good-humoured, somewhat vapouring American, Archibald Corsican, and holds an opportunity for a slight display of pathos with a delicate touch. M. Alexandre makes a good deal of fun out of the devoted valet, Passe-partout, who, although unmentioned until now, plays an important part in the action of the piece. M. Lacressonnière is singularly unlike the ideal of Phileas Fogg. In place of the spare, silent, impassive man of the book, he presents a squat excited personage full of gesticulation, whose calmness is assumed by an effort instead of being natural. To atone for this, in a scene where he is about to sacrifice his life for the woman whom he has saved from a Suttee, he exhibits considerable melodramatic power. A piece of the calibre of *Le Tour du Monde en 80 jours* would not be complete without a ballet. That which is introduced is more than excused by the clever arrangement of its movements and groupings, and especially by the remarkable dancing of Mlle. Mariquita, who in a supposed Indian dance combines fun, agility, and a kind of barbaric wildness with a perfect grace. The dancer never forgets that she should act as well as dance; never sacrifices art to a display of mere acrobatic vigour. As a happy combination of spectacle, farce, and melodrama, the piece of MM. Verne and d'Ennery is well worth seeing.

At a theatre very different from the Porte St. Martin, Le Théâtre Français, Mlle. Favart has matched her former triumphs in Scribe's and Legouvé's *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. No better answer to the critics who find the actress's power on the wane could be found than her performance of this exceptionally difficult character. The part was originally written for Mlle. Rachel, who wished to disprove the assertions of those who conceived her capable of interpreting the classical drama only. So strong, however, was this impression that it was considered unwise to take prejudice absolutely by storm. Consequently Adrienne makes her first appearance in the green-room of the theatre, studying and reciting to herself a scene from Racine. The impression of power given by Mlle. Favart at this first appearance, when she crosses the stage with the stately step and measured intonation of classical tragedy, is never lost either in the passionate self-abandonment of love or the bursts of jealous scorn which follow later in the play. Mlle. Favart has always excelled in representing a withering contempt; in the scene where she saves her rival from discovery and shame, and to the threat "Je vous perdrai" replies "Et moi je vous sauve," the emotion is the finer and evokes the more sympathy for being mingled with generosity. Adrienne, pronouncing these words with a broad noble action, as of giving from full hands, seems to tower immeasurably superior to the menaces of the Princesse de Bouillon. In the scene where Adrienne, reciting a passage from *Phèdre* in her rival's drawing-room, uses the opportunity to deal a blow at the Princess, such intensity is thrown by the actress into the lines—

> Je sais mes perfidies,
> Œnone, et ne suis point de ces femmes hardies,
> Qui, goûtant dans le crime une tranquille paix,
> Ont su se faire un front qui ne rougit jamais—

that the spectator can hardly believe in the Princess's power of preserving an unmoved demeanour. This well-trained indifference of the great lady is admirably represented by Mme. Plessy, whose cold yet passionate malignity throughout makes a fine contrast with the impulsive warmth of Adrienne. The resources which in this scene are employed by Mlle. Favart upon the delivery of a scathing contempt are in others employed with almost equal success in portraying Adrienne's touching devotion to Maurice de Saxe, and her despairing doubts of his love for her. In the last scene, where the assurance of his constancy is closely followed by her death from a poisoned bouquet sent by the Princess, the actress tempers her power with a nice judgment. Mlle. Favart's capacity for tenderness has never been seen to better advantage than in the burst of joy with which she greets the appearance of Maurice de Saxe. In this one point Mlle. Favart perhaps surpasses the great actress who originally interpreted the part. The gradual effect of the poison which breaks in upon these moments of delight is marked with a force which never descends to violence. Adrienne's head is attacked with a sharp pain; even as she puts her hand up to it her mind begins to wander; strange visions flit before her eyes; she is again on the boards of the Français looking for Maurice's smile from the box she knows so well. Then his supposed perfidy flashes upon her; she recoils from him in horror. Maurice, desperate, clutches her hands and looks into her eyes, commanding her bewildered thoughts to return to the reality of his love with all the force of his will. She sways to and fro looking vacantly here and there until their eyes meet, and for one moment she regains her reason; a fresh delirium follows, and her mind only recovers its powers in her dying

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moments. In Mlle. Favart's hands this scene is terrible without being revolting. The play, like most plays in which Scribe was concerned, is full of clever situations and good effects; but it is not composed with any great art. The first half is a comedy, the second a tragedy, and the two hang ill together. It is mounted and played with the finish which belongs to the Français. Michonnet, the old régisseur, who is hopelessly attached to Adrienne, is rendered by M. Got with a delicate humour. As M. Got has shown on many other occasions that he is not deficient in pathetic power, it is rather surprising that he should not make more of the opportunities given him by Michonnet. Maurice de Saxe is well played by M. Laroche, who has of late made a marked improvement in his style. This actor has always been remarkable for grace of manner and bearing; he seems likely to acquire the vigour which was before wanting.

Racine's *Phèdre*, which was performed some two years ago with Mlle. Rousseill in the principal part, and Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt in that of Aricie, is now given with the younger actress in Phèdre, Aricie being filled by Mlle. Tholer. Mlle. Bernhardt has in this performance displayed a power which could only be suspected from her previous appearances. Passion, fire, dignity, and grace of action —all these she has; the only blemish which can be fixed upon in her representation proceeds from a physical cause. Her voice is at times unequal to the strain put upon it by the long emotional speeches of Racine, which indeed might exhaust a stronger voice than Mlle. Bernhardt's. The artist's power makes itself felt even when her means fail her most, and it is as much fear for the future as dissatisfaction with the present that mars the listener's pleasure. The conflict of shame, love, and horror in the celebrated "C'est toi qui l'as nommé" is expressed with singular force in the half-seeking, half-repellent gesture of the hands, and the half-averted head of the actress. Of M. Mounet Sully's Hippolyte we spoke at length two years ago. It only remains to add that the hope then expressed that the actor might modify the exuberance of his style, while he retained its truth and strength, has been fulfilled.

A success of a lighter kind has been made by Mlle. E. Broisat in Augier's clever, graceful piece *Philiberte*. Philiberte is a kind of Cinderella, constantly bullied by her mother, the Marquise de Grandchamp, who hates her for being the daughter of a first husband, whom she herself hated. Philiberte believes herself to be entirely without attractions, and, imagining that her wealth is the motive of a proposal from the man whom she loves, she sends him away in despair. A declaration of passion, made according to the fashion of that epoch, from a Parisian fop staying in the neighbourhood, convinces her that she was wrong in her estimate of herself; and, after various difficulties, the real lover is brought back to his allegiance, and all ends happily. The construction is good, and the keen, graceful verse of the dialogue is well worthy of M. Augier's reputation; but the dramatic interest might well flag but for the skill of the actress who sustains it. The spectator's attention is held by the changing moods of Philiberte. The girl, who in the opening of the play is downcast, resigned, and sombre, becomes after her discovery that she can be loved for herself gay, joyous, instinct with a secret happiness which shows itself in every accent and movement. There is one scene where a forced lightness of manner passes into a fit of hysterics, which is given with an almost painful reality by Mlle. Broisat. The part of Philiberte's sister is well filled by Mlle. Lloyd; M. Laroche marks his progress in the lover Raymond; M. Joumard, who is rapidly assuring himself a reputation on the stage, exhibits much perception of comedy in the Parisian fop. Other parts are played by Mme. Jouassain and M. Thiron, who do justice to their already-assured reputation, and by M. Prudhon, who in the character of a high-bred gentleman is marvellously clumsy and disagreeable.

The event which has attracted most attention at the Français of late has been the production of *Le Demi-Monde*. There was an outcry from some, a rejoicing from others, at the first entrance of Dumas fils upon the boards of the Comédie. There is a prevalent idea in some English circles that all the younger Dumas's plays are immoral, and that this particular play is a particular instance of immorality. There could hardly be a more unjust idea, although there is a certain amount of truth underlying it. All of Dumas's plays are supposed to be written with a moral purpose; some of them in the interests of morality dwell upon such hideous revelations of vice that they cannot but defeat their purpose. This is not the case with *Le Demi-Monde*, the title of which, it may be observed, bears in France a very different meaning from that misapplied to it in England. The play is not nearly so immoral as the *School for Scandal;* it deals with characters of much the same calibre as Sheridan's, and the author does not extend to them the easy tolerance of the English writer. Yet that the one play is agreeable and the other much the reverse cannot be denied. This proceeds partly from the fact that while Sheridan's characters are mere sketches, Dumas's are living human beings; the comedy in the one case is artificial, in the other real. As a matter of fact indeed the term comedy cannot be fitly applied to *Le Demi-Monde;* it is rather a combination of satire with tragic emotion. The fact that the play concludes in what is taken to be a happy fashion gives no relief to its sombre character. Besides, the spectator's sympathies are quite as much with the scheming Suzanne d'Ange, who leaves the scene defeated, as with those who have accomplished her defeat. That this should be so is no doubt in part owing to the powerful and finished art with which Mlle. Croizette interprets and lends attraction to a character which in itself is composed of unpleasant elements. The treatment of Suzanne by Olivier de Jalins is the most striking blot upon the play. French writers are not remarkable for a nice sense of honour in the relations between a man and a woman, and throughout the *Demi-Monde* the absence of this in the personage who is supposed to be the essence of honour is striking. His warning his friend De Nanjac against a marriage with Suzanne d'Ange may be considered the fulfilment of a disagreeable duty; his deliberately laying a plot to entrap the woman who has loved him is worse than disagreeable. The position in which Olivier is placed is a very difficult one; the way out of it which he chooses does not recommend itself to English ideas. All the art which that fine performer M. Delaunay expends upon the representation of Olivier cannot obliterate this stain. It must be said that a brightness which the piece does not suggest to a reader is supplied by the charm and gaiety of M. Delaunay's manner. The lightness, the impulse, the ringing and infectious laugh of Olivier captivate the spectator, but cannot compel his forgiveness. The long and well-known speech in which, starting with the unexpected question "Aimez-vous les pêches?" Olivier describes the inhabitants of the *demi-monde* by comparing them to a basket of imperfect peaches is a remarkable specimen of how art can vary manner, intonation, and gesture, yet never depart from nature. Mlle. Broisat is graceful and interesting as Marcelle, the only character in the piece which is not tainted by some disagreeable quality. M. Got brings the small part of Richond into relief without making it obtrusive. Few actors have such a power of speaking with their whole body as M. Got, and in the bearing as in the face of Richond one seems to read his past history. M. Febvre's performance of De Nanjac is disappointing. In the earlier scenes he is quiet and impressive; but in those of suspicious anger with Suzanne he is brutal. This helps in some measure to transfer the spectator's sympathies to the woman whom he is intended to regard as fitly punished. One would think that the cold-blooded piece of chicanery confessed by Suzanne at her final exit would be enough to make her odious; but the spectacle of a woman driven into a toil after constant and courageous struggles cannot but suggest excuses and pity. Opposed to the low tone of the men, the daring vice of the woman assumes a certain grandeur. The same kind of theme has been treated in a different and a finer manner by M. Augier in his *L'Aventurière*, and the contrast between the two pieces is striking.

While speaking of the Théâtre Français it may be mentioned that during the month of January twenty-nine different plays have been there represented. All the artists of the numerous company have in turn appeared before the public. No one performer, however popular, is subjected to that constant labour which overtasks the energies of a favourite actor in London.

VIENNE.

IT is a singular caprice of language which, in the use of more than one tongue, has so thoroughly transferred the name of a city by the Rhone to a city by the Danube as to make it needful, even in the Rhone valley itself, to take precautions lest what is intended for the city near at hand should be carried away to the city very far off. A prudent landlord at Avignon suggested that, on a letter for Vienne, Vienna Allobrogum, the city which claimed to be the capital of the Burgundian kingdom, the name of the department should be added, lest it should go to Vindobona or Wien, the undoubted capital of the Austrian archduchy. "C'est un nom double" was the comment; and so, in French at least, it is; if there were not "two Wussesters," there are as certainly two Viennes as there are two Dorchesters. But it is certainly odd that, instead of using any form naturally coming from the Latin Vindobona, French usage should have taken the German name of the Austrian capital and modified it into the name of a Gaulish city. *Wien* has become *Vienne*, and we in English have barbarously *quasi*-latinized *Vienne* into *Vienna*. The process is the same as when we *quasi*-latinized the French proper name *Louise*, formed quite regularly in French, not into the true form *Ludovica*, but into our barbarous *Louisa*. Anyhow, the name *Vienna*, *Vienne*, in English or French, suggests, not the real *Vienna*, but *Vindobona*, not the capital of the Dauphiny, but the capital of the archduchy. More than two hundred years back, the transfer of the name was felt as a grievance by local patriotism. Nicolas Chorier, the historian of Vienne and of the whole Dauphiny, makes his complaint:—"C'est un nom que la capitale d'Autriche lui usurpe injustement par l'ignorance des derniers siècles." Nowadays the Vienna on the Rhone will hardly venture on a rivalry with the Vienna on the Danube. Yet one would have hardly thought beforehand that the distant city would have so wholly overshadowed the nearer one that, in a town only three or four hours off from the real Vienna on the same line of railway, it should be found needful to distinguish it from the capital of a distant country. It suggests the question whether a letter posted, say, in Yorkshire or Northamptonshire, and addressed simply to "Boston," would find its way to Lincolnshire or to Massachusetts. It is quite certain that a letter addressed to "Boston, Holland," would find its way to the Kingdom of the Netherlands. Yet both Bostons and both Hollands have a perfect right to their names. *Hollandia cismarina* and *Hollandia transmarina*—it was perhaps only at Crowland that men troubled themselves to distinguish so minutely—got the same name independently from the likeness of their physical condition. The younger, and now greater, Boston

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was so called out of dutiful respect towards its metropolis, the elder, and now lesser, Boston. But the Austrian Vienna is an impostor; it bears a name which, as Chorier says, is unjustly stolen from another city. It is however a perfectly innocent and unwilling impostor. *Vindobona, Wien*, does not insist on taking the name of Vienna Allobrogum; it is those who are now the countrymen of Vienna Allobrogum who insist on forcing its name upon Vindobona.

The capital of the Allobroges had, like other ancient cities, wild tales to tell as to its foundation and as to the origin of its name. When Amaziah reigned in Judah, Venerius, an exile from Africa, built a city on the Rhone, and called it Vienna, "quod *biennio* perfecta fuerit," because it took him only two years to build it. So thought Ado, Archbishop of Vienne in the ninth century, who ranks among the chroniclers of the Carolingian age, and whose annals, at least extracts from them, will be found in the second volume of Pertz. Can anything be learned from so mad a legend as this? Yes; it throws some light on the history of pronunciation. Those who derived *Vienna* from *biennium* could have drawn no very marked distinction between *b* and *v*; if we were uncharitably given, we might say that they belonged to the sect with whom *bibere* and *vivere* were the same thing. In the case of an Archbishop it may be more becoming to believe that, in the learned age of Charles the Bald, he had before him Stephen of Byzantium, or some other Greek writer in whose pages the name of the city appeared as Βιέννη. Stephen has a story which gives the city, not an African, but a Cretan origin, and local fancy has devised other founders and other etymologies. One etymology however is vigorously discarded by local patriotism. The wrath of Nicolas Chorier is strongly moved against one who would needs spell Vienna *Vigenna*, and who maintained that Vigenna was short for *Via Gehenna*, on account of the sufferings endured there by Christians in the days of Trajan. Be all this as it may, Vienna Allobrogum held under the Roman sway a very high place among the cities of Gaul; it claimed to be the head of the whole land, and looked on Lyons, Trier, and Arles as alike intruders on its rights. In after days its Archbishops disputed with those of Lyons the rank of Primate of all the Gauls; and, while elsewhere we are accustomed to hear of a King of Arles, we are taught at Vienne that, if the King of the Middle Kingdom was to be called by the name of any single city, he was not King of Arles, but King of Vienne. And the city could at least make good its claims to royal rank by the possession of a royal palace, and by the burial of several Burgundian Kings and Queens, from Boso onwards, within its walls. Under Frederick Barbarossa Vienne was acknowledged as a city owning no superior but the Emperor, but by him the royal rights were, in the absence of the King, entrusted to the Archbishop and the Chapter of the metropolitan church of St. Maurice. This grant however did not hinder Vienne from remaining practically a free city, while it probably saved it from falling into the hands of a powerful neighbour. The princes, the *Dolphins*, whose name the city can hardly fail to suggest, were princes, not of *Vienne*, but of the *Viennois*. And the steps by which the city was incorporated with France were yet more gradual than the steps by which the surrounding principality was incorporated. When the last Humbert sold his Dauphiny to Charles of France, it was not held either that the city formed part of the grant or that the Dauphiny itself was separated from the Empire. On the one hand, the Dauphin Charles did homage to the Archbishop of Vienne for lands held of his church, and on the other hand he was invested by his Imperial namesake with the rights of Vicar of the Empire throughout the Kingdom of Arles. Acts of Imperial authority were done in the city as late as the reign of Sigmund, and it was not till 1449 that the Archbishop John of Poitiers finally ceded the rights which he held under the grant of Frederick, and that the citizens of Vienne formally acknowledged the Dauphin Lewis as their sovereign. We must remember that the Dauphiny was the first possession of the French Kings beyond the Rhone. Bresse, Bugey, and all Savoy to the north, Orange, Avignon, and Venaissin to the south, were still untouched; and, however weak might be the rule of good King René in Provence, he at least owed no formal homage to his kinsman at Paris or at Plessis. In the map of Europe of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Dauphiny, as a French possession, looks like an untoward projection into the midst of another land; but it not the less brought France to the Alps and cut the old Burgundian realm in twain. If the self-deposed Humbert, in the monastic cell where he sought shelter, could see far into the future, he might have wept at his own work. A hundred years and more after his day Charles of Burgundy had the chance of undoing that work. With him all hopes of restoring or preserving the old barrier kingdom passed away. Men so easily forgot by what tenure the Dauphiny was held by a French prince that poets and historians have freely bestowed the title of Dauphin on sons of earlier French Kings who never held or claimed an inch of ground beyond the Rhone.

There is none among the cities of the Rhoneland which has been planted on a fairer site than the capital of the Allobroges. At Avignon the single hill, crowned by the castle and the minster, looks down on both river and city. At Vienne the city itself forms a vast theatre with a range of hills for its curve, and the Rhone itself for the chord of the great semicircle. The heights of Solomon, of Arnaud, of St. Blondine, and of St. Just form a vast rampart to the city, whose streets slope down from their lower heights to the river. These heights are in fact the last spurs of the Alps of Savoy and the Dauphiny; nowhere do we more truly feel that we are in the Imperial land which rises to the Alps, and slopes downward to the Rhone. "Pulcra Vienna," "Alpina Vienna," were old and standing epithets for the city; and they were well deserved by such a site. Between two of the heights the little stream of the Gère flows into the mighty Rhone, repeating in small that famous meeting and contrast of the waters which so many travellers have gone to gaze on where Rhone and Saône form the peninsula of Lyons. Two of the hills, Mount Solomon beyond the Gère and Mount Pipet the lower point of St. Blondine, immediately above the city, are crowned by ruined castles. The latter, with walls of Roman masonry, is pointed out as at least marking the site of the ancient city of the Allobroges, and it lived to form part of the grant of Frederick to the metropolitan prelates, whose minster spreads its long length at its feet. Out of the hill itself, like a model of the city, was hewn out the curve of the inevitable amphitheatre, when the city of the Allobroges became the Roman colony—"ornatissima colonia valentissimaque Viennensium." Below rise a crowd of towers, teaching us that, unlike some of its neighbours, Vienne can boast of mediæval monuments worthy to stand beside the treasures of earlier days. Beyond the river other towers point out the suburb of St. Colombe, the *Pergia* of Vienne, nestling, like the city itself, at the foot of a range of hills, which, when the elder towers before us rose, skirted the land from which the rule of Cæsar had passed away. The broad and rushing river winding among the hills on either side, the heights rising on either hand, the ruined fortress to the right, the remains of so many ages at our feet, make the view from Mount Pipet a memory which does not soon pass away from the mind of one who remembers how much of the fate of Europe has been bound up in the history of that mighty river and of the ancient cities on its banks. At Vienne, as we have just said, the attention of the student is divided between the Roman and the mediæval antiquities of the city. As we turn the pages of the local historian, we find what prodigious havoc of monuments of both classes took place, first in the Huguenot wars, and then in the great Revolution and in the days which followed it. We say the days which followed it, because at Vienne, as in many other parts of France, the destruction which began in the wild fanaticism of the Revolution went on, with hardly slackened speed, during the stupid indifference of the days of the Restoration. Between these various times of havoc a crowd of ancient monuments have perished, among them all the royal tombs whose inscriptions are preserved by the seventeenth-century historian. But a rich store still remains, a store all the more precious because it is spread over all ages and styles from the classical Roman to the Renaissance. There is no gap, no lack of monuments of any particular age, such as we mark at Arles and Nîmes. A Roman temple inferior only to the Square House at Nîmes; two abbatial churches of the earliest and the later Romanesque; a vast metropolitan church, in which the traveller coming from Italy and Provence welcomes again some of the best forms of the true Northern Gothic, make altogether a collection of objects which other cities may surpass in mere number, but which have seldom been surpassed as a *catena* of successive forms of art.

Among the Roman buildings the first place is of course due to the temple, called that of Augustus and Livia, which afterwards was the church of Notre Dame de la Vie. We have already said that, as a monument of its own class, this ranks next after the temple at Nîmes. It has suffered—perhaps it has needed—somewhat more in the way of modern repair, and the original building itself, with flat pilasters to the cella instead of the half-columns at Nîmes, is one degree less pleasing to the eye. Yet the pilasters are perhaps really the best, as being more honest; they mark the distinction between the colonnade and the solid wall, while there is perhaps a certain lack of reality in continuing the colonnade in the form of half-columns, which might suggest that the wall had been built up between them. Besides the temple, besides some other fragments of walls and the like, there is also, on the higher ground of the city, a grand Roman fragment, an arch between two pilasters, about which many conjectures have been hazarded. It has been called an approach to a theatre, an approach to baths, the arcade of a forum, and what not. And yet more names have been spent on the curious monument which lies on the south side of the city, beyond the Campus Martius—still an open space—on the road to Avignon. Four arches with pilasters support a kind of obelisk. It is doubtless, like the more graceful monuments at Igel and St. Remi, the tomb of somebody; but they were not particularly happy guesses which called it sometimes the cenotaph of Augustus, sometimes the tomb of Pontius Pilate. Legend, it will be remembered, but, it would seem, only legend, sends the supposed Procurator to a banishment in Gaul and a death at Vienne. The story took firm hold on local imagination, and one of the destroyed buildings in another part of the city bore the name of the Tower of Pilate. From the Roman remains we pass, by an easy transition, to the early Romanesque—if Romanesque we are to call it—of the abbey of St. Peter. The metropolitan church, it should be noticed, stood with a Benedictine monastery at no great distance on either side of it. And when these two were in the seventeenth century secularized under a single Chapter, great was naturally the feud between the new foundation and the archiepiscopal Chapter of St. Maurice. The canons of the united Chapter bore the title of counts, and were bound to show proofs of noble birth. But we are less concerned with them, examples as they were of a state of things which we may be proud to say was never known in England, than with the two small but most remarkable minsters which

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they occupied. Of St. Peter's, above all, we should be well pleased to know the documentary history in the fullest details. Cochard, the editor of Chorier, attributes the building to the time of Charles the Great, after its destruction by the Saracens in the days of Charles Martel. As a rule, when Charles the Great is given as a date, it simply means that the thing is very old, but commonly not so old as the great Emperor. But there are features here which might suggest even an earlier date. The two ranges of windows in the aisles with their coupled columns have within quite the air of Ravenna; without, they rather call up the memory of the *Basse Œuvre* at Beauvais. The form of the building is that of a basilica with tall square piers, reminding one of Lucca, instead of columns. At the west end a tower of late Romanesque has been added, while to the south-east there clings on the little church of St. George, in the form of a Greek cross, keeping its cupola within, but altered in the detail without by the insertion of later windows. These two churches, after various forms of desecration, have risen again so far as to form a museum rich in the remains of ancient Vienna. The other church, that of St. Andrew, is, in point of foundation, as old as, or older than, its fellow; but the present building, the name and date of whose architect is known—he was William, son of Martin, and was living in 1152—is, so much of it as is left, a valuable example of the late Romanesque, in a variety of the style borrowing features from lands both to the south and to the north of Vienne. Between the two stands the vast unbroken length of the metropolitan church, unbroken, like that of Bourges, by transept, tower, or cupola. The eastern and western parts belong to the ordinary Gothic; they are a sign that we are drawing near to the frontier of the strictly Roman land. But in the central part of the long arcade we still find a memory of the older time in pointed arches, Saracenic rather than Gothic, resting, in true Provençal fashion, on classical pilasters. An almost more curious instance of the same transition is seen in one of the doorways, where classical fluted columns are furnished with rich capitals of the thirteenth century. At Avignon we have mediæval work in abundance, but it proclaims itself as exotic; at Vienne we are led by a gentle transition from the temple of Augustus to the towers of St. Maurice. In short, in the old capital of the Allobroges we feel that we are on the very border of the old Burgundian land. Our next stage brings us to Lyons, and at Lyons men learned in the days of Philip the Fair that they were dangerously near to lands which spoke the tongue of *oil*, and which had bowed to no Cæsar since Charles the Fat.

THE MIDLAND MUDDLE.

WITHIN a few days after the new experiment in carriages and fares had come into operation on the Midland Railway, Mr. Ellis, the Chairman of the Company, hastened to write to the papers to say that, though it was too soon to speak positively as to the results of the change, everything showed that it was alike beneficial to the shareholders and to the travelling public. It is still perhaps too early to attempt to form any definite opinion as to how far the new system is likely to prove permanently popular or profitable; but at least we now know what is the practical result of the wonderful programme with which the Midland Board startled the world last November, and also the circumstances under which it was adopted. It will be remembered that at the Leeds meeting Mr. Ellis was extremely indignant at the supposition that the Directors had come to a hasty decision on the subject. On the contrary, he said, the matter had been before the Board off and on for several years, and had received the fullest consideration. We could not help suggesting at the time that, if the Board had hesitated so long about having anything to do with the project, it looked as if they were not particularly impressed by its advantages; and the revelations which have just been made would seem to confirm this view. At the recent meeting of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, Sir E. Watkin drew up a corner of the curtain, and disclosed the utter confusion of mind and uncertainty of the Directors of the Midland at the very moment of making this important change. It appears that last year the Railway Companies had been consulting together as to what should be done in regard to the passenger duty which, it was evident, there was no chance of getting repealed at once. The representatives of the Midland Company were at that time strongly in favour of adding the duty to the existing fares, and made a proposal to that effect, which was duly discussed. At a later meeting, however, they intimated that they had reconsidered the matter, and did not think an increase of fares desirable. Almost the next day, without a word of warning to any of the Companies with whom they had been sitting in council, and with whom it was of course, according to the courtesies and habits of the railway world, their duty to try to come to some general understanding, the Midland Board suddenly issued its announcement of a new policy based upon a reduction of fares, in direct contradiction to the views which it had previously been trying to impress upon the Railway Association. It is possible no doubt for a Railway Company to snatch to itself a temporary advantage by springing a mine of this kind upon its neighbours; but it is obvious that the most disastrous consequences would follow if it were to become usual for the Companies to play these tricks upon each other. Nobody can dispute that a Company is entitled to show more tender consideration for its own special interests than for those of the railways at large; and if it is satisfied that a particular policy is really for its own advantage, it has a perfect right to adopt it, notwithstanding the opposition of rival enterprises. The Railway Companies are undoubtedly competing bodies, and it is only natural that each should try to do the best it can for itself, even at the risk of taking something from another. It has been found, however, by experience, that while allowing a certain latitude for competition and local differences, it is for the good of the Companies generally, as well as for the convenience of the public, that the working of the lines should be conducted on a uniform system. Indeed, whether the Companies desired it or not, they could not permanently resist the natural tendency to assimilation. It is simply impossible, for example, that competing lines should continue for any length of time to charge different fares; and this has indeed been proved on the present occasion, for the Midland had no sooner altered its tariff than the other Companies adopted the same scale at all points of competition. All that can be gained by a Company trying to get ahead of its neighbours by an unexpected start is a momentary advantage of very little value. On higher grounds, however, it is obviously for the benefit of all that good faith and loyalty should be scrupulously observed in dealing with questions which affect the general welfare. It is impossible to acquit the Midland of having committed a breach of this necessary rule; and, in order to appreciate the gravity of the offence, we have only to consider the confusion and disorder which would be produced if the Railway Companies generally were to enter into treacherous and reckless competition of this kind.

The conduct of the Midland Company in this matter reminds one of a dog that thinks it can make off with a bone on the sly, and finds itself immediately overtaken by the associates whom it hoped to cheat out of their share of the pickings. If it could have been managed that the Midland alone should be able to offer reduced fares, it would no doubt have done a good stroke of business; but, as the other Companies at once brought down their charges to its level, while at the same time giving the public additional advantages, it has, on the whole, rather injured than benefited itself by its manœuvre, and the only consolation upon which it can now fall back is that it has at least been the means of precipitating other Companies for the moment into the same hole with itself. The increased traffic returns which have been plausibly represented as evidence of the success of the new system will require to be examined in order that the delusive use which has been made of them may be exposed. It is necessary to remember that, in the first place, these returns relate to a considerably increased mileage, and that, in the next place, there is usually at this time of year an augmentation of traffic which is common to all Companies. Sir E. Watkin has pointed out that other Companies have obtained much larger additions to their receipts than the Midland without resorting to its desperate expedients; and the testimony given before the Railway Commission would seem to confirm the inference that the Midland would have done much better for itself if it had avoided rash and violent changes. Moreover, from the apparent increase of traffic it is necessary to make a deduction on account of the actual increase of capital and of expenditure on plant and rolling-stock. It is not unlikely that the novelty of the arrangements and the effect of a splashing advertisement may have given a temporary impetus to traffic which will soon die out when it is known that other competing lines do all that the Midland pretends to do, and at the same time keep up the old conveniences of railway travelling. It is highly instructive to compare what the Midland Directors undertook to do in the first enthusiasm of the revolutionary spirit with what they are actually doing in cooler moments of practical effort. The great thing of course was to be a reduction of fares for the benefit of the public, and it is true that first-class fares have been lowered for single journeys. The abolition of return-tickets at a reduced rate, however, practically takes back a considerable part of this paraded liberality; and, on the other hand, first-class passengers are deprived of the comfort and dignity to which they have hitherto been accustomed. Then there are the second-class passengers who, in return for being enabled to ride in their old carriages disguised with a few scraps of cloth, are charged, as a rule, increased fares for single journeys, the fares being still further increased, so as indeed to amount to a heavy tax, by the abolition of the discount on return-tickets. It is true that Mr. Allport, the manager of the Midland, has written to the *Times* to say that the vamped-up carriages will be "temporary only," but he does not deny that, for the present, they are an imposition on the public; and when we remember Mr. Ellis's glowing picture of the splendour and luxury of the vehicles which he assured us were immediately to be provided, we are tempted to wait until the new carriages actually appear before placing implicit faith in Mr. Allport's assurances. In any case we are only speaking of the present conduct of the Midland, not of what it may, or perhaps may not, do in the future.

Then there is that mysterious "Pullman train," which Mr. Ellis held out as part of the attractions of the Midland system. In the time-tables of the Company we read that "first-class passengers may avail themselves of the Pullman drawing-room or sleeping cars upon payment of a small additional sum, particulars of which may be learnt at any of the stations at which the train stops." It appears, however, that these cars, though represented as part of the glories of the Midland, do not belong to, and are not directly under the control of, that Company at all. They are an independent speculation, and, as the agent of the speculators elegantly expresses it, the "additional rate of compensation attach-

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ing to their occupancy" is left to be assessed and collected, not by the officials of the Midland, but by those of the Pullman Company. It is obvious that this introduces a novel, and we may venture to suggest a questionably legal, feature into the working of English railways. An English Railway Company receives certain powers on certain conditions. It is required by law not to exceed a maximum scale of tolls, and to exhibit for the information of the public a written or printed statement of its passenger fares. Here, however, we find a Company of foreign origin allowed to exact, in addition to the regular fares of the English railway, an arbitrary impost of its own. It is obvious that this is an arrangement which is scarcely in accordance with the statutory requirements of railway service, and that it is extremely liable to be abused. If the Midland Company choose to run Pullman cars on their own account, there can of course be no objection to their doing so, as long as they conform to their legal obligations; but the sub-letting of lines to be used as a speculation by a foreign Company has not hitherto been recognized among the privileges of a railway monopoly. However, whether legal or not, the Pullman car is, we fancy, not much to the taste of ordinary Englishmen, who naturally prefer the quiet ease and snug seclusion of the carriages to which they have been accustomed to the barbaric pomp and gorgeous discomfort of the American importation. A bed in the sleeping car is no doubt well enough, though not better than the ordinary sleeping arrangements on other lines; but there are few Englishmen who can endure with complacency the garish exposure of the saloon car, which indeed might very well be reserved for those aspiring bagmen upon whom Mr. Ellis chiefly relies for moral support in his moments of depression, and who are supposed to be so grateful for the social elevation he has opened up to them.

Taken altogether, then, we may ask, leaving aside the interests of the shareholders, what has the Midland Company done for the public? It has thrown the whole system of fares into utter confusion, to the great inconvenience and injury of travellers who have been in the habit of using season or return tickets. It has conferred, at the cost of great personal annoyance and discomfort, a small pecuniary advantage on the first-class travellers, who merely wanted to be let alone; it has imposed an additional tax on second-class people, who, alone among travellers, had been claiming, as they were certainly entitled to do, a reduction of charges; and it has endeavoured to substitute for the comparatively light, handy, and convenient first-class carriages in the English style the huge, heavy, ugly, and uncomfortable American "drawing-room," with its tinsel and gimcrack, and its seats upon which one can neither sit nor lounge with the slightest ease. What, on the other hand, it has done for its shareholders will be disclosed in due time. In the meantime it has at least made a bold stroke for a sensational advertisement.

WINE AND BEER.

ALTHOUGH the idea of Universal Exhibitions has been done almost to death, it is still possible to read with interest some portions of the Reports lately printed on the Vienna Exhibition of 1873. The Report by Mr. H. Vizetelly on Wine and Beer perhaps best deserves general attention, and the account which it gives of the vintages of Australia will be widely read both in the colonies and at home. We must confess to being slightly surprised at the extent, variety, and success with which wines have been produced in Australia. The jury which sat upon the wines was specially conversant with French, Spanish, and German wines, and therefore competent to deal with Australian reproductions of them. The samples of Hermitage from Victoria were so excellent that the French experts seemed struck with astonishment, and insisted that they were tasting a fine French wine which had been sent to Australia and brought back. They required a distinct affirmation from the agent in charge that these wines were of genuine Australian growth. The reporter mentions that in the Reports of the Paris Exhibition of 1867 Australian Hermitage is very favourably spoken of by Frenchmen, who are at least excellent judges of their own wines. An "admirable Riesling" from Adelaide sent several Germans into raptures over this produce from what they regard as the national vine, which had come to them thousands of miles across the ocean. The Matazo, grown on an alluvial soil in South Australia, as we understand, "was intensely dark in colour, and had all the fulness and fruitiness of an unbrandied port." The occasional fortifying of Australian wines is said to be their worst feature, and can no more be justified than corresponding practices with the wines of Spain, Portugal, and the South of France, which ordinarily screen a clumsy system of vinification, or, if not this, allow of the wine travelling before it is properly matured. Wines of the degree of alcoholic strength which those of Australia naturally attain, not only need no adventitious spirit, but any finer qualities they may derive from climate or soil, or which may be developed by age, are destroyed by such a proceeding. It is satisfactory to find that Australian wine is likely to be genuine for the same reason that Australian meat is genuine, because the natural product of the country is cheaper than any substitute. It can hardly pay to import spirit when the red Australian wines from the Cabernet grape, "although they recall the growths of the Médoc, are far too thin to carry satisfactorily the extra amount of alcohol they possess, and which arises from the excess of saccharine developed in the grape under an Australian sun." New South Wales, the colony which first imported the vine, sent no samples to Vienna. Sir William McArthur, one of the earliest importers of vine-cuttings, brought over three German vine-dressers to attend to their cultivation. After completing their engagement, these Germans settled at Albury, on the Murray river, took a lease of a favourable site, and planted it with vines. As soon as success was assured, they sent to Europe for their relatives and friends, and a thriving German colony has grown up on the Murray river. The vineyards on the Barabool hills in Victoria were planted with vines brought over by Swiss and German immigrants. But the gold discovery in 1853 gave a serious blow to the wine industry in Victoria, owing to the high prices which grapes, in common with all other kinds of fruit, commanded, the scarcity of labour, and the low rate at which the imported wines that glutted the market were offered. When things righted themselves, new vineyards were planted in several districts, and particularly along the Murray river, which forms the boundary between Victoria and New South Wales, and where now every farmer cultivates his vineyard and drinks his own wine. A colonist quoted in this Report enumerates the most successful of the imported grapes, among which is the "Aucarot," which the reporter conjectures to be an Australian corruption of "Auxerrois." This is curious, if true.

The Report on the Cape of Good Hope wines has none of the encouragement which the name of that colony suggests, or rather would suggest to those who did not remember that the hope of the early navigators was not to settle at this Cape, but to pass beyond it. Mr. Vizetelly, we must remember, was chosen to judge of wines, and not of political economy, and when he tells us that the wine-growing interests of the Cape of Good Hope were gradually but certainly sacrificed to a pernicious system of Protection, we may suspect that he is only repeating, parrot-like, the current laudation of Free-trade. The truth, on his own showing, seems to be that wine-growing at the Cape did very badly under Protection, and cannot do at all without it. We may think perhaps that a life which is preserved by hot rooms and blankets is not worth preserving, but it is nevertheless probable that, if we opened the windows and stripped away the blankets, the patient would die. Many years ago a distinguished lawyer published what he called "sophisms of Free-trade," and although the author was laughed at and told that he had better have stuck to his own trade, he may have been thus far right that it is possible to talk nonsense in reference to the most sensible legislation. Formerly it was worth while to import Cape wine into England, because it came in at half duty, and might be doctored and passed off as sherry. But now the genuine particular earthy flavour of Cape wine must offer itself in England on its own merits, and undoubtedly there is a prejudice against it. Under Protection wine-growers were negligent. They allowed the grapes to grow on the ground, and pick up dirt, which went into the wine-press with them; and the wine was carelessly made, and fortified with alcohol to conceal defects. When Protection was removed, wine thus grown and made lost its market; but we must not infer that, if it had been better grown and made, it would have kept its market. It might, or it might not. The reporter rightly grounds his expectation of the success of wine-growing in Australia, not on English or other external demands, but on home consumption. Native wine may be expected gradually to displace not only imported spirits, but also the everlasting teapot which now figures in all pictures of Australian life. It may be interesting to know that Constantia, "the one wine of any mark for which the Cape is celebrated," takes its name from the wife of the Dutch Governor, Van der Stell, under whom the vines were originally planted at the eastern base of the Table Mountain. The vine is red Muscat, similar to that of Frontignac, and is supposed to have been imported by French Protestants who emigrated on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

An interesting Report is made on the wines of America, but we prefer to quote one or two general remarks which seem important. The reporter "emphatically disapproves," and so do we, the recognition by the jury of "imitation wines." Chemistry, as he says, is already busy enough with wine, and needs no fresh impetus. He derived from all he heard and saw the broad impression that the sources of our wine supply are daily multiplying, and that great improvements are taking place in viticulture and vinification in regions where until recently the most primitive practices prevailed. Wine-growers are never so exacting as to brilliant colour and pure flavour as consumers, and greater care is only bestowed upon the manufacture of wine when it becomes an important article of commerce and commands an enhanced price. The reporter thinks that, if the taste for natural in opposition to fortified wine is encouraged and maintained, a few years will see a considerable abandonment of the custom of adding alcohol to wine under pretence of its necessity to insure the wine travelling well and continuing sound. As we do not expect the sale of wine in England to be stopped, we should like to see its quality improved, and therefore we call attention to the argument in this Report in favour of "natural" as opposed to "fortified" wine. It is simply wonderful that rational people should continue to drink the stuff that is sold as sherry. Our old friend the "earthy" Cape wine merely did no good, but its modern successors do harm. Fortified wines, as the reporter forcibly says, are never by any chance consumed by the people of the country where they are produced. "They avoid them as the manufacturers of imitation wines do their own compounds." We are glad to hear that the Portuguese

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Government is alive to the disadvantage in which Portugal is placed as compared with France through the practice of "fortifying" wine. It appears from figures quoted in this Report that in 1872 the entire population of the United Kingdom drank less than one-fifth of the quantity of wine consumed by the inhabitants of Paris alone.

The remarks of Mr. Vizetelly on Bavarian and German beers will repay perusal. The speciality of these beers is their bright and sparkling character, combined with a brisk flavour and a full frothy head. This fine condition is due to a peculiar method of fermentation, and to keeping the beer in air-tight casks at an exceedingly low temperature by the aid of ice, thereby retaining the carbonic acid gas in a compressed state until the beer is drawn from the cask. The gas upon being liberated into a warm atmosphere expands and produces partial effervescence, which gives to the beer its sparkling character and cream-like head. This condition, however, can only be insured when the cask is quickly emptied, for otherwise the beer becomes flat and undrinkable. Still, the habit of using small casks and storing them in ice, even in the cellars of the retailers, enables the system to be generally carried out. The mere keeping of English beer in ice would not impart to it the sparkling character and creamy head of German beer, but would rather serve to render it undrinkable. The Bavarian system of brewing and managing beer could only be adopted by our brewers by reconstructing their breweries, and adding to them vast cellars, and the cost of ice would be enormous. Besides, beer of such a nature that an entire cask must be consumed in a day or two would be for domestic purposes inconvenient, and even at public-houses, although capacity may be boundless, yet time for drinking is limited by law. We should like to hear the publicans applying for an occasional extension of hours on the plea that a cask of beer, if not drunk at night, would be spoiled next day. White beer brewed from wheat malt is largely consumed in Germany, and particularly at Berlin, where the "cool fair maiden," as it is called, attains perfection. It is kept in stone bottles, and poured into glasses big enough to go on a man's head. It is pale and clear as Rhine wine, and has a huge crown of froth like a cauliflower. It might gratify the Alliance to hear that the number of breweries in Germany and Austria is steadily decreasing, but unfortunately the size of breweries is as steadily increasing. The large establishments are swallowing up the smaller. The prodigious growth of these establishments in countries which have always been the chosen home of the vine is more surprising than any of the facts or figures that Prohibitionists collect as to barrel and bottle traffic in England. Even Bacharach on the Rhine, the *Bacchi ara* of the Romans, has its brewery, and a very good one. Nuremberg, to a hasty visitor, seems to be all beer and Albert Dürer. In Austria counts and princes carry on business as brewers. It could hardly be expected that British beer would show to much advantage at Vienna. The samples had travelled a long distance at a trying season, and had passed two months in the high temperature of the Exhibition building. Yet some samples of so-called Anglo-Bavarian beer are said to have turned out well, although they had not, like the German beers, been kept in ice. The brewer who sent beer all the way from New Zealand to Vienna ought certainly to have had a medal for perseverance.

WENCESLAUS HOLLAR.

ON Ladyday 1677 died Wenceslaus Hollar, the last of the celebrated group of engravers of whom Albert Dürer was the chief. He had worked unremittingly for more than half a century, had drawn and engraved nearly three thousand plates, had fought and suffered for his adopted country, had etched the portraits of nearly all the celebrities of his time; yet during his last illness bailiffs were in possession of his house, and he was forced to implore as a favour that the poor bed on which he lay might not be seized until pitying death had taken him away from his world of greedy publishers and forgetful patrons. Aubrey mentions that he was buried at Westminster, in St. Margaret's churchyard, near the north-west corner of the tower.

Hollar was born at Prague on the 15th of July, 1607. His parents destined him for the law, but the war then raging in Bohemia brought ruin upon them; they were obliged to emigrate, and Wenceslaus was allowed to follow his own tastes. We soon find him at Frankfort taking lessons from Matthew Merian, and afterwards at Strasburg, where he engraved some of his most characteristic and charming landscapes. "A Lady playing a Spinet" and the "Lacemaker" also belong to this time, and are amongst the finest specimens of etching art. In 1636 Thomas Earl of Arundel, passing through Cologne to Vienna on a mission from Charles I., met with Hollar. He at once took him into his house, and in the following year brought him to England. In 1642 Hollar passed into the household of the Duke of York. Many were the subsequent vicissitudes of the poor engraver. He lost his eldest, and at that time only, son in the Great Plague. He was one of the defenders of Basing House; and scarcely escaped with his life from Tangier, whither he had gone to make plans of the town and forts. He saw the Fire of London, taught Charles II. to draw, and was wholly forgotten by the ungrateful prince when fortune's wheel brought him back again to England. But, whether cheated by publishers or neglected by those for whom he had endangered his life, Hollar, like a true-born artist, worked bravely on. Sun or storm could make no real difference to him, for nothing could rob him of his talent or quench his industry. When earning at the rate of fourpence an hour, he was careful to deduct from his bills any few minutes he might have passed in conversation or business, only charging for the time strictly spent upon the plates. For his services at Tangier, and the dangers to which he was exposed, he found it difficult to get any compensation, but, after long application, at last obtained 100*l*.

At least three very fine collections of Hollar's works are in existence. One of them is at Windsor, and a second at the British Museum, where some of the prints belonging to the Slade bequest are available for the enjoyment and instruction of the general public. A third collection is in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge; it does not seem so well known as the others, and is not mentioned in the careful preface to the Catalogue of the Exhibition now open at the Burlington Club. Some of the proofs might well be hung up for general inspection, as there is plenty of wall space in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Etchings do not thrive in books and portfolios. Damp and creases reach them much more easily than in frames, and the example of Mr. Slade and Mr. Dyce should be oftener followed. The Gallery of the Burlington Club has never been better filled than it is at present. Many of the plates exhibited are of the utmost rarity, and several are unique. Much of the interest of the collection lies in the portraits, which comprise heads of nearly all the great men of the reign of Charles I. and the Commonwealth. In one frame there are sixteen, including the Marquess of Winchester, in whose defence of Basing House Hollar was concerned, as we have seen. Members of Lord Arundel's family predominate, as might have been expected; the dilettante Earl himself appears in several positions, and always looks well, but the Lady Catherine, his granddaughter, though she has not a winning face, yet makes the best picture of all. A fine work of art, too, is the portrait of Thomas Hobbes, the celebrated "Hobbes of Malmesbury," which is copied from a painting by Caspar. A frame full of studies of negroes is very curious, each head being full of character; and a little oval called "Lucasta," which used formerly to pass for Lucy Sacheverel, is very soft and pleasing. In Hollar's work there is, generally speaking, not much poetry. He strictly reproduces what he sees, be it landscape, portrait, butterfly, or shell; but in a few instances he rises above this. In a "Youth playing a Mandolin" nothing can be more dignified and elegant than the attitude; the face is full of inspiration, and the hands are most expressive. The player sits by an open window through which there is a view of a tower and some shipping. Only one other copy of this rare and beautiful etching is known; it is in the British Museum. Hollar, having become the fashion, like Queen Anne furniture and Bristol china, the Burlington Club is sure to have young lady visitors, who probably will never before have heard his name; but even they will find this exhibition not without interest, if only for the sake of the number of marvellously drawn muffs in every position, and in every possible aspect of light and shade. Then, too, the Stuart period has always possessed a kind of romantic interest for ladies, young and old; and here they will have an opportunity of studying costume at its best. Hollar engraved a very large number of costume prints. One set is represented by a selection. The whole number would require a gallery to themselves. The set of the "Four Seasons" is particularly charming. Delicate *point coupé* edges the great falling collar, and the large apron and the pretty muslin neckerchief as well; even the shoe has a lace rosette, and some lace of a narrower pattern decorates the gloves. Foreign and also English costumes are illustrated, and everywhere exquisite little figures appear to have strayed from some picture of De Hooghe, and to be out of place in an unpicturesque age like ours. The background of the "Winter Season" represents old Cheapside with its gabled houses and its conduit; and the masked lady who walks across the foreground is as unfamiliar as the scenery in which she played her part two hundred years ago and more.

But the great interest of Hollar's engravings does not lie in his figures and faces. To him we owe whatever knowledge we now possess as to the appearance of London before the Great Fire. What Stowe did for its history, Hollar did for its topography. His views of old London bear an impress of absolute truthfulness. We can see the young trees growing in St. James's Park, and the Banqueting House of Inigo Jones standing up high among the surrounding buildings, while the great roof and square central tower, without its spire, of old St. Paul's are visible in the extreme distance. The cathedral was a favourite subject with Hollar. From his engravings in Dugdale Mr. Ferrey has been able to show us what it really looked like. From his views of Islington, taken the year before the Fire, we can judge how the great bulk of the nave overtopped every other building, and how even the truncated spire lorded it among the numberless towers and pinnacles of the City. In these views, too, we recognize a tower which stood near the church, and which Mr. Ferrey has unaccountably omitted in his bird's-eye view, though it was a plain, and perhaps not a pleasant, feature of the churchyard to every cockney of those days. To Hollar we must go if we wish to form an opinion as to the appearance of Whitehall; if we would see the view from Greenwich Hill before the houses had covered all the plain along the river to London; if we would know what the palace was like in which Henry VII. died, and which gave a name to the suburban Richmond. Hollar shows us Covent Garden before the market was made, and when

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only a row of posts protected the ground where flowers and fruits were sold. He gives us an idea of the Savoy Hospital as it really stood, and maps out the labyrinth of streets in the Borough; he sketches a bird's-eye view from the top of Arundel House, outside Temple Bar, and by his little print of Lambeth Palace teaches us that every other building in London is more changed than the manor-house of the Primate. He draws for us the Exchange and the Tower, and in his plates to Ashmole he enables us to restore the chapel of St. George, and to trace the Edwardian character of Windsor as it was before the "improvements" of Wyatville. A long narrow strip of paper, across the room looking almost blank, is, when we come near, alive with little figures, microscopically finished, and backed with a line of low landscape, as minutely complete to every gable and tower as if we saw the actual scene with our modern eyes. A monastery with all its buildings reflected from the millpond; a tall cathedral with its market-place full of busy little figures crawling like ants over the pavement; a bird's-eye view of some confused and puzzling city, with towers and chimneys, spires and gables, all brought out in the most exquisite detail—such are the favourite efforts of Hollar's graver. He made a plan of the ravages of the Fire of London, illustrated many books, designing for Thomas Fuller among others, and even left some plates, evidently intended as illustrations, whose destination is not known. But the ordinary impressions of his works to be found in Dugdale or Ashmole really give very little idea of what he could do. Proofs, such as those now on view, alone give an adequate idea of the delicacy of his best plates. The little figures on the walls of the mysterious print of Persepolis, dated in 1663, and the pictures on the tapestry of St. George's Hall, are soon worn off the copper, and can only be seen in such an exhibition as the present. His view of Westminster as it was in the middle of the seventeenth century enables us to understand what it was like when the Abbey was still a part of the Palace; where the gateway stood from which Raleigh went forth to his doom; where were the clock tower and the conduit; where was King Street, in which Spenser died "for lake of bread," before Hollar himself, after a life of which there is too much reason to fear that it was passed, like the last years of the poet, in want, was laid to rest among scenes which he alone has made visible to the eyes of the men of our generation.

REVIEWS.

KINGLAKE'S INKERMAN.*

THERE are two distinct theories existing as to what the British army should be, the opposition between which is made apparent at each turn in the path of reorganization, in every professional pamphlet, and in all the discussions in or out of Parliament which hinge on military questions. It is only by clearly recognizing the characteristics of these theories, and weighing their respective strengths and values, that one can understand fully the argument on which Mr. Kinglake has constructed the narrative before us. To appreciate his story at its proper worth it is necessary to enter somewhat into the author's mind as regards its purpose and moral.

An increasing and energetic class of military men hold that there is nothing whatever in our national characteristics or situation which can exempt us from the general laws as to military security. Apart from all supposed necessity of taking an active part in some future external war, we may, they think, at any time be forced to stake our national independence—nay, our very existence as a united people—on the event of a single brief campaign, begun by the invasion of these shores. Englishmen may be as brave, active, and daring as you please; but none of these qualities will intercept a breechloader's bullet. They may be heavier and stronger, man for man, than certain Continental nations; but any soldier who can carry a modern rifle may prove a fatal antagonist. Our field batteries are more showy and polished than those of Germany, France, or Russia, and our engineers more highly schooled; but the great Continental nations have ten of each of them where we have one. Our cavalry are magnificently mounted; but the regiments we could muster would make but a handful as compared with the masses of men and horses lately exercised in Continental manœuvres. The very smallness of the numbers of our regular forces, and the certainty that these would have to be largely supplemented by imperfectly trained troops, to be opposed to those that are brought fully disciplined by the invader, forbid our trusting to any inherent individual superiority. These conditions, once recognized as possible, should force us to direct our attention as a nation to studying that form of military organization which best suits our special exigencies; the perfection of that material of war in which happily no other country has the means of surpassing us; the providing ourselves against the time of need with officers thoroughly instructed, led by a staff so well acquainted with the most modern demands on strategical and tactical knowledge that we may be found at least equal in these important particulars to any adversary with whom we may have to engage in a life-or-death struggle.

Whilst these views are held by what may be called, for want of a better name, the progressive section of military writers, there is another class not less numerous, and possibly at present more powerful, who represent a strictly traditional view. For their creed as to the British army is that, as it has always, when put to the proof, brilliantly acquitted itself, often under unfavourable conditions, and has extorted admiration from those least likely to flatter it, so we should cling above all to its past traditions. Prominent among these is naturally that of small bodies of brave privates, guided by well-trained non-commissioned officers, and led by officers of recognized social position whose aristocratic birth gives guarantee that high deeds will never with them be found wanting in the day of battle. It matters little in this view under what forms such an army fights. Let it but have the old mutual confidence between officers and privates, good weapons of course, and a leader who has seen hard service, and it may be trusted to give an account of itself against all but utterly hopeless odds. Engineers and artillery are distinctly professional bodies, subordinate to the main uses of an army, but useful in their proper places; and they are bound of course to see that in their own limited portions of the military art they are not to get behind their rivals in other countries. But to suppose that the drill and tactics of the mass of British troops are to be remodelled afresh after every Continental change of opinion is to do such exceptional soldiery an injustice. Such defeats as Fontenoy, Almanza, Yorktown, New Orleans, are of course ignored as unpleasant and wholly exceptional accidents. The Peninsular war abundantly showed that the British aristocracy could supply at call a leader able to cope with Napoleon's most renowned marshals; and that such a leader could build up at his will all the elements for successful strategy out of the apparently incoherent materials thrown on the Portuguese shores under his command. Waterloo proved to the full that even raw recruits thrown into it by thousands would not, if they were British, keep such an army from wresting victory from Napoleon and his veteran legions. Our chief attention should therefore be given to preserving not the educational, but the social, status of the officer, fit successor of the untutored yet glorious knight of old days; and to providing him with a sufficiency of men not to make the odds too great. No one has ever accused the Guards of too much learning, or of over-devotion to professional study, or even of excessively minute care for their barrack peace duties. Yet who would regret it if all our infantry were as trustworthy in battle as the Guards have ever shown themselves? Did not the Great Duke himself earn the name of "the Beau" in the midst of his most rapid feats of strategy in Northern Spain? Did not his own lips give utterance to the apophthegm, "The Dandies always fight best"? Do we want a better general now than Wellington? they ask triumphantly; or is it to be supposed that newfangled German ideas are to give us a better staff than he found to work out his design with? Only let our army alone, and take good care that its numbers are not cut down by a parsimonious House of Commons. The military problem you talk of is one that will then settle itself by the good old rule for getting easily through a difficulty, *solvitur ambulando.*

It would be idle to deny that just now there is a strong current in favour of these latter views. Despite enlightened opinions uttered in the highest quarters, the opponents of military reform are still potent in our very gradually moving system. Those who observe the straws upon the current know which way its forces would run if not checked by outside opinion. They were military men, and not civilians, who raised objections to an artilleryman being placed at the head of the staff training of the army, and to an engineer leading an expedition sent to chastise a savage monarch in his capital. They were military men, and those often high in office, on whom the most obvious and pressing military changes have been reluctantly forced much more by the voice of the press of all parties than by anything listened to from within the ranks of the service itself. But every such change is stoutly, if often covertly, contested; and the party of reaction, or of quiescence, are said to have taken fresh heart of late from the very fact that a Conservative Minister holds office in Pall Mall, who may be supposed to lean in heart somewhat to their side.

To such the new volume of Mr. Kinglake's History will seem to be a real godsend, appearing as it does just as their arguments have a chance of being heard. For it is from first to last a skilful advocacy of their side of the case; the very apotheosis of the power of aristocratic leaders to use the splendid soldiership of Britain against odds hopeless to all others; a prolonged argument of sledge-hammer force against the theories of those who would change our military forms and habits for those of the French allies who, we are told, backed us so ill; or of the Russians whom we beat, despite such odds as modern battle never before showed; or even of the Germans, whose latest system the Russians were already copying with elaborate pains. The whole story of Inkerman, as Mr. Kinglake tells it, is a loud protest in favour of British tradition, as well as an eloquent record of British valour, carried far beyond the endurance which was its most prominent feature in the bloodier field of Waterloo. It is not, indeed, in mortals to command success, the author seems to say; yet in all but the impossible success may ever be expected from troops so led, so trained, and so handled as those gallant seven thousand five hundred infantry who beat back, with but faint-hearted support from about half as many Frenchmen, full forty thousand of the best troops Russia could bring against them, inflicting on them too a loss of nearly eleven thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners, whilst losing less than one-fourth of that number. Man has never done a more brilliant and surprising feat than this in war. Why seek to change such conditions for others that may prove less favourable? Such we take to

* *The Invasion of the Crimea, down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By A. W. Kinglake. Vol. V. London: Blackwood.

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be the argument which runs concealed with subtle skill throughout the five hundred pages of narrative before us, apparently devoted to no more than chronicling, with a minuteness hitherto unheard of, every period of each shifting phase of the great battle described.

Not that, as a chronicle, the work can be without value. For Mr. Kinglake has not merely visited the scene of the conflict, thought for years over his elaborate picture, and read every printed work that could throw light upon its details, including the Russian memoirs lately collected with much pains by the Czarewitch. He has done more than the historian usually undertakes; for he has addressed painstaking queries to a number of the actors on our side of the drama, and obtained in long manuscripts their personal views and reminiscences. Perhaps, if ever this were justifiable, it would be so in the case of an action where the peculiar conformation of the ground, with its broken plateau descending steeply to numerous separate ravines on either hand, its large obstruction by copsewood, and the fact that the morning mists, thickened with smoke, covered the field during nearly all the hard fighting, broke up the battle into a number of perfectly isolated combats, such as modern history finds nowhere else to record. Mr. Kinglake truly and clearly, yet not in our opinion with by any means sufficient force, enumerates these circumstances in his summary of the causes that made the defence of the Inkerman hill so complete and successful—a summary which is the most valuable part of his volume. In truth, there could hardly have been any conditions more unfavourable to heavy columns of troops who were armed only with old muskets sensitive to the damp, and who came up the hill at separate points to be met everywhere by small bodies of a brave enemy, formed ready at each salient in a rough line, and wielding superior weapons. The Russians had the advantage of enormous numbers, it will be said. But those who know most of war are best aware how much of this supposed advantage is a purely moral one where the ground held does not permit the flanks to be easily turned. All this part of the superiority vanished when the battle came to be fought under such conditions that the Russians, seeing only what was near, and unable to penetrate the naked state of our position behind, were honestly impressed with a notion that they were attacking superior forces. As far as numbers went, they might just as well have been fighting in the dark, and the historian does right in giving this as one of four special reasons of their defeat; though, as before intimated, his words, "They—the few against many—found advantage in that thick growth of brushwood which both baffled the eye and obstructed the assaults of the enemy," do not give its full weight to this condition, which certainly in many parts of the field made the numbers of the assailants simply the larger target for a more than equal front of fire delivered from superior weapons. As to the mist and its effects, Mr. Kinglake here again comes far short of the truth when he says that, "if the dimness of the atmosphere be such as to make the many invisible, it may do much towards bringing them down to a level with the few"; for it should rather have been said that its effects wrought both ways so effectually as to hide the numbers of the many and the scantiness of the few, and to render them apparently for a time equal forces in the eyes of British and Russians. More than this, it alone made possible such exploits as those of Clifford, Burnaby, and Daubeney (performed by rushing with mere handfuls of men against heavy columns), which Mr. Kinglake justly cites in his summary with pride. For, without detracting one grain from the worth of deeds as valiant as any in our long line of warlike exploits, it is but simple truth to say that, had the ground been open and the air clear, they would have been either unattempted, or instantly fatal to the gallant few that dared them.

Mr. Kinglake's summary makes the causes of the strange result four; but the first two—the nature of the ground and the state of the atmosphere—may be regarded as practically one, and as one we have preferred to treat them. To make this summary complete and candid, the second cause should rather have been given as the great superiority of the Enfield rifle borne by the bulk of our men over the old Russian musket, which told terribly in favour of the defenders of the position. The others are, as most readers will expect to find them, the dense masses in which the Russians fought, and the personal valour of our officers and men. "Their gross formation" (the author is never weary of repeating his favourite phrase) undoubtedly exposed our assailants to the fullest losses which a heavy fire could inflict, and prepared them for the ruinous effects of the charge which usually followed, as sometimes indeed it was nobly dared without the previous musketry. And he has taken great pains to show, what is quite true, that this formation was a copy of the "company column" attack which developed its wondrous strength before astonished Europe in 1866. Mr. Kinglake loses no opportunity of pointing out that this servile imitation of "the cool men of Berlin" was a leading cause of the Russian defeat. But to the covert reproach of those who follow German tacticians his own description (p. 137) furnishes the best reply, as showing clearly how the peculiar nature of the Russian army, added to the severe conditions of the ground on which it fought, substituted for all it had learnt on the parade such a dismal and dangerous mode of advance as would never be advised by any drill-book:—

> The actual state of the thirty-two [he is speaking here of an attack by eight battalions] subdivided masses thus thrown forward *bore scarcely any outward resemblannce to the disposition in columns* which the theory of the method enjoined. The ranks were so broken whilst making their way through the brushwood that the battalion was far from disclosing to English observers the law of its intended formation, and seemed to be either one mass undivided, though loosened in structure, or else a huge number of skirmishers unaccountably thronging together. Substantially such a battalion was a dense swarm of soldiery unmarshalled, but still coherent; and, since the positions of men under such conditions could be swayed more or less by their personal inclinations, it resulted that the natural gregariousness of the Muscovite race tended always to contract these assemblages, *thus causing them in general to occupy a good deal less ground than if they had been formed in the barrack-yard.*

The italicizing of course is our own, and we have added it purposely, because Mr. Kinglake has in this passage, as throughout his new volume, involved his own meaning beneath such a cloud of words as makes it at times hardly less obscure than the dimensions of the enemy's forces happily were to our troops in the battle he describes. His language is, in fact, so overladen with long epithets, big words, and roundabout phrases used to express simple ideas, that the reader has often some difficulty in following his reasoning. There are other faults of style not less obvious, but they must be passed by for the present. It is more necessary here to add a few words to his explanation, in order to point out that, instead of pressing men forward from the supports into the line of skirmishers, as the German troops would have done in 1866 or 1870 under like circumstances, and fighting the battle with an extended heavy firing line, the Russians allowed their skirmishers to do the very opposite, and fall back on the flanks of the supports, thus making the already crowded columns more confused and unmanageable still. They had taken the Berlin form in fact, without imbibing any of its spirit, or getting hold of the improved weapon for which it was found to be so specially suited when the two were tried together in the field.

On Mr. Kinglake's last cause of the defeat of the Russians, the quality of our officers and men, it is not necessary to dwell. He does well in leaving the proof to his former pages, and, as he justly remarks here, "mere narrative supersedes praise." The long extracts with which our daily contemporaries have indulged the public have shown their readers how glorious many of these individual actions were; and they may have also led many to remark that such incidents would be more fitly placed in a volume of regimental records than in a national history, dependent as they must needs be partly for their interest on personal knowledge of those concerned. Nor will this work altogether supersede such other narratives as General Hamilton's *History of the Grenadier Guards;* for that gallant regiment may no doubt, to give an example, think that hardly their fair share is ascribed (p. 145) to Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar and his company in the repulse of the Underroad Column at the beginning of the battle. And the Royal Artillery will probably complain that the position and functions at Inkerman of one of their most distinguished soldiers, a writer of fame as world-wide as Mr. Kinglake's, should be incorrectly described, like those of this general, at p. 194. We are not concerned, however, here to pick out trifling errors. But against the general spirit of the narrative we must strongly protest. We would not that any one should draw from it the false deduction that, because undisciplined courage and promptitude triumphed in this great confused *mêlée* round the slopes of Inkerman, they are therefore to be always trusted to for our future safety. Personal fighting qualities are most valuable in war no doubt, but they are not the whole requisites for victory, as this volume would appear to make them.

There are more grievous errors than those we have pointed out remaining yet to be noticed. Mr. Kinglake's treatment of our allies is from first to last as unjust as his personal estimate of our own leaders is exaggerated. For these faults, however, his former volumes, if still remembered, will have prepared his readers, and we must at any rate leave them untouched for the present.

(*To be continued.*)

BAILEY'S LIFE OF THOMAS FULLER.*

MR. BAILEY'S bulky volume may fairly take its place among the curiosities of literature. Being an enthusiastic admirer of the works of Thomas Fuller, the wittiest if not the most profound of English divines, and reasonably dissatisfied with the meagre account of his private fortunes and personal character which previous biographers have handed down to us, he has undertaken this elaborate and costly work, wherein he preserves for future times all that importunate curiosity and untiring research have been able to bring to light about one who has been in his grave more than two hundred years. Our author hardly conceals his disappointment that he has been able to add so little in the way of fresh discovery to what was known before of the worthy whom he has undertaken to commemorate; but by tracing him step by step from his birthplace to his latest spiritual cure, by entering minutely into his family connexions, and by supplying us with copious descriptions of his friends and rivals, of his numerous patrons and literary associates ("on the principle that *noscitur a sociis*"), he succeeds in giving the patient student a far clearer insight into his hero's circumstances and the line of action he took in the trying times of the Great Rebellion than could have been attained by any other method now open to him. Mr. Bailey's rare industry, expended on a kind of task which hardly seems to claim general recognition, will be appreciated not only by the antiquary or the compiler of county histories, but by all who are glad of every new opportunity of enlarging their acquaintance with the state of learning at a

* *The Life of Thomas Fuller, D.D., with Notices of his Books, his Kinsmen, and his Friends.* By John Eglington Bailey. London: Basil Montagu Pickering. Manchester: T. J. Day. 1874.

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critical period, peculiarly rich in great writers of the graver sort. The varied stores of recondite information scattered throughout the eight hundred pages to which the volume swells are rendered easily available, even to a cursory reader, by means of a set of unusually full and pretty accurate indices of names, of things, of places, and of words, which close and complete this unique labour of love. Of the numerous illustrations, two or three which might have been the most interesting in reference to passages of Fuller's history are wretchedly executed. On the whole, this volume in its plan and mode of treatment reminds us a little of Russell's *Life of Bishop Andrewes*. Though vastly superior to that rambling book, it scarcely aims at being popular, but cannot fail in its exhaustive fulness to instruct and gratify those who already know a great deal about the men that flourished in England towards the middle of the seventeenth century.

Northamptonshire, whose rich green pastures and wooded uplands were recently described in our pages *, was the native county of Thomas Fuller. He was born in June 1608, at the parsonage house of St. Peter's, one of the two small parishes into which the village of Ardwinkle on the Nen is unfortunately divided. The place enjoys the yet higher distinction of having produced the poet Dryden twenty-three years afterwards. Our hero was the eldest of the five children of Thomas Fuller, rector of St. Peter's, and Judith Davenant, whose sister was wife to Robert Townson, for one year only Bishop of Salisbury (1620–1), and whose brother John Davenant, Townson's immediate successor, held the see for twenty years (1621–41). Bishop Davenant was a man of mark, who had been sent to the Synod of Dort in 1618 on the part of James I., and wrote in Latin an Exposition of the Epistle to the Colossians, which was translated into English by Allport in 1831. Mr. Allport's publication may be presumed to have found more purchasers than readers in an age not greatly enamoured of Calvinistic theology. With the biographer of Fuller Bishop Davenant is an important person, since his mode of disposing of the patronage of his see made the fortunes of the whole family. Living in celibacy himself, he was as utter a nepotist as any Pope in the calendar. The Northamptonshire rector and his more famous son, as also his nephew Townson, and the husbands he procured for the three fatherless "maidens," his sister's children, every one of them received from the episcopal bounty prebends or dignities in the cathedral church of Salisbury, where, many years later, two of them became bishops themselves, Humphrey Henchman, in 1660, and Alexander Hyde, in 1665. Of Fuller's boyhood and school days we know next to nothing. His father had been a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and might have helped him much; but his tutors seem rather to have been neighbouring clergymen, of whom one, Master Arthur Smith, has been pronounced, though on but slender evidence, to have been raw, unskilful, and a cruel disciplinarian. But in those days a lad found little time to spend at school, if he had an uncle head of a college; when only thirteen years of age Thomas Fuller was entered as a pensioner at Queen's College, Cambridge, of which Dr. Davenant was then President; and here no doubt his real education commenced. Very shortly afterwards that eminent divine became Bishop designate of Salisbury, and after a vain effort to be permitted to keep both preferments, was compelled to resign his headship in 1622. This was for the moment a great blow to the young man, since so hopeful a student as he must always have been could not have failed to obtain a Fellowship through the influence of his relative the President. When the nephew had taken his first degree, indeed, the Bishop tried to do his best for him with Dr. Mansel, who had succeeded him at Queen's; but by some strange freak of human nature, if a man dislikes anybody, it is sure to be his predecessor in the post he occupies, and Davenant's supplicating letters were simply unnoticed. When the election had gone against him, a little unfairly, as Fuller thought, he could stay no longer at Queen's; but as he wished to remain at Cambridge to carry on his reading in divinity, he quitted in 1628 the gloomy cloister and dingy gate-tower of his old college for the recent foundation of Sidney Sussex, whose Master, Dr. Samuel Ward, had also been on that bootless errand to Dort, and was a fast friend both of uncle and nephew. At his new college also Fuller got no Fellowship, but he pursued his studies there for several years in amity with the whole society, and in 1630 was presented by Corpus Christi College to the perpetual curacy of its dependent parish of St. Bene't, whose church had once been that attended by the University, and whose genuine Saxon architecture, most carefully restored by the Camden Society about thirty years ago, is to the antiquary an object of the highest interest. The cure was worth scarcely 5*l.* a year, and probably none of the Fellows of Corpus cared for it; but as it was given to a young man of scarcely twenty-two, "freely, without my thoughts thereof," it seems almost a necessary conclusion that Fuller had already been ordained a deacon by his provident relative of Sarum. At any rate, Mr. Bailey could find no "record of the ceremony," as he oddly calls it, in the diocesan registers of Ely, and no doubt the anonymous biographer of 1661 is correct in referring the ordination to Bishop Davenant. The canon of 1603 which forbade admission to sacred orders without a title was never enforced until Laud became Primate in 1633; and though the ordination of persons under the canonical age of twenty-three was not uncommon in those times, a special faculty was always needed to authorize the act.

Here, therefore, Fuller began his ministerial course of thirty years, and bestowed on the Cambridge tradesmen, his parishioners, the first fruits of his conspicuous pulpit eloquence. His novitiate was a very trying one. The town, low and unhealthy at the best, was afflicted with one of those periodical visitations of the plague which we almost forget in the horrors of the last and greatest one of 1665. The University was broken up, and 347 of the townspeople died in the terrible winter of 1630–1—among them, in Bene't's parish, Thomas Hobson, the carrier, the famous inventor of "Hobson's choice," whose death was commemorated by the youthful John Milton in two copies of verse which for bad taste and vile conceits are surely the worst he ever wrote. Whoever else fled from Cambridge, the register of burials proves that the parson of St. Bene't's stood manfully to his post, and the next year (1631) he put forth the first out of many books that owned him for their father. It was a poor little poem, which he never cared for more, entitled *David's Hainous Sin, Hearty Repentance, and Heavy Punishment*, of which, however, three editions have appeared within the last seven years. In 1631 his watchful patron bestowed on him one of the best prebends in England, that of Netherby by Beaminster. We observe that Mr. Bailey more than once calls the tenants of these prebendal stalls canons, and thus shows the layman's habits of thought in the midst of all the ecclesiastical lore he has lavished in the present volume. The canons or residentiaries of a cathedral were always few, varying from three at St. Paul's to the maximum of twelve at Westminster. The prebendaries, on the contrary, were numerous in churches of the old foundation; at Salisbury they amounted to forty. They were all dignitaries, and all endowed; some richly, others, like him who held *Consumpta per mare* at St. Paul's, slenderly enough. The recognized purpose for which prebends existed was the encouragement of sacred learning, although they were found in practice to answer some other ends nearly as well. The duties attached to them appear for the most part to have been as light and almost as nominal as those of the respectable clergymen who enjoy the same titular honour at the present day, now that their revenues have been swept into the big drag-net of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

A dignitary at twenty-three, Fuller obtained three years later, in 1634, the goodly benefice of Broadwindsor by Beaminster, contiguous to his prebendal estate. Bishop Davenant had by this time done his utmost for his nephew, who henceforth was well able to help himself. His pleasant parish and venerable church (of which Mr. Bailey gives us a frightful litho-photographic cut), had been held before by the great Bishop Hall; its present incumbent, Mr. S. C. Malan, is one of the best Oriental scholars living. It was said of Fuller, in the troublous days which were in store for him, that he was a deacon in humility, an archbishop in contentment; but the lesson of contentment was not hard to learn at Broadwindsor, among country neighbours intelligent and of good condition. Here he married in 1637 or 1638, and Mr. Bailey, who gives us at large the pedigree of fifty Fullers and as many Davenants, can find no clue to his wife's name and family. She brought him one son, John, born in 1641. It was in his Dorsetshire vicarage that he laid the foundation of his literary fame by composing his first considerable book, the *History of the Holy War*—that is, of the Crusades (1639)—wherein all the excellences and all the peculiarities of his style and manner are seen in full-grown perfection. It might even be thought the best of his works, if his *Holy State and Profane State* (1642), which equalled it in merit, were not superior in variety and general interest. Although a very voluminous writer in later years, he never approached these early performances in the capital points of care and exquisite finish. Henceforth public troubles and private sorrows sorely distracted his attention. He had been a proctor for his county (Dorsetshire then was in the diocese of Bristol) in the Convocation which sat with the Short Parliament in the spring of 1640, and had taken his share in voting the Canons which afterwards caused so much trouble to the Church. No one concerned, however obscurely, in that not very discreet transaction, of which Fuller afterwards became the historian, escaped the vengeance of the Long Parliament which met in November of the same fatal year. The pious and kind-hearted Davenant was taken from the evil to come early in 1641, and his successor Duppa, Prince Charles's tutor, hardly had time to take possession before the destroyer came. Canonries and prebends were among the first spoils of the victorious Puritans, and, Dorsetshire declaring for the Parliament against the King, Fuller did not wait to be turned out, but went up early to London, a destitute man. He earned his bread there as he could, partly by his fruitful pen, partly by exercising his conspicuous powers as a preacher, first at the Inns of Court, then as curate or lecturer at the Chapel in the Royal Precinct of the Savoy. This little place he retained till 1643, long after the King had left the capital, and here apparently his first wife died; but at length the growing bitterness of party feeling compelled him to withdraw, and join his Sovereign at Oxford. He had been too ardent a Royalist for London; at Oxford he gave great offence by preaching before the Court a sermon full of moderate counsels and words that made for peace. Conscious of his unpopularity, he now volunteered to become a chaplain in the Royal army, and, joining the forces under the gallant Sir Ralph Hopton, who had himself come over from the Parliament when his eyes were opened to the true character of its leaders, took part in the glorious defence of Basing House, and afterwards in that of Exeter; on the surrender of which city, in 1646, he became entitled to the benefit of its articles by being allowed to compound for the little property he had left, and by being

* *Saturday Review*, October 3, 1874.

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exempted from having imposed upon him the Solemn League and Covenant. He retired after a while to his native county, and with his little boy, "the sole hope of his old age," found a refuge among the woods of Boughton, whose owner, Lord Montagu, was at the time one of King Charles's custodians in that gentle imprisonment at Holmby House, hard by, from which he was carried into the power of his enemies by the raid of Cornet Joyce. While the King was at Holmby, he had asked for the attendance of Fuller as his chaplain, and the favour had been refused.

From this dependent condition at Boughton and other hospitable houses, our wanderer was called in 1648 by the Earl of Carlisle, a deserter from the Royal cause, to a piece of preferment which was a poor substitute indeed for what he had lost, for its value was but 100*l.* a year, and yet a comfortable and quiet home. It was the Perpetual Curacy of Waltham Abbey, the venerable building so familiar to travellers on the Great Eastern Railway. By a strange coincidence, Waltham had been, like Broadwindsor, one of the early incumbencies of Bishop Hall, who yet lived in contented obscurity at Heigham, within sight of his lost Cathedral of Norwich, and addressed Fuller in 1652 as "his devoted friend, precessor, and fellow-labourer." Here again the active pen was taken up in earnest, and besides a host of fugitive pamphlets and sermons, three great works were added to the *Holy War* and the *Holy and Profane State*—namely, that wondrous medley of mirth, wisdom, and geographical learning, the *Pisgah Sight of Palestine* (1650); next the *Church History of Britain* (1655), perhaps the best known of them all, but sadly marred in its execution by the troubles of the period; lastly, his unfinished and partly posthumous *History of the Worthies of England*, all of them aided by a legion of persons eminent for rank or liberality, who contributed to the cost of those portions which were respectively dedicated to them. In this peaceful retreat the widower married in 1651 a lady of the Roper family, by whom he had several children, one of them at least surviving to perpetuate the name. Mr. Bailey knows no more of this wife than that a contemporary satirist laughed at the little woman as she tripped uneasily by the side of her stalwart husband. From that time he was much in London, and in 1658 became parson of Cranford in Middlesex, in the gift of the Berkeley family. The Restoration of course brought back to Fuller his prebend and his old living, but the known moderation of his views, and the fact that he had held some kind of preferment during the late bad times, kept him from further advancement during the first rush for promotion. If he felt a little disappointment, he gave no expression to it, and he had not long to wait for that call for which his whole life had been a preparation. He preached what was then known as a wedding sermon at his old Chapel of the Savoy on Sunday, August 12, 1661, resolved to keep his promise to a valued friend, though he felt very ill; he died of typhus fever on the ensuing Thursday, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

It is hard to believe the testimony of Charles Lamb that Fuller's works "are now scarcely perused but by antiquaries." There never could have been a period, even at that nadir point of wholesome literature, the middle of the last century, much less at a later epoch, when such a statement could have been other than a whimsical exaggeration. If the essence of wit be the discovery of subtle affinities between things which in outward semblance seem least akin, the author of the *Holy State* possessed that happy faculty beyond the reach of rivalry; even the elder Hood cannot compare with him for humour which is always harmless, never broad or coarse. When to this richness of fancy we add the solid learning and large practical wisdom of a scholar well versed in worldly affairs and refined by the best society, we are inclined to regard Fuller as at once the most popular and the most profitable writer of a generation of illustrious men. "His conceits," as Lamb reminds us, "are oftentimes deeply steeped in human feeling and passion"; destitute of any part of Milton's poetical genius, he moves and persuades us where Milton would gain no more than our reverent admiration. For the rest, we know little of Fuller from his contemporaries, and who shall hope to glean when Mr. Bailey has been over the ground before him? His must have been a happy disposition indeed, since the sorrows of so troubled a life failed to rob him of cheerfulness and serenity; his handsome person must have been set off by graceful and courtierlike manners, else he would not have made so many friends in a season of public discord. It needed much tact and self-control for a faithful parish priest to have exercised his calling almost continuously, when the Church was laid in the dust, and the use of the Liturgy proscribed under pain of fine and imprisonment; but he had powerful friends to shield him, edified congregations to bless him; and we are sure that he, and many a good clergyman besides, earned the quiet they enjoyed by no arts less worthy than a wary and silent endurance of that which for the moment had no remedy but patience.

One word more with Mr. Bailey, whose acquaintance with Fuller's times, however marvellous, is of course not absolutely exhaustive. He complains more than once of the slovenly and imperfect manner in which parish registers were kept during the period of the Great Rebellion; he does not seem to know the simple cause—that for seven years they were taken out of the hands of the clergy altogether. We subjoin two extracts from an old parish register lying before us, asking the reader to admire the constitutional precision wherewith Barebones's Parliament (1653) and the Convention Parliament (1660) are respectively indicated:—

1653. About Michaelmas in this year Oliver Cromwell, General of the army, assembled a company of gentlemen at Westminster, who called themselves the Parliament and made an order that . . . . each parish should choose a fit person to register births and baptisms, marriages and burials. So the book was taken off from J. B. Rector, and committed to R. S., who was chosen registrar.

1660. King Charles II. returned to England May 29 (recalled by an assembly of Lords and Commons sitting at Westminster, whom he confirmed by an Act to be a Parliament), and then the register book was returned to J. B. Rector.

FOR SCEPTRE AND CROWN.*

FOR Sceptre and Crown is a book which it is much easier to read than to criticize. It takes away the breath of an ordinary critic to find himself suddenly wafted aloft into the confidential society of the great ones of the world—emperors and empresses, kings and queens, princes and premiers; and when he returns to earth after mingling with this august and dazzling company, he is naturally not much in the mood to sit down to the drudgery of reviewing. In English fiction we have no doubt got to be familiar enough with the aristocracy, especially dukes; and in one of Mr. Anthony Trollope's latest stories, if we remember rightly, there is even a hint that the Prince of Wales is smoking his cigar in the midst of a select circle at the Cosmopolitan. But the author of *For Sceptre and Crown* goes far beyond this. Almost all his characters are of the most exalted rank. We are introduced to three emperors, and kings to match, with of course a proper allowance of empresses and queens. And it is not merely a peep at the illustrious persons which we enjoy; not a mere glance at their outward splendour such as is afforded at Mme. Tussaud's. We are taken into the innermost recesses of their privacy; we sit with them at the family table; we attend them in their "constitutionals"; they puff their cigars or cigarettes, and tell us in the frankest possible way their most secret thoughts; we accompany them into their closets, and listen to their secret conferences with Ministers and generals; we are even left alone with them, so that they may soliloquize for our amusement. It must be admitted that Herr Samarow, whoever he may be, has an extremely docile set of puppets. He has only to pull the strings, and Bismarck, the Emperor Napoleon, King William, the Emperor Alexander, or even the silent and impenetrable Gortchakoff himself, jerks forward and makes a clean breast of it, as between friends. A certain similarity of tone may perhaps be observed in the voice and language of the different characters, but this is a peculiarity which is common to this class of exhibitions, and would no doubt be sufficiently accounted for if we could only lift up a corner of the blanket which screens the showman. There are indeed one or two common people in the book, and we have even some recollection of a couple of love stories running through it, but it is needless to say that the central effulgence casts everything else into the shade. Sweethearts are pretty much the same all the world over, and we can read about them any day, but it is a rare chance to obtain access to the private cabinets of all the great monarchs and statesmen of Europe in succession. There was once a notorious youth in our own country, the boy Jones, who was continually getting into Buckingham Palace, and hiding under beds and sofas; and we could almost fancy that Herr Samarow must be possessed by an equally keen and unscrupulous curiosity. It has been said indeed that Gregor Samarow is only the assumed name of Herr von Meding, the private secretary of the King of Hanover, who is also one of the characters of the novel; and this would of course account for the writer's apparently minute acquaintance with the domestic life of Herrenhausen. Our author, however, is equally at home in the other Courts of Europe. We need hardly say that the way in which fiction is thus mixed up with history, or at least what purports to be history, cannot be regarded as a legitimate literary exercise, especially when the persons who are treated in this fashion belong to the present day. Still the different scenes are told in such a lively and spirited manner, and with such an appearance of simple good faith and small corroborative detail, that it is impossible not to be amused by it. There can be no question that, in its general outlines, the picture of European diplomacy is substantially true, although the language used and many of the personal incidents have no doubt been drawn from the writer's imagination. It may be supposed that he was, if not always behind the scenes at the critical moment, yet within reach of the gossip of the wings and the green-room.

The most graphic and interesting part of the work is undoubtedly that which describes the various steps which led to the downfall of the King of Hanover, and if there is any truth in the surmise as to the authorship, this is not surprising. Herr von Meding, though a Prussian by birth, had been long in the service of the Hanoverian Court, and is very flatteringly portrayed in these volumes as the man who has always a quick eye for the right thing to be done, and who always knows the right thing to say. We are led to infer that, if Meding's advice had only been taken in time, Gregor Samarow would never have found it necessary to describe the deposition of King George. This is an episode of the great war of 1866 which, amid the shock of strange events, attracted at the time comparatively little attention; but it is worth notice, if only as an example of the ease and swiftness with which an independent State may suddenly slip out of existence through being asleep while her neighbours are awake. The

* *For Sceptre and Crown: a Romance of the Present Time.* Translated from the German of Gregor Samarow. 2 vols. London: King & Co.

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physical blindness of the King would seem to have been symbolical of the general darkness of his Ministers.

As the curtain rises upon Hanover a carriage drives up before the entrance to the inner courtyard of the palace, and a man alights—"a slight man, somewhat under middle height, about thirty-six years of age, very fair, with a long, drooping moustache, and dressed in black with a grey overcoat." This is Meding, who enters by "the side gateway in the corner," and makes his way to the King's cabinet. George V., at this time forty-six years of age, a handsome man with a dignified presence and a face beaming with cheerfulness and amiability, sat at his desk. He wore the uniform of the Jäger Guard regiment, comfortably unbuttoned, and across his breast, but beneath the uniform, the dark blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter. He also wore—we mention these details because they are characteristic of the book, and are given with much minuteness on each occasion where a great personage is introduced—the small crosses of the Orders of Guelph and Ernest Augustus. A very favourable impression is given of King George throughout the narrative. He is described as a man of high spirit, loyal and sensitive on points of honour, and considerate and kindly to all around him, and we can also see traces of an ingenuous simplicity which accords with what we know was the common report of him among his subjects. The reputation of his gross and saturnine predecessor, the prospect of whose accession to the English throne was for a time a terror to our own countrymen, perhaps somewhat overshadowed him at first, but he was afterwards on excellent terms with his people, and down to the day of his abdication Hanover was one of the quietest, most comfortable, and well-to-do little States anywhere to be found. It may be doubted whether the increase of national greatness which is supposed to have come to the Hanoverians by annexation has altogether consoled them for the homely ease of their former condition. Meding, who has been travelling in different parts of Germany, reports to the King the excitement which seemed everywhere to prevail, and the general feeling that the smaller States should unite with Austria against her rival. Meding hints that this excitement is dangerous and should be appeased, and the King agrees with him, at the same time declaring that, if war does come, he at least will remain strictly neutral. This, we are assured, was all along the King's desire, and he was in the first instance anxious that a treaty of neutrality with Prussia should be made; but he was led astray by the procrastination of Count Platen, whose imbecile vacillation is humorously depicted, and who imagined that he could keep negotiations going on until it was seen which side it would be better to take. The King's brother, Prince Karl Solms, a general in the Austrian service, arrives with a proposal for an offensive and defensive treaty with Hanover. The King is disposed to reject it at once, but here again Platen's hesitation keeps the question in suspense.

On the 15th June we are again admitted to the Royal cabinet:—"The fresh air blew through the open windows, the flowers in the room gave out a pleasant perfume, and the fountain splashed and sparkled in the garden outside. Everything in the royal residence breathed rest and profound peace, placed as it was quite out of the noise of the town, in delightful solitude. The attendant had brought the King a cigar with some long wooden tongs, and George V. leant comfortably back in his armchair, slowly blowing a thin, blue cloud from the fragrant leaf of the havannah." This, as it proved, was to be the King's last day at Herrenhausen, though he little dreamt it. The vote at Frankfort mobilizing the army of the Confederacy, and the consequent withdrawal of Prussia, had warned him, however, that something definite must be done. He was about to order the immediate preparation of a treaty of neutrality with Prussia when Count Platen came in a fright with news that neutrality was now not enough for Prussia, and that she demanded an alliance on the foundation of the Prussian reform project. If this were not accepted before midnight, it would be regarded as a declaration of war. The King replied that he could not assent to the reform project, because it would place his army at the disposal of Prussia, but that he was willing to bind himself to neutrality. Count Platen was of course quite sure that the Prussians were only trying it on a little, and that the best plan was to send a civil answer, promising consideration, in order to gain more time. "Count Ingelheim," he said, "hourly expects to hear that the Austrians have marched into Saxony, and we can act according to events." The King, however, was firm in holding to the neutrality he had promised, but refusing anything more, and Meding was directed to draw up a conciliatory despatch in that sense. In the meantime arrangements were made for concentrating the army; and the King determined to start that night, and to march into South Germany to join his confederates there, and thus prevent needless bloodshed in his own country. If he could not protect it from invasion, he wished at least to spare it the horrors of war. After a council of Ministers, there was a family council at the royal tea-table. The King wore a general's uniform, and sat beside the Queen smiling and cheerful; "she commanded herself, and repressed the tears she could hardly refrain from shedding." The Princess Marie, less resolute, held her handkerchief to her eyes, but the eldest daughter, Princess Frederika, looked proud and brave, longing in heart to accompany her father to the field. Opposite to her sat, or rather lay back in his chair, the Crown Prince Ernest Augustus, a tall young man of one-and-twenty, in the uniform of the Guard Hussars—a blue coat ornamented with silver braid—who bit the nails of his left hand, while with his right he patted a pet terrier. Of the Prince's appearance and capacity we get rather an unprepossessing account. Meding brought his draft, and it was approved, and sent off to be copied out for transmission to Berlin. Just, however, as the timepiece in Count Platen's room struck twelve, the groom of the chamber announced "Prince Ysenburg," the Prussian Ambassador. "Now, at this hour!" cried the Count, starting back. "What good news do you bring at this late hour, dear Prince?" "Whether I can bring good news I know not," replied the Prince, a small, slight man, with regular features, and a spare black moustache, as he fixed his dark eyes with a sad and inquiring look upon Count Platen. "I must first beg an answer to the note of this morning." Count Platen explained that the note had been instantly submitted to the King, whose answer was expected every moment. "I must press," returned the Prince, "for a distinct answer on one point—I am not authorized to discuss anything—does the King accept the treaty as proposed?" "No," said the Count, with great hesitation; "but——" "Then I declare war!" said Prince Ysenburg solemnly.

After this there was of course an end of negotiations. The King set off with a body of troops quickly mustered that night, and arrived in Göttingen next morning. Nothing can be more pitiable than the account which is given of the aimlessness and confusion of this hasty expedition. Nobody at the Hanoverian headquarters knew exactly whither the army was bound or by what roads it was to move. There was a vague idea of getting south and joining with the Bavarians or Hessians, if it could only be discovered where they were; but that was all. The King chanced to hear through the Crown Prince that the troops had no confidence in their leaders, as being too old and exhausted; and on the spur of the moment a new general and adjutant-general were appointed, of whom the King judged only by report. There is a pathetic humour in the description of the general staff sitting and writing, and writing and re-writing, and finally deciding that the army must wait four days before it could march. "Four days," says the author, "is a long time when events may be counted by hours." The Hanoverians, in fact, were clearly doomed already, first because they had taken too long in making up their minds, and next because they were altogether backward in their preparations for the field. It was not till the afternoon of the 21st June that the order to march was given. The Hessians and the Eighth Army Corps were expecting the Hanoverians to come to Fulda by the most direct and quickest road; but the general staff were afraid that there might be Prussians in that quarter, and decided to go by a roundabout way in search of the Bavarians, of whose position and movements they knew nothing. In short, the great object of the general staff seemed to be to avoid the foe they had come out to fight. On the 25th, after much eccentric wandering, they reached Gross Behringen, on the road to Eisenach, and found themselves in the grasp of the enemy. Next day a suspension of hostilities was concluded with the Prussians, King George being bound on the morrow to say whether he would accept a free passage to the South upon condition of abstaining from fighting against Prussia for a couple of months. It is difficult to imagine what the Hanoverians could have hoped to gain by becoming a useless burden during that time to the South Germans; but they were prepared to agree, when it was discovered that the old terms of the Prussian project of reform, already rejected, were still insisted on at Berlin. The King adhered to his former decision, and wished to march on Gotha, but the general staff declared that the army was unfit to march, and advised an immediate capitulation. This was immediately after a part of the troops, taking the matter into their own hands, had shown their dash and efficiency in repulsing the Prussians at Langen-Salza, of which we have here a spirited account. The King felt, however, that he could not resist the opinion of his staff, and a capitulation was arranged, with conditions highly favourable to the troops, who "returned home unhumiliated, because they had done what they could." But the preservation of the kingdom was of course hopeless. The King was willing to abdicate in favour of his son, and King William is represented as disposed to accept this compromise; but Bismarck appealed to him in the interest of his subjects to relieve them from future difficulties by incorporating Hanover, and the decree went forth. The manner in which King George's envoys were received at the different Courts to which they went to plead for succour shows that even those who were most friendly to him regarded his deposition as inevitable.

We have given an account of this episode because it seems to be the central part of the book, and that on which the author is most competent to speak. The rest of the narrative must be to a great extent fiction, although resting on a basis of historical fact. There is an interview between Manteuffel and Bismarck to discuss the question of a war with Austria, in which the cautious temper of the former and the impetuous resolution of the other are cleverly portrayed. Immediately afterwards Bismarck joins his wife and daughter in the drawing-room, refreshes himself with a draught of Bavarian beer, and asks Von Keudell, his secretary, to play something on the piano. Keudell plays Beethoven's "Sonata in A major," while Bismarck paces up and down, and under the influence of the music decides upon his policy. He goes to his study and writes a despatch which draws from Keudell, when it is shown to him, the exclamation, "Your Excellency, this is war!" "It is," said Bismarck; "and now good night!" Another time we are at the Tuileries in Pietri's room, to which the Emperor has access by a covered staircase, concealed by curtains. "It was an old man who descended the stairs; *embonpoint* had destroyed the elegance of his figure, illness and

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pain made his carriage feeble and uncertain, his grey hairs no longer thickly surrounded his brow, but fell in thin locks over his temples, and his eyes, in former times often veiled, though capable of stormy flashes, now looked dull and wearied. He wore a plain black morning coat and smoked a cigarette, the strong and excellent aroma of which preceded him in a light blue cloud." Nothing could be more unlike the ordinary conversation of Napoleon than the bombastic language here attributed to him, but the charm of manner, which he knew so well how to assume, "a glow like sunshine spreading over the weary indifference of his face," and various other characteristics, are carefully reproduced. The Council of War which the Emperor held with his Ministers, and at which they confessed that France was not prepared, is graphically described, and there is also an interesting chapter about the Empress Charlotte of Mexico. In other chapters we are introduced to the Emperor of Austria wearing "a comfortable loose grey overcoat after the Austrian military fashion"; to King William in "a campaigning overcoat, the Iron Cross in his button-hole, and the Order of Merit around his neck"; and to the Emperor of Russia in the uniform of a Russian general. Altogether the book is an amusing picture of some of the personal aspects of modern European diplomacy, one of the peculiarities of which would seem to be the way in which obscure private persons without any distinct official authority or functions are employed behind the backs of the ostensible diplomatists. There are also some odd revelations, which are no doubt true in substance, of the way in which certain foreign Governments influence the press of other countries.

SMITH'S ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.*

THE results of Mr. George Smith's recent explorations of the mounds of Nineveh and Babylon have been such as amply to reward the enterprise in which they had their origin, as well as to widen indefinitely the prospects of future research among the same heaps of buried lore. The object of his mission was not so much any addition to monumental or artistic collections, in which the museums of Europe are already rich, as the accumulation of fresh materials relating to the language, the literature, and the history of the country. In particular, great hopes had been kindled by the discovery of the series of cylinders and tablets embodying the early Babylonian legend of the Deluge, the chronicles of Esarhaddon, Assurbanipal, Sargon, and other monarchs, and of the mass of lore bearing upon the science and art of those remote ages yielded by the fortunate disinterment of the royal library or record chamber by Mr. Layard. Never, perhaps, was anticipation more satisfactorily fulfilled than when Mr. Smith lighted, as by a happy instinct, upon the tablets which largely fill up the blanks in the Izdubar or Deluge series, originally deciphered by him from the clay fragments in the British Museum. We hardly know whether he is most to be envied the joy of the primary discovery, or the subsequent triumph which he must have felt when bit by bit the new-found relics fitted into each tantalizing gap. Mr. Smith has told the story of his early essays in cuneiform interpretation, and of the expeditions since undertaken by him for the managers of the *Daily Telegraph* and the Trustees of the British Museum, with a modesty of tone as well as with a power of clear and straightforward description such as greatly enhance the charm which the tale of his researches must possess for every reader of thought and taste.

Mr. Smith makes the import of his recent discoveries all the clearer by means of a short summary of the successive steps in the progress of the archæology of Assyria, from the date of M. Botta's first breaking ground in 1842 at Kouyunjik and at Khorsabad, and from Grotefend's discovery of the key to the deciphering of the Persian cuneiform writing, which in the hands of Rawlinson, and of a band of skilled and zealous co-operators in this country and on the Continent, has unlocked so many of the mysteries which not long ago seemed impenetrable. To the list of valuable historical and linguistic memoirs thus accumulated Mr. Smith himself, not long after the time of his taking up this department of research, contributed a new text upon the tribute paid by Jehu to Hazael, fixing the war in the eighteenth year of Shalmaneser II., to whose reign belongs the obelisk of black stone, now in the British Museum, upon which the event is inscribed. The history of Assurbanipal was his next work of importance, followed by interesting readings from the annals of Tiglath Pileser, bringing in notices of Azariah, King of Judah, of Pekah and Hoshea, Kings of Israel. The earliest date yet brought to light among the inscriptions was found by him in 1868, in the record of a conquest of Babylonia by the Elamites 1635 years before the subjugation of Elam by Assurbanipal, or 2280 B.C. In the next year, amongst other curious discoveries of his was a religious calendar of the Assyrians, to which he abstains from assigning a date, in which every month is divided into four weeks, and the seventh days, or Sabbaths, are set down as days on which no work should be done.

Young as Mr. Smith was in labour of this kind, he had already done the work of a veteran when, in January 1873, he left England to carry on the process of searching for more of these hidden treasures of the past. Six weeks' rapid travelling by way of Marseilles and Alexandretta, and thence on horseback through Aleppo and across the snowy range of Karajah Dagh, the incidents of which, though not striking in themselves, are graphically and agreeably told, brought him face to face with those mysterious mounds which he had so long yearned to see. To strike into them was not so easy a matter; the place of the indispensable firman being inadequately filled by the commission of the *Daily Telegraph*. The local pasha forbade his even looking at the ruins, nor was the aid of the obliging French Consul more effectual. There being no representative of our own at Mosul, Mr. Smith resolved on journeying to Baghdad, trusting himself down stream to a crazy raft of wooden logs upborne by inflated skins. He thus had the opportunity of inspecting by the way the ruins of Kalah Shergat, the site of the city of Assur, the capital of Assyria as early as the nineteenth century B.C., whose grandeur gradually paled from the fourteenth century onwards before the rising greatness of Nineveh. From Baghdad he made an excursion to the ruins of Babylon, much too short indeed for his inclinations, feeling as he did that here was the older and richer country, far less worked than Assyria, and that here he would much rather set himself to excavate. He takes the occasion of his three days' survey to give us a short sketch of the history of Babylon, which we hear with regret is gradually disappearing, a regular trade in the ancient bricks being carried on by the natives. The Izdubar inscription supplies the earliest mention of the city, the Babylonian monarchy being formed at that time by the union of a number of small States. The date of the great range of buildings combining the temples of Merodach and Zirat-banit, with the accompanying *siggurrat* or tower, called the "house of the foundation of heaven and earth," is lost in obscurity. They were restored at a very early period by a king named Agu or Agukak-rimi, and again by Hammurabi, who made Babylon the capital of the whole country somewhere in the sixteenth century B.C. The lately recovered annals record a series of captures by the Assyrian monarchs and of subsequent revolts, the city reaching its highest pitch of magnificence under Nebuchadnezzar, passing into the hands of the Medes and Persians, under Cyrus, 539 B.C., and from the time of Alexander the Great gradually sinking into its present state of utter ruin.

Armed at last with the needful firman, Mr. Smith posted back to Nineveh, taking a flying glance at Ervil, the Arbela of old, where Alexander defeated Darius, and where much might be looked for from excavation. It was at the temple of Nebo that he began operations. This site had at some time served as a granary, a large tunnel driven into the mound being found packed with grain black and rotten from age. The eastern and southern portions of the mound have been dug through and through since the fall of Assyria for burying purposes, and coffins of all shapes and sizes were met with, yielding beads, rings, and other ornaments, some of the time of Alexander. Amidst a mass of miscellaneous rubbish, at the palace of Sennacherib, on May 15, the welcome fragment turned up containing the fifteen lines which Mr. Smith had conjectured to be wanting in the Chaldæan account of the Deluge. In the same mass were found inscribed tablets of much historical value, the fragment of a curious syllabary in four columns, sundry ornaments, and a magnificent throne of crystal, too much broken unfortunately to be copied. To Mr. Smith's great disappointment his report of these triumphant results was followed by a message calling him home. He reached England early in June. It was not without many a difficulty with the Turkish authorities that the valuable collection of relics amassed during this brief but well-spent interval of toil at length reached their present abiding place in the British Museum.

As the sun rose on the first day of 1874 Mr. Smith once more with a shout of joy rode into Mosul, this time in the interest of the Trustees of the British Museum, who had set aside 1,000*l.* for the prosecution of further researches under the power of the firman, which held good till the 9th or 10th of March. Vexatious disputes on the part of the Turkish officials compelled him to limit his operations entirely to the mound of Kouyunjik. It was chiefly in and around the library chamber of Sennacherib, not half the contents of which he had from the first believed to have been exhausted by Mr. Layard, that he met with his great successes. More than eight thousand fragments of inscribed tablets were here picked up, the positions in which they were found inducing the conviction that they had fallen from a chamber situated on the upper story of the palace. A curious lintel of stone, six feet in length, the first of its kind met with in Assyria, of which a good photograph is given, was disinterred here, and amongst other articles of ornament or use a two-pronged fork in bronze. Nothing had been previously known of the existence of forks in times so remote. They are first heard of as articles of luxury brought by a Greek princess from Constantinople to Venice at the end of the eleventh century of our era. Another relic of rare interest is the fragment of an astrolabe, which helps, in combination with the newly found astronomical tablets, to throw much light supplementary to what Mr. Sayce has given us upon the Babylonian division of the heavens and the names of the fixed stars. The sky was divided into four regions, the passage of the sun through these marking the four seasons of the year. Of the principal fragment Mr. Smith gives a translation, retaining as "month" and "day" the accepted equivalents of the original signs, yet reserving his belief that for "day" we should read a degree of the heavens, and for "month" a sign of the zodiac. The Assyrian year, like the Jewish, consisted of twelve lunar months, adjusted to the solar year by the

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* *Assyrian Discoveries: an account of Explorations and Discoveries on the Site of Nineveh, during 1873 and 1874.* By George Smith, of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum, &c. With Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

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occasional intercalation of a month, the time for which was decided by watching for what was called the "star of stars" to be just in advance of the sun when it crossed the vernal equinox. Mr. Smith has now been enabled to fix approximately, and in some cases to identify, about thirty of the principal stars. Four of these are given on the fragment of the astrolabe, the stars Urbat and Addil in Scorpio, and the stars Nibat-anu and Udkagaba in Sagittarius. The star Nibat-anu has hitherto been erroneously taken for a planet. The heavens and the year were represented by the circular form of the astrolabe, the circumference of which was divided into twelve parts, the number of degrees in each being marked. Inside these there were twelve other divisions nearer the Pole, forming a second and inner circle, the leading prominent star being inserted in each of the twenty-four divisions. The fact that in the tablet the four quarters of the heavens do not commence with the new year leads Mr. Smith to inquire whether the precession of the equinoxes had shifted since the first settlement of Babylonian astronomy. How regularly reports were sent in from the observatories established in most of the large cities appears from a tablet found in the palace of Sennacherib, recording the observations by Abil-istar of the eclipse of the moon in the city of Akkad.

The Flood series of legends, expanded and corrected by the light of the new texts, assumes a far more characteristic aspect than it exhibited in its more broken and fragmentary state. The name of Izdubar, which Mr. Smith's earliest reading inclined him to connect with the records, was, he allows, nothing more than a makeshift. He is now disposed to identify this hero with the Nimrod of Scripture. The legends themselves he would refer to the time of the early Babylonian empire, more than 2,000 years B.C. The hero, a mighty hunter or giant, gained rule over the district round Babylon, driving out some tyrant who ruled over Erech, and adding this region to his kingdom. He destroyed a monster which laid waste the land, and received at his Court the great seer or astrologer Heabani, aided by whom he subdued the chiefs Humbaba and Belesu, killed the "divine bull," and reigned over all the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, from the Persian Gulf to the Mountains of Armenia. Heabani is now killed by an unknown wild animal, named "tamabukku," and Izdubar, stricken with some disease, apparently leprosy, resorts to the sea-coast, where he meets with the deified hero who escaped the Flood. The new fragments from Kouyunjik give to this hero the name of "Hasisadra," the origin of the Xisithrus of Berosus and Herodotus. Hasisadra tells the story of the Flood, differing in many particulars from the narrative of the Bible, and betokening an earlier version. Other inscriptions refer to the Flood, one of the oldest mentioning the "City of the Ark," which in the Izdubar series is named "Surippak." On certain cylinders and gems Izdubar is depicted in his boat. One striking peculiarity of the legend is the making the Ark a regular ship, which is launched into the sea and navigated by boatmen. This is the tradition of a seafaring people, or of a people familiar with such floods as might befall at the mouth of a great river like the Euphrates. The Bible narrative is that befitting an inland people, and the Ark is a coffer or chest, in no true sense a ship. The twelfth tablet of the series, telling of the raising of Heabani to heaven, is the most important of all, as showing the early Babylonian belief in heaven and hell, with the existence of the soul after death. The region of the blessed is called "Samu," and is presided over by "Anu," the supreme celestial god. Hell, besides other titles, is called "Matnude," "Iskalli," or "Aralli," and is ruled by Hea, the god of the ocean and infernal regions, corresponding to Pluto, the lord of Hades. The descent of Ishtar into Hades furnishes a fine passage, descriptive of the dark regions below. From a speech addressed apparently to Heabani by his ghost, or *vadukka*, it would seem as if the Babylonians believed in a spirit or soul in man distinct from himself, the soul of Heabani being released at the command of Hea and rising to heaven. How far apart this prominence of the spiritual side in man and of a belief in the after-life is from the Mosaic representation need scarcely be pointed out. The fact lends support to the conviction of which Mr. Smith speaks as held by the majority of Assyrian scholars, that the civilization, literature, and mythology of Mesopotamia were not the work of a Semitic race, but of a totally different people, who were subsequently conquered by the Semitic tribes, the conquerors imposing their own language upon the conquered, but adopting the mythology, the laws, and literature of their subjects. To this race the name of "Akkad" has been provisionally given, a city of that name being mentioned in Genesis (x. 10) as one of the capitals of Nimrod, and having been identified by Mr. Smith with Agadi, the capital of Sargon. This race has been supposed by many scholars to have affinities with the Turanian stock, which holds a prominent place in certain systems of primitive ethnology, but which, critically speaking, stands for little more than a general name for those early races to which no more definite standing is to be assigned in the pedigree of nations. How far back into the mythical past we may be enabled by further discoveries to penetrate must remain a matter for speculation. Enough, however, has now been recovered to establish fixed points of chronology upon the border-land of fable, whence fresh inroads may be looked for into the region of the unknown. Thus before this part of his inquiries was taken up by Mr. Smith the names of no more than twenty-eight Kings of Babylonia prior to B.C. 747 were known from the inscriptions. The list now given by him shows the advance made in the history and chronology of these early kingdoms. For the period before the Flood the inscriptions exhibit not a few points of contact with the canon of Berosus, and definite dates seem attainable for the Elamite kings as early as 2280 B.C., of whom Chedorlaomer (Gen. xiv.) was one; the historical kings of Assyria dating from Ismi-dagan, B.C. 1850. A treaty of Karindas, King of Babylonia, with Assyria, bears date 1450 in Mr. Smith's list. The succession of Assyrian kings is fuller and clearer than that of the Babylonian, though not extending back so far. To account, indeed, for the rise of a civilization, literature, and government such as we can trace existing in Babylonia 2,000 years before the Christian era, calls for an extension of history to a range of time compared with which the growth of Egypt itself seems recent.

Among the miscellaneous texts of a minor kind which the newly acquired inscriptions have supplied are curious fragments upon geography, natural history, witchcraft, evil spirits, laws, contracts, and official despatches. One tablet, which Mr. Smith has had photographed, gives a fine hymn to Light, partly in the Turanian, partly in the Assyrian language. Another, sadly broken, has contained a Babylonian account of the Creation; and a third, more perfect, is taken up with a strange story of the seven wicked gods or spirits. There is the deed of sale of the enclosure Bahai, near the city of Lahiru, upon the Elamite frontier, with the names of the parties, and the seal of the governor, Nergal-ilai, late in the reign of Esarhaddon, B.C. 670; and the sale of a girl, Anadalati, daughter of Sayaradu, by a woman named Daliya, belonging to the palace of Sennacherib, B.C. 687. Some of the syllabaries and bilingual texts are of great value to students of the languages, and the richness of the collection at large is such as to excite an ardent longing for the results which might be expected from a more prolonged and systematic exploration of the site.

SCOTTISH MINSTRELSY.*

THE old French adage, "Tout finit par des chansons," may be applied with as much truth to Scotland as ever it was to France. In Scotland indeed it might be added that not only was everything ended, but everything was begun and carried on, with song. None but a Scotchman could have hit on that happy oft-repeated saying, that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads of a country, he might let who would make the laws; for in no other country, except perhaps France, was the national song so interwoven with the national life. Perhaps there was no other country in the world where the accidents of the national life and of the national history could furnish so many picturesque subjects for the minstrel's theme. The life of the nation depended so much on perpetual warfare with a powerful and hostile neighbour that patriotism became a passion, and, like all the other passions of an untutored race, it burst forth in song which was at once the expression and the feeder of its flame. In a country where feudal tyranny reigned supreme, and where the spirit of clanship was so strong, great crimes, with their accompaniments of woe and war, were matters of everyday occurrence. The hereditary feuds that arose from these crimes gave the bard ample scope for the exercise of his skill in portraying the darkest passions that can take possession of the human heart. Love too, which in every land has been deemed the fittest subject for the minstrel's lay, was, owing to the family feuds and the national hate, surrounded by a thousand romantic variations unknown in a more orderly state of society. The catastrophe of nearly all the love tales hangs on the fact of the two lovers being members either of hostile houses or of alien races. Not a few of the best among the old Scottish ballads are founded on the superstitions that were so rife among the people. Wild and wayward as those fancies were, the songs which tell of them show a poetic power and a vividness of imagination that might be sought for in vain in our more enlightened and more lettered age. For songs, as for nicknames, Scotland had a special gift. Not an event happened, whether public or private, but there was a song made about it, and the song was soon in the mouths of the people. A refrain that was easily caught, wit of the broadest kind, and coarse and unequivocal satire, were all that was wanted to make a song popular. There can be little doubt that some of the most vicious tastes and habits of the people were fostered by the songs they sang. But between the song and the ballad there is a wide difference. The song is merely the expression of a sentiment, but the ballad has a story to tell, and is the oldest of all compositions. It is a collection of the narrative ballads of Scotland that we have now under review.

This collection in its present form is a new edition of a book published nearly half a century ago by William Motherwell, who, on somewhat slender pretensions, is ranked among Scotland's minor poets. He was not, however, to do him justice, one of those poets whose opinion of their own poetry is too high to allow of their faithfully reproducing any other person's. On the contrary, he has fulfilled his task of collecting and publishing these old ballads with great faithfulness, diligence, and accuracy. Motherwell was far from being the first in the field. He had the advantage of having the results of the labours of Herd, Ritson, and Scott to consult and refer to, but he had the great merit of giving each ballad exactly as the version he heard of it ran, and of neither piecing nor polishing the materials at his command. In several instances indeed he gives several versions of the same

* *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern.* With an Historical Introduction and Notes. By William Motherwell. Paisley: Alex. Gardner.

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ballad, which, though they show sufficient identity in the main points to make it clear that they all tell one and the same story, yet differ not a little in the minor details by which the plot is surrounded. By this mode of treatment he won the hearty approbation of Scott, who declared that he would "have liked to see different versions of a ballad kept separate like different sets of the same melody." Scott indeed himself owned that he had done wrong in trying to make the best possible set of an old ballad by piecing together the best verses out of several copies, obtained from different quarters. By such treatment the simplicity of the old song is too often sacrificed to the improvement of the poetry. But, after all, the point of greatest import in a collection of old ballads is to give an accurate idea of poetry as it was when those old songs sprang into being; no matter whether it chimes in well or ill with our modern notions of beauty or of taste. This can only be done by keeping the ballads in their original state. The cause of their diversity of form must be sought in the way in which they have come down to us. Their existence depended upon oral tradition. The singers or reciters who handed them on from one generation to another had no scruple in adding to or altering them, as the failure of their memory or the fertility of their fancy might suggest. Thus each version caught something of the tone and spirit distinctive of the district in which it passed current.

The ballads in this collection are prefaced by an historical and critical essay upon their character and merits, from the pen of Mr. Motherwell himself. The criticisms contained in it are in general acute and sound, but the writer seems to have been blind to the historical value of certain characteristics of these ballads, though he cannot help noticing them. He does not fail to note the resemblance, which often amounts to identity, between the Scotch and English ballads, and the anomaly of finding the exploits of heroes supposed to be peculiarly English extolled in Scottish song. He tells us for instance that

> "Robin Hood and his fallow litill John," were popular with the Minstrels of Scotland as they were with those of England. Our early Poets and Historians never tire of alluding to songs current in their own times, relative to these waithmen and their merry men. Even to this day there are fragments of songs regarding them traditionally extant in Scotland, which have not yet found their way into any printed collection of ballads commemorative of these celebrated outlaws. Were they carefully gathered, they would form an interesting addition to "Ritson's Robin Hood." In that collection the ballad of "Robin Hood and the beggar," is evidently the production of a Scottish Minstrel, pretty early stall copies of which were printed both at Aberdeen and Glasgow.

Nevertheless he cannot see the plain fact that this evidence establishes that from the Humber to the Tweed the people were the same, and that before the War of Independence there was no hostile feeling between the dwellers on the two sides of the Border. They were one in language, in feelings, and in race. Mr. Motherwell was still a believer in King Achaius and his brother William (Scottice Gilmore), and in all the other brilliant fables that sprang from the inventive brains of Boece and Buchanan.

Scottish poetry has indeed been made almost as much a vehicle for fraud and forgery as Scottish history itself. The ballad of "Hardyknute" is only one among many examples of spurious imitations that have been palmed off upon the public under the mask of antiquity. The best of these imitations is certainly the song of "Auld Robin Gray." Indeed so good is it that it would have escaped detection even by the most searching eyes were it not for the line "To mak' the crown a pound my Jamie gae'd to sea." This at once stamps it with a modern date, for the pound Scots of earlier days was so far below a crown in value, that the hero, without leaving his native land, might have found every facility for making his crown into several pounds. Some of the most popular of the ditties that pass current nowadays for Scotch songs are really of very modern date. For instance, "Bonny Dundee" and "Within a mile of Edinburgh Town" were first heard of in a collection of songs published by Tom D'Urfey. As to the date of the really old ballads, it is quite impossible to decide it with anything like certainty. No one is known as the author of any of them, and they must have gradually grown into the shape in which we now have them. It was Herd's Collection and Percy's *Reliques* that first won for them a place in English literature. One of the most marked characteristics of the real old ballad is the use of the same forms of expression for describing similar incidents and situations. Whenever a letter is sent, the receiver laughs at the first line, but is blinded by tears before he gets to the last line. If one of a pair of hapless lovers is slain at midnight, the other must die before dawn, and over and over again the miracle of the briar bushes springing from the lovers' graves and uniting in a true love-knot is described with unvarying minuteness. Death, indeed, in those days seems to have been looked on as the legitimate ending of a true love affair. The Margarets and the Willies who came to such tragic ends had not arrived at the philosophic indifference which could sing—

> Yet have I been a lover by report,
> Yea I have dy'd for love as others do;
> But, praised be God, it was in such a sort
> That I revived within an hour or two.

Mr. Motherwell contends that the ill-starred expedition of Sir Patrick Spens was not sent out to bring home the Maid of Norway, the infant heir to the Scottish Crown, but to escort Margaret, the Maid's mother, wife of Eric of Norway, when she left her native land for her new home at her husband's Court. In proof of this he brings forward the coincidence of the time taken by the voyage, according to Wintoun, and in the ballad. He has also found out that the days of the week named in the ballad tally with the date given in the chronicle. Wintoun says:—

> Of August that yhere the twelft day
> Hyr wayage scho tuk on til Norway;

and the ballad:—

> They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
> Wi' a' the speed they may;
> They hae landed in Norroway
> Upon a Wodensday;

and, adds Mr. Motherwell:—"I find, from a laborious calculation, that the 12th of August, 1282, was a Monday."

Twelve of the ballads in this collection were here printed for the first time. Of these the most interesting is a copy of "Gil Morice," which differs in many points from the commonly received version. The editor maintains that the proper title is "Child Noryce," and says that the verses, as he gives them, were taken down from the singing of a certain widow M'Cormick, who lived in the Westbrae Street, Paisley. The change of title into "Gil Morice" has no doubt come about through some fancied resemblance to some local hero's name. Such changes were by no means rare; the most notorious perhaps is the case of the well-known "Malbroug." This song was written to extol the doughty deeds of a Spanish Crusader surnamed "Le Membru." By some strange freak of fortune "Membru" was suddenly transformed into "Malbroug," and the song won its long-deferred laurels from its supposed connexion with the victorious English general. "Gil Morice" had at one time a great run of popularity, as having furnished the groundwork on which was based the plot of *Douglas*, the once famous tragedy by which a Presbyterian minister won much literary fame. The fame brought its sting with it however, for the unfortunate author fell into the black books of his clerical brethren. They looked upon play-writing as one of the most deadly sins, and did not fail to pursue with annoyance and mortification this black sheep who had found his way into their midst. Scott has pointed out the striking points of likeness between the Scottish ballads and some of the old French lays. The resemblance they bear to the Danish ballads in the "Kœmpe viser" is yet more striking. The Danish "Broder spurde söster ad" is so like our "Gudeman cam hame at e'en," and "Rosmer and Hamund" is so suggestive of "Burd Ellen," that it seems impossible to doubt that they must have sprung from the same legend and idea. Then again the German "Grossmutter Schlangenköchin" immediately recalls "O! whaur ha' ye been Lord Ronald my son." In the Danish ballads, too, one finds the same unvaried repetition of a set of stock terms, epithets, metaphors, and phrases, and the same matter-of-fact way of relating the most startling incidents, that lend such an air of reality to the Scottish ballads.

It is surprising how few of these old ballads can be termed historical. By far the greater part are founded on domestic tragedies or local tradition. Many more undoubtedly existed, but they have been unfortunately lost. Of the songs enumerated in the "*Complaynt*" very few have come down to us. They have passed clean away from human memory, and must be regretted in vain. Though we may perhaps be reconciled to the loss of the lays made about "Dick o' the Cow," we cannot help longing to know how "Bothwell Bank, thou blumest fayre" went on, and what the rest of the words could be that fell on the ear of the wanderer in Palestine, and led to the friendly recognition between two fellow-islanders in that far distant land. Above all, we could have wished to have that "dispytfful railling ballat against the precheors for the quilk ane Wilson, servant to the bischope of Dunkeld, narrowly eschaipit hanging." Hanging unfortunately was in those days not uncommonly the reward of genius that found vent in satire.

At the end of the *Minstrelsy* are given many of the tunes to which the ballads were sung. The source of the beautiful Scottish national airs is shrouded in mystery. Their beauty is acknowledged on all sides, but their authors are unknown. By the help of the "Skene Manuscript" we can trace them up to the reign of James VI., but no further. One thing, however, seems certain, and that is that they are no more Scottish in the true sense of the words than the songs and ballads are. They all originated among those dwellers in the Lowlands who had so strangely chosen to adopt the name and nationality of their Northern neighbours, and had no more real connexion with the Celts of the Highlands than the bagpipes or the elaborate costume now known as the Highland dress. With the Scots, whether in Britain or in Ireland, the harp was the national instrument. Still there is abundant evidence that the bagpipe found favour in the Lowlands, though it was more used as an accompaniment of merrymaking than of war. It was one of the elements of disorder in "Peblis to the Play," and we find in the "Satyre of the Three Estaits":—

> Menstrell blaw up ane brawl of France,
> Let se quha hobbils best.

The piper in "Maggie Lauder" lived "on the Border," and the pipes were well known south of the Border too, if we may judge from Falstaff's simile, "As melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe." On the battle-field of Falkirk or of Bannockburn it might have been listened for in vain. Even so late as the days of Froissart the only military music of the Scots was the little horn carried by each man in the host, "wherewith they would make such a horrible noise as if all the devils in hell had been among them." The five-and-thirty pipers of "The MacPherson" draw as largely on the imagination as the romances about the "Scottish Chiefs,"

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and there is as little real likeness between a prince's piper dressed out in full array and an ancient Highland Sennachie as there is between an ancient Briton and the Lord Mayor in his State robes.

GREEN'S FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHTS.*

THE English writers of what we must call by the French name *pensées* are few and far from excellent. A good many solid and brilliant aphorisms may be collected from our best authors. The name of Bacon, of course, here suggests itself, and we should guess that, if Pope had written his brilliant epigrams in prose, they would have been admirable specimens of the art. But we have few, if any, writers who can be compared to Pascal, to Rochefoucauld, or to Chanfort. It does not seem to be in us or our language. There is something clumsy and slovenly about the style of most Englishmen when compared with the exquisite neatness of the French. Here and there the solid ore of our great writers sparkles with occasional gems; but they would require to be carefully polished before they would be fit to be exhibited in a detached form. We cannot claim any high degree of excellence for such books as Colton's *Lacon*, or the Hares' *Guesses at Truth*. And, in inferior hands, the attempt to produce a series of prose epigrams generally results in the production of mere twaddle. Such a writer, for example, as Mr. Green does not seem to understand the first principles of his art. A miniature is good for nothing unless it has received the highest possible degree of polish. In proportion to the limitation of the space in which a man chooses to utter himself should be the perfection of the workmanship bestowed. There should be something striking in each thought taken separately; it should verge upon the paradoxical rather than on the commonplace. If it expresses an obvious thought, there must be some novelty in the language. A mere paragraph of ordinary writing, deprived of its connexion with other reflections, is not therefore valuable; and we fear that the prevalent impression of readers of these *Fragments of Thoughts* will be that they would never have stopped to notice them if they had occurred in the middle of an essay. Mr. Green in his preface requests us to give "some little thought and time" to thoughts which have required "some little time and thought in preparation and moulding." We will take a few of his thoughts, and leave it to our readers to settle whether he has established a *primâ facie* claim to attentive study. We cannot say that we expect many persons to give an answer in the affirmative.

Mr. Green appears to be a man of fair reading, though here and there his references to well-known authors make a rather odd impression upon us. It seems rather superfluous, for example, to tell us in a note that Porson was "Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and afterwards Librarian to the London Institution." We had heard of the gentleman before. Or, again, he may be very right to confute Atheism by quoting a passage from Voltaire, and to add that an Atheist ought to be refuted by "such another one as" that famous infidel. But, if Mr. Green had ever read much of Voltaire's works, he would have known that Voltaire was always ostensibly a Deist, and indeed gave offence to his more thoroughgoing successors by his Deism. Does he not remember the old story about *Voltaire est bigot; il est déiste?* Or, if he opens the Philosophical Dictionary and turns to the word Athée, he will find it said that atheism and fanaticism are two monsters which may destroy society; that true philosophers are the apostles of the Deity; and that a catechist may tell a child that God exists, but that Newton has proved His existence. In fact, Voltaire is full of positive, and to all appearance sincere, statements of his belief, though it is true that the sceptical tendency becomes more pronounced in his later works. We will remark, in passing, that Mr. Green might as well have left theological controversy alone. He attacks the Roman Catholics as well as the Atheists; but, though we are not believers in transubstantiation, we do not think that a suggestion for a chemical analysis of the consecrated elements is happy in taste, or has the slightest bearing upon the question. To return, however, to Mr. Green's use of books, we remark that he has a wonderful taste for those good old commonplaces which have been worn down to utter triteness by the labours of generations. He does not mention the New Zealander or the German who evolves things out of his consciousness; but he vamps up old anecdotes which were exhausted at an even earlier period. We have, for example, the blind man who thought that scarlet was like the sound of a trumpet; and the conversation between Pyrrhus and Cineas about sitting down in peace; and Newton's remark about the seashore and the pebbles. Surely these good old anecdotes might be left to their repose; especially by a writer whose first object should be to impress us by something brilliant. We cannot say, however, that Mr. Green is specially original where he writes without reference to authorities. Here, for example, is a "fragment of thought" which we can quote entire:—"Is not external religion thought far too much of and internal religion too little of? Answer, Yes!" We have heard something very like that before; and the expression does not become terse, simply because it is short. Mr. Green seems to utter the words with a gasp; but we fail to see why he should not have pronounced them with the calmness of a gentleman who asserts that two and two make four. Sometimes he works up his thoughts into more intricate convolutions. "If you are frugal," he says, "be liberal; yet, though liberal, discreet; though discreet, generous; though generous, just; and though just, merciful." This *catena* might be extended to any length by a little ingenuity; but, after all, it comes to saying in a roundabout way that your conduct should be such as to deserve all the eulogistic epithets, and none of the dysalogistic, that are applied to any class of human actions. Sometimes Mr. Green tries to make his aphorisms attractive by devices of a more questionable kind. There is, for example, a bit of facetiousness in the form of an advertisement by one who has the place of a friend vacant, the original occupant "having been suddenly called away by one Grymme Deth," and so on, which strikes us as poor fun and wretched taste. Elsewhere we have a dreary old pun about similes and semi-lies, to prove that we ought not to confuse our metaphors. In another place Mr. Green coins a new word to give point to a tolerably obvious remark. "Characteristic-ism and originality are to copyism and imitation just what the substance is to the shadow," and some other things to other things. In the previous page Mr. Green quarrels with Mr. Carlyle for saying that formulas are the "indispensablest furniture of our habitation in this world." Why, he asks, cannot Mr. Carlyle invent some word less unpleasant and more pronounceable than "indispensablest"? The answer would be, we presume, that Mr. Carlyle is Mr. Carlyle; and we have no reason to think that he would be improved if he were somebody else. But the fact that Mr. Green is Mr. Green does not reconcile us to such a word as "characteristicism," which is so far from being indispensable in a superlative or even positive degree that its last three syllables might be docked to the advantage of his sense. Mr. Green, however, though he can quote an ancient story, does not seem to be capable of appreciating a good one when it comes in his way. Johnson once remarked, in reference to schemes of social equality, that two people could not converse together for five minutes without one proving himself the superior. Mr. Green tries to say that each of them would probably prove—to himself—that he was the superior; which is a fair enough, though not a very startling, remark. But he is vexed with Johnson because in a single epigram he does not give the whole truth; as if it were not the very essence of an epigram that it should omit all qualifications which can be understood by people of intelligence. Meanwhile we prefer Dr. Johnson's view to Mr. Green's. He declares that the "greatest men of mankind are pretty much of one level." We should say that there was much more truth in the statement that no two are exactly on a level.

Criticism, observes Mr. Green, is very easy. It is easy to say "dull," "stupid," and "foolish"; and the critic of the present day has therefore become an inveterate fault-finder. "From such an one what can possibly be expected?" Blessed are those who expect nothing; but we can assure him that the task of the critic is not so easy as he imagines. It is far from easy to find new phrases for every gradation of dulness and absurdity. Nor is it easy to find anything of any kind to say about the remark which follows this complaint of critics. "The body, as we know, requires exercise, or its powers will become weaker and weaker, and gradually altogether fail. Just so it is with the mind, whose powers strengthen by use, but grow weaker, and gradually fail altogether, if not properly exercised." Why should a man write down such a sentence, and call it "a fragment of thought"? Why should anybody read it? How can Mr. Green think it fair to ask a critic to give "some little time and thought" to the feeble expression of a venerable truism like this? In our schooldays—we hope things may be changed now—such observations used to be given out to us as subjects for Latin essays. We shall never quite forgive the cruelty of masters who tasked the youthful brain to extend such stuff over a page and force it into dog-Latin by stress of dictionary and grammar. Yet we certainly hoped that we had done with these musty saws when we assumed the dignity of adult life. We presume, indeed, that such platitudes are agreeable to some people. The readers of *Proverbial Philosophy* may enjoy it when cut up into lengths and turned to prose in form as well as substance. Nor will we deny that here and there Mr. Green has stumbled upon something that may be called a thought. Once he has taken an illustration resembling one of Shelley's, and, very honestly, gives us the quotation. At any rate he is harmless, if commonplace, and says nothing calculated to injure anybody's morality. He tells us not to put temptation in the way of others. Good; then why tempt a critic to lose his temper?

* *Fragments of Thoughts.* By Thomas Bowden Green. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

FAIR LUSITANIA.*

WHILE we have endless "Summers" and "Winters" in Spain, travels in Portugal are comparatively scarce, so that Lady Jackson's handsome volume is much more welcome than if it treated of the more fashionable division of the Peninsula. Few of the flying tourists who precipitate themselves into print have moved about with any idea of really enlightening the public. They write by way of adding a new incident to their tour, seasoning the matter they borrow from the guide-books with personal impressions which for the most part are painfully insipid. When you have made the very most of the thick pages with their broad margins and imposing type, all that is left worth remembering

* *Fair Lusitania.* By Catharine Charlotte, Lady Jackson. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1874.

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will be some practical hints about roads or hotels that you ought to find in your monthly *Bradshaw*. Most people may extract a good deal more than this from *Fair Lusitania*. We do not say that Lady Jackson is profound, and we are glad to give an assurance that she is by no means prosy. She is not much of an antiquary or archæologist. Although she did her churches and palaces conscientiously, she does not make much padding of their contents. She does not draw remorselessly on familiar chapters in histories, nor stop to sentimentalize and moralize when we should like her to keep moving. But she gives a pleasantly unpretending account of some of the most interesting cities and most attractive scenery of the country, with the advantage of treating of topics which are generally fresh to the reader. There are not many English people who know more of Portugal and its inhabitants than they have picked up while their steamer lay coaling in the Tagus; nor have popular poets or romance-writers explored Portuguese legends till there is little left to glean behind them. Yet, to English people especially, Portugal offers many attractions; and much that is most striking in her scenery and her cities is intimately associated either with our military history or with our trade. We won Busaco for Portugal as we defended Torres Vedras, and at this moment our commerce is largely contributing to the prosperity of the most flourishing of Portuguese seaports. The Portuguese are not slow to acknowledge that they owe us a great deal, and it may be partly from gratitude for favours present and to come that they are so much more civil to us than their Spanish neighbours.

Considering that it lies in a corner of Europe, and that the people themselves are little given to wandering from home, travelling in Portugal is made easier than might be expected. Going about alone as an unprotected female, unattended even by a servant, Lady Jackson flew in the face of the people's prejudices. Often they expressed surprise or looked it; sometimes polished gentlemen seem politely to have insinuated that there was something indiscreet, if not indelicate, in the proceeding, under the impression that the lady was a countrywoman of their own. But when she avowed her nationality they were all smiles and attention, although they may have accompanied their ceremonious courtesy with a slight shrug of the shoulders. Chivalry, indeed, would appear to have survived among them more to the advantage of the softer than of the rougher sex. More than once when Lady Jackson came rushing up late to the American tramway-cars which have been acclimatized there, the conductor did not even take the trouble to inquire whether "any gentleman would ride outside to oblige a lady," but simply intimated that a lady was waiting. Whereupon, amid a general movement of the male passengers, the gentleman nearest the door made a sacrifice of himself, and turned out to expose himself to the sunbeams on the glowing roof. Naturally the hotels and inns leave a good deal to desire, but some of them are more than fair, and many are very tolerable. There is commonly little to complain of the *cuisine*, although our cockney countrymen might grumble with a casual acquaintance of the author's over the difficulty of obtaining prime steaks and chops cut from well-fed and well-hung joints. More experienced travellers will make allowances for the impossibility of keeping meat with the thermometer at something like boiling point, or of breeding prime eating oxen at all in a climate justly famous for its wines. But such dishes as are served suit the temperature, while the fruits, vegetables, and snowy bread are always inviting. The furniture is primitive, and the decorations are conspicuous for simplicity; but one is ready to put up with short allowance of bed linen and scanty draperies rather than be troubled with the guests they inevitably harbour. The principle on which quarters are allotted is often rough and ready. Repeatedly the hosts seemed to expect as a matter of course that Lady Jackson and the Spanish lady and gentleman she chanced to be travelling with would make no objection to sharing the same apartment. And on one occasion she had her bed assigned to her in the grand central chamber of the establishment, with a door opening out at each of the four corners. Each door communicated with a bedroom in possession of a gentleman, and in each of them there were rifts and chinks so wide as to be utterly fatal to anything like privacy. There is some difficulty, too, about being landed safely at your hotel, even when you have decided beforehand which establishment you propose patronizing. The representatives of the various houses intrigue against each other with Iberian cunning, and show shameless Punic faith when you throw yourself on their word and honour. Once Lady Jackson and her companions were fairly lied into the wrong house, which they found execrable. Yet the astute proprietor was so genuinely civil and kindly when he had fairly trapped them, that the victims submitted to their fate for the night, and had scarcely the heart to break away from him in the morning. Indeed we may say that civility and good nature are among the national virtues, nor do we hear of many attempts at extortion.

There is much that is picturesque in the people as well as in the country, and the picturesqueness lies conveniently for the admiration of visitors, so that those who make a flying tour see the best of it. The port of Lisbon, with its palace-crowned heights and its magnificent river, ranks with Constantinople and Naples, Genoa and Palermo; and in Lady Jackson's opinion the Douro at Oporto is almost more enchanting. There is Cintra easily accessible even to those who have but a few hours to spare for a drive; and in the immediate vicinity of the capital and Oporto are some of the most charming watering-places in the country. Everywhere the Portuguese cling to their primitive manners and customs, and they exhibit a striking variety of costume. Nothing was more characteristic in the small department devoted to Portugal at the Vienna Exhibition than a revolving stand showing an infinite number of appropriately dressed figures. By their dress, and especially by their fête-day ornaments, the initiated may distinguish the natives of different districts, often of adjacent parishes. Particular callings cling to a kind of rude livery, and the tools or vessels peculiar to their trades continue to be made on a primitive pattern. In Lisbon, for instance, there are said to be still some three thousand water-carriers from Galicia, disturbing the early morning with their harsh cries and toiling along under their old familiar barrels. We especially mention these Gallegans because it is significant of Portuguese conservatism that they should still find occupation at all, or at least in any number. A system of waterworks has brought ample supplies to the city, but as the citizens have a prejudice against the pipes which the water passes through, they continue to patronize their old Spanish friends. So these stout, bandy-legged little Galicians go toiling up streets as steep as staircases, nothing loth, while excellent water is rising beside them forced to the heights by its own pressure. It is true that "the old leather-curtained *seges* with their mules, and booted and spurred postilions, have disappeared from Lisbon." But the rude ox-carts, creaking and groaning "on the circular pieces of wood with a hole in the centre which serve for wheels," are still to be heard and seen everywhere, grinding heavily along by the side of American tramways, although those steeper streets of the capital are so utterly ill suited to them. But then they are not only hallowed by custom, but possibly they recommend themselves to the artistic sense which lies unconsciously latent in those Southern races. Fancy an English "peasant proprietor" taking the trouble to wreathe his waggon in willow boughs, and interlace it with vine tendrils, as Lady Jackson tells us she has seen these ox-carts decorated in Lisbon, when they chanced to be carrying a load of grapes. And out of the commercial towns and fashionable watering places the nobility and gentry are as slow to adopt modern ideas as their uneducated and untravelled dependents. For example, a very agreeable Viscount who travelled northward with Lady Jackson by the Oporto Railway got out at a side station to go to his home. The horse that waited for him was as quaintly caparisoned as if he had been decked out for a bull-fight, while his rider thrust his feet into "wooden boxes" that were supposed to do duty for stirrups.

Most conspicuous among the puppets exhibited at Vienna were groups of the clergy in the dresses of their various orders, but the whole pyramid was perhaps characteristically dominated by the gigantic figure of a venerable beggar. Although still pious or superstitious, the Portuguese are far less priest-ridden than they used to be; yet mendicancy unhappily is as offensively rampant as ever. Professional beggars swarm, especially at the doors of the churches and the starting-places of the diligences. They shock your different senses by exhibiting their sores and deformities, or appeal to your Christian charity by offering you opportunity for works of compassion. Sometimes amateurs of the better classes betake themselves to the trade, unable to resist a strong temptation, as when they see a foreigner free with his purse. Nor is it easy for a stranger who has been accustomed to live among police officers and Mendicity Societies to fall at once into the fashions of the place, and wave away each revolting object who has been yelping at his heels, and intruding on his privacy, with a polite "Patience, brother, patience; it cannot be now." As for the priests, who often do a little begging in their own way, there are still plenty of them, and their influence, in the rural parishes especially, is very great; but the palmy days of the ecclesiastical hierarchy are over. Nothing but her colonies and the wealth she drew from commerce could have enabled the little kingdom to support these worthy but luxurious gentlemen in the stately religious retirements which some of the orders used to make a round of mundane pleasures. In the course of her travels Lady Jackson visited Alcobaça, consecrated then to the community of St. Bernard. The internal arrangements of the magnificent Lusitanian monastery were very much of a contrast to those of the more famous hospice in the high Alps. Beckford had been hospitably entertained there at the end of the last century. Even then its decline had set in; the number of the brothers had been reduced by one-half, although they still mustered between four and five hundred. If the Church in Portugal kept learning alive - it has bequeathed to the modern libraries some magnificent collections of books—it certainly did its best for the art of cookery. Beckford describes the kitchen at Alcobaça as the most distinguished temple of gluttony in all Europe. It was a superb hall one hundred feet long, traversed in its length by a clear flowing rivulet, which was partitioned off into so many reservoirs where fishes fattened under the superintendence of the cooks. There were fountains for washing vegetables, great loads of game and fruit, long lines of stoves, "hillocks of wheaten flour, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil," &c. Lying so near the valley and vineyards of the Douro, the cellars may be supposed to have been in keeping with the kitchen. The monks were amateurs of the gayer arts as well, and, as Lady Jackson tells us, "amused themselves with plays, concerts, and dances." Certainly these votaries of St. Bernard showed no fear of the flesh and the devil they had sworn to fight; for they took good care to provide themselves with plenty of temptations to triumph over.

Priestly extravagances of this kind, with the contributions they imposed on the people, and Royal magnificence like that which is said to have lavished millions on palace-building and gardening in the inhospitable deserts of Mafra, may go far to account for the

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impoverishment of a country which had been losing the best part of the energy and enterprise that long gave it an importance disproportioned to its size. But of late years Portugal has been bestirring herself again, and making no inconsiderable progress. She has been introducing railways, though we fancy the roads that should feed them are still in many instances to be made. She has been laying herself out for municipal and sanitary improvements, especially in the towns where she is brought most in contact with foreigners. And she still preserves that almost aggressive spirit of independence which guarantees her against being seduced or menaced into compromising her comparatively assured prosperity in the doubtful fortunes of her unfortunate neighbour. So that, on the whole, Lady Jackson's book leaves us with a favourable impression of the conditions and prospects of Fair Lusitania; while for itself it is light and pleasant reading, to say nothing of its being liberally illustrated after very excellent photographs.

THE UTRECHT PSALTER.*

IN our review of the Deputy-Keeper's "First Report on the Utrecht Psalter," we observed that the *onus probandi* rests with those who assign a later date than the sixth century to the document (see *Saturday Review*, April 26, 1873). The highest authorities had till recently always spoken of it as belonging to that century; and if the handwriting alone had been in question, probably no doubt on the subject would ever have been suggested. But it has to be borne in mind that there are many other considerations besides the mere character of the handwriting which may contribute to the decision of the case. The nature and texture of the vellum, the style of illumination, and in this particular case the drawings which appear on nearly every page of the Psalter, may, and in fact do, supply important evidence; and in so difficult a case, where the most expert palæographers are at issue, it would not be safe to neglect any point, however insignificant it may appear, from which there should be the slightest chance of light being thrown upon the subject. By saying then that the *onus probandi* lies with the assertors of the later date, we are only alleging what they themselves will cordially agree to—that authority has been on the side of the earlier date; that, at the first blush of the thing, it would be natural to fix upon the sixth century, though the disproof of that date may possibly be very easy and very complete.

The brief Reports made to the Trustees of the British Museum showed upon the whole a very decided opinion on the part of those who wrote them, and, as we observed in our notice of them (April 25, 1874), some of those whose names appear in that publication are eminently qualified to judge, and their opinions therefore carry with them great weight, and are entitled to great respect, though the arguments used are scanty. Such matters depend a great deal on a feeling which is not indeed independent of reason, but which scarcely admits of having its full force adequately expressed in the way of argument. There is such a thing as *effect;* that is to say, the conclusion derived from a number of particulars may seem to an accomplished judge inevitable, though the nature of the case prevents that conclusion being made so certain to persons less well informed on the subject-matter.

But, however that may be, a reviewer, from the necessity of the case, after having made all the allowance he can on this score, is almost bound to confine his attention to the arguments alleged, and must not attempt to influence public opinion by stating his own mere feeling on the subject. We may at once dismiss the idea of there being any theological prejudice on either side of the question. Viewed in this light, it was very unfortunate that the Museum Reports should have appeared under the wing of the Dean of Westminster, because this gives them an appearance which we are bound to say is not borne out by any of the four Reports of Mr. Bond, Mr. Thompson, Professor Westwood, or the Bodleian Librarian, which seem to us to be the most valuable part of that publication. The Dean of Westminster is known to dislike the Athanasian Creed, and we cannot conceive any reason why his name should have appeared in connexion with the subject of the antiquity of the MS. And it appears now that the Dean is not even responsible for the two pages prefixed to the Report, for the blunders of which Mr. Bond has since taken upon himself the responsibility. But Sir Thomas Hardy's arguments are many of them adduced against his adversaries as if their object had been to disparage the antiquity of the Creed itself, rather than that of this particular copy of the Creed; and there is an evident excuse for this in the fact of the Museum Reports appearing under the patronage of one who is not a palæographer, and whose prejudice against the Creed is well known. Neither, on the other side, was Sir Thomas Hardy at all desirous of magnifying the importance of the Athanasian Creed by representing it as of the earliest possible date, but, as he himself tells us at the time of writing his first Report, his prejudice was rather against than in favour of the present use of the Creed in the Church of England.

The controversy is evidently not yet closed, and happily theology will not hereafter in all probability be brought into the arguments on either side, for one doubt at least seems to be settled. No one, as far as we can gather, any longer believes that there was any intention of forgery in the copy, granting that it is a copy, of an older MS., which contains the Psalter, the Creed, and the Canticles. Mr. Foulkes invented a theory that the Creed itself was a forgery of the time of Charlemagne, but we are not aware whether, since the demolition of that theory by Professor Jones of St. Beuno's College and Mr. Brewer, he still has any followers, or indeed whether he retains the same opinion himself. At any rate it is not alleged by any of the Reporters that the beautiful MS. which is under debate was written for the purpose of deception; and whatever may have been the opinion of the gentlemen who have reported on the subject, it appears from a letter published by Mr. Bond in the *Academy* of August 8 that he regards it as a volume *de luxe*, if we may be allowed the expression, copied from an earlier MS., which it perhaps exactly represents line for line and word for word. If this be so, no theology is required to show from internal evidence what is the date of the Athanasian Creed. The question, as Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy has properly put the matter, is reduced to the only tenable hypotheses which do not violate common sense and probability. Is the MS. an original, or a literal copy from an original of the sixth century?

It must not, however, be forgotten that there is a possibility of the Psalter having been copied in the ninth century from an older MS., preserving the character of the original, and that at the same time the insertion was made of the Athanasian Creed, not copied, but executed in the same character for the sake of uniformity. In that case, however, the difference in the style of writing would have somewhere made its appearance. And the strongest argument against this hypothesis may be deduced from the indiscriminate use of the two kinds of (G), the one with a point and the other with a comma as in the word *genitus*, in two successive verses of the Creed. Both these forms belong to the sixth century, and appear to be used without any distinction according to the caprice of the writer, and it is very unlikely that a scribe not copying, but merely imitating, antique writing should have followed the same arbitrary use. It is much more likely that he would have confined himself to the one form which was easier to write or with which he was even more familiar, supposing all idea of forgery to be out of the question. Now the commonest form of (G) is that with the comma, and it appears that in the Athanasian Creed nearly the same proportion is observed between the two kinds of (G) as in the rest of the Psalter—and this would have been very unlikely if the Psalter had been copied, and the Creed only written in an imitated hand. This uniformity of caprice, if caprice it was, indicates that both are alike either original or both copied from an exemplar, and is against the supposition of one part being exactly copied, whilst the other was imitated in the best way possible. And precisely the same conclusion may be drawn from the two forms of (Q) which are used throughout the MS.

And now for the arguments adduced in favour of the earlier or later date of the MS. We profess our inability to decide anything as regards the material on which it is written. We can only give the statements of Mr. Bond and Mr. Thompson on the one hand, and the Deputy Keeper's on the other. The two authorities of the British Museum speak of the volume as being leathery and wanting the fine surface of an ancient MS., and again as not being of fine texture, and bending easily under its own weight, and having none of the smooth crispness which one looks for in very ancient manuscripts. On the other hand, Sir Thomas Hardy's opinion is that it is of a delicate and uniform texture, quite different from that containing the fragments of the Gospels bound up in the same volume, and from the vellum generally used in the eighth, ninth, and succeeding centuries. It is scarcely possible to imagine two opinions more directly contradictory than these. And we shall merely observe further that the only judgment we can pronounce from an inspection of the photographic copy is that the vellum is at least thin enough to show the writing on the back of the leaf through to its surface, and that the mark of the disputed initial (B) of the first leaf shows through even to the back of the third leaf. The extreme paucity of MSS. of the sixth century, when added to these two conflicting opinions, deprives the argument of those who on this score deny the antiquity of the MS. of nearly all its weight. For, in saying that the *onus probandi* rests with those who assign the document to the ninth century, we have not stated the full force of the case. Though the MSS. of the sixth century are extremely rare, this is not the case with those of the ninth, and it has to be remembered that there is not a single copy of an earlier MS. executed in that century in the character used in the Utrecht Psalter. In our previous review of the eight Reports we omitted to examine in detail Mr. Bond's argument for the more modern date. We now recur to it, and to the reply made by the Deputy Keeper of the Records. We noticed that the initial (B) was of later date than the rest of the MS.; by which it was meant that, whether nearly contemporaneous with it or not, it was put on after the volume was bound, as is plainly proved by what has been already said of its showing through the second leaf and being faintly visible on the third. It might, for all we know, have been added long afterwards, there being several early MSS., as well as in later times printed books, where the initial capitals were left to be filled in by another hand, and which to this day remain incomplete. But Sir Thomas Hardy, in addition to this, has printed two copies of this letter each from a MS. of the sixth century, and so far confirms the opinion which he had himself formed, in conjunction with an eminent Irish

* *Further Report on the Utrecht Psalter; in answer to the Eight Reports made to the Trustees of the British Museum, and edited by the Dean of Westminster.* By Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, D.C.L., Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records.

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palæographer, that "the letter in question was of an Irish form, of the sixth century or earlier" (p. 27).

As regards the Rustic characters Mr. Bond says:—"Instances can be produced of the use of Rustic capitals even for the greater part of a MS. so late as the ninth or tenth century." The one instance, however, which is adduced is the Aratus in the Harleian Collection, No. 647, in which the Commentary is written in Rustic capitals, whilst the text is in a handwriting of the tenth century. Whatever may be thought of the Deputy Keeper's opinion as to the uncertainty of the date of the Aratus, it is quite evident that Mr. Bond has greatly exaggerated the case when he ventures to speak of "instances" in the plural, especially when the single instance he produces is that of only part of a MS. produced in this character, the reason being that it was copied from an older MS., and that it was found convenient to preserve the forms of the letters "within figures of the Constellations." Again, surely, the *onus probandi* rests with Mr. Bond—namely, to show cause why the whole of the supposed copy from a MS. of the sixth century was executed in so elaborate a style in the ninth century. The thing is possible, but it has to be shown that it is likely that any one should undertake such a task, and for what purpose.

Mr. Bond seems to suppose that the drawings as well as the text are an exact copy from an earlier MS., and that this is a sufficient account of the tri-columnar arrangement of the text as well as of the preservation of the Rustic character; and he argues that the Rustic capitals are not genuine characters of the sixth century from their weak form and irregular setting. He proceeds to say that numerous indications of late work are revealed in almost every item of the description of the MS. And here we are obliged to say that we cannot deal with general allegations of this kind, which are of the nature of feeling, and not of argument, unless Mr. Bond will condescend to particulars and point out definite instances of the weakness and irregularity which the Deputy Keeper seems to think to be of the very essence of Rustic Roman characters as distinguished from uncials. Mr. Thompson makes another statement of the same kind, but does not venture on any specific illustration of his general charge—namely, that the first impression conveyed to the eye is that the letters are those of a copyist writing in a character to which he is not habitually accustomed; and he adds another general remark, that an examination of the letters in detail will show certain deviations from original forms which would not be found in genuine writings. Perhaps not. But where is the evidence for these genuine writings which may be relied on, and which are the letters, and where are they to be found? It is certain that a scribe copying would have betrayed himself in some such particulars as these. Sir Thomas Hardy has here undoubtedly the better of the argument, though possibly his opponents may in their reply produce some evidence which will enable us to judge better which opinion is the true one. Moreover there is plenty of evidence to show that the scribe and the artist were working together, each being at times ahead of the other.

Much of Sir Thomas Hardy's argument is directed against the supposition of the MS. being a forgery; but, as it does not appear that that hypothesis is adopted by Mr. Bond, we may leave unnoticed all such passages as imply or allude to this opinion, which we may consider to be already quite exploded.

Mr. Bond has noticed the three different forms of contraction. But each of them, as it appears, does duty for various contracted syllables; and there certainly appears to be somewhat of caprice about adopting them. None of these present any difficulty to the Deputy Keeper, who observes that the same modes of contraction will be found in other MSS. of the same early date which he claims for the Utrecht Psalter. The case, however, is different with another form of contraction, an instance of which occurs in one of the pages photographed for the authorities of the Museum. There the word *confundantur* is written *confundant'*, and this and fifteen other instances of the same contraction being used for the final syllable *ur* induce Mr. Bond to say that the frequent use of this contraction is alone conclusive evidence of the late date of the Psalter. Whether this be so or not, it must be admitted to be *primâ facie* a very strong argument. And here undoubtedly the *onus probandi* is shifted upon the shoulders of the Deputy Keeper and those who with him still are inclined to assign the MS. to the sixth century. Sir Thomas Hardy replies that he has counted the number of times that words of this termination occur in the Psalter, and that out of 425 instances of their occurrence sixteen only exhibit the contraction, and that the colour of the ink plainly shows that the abbreviative mark was added long after the MS. was written, probably at the time when the musical punctuation was added (p. 34). And here Sir Thomas Hardy notices what he considers an inconsistency in the authorities of the Museum:—

> Surely [he says] if the Utrecht MS. is a copy in the ninth century from an earlier MS., that earlier MS. must have had the same abbreviations; otherwise it would not have quadrated with its exemplar so as to fit the drawings. Another inconsistency arising out of Mr. Bond's assertion is apparent. After careful search I do not find the *ur* abbreviation even once used in the Canticles, Creeds, and Apocryphal Psalm. The very few times it is found is in the Psalms only, which Mr. Bond and his followers suppose may have been written in the sixth or seventh century. How then do they reconcile their statement that the abbreviation belongs to a period after the eighth or ninth century with their supposition that the Psalter itself may be of the sixth or seventh century?

There is, indeed, one way out of this argument which seems so conclusive. The MS. may not have been copied line for line, in which case the copyist might in some instances have varied from his exemplar, and, writing in the ninth or tenth century, have either purposely varied from the copy, or, having made a mistake, rectified it by using a style of contraction not in use in the sixth century. If he purposely varied, some good reason ought to be shown for such variation, which is certainly a very unnatural supposition. If he made a mistake and corrected it in this way, the hypothesis is not more violent than Sir Thomas Hardy's suggestion that the original scribe in the sixth century made a mistake, and that it was rectified long afterwards by some corrector—who, he says, wrote in ink of a different colour. As far as the passage in the 96th Psalm goes, there was plenty of room to have written in the line *Confundantur omnes qui ad*, for the next line extends to a space longer than this by two letters. Whichever scribe it was who wrote *Confundant omnes qui ad* in all probability made a mistake, and mistakes abound throughout the MS.; and the question arises who corrected it. Sir Thomas Hardy is of opinion that these abbreviations of *ur* were added long after the MS. was written, as the colour of the ink plainly shows, perhaps at the time when the musical punctuation was added. This difference of colour, which is palpable enough in the punctuation, is very difficult to see in the particular instance we are referring to, and, we are bound to add, is distinguishable in very few of the seventeen instances, for that is the number which we have counted, of *ur* final contracted. One of these, however, has perhaps been purposely omitted by the Deputy Keeper of the Records because the contracting mark in the word *frustrabitur* on p. 75 is somewhat different in shape from that of the other sixteen. The Deputy Keeper also instances the word *anim* being left for *animam* and *erim* for *erimus*. A parallel instance to the latter exists in the splendid fragment of Virgil where the word *vocib* was left for *vocibus*, but in this case there has been no corrector of another generation to add the (') in place of the syllable *us*.

The eighth chapter treats of the punctuation, and here any one who has eyes can judge for himself whether Mr. Thompson is correct in saying that it is contemporaneous with the writing, the colour of the ink being the same, or whether the Deputy Keeper of the Records is right in asserting that it is a subsequent addition, because the colour of the ink is paler. We have no hesitation in saying that in most cases the distinction is very marked indeed. For other considerations we must be content to refer our readers to the "Further Report" and its two appendices, the second of which is especially interesting. Of the first we shall only say that its subject is the concurrence of the historical and palæographical arguments as treated in a letter from the Rev. Robert C. Jenkins to the Deputy Keeper, and that we wish Mr. Jenkins had paid more attention to his Greek accents, the mistakes in which are a great blot on these handsome pages. The second is a letter from Mr. Howard Payne, in which he shows reasons for assigning the drawings to Alexandria as their place, and to the sixth century as the period of execution. To conclude, we are of opinion that the authorities of the British Museum are called upon to reply to this elaborate, and to us upon the whole satisfactory, argument of the Deputy Keeper of the Records.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

OUR readers may perhaps remember that M. Armand Baschet, already favourably known by his learned histories of Venetian diplomacy, recently published a most interesting account of St.-Simon's manuscript collections, and gave us, so to speak, a glimpse of the treasures buried far from the vulgar eye in the French Foreign Office. The handsome octavo we have now to announce* is a continuation of the same subject. M. Baschet begins by tracing the vicissitudes of the different collections of State papers scattered here and there; he then shows how they were brought together, classified, and arranged, and he gives the history of the eminent men who, under the various Governments which have ruled since 1710, have been successively appointed to the duty of keeping the State papers. The list, beginning with Jean-Baptiste Colbert, Marquis de Torcy, and ending with M. Prosper Faugère, includes some of the most distinguished names in French history; and it affords M. Baschet an opportunity of relating minutely the incidents connected with the recent decision of the Duke Decazes to facilitate the study of the *dépôt des archives*. Two portraits illustrate this excellent volume, which only needs an alphabetical index.

The correspondence between the Countess de Sabran and the Chevalier de Boufflers†, edited by MM. de Magnieu and Henri Prat, is another publication of solid value. Comprising as it does the ten years from 1778 to 1788, it adds many curious details to what we already knew about the latter part of the eighteenth century, and it derives from the noble character and genuine feeling of Mme. de Sabran an interest with which Horace Walpole's friend, the Marchioness du Deffand, fails to inspire us. It was highly creditable to the heroine of this book to have tamed, transformed, and almost converted, a man like Boufflers; and when we see the wild Abbé, afterwards Chevalier, seriously lamenting over his *légèretés de jeunesse* under the magic influence of Mme. de Sabran, we come to the conclusion that all the ladies who moved in fashionable life a hundred years ago were not the frail creatures that M. Arsène Houssaye loves to describe. The notes on Mme. de

* *Histoire du dépôt des archives des affaires étrangères.* Par M. Armand Baschet. Paris: Plon.

† *Correspondance inédite de la comtesse de Sabran et du chevalier de Boufflers.* Publiée par E. de Magnieu et Henri Prat. Paris: Plon.

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Lamotte, Cagliostro, the Cardinal de Rohan, &c., will be found interesting, and the portrait of the Countess de Sabran, etched from the original painted by Mme. Vigée Lebrun, forms an appropriate frontispiece.

M. Ch. Merruau has added his share to the ever growing library of contemporary memoirs by his *Souvenirs de l'Hôtel de Ville de Paris.** For the space of twenty years he was actively mixed up with all the vicissitudes of the municipal government of the French capital, and those who know the important part played by the Hôtel de Ville in all political revolutions from the time of the League downwards will be prepared to find the events from 1848 to the *Coup d'état* amply illustrated in the present volume. The history of the Paris Hôtel de Ville is the history not only of municipal administrations and improvements, but of revolutions, barricades, and political strife; and all these elements find their due places in a book which combines the accuracy of official statements with amusing anecdotes bearing upon recent events. When we remember that the heroes of the Commune during the last few hours of their reign destroyed the greater part of the documents preserved at the Hôtel de Ville, we shall appreciate still more the value of M. Merruau's interesting volume, which has been compiled chiefly from notes jotted down during a quarter of a century. We may as well mention that the late Secretary-General of the Seine Préfecture is a decided Bonapartist, and that many of his readers may be expected to dissent from his view of the *Coup d'état*.

M. Fustel de Coulanges' remarkable work on *La cité antique* immediately procured for him the reputation of a learned historian and a philosophic thinker. He now deals with the political institutions of old France†, and endeavours to trace them to their origin. As M. de Coulanges remarks, feudal laws and the entire scheme of mediæval society seem so directly opposite to the system amidst which we live that we are apt to look upon them as an arbitrary state of things imposed by violence. A close inspection, however, of the documents handed down to us from the middle ages will show the fallacy of such an opinion. Feudal institutions were the result of a slow, gradual, and regular growth; they represented the habits and feelings of the generations which saw them flourish; they were in accordance with their ideas and their material interests. M. de Coulanges takes for his starting-point the conquest of Gaul by the Romans, and he sees in that event the germs of feudalism. The volume which he has just published is divided into four books, treating respectively—(1) of the Roman Conquest; (2) of the Roman Empire, viewed chiefly in connexion with the annexed provinces; (3) of the German invasion; (4) of the Merovingian Kingdom. The reading which so exhaustive a work implies must have been enormous, and the substantial value of the book is further enhanced by the attractions of a clear and picturesque style. The part now before us contains only introductory matter; Volume II., embracing a detailed account of the feudal system, is announced for immediate publication.

The history of the reign of Saint Louis has lately occupied the attention of many writers; we have noticed in a previous article the edition of Joinville's Memoirs edited by M. Natalis de Wailly; M. Félix Faure's *Histoire de Saint-Louis* was likewise examined shortly after its publication; and now we have to say a few words about M. Henri Wallon's two octavos.‡ This gentleman is no literary novice; his *Histoire de l'esclavage dans l'antiquité*, now out of print, his *Jeanne d'Arc*, his remarkable monograph on King Richard II., and his articles on the French Revolution, had already secured to him a high place amongst historians of the Liberal-Conservative school; the monument he has recently raised to one of the greatest of French kings is equally worthy of his reputation, and deserves to be closely studied. The introduction gives a clear account of the state of France at the death of Louis VIII., and a brief synopsis of the feudal divisions of the country enables us to appreciate the efforts which Saint Louis was obliged to make with the view of re-establishing and strengthening the royal authority. Then comes an enumeration of the various sources to be consulted, and which have supplied M. Wallon with the materials for his work. The first volume ends at the moment when the Crusaders return from Palestine. In his minute and animated sketch of the expedition our author has made equal use of Christian and of Oriental sources, and he quotes Abulfeda as well as Guillaume de Nangis and *Les Grandes Chroniques de France*. The greater part of the second volume is taken up by the history of Louis IX.'s government at home, and by a description of French society, including of course an elaborate description of the feudal system. Finance, military organization, literature, and the fine arts, come in successively for their share of notice, and the last two chapters of the work contain an interesting history of the King's foreign relations, his crusade in Africa, and his death. Here again we regret not to find an alphabetical index, which in a work full of facts and of proper names should be regarded as indispensable.

M. Paul Devaux has just published a volume of historical essays including both ancient and modern society.§ It is a book of considerable pretensions, and bears evidence of much thought. M. Devaux observes that war is always followed by certain political consequences entirely distinct from the immediate results of victory or defeat. The influence of war modifies the home government of the belligerent Powers, their institutions, and the attitude of parties during a period of greater or less duration, and it is counterbalanced, on the other hand, by the corresponding influence exercised by a state of peace. According to M. Devaux, war has a certain binding quality, whilst, on the contrary, peace acts as a kind of solvent; a common danger unites nations against the enemy who threatens their political existence; quiet brings out the elements of selfishness, and weakens national feeling. The first essay in the book before us is devoted to an illustration of this position from facts supplied by general history; Egypt, India, Palestine, Sparta, Athens, France, England, and Germany are treated of separately in subsequent disquisitions; Rome is reserved for a distinct volume. M. Devaux writes in a calm, dispassionate style, and his work, apart from the particular theory which it is intended to support, is interesting as a sketch of history both ancient and modern.

M. Carre's work likewise is a general history, but is limited to Eastern civilization *, and therefore goes much more into detail than was possible for M. Devaux. The array of authorities quoted at the beginning of the first volume is somewhat formidable, and we are bound to say that M. Carre has made good use of them. He need not have apologized for the numerous quotations he gives in his foot-notes; in such a work references to authorities and occasional extracts are absolutely necessary. The first volume is devoted to a history of Egyptian and Chinese civilization; Hindustan, Persian, and Chaldean fill up the second. In his preface M. Carre frankly acknowledges that on certain points he dissents from opinions which are generally accepted by competent writers; thus he differs from Champollion in refusing to believe in the monotheism of the Egyptians, and he endeavours to refute a view of M. Oppert respecting the religion of the Chaldeans. Whether M. Carre's criticisms are correct or not we shall not attempt to decide; at any rate they are modestly expressed and deserve to be weighed.

M. Charles Clément continues with unabated success his studies of modern French painters; after having given us monographs of Prud'hon and Géricault, he now devotes a volume to Léopold Robert.† In the case of this distinguished artist there already existed two valuable sources of information, the notice published in 1838 by M. Delécluze, and the more ambitious work of M. Feuillet de Conches. M. Clément, however, has been fortunate enough to obtain access to numerous letters which Léopold Robert addressed at various times to his brother Aurèle, and to M. de Meuron, the well-known Swiss landscape-painter; and with the help of these documents he has composed a biography which will be found interesting even by readers acquainted with the two other works we have mentioned. M. Clément quotes largely from the correspondence placed at his disposal, and the letters submitted to the reader illustrate in the most touching way the character of a man whose tragic end caused much surprise and sorrow.

The book lately published by M. Mailfer ‡ is the continuation of a larger work in which the author had examined the progress and development of democracy. After having exhibited democracy as the most continuous, the most ancient, and the most persevering fact which history can boast of, M. Mailfer now attempts to show what are the natural results of that fact, and how both France and Europe are likely to be affected by it. He accepts democracy as the natural evolution of history, and as a consequence of political progress; but at the same time he shows the absurdity of building the society of the future on the lines of atheism, and of setting up the human will as the criterion of right. After what he calls "Gregorism"—that is to say, the Papacy manifesting itself in its fullest expression—comes Erastianism, to which succeeded the negative philosophy which seems to be triumphing at the present time. Many people appear to be surprised that the French revolutionists should not have founded anything; the reason of this failure, says M. Mailfer, is not far to seek; every system supposes a principle, true or false, forming the keystone of the edifice, and the bond which connects together all the different parts of that edifice. This principle, this bond of union, is the religious idea, from which the moral law is derived. Now the French Revolution repudiated religion; consequently it placed the moral law at the caprice of every individual member of the body politic, thus sowing the seeds of anarchy, instead of creating a system. This striking characteristic makes, according to M. Mailfer, the difference between the English and French revolutionists; the former were guided by a religious principle, and accordingly were able to found a system; the latter had no principle to go upon, and built upon the sand. The truth of the view maintained by M. Mailfer finds confirmation in the efforts which Auguste Comte and his disciples made to establish what is called the religion of humanity; they recognized that society requires some axiom as a starting point. We cannot stop to examine M. Mailfer's suggestive chapters on the sovereignty of the people, and on the reforms which should be introduced into various branches of legislation; we will merely say that very few writers have more clearly and forcibly exhibited the weak points of modern democracy.

M. Edgar Quinet, on the contrary §, is a revolutionary optimist.

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* *Souvenirs de l'Hôtel de Ville de Paris.* Par M. Ch. Merruau. Paris: Plon.

† *Histoire des institutions politiques de l'ancienne France.* Par Fustel de Coulanges. 1re partie. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Saint-Louis et son temps.* Par H. Wallon. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Études politiques sur l'histoire ancienne et moderne.* Par Paul Devaux. London: Trübner & Co.

* *L'ancien Orient.* Par Léon Carre. Paris: Lévy.

† *Léopold Robert, d'après sa correspondance.* Par Charles Clément. Paris: Didier.

‡ *De la démocratie en Europe.* Par H. C. Mailfer. Paris: Guillaumin.

§ *L'esprit nouveau.* Par M. Edgar Quinet. Paris: Dentu.

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The French Republic, if we may believe him, has at any rate the promise of the life that now is, but it must be developed and carried on according to laws which the Extreme Left would not, we think, adopt in their entirety. Like M. Louis Blanc, M. Quinet is too much of a doctrinaire, and his views will not always bear the test of criticism. His recent work, however, deserves to be attentively read, and it bears traces of that imaginative power which is shown in all his writings. Politics, history, literature, metaphysics—on all these subjects he has ideas which are sometimes true, always interesting and original. His great quality is hope—hope in the future of France and the prosperous destinies of mankind. "Sursum corda" would be an appropriate motto for *L'esprit nouveau.*

When we read the voluminous History of Rollin, and other works of the same kind which were published in the last century, we at once see the extent of the revolution which has taken place in our knowledge of antiquity. This remark applies especially to the history of Eastern civilization. In former days the Greek writers, such as Herodotus, had supplied us with all we knew about the Assyrians, the Persians, and the Chaldæans, and the details given by those writers had come down to us clothed in the rhetorical verbiage of translators and compilers. Now the case is totally different, and the elaborate work of M. Carre, noticed above, may serve to show what we owe to recent explorers, to the critical acumen of modern philology and archæology. The annals of Upper Asia can now speak for themselves, and the cuneiform texts tell us what was the social life and political condition of the people settled on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. As M. Ménant observes *, we are now in a position to ascertain whether the traditions which we had been taught to accept on the authority of Herodotus and Xenophon are trustworthy or not. Last year, in a work noticed by us at the time, M. Ménant contrived to give us in one volume the whole collection of original documents hitherto discovered and translated as to the history of Assyria; the present octavo, compiled on a similar plan, is devoted to the annals of Babylon and Chaldæa. It presented peculiar difficulties, because the texts referring to the Chaldæan monarchs are almost exclusively architectonic, and are always disappointingly brief; the long narratives in which the kings of Assyria relate the history of their campaigns have no counterpart here, and we are often reduced merely to register lists of proper names. M. Ménant, however, has turned to good purpose the materials at his disposal, and his new work supplements in the most satisfactory manner the previous one. It is divided into six parts, corresponding respectively with (1) the legendary epoch, (2) the times when Chaldæa was not yet occupied by the people who subsequently gave it all its glory, (3) the first Chaldæan empire, (4) the struggle between the Assyrians and the Chaldæans till the fall of Nineveh, (5) the great empire of Chaldæa till the conquests of Cyrus, (6) the period of decay and the Macedonian conquest. It must not be supposed that the texts collected by M. Ménant are simply left to speak for themselves; he has elucidated them by a variety of essays and commentaries; he has profitably consulted the works of classical historians, and added, from various sources, lists of kings, which can thus be studied simultaneously with the cuneiform inscriptions. Six plans or maps complete the volume.

M. Lemerre, after having published an excellent history of French literature from the earliest times to the Renaissance, now gives us a companion volume † in the shape of an anthology or collection of extracts borrowed from the most distinguished prose writers. The volume begins with a short historical introduction on the French language, and each author who has contributed to enrich the anthology is described in a biographical notice. Grammatical and historical explanations are subjoined whenever necessary; and a collection of poetical gems is announced.

The same publisher presents us with a new edition of Shakspeare's dramatic works, translated into French prose by M. François Victor Hugo. ‡ The undertaking was a perilous one, requiring both an accurate knowledge of our own language and also considerable experience in writing. If we may judge from the first volume (which contains the *Comedy of Errors*, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*), M. Hugo is in many respects well qualified for the task, although his very legitimate horror of *à peu près* leads him sometimes into expressions which sound strange to an ear hitherto familiar only with Letourneur's paraphrastic version. The preface added by M. Victor Hugo well explains the state of what may be called the Shakspeare question in France, and it is amusing nowadays to read the rabid invectives of Voltaire against the author of *Hamlet*. We must remember, however, as M. Victor Hugo remarks, that a hundred years ago the infection of French taste, crossing the Channel, had nearly succeeded in damaging Shakspeare's reputation in his own country, and that George III. talked of the "sad stuff" bequeathed to posterity by a poet who was the greatest dramatist of all ages and all countries.

M. Auguste Lepage § begins by protesting against the calumnious idea which represents the Paris journalists as spending their lives in the *cafés*, and as writing their articles between two *demi-tasses*. If we may believe him, the atmosphere of these places is essentially repugnant to your true newspaper writer, and it is only penny-a-liners and *déclassés* scribblers who, under the influence of bitters and "Londrès" declaim against every Government that is guilty of neglecting their titles to social position, money, and dignities. Whether this apology for modern journalism is true or false we shall not stop to examine. We will only say that M. Lepage's descriptions of the various Paris *cafés*, enlivened by anecdotes of literary and political characters, are highly amusing.

About the year 1850 a few clever writers created, or rather revived, in French literature a taste for realism. M. Henry Murger and M. Champfleury were the leaders of the movement. Its starting-point was a praiseworthy reaction against the empty verbiage of the self-styled *littérateurs* who pretended to follow in the train of M. Victor Hugo. The realistic school has ended in producing the revolting novels of M. Zola and M. Belot, just as romanticism pure and simple found its latest exponents in M. Petrus Borel and M. Frédéric Gaillardet; but the folly of the disciples must not make us unjust towards the masters; and therefore it is that we recommend to our readers *Les aventures de Mademoiselle Mariette.* *

We spoke just now of the difficulties which a Frenchman has to encounter when he translates from English into his own language; an Englishman grappling with the same task is surely more wonderful still, and even if his attempt is but moderately successful, he deserves no small amount of praise. Mr. Roberts has published a metrical version of Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* † which it would be unfair to characterize as "moderately successful." It is very good, and shows on the part of the author a deep acquaintance with the spirit and mechanism of French poetry.

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* *Babylone et la Chaldée.* Par M. Joachim Ménant. Paris: Maisonneuve.

† *Anthologie des prosateurs français depuis le XIIe siècle jusqu'à nos jours.* Paris: Lemerre.

‡ *Œuvres complètes de Shakespeare.* Traduites par François Victor Hugo. Vol. I. Paris: Lemerre.

§ *Les cafés politiques et litteraires de Paris.* Par A. Lepage. Paris: Dentu.

* *Les aventures de Mademoiselle Mariette.* Par Champfleury. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Milton's l'Allegro and il Penseroso.* Translated into French by John Roberts. London: Harrison.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—THIRTY-FIRST SEASON. To commence Tuesday, April 13. Members to send Nominations, with Name and Address, and to Pay their Subscription, before Easter, by Cheque. The Record of 1874 will be published next week. Members declining their Subscription to notify the same in writing to Professor ELLA, Director, before March.

THE ROLL CALL.

THE ROLL CALL, by Miss THOMPSON.—The Public EXHIBITION of this PICTURE will COMMENCE on Wednesday, February 17, at the Gallery of the Society of French Artists, 168 New Bond Street, and will continue for a period of six weeks. The Private View will take place the two previous days. That portion of the Gallery which is not occupied by the "Roll Call" will be devoted to the Exhibition of a Collection of first-class Water-Colour Drawings by living and deceased Artists for the purposes of Sale.

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THE

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THE RUSSIAN ATTACK ON ENGLAND.

THE insolent attack on the English nation and Government published by the Russian organ at Brussels affords the most recent instance of the inconvenience of the official journalism of absolute Governments. Diplomatic communications are subject to certain restraints of decency, and even when a free press indulges in violent language, the writers are private and irresponsible persons. When a despotic Government thinks it expedient to insult a Power with which it happens to be dissatisfied, the object is effectually obtained by an attack in a newspaper. NAPOLEON was the author of the practice, as of many other encroachments on national independence. As long as he controlled the Continent his incessant vituperation of England falsified current history with an effect which is not yet wholly exhausted. The Russian mouthpiece at Brussels would seventy years ago have been worthily employed as a contributor to the *Moniteur*. It is happily impossible for the enemies of England and of freedom to acquire in the present day a monopoly of public attention; but Russian politicians may perhaps be influenced by the incessant abuse of English policy which is encouraged by the Imperial Government. It is of course probable that the charges which are from time to time preferred may not be drawn up in detail at the Foreign Office in St. Petersburg. It is enough for subordinate agents to know that attacks on the English Government will be welcome in high quarters. In the present instance the Brussels *Nord* has been chosen as the vehicle of an invective which might perhaps have been thought to betray its origin too clearly if it had been published in the semi-official papers of St. Petersburg or Moscow. It seems that Lord DERBY's refusal to take part in the Conference was not a mistake in policy, but a wicked act; and it may be added that both Houses of Parliament, accurately representing the opinion of the country, have within a few days become by unanimous approval accomplices in the crime. The motives attributed to England are somewhat incoherently explained. It can scarcely have been Lord DERBY's purpose to call attention to "the utter impotence of England in Continental "warfare." It is perfectly true that it has been thought prudent to avoid obligations which might possibly have interfered with the use of the maritime resources of the country. When one Government cannot courteously decline a novel proposal of another Power without immediately becoming subject to insult and menace, it is not desirable to weaken any legitimate power of defence.

The English Government is accused of "regarding with "doubt and suspicion, notwithstanding all evidence to the "contrary, the suggestions of a great Power animated with "noble and humane intentions." Lord DERBY has never denied, and in his recent despatch he has courteously admitted, that the proposal of the Emperor ALEXANDER may have been in the first instance suggested by humane intentions; and, as far as the resolutions of the Conference may tend to diminish the sufferings of war without producing any collateral effect, England will have no difficulty in assenting to any rules which may be adopted. As the project of the Russian Government was fully disclosed at Brussels, it is absurd to affect a belief that there are any measures for the benefit of the sick and wounded to be considered at St. Petersburg. Prince GORTCHAKOFF assented, as Lord DERBY reminds him, to the limitation of the controversy to military operations on land. His acquiescence in the English demand was illusory if it was intended that subjects excluded from deliberation at Brussels were to be debated in correspondence or at St. Petersburg. Unless the writer in the *Nord* has exceeded his instructions, his angry reference to the maritime doctrines maintained by England would alone prove that Lord DERBY's suspicions are well founded. The wish of the commander of a million of soldiers to cripple operations conducted by sailors is both intelligible and consistent with Russian traditions; but it is not extraordinarily humane or generous. If Lord DERBY had summoned a Conference for the purpose of reducing by common agreement the magnitude of standing armies, his proposal would have tended more effectually to diminish the evils of war than any resolution which was discussed at Brussels; yet it is highly probable that the Russian and German Governments would have been guilty of the wicked act of regarding with doubt and suspicion the humanity and generosity of England.

The irritation which has found rude expression in the Brussels paper has perhaps been immediately caused by the rumour that the secondary States of Europe are likely to follow the example of England. It is not improbable that they may fear to give offence to Russia, or that attendance at the Conference may be imposed as a condition of the Russian recognition of ALFONSO XII. as King of Spain. There is no doubt that Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland really feel the repugnance to a change of international law which they plainly indicated at Brussels. If for reasons of expediency they think fit to send plenipotentiaries to St. Petersburg, their conduct ought not to be harshly criticized. England is happily, notwithstanding the affected contempt of hack political writers, not yet reduced to the necessity of acting under foreign dictation. It might have been expected that France, having recently experienced an invasion, would be disinclined to restrict the right of national defence; but the Government perhaps fears to alienate a possible ally, and the army has not yet renounced the hope of invading the territory of an enemy in turn. Whether or not the minor States have the courage to follow the example of England, Lord DERBY and his colleagues have done their duty by bearing the brunt of Russian displeasure. The reasoning of Lord DERBY's despatch is unanswerable, and it has the merit of being distinct and decisive. It might have been anticipated that the refusal to share in the Conference would be unpalatable, but it could hardly have been expected that the journalists in the service of the Imperial Government would be instructed to let loose the torrent of scurrility and mendacity. Simultaneously with the violent language of the *Nord* a Russian journal has been employed to publish an absurd story about an English officer sent to instruct the Turcomans in the use of rifles previously supplied by England. Despots and courtiers are always ready to denounce the excesses of a licentious press; but few independent journalists would descend to the level of official libellers. It may, however, be answered that such writers as the author of the article in the *Nord* can scarcely be accused of indulging in license when they strictly obey orders.

The weaker States are warned by the Russian writer that "they have most to gain by fixing the laws of war, for "it is quite plain that where no law exists, the strong will "impose laws which they may consider convenient to them-"selves." It is indeed perfectly plain that, with or without fixed laws, powerful invaders will impose and enforce as far as possible such laws as may suit their own interest. The strong go somewhat further when they propose by anticipation to give a legal sanction to the privileges of superior force. It is evident that the loss or gain of the weaker States which are expected to be the subjects of invasion

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depends on the nature of the laws which may be proposed and sanctioned at the Conference. During the discussions at Brussels the minor States unanimously protested that the Russian and German projects were calculated to impair their powers of resistance. It is certain that the same motives will induce the same Powers to pursue the same policy at St. Petersburg. Among the losses which might be incurred by the rejection of the new rules, the Russian apologist would perhaps not appreciate the possible loss of independence. The inhabitant of a territory which may be wholly or partially in the military occupation of a foreign enemy can only communicate intelligence to his own Government at the risk of his life, but it is intolerable that the discharge of a patriotic duty should be stigmatized beforehand as a crime. If there are any alarmists who regret that Lord DERBY'S judicious and manly answer should have given offence to the Russian Government, they may console themselves with the knowledge that the difference between the Governments and the consequent outbreak of Russian insolence could only have been postponed. If the English Government had engaged in a written controversy, or if an English plenipotentiary had attended any Conference on the laws of war, it would have been necessary sooner or later to resist the probable infringement of maritime rights. In that case Russian journalists would, under superior orders, have denounced with more plausible bitterness the duplicity of a Government which, after acknowledging in principle the expediency of the discussion or the authority of a Conference, had refused to abide by its decisions. The course which has been adopted is more courteous, as well as more straightforward, than preliminary compliance with the form of a demand which was not to be granted in substance. Since the days of NAPOLEON it may be doubted whether any Sovereign has until now advanced the pretension of insisting as of right that an independent State shall accept against its wish the proposal of a Conference or Congress. Not many years have passed since the English Government declined the invitation of NAPOLEON III. to a Congress; and its example was immediately followed by nearly every Power in Europe. The EMPEROR was on that occasion seriously disappointed; but the journalists of the French Empire were not instructed to accuse England of wickedness in exercising an independent judgment.

STROUD.

MR. LEWIS, in inviting the House of Commons to suspend the issue of a writ for Stroud, seemed to himself to have a much stronger case than he really had. Nor was the mistake an unnatural one. Four elections within seven months, all attacked on the ground of corrupt practices, and successfully attacked in three cases, the exception being when the dissolution rendered inquiry impossible, are enough to create uneasy feelings about a borough. Nor is it difficult to understand that the borough is itself in a very excited and distracted state. Parties are very nearly balanced, and each side seems determined to win, and to win at all costs and at all risks. The tranquil current of private life is roughly disturbed under such circumstances. Political opposition degenerates into private bitterness, and honest, quiet people come to hate the very name of an election, and to think that the greatest kindness that could be done to them would be to preserve them from any more elections for some time to come. To suspend the writ for a time, partly as a punishment for malpractices, and partly as a means of permitting a return to decency, honesty, and peace, seems a step creditable to an indignant public, and really considerate towards Stroud itself. But it was a remedy which might have caused much more mischief than it was designed to cure. The House, if it had adopted the course proposed, would have been acting in a fit of moral caprice. If a constituency is tainted with widespread corruption, and this appears to the satisfaction of an Election Judge, there is no doubt as to what ought to be done. The ground for the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry is open, and the Commission, armed with the power of extorting materials from reluctant witnesses, examines how far the conclusion of the Judge, resting only on such facts as were brought before him on the trial of a petition, is correct. If, on the Commission making its report, the case seems so bad that the borough ought to be disfranchised, a Bill for that purpose is brought in, and in this Bill all the branches of the Legislature are invited to concur. It by no means follows as a matter of course that both Houses of Parliament should take the same view as to the proposed disfranchisement of a borough. A Bill for the disfranchisement of Stafford twice passed the House of Commons, and was twice rejected by the Lords. While the Commission is making its investigations, and while any Bill is pending for disfranchisement, no new writ is issued. This is a plain and intelligible course, and it reposes on three principles—that a writ shall only be suspended with a view to inquiry, or to allow a Bill for disfranchisement to be passed; that a case for inquiry shall not be assumed to exist until the Election Judge shall have pronounced that it does exist; and that disfranchisement shall be the work, not of one, but of both Houses of Parliament.

It must, however, be owned that, although this may be the most reasonable mode of treating the matter, it is only very lately that it can be said to have been clear that there was no other mode of treating the case of a delinquent borough. There has been a steady reluctance on the part of the leaders of the House to sanction any interference with the issuing of a writ, except with a view to inquiry or disfranchisement, on account of the great abuses to which party spirit might turn such a discretionary power on the part of the House. But in 1860, after a Commission had reported that, although corruption had prevailed at Wakefield at a recent election, yet there was not ground for disfranchising the borough, the House of Commons—not with a view to inquiry, for inquiry was closed, and not with a view to disfranchisement, for the views of the Commissioners were adopted on that head, but simply to inflict a temporary punishment—suspended the writ for two years. This precedent did not apply very closely to the case of Stroud, for here there has been no Commission of Inquiry. But the discretion of the House as to suspending a writ has been recently controlled by the passing of the Act transferring the trial of election petitions to the Judges. An inquiry by Commission cannot now be made unless the Judge has reported that bribery has extensively prevailed. Formerly the House was asked to decide whether a case for a Commission had been made out. This delicate duty has been now imposed upon the Judge. There might be arguments against leaving it to the Judge to decide this; for he can only take cognizance of facts judicially brought before him, and the evidence might give good reason for suspecting a state of general corruption, although it might not be clear enough and cogent enough to warrant a Judge in stating that he had discovered general corruption to exist. On the other hand, it may be said that to allow a large mixed body frequently excited by party spirit, like the House of Commons, to act upon its suspicions and apprehensions of extensive bribery is necessarily dangerous. At any rate the Legislature has adopted the latter view. To permit inquiry without the Judge having stated that, in his opinion, good grounds for an inquiry existed, was so far to repeal the Election Petitions Act; and this was the ground on which Mr. DISRAELI rested his refusal to acquiesce in Mr. LEWIS'S motion.

What Mr. LEWIS wanted to do was, in fact, to skip over a Commission of Inquiry, to offer himself as the voluntary reporter of an imaginary Commission, and to be allowed to state that he had discovered traces of general corruption at Stroud. The Judges who tried the petitions had not discovered these traces, but Mr. LEWIS had. The very case of Stroud itself showed how very unjust such a course would be. The first election set aside was set aside merely because some electors got a little breakfast of a simple and humble kind in a Dissenting schoolroom. A subsequent election was attacked on the ground that some millowners gave their workmen a holiday on the day of the poll, and yet paid for full time at the end of the week. The presiding Judge went so far, and so far only, as to say that this was a practice open to objection; he was assured that it should be given up, and it was not repeated at the election which took place shortly afterwards. On one occasion the Judge did report that there had been extensive treating, but as the Act did not seem to contemplate that a Commission should be issued unless it was bribery that the Judge had found to prevail extensively, no further steps were taken, a new writ was issued, and on the next election there were no traces of treating on anything like an extensive scale. Stroud, on the whole, seemed very ready to mend its ways when errors were brought home to it of a kind which

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touched the bulk of the constituency. But there was on each side a violent faction, a set of men moved to fury by these repeated contests, who were perfectly unscrupulous, and were ready to do anything so that they could snatch a victory from their opponents; and these men did very bad things indeed. They bribed, they brought in strangers to corrupt the constituency, they spirited away witnesses, they did all they could to defy the law, to degrade the borough, and to defeat justice. The question which the Election Judges had to decide was, whether these violators of the law were a set of persons apart, a special, separate, bad lot, or whether they were the representatives of a large portion of the constituency. They decided that these men were the exception, not the rule. What Mr. LEWIS wanted was to persuade the House of Commons that he knew better than the Judges, and that he might be trusted when he said that the constituency of Stroud generally was not fit to elect a member. As Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT pointed out, any Tory in the days of WILKES might, on the same principle, have assured the House that Middlesex was not a fit constituency to elect a member, as it was sure to persist in its wrong doings; or, in more recent times, before the disqualification of Jews was removed, it might have been equally objected to the issue of a new writ for London that it was sure to re-elect Baron ROTHSCHILD. That some people at Stroud do not wish for another election just at present is probable and natural, but what has the House of Commons to do with the timidity of an unknown quantity of respectable persons at Stroud? When people live in a Parliamentary borough, they must take their position with all its consequences of pleasure or discomfort. Mr. LEWIS was quite right in saying that it was no reason for issuing the writ that there may be a chance of so very neutral and laudable a person as Mr. BOUVERIE being elected. The electors may think as highly of Mr. BOUVERIE as his friends could wish, or as badly as Sir WILFRID LAWSON thinks of him, but the House of Commons has nothing to do with what may be the probable choice of a constituency. It must keep to a certain fixed groove, or it will afford an opening to the worst abuses of party spirit. It must accept the decisions of Election Judges; it must only suspend a writ when inquiry is to be made, or disfranchisement proposed; and it cannot allow any weight to the consideration that a good man or a bad man is likely to be returned if a new writ is issued. Fortunately, all the leaders on both sides had no hesitation as to what was the proper course to take, and an overwhelming majority decided that the House would not step out of its proper province.

THE NEW FRENCH REPUBLIC.

A BILL establishing a Republican Constitution has been read a second time in the French Assembly, and down to Thursday, at all events, it stood a good chance of being definitively passed. The form of government which this measure proposes to create is complete in all its parts. It includes a Legislature consisting of a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies, and a President, elected for seven years by the two Chambers sitting together as a National Assembly, and capable of re-election. The President, with the consent of the Senate, has the right of dissolving the Chamber of Deputies. He is not responsible, except in case of high treason. His Ministers are responsible, both conjointly for the general policy of the Government and individually for their personal acts. The Chambers have the right of resolving by an absolute majority of votes that the Constitution needs revision. After this resolution has been passed the two Chambers are to sit together as a National Assembly, which will have the power of revising the Constitution either altogether or in part. All but two of these provisions may be considered as for the moment placed beyond the reach of controversy. The decisive vote of last week implied a real though late acceptance of the Republic by the Right Centre. Whatever hopes the moderate Conservatives may entertain of being hereafter able to get the Constitution revised in a monarchical sense, they have withdrawn their opposition to the present establishment of the Republic. Whatever dislike the Left may feel to seeing the Republic set up for them rather than by them, they did not allow it to influence their votes on the second reading. How so strange a compromise will work is of course another question. But it seems understood that, if an agreement upon the two provisions still under consideration can be arrived at, both parties are to make the experiment of dwelling together as brethren.

There seems to be no better explanation of this unexpected unanimity than the universal fear which the Bonapartists have at length succeeded in arousing. Even the Duke of BROGLIE has been convinced that, if a majority of some sort cannot be created in the Assembly, the return of the Empire is assured. He held by the hope of reconstructing the Conservative majority down to the latest possible moment; but when two successive votes had shown that this was impossible, the whole Right Centre followed the stragglers who had given the signal of adhesion to the Republic, and voted for the second reading of M. WALLON'S scheme. The same feeling of alarm for the time enabled M. GAMBETTA to carry the entire Left along with him in the work of creating a Republican majority which should be content with no less Conservative a fugleman than M. DUFAURE. They appeared to see that, if the overtures of the Right Centre were rejected, nothing could hinder the Imperialists from profiting by the confusion that must follow. The dislike of the majority of the existing Assembly to the Empire turns out to have been more genuine than had been supposed. Even the Duke of BROGLIE himself, who more than any one man is responsible for the recent progress of the Imperial cause, seems to have believed that he could make the Bonapartists his tools, and when this turned out to be impossible, he was anxious to bring his alliance with them to an end. The change in the state of France which the WALLON Constitution promises to effect is simply this. Supposing it not to be adopted, the Bonapartists are moving on against an undefended position. There is no force at the head of affairs which can be trusted to offer any real resistance to their advance. Marshal MACMAHON may feel no good will to them, but he represents no permanent institutions, and consequently his opposition can at most be maintained to the end of the Septennate. If the WALLON Constitution is adopted, the Bonapartists are still moving on, but it is against a position occupied by men who intend to hold it if they can. If the feeling in favour of the Empire has as much root in the country as the Bonapartists assert, this position will some day be turned. The new Republic will certainly not be strong enough to keep possession of France if the wishes of the French people are decidedly on the side of its enemies. But if the Bonapartists are mistaken in this estimate, and if their progress in the country was merely due to the despairing conviction that the Empire was the only definitive form of government lying within reach, the establishment of the Republic, even at the eleventh hour, may make their prospects very much less promising.

Two difficulties, however, are still to be got over before the new Republic can fairly be considered under way. The Left and the Centres have to agree upon the composition of the Senate and upon the conditions under which the revision of the Constitution may be from time to time effected. The first of these questions gave cause on Thursday to one of those unfortunate divisions which are perhaps unavoidable when all parties in the Legislature have to consider their reputation with their friends out of doors as well as the immediate effect of their votes. It was believed before the debate opened that the Left had convinced themselves that they had no chance of carrying any amendment which gave the election of the Senate to the same electors voting under the same conditions as those by and under which the Chamber of Deputies is returned. It might have been expected therefore that they would have agreed with the Left Centre upon some compromise which the Right Centre could also accept in the last resort, and that the united Left and Left Centre would then make as great a show of strength as possible in order to let the Right Centre see that no better terms were to be had. But the Left had first to persuade their supporters in the constituencies that they had not deserted the principle of direct election by universal suffrage until the impossibility of getting it accepted had been demonstrated. Indeed it is probable that M. GAMBETTA had only secured the consent of his more extreme followers to a compromise by the promise of letting them have a field day to themselves in the first instance. The Left Centre were not obliged to join in what was supposed to be a mere formal display of Radical impotence; but they are exceed-

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ingly anxious not to give the Left any opportunity of saying that their acceptance of universal suffrage is half-hearted, and in the belief that the Right and the Right Centre were amply strong enough to defeat a coalition between the Left and the Left Centre, they voted for M. PASCAL DUPRAT'S amendment. The result of the division contradicted all these previsions. Instead of M. DUPRAT'S amendment being rejected, and the ground thus cleared for real business, it was carried. The Left Centre, whose adhesion to the amendment was, as it turned out, the immediate cause of its success, had miscalculated the action of the Extreme Right. They were known to be pledged to vote against the Constitutional Laws, and it was too hastily assumed that they would consequently vote against every amendment on them. But the opposition of the Extreme Right is more bitter and more judicious than the Left Centre supposed. Instead of voting against the Constitutional Laws in any and every shape, they preferred to see them passed in a shape which would go far to break up the coalition by which their adoption had been secured. To gain this end they had only to remain neutral. The Right Centre and the Moderate Right were thus left to confront the Left Centre, the whole Left, and the Bonapartists, and when the division was taken it showed a majority of ten in favour of M. PASCAL DUPRAT'S amendment. There is no doubt that this result constitutes a very serious impediment to the final adoption of M. WALLON'S Bill. A strenuous effort will probably be made to undo the vote, but the elements which have to be conciliated over again are in a less promising state for mixing amicably together. The Right Centre are irritated at the desertion of the Left Centre, and the Left, instead of being depressed by foreseen defeat, are elated by unlooked-for victory. The conviction that unless the vote of Thursday can somehow be reconsidered the whole work of last week must go for nothing may perhaps smooth away these difficulties; but even then the desired result will be secured with greater pain and with less promise of lasting.

If this difficulty should be got over, another will present itself on the third reading of the Bill. M. GAMBETTA has given notice of an amendment to the Revision clause, the essential feature of which is that, after the Chambers have decided that the Constitution needs revision, the work of revising it shall be undertaken, not by the existing Chambers, but by a Constituent Assembly elected for that special end. The objects of these several proposals are sufficiently plain. The Republic is being set up by two classes of politicians—one which wishes it to continue the permanent Government of France, and one which wishes it to be replaced by a Monarchy whenever circumstances are propitious. The latter would like the process of revision to be made as easy as it can be; the former would like to throw every possible difficulty in the way. Now, if the work is entrusted to the Chambers which have declared it to be necessary, it is obviously much more likely to be carried through than if the Chambers which declare it to be necessary and the Chambers which have to perform it are different bodies. In the one case the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies will have nothing to do but to ascertain their own wishes on the subject. If they are bold enough to give them effect, they need not trouble themselves to inquire what the wishes of the country are. In the latter case it is not enough to ascertain their own wishes; they must also calculate what are likely to be the wishes of the Chambers which are to follow them, and consequently of the electors by whom these Chambers will be returned. The additional difficulty which will thus be thrown in the way of revision is very considerable. It is as yet uncertain whether, after all, the Left will accept a Republic which may be overturned too easily, and whether the Right Centre will accept one which they may find it too hard to get rid of.

GERMANY.

RUMOURS have recently been current that Prince BISMARCK proposes soon to retire from public life. He will be sixty this year; and his health is said to be so far impaired that he cannot continue a life of incessant care and fatigue without serious danger. His labours and anxieties have already told severely on his constitution, and even his friends admit that the constant strain on his nervous system has made him more irritable, peevish, and obstinate than he used to be. It is also hinted that he is worn out with the constant risk of assassination to which he knows himself to be exposed. He is jealously guarded by the police; but even with their utmost precautions they no longer think it safe for him to go about Berlin as he used to go, and he is shut out not only from his former freedom of movement, but from the possibility of taking his accustomed exercise. It may, however, be doubted whether the fear of being killed would really deter him from continuing to render his services to his country. It is a very disagreeable thing to be night and day in danger of being assassinated, and probably the precautions to which he is obliged to submit are more annoying to Prince BISMARCK than even the hazard to which he is exposed. But threatened men proverbially live long. The late Emperor NAPOLEON lived on for years knowing that he ran a risk of being shot every time he went out, and yet he had no objection whatever to continuing to live at the Tuileries at the price of being exposed to the bullet of an assassin. The vigilance of the police in such cases makes it by no means an easy matter for an intending assassin to get a favourable opportunity. The assassin himself is sure to be caught and executed, and the party on behalf of which he commits the crime has been shown by experience to lose much more than it gains by his success. This is not, indeed, always so. PRIM was assassinated, and his assassination produced a great and disastrous effect on Spanish politics; but PRIM'S assassins were suffered to remain undiscovered, and there is not the faintest chance of the same thing happening at Berlin. If Prince BISMARCK were assassinated at Berlin, the only difficulty of the police would be to prevent the authors of the crime from being torn to pieces by the mob. The attempt made by ORSINI to assassinate the EMPEROR cost ORSINI his life, but is generally supposed to have fixed the wavering mood of NAPOLEON, and to have determined him to engage France in a war for the liberation of Italy. The enemies of Prince BISMARCK have learnt from the history of the attempt on his life at Kissingen that the exact contrary would happen, and that to kill him would be to make Germany cling more ardently than ever to his policy. No one can doubt that Prince BISMARCK is a brave man, and he is not likely to be deterred by fear from doing what he thinks right. At the same time, being overwrought by incessant work and anxiety, he may chafe under the supervision to which his movements are subjected, and under the privation of his usual exercise. It is not to be wondered at that he should long for repose and the wholesome liberty of a country life. If he can retire without abandoning his duties to the EMPEROR and to his country, he will probably do so before long. It is natural, under these circumstances, to ask how far he can be spared; and to answer this question it is necessary to distinguish between the different spheres of activity to which his energies have been hitherto directed.

There is, first, the sphere of what may be termed grand politics—the sphere that embraces the internal consolidation of the German Empire, the relations of Germany to France, Russia, and Austria, and the combat with Ultramontanism. It is idle to suppose that as long as he lives Prince BISMARCK will be ever allowed, or will be ever willing, to retire altogether from this sphere. It is his own work that he will have to see made or marred; the policy that will be at stake will be his own creation. It is he that has suppressed the separatist tendencies of Bavaria and of some of the lesser States. It is he that has forced on France the conviction that she must seek peace and ensue it, and has made Russia and Austria equally sensible of the advantages of a German alliance. It is he who has challenged Ultramontanism to do its worst, and has dared it to spend the fury of its waves on the rock of the German State. If any part of his work were seriously threatened, he would be sure, whether he was living at Berlin or in the depths of the country, to be called to the rescue, and he would be equally sure to respond to the call. But it may be remarked that his work is to a great extent done; and it would be only if there were a danger lest it should be undone that he would be needed. He has made the lesser States understand not only that they must accept the political combination which he has invented, but that they must not even use the right of independent action which this combination seemed to assure them. He would not hear of their exercising in real life the right of separate diplomatic representation which the Constitution accords to them. When, as recently with regard to the Civil Marriage Bill, some of the lesser States were inclined

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to dissent, he was immediately reported to have found means —whatever that may signify—to convince them that opposition was useless. He has so far quieted the outward animosity of France that Duke DECAZES, who is the typical representative of conciliation, is pronounced to be the indispensable Foreign Secretary in every Ministerial combination. He has got it established as a political axiom accepted by the statesmen of every country that Italy shall be allowed to go on its own way, unhindered and unmolested. He has made a determination to stand well with Berlin so essential a part of Austrian policy that a few days ago an Austrian Archduke was placed by the EMPEROR under military arrest because he had published a pamphlet in which he spoke of Germany as the enemy against which Austria had really to guard. He has done all he could wish to do to set the arm of secular power in motion against the pretensions or attacks of ecclesiastics. If others could but go on in the groove which he has chalked out for them, it would be enough, unless something more important and dangerous happened. Then he would be indispensable, and he would be as eager to put on his harness again and join once more in the fight as his helpless supporters would be to see him come back. The POPE, for example, might die, and his successor would have to be elected. Prince BISMARCK has a theory about the claims of Germany to interfere in the election of a new POPE which we do not profess to be able to understand. A manifesto from twenty-three German bishops combating this theory has just been published, and it is difficult to see how the arguments can be met which assert the right of the members of a religious community to elect as they please the person who is to wield spiritual power over them. But if Prince BISMARCK still clings to his theory, if he is prepared to assert, explain, and defend it, certainly no one else can replace him in the task. If Germany is to interfere in the election of a new POPE, which we may venture, until Prince BISMARCK has further explained his views, to deem an unwarrantable pretension, he alone can show Germany how to interfere with a chance of success. He would certainly have to leave Varzin then. CINCINNATUS cannot go on growing his cabbages when not only is CINCINNATUS the best general of his country, but no one except CINCINNATUS understands what the war is about.

There is also the sphere of lesser politics; and here, too, Prince BISMARCK has laid the foundations of a policy large, original, and imposing. It is not a policy in accordance with English notions and habits; but, if we only examine the part of Continental institutions which is in accordance with our institutions and habits, we have very little to examine. By studying Prince BISMARCK'S internal policy we may see what is the German notion of a State, or at least what that notion is as moulded by Prince BISMARCK. Its essential idea is that of confiding the use of extraordinary power to the monarchy and the aristocracy, and the use of ordinary power to the bureaucracy and the *bourgeoisie*, the professional as well as the mercantile classes being included in the *bourgeoisie*. The KING and the aristocracy take care that the State shall exist, the bureaucracy and the *bourgeoisie* conduct the machinery of the State in daily life. The army is controlled by the King and the noble families; the laws and internal regulations are made to suit the wishes and foster the activity of what may roughly be termed the middle classes. The freedom of the press is practically non-existent in Germany, for its freedom is regarded by Prince BISMARCK as incompatible with the supremacy of those whom he wishes to see invested with extraordinary powers. But law after law is being passed to make daily life flow on as the *bourgeoisie* and the bureaucracy wish to see it flow on. A Civil Marriage Bill has just been passed by the German Parliament which affords a striking example of this. So long as every marriage is properly registered the bureaucracy is satisfied; and the *bourgeoisie* wish that the celebration of marriage shall do no more than satisfy the bureaucracy. They do not want it to be connected with religion. They seem, especially in Berlin, to prefer being married without any religious ceremony. In France the civil marriage is only a mode of registering the marriage in preparation for a religious ceremony. In England civil marriage is permitted, but our regulations for securing proper registration of marriages, especially when Scotland is taken into account, are exceedingly imperfect. In Germany marriages will now be all duly registered, but in very many cases no religious ceremony will follow. Directly the German Parliament rose the Prussian Parliament resumed its sittings, and the Government had a group of measures ready to propose to it. They all relate to provincial administration, and through all runs the same idea that provincial administration shall be taken out of the hands of the great landowners and clergy, and given over to the bureaucracy and to the *bourgeoisie*. Further educational changes are talked of with the same object, for it is on the bureaucracy and the *bourgeoisie* that Prince BISMARCK relies in his combat with Ultramontanes in daily life, just as he relies on the EMPEROR and the aristocracy if any of the friends of Ultramontanism could be persuaded to defy Germany in arms. Nor is it only in the character of the new laws he proposes that the tendency of Prince BISMARCK'S aims is apparent. It shows itself equally in the way in which laws of a particular class are made. Measures of legal reform are drafted by the department to which they belong in concert with independent professional advisers. When drafted they are submitted to the judgment of the most eminent authorities in the branch of law to which they refer, and the process is continued until the representatives of the bureaucracy and the *bourgeoisie* are satisfied. They are then put before the Chamber, which takes good care not to spoil the work of skilled workmen in whom it can confide, and they are passed into law without opposition. Here again so much has been done, the groove in which things are to go has been so carefully marked out by Prince BISMARCK, that he might probably be able to retire before long from any active and constant supervision of what is taking place. It would only be if the work which he has done were likely to be undone that he would be indispensable, and would have once more to show his mastery over other minds.

THE NOTICE-PAPER.

THE long list of Notices of Motion given on the first night of the Session might provide the House of Commons with more work than it is prepared to undertake, if they were all to result in practical attempts at legislation. The measures proposed by the Government are of a kind which renders them easy and popular when they are first announced, because they purport to confer undeniable benefits on the community. Unluckily public expediency too often clashes with private interest, which is always vigilant and suspicious. The pollution of rivers is a flagrant evil; but rivers are polluted only because they afford the easiest and cheapest outfall for noxious matters. Manufacturers and local governing bodies must incur expense for the diversion of their refuse if it is no longer discharged into the rivers with the natural drainage of the district. The Government will be fully justified in procuring the enactment of protective laws; but, if it succeeds in purifying the rivers, it will have injured and offended powerful classes. Similar difficulties will attend Mr. CROSS'S measure for the removal of crowded dwellings; and experience has already shown that securities against adulteration are not palatable to tradesmen. Any Bill on the vexed question of trade combinations will be unacceptable either to the workmen or to the employers, and perhaps to both. Above all, the Agricultural Tenancies Bill will involve to some extent a restriction of the rights of property, while it may probably not satisfy the demands of the tenant-farmers.

That administrative and social changes are distasteful to those at whose expense they are made is no reason for refusing to propose them; but Mr. DISRAELI'S task is in some respects more embarrassing than that of his predecessor. Mr. GLADSTONE'S great measures involved party questions on which he could command the undivided support of his followers. The clergy and laity of the Irish Church were not required to concur in the suppression of the Establishment, and the Irish landlords were outvoted by a compact majority of opponents. Before the Ballot Bill was introduced it had been adopted by the entire Liberal party, including among the most recent proselytes Mr. GLADSTONE himself and his principal colleagues. The measures of the present Session will divide classes rather than parties, and, while they excite little enthusiasm, they will provoke much detached opposition. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the country appreciates moderate and practical measures. Mr. DISRAELI has never displayed, nor has he

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affected to possess, the legislative capacity which in its highest form made Sir ROBERT PEEL the best Minister of his time; but the deficiencies of the PRIME MINISTER may perhaps be supplied by his colleagues, especially by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the HOME SECRETARY. Mr. HARDY'S attempt to correct some of the alleged defects of Lord CARDWELL'S great experiment will excite much opposition. Perhaps Mr. WARD HUNT may be allowed to expend a moderate sum in giving substance and reality to Mr. GOSCHEN'S "phantom" fleet. The Government possesses in Lord CAIRNS one of the most competent of professional legislators, and his measures, which have already been fully discussed in the previous Session, will be supported by his rival and predecessor. There is little reason to apprehend the interruption of practical business in either House by the ecclesiastical misconceptions which Mr. DISRAELI encouraged last year, and deprecated with humorous coolness on the first night of the present Session.

The Notices given by amateurs are unusually numerous, though many of the topics are familiar, and indeed annual. The prospect of an amusing speech by Sir WILFRID LAWSON will perhaps reconcile the House of Commons to the dreary infliction of a Permissive Bill debate; and the result may be easily foreseen. Two years ago one Liberal member after another started up in anxious haste to assure the publicans of his constituency that he was not one of their enemies. As a general election is now comparatively remote, the advocates of compulsory temperance will not be equally exposed to Parliamentary reprobation. One member proposes to prohibit beer on Sundays in England, and another in Ireland. The Bill for removing impediments to the spread of contagious disease is entrusted to Sir HARCOURT JOHNSTONE, who will be supported by Mr. STANSFELD. It may be hoped that as little as possible will be said in justification of the vote by which the motion ought to be summarily defeated. The revival of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill will again test the question whether a small number of persons who have deliberately violated the law shall be allowed to obtain an indemnity by means of an impudent and spurious agitation. It would be hard to grudge Mr. NEWDEGATE, after his long and consistent career, a Wednesday morning speech on the iniquities of convents. The subject, though it will be gravely treated, is perhaps more amusing than Mr. ANDERSON'S lucubrations on the currency, which will superfluously prove the undoubted fact that the price of money, as of other commodities, frequently varies.

Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN'S Burial Bill will be introduced and rejected in the usual course; and Mr. P. TAYLOR will not induce Parliament to abolish the Game-laws. A Notice of Mr. BARCLAY'S about wild animals in Scotland is more ambiguous; but it is probably directed against deer. Mr. COWPER TEMPLE and Mr. FORSYTH devote themselves to the redress of the wrongs of women. The reception of the proposal to facilitate the acquisition by women of academical degrees in Scotland will probably depend on the opinions of the governing bodies in the Scotch Universities. The only degree which is at present really desired by a certain number of women is that of Doctor of Medicine; and the difficulties which female students have encountered affect the process of medical instruction rather than the result of the final examination. As some ladies already assume the coveted title, the question whether it is desirable that there should be female graduates is not of overwhelming importance. Mr. FORSYTH, as the substitute and successor of Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, undertakes the more ambitious enterprise of removing the electoral disabilities of women. Like nearly all new political terms, the word disability involves a questionable assumption. Roman Catholics before the Relief Act were properly said to be subject to disabilities, because a member otherwise qualified could not sit in Parliament without submitting to a test by which he was practically excluded. The English Constitution confers electoral privileges on men who satisfy certain conditions; but it has not deprived women of rights which they never possessed. They are disabled from sitting in Parliament only in the same sense in which they are disabled from serving in the army. The arguments against Mr. FORSYTH'S scheme are conclusive, and, which is perhaps more to the purpose, they are certain to prevail. It oddly happens that both Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI have countenanced the preposterous innovation of female suffrage, perhaps because neither statesman attaches any considerable importance to the qualifications of electors. Mr. GLADSTONE is a convert to universal suffrage; and Mr. DISRAELI having, as he believes, dug down to the most conservative stratum of male voters, hopes, not without reason, to throw out a lateral shaft into the section of the community which most instinctively and obstinately opposes deviation from custom, freedom of opinion, and impartial justice. Mr. DISRAELI is not habitually actuated by impulse or prejudice, but he knows that such motives may possibly promote the interests of his party.

Two or three motions for the readjustment of the Constitution will not correspond with the present state of political feeling. Sir J. MCKENNA proposes to assimilate the borough franchise of Ireland to that of England, and the strongest argument for the plan is that Irish constituencies are scarcely liable to deterioration; but the Bill is not likely to pass in the present Session, or during the continuance of the existing Parliament. With the exception of Mr. FORSYTH, whose Bill can scarcely be regarded as serious, Mr. TREVELYAN is the only member who introduces an electoral measure of importance. The division on his Bill for household suffrage in counties will define with approximate accuracy the respective numbers of the extreme and moderate Liberals, whose opinions are, according to Mr. BRIGHT, tolerably unanimous. It is not known whether Lord HARTINGTON will, like Mr. GLADSTONE, support a measure which is justly obnoxious to the Whig members of the party. Mr. FORSTER was on the last occasion Mr. TREVELYAN'S principal supporter, while Mr. LOWE, who voted against the Bill, may perhaps take occasion to bid by a speech against it for the confidence of the numerous Liberals who doubt with him whether there is a tranquil and temperate region behind the North wind. Sir W. HARCOURT lately incurred by his exposition of a moderate policy the indignant reproof of Mr. TREVELYAN; and it is not unlikely that he may take a convenient opportunity of replying to his assailant. Mr. MASSEY, who a year or two ago seemed to incline to extreme opinions, lately expressed disapproval of further changes in the franchise. Members for comparatively small boroughs will scarcely favour the disfranchisement of their constituencies, which would probably follow an equalization of the suffrage. County members will be still more averse to rely for their chance of re-election on the agricultural labourers; nor will they fail to reflect that the Bill will be inevitably defeated, and that a vote in its favour would give unpardonable offence to the tenant-farmers, whom household suffrage would deprive of all political power. It may be hoped that the general feeling of the party and of his colleagues will restrain Mr. DISRAELI from tampering with a second plan for the extension of democratic power. In the last Session he plainly intimated his readiness to concede the suffrage to farm-labourers if the measure were approved by his followers. It will be prudent either to entrust some other Minister with the duty of expressing the decision of the Government, or to repudiate all inclination for constitutional change. The long list of practical measures which was contained in the QUEEN'S Speech would of itself furnish a sufficient argument against unnecessary experiments.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ARMY.

IF words could supply the place of deeds, Mr. DISRAELI would be the greatest Minister ever known. He answered in a confident, jaunty manner Mr. BENTINCK'S complaint of the unreal character of the British army, and he seems to have supposed that he had settled the uncomfortable question thus propounded. We know that on the Continent all men are arming themselves, and we are told that HER MAJESTY continues to receive assurances of friendship from all foreign Powers. Mr. BENTINCK is apparently one of those numerous unofficial persons who would prefer to trust the safety and honour of this country, not to the forbearance of its neighbours, but to its own readiness for self-defence; and he mentioned that he had heard "rumours," which, as we all know, have been considerably prevalent, "that our army is a mere *nominis* "*umbra*, and that in a short time there would be as "many deserters as recruits." Mr. DISRAELI hereupon lectured Mr. BENTINCK on the expediency of being guarded and temperate in his remarks on this subject in the House of Commons, which it appears is the only place where the anxiety for the public welfare which possesses all patriotic minds must not be expressed. The PRIME MINISTER

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believes he is correct in saying—and certainly it is his business to know—that the number of recruits this year exceeds the number of last year by 3,500, while the number of deserters this year is less than the number last year, at which consolatory assurance somebody cried, "Hear, hear." He proceeded to observe that Mr. BENTINCK and the House must see that there was not the slightest foundation for that member's statement, and again there were cheers and laughter. Mr. BENTINCK and the question which he raised are probably considered in the official circle to have been effectually put down; but perhaps it may be thought outside that circle that it is not Mr. BENTINCK's statement, but the British army, that is without foundation.

Even if the country could believe the implied representation of Ministers, it is certain that no foreigner will believe it. The question is not whether a few more boys have joined the army, but whether an army of boys, supposing it to exist, is capable of resisting men. Our army is notoriously the mere shadow of a mighty name. We can hardly expect to win always against tremendous odds, as we did at Inkerman, and besides we have not now such soldiers as fought that battle, and we are taking no steps to provide them. Take the most favourable estimate possible of recruiting, and still the result is such that only a junior Lord of Treasury could cheer an exposition of it. Our Government will continue its efforts to preserve and consolidate the peace of Europe, and these efforts will be treated with contempt whenever any one of the great Powers of Europe has made up its mind for war. We have got 3,500 boys more than we could get last year, and if they do not run away they will have become soldiers by the time they are ready to quit the army. It appears that Mr. BENTINCK attached too much importance to the rumours which are always afloat in a free country, and too little to these 3,500 supplementary boys. The rumours, it must be allowed, are remarkably persistent, and although doctors differ as to the remedy, they agree that our military system is diseased. Now, however, a superior practitioner has been called in, and he declares that the sickness is imaginary and the patient was never better in its life. It may indeed be apprehended that these rumours, propagated by persons whose sense of expediency is inferior even to that of Mr. BENTINCK, will continue to pervade the political air, and it may even happen that in the House of Lords two or three veteran officers will declare profound distrust, while the Duke of CAMBRIDGE will not venture to assert confidence, in the organization of the army. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF intimated not long since at a dinner in the City that the only choice lay between conscription and largely increased estimates. Even for after-dinner purposes it can no longer be assumed that the army is what it ought to be; and it is only when the PRIME MINISTER addresses the House of Commons that the old method of complacently disregarding facts is thought suitable. But we cannot imitate the ostrich, which sticks its head into the sand and fancies that it is not seen. Rumours of the insufficiency of our army are not only afloat in this free country, but they have even reached other countries which Mr. DISRAELI was once erroneously supposed to have said were not free. In Germany they know exactly how many men and boys our regular army consists of, and they have put upon our so-called defensive force the value of zero. Of course it is to be lamented that German writers should not be more guarded and temperate in their remarks upon the military nakedness of England, and should choose to judge the English Government by its deeds rather than its words.

Before Parliament met, the propagators of rumours had things very much their own way, and they had succeeded in creating an impression, which Mr. DISRAELI will probably declare to be totally unfounded, that a voluntary system of enlistment will never bear the strain of the present altered conditions of war. An experienced officer proposed to meet these conditions effectually by compelling every man who might thereafter enroll in the Militia to be liable to active service on war being declared; and, when counties should fail to furnish on these terms the full establishment of men required, to apply the ballot in all cases. By the operation of the ballot in this comparatively mild form men would only be compelled to join the Militia in peaceful times, but they would be liable during their engagement of six years to serve with the regular army in the event of war only. The chances would be largely against the incidence of this liability, and in any case men would not be dragged without preparation from their homes and turned into soldiers before they could learn to use their arms. It is assumed by writers in this strain that, in the event of the safety and honour of England being threatened, it would be the duty of every man to come to the rescue, and preparation should, as they think, be made beforehand for the performance of this duty. Simultaneous action, to be of any avail at a crisis, must be previously organized. The German invasion of France is supposed to have proved to the satisfaction of everybody except Cabinet Ministers that raw and inexperienced levies can make no stand against trained soldiers, and that it is therefore necessary to keep a trained and numerous force ready for any emergency. An organization of the Militia by help, if necessary, of the ballot, would be effective and economical, and unless some better plan can be suggested, this plan, which harmonizes with our habits and traditions, ought to be forthwith adopted. But, so far as can be discovered from what Mr. DISRAELI did and did not say, Ministers are not prepared to adopt this plan or any other. They continue to receive friendly assurances from foreign Powers, and they forget that this country has almost ceased to deserve the name of a Power in Continental war.

It is indeed wonderful how business can be got through on the principle of doing one thing and putting other things out of mind. Mr. DISRAELI appears to resemble Lord HARTINGTON in being only moderately addicted to the perusal of newspapers. But it is difficult to understand how he could have managed to escape reading or hearing something of the discussions on military matters which have been so frequent during the last six months. It cannot be that Mr. DISRAELI's colleagues are equally ill informed or indifferent with himself. Mr. GATHORNE HARDY has superior information, at least average intelligence, and some regard, it may be thought, to the principles of his party, which has always professed to place national honour before wealth and ease. We know that Mr. DISRAELI is quite capable of representing his speech of Monday night as meaning nothing, and if he thought the proper time had arrived, he could come forward as the exponent of defensive measures. It is, however, customary to look, not only to what a Prime Minister says, but to what he leaves unsaid, and, tried by this test, Mr. DISRAELI's utterances are almost hopeless. The enigmatical style which he affects is never very suitable to practical affairs, and is particularly incongruous with the subject of national defence. It may be conceded that neither the Budget nor the Navy Estimates could be introduced into the QUEEN'S Speech, and Mr. DISRAELI is technically right in saying that the House ought to assume for the present that the Government believes that the state of the national defences is satisfactory, while it awaits details at the proper time. All we say is that this assumption might be much more easily made if Mr. DISRAELI could put a little more clearness and heartiness into his speeches on the subject, and also if it were not in conflict with those rumours which float among a free people. It would appear that, in Mr. DISRAELI'S view, the privilege of freedom is to talk about our ruin before it is effected. But for any practical purpose we might as well be slaves. Public opinion is almost unanimous upon this subject; and yet, when a member ventures to refer to it in the House of Commons, he is snubbed, and "sat upon," and made to undergo a little mild satire. And all this while there is a darkness that may be felt on the Continent, and we have got as precaution against emergencies 3,500 extra boys.

SLAVERY ON THE GOLD COAST.

THE overthrow of the Ashantee power has not terminated the troubles of the Gold Coast. There are many unavoidable difficulties attending the government of remote savages; and the English feeling against slavery adds an artificial complication. During the controversy on the proposed abandonment of the settlements after the Ashantee war, the opponents of the retention of the colony urged among other objections the alleged impropriety of becoming responsible for the establishment of slavery. It might have been answered that no wise Government hampers itself with abstract and universal rules, and that no Act of Parliament or other authoritative document has at any time controlled the discretion which ought to be

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exercised according to circumstances; but there is no doubt that the country unanimously disapproves of compulsory servitude, and the Colonial Minister would be often embarrassed by protests against any maintenance of the system under colonial laws. The slaves on the Gold Coast, if they could have been consulted, would perhaps have differed in opinion from their philanthropic patrons in England. It was much more for their interest that control should be exercised over their masters than that the national conscience of England should remain void of offence through a refusal to undertake the duty of governing the territory. The Levite who walked by on the other side probably felt exempt from the responsibility which was incurred by the less scrupulous Samaritan. A fictitious evasion of the difficulty gave at first general satisfaction. The Government, admitting that it would be impossible to tolerate slavery in a British dominion, determined to call the Gold Coast beyond the limits of the forts, not a colony, but a protected territory. There was no harm in protecting slaveholders, though it would have been culpable to acknowledge them as subjects. The theoretical or technical distinction is obvious, for a Protectorate involves no duty of interfering with domestic institutions. Archbishop MANNING has lately asserted that the POPE, although he claims some indefinite power over baptized heretics, is nevertheless not their spiritual ruler in the sense in which he claims sovereignty over Catholics. In the same manner the Protecting Power of the Gold Coast is only bound to notice internal relations at its own convenience.

Governor STRAHAN, acting, as it must be assumed, under instructions from the COLONIAL MINISTER, has affixed so wide an interpretation to the Protectorate as to make it indistinguishable from sovereignty. It was perfectly right to leave the authority of the Protecting Power in an elastic and indefinite form, and to make the chiefs understand that they must obey orders, even when they differed in opinion from the Government; yet, if any of them had previously understood that they had been deliberately excluded from English allegiance, they may well have been surprised at the first communication which they received from the representative of the Protecting Power. Two or three months ago Governor STRAHAN summoned them to a meeting, at which he informed them that traffic in slaves would no longer be tolerated. As they understood his declaration, there was no purpose of interfering with their existing household arrangements. They were not forbidden to keep the slaves whom they possessed, but no purchase or sale or mortgage was to be permitted for the future. In that simple state of society the usual security for a loan is the personal service of the debtor. Pawns, as enslaved mortgagors of their own liberty are called by the English residents, form a considerable portion of the whole body of slaves. Having announced his intention, the GOVERNOR further informed the assembled chiefs that he had no need of their advice, and that they must at once comply with his instructions. In answer to an application from some of the chiefs he repeated, as it was understood, the declaration that he was not about to meddle with existing servitude. When the despatch in which he recorded his proceedings was published in England, it naturally gratified the opponents of slavery, though some of them objected that he had stopped short of total abolition. Less zealous philanthropists, while they approved of the restriction, and if possible of the suppression, of compulsory servitude, were surprised at the rapidity with which direct administration of the affairs of the Gold Coast had been substituted for the Protectorate which had been sanctioned by Parliament on the proposal of Lord CARNARVON. If the GOVERNOR could at once prohibit internal traffic in slaves, it was difficult to define the limits of his power.

From a petition since addressed to the COLONIAL MINISTER, it appears that the conduct of the GOVERNOR is not so highly approved by the protected chiefs as by Englishmen who purchase the gratification of their benevolent feelings at no cost of loss or inconvenience. It is prudent to receive the statements of the aggrieved slaveowners with a certain reserve. As the document is composed in excellent English, the chiefs may be supposed to have obtained the services of one of the half-breeds or educated natives who two or three years ago amused themselves by devising a representative Constitution. According to the allegations of the petitioners, Governor STRAHAN, notwithstanding his promise of non-interference, has indiscriminately granted certificates of manumission to all slaves who applied to him for permission to leave their masters. He had already stated that, on proof of cruel treatment, he would liberate any slave; but, according to the memorial, he has dispensed with the preliminary condition. It will perhaps appear on inquiry that the masters and the GOVERNOR have differed in opinion as to the amount of severity which would justify manumission. It is scarcely credible that the GOVERNOR should have granted freedom to all applicants when he might have effected the same object more simply and more completely by the total abolition of slavery. The memorialists further allege that Governor STRAHAN has released all pawns from compulsory servitude without providing any alternative security for the payment of their debts. Their grievance, as it is stated, is serious and considerable; but perhaps there may be some difficulty, even if their allegations are sustained, in granting redress. It will scarcely be practicable to recapture and remit to slavery any freedmen who may have been improperly discharged. Lord CARNARVON will have the firmness to administer impartial justice in future cases, although he may be beset by urgent representations from the professed enemies of slavery. It is possible to do wrong even to barbarians who preserve an antiquated scheme of society which was once universal. It is not improbable that many of them would prefer the lawless oppression of Ashantee conquerors to wholesale expropriation effected by a civilized Protecting Power acting on the most benevolent motives.

There is a wide difference between the slavery of negroes to white owners and the domestic servitude which is practised in almost all uncivilized or partly civilized countries. In Cuba, as formerly in the English West Indies and in the Southern States of the American Union, slaves were purchased or possessed as instruments of profit, and they were separated from the dominant race by an impassable gulf, which has not been entirely filled up since emancipation. In Africa and in the East, slaves, though they may sometimes be exposed to cruel treatment, are by custom and in accordance with the feeling of both parties members of the family of the master. Purchase of a slave, except where it is part of a regular trade, greatly resembles the process of hiring a servant. The practice of treating the persons of debtors as security for their liabilities has probably been suggested by convenience. If the GOVERNOR has unconditionally liberated the pawns, he has probably struck a heavy blow against the credit on which the transactions of the community depend. European morality is better than African, but when the superior race suddenly regulates in accordance with its own doctrines relations which had grown up in a different state of society, it is almost certain that great hardship will be inflicted. The conscientious scruples of the English Government must appear to the natives to be sudden and capricious. The Protectorate which has now been formally assumed existed long before the Ashantee war; but it has not hitherto been thought necessary to suppress slavery among the natives. Lord PALMERSTON, who was an enthusiast in the anti-slavery cause, as on some other questions, once astonished the Porte by a despatch in which he recommended the immediate and total abolition of slavery throughout the Turkish Empire. It is hardly necessary to say that his advice produced no result; and his interference has not been repeated by himself or his successors. In dealing with the tribes which are under the Gold Coast Protectorate, it is necessary to avoid provocations to disaffection. Even an unwarlike population can make itself troublesome to rulers or protectors when it is thoroughly discontented. The native chiefs may properly be prohibited from prosecuting or encouraging in any form the traffic of slaves from the interior. There will be time enough gradually to introduce customs which will be found incompatible with slavery.

THE ARTISANS' DWELLINGS BILL.

MR. CROSS introduced the Artisans' Dwellings Bill on Monday in a speech which showed more enthusiasm than is often engendered by the atmosphere of the Home Office, and the preamble of the Bill is in itself a sufficient exposition of the need for bringing it in. Mr. FROUDE'S theory that assertions in Acts of Parliament are to be taken as conclusive evidence of the facts which they state is not universally true in the reign of Queen VICTORIA, whatever it may have been in the reign of HENRY VIII. But it cannot be denied that in every large town there are "a great number of "houses, courts, and alleys which, by reason of the want

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"of light, air, ventilation, or of proper conveniences, are "unfit for human habitation," or that "fevers and diseases "are constantly generated there," or that it is "necessary "for the public health that many of such houses, courts, "and alleys should be pulled down." All these statements are unfortunately true, and have been true for more years than any one jealous for the credit of English legislation will care to remember. Nor will Mr. WADDY'S doubts as to the soundness of the aim which Mr. CROSS proposes to himself be generally shared. If Parliament were to "deal with the matter on principles of philanthropy "rather than of dividend," it would be merely picking up the cast-off clothes of philanthropists. No one interested in this question now holds that houses should be let below their fair market value. An Association which should indiscriminately help the poor to pay their rents would be merely a Society for giving doles in kind instead of in money. There is no difference between letting a room at eighteenpence a week which is worth half-a-crown and giving a tenant a shilling every week to help him to make up his rent. The difficulty of finding house-room, and its necessary consequence, high rents, are natural checks upon the common dislike of the poor to leave places to which they have grown accustomed. One great cause of pauperism in London is the artificial attraction exerted by the large sums spent in outdoor relief and in private charity. Many poor persons come to London in the first instance, and stay there afterwards, not because they can earn enough to keep them alive, but because they can eke out insufficient wages from one or other of these sources. Mr. RATHBONE, in a recently published pamphlet on Local Taxation, says that the same process goes on in Liverpool, and the experience of most large towns would probably tell a similar story. If in London or Liverpool rooms were to be had at artificially reduced prices, there would be an additional inducement to poor tenants to stay in a place where so small a percentage of their earnings had to go to the payment of rent. The overcrowding which it is one of the objects of Mr. CROSS's measure to lessen would be increased by the injudicious means taken to check it.

The machinery of the Bill is simple, and on the whole it appears well calculated to answer its purpose. The local authority, on being satisfied of the unhealthiness of a given district within its jurisdiction, is to make a scheme for its improvement, taking care to provide within the same area or in the immediate neighbourhood for the accommodation of as many persons of the working class as the scheme proposes to displace. This scheme is to be published in the autumn, and then laid before the Home Secretary or the Local Government Board. The correctness of the statements on which the local authority has founded its scheme will then be tested by a local inquiry, after which the Home Secretary or the Local Government Board may issue a provisional order directing the scheme to be carried out. This provisional order must be confirmed by Act of Parliament, but the duty of obtaining such an Act is to devolve upon the department of the Government by which the provisional order has been issued, and not upon the local authority. As soon as the confirming Act has been passed, the local authority is to buy the land included in the scheme, either by agreement or compulsorily, the land in the latter case being estimated at its fair market value, as settled by the award of an arbitrator appointed by the Home Secretary or the Local Government Board. The local authority may then sell or let the land to any purchasers or lessees who will undertake under proper conditions to carry the scheme into execution, but it is not itself to rebuild any houses without the express approval of the Home Secretary or the Local Government Board.

It was remarked in the House of Commons on Monday that the means provided for putting the local authority in motion are, at all events as regards London, open to one serious objection. Mr. CROSS said very properly that the purpose of the Bill was wholly sanitary, and that he did not wish to enable Town Councils to make great street improvements for their own glorification. Consequently the local authority is only empowered to act on a representation made by the Medical Officer of Health for the district to which the scheme relates. Whenever he is satisfied that diseases indicating a generally low condition of health have been prevalent in any given area within his district, and is further of opinion that these diseases may be attributed to the closeness, narrowness, and bad arrangement of the streets and houses, and that these defects cannot be remedied except by the application of the Act, he is, if the area in question is not in the Metropolitan district, to represent the facts to the local authority. But if the area in question lies within the Metropolitan district, he is to represent the facts not to the local authority, which in this case is the Metropolitan Board of Works, but to the Vestry whose officer he is, and the Vestry are to forward his report to the local authority. It is objected that in London the Medical Officers are at the mercy of Vestries composed to a great extent of the owners of the very properties which will be affected by the scheme. Or, as Mr. WADDY put it, they are the creatures of the Vestry, and the Vestries are the creatures of the people who have to pay the rates. Against these objections, however, there are several things to be said. In the first place, there is a very strong professional feeling among Medical Officers of Health, and the income of the post is rarely so good as to induce a doctor to present himself to the world as the creature of the Vestry. Even if to retain the post should be really an object to him, it does not follow that it will be so supreme an object that he will sacrifice his reputation with his brother practitioners and with the public outside the Vestry in order to secure it. In the next place, the opposition, whether of interested vestrymen or of the Vestry generally, to the improvements contemplated in the Bill may be less violent than is expected. Hitherto any interference on the part of the Medical Officer has pointed to additional outlay on the part of the owners of small houses; but under Mr. CROSS's Bill the worst that can come of such interference is that they will be compelled to sell their houses at the fair market value. As regards the ratepayers, the cost of the proposed scheme will be provided by the Metropolitan Board of Works, while any benefits that may result from it will be reaped by the parish to which it relates. It is true that the parish ratepayers are also liable for the rates levied by the Metropolitan Board of Works. But inasmuch as they only come in for their proportionate share of these latter rates, while the whole of the money raised will be spent in the parish, they may be more inclined to favour the scheme than to oppose it. Besides this, there are two clauses in the Bill which promise to remedy any omissions of which a time-serving Medical Officer may be guilty. One provides that, if twenty ratepayers complain to him of the unhealthiness of any street or court in his district, he shall be bound to inspect the houses complained of, and to make an official representation stating the facts of the case, and whether in his opinion the charge of unhealthiness is sustained. A Medical Officer who would resolutely close his eyes and his nose to the condition of certain parts of his district may yet be unwilling to make a distinctly false representation of the facts, when that false representation admits of being challenged and tested. The other clause provides that the Metropolitan Board of Works may, with the assent of the Home Secretary, appoint a qualified officer to make special inquiry into the sanitary condition of any part of the metropolis outside the City of London, and a representation made by this special officer, after inquiry, will have the same effect as a representation by the ordinary Medical Officer of Health. By this means, if any ratepayer is dissatisfied with the action of the Medical Officer of Health, he can ask the Metropolitan Board of Works to interfere, and in a case of gross local neglect would probably gain his end. In these respects, therefore, the Bill appears satisfactory. A more real defect is the absence of any provisions for compelling a local authority to act, supposing that it pays no attention to the representations of its Medical Officer. In London, or indeed in any large town, this is not a danger that need be guarded against; but the Bill includes all towns with a population of 25,000, and it is quite possible that among these there may be more than one obstructive Town Council.

ESKIMO EUROPE.

THERE is a map in Mr. Dawkins's book on Cave-hunting which is at least as striking to the historian as it can be to the geologist or the naturalist. This is the map which shows us the "Physiography of the Mediterranean in the Pleistocene Age." This is the age when Europe was the dwelling-place of the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, and other great and terrible beasts; while man appeared only as a very feeble creature, with the earliest and rudest tools and weapons of flint and bone. Of these people the Eskimos are, according to Mr. Dawkins, the existing representatives. To our mind it is a relief

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that they should be represented only by Eskimos, and that there should be no fear lest any part of the present inhabitants of civilized Europe should be charged with being the representatives of so very beggarly a race. Some people indeed seem to have a passion for naked ancestors, and they might think it finer to be descended from an Eskimo than from our well-breeched grandfathers who may be seen on Trajan's column. But Mr. Dawkins at least gives no encouragement to so strange a taste. The "palæolithic" men, the men who were contemporary with the woolly rhinoceros, were Eskimos, and nothing better. No man now in Western Europe, Dutch, Welsh, or even Basque, need trouble himself about them. But the point with which we are concerned is that Europe as it was in the times of the Eskimos must have been, if we accept the picture of it drawn by Mr. Dawkins, a land fitted for nothing much better than Eskimos. The Iliad and the British Constitution would have been quite impossible in such a Europe as Mr. Dawkins's map shows us. No one could ever have sung of the isles of Greece, the keels of Hengest and Horsa could never have crossed the German Ocean, Venice could never have been Queen of the Hadriatic, in a state of things when there were no isles of Greece, no German Ocean, and no Hadriatic. In the map of Eskimo Europe there is a lack of all that makes Europe European. If the New Rome had been founded in the palæolithic age, it could not have been set at the junction of two worlds; it would have found itself in the middle of one world, and that a very dull one. Our map cannot in truth be said to show us any Europe at all. Europe, Asia, and Africa are all jumbled together. While the Pleistocene geography prevailed, Attila and Jenghiz would have been quite at home, but Pericles and Chatham, Phormiôn and Nelson, would have been literally fishes out of water.

When we look at the Pleistocene map we feel that the opening words of the first ode of Pindar are true in a sense which Pindar never thought of. Water is certainly the very best thing; it is water that has done everything for us; it is a series of happy inroads of the Ocean which has made Europe Europe, and has saved us from sticking for ever in the mud of Eskimo times. The Aryan family, the Hellenic nation itself, would have been thrown away if they had been set down in the world which the palæolithic man shared with the woolly rhinoceros. Those were times which allowed of "the passage of Hippopotamus Pentlandi from Candia to the Peloponnese, and thence, by Southern Italy, into Sicily and Malta." There was indeed nothing to hinder him, if so minded, from marching on to the Pentland Hills, and further still; or, we suppose—for the map does not tell us—he might equally have marched to Kamtschatka or the Cape of Good Hope. There is no Mediterranean. The Pillars of Herakles have not been torn asunder. Instead of a Mediterranean and a Euxine we have three detached lakes, with shores of most prosaic outline. All that gives life to a map, the islands, the peninsulas, the promontories, have been swallowed up—that is, of course, they had not yet shown themselves. Such a Europe as we have now, such a Europe as has been since the beginning of history, would have been as much thrown away upon Eskimos as on the contemporary pachyderms. The land was put into a better shape when better people were coming to live in it. The Greeks themselves could not have made islands and peninsulas if they had not found them, but the fact that they found islands and peninsulas ready made had no small share in making the Greeks.

The first thing that strikes one in the map is that there is no Greece and no Italy. Neither the one long narrow peninsula nor the land made up of peninsulas within peninsulas has as yet come into being. Instead of them there is an unbroken mass of land stretching from Rome to Babylon—some would say from the mystical to the natural Babylon—and therefore most likely a great deal further. The Ægæan is a dead mass of land, so is the Propontis, so is the Hadriatic. The Po runs through the land that was to be the Hadriatic, and finds a mouth between Calabria and Epeiros. The lake which we get instead of the Euxine leaves the outlying Greek land to the north, the peninsula of Cherson and Bosporos, a part of the great mass of land from which in past Eskimo times it managed to disengage itself. There is no Bosporos, no Hellespont, no Corinthian Gulf, no Scylla and Charybdis. The question twice fought out on the soil of Sicily, whether that island should be part of Europe or of Africa, could not arise in the Pleistocene age. Europe and Africa are all one. Italy, Sicily, Carthage, make one unbroken continent. So at the east of the Mediterranean, where the same struggle was waged in another great island, there could be no question whether Cyprus should belong to Europe or Asia, to Greek or Phœnician. When Europe and Asia were all one, when those who dwelled in the lands which were to be Greek and Phœnician had no chance of rising above the level of the men of Central Asia or Central Africa—with no scope for seafaring energy beyond a huge lake without an outlet, with no islands, no promontories, no gulfs—the inborn energies of the men of Sidon and Tyre, of Miletos and Corinth, would have been wholly thrown away. In a world of such a shape as this there could have been no room for commerce, for colonization, for maritime enterprise or maritime dominion. Carthage and Athens would have been alike impossible. Set down the most gifted races in such an Eastern Europe as this, and the highest level that they could ever have reached would have been that of unprogressive Egypt. The Egypt of the Pharaohs would have been possible; the Egypt of its Macedonian and Roman conquerors could never have been. In the Palæolithic age the site of Alexandria was inland as well as the site of Corinth.

It is worth stopping to think in this way how the early civilization of Europe would have been utterly impossible if the world had stayed in the state in which Mr. Dawkins's map shows it. The thing which makes Europe to differ from Asia and Africa has been simply the Mediterranean Sea. Modern Europe and America have doubtless outgrown the state of things in which such a coast-line as that of the Mediterranean was absolutely necessary for civilization; but that is simply because things in general have, so to speak, physically grown; we can use the Ocean as familiarly as the early Greeks could use the Ægæan. But if civilization had not begun on the shores of the Ægæan it would assuredly never have begun on the shores of the Ocean. The geological revolution which changed the map of Eskimo times into the map of Aryan times simply rendered the history of Aryan Europe possible. The peculiar characteristics of the Hellenic man could never have been fully developed except with the help of the peculiar configuration of the Hellenic land, and, in the map before us, Hellas and Asia Minor, forming one mass of land, with merely a lake to the north instead of the Euxine and a lake to the south instead of the Mediterranean, would have been no better off than the land between the Caspian and the Aral Sea.

In the western parts of the Mediterranean the change is less striking—that is to say, the geological revolution which called Greece and its islands into being did not work so great a change in the western lake as it did in the eastern. Because it did not do so, because the western part of the Mediterranean remained more like what it had been in Pleistocene times than the eastern part did, therefore the western shores of the Mediterranean lagged for ages behind the eastern. The western Mediterranean has never been blessed with anything like the islands and peninsulas of European and Asiatic Greece. Therefore the civilization of European and Asiatic Greece came earlier than the civilization of Northern Italy, Gaul, and Spain. In the Pleistocene map, oddly enough, the western Mediterranean is more peninsular than it is now. But that is because it is less insular. What are now islands were then peninsulas. The Balearic Islands appear a peninsula projecting from the greater Spanish peninsula, while Sardinia and Corsica form another peninsula projecting from what, in the absence of a Hadriatic, was a vast mainland to the east. It may be remembered that we are here dealing with a lake which has no outlet to the Ocean, no outlet to the eastern lake. Italy joins Sicily, and Sicily joins Africa, and Spain and Mauritania form one land. The sites of Carthage Old and New, the sites of Massalia, Genoa, Barcelona, and Pisa, are inland. In the last case, to be sure, the Pleistocene age has come back again.

From the South of Europe we turn to our own Northern part of it, and we are appalled by seeing that there are no British islands, no Scandinavian peninsulas. There is no Baltic, no German Ocean, no English Channel, not so much as an Irish Sea. The Eskimo and the contemporary hippopotamus might walk on dry land from the site of Galway to the site of Riga as readily as from the site of Riga to Behring's Straits. The Seine has its mouth in the middle of a long coast-line a good deal west both of the Land's End and of Cape Finisterre. In this state of things the actual history of the North would have been as impossible as the actual history of the South. How could Danes, Hollanders, and Englishmen have ever been Danes, Hollanders, and Englishmen, if Denmark, Holland, England had formed part of one unbroken continent, joining on to Russia at one end and to Gaul on the other? The mere marches of the nations westward might possibly have been the same as they actually were, but the nations themselves could never have been the same. The Basque might have eaten up the Eskimo or whoever came between the Eskimo and himself; the Celt might have eaten up the Basque and the Teuton the Celt; but such Celts and such Teutons could not have been the Celts and Teutons of history. Englishmen could not have been Englishmen anywhere but in an island. Danes and Northmen could not have been Danes and Northmen where there was no such thing as a fiord. It was the blessed in-breaking of the sea—it would, we believe, be more scientific to say the blessed sinking of some parts of the land—which has made all of us what we have been. It has parted Scandinavia from Russia, Britain alike from Scandinavia, from Germany, and from Gaul. The process has done so much for us that we should be ungrateful if we were to complain; yet, as we look at the map, we cannot help wishing that in one part of North-Western Europe the process had been carried much further. How much trouble should we have been spared if the sinking had been a little more complete just to the west of us, and if all had been water between Britain and the world beyond the Ocean.

A glimpse at such a map as this shows the real connexion between one branch of knowledge and another. At first sight the physical geography of the Pleistocene age may seem to have nothing to do with the political history of Greece and England. Directly they have nothing to do with one another; indirectly they have a great deal. When we have once taken in how much the history of a country depends upon its physical geography, we cannot look without interest at those geological revolutions which caused the physical geography, and which thereby made the political history possible. It is instructive to look at a map which shows us Europe at a time when Europe had hardly any advantage over Asia and Africa. We learn then that the physical changes which made Europe different from Asia and Africa are really parts, not merely of the physical, but of the political and moral, history of our quarter of the globe. Without those changes our actual history could not have been. We might have been at this moment better perhaps than Eskimos, but certainly not better than Chinese

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or Egyptians. The course of the changes which allowed us to differ from Chinese or Egyptians is undoubtedly part of European history. We claim the researches of Mr. Dawkins in the days when our Eskimo *antecessores* used flint weapons and scratched rude figures on stags' horns, as forming at least a preface to the long drama of European history from the union of the twelve towns of Attica onwards.

OLD LETTERS.

THERE is one important class of records which is, we must suppose, becoming scarcer every day, because the conditions out of which it grew are radically changed. We mean that sort of sustained family correspondence in which the different members report to one another or to a common centre all that happens of interest to each, and their observations on matters public and private—a correspondence begun when life was opening upon the writers, and persevered in under the joint influences of affection and habit as the readiest channel for first thoughts and unrestrained impulsive judgments. Letters were letters in the days when a large sheet had to be filled. It was necessary to turn over in the mind what there was to say before beginning, and, once begun, there was space to do justice to an event or a topic. When a letter cost the receiver a shilling there was a double motive at work tending to its preservation. The writer's conscience, if he was writing to a home where thought was more briskly current than pounds and shillings, stimulated him to put his mind or memory into it; the recipient scrupled to reduce to its elements what had given pleasure and had cost both pence and pains. Thus letters grew into chronicles, and were preserved as such by loving hands. Keeping letters or destroying them are matters of habit which have their influence on the correspondence. Without consciously desiring that a letter may be preserved, we doubt whether any one could bestow the same amount of thought or picturesque description upon paper which he knows will be torn up after perusal as would be natural to him when letters are not viewed as ephemeral. Most family letters are, we suspect, summarily destroyed in these days, and the fact influences the universal style. The correspondences we have in mind were started at least under another state of things, and consequently have a value as records which altered circumstances deny to the hurried communications, whether brief or diffuse, which have newadays taken their place.

In almost every case where a letter is worth preserving on its own merits, its merely literary and historical value increases with age. Its main subject may have lost much of its interest, but the whole will incidentally throw light on the times and manners, or the persons, or the questions, concerned in it. And in every collection containing many such letters, besides the local events and family interests which follow in a course and change from day to day and year to year, some central figures will be found to hold their ground throughout. It is curious and pleasant to note by this means the growth of a great name, to see a leader in embryo, to catch the first boyish enthusiasm of contact with genius, and to note how it tells upon the home circle, widening their sphere of interest, and even constituting them members of a party before they knew it, or indeed before the thought of a party was in any one's mind.

It must, however, be admitted that it requires an enormous effort to address oneself seriously to a voluminous correspondence of this sort, whether we are personally concerned in it, or enter upon it on merely literary grounds. In the last case, however, it is work pure and simple, to be undertaken, like many another irksome task, as work sure of the reward of all honest industries steadily persevered in. But, if it is our own past that we are going to encounter, the effort is great indeed. Nor does the labour in this case, when the first repugnance is overcome, ensure the reward which duty done generally brings. Unless we have been through life especially severe and impartial judges of ourselves, some disagreeable rubs and surprises are pretty sure to be in store for us; it is likely enough that we come out of certain critical periods less satisfied with our part in them than we had in the general subsidence of the affair let ourselves expect. We find that a prejudiced memory and self-complacency had between them given us the best of it where we now see that the other party had more to say, and said it better, than we had any idea of. Again, experience shows us how sadly disappointment, failing health, loss of spirit and of hope, injure many a fair promise. We find now, too late, how much these harsh visitations affected character in the case of intimates; not fundamentally, as we once resentfully supposed, but on the surface. If we had only been more patient, more discerning, more tender—more fair and just, as it seems now—some regrets need not have fixed their sting in memory. Why did we not humour irritation and laugh away suspicion? Why did we take so literally what we now see admitted a happier interpretation? If ever the secret of living this life over again is discovered, we should enjoin the preservation of letters as an essential precaution against slipping into new forms of our old errors, and being always merely ourselves, whatever happened.

Keeping letters is a responsibility—so great a responsibility, indeed, that some people destroy them on principle. Letters which would be literary treasures, as well as invaluable aids to the biographer in elucidating character and throwing light on events, letters having their place in years of an active correspondence, have often been sought for and inquired after in vain. It turns out that their receiver, as a rule, kept no letters. There are sure to be in every intimate correspondence many confidences, many judgments, many records of situations, persons, and scenes which men have no right to leave to the scrutiny of strangers. Consequently, keeping them commits the keeper to a subsequent reperusal, or to a standing order for their indiscriminate destruction if this intention is frustrated. This duty, or self-imposed task, of reperusal comes at different periods of life. A change of house or occupation; failing health; the return (on a friend's or relative's death) of your own letters written at some interesting period; the approach of age, and the like furnish these occasions; and then comes the test of memory. Let no indistinct or weak memory trust itself, even as far as it seems to go, where feeling was once concerned. Nothing but a strong original grip of the facts and images first recorded can be depended on. There are people who have this grip, whose memory cannot be caught halting, who seem to review their past by a continual survey, and thus never to leave hold of it. To some people old letters must be an almost superfluous study; they know nothing of the excitement of the reader, who pursues his investigations with the hopes and fears of an explorer not knowing what he may light on next. But few memories, however retentive, are impartial enough not to colour the image in the process of storing it; and for the rest, when once an impression loses its distinctness, temper and disposition play strange tricks with exact formal truth. We believe there are few persons to whom an exciting correspondence in which they have been principals, suddenly opened, does not materially change the aspect of a great many points and occasions about which they had entertained no doubt; and he is a lucky man who finds this change to his own advantage. For example, his own youth may stand before him invested with a confidence, arrogance, and hardness for which he was not at all prepared. He is astonished at his boyish joy in vituperation, at his small pity for infirmities, at his intolerant contempt for those who were perhaps his betters. Some of the rougher lessons of life since learnt he feels, with a new and keener sense, to have been not unmerited. On the other hand, diffidence and self-consciousness at the same age prepare for after years many a needless pang, a heritage of painful and often grotesque impressions which an actual review is pretty sure to modify. The reader finds the occasion to have been distorted by a memory gradually relaxing its hold; he acted, after all, according to his natural bent, not by some hideous perversity against it, which is the nervous, uneasy suspicion that had been left on the mind. In both cases the gain of such a review is worth the trouble. In either one can profitably speculate at leisure on the glosses slid into memory by the mere action of prevailing influences on thought and conduct. But, independently of the tendency consequent on human weakness to falsify the records of memory—whether in the act of imprinting themselves, or as they fade—very few memories are safe from the mere oblivion which buries whole sections of the past. Busy men, engrossed in the occupations of active life, have no time for ruminating and storing impressions; and the temporary concentration of thought which characterizes much literary labour, forced to turn abruptly from subject to subject, each absorbing the attention while it lasts, each necessarily cast aside for the next as soon as accomplished, is a habit and condition of mind still more unfriendly to a strong hold over what may be fairly called past, and therefore done with.

For all these reasons, a correspondence from youth to an age more or less mature is a possession to all whom it may concern, if people have the leisure, and we may certainly add the courage, to use it; for old letters have something akin to sleeping dogs and torpid snakes. To rip up old sorrows and grievances and mistakes, to live again the excitements of boyhood, to fight again the battles once of such enthralling importance, to suffer once again the private snubs, the family trials and disappointments, to revive the old loves and hates and successes, to come into close intercourse once more with those who have passed away, to meet friends of another generation who helped to make them what they are, for good or evil, to subject former objects of their admiration or reverence to the test of maturer judgment, to raise the ghost of their old selves and draw comparisons—how eager once where now indifferent, how positive where opinion has turned round, how dictatorial where now hesitating, how loving where now estranged—all this is a judicial process to those who have the courage to face it. The decline of a friendship is among the sadnesses of this retrospect, bringing back as it does the attractive qualities, the intellect, the tenderness, the personal regard, which have got themselves obscured under subsequent misunderstandings and resentments. There is nothing in which men differ more than in the amount of themselves which they put into a letter; and where a lost friend had this power it is next to impossible for recent rancours to make head against the sudden recognition awakened by some happy touch. Old intercourse may never be renewed, but feeling adjusts itself to a more charitable standard, and henceforth memory reverts to early dates for its specimen traits and images. Such at least should be the result of this clearing, and as it were tidying up, of our past as a moral act.

But these are the solemnities of our subject. In such a correspondence as we have indicated much amusing matter lies buried, much brightness, and some wit; and touches of character too slight to be preserved in any other form, yet full of interest. There we may note the dawn of style. Nothing teaches the art of good writing better than a real endeavour to convey to sympathizing readers new impressions and experiences as they arise. What

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better exercise can be set to any one than to hit off a pen and ink portrait, to select the traits which mark individuality, to record with verbal accuracy any racy or characteristic utterance? Time and success remove men who make a figure in the world from these little liberties of portraiture; it is no small recompense for wading through difficult manuscript and pale ink to come upon some vivid and unexpected touch showing us a distinguished man in the light in which he was seen by equals long ago. And more trivial matters, if only treated in the right spirit, are very welcome interludes. Touches of flirtation, antipathies coyly turning to love, quaint gossip, jokes, the absurdities and eccentricities of acquaintances—dress, economies, visiting—all, where the hand is light and the spirit gay, are pleasant things to read of with an interval of years between.

It is a sort of murder to destroy a good letter—a letter instinct with life, feeling, and observation; and some very good ones there must be to constitute a collection worth the trouble first of keeping and then of reperusing. The taste for hoarding and the taste for destruction, both holding a place in every human bosom, find equal indulgence in the task before us. Destruction must come at last to all, but there is a satisfaction in averting the doom for a time. A family must be ill off for heirs if there is no one to succeed to the selection which the contention between these two impulses leaves as a residuum; and it is wonderful what the anticipation of one interested, grateful reader, yet unborn, will do to recompense the labour involved in the task on which we have been commenting.

PENAL LAWS AGAINST HERESY.

ONE of the many collateral questions growing out of the controversy stirred by Mr. Gladstone about the Vatican Decrees concerns the history of persecution, or of penal legislation against heresy, during the Christian era. Dr. Newman has shown conclusively—and indeed, as an *argumentum ad hominem*, it is one of the most telling points in his Letter—that if "the traditions of the old Empire" in religious matters are preserved in the Encyclical and Syllabus of Pius IX., they have also been preserved in the general system of European civilization, and in particular among ourselves. The Puritans and Scotch Presbyterians, as Mr. Buckle testifies, held these principles quite as firmly as the school of Laud, and they have survived in Blackstone, and in the theory if not the practice of English jurisprudence down to our own day. Christianity is still officially declared to be the law of the land, and within living memory the phrase had a very practical meaning. Those who are shocked at the enunciation of the principle in Papal manifestoes are shocked at witnessing "the words, ways, and works of their grandfathers." Dr. Newman gives various illustrations of the actual recognition of this system in England down to quite recent times, and a writer so little in harmony with him as Mr. Fitzjames Stephen admits that he is quite right in his facts. In some shape or other, though in very various methods and degrees, the punishment of heresy has existed in Europe for fifteen hundred years—ever since, that is, the Empire became Christian. At the same time it is also true that, in some sense, the Church has always disclaimed the responsibility of persecution. *Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine* is a maxim of the canon law, and in the Roman Pontifical, a work of the very highest authority, the Bishop, in delivering over a condemned heretic to the secular judge, is directed *efficaciter et ex corde et omni instantiâ* to intercede that he may not be punished with death or mutilation, in the following prescribed form:—

> Domine Judex, rogamus vos cum omni affectu, quo possumus, ut amore Dei, pietatis et misericordiæ intuitu, et nostrorum interventu precaminum, miserrimo huic nullum mortis vel mutilationis periculum inferatis.

It is often said that this only makes matters worse by adding hypocrisy to cruelty, and that the severities which the Church thus affects to deprecate were in reality her own work, and at a word from her, which was never spoken, would have disappeared. And no doubt the principle of persecution is clearly enough laid down in the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, which modern Ultramontanes are bound to regard as infallible, though Bishop Doyle—writing before the Vatican Council—denied in his letter to Lord Liverpool that it had any force at all, inasmuch as, "so far from being received by the Church, it was violently opposed." For it is there expressly laid down that there are two swords in the power of the Church, the spiritual and material, the one to be used *by* the Church, the other *for* the Church, *sed ad nutum et patientiam sacerdotis*. And the sword must imply the power of life and death. Indeed Boniface VIII., the author of the Bull, ruled that Bishops might surrender criminals to the secular arm, knowing that the intercession for mercy would not be attended to; and this was quite in harmony with the general opinion of the fourteenth century. Nor would it be fair to judge the sentiment of that age by the habits and circumstances of our own. Heresy was then to the full as much an outrage on the acknowledged standard of right and wrong as Atheism or blasphemy among ourselves, both of which are still punishable by English law. The Lollards in England and the Albigenses on the Continent were looked on with the sort of feeling now entertained in respectable and religious society towards Mr. Bradlaugh and his allies; with this difference, that in those "ages of faith" a denial of the received belief was far more keenly resented as a crime of the deepest dye than in days when the strictest religionists feel obliged to make some allowance for the chances of involuntary error or ignorance. Innocent VIII. in 1484 went so far as to excommunicate all magistrates who delayed more than six days to carry out the capital sentence of the Inquisitors, who nevertheless were still obliged to use the form of intercession prescribed in the Pontifical. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the forcible suppression of heresy had been from the first a recognized principle in the Catholic Church, or that the practice was suffered to take root without protest from the most orthodox and influential quarters. The language of the Roman Pontifical represents a genuine tradition, though it had for centuries fallen into desuetude. A glance at the original introduction of capital punishment for heresy will serve to illustrate this.

Mr. Stephen says in the *Contemporary Review* that penal laws against heretics followed close on the conversion of the Empire, and to a certain extent this is true. But so far as the secular power went beyond giving civil effect to the spiritual sentences of Councils in the deposition of Bishops and the like, its action was for some time of a very uncertain and spasmodic kind, and was exerted, to say the least, quite as much in the interests of heresy as of Catholicism. The almost lifelong persecution of Athanasius at the hands of Arianizing Emperors is a case in point. The first example of the execution of heretics is in every way so noteworthy that it may be worth while to dwell for a moment upon the circumstances. Two chief pleas are commonly put forward by those who shrink alike from defending persecution in the abstract and from condemning the conduct of ecclesiastical authority in former ages; it is urged that either the civil power was alone responsible for the procedure, or that—as is alleged in excuse of Elizabeth's wholesale torturing and hanging of Roman Catholics—heresy was merely the cloak or the accompaniment of treason or some other heinous crime. The doctrines of Wicliffe and Huss, for instance, were notoriously dangerous to the State. Now both these explanations may be alleged, the first with unquestionable justice, in the case of the Priscillianists, who were the first to suffer death for heterodoxy. The facts are briefly these:—In 380 the Synod of Saragossa condemned and excommunicated Priscillian and his adherents, who taught a kind of Gnosticism, and the Bishops Idacius and Ithacius procured an Imperial rescript for their banishment from Spain, which however they contrived by bribing the Court officials to get rescinded. Upon this Ithacius betook himself to the Emperor Maximus, who had just usurped the supreme power and established himself at Trèves, and Priscillian was summoned to answer before a new Synod at Bordeaux. He came, but forestalled his sentence by an appeal to the Emperor, and this appeal to the secular power—contrary to all ecclesiastical precedent in questions of faith or internal discipline—was allowed by Ithacius, who himself became his accuser before the Imperial tribunal. But here St. Martin of Tours, one of the saintliest and most influential men of his age, appeared upon the scene, protesting first indeed against the gross and unprecedented breach of ecclesiastical discipline, but also vehemently deprecating the infliction of civil punishment on the heretics. He at length obtained a promise from Maximus to spare their lives; but as soon as he had left Trèves the persecuting Bishops renewed their importunities, and the Emperor had Priscillian and several of his adherents beheaded. But it is to be observed that he took pains to explain, in writing to Pope Siricius on the subject, that these "Manichæans" were not put to death simply for heresy, but for the practice and encouragement of the most hideous impurities, of which they had been convicted—perhaps under torture—on their own confession. The explanation was not deemed satisfactory, for a solemn protest against the whole proceedings was entered by Siricius, St. Ambrose, and two Italian Councils. Ithacius, a man of luxurious habits and insolent temper, was deposed and excommunicated, and when St. Ambrose afterwards came to Trèves, he refused to hold communion with Maximus. Martin himself, on his return to Trèves in order to intercede with the Emperor for some political offenders, would not hold communion with the persecuting Bishops, and only yielded this point at last as the condition of inducing him to recall the military officers whom he had sent into Spain with a commission to put all heretics to death—a sufficiently alarming measure, as a pale face and peculiar dress were the tests of heresy adopted by the soldiers. To Martin also Maximus had represented the executions as inflicted for crimes within the cognizance of the civil courts. Fifty years later Leo the Great refers in an apologetic tone to this earliest sanguinary persecution, still however on the assumption that the doctrines of the Priscillianists were as utterly subversive of morality as had been alleged; and it is worth noting that they were commonly reported to be a Manichæan sect. For the Manichæans "had a singular power of exciting animosity," as Mr. Stephen justly observes, though he omits to give the reason, which is however pretty clearly indicated in one of his extracts from the Code of Justinian, where they are described as men "qui ad imam scelerum nequitiam pervenerint." We may infer from St. Augustine's Confessions that the charges against them were not altogether without foundation.

It was towards the end of the fourteenth century, in the period intervening between the persecuting enactments of Boniface VIII. and Innocent VIII. referred to just now, that a regular system of penal legislation against heresy began in England with the Act of 5 Richard II. for the arrest of heretical preachers, which was followed up in 1400 by the famous statute of 2 Henry IV. *de hæretico comburendo*, confirmed by 2 Henry V. in 1414, which authorized justices of the peace to inquire into heresies and commit heretics. These Acts remained in full force up to the time of the Reformation. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, after stating that they

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were repealed by Edward VI., and, after a short revival during the reign of Mary, were again finally repealed by Elizabeth, adds that the burning of two Arians under James I. was therefore illegal; and he has since explained that the same remark applies to the burnings for heresy which unquestionably took place in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth also—one being the famous case of Joan Bocher, in which Cranmer played so discreditable a part—although these executions are not generally supposed to have been illegal. Serjeant Stephen indeed expressly affirms that the writ *de hæretico comburendo* was still in force in James I.'s reign, and Mr. Lecky fixes its repeal in 1677. To which it must be added that witches were burnt much later than that; in England the last execution took place in 1712, in Scotland ten or fifteen years afterwards. And witchcraft was closely akin to heresy, for—whether or not the elaborate dæmonology of the middle ages, with its evil hierarchy of *incubi* and *succubi*, was accepted entire—witches were always punished for the crime of a compact with the devil. But the Act of Charles II. abolishing capital punishment for heresy leaves untouched the power of the Ecclesiastical Courts to inflict, not only spiritual censures, but other punishments, "not extending to death," for "atheism, blasphemy, heresy, or schism, and other damnable doctrines and opinions." And this power they still retain, though it has of course long since become a dead letter, except as applied to clerical delinquents. But to the end of Charles I.'s reign it was a very serious reality, being in fact a kind of modified Inquisition. There are also certain provisions of the common and statute law against heresy, blasphemy, and Atheism still in force, to which Dr. Newman refers, in the passage on the Encyclical in his recent Letter, as having been acted upon within his own memory and giving a tone to society and to the publications representing public opinion.

There is a curious coincidence in the view taken by two writers of such widely opposite opinions as Dr. Newman and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, not only of the facts but of the moral deducible from them. Mr. Stephen sets out by disclaiming any abstract theory about persecution, and considers it perfectly natural that sincere believers in Christianity should desire to make the confession of anti-Christian opinions penal, and only proper that sincere disbelievers should either remain silent or be ready to take the consequences of avowing their dissent. But he holds it to be impossible, in view of "several broad, patent, notorious facts" of the present day, to carry out with any consistency or success the system of repression still existing in the theory of the law, and thinks therefore that it had better be frankly and formally abandoned. And he concludes by sketching out a short Act for the purpose. Dr. Newman avows himself in the abstract "an admirer of the principles now superseded"—meaning, if we rightly understand him, such limited enforcement of respect for orthodoxy as was till lately a recognized principle of the English law courts and of public opinion. But he admits it to be impossible to maintain such a system in the present intellectual condition of the world. No Government could be formed on the principle of religious unanimity, and "as a necessary consequence the whole theory of Toryism, hitherto acted upon, came to pieces and went the way of all flesh." And he only hopes that in centuries to come some way may be found of uniting the freedom of the new system of society with the authority of the old without any base compromise. There can hardly, we should think, be two opinions among thinking men as to the practical conclusion arrived at on independent grounds by these two diverse authorities. No reasonable man, for instance, could desire the "unequal justice" of prosecutions for coarse and vulgar blasphemy, while the subtler, but for that reason far more effective, ridicule of refined and educated sceptics must inevitably go unpunished. The altered condition of things may be frankly accepted even by those who regret the change, and it need not in any case involve an unqualified condemnation of those who upheld a policy which may naturally have been thought tolerable or expedient under very different circumstances. There will probably be many, even among the sincerest believers in a dogmatic creed, ready heartily to welcome the change, in view of the atrocities, the hypocrisies, and the manifold moral and intellectual evils generated by the old system, which never lost the original sin of its parentage from a profligate prelate and a usurping Emperor. Professor Murray of Maynooth, in his written evidence delivered to the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1854, after examining at some length the opinions of distinguished authorities, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, on religious persecution, sums up with the avowal of his own judgment that "the punishment of heresy, *as heresy*, does not fall within the province of the civil magistrate." His concluding words may be profitably commended to the notice of theologians both of his own and other communions:—

> I wish that all parties, Catholics and Protestants, would agree together that heretics should be coerced only by the force of argument, burned only in the fire of charity, cut off only with the sword of prayer and all good works; that not only temporal punishments and civil disabilities, except for civil crimes, should be abandoned, but all angry revilings and recriminations—unchristian passions under the mask of Christian zeal. . . . For my own part "I have faith in my faith," and I believe that if we tried only the weapons which the Divine Founder of Christianity has put into our hands, we would come nearer to a united decision on that great controversy which can never be decided by the arms of worldly warfare.

THE TYRANNY OF MOTHERS.

WE have heard enough, and perhaps more than enough, of the social despotism which is exercised by the Belgravian mother. No doubt a good deal of tyranny goes on in fashionable circles. It is hard to believe that every girl one sees going backwards round and round the squirrel cage in the Park can really enjoy it. It is not likely that all the young women at a fashionable crush are enduring heat, fatigue, and dulness, entirely of their own free will. It is impossible that a girl can wish to make friends only in a rank above her own. There must be children of frivolous mothers who, after their first season in London, would prefer to remain in the country during the loveliest months of the year; who would choose a ride on the breezy downs rather than to be broiled in Rotten Row, and enjoy their own blooming pleasure-ground more than a dusty fête at the Botanic Gardens. There must be others who, if they did come to town, would like to cultivate some taste or talent which they possess, instead of frittering away their time between *matinées*, shopping, drives, afternoon teas, and dinners at which they are obliged to appear in order to show they have been invited. But the truth is that the despotism of the Belgravian matron is only a part, and in itself perhaps the smallest part, of a system which is pressing painfully upon a large class of English women, a system for which we can find no other name than that of the Tyranny of Mothers. The old relations of father and son have utterly changed within living memory. It is not that there is less affection or less reverence in the boys of a family, but there is a great deal less of the formal obedience which used to be expected from them. A wise father nowadays sees that he must leave his sons a good deal to themselves, that their thoughts are not likely to be his thoughts, nor their ways his ways. He is content if he sees that this growing independence leaves the deeper ties of love and tenderness untouched. But no change of this sort can be detected as yet in the relations between daughters and mothers. The old traditions of rigorous dependence are carefully preserved. No matter what the age of her daughters may be, an English mother still calls them "the girls." She transplants the discipline of the nursery to the croquet-ground and the ballroom. She expects them to repeat the conversations they have with their partners. She insists on reading the letters they receive, and dictates the answers they send. She assumes complete control over their time, reading, opinions, religion, and friendships. The social liberty accorded to young and unmarried women in America horrifies the orthodox British mother. Here we can in some degree sympathize with her; her mistake is that, in flying from one objectionable extreme, she rushes into another and a worse. She is shocked at the idea of a girl being able to take care of herself. French fashions with respect to the position of unmarried daughters are much more to her taste. She does not approve of tight-lacing and high heels, but cannot help admiring a young woman who would not dream of having an opinion of her own until she had a husband to whom to confide it. She forgets that French girls do not generally leave their convents until their parents have commenced matrimonial negotiations with the view of settling them in life, and that, if these plans break down, they return to their convent again. An English girl is left to draw for the matrimonial prize as she can, and is thence, if she fails, in a world which her whole system of training leaves her unfitted to face.

But it is not with the larger issues of this question that we wish to deal at present. What has hardly been noticed is the helpless way in which the present system leaves girls at the mercy of the most foolish of mothers. Of course there are plenty of sensible mothers, and if all mothers were sensible, it would matter very little what precise terms of dependence they might require from their daughters. But unluckily all mothers are not sensible. There are frivolous mothers, and bigoted mothers, and fussy mothers, and timid mothers, and coddling mothers, and stupid mothers. But, whether a mother be stupid, or coddling, or timid, or fussy, or frivolous, the girls are absolutely at her mercy. It is hard to make a choice between the despotism of the one or the other; but perhaps the greatest trial to young creatures full of life and energy is the tyranny of the timid mother. She will not allow her girls to skate because Sir John Franklin was lost amongst icebergs; nor to ride because fox-hunters sometimes get their necks broken; nor to row because young men injure themselves in those dreadful boat-races. They may not have a pet dog in case it should go mad, nor any aconite or monkshood in their gardens for fear they should poison themselves. The timid mother forbids her daughters to visit amongst the poor, as they might take smallpox, and will not allow one of them to go alone outside the avenue gate from her dread of garotters. The description which she gives of the neighbouring fields is appalling. She represents them to be the lairs of mad bulls, savage tramps, venomous snakes, and wild horses. Her girls cannot propose either work or play which she does not prove to be encompassed with dangers horrible and hitherto unthought of. In their childish days they were not allowed a rocking-horse for fear it should overbalance, nor a swing in case the rope might break, nor a pocket-knife lest they should cut their fingers. The coddling mother is very nearly allied to the timid one. She is always tying comforters round her children's throats, and applying flannel to mysterious places where it will not stay. She revels in chest-protectors and respirators, and her room is adorned with sticking-plaster and gallipots. She is always intent on proving that every one either has a cold or is taking one; and she may be seen at night in a flannel dressing-gown, going from room to room with gruel, pills, mustard-leaves,

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and India-rubber hot bottles. She is constantly discovering obscure signs of some deadly disease in her children. She takes for granted that all her daughters have weak spines, so their beds are destitute of pillows and there is a reclining board in every room. When the coddling mother takes her girls to a picnic she will not allow them to sit on the grass, nor in the sun, nor under a tree, nor on a rock. They must return with her before the dew begins to rise, and are never allowed to look at the moon except through a window. They are taught to be always analysing their sensations, and lose half the pleasures of everyday life. They may not exult in a brave south-wester, get wet in a summer shower, or walk ankle deep in the glittering snow-wreaths. Human nature shrinks from prying further if the coddling mother is also a homœopathist. Vivisection is nothing to the tortures she will inflict as she sits down with Laurie's *Domestic Medicine* in her hand, to ask questions in order to diagnose the case. The patient soon feels as though every organ in her body was such a mass of disease that even bryonia and aconite, time about every five minutes, will fail to cure it.

The greatest of all tyrants, however, is the pious mother. It is difficult to say what particular injunctions or prohibitions she may deduce from the mysterious Old Testament texts which she is so fond of quoting. She somehow discovers that whist is played with the visiting cards of the Evil One, and will not allow a backgammon-box in the house because throwing dice is tempting Providence. She shakes her head at the mere mention of dancing, being reminded of a sad event brought about by that wicked amusement, and would scarcely have a powder-puff for the baby because of the horrible fate of a late Queen of Samaria. No mistletoe is allowed in the house because it is a relic of heathen customs. On Valentine's Day she waits at the door for the postman, and will not part with any of the letters addressed to either her daughters or her servants until she has seen that they do not contain any frivolous verses or mythological pictures. An enterprising lover has been known to take her in by sending a sanctimonious hymn to the object of his affections; but the fair one, discovering a little bit of satin ribbon, pulls it, and out jumps merry Cupid with an amatory address in his hand. The pious mother will not allow her daughters any books but those she has herself read and approved. Her attention is so much taken up with preparations for another sphere of existence that she has little time for this world and its literary fripperies. They may read parts of the *Record* and a few books on science, if written by a clergyman and published by the Tract Society. The usual result of such tyranny is that the girls borrow the *London Journal* from the housemaid, and third-rate novels from the village lending library. The cook, who manages this latter transaction, probably chooses the books. The superior mother is a relief after the pious mother. She certainly does start most extraordinary theories, but she reads and thinks. One may find her children standing in a row, exercising their left legs like ballet dancers, and their left arms like popular preachers. They are only trying to awaken the right lobe of their brains, on the principle that two heads are better than one. We cannot help being carried away with the idea and join them in this intellectual exercise. Have the Shakers tried these experiments? The superior mother has wondrous plans of education, and is always detailing how successful they are. Some of her children are taught to spell phonetically, so that their spelling is ever afterwards a doubtful quantity. Others are only taught shorthand, and to do all their sums by algebra. She is a Spiritualist, a Positivist, and a Pantheist, by turns, and perhaps takes to chiromancy and casting horoscopes. Through all her vagaries her children must follow her, and change their opinions as often she does. Who can wonder if their beliefs are few!

It is hardly worth while, perhaps, to go on with the list of mothers whose silliness or ignorance makes their tyranny as galling as it is no doubt well intentioned. The fault is far less in such mothers themselves than in the system which makes their defects bear so hardly on their girls. The most terrible result of such a system is seen, not in the temporary suffering or annoyance it causes, but in the social helplessness to which it dooms thousands of Englishwomen. The relations of daughters to their mothers, as those relations are practically worked out in domestic life, prevent a girl from ever fitting herself by education for earning her own livelihood. Thousands of girls have no prospect in life but that of marriage, self-support, or starvation. When a professional man, for instance, has brought up his girls in luxury, provided them with amusements, and taken them into good society, he thinks he has fulfilled his duty. Why don't they marry? At his death they have to shift for themselves as they best may, weighted by the terrible disadvantages of idle habits and a defective education. There is no reason why girls should not be helped to a profession in the same way that their brothers are helped. If their parents cannot provide for them, they are bound to leave them self-supporting. There will soon be an almost unlimited demand for competent teachers in our middle-class schools. There is great need of ladies as matrons of workhouses and other public institutions. There is probably an opening for lady medical assistants. There is no reason why girls should not learn to tune pianos and paint coats of arms on carriages. But, whatever is their calling, they must be educated to it. If children have duties, they have also rights. They must not be expected to earn their own livelihood when they have never been taught a trade; and mothers must learn that training of this sort cannot be carried on by their daughters without a considerable relaxation of the bondage in which they live at present, and that a character which fits a woman to face the world cannot be formed under the domestic pressure to which girls' tempers are now subjected. All that is needed is that some of the independence which is granted to the boys of a family should be granted to their sisters. They must be left more to themselves. A lady whose children had turned out remarkably well was asked what system of education she had pursued. She answered, "As soon as my babies were able to hold by a chair I showed them I expected they would take good care of themselves. I never 'ran to help them when they fell,' but let them pick themselves up. If they were hurt I did not 'kiss the place to make it well,' but tried to make them laugh at their bumps. I gave them pocket-money as soon as they could speak plain. They learnt the value of money by the time they were grown up. I let them read any books or newspapers that came into the house, and talk to me about them. I allowed them to sit alone if they liked. I gave the girls uninterrupted time for study. They chose their own friends. I have always found them defer to my wishes in the smallest particular. They are helpful, affectionate, confiding, and grateful." Can the tyrannical mothers who weakly indulge and as weakly repress their children say so much?

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

IT may not be very easy to say exactly what ought to be done about the Civil Service, but thus much has at least been made perfectly clear by the Report of the Commissioners, that nothing can be more absurd, hopeless, and intolerable than the present system, and that the dead lock which it has produced must come to an end. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has described the proposals of the Commission as reactionary, and so undoubtedly, in one sense, they are; but it does not at all follow that there is any reasonable objection to them on that account. On the contrary, this seems to be a strong presumption in their favour. When a man is sticking miserably in the mud on a bad road, it is no doubt highly reactionary for him to turn round and try to get to his destination by some more practicable route; but most rational persons will be of opinion that this is quite the best course he could possibly take. An emetic which relieves a patient from something which has very much disagreed with him is also equally reactionary and salutary. The truth is that the experiment of open competition, pushed to a fanatical extreme, without any effectual checks or qualifications, has produced the disastrous consequences which were naturally to be expected from it. It is well, therefore, that this mischievous folly should be distinctly recognized, and, if recognized, it follows logically that it ought to be got rid of. Before Sir Stafford Northcote has a right to apply the word reactionary in an offensive sense, he is bound to show that the direction in which the Civil Service has hitherto been moving is the right one. But all the evidence laid before the Commission appears to tell the other way. We may agree with Sir Stafford that a point has been reached at which, profiting by experience, we may hope to establish a really satisfactory system; but that point is, in our opinion, as in that of the Royal Commission, the utter breakdown of the principle of open competition; and the only chance of safety is, therefore, to turn back for at least a part of the way.

The Commissioners go to the root of the question when they say, "It may well be doubted if any examination can effectually test a man's real and permanent capacity for the practical business of life." It is quite certain that a man might be able to pass a Civil Service examination and yet be utterly unfitted to fill a place there by his temperament and habits; or, on the other hand, he might be not very high in the examination list, and yet possess all the qualities which go to the making of a Civil official of the most satisfactory type. Again, the Commissioners justly remark that "the method of choosing and determining the superior officers of an important department for the whole of their official career by the test of passing a literary examination at the age of leaving school or college, is, to say the least, an extremely doubtful one"; and it is added that "the result is not approved in the office which has had the greatest experience of it." That the unrestricted patronage of former days was bad nobody will deny, but open competition has certainly not proved a more satisfactory method of selection when tested by results. It was lately asserted by a competent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, who shared none of the vulgar prejudices against an educated bureaucracy, that competition has failed in the Indian Service to afford a sufficient check upon the admission of unfit persons, though the sort of unfitness to be guarded against has changed. As a rule, the successful candidates possess the qualities for which they have been tested, but then this is not all that is necessary, and there is no guarantee whatever that other much more essential qualities will not be wholly wanting. Experience in India tallies in this respect very closely with that at home; and it is impossible to doubt that in various elements of character and social education, the ordinary standard of the Civil Service has ever since the introduction of competition been steadily deteriorating. It was a good thing no doubt that jobbery should be prevented, but what has been substituted has proved to be infinitely more injurious to the interests of the service and of the country; and the first indispensable step towards any improvement is that competition in its present form should be abandoned.

Nothing, in fact, can be more amazing than that in a country like England, where everybody is supposed to be proud of

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doing things in a practical way, such a fantastically pedantic and artificial system should have been tolerated so long, or indeed should ever have been allowed to be established. It is obvious that all that can be tested by a literary competition is a very small part of what is required in a civil official above the level of a mechanical copying clerk. It is no doubt proper that a man's fitness on this side of his character should be ascertained; but that is no reason why his fitness in other respects should be entirely disregarded, or assumed to follow as a matter of course. Moreover, the injury which is done by the introduction of doubtful men is greatly aggravated by the rule of seniority on which promotion is conducted. A youth gets into an office on the strength of an examination which is of very questionable value even as to the genuineness of the accomplishments which it is supposed to measure, and which leaves altogether out of view the most important qualifications for the work to be done; and once in, and merely because he is in, and does not outrageously misconduct himself or neglect his duties, he rises steadily by seniority, blocks the way of more zealous and useful men, and oppresses his superiors with the dead weight of his incapacity. Nothing can be more ridiculous in itself than that a man's fortunes for the rest of his life should be thus made to turn upon the lottery of a schoolboy examination, without reference to any subsequent proofs of industry or talent; but the manner in which the prize is bestowed has also an exceedingly mischievous effect, which the Commissioners have not neglected to point out. Clerks, they remark, who have been admitted by open competition are led to look upon their future career as a matter of right, and fancy themselves wronged if they are not as well off as all who have passed the same examination. It is impossible to imagine anything more effectually calculated to produce apathy and stagnation in a public office than to encourage a lad fresh from school or college to believe that he has only once in a way to make a push, with a crammer's help, for a good place at an examination, and that a steady competence will then be secured to him for life without any exertion whatever on his part beyond a decent formal compliance with the rules of the office. The Commissioners point out that, among other differences between private establishments and public offices, able and industrious men have in the former a better chance of promotion by natural selection, while in the public service they remain on a level with men of inferior capacity. This injustice is enhanced by the capricious and arbitrary distribution of duties among the different classes of Civil Service clerks, so that one in the lower division at a very small salary may be doing really more intellectual and important work than another clerk who has had the luck to make his start in the upper grade with higher pay. It will be observed, then, that there are three radical defects which are signalized by the Commissioners—first, the want of adequate checks upon the admission of unfit persons; next, the tendency to degrade promotion into a system of mere seniority, and "this," they tell us, "and not jobbery, is the real evil of the service"; and, finally, the confusion and injustice which prevail in the pairing off of salaries and duties.

The remedies proposed by the Commissioners, though some of them may require modification in practice, appear to be impregnable in principle. It has been proved by experience that open competition, without any other check as to fitness than that of a literary examination, tends to a deterioration in the character of the service; and it may therefore be assumed that so injurious a system is now doomed. It is suggested that there should still be a competitive examination, much the same as at present, for the lower grade of clerks, who have only common routine duties to discharge, and whose qualifications can be sufficiently tested in this manner. For admission to the higher division, two examinations are proposed—first, a preliminary test examination, in order to weed out incompetents; and, second, a competitive examination in order to determine the successful candidates, who will then be placed on a list in alphabetical order, and be eligible for, but with no legal claim to, any appointment that may be vacant. Here it is that the right of nomination is to come into play as a check upon competition. The Heads of Departments are to be free to choose any of the candidates whom they may prefer, and the candidates, on the other hand, will be entitled, if they please, to reject the offered place, and wait for another chance. The Commissioners cannot of course deny that this is a partial return to the system of patronage, to the extent of giving to the Head of the Department the power to exercise some discretion in the appointment of his assistants; but they justify it on the ground that the examination will keep out any persons who do not possess ample educational qualifications, while the selection by a responsible chief will afford the best guarantee for personal character. In any other sphere of life it would be thought madness to expect the head of an important business to get his work done by assistants in the choice of whom he has no voice whatever, whom he cannot dismiss for even the grossest incapacity, and who, secure of promotion by seniority, have no motive to cultivate his good opinion. Yet this is really the present condition of the Civil Service. It is impossible to fasten responsibility on the chief of an office unless he is allowed a certain amount of discretion as to the composition of his staff. In order to reduce to something like order the confusion which at present exists in regard to work and pay, it is further proposed that the whole service shall be divided into two distinctly marked grades, one a numerous body of ordinary writing-clerks, and the other a much smaller staff of clerks who have to use their heads more or less.

It does not require much reflection to see the practical difficulties which must be encountered in attempting to adapt the Civil Service to the new conditions which are proposed. It is impossible to make a clean sweep of the existing system, and set about building up another from the beginning, while, if a gradual transformation is undertaken, there will be obstacles of another kind. The difficulty of the task, however, is no reason for shrinking from an effort to accomplish it, and it is evident that matters have reached a point at which they cannot safely be left. Something must be done, and it is at least some consolation to reflect that, whatever changes may be introduced, they can hardly make the system more unsatisfactory from almost every point of view than it is at present. The cost of the service is heavy, if not extravagant; yet the public does not get what it has a right to expect for the money, and the clerks themselves are discontented and disheartened. The strain which has hitherto been imposed on the loyalty and good feeling of the members of the service cannot be indefinitely prolonged, and the common-sense proposals of the Commissioners would at least go some way to secure efficiency and content as well as, in the end, economy.

THE JUDGES ON FLOGGING.

ANY doubt which may have been felt as to the necessity of resorting to flogging as a punishment for brutal and cowardly violence will be removed by the strong and almost unanimous opinion which the Judges have expressed on the subject. As a rule Judges are very moderate and cautious persons; somewhat sceptical perhaps, if they have had much experience, of the value of any kind of punishment, and by no means disposed to be severe. It is impossible to read their letters to the Home Secretary without seeing how reluctant they evidently were to come to the conclusion that corporal punishment ought to be extended. Yet in the face of glaring facts they could not avoid the responsibility of recommending it. It appears to us that an opinion which has been arrived at in this manner must necessarily have great weight, and it can hardly be doubted that legislation will be proposed in accordance with the views of the Judges. Chief Justice Cockburn holds that flogging has been found efficacious in putting down the offences for which it is authorized as a punishment by the 26 & 27 Vict. c. 44, and that it should be extended to cases of savage assault. Mr. Justice Blackburn is disposed to think that, on the whole, flogging would have a deterrent effect, especially as it appears to have had that result in the cases to which it has already been applied. Mr. Justice Mellor is of the same opinion, and Mr. Justice Lush speaks very strongly of the practical value of flogging as tested by experience. "When," he says, "I first went to Manchester, in the spring of 1866, there was a general feeling of alarm at the prevalence of what is called 'garotting.' It had increased, notwithstanding that heavy sentences of penal servitude had been awarded at the previous assizes. I flogged every one—as many, I think, as twenty or twenty-one. I went again in the summer of the same year, and had to administer the same punishment to about half the number. I have been there five times since, and have, I believe, only had one such case, and that was three or four years ago. The same result has followed at Leeds and Chester, and the crime has all but disappeared. From what I have seen and heard from the prisoners, some of whom have implored me to give any term of penal servitude rather than the 'cat,' and from what I have been told by governors of gaols, I have no doubt that flogging is more dreaded than any amount of imprisonment or penal servitude, and that the suppression of 'garotting' is attributable solely to this kind of punishment." Mr. Justice Quain is no less emphatic. "Flogging," he says, "is the only punishment, except the punishment of death, that seems to retain any real deterrent power about it." Mr. Justice Archibald holds that flogging has proved to be of great efficacy in the cases to which it is at present applied, and approves its extension to brutal assaults causing "grievous bodily harm." While deprecating corporal punishment generally, Chief Justice Coleridge acknowledges that "there are extreme cases in which the cruelty and wickedness of the criminal will justify the infliction upon him of bodily punishment." Mr. Justice Grove would allow judges a limited power of ordering flogging in cases of savage cruelty, as well as of indecent assaults on women and children. Chief Baron Kelly takes much the same view; and so do the other Barons of the Exchequer. "I have been told," says Baron Bramwell, "and believe, that crimes of violence have been rife in a town; that a judge at the assize has deemed it his duty to order flogging; that crimes of that character nearly ceased; that a discontinuance of the punishment caused them to be renewed, till the punishment was repeated, with the same result. This is in itself a good thing. And I am by no means sure that, if flogging was persisted in in such cases, it would not have a humanizing effect. I believe it would. I believe that a crime branded in this way by the reprobation of the law and public opinion would soon become odious." Baron Pollock admits that before he was on the Bench he was against flogging, but five circuits in the Northern and Midland Counties have taught him that the practice has worked well and gone far to put an end to systematic robberies with violence.

On the other hand, three Judges are either opposed to or have grave doubts as to the propriety of corporal punishment. Mr. Justice Keating holds that the existing law, if properly applied, is sufficiently stringent, and that the flogging of adults is a retrograde

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practice, and likely to tend to pernicious results. He has never himself sentenced any one to this punishment under the Act as to garotters, and he knows that Mr. Justice Willes was also opposed to it. The grounds upon which he objects to this form of punishment are, that it is most unequal in its application, a number of lashes which would make one man faint being taken by another with comparative indifference; and that, moreover, it is neither reformatory nor deterrent. Men, he says, were constantly flogged in the army and navy for repeating the same offences; and having himself to follow at Leeds a Judge who had been very liberal with the "cat," he found that the number of cases had considerably increased. To be logical, he suggests that flogging should be publicly applied at the cart's tail, which would of course brutalize the masses. A private whipping, he thinks, has little effect on the public outside, while it hardens the offenders. "It is supposed," he adds, "that a man knowing the punishment to be annexed to a particular crime will avoid it; but I believe that nine-tenths of the crimes of violence committed throughout England originate in public-houses, and are committed under circumstances which exclude all reflection." It is obvious that this argument might be equally used against any form of punishment, including hanging. Mr. Justice Brett thus sums up the question:—"That which is in favour of flogging in certain cases is that it is, in my opinion, clearly a deterring punishment, and that certain cowardly assaults, punished as they now are, increase in number and violence. That which is against the suggested enactment is that it is a return to a punishment which was formerly tried and failed; that it is a punishment which to be of any effect must be applied to powerful men, and which may, when applied to them, lose its effect; that it will necessarily call mischievous attention to inevitable diversity of judgment; and that it may come to be considered to be cruel and barbarous." On the whole, he votes against it, although he apparently would not strongly object to it in certain cases of cowardly assault. Mr. Justice Denman is opposed to flogging because he has no faith in the *lex talionis*, and prefers penal servitude. We have thus three, or indeed perhaps only two, Judges who object to flogging, while the rest of the seventeen are strongly and unhesitatingly in favour of it as a necessity of the case. When we come to examine the arguments, we find that there is an overwhelming balance of evidence to prove the deterring influence of flogging as far as experience has gone. It appears to be, above all other punishments, that of which criminals are most in dread; and though it is perfectly true that many crimes are committed by drunken men who do not reflect on the consequences of their acts, it is just possible that the fear of the lash may lead them to keep a check on indulgences which are apt to carry them within reach of so unpleasant a penalty. Mr. Justice Keating says the important question is how the man who has been whipped feels, not before, but after the operation; but it seems to us comparatively a very small question. A man must be about as much a brute as he can be before he is liable to be flogged, and the extremely doubtful possibility of brutalizing him a little more is a very small price to pay for the protection of the public. Experience would seem to show that a man who has been thrashed is by no means anxious for another dose. That it is an unequal punishment is only what may be said of almost every other kind of punishment; and the fear that foolish sentimentalists may get up a cry against it on the ground of cruelty is certainly not a reason for refraining from passing a just and necessary law. It is important to observe that the answers of the Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, Recorders, and Chief Constables which are included in the Parliamentary return fully confirm the view that flogging is usefully deterrent. Colonel Henderson states that the Metropolitan Police have found that it has helped them very much in suppressing garotting.

We come to this, therefore, that in the opinion of those who are most intimately acquainted with and responsible for the administration of the criminal law, flogging is a necessary and legitimate method of punishment; but the Judges are careful to point out certain limitations under which alone it ought to be applied. Nothing, of course, could be worse than that the whip should be recklessly used as an everyday weapon, or with such cruelty as to create a sentiment of tenderness and sympathy towards the victim. There is a general agreement that it ought to be applied only in very bad cases, and after the fullest inquiry, and that the right to inflict it should be confined to the Assizes or Quarter Sessions. It is also proposed that the number of lashes which may be given should be reduced. At present the maximum is 50, but it is said that no Judge has ever ordered more than 25, and Mr. Justice Lush has given his opinion that from 18 to 24 are quite sufficient. A question has been raised whether this punishment should be also applied to cases of indecent assault, but the Chief Justice suggests that charges of this kind are frequently got up for the purpose of extorting money, and that the possibility of an ignominious punishment following upon a charge might make timid people more disposed to yield to the demands made upon them. However that may be, there can be little doubt as to the advantage of taking Mr. Justice Quain's advice and administering "a moderate birching on the proper place (not to be called flogging) on boy offenders of and under 14 years of age." Most people will, we think, agree with him that children of that age had better be treated, not criminally, but in the old-fashioned paternal way. Not long since he had to try three boys under 14 for having tried to smoke out some rats from a bean-stack and so burned down the stack; and he thought it was absurd under the circumstances, that they should be put on their trial for felony. Another point on which the various authorities were asked to give their opinion was as to the expediency of giving an extension of jurisdiction to the magistrates at Petty Sessions, and the Judges are pretty much of one mind in thinking that, on the contrary, the magistrates have rather more power than they ought to have already. It is tolerably clear that a great deal of mischief has been done by magistrates dealing summarily with cases of a very aggravated character which ought to have been sent on to a superior tribunal, and it is suggested that they should be prohibited by a distinct legislative enactment from taking this responsibility on themselves. This is obviously, as Sir J. Coleridge remarks, "a very delicate matter"; but there certainly seem to be strong reasons for believing that a change of this kind would be beneficial.

ST. KATHARINE'S HOSPITAL.

WHEN the observances of a year of Jubilee were last appealing to the conscience of the Roman Catholic world, the British Protestant public was busily occupying itself, amidst the other cares of a somewhat eventful year, in planning and carrying out the destruction of a memorial of religious life as it existed in England before the Reformation, which presented a peculiarly suitable object for the energies of the advancing century, because, while its position was in the very heart of London, it was perfectly unique of its kind. When the enlightening spirit of the age, represented by the growth of commerce on one hand and by the matured wisdom of an unreformed Parliament on the other, had swept away this obstructive relic of the dark ages, there would be nothing remaining like it on the soil of the three kingdoms. It would have been of small avail to plead for the doomed Foundation, in arrest of the fatal "Le Roy le veult" pronounced on June 10, 1825, that its very existence bore witness to the stern independence with which the English Church and Crown had held their own against Roman claims nearly three centuries before the Reformation was heard of. Probably no antiquary of the time understood the significance of the long contest between the Crown and the Priory of Aldgate in the thirteenth century, and certainly the public would not have cared a straw about the matter. Anyhow, it came to pass that in the Jubilee year of 1825 St. Katharine's Hospital near the Tower was carted away as builder's rubbish to make room for St. Katharine's Docks. It is not too much to say that such a scheme, postponed to this present year of Jubilee, would have been about as likely to find favour with either London or Westminster as a scheme for carting away the Tower or leasing it in perpetuity to Mr. Barnum. Architecturally, however, the loss occasioned by the destruction of the then existing buildings is probably not a matter of very serious importance. Of the ancient cloisters and domestic portions of the group nothing had been preserved, and the whole architectural interest of the place centred in the collegiate church, which consisted of a choir of the fourteenth century, with nave and aisles of the fifteenth, the nave being slightly longer than the choir, which was sixty feet by thirty, with a height of about forty-five feet throughout. A small wheel of St. Katharine, of four feet diameter, in the head of the great east window, surmounted a larger circle of ten feet, from which all inner mouldings had disappeared, and no other feature of interest is shown in the plans and engravings of the church; while the stalls and woodwork of the choir, whatever may be their value, are still preserved in the Regent's Park. On the whole, perhaps, there is no instance of ecclesiastical "plundering and blundering" in the past to which the old proverb as to the utility of crying about spilt milk so little applies. The milk in this case was not so much spilt as run away with when nobody was looking, and it is all available at this moment at the cost only of a little care and patience. An estate of at least eight or nine thousand a year, which will in thirty years amount to about half as much more, may not be worth the notice of a modern brewer or iron-man; but, as the revenue of an ecclesiastical foundation, it is very fair as times go, and might represent a reasonable amount of "dignitariness," combined with a not useless contingent of work. During the past ten years we have on two or three occasions noticed in these columns a casual investigation by amateurs or an inquiry and report by Commissioners in the matter, of which nothing whatever has come, the public and Parliament having been busied with the bigger fish in the sea of politics.

But the public mind is now not busied about anything, and Parliament has not a question before it which by any fanning can be made to appear as "blazing." At the same time people seem to have made up their minds that some kind of ecclesiastical work is to be done in this Session; and if such be the case, the work may as well be useful as not. When Lord Lyttelton's proposals for the extension of the Episcopate were under consideration a few years since, it was whispered that, in the opinion of a very influential dignitary, supposing the means of maintaining a Bishopric of St. Albans to be forthcoming, the provision for a Dean and Chapter might not be far to seek. Whether any plan would be either practicable or desirable by which a part of the capitular revenues of St. Katharine's might be diverted to St. Albans is a question beyond the scope of our present remarks; but the Foundation of Queen Matilda and Queen Eleanor is, as we have already stated, absolutely unique; and to break it up for the purpose of constructing an ordinary Dean and Chapter would be an act of the merest utilitarian barbarism. Carvings from

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Glastonbury Abbey do indeed make very durable copings for walls, and excellent metal for turnpike roads exists in the once tesselated pavements of Wroxeter; but the traveller who takes note of the results breathes anything but a blessing on their contriver, or on the fate which has brought them to pass before his eyes.

The Collegiate Chapter of the Royal Hospital and Free Chapel of St. Katharine near the Tower, which still retains even its ancient style, consists of a Master, three Brethren Priests, and three Sisters. No act of the Chapter is valid in which any one of these three divisions is unrepresented; and the Chapter, if described by the more customary modern names, would be said to consist of a Dean, Canons, and Canonesses. No other English Religious House has survived to our times in which ecclesiastical rank is held by ladies. If any of our readers are in doubt as to the correctness of the terms we use, they may satisfy themselves by a reference to the *Clergy List*. But this is not all. The three divisions of the Chapter can be shown to stand in three distinct positions of historical relation to their predecessors on the ancient Foundation. Of the position of the Lay Master we have spoken in former articles, and it is evident that he does not in any way represent the original Master, who by the constitution of the society must be a priest. His patent, granted by Queen Adelaide, no doubt contains, as did Sir Herbert Taylor's, the familiar "dispensing clause" which was among the firstfruits of the Reformation. The three Brothers, priests, correspond to all outward appearance with their predecessors seven hundred years ago in the Chapter, as they do in fact with the priests whom they follow in unbroken order as incumbents of the Chapter benefices. But their title by succession will not bear the test of historical investigation. They are, if we may be allowed to speak with some confidence after very careful inquiry, a restoration—on the ancient lines, it is true, but still a restoration only—of their special portion of the edifice, ruined under Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and re-erected under the Stuarts. But the three Sisters have preserved the ancient house in its integrity, and represent in continuous unbroken succession the line of religious ladies who bore, from the days at least of Queen Philippa, the Wheel of St. Katharine on their habits, and served God and the Church in their once beautiful sanctuary and among the surrounding poor of the East End of London. It is true that their nomination for almost a century may, or probably must, have been held in commission. By a singular piece of good fortune, the patent of appointment of a Sister in 1509 has been preserved in the Public Record Office. Patents granted by the Queens Consort and Dowager, the ordinary patrons of the Hospital, are not so preserved; but on the 1st of June, 1509, only two days before his first marriage, Henry VIII. exercised his interim right of patronage as sovereign by nominating "Margeriam Pole" to be a Sister of St. Katharine's in the room of "Elene Litley," deceased. The glories of St. Katharine's appear to have reached their highest point under Katharine of Aragon as patroness. Under Katharine Parr, the Royal Commissioners seized on the foundation in February 1545-6, though the appointment of the first Lay Master, Sir Thomas Seymour, is said to have been made by her as Queen-Dowager in 1 Edw. VI. From the date of her death in the year following till the accession of James I. the patronage was of necessity in the sovereign; and during that period no trace of any Royal nomination of either Brother or Sister of St. Katharine's Hospital has been found in the Public Record Office. The inference is that all such appointments must, if made at all, have been made by the Master; and, without now entering into any question affecting the Brothers, we may state it as absolutely certain that the Sisters continued to exist in perpetual succession, together with the minor or sub-foundation of the ten bedeswomen. These ladies held their own even in the face of the Commissioners of 1546, whose brokers did not enter their lodgings or appraise an article of their furniture when Church, Vestry, Master's House, and Brothers' and Chaplains' quarters were mercilessly ransacked and every article found in them catalogued and valued for the Crown. Again, when, some fourteen years later, in 1559, Queen Elizabeth had devised a singular scheme for appropriating the ecclesiastical revenues of St. Katharine's to the expenses of the Tower, there appear among the items of fixed and necessary charge a sum for the maintenance of "iii susters," and another for "x pore women," while no mention is made of any "brothers" existing or possible. There are, indeed, "ii prestes to sarve the cure," who are to have 10*l.* each, besides "the pfitts of the Easter boke," and there is "a clerke to sarve the churche" for 8*l.*; for St. Katharine's was the parish church of the Precinct, which now contained a large population. Later still, in 1564, a formal document put forward by Sir Thomas Wilson in support of his claim of exemption from first-fruits and tenths asserts that St. Katharine's Hospital consists of female members only, and that "aliquod Collegium S. Katharinæ non existit." It is thus abundantly evident that the ancient succession of this venerable foundation has been preserved continuously to our own day entirely through the Ladies of the Chapter. They have in past times been careful depositaries of its traditions, and zealous guardians of its rights. It was "specyally of an old honest woman that had bene sister of the hospitall above fourtie yeres, and died but in Lente last, as could well reporte it," that Dr. Mallett, the Clerical Master appointed by Queen Mary, had "lernyd how that house was usid, and what ordre was kept thereyn for fiftie yeres or mo before the lord admyrall." The date of this paper is in 1559, and the venerable Sister who had so seen her house in its grandeur and its decay had evidently been appointed by Katharine of Aragon. The full capitular rights of the Sisters, long in abeyance, seem to have been finally restored under Lord Somers's orders, made on his visitation in 1698; and an interesting paper in the possession of the Chapter which has not been published, but which was read in the course of the Charity Commissioners' Inquiry in 1865, contains, we believe, a similar illustration of anxiety for the well being of the Foundation, shown on her death-bed by a Sister of that period.

To the flagrant scandals and abuses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has succeeded in the annals of St. Katharine's Hospital a period of orderly and decorous repose. It is now in what was half a century ago the normal condition of an ecclesiastical corporation, the deep slumber of a group of dignified sinecures. Its estates have been managed as the estates of such bodies were wont to be managed, and are open to similar improvements of system. Of the existing Chapter it need only be said, in order to establish an absolute individual and collective claim to public respect and confidence, that every member of it has been personally and privately appointed either by the late Queen-Dowager or by her present Majesty. The sole contention of all the criticism directed during the past ten years against the condition and administration of the Hospital, has been that a Capitular Foundation so ancient, so remarkable, and so complete, ought not in the present age to be withdrawn so entirely from the work of the Church and from the light of day. We have not space remaining to suggest, even were it desirable that we should do so, in what way the dignity and the usefulness of St. Katharine's might be restored; we have simply to repeat our protest against any kind of tinkering which would turn out as its result a commonplace Dean and Chapter, with possibly a middle-class school annexed. In a time when it is the fashion for women who are, or suppose themselves to be, educated and gentle to go about shrieking after prominence in callings and positions which do not, and never did, belong to them, and when women not unfrequently parade minds so strong that men have need of strong stomachs to endure them, it is something to be able to show an Order of ladies which, while combining ecclesiastical dignity, the prestige of seven centuries and more, and a personal association with the Queens of England, is at the same time both well endowed, and capable of the enlargement contemplated and in fact directed in its earlier charters of foundation. Honours in such an Order, so conferred, might well direct the energies of aspiring women of culture into paths where they would be guides for others; and more than one name will at once suggest itself to our generation as eminently fitted for such honours. The status of membership in a mediæval sisterhood, however attractive it may appear to minds of a special class, is not such as would commend itself to the general feeling of our time in connexion with queenly patronage, and the restoration of St. Katharine's Hospital need not, therefore, include among its details of revival the "Mantillum nigri coloris vel saltem ad nigritudinem tendentis signo rotæ Sanctæ Katharinæ signatum." Even the Wheel of St. Katharine, however, might be susceptible of artistic treatment in the hands of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell; and a very high authority indeed has laid down the general rule which governs all such cases—"You know you have a right, whatever your decoration, to have it expressed in brilliants."

ATTITUDE IS EVERYTHING.

A CEASELESS supply of little books offers itself where all books are useless. There are manuals of riding, dancing, and fencing, and we have now before us a Manual of "Vocal Gymnastics and Gesture," which is probably intended for the guidance of aspiring performers at Penny Readings. The practice of elocution is lamentably neglected, but useful practice can only be under a master, and the attempt to improve oneself by the study of any book is likely to have a ludicrous result or none at all. This, however, is not the opinion of the authors of this Manual, who seem to think that not only elocution, but accompanying action, can be taught by rules and diagrams. They lament that the ancients did not possess the art which they have invented of "notating gesture"; but as we find the notation unintelligible in English, we fear that it would not have added much to our appreciation of Demosthenes or Cicero. The original inventor of the system of notation was the Rev. Gilbert Austin, who published a book on the subject in 1806, of which this manual is an abridgment. There is a chapter on the motion of the arms and hands, from which we learn that John Kemble in *Hamlet* used the "double sweep" with fine effect on the words:—

> The play's the thing
> Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

Readers can perhaps imagine what the "double sweep" is, but if they cannot, so much the worse for them, as we cannot explain it. The "flourish" is defined to be "a circular movement above the head," and that is certainly intelligible, although we fail to see how it can be appropriate in oratory. The phrase would be more germane to the matter if public speakers carried cudgels in their hands; and the same may be said of "throwing" and "striking," which are also enumerated among oratorical gestures. By a strange omission, "pumping" is left out of the catalogue, although, as we all know, that is a gesture in which the more solemn orators much delight. Neither is there any mention of "sawing," although

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Shakspeare gives us to understand that this gesture was usual with players of his time. It should be noticed that one of the authors of this manual is an American, and "when the details of calculation and finance are to be laid before Congress" he recommends "discriminating gestures," which are perhaps more particularly applicable when the subject of the speech is differential duties. We have heard that, when Sir Robert Peel asked "What is a pound?" he pulled out a sovereign and held it up by way of answer to his own question. But in general we should think that gestures of any kind were out of place in a financial speech. It is possible that such gestures as "throwing" and "striking" may be considered suitable to Congress in its more excited moments. We should also think that "magnificence of gesture" is a Transatlantic product, and we should like to see it applied by a proper system of notation to some choice specimen of American oratory—as, for instance, to that speech of plaintiff's counsel in an action of trespass which declared that, if the defendant's pigs were to be permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of his client, then had patriotic ancestors fought and bled and died in vain. Magnificence of gesture is effected, says the Manual, by "detaching the elbow completely from the body, and unfolding the whole oratorical weapon." It might be hastily supposed that the debate in Congress or elsewhere to which this gesture is considered suitable had reached the exciting stage of a free fight; and indeed the gesture might be described in simpler language as "hitting out freely with the left." "The action" is to be "flowing and unconstrained," and "the preparations" are to be made in "graceful curves." The action of the lower limbs is to be "decisive," and a considerable space is to be traversed "with firmness and force." We could understand these precepts if they concerned a round in the P.R. where, after dodges, shifts, and feints, the Brummagem pet "bores" his opponent to his corner. Perhaps when John Kemble as Hamlet made a lunge at Polonius, exclaiming, "Dead, for a ducat, dead!" the careful Mr. Austin noted that the action of his lower limbs was "decisive," as in one sense it certainly was.

These vague directions are little helped by the illustrations. "When the public speaker aims at persuasion, as in discourses from the pulpit for public charities, he will naturally use more graceful, more flowing, and more varied gesture." Here we seem to be coming to something practical. Let it be Hospital Sunday, and suppose a man in church intending to give a shilling, the problem is how to make him give half-a-crown. But all that we learn from the diagrams is that you may hold your hands up or down or out. We do not want dotted lines to teach us to move our arms. The motions might be graceful or awkward, and if a learner had studied this or any book carefully, it would probably ensure his making himself ridiculous. The utmost that we can concede to the authors is that there may be some system of gymnastics specially suitable to give ease and grace to oratory. The ordinary exercises, such as dancing and fencing, have been thought sufficient for the purpose, and we doubt whether they could be improved upon. Nevertheless there could be no harm in one of these authors, if he could get a class, elevating himself on a table, and performing "extension motions," as a drill-sergeant would call them, as a model for learners. But the absurdity of their treatise is that it assumes to determine the particular gesture that is appropriate to each word or sentence of a speech, and then attempts to describe that which has been so determined. The speech of Satan to his legions has been chosen for illustration by diagrams, and we observe that on the words

Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of Heaven once yours,

four successive gestures are indicated, in all of which the feet retain the same position, while the arms are extended, and move at various angles in the same vertical plane. These gestures might, therefore, if it were worth while, be described in words with tolerable simplicity. The Manual describes with sufficient clearness certain positions of the feet which it recommends in oratory, and as regards the arms, it might be sufficient to indicate the angle which each should make with the perpendicular of the body. This might be done, supposing it to be worth while, which we do not think it is. But in the next line of the speech we find, as might be expected, that Satan has changed the windmill-sails movement of his arms and hands for other and more complicated arrangements. Quitting the vertical plane and the extension, there are an incalculable number of movements which may be made with the arms, hands, and fingers, and each of these movements of one arm and hand may be combined with any movement of the other. A selection of the gestures thus produced is applied to the successive sentences of Satan's speech, but it would be extravagant to pretend that the particular gestures chosen have any special suitability, except indeed that it may be proper on the words "with scattered arms" to throw the arms as far as possible from the body.

We may, however, concede that the gestures proposed for this speech are unobjectionable, and even that something might be learned from a book which should illustrate other speeches in like manner. But when we come to the system of "notation" which is to supply the place of diagrams both faith and patience fail us. The system is applied in the Manual to Gay's "Miser and Plutus," and here is an example of it:—

B v h f r j
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
r R 1.

The letters "B ♦ h f r j" stand for "both vertical, horizontal, forwards, rejecting." The letters "r R 1" mean "retire, right foot, first position." If, therefore, we had before us merely the passage thus noted, we must make what we could of it, and probably we should not make much. But this particular line of the poem happens to be supplied with a commentary as follows:

This gesture is thus made: both hands are drawn backwards, nearly to the mouth, in the vertical position; the eyes at this time are directed forwards; the hands are then pushed forwards; while the face is averted; and the feet retire, to a greater or less extent, in proportion to the degree of disgust or abhorrence to be expressed.

These directions may or may not be judicious. They are at any rate intelligible, and they are a fair specimen of the sort of directions which might be, and no doubt are, given to pupils training for the stage. Many such directions, some of them very absurd, have been orally transmitted to successive generations of actors. That which is useful for the stage may also be useful with modifications for the pulpit, court, or assembly. But we do not believe that any good can be done by manuals. Hamlet's instruction to the players comprises all that can be said in the way of general directions, and any attempt to come to particulars must be either absurd or unintelligible. We must allow, however, that some of the precepts of this book are sufficiently explicit. It begins with a complaint that few public speakers in America can deliver a discourse without having half the body concealed by a desk or table. "The orators of classic Greece never ensconced themselves behind elevated desks, nor stood upon all fours, as some of our public speakers do." They needed no screen to conceal uncouth attitudes and awkward gestures from the eye of criticism, "nor had occasion to present the crown of the head, instead of the face, to the audience to hide the blush of ignorance." It may be feared that both in America and England ignorance is more common among public speakers than shame in it. Indeed the orators for whom this Manual was written must be very ignorant, and we doubt whether they will get much good from it. They are told not to say "burholds" for "beholds"—a piece of advice which is perhaps necessary and certainly unobjectionable. So they must not say "hosmun" for "horseman," nor "monnucks" for "monarchs," nor "softies" for "soft eyes," nor "bridle" for "bridal." A selection of pieces suitable for recitation is appended to the chapters on "articulation" and "gesture," and we select the above from the frequent warnings of the footnotes. It may perhaps be suggested that a common education would suffice to prevent such blunders as are here indicated, and that a person who says "bridle" for "bridal" could hardly expect to be listened to at a Penny Reading, nor indeed at a public meeting, unless he were a very rich and important person in his neighbourhood. The compiler, in his anxiety to set everything right, has introduced a word here and there in his selections from Shakspeare "in order to make the language good English." He gives a quotation from "that distinguished elocutionist," the Rev. Gilbert Austin, by which it appears that in the play of *Douglas*, on the words

Jehovah's arm
Snatched from the waves, and brings me back my son,

the right arm is to be "elevated backwards" and the left "extended forwards" horizontally on the first two words, and accordingly Mr. Austin placed the letters "eb-hf" over these words. The present editor supplements Mr. Austin's work by observing that "another gesture" is required on the word "son," but he does not explain what gesture, and we have read the Manual to so little purpose that we cannot supply this omission. It appears that Mr. Austin was not one of those who applied strictly Hamlet's precept to suit the action to the word; for neither "eb" nor "hf" has any application to pulling a man out of the water. Perhaps he intended to convey the idea of omnipotence by representing a man pulled out of the water by pushing him into it. Mr. Austin complains that, in teaching declamation, "he often forgot on a following day his mode of instructing on a former," and so he invented his "system of notation" in order to establish in his instruction a "uniformity" which we think entirely superfluous. Even among soldiers minute accuracy of drill is not now esteemed as it was sixty years ago. To ensure the doing, not of the same thing always, but of the right thing, is the object of rational instruction. In skirmishing drill it is not possible to conceive all shapes and positions of obstacles, so as to lay down beforehand the exact movements of legs, hands, and body in passing them. Nor is it more easy to calculate in advance every gesture of an impassioned speech. A preacher aiming at popularity ought, according to this manual, to mark certain passages in his sermon with "st" to indicate that "the whole forearm, and the hand along with it, descends from a higher elevation rapidly" upon the cushion and makes the lamp-shades tremble. But we doubt whether the drum ecclesiastic was ever beaten effectively according to rehearsal.

THE SPORTING WRITER OF THE PAST.

THE enormous development of the sporting press makes it difficult to believe that fifty years ago there was only one newspaper paying special attention to sporting matters. Yet the series of articles which *Bell's Life in London* is now reprinting was, as we understand, the only thing of the kind which existed at the time when they appeared. After the lapse of more than thirty years, a detailed history of a great race or match has almost

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an antiquarian interest, and the mention of the St. Leger of 1843 carries us back to the time when Lord George Bentinck had not yet relinquished the Turf for politics, and when Mr. Greville in a smaller way combined the two. We do not know whether Mr. Greville's Memoirs have been reviewed from the sporting point of view, but it is not likely that the all-seeing eye of *Bell's Life* has overlooked the fact, emblematic of the dignity of racing, that a Privy Council was put off in order that the Clerk might attend at Egham races. The proper subordination of business to pleasure was never more satisfactorily exemplified, and in the same spirit we invite attention to "Nutwith's St. Leger" as the most important incident of the year 1843.

We are told that Mr. Bowes's Cotherstone went to the post for the St. Leger in 1843 with a reputation that had been well earned. As a three-year-old he had run in five races without defeat, including the Derby. He encountered all sorts of dangers from those interested in making him safe before this race, which he won by two lengths, beating, among other horses, Lord George Bentinck's Gaper, who, as a two-year-old, had beaten him in the Criterion. We fear that, in spite of the authority of the present Premier, who invented Lord George Bentinck's statesmanship, the public has an invincible tendency to regard that nobleman's career upon the Turf as more important than that which he left unfinished in the House of Commons. He was at any rate the foremost figure in the racing world of 1843, and next to him perhaps may be placed the trainer John Scott, who arrived at Doncaster on the morning of the race, riding on a van which contained the two favourites for the St. Leger, Cotherstone and Lord Chesterfield's Prizefighter. William Scott, brother to the trainer, who had ridden Cotherstone in the Derby, was prevented by an accident from wearing the "all black" in the St. Leger, and the mount was given to Frank Butler. The preliminaries of the race are described with some minuteness, and we gather that the public could not quite make out with which of the two favourites "the party" meant to win, but rather inclined to prefer Prizefighter, although believing that Cotherstone was the better horse. It was hardly doubted by the public that one or other would be first past the post. The reporter was struck with the falling off in the company at the Grand Stand, where, he says, the display of beauty and fashion was very moderate, but it must not be hastily assumed that Doncaster was then going down. Perhaps the reporter did not see with the same eyes that he had a few years before. Vehicles of all descriptions came pouring into the town, but there were no "specials" from London and the great towns of the North, and the character of the meeting was still chiefly local. Everything was on a smaller scale than it is now, particularly in the literary department. This, which we are quoting, was, we believe, the only full account published of the race, and it is not elaborated as such compositions are at the present day. Nutwith had run Prizefighter to a short head at York, and he had a small but sturdy band of followers. One of them, being perhaps insufficiently instructed as to the commercial value of a "good thing," proclaimed with stentorian voice in front of the enclosure that "Nutwith would win and nothing else," and was laughed at as another prophet come to Doncaster. John Scott recommended those who were privileged to approach him to back both the favourites, but his preference seemed to be for Cotherstone. The race lay between his pair and Nutwith, and a magnificent finish produced excitement beyond description. We have improved, if not in racing, at least in writing about it since that day, and nothing is beyond description now. "Cotherstone was on the off side, Nutwith in the middle, and Prizefighter next the rails, and so close were they together as almost to touch. Marson rode with his usual quietness and with unshaken nerve to the last moment, making his final rush with a precision that crowned him with well-merited success." The crowd believed it was a dead heat, and after the numbers went up many insisted that Butler had the race in hand at the Stand, but, Newmarket-like, tried to win too fine. But Butler answered that Nutwith could go with Cotherstone in any part of the race, and this Marson confirmed.

It was open to the natives to maintain that, if William Scott had been on the favourite, he could not have lost, and it may be allowed that a local preference was never better founded than in his case. It was also of course said that Cotherstone was sacrificed to Prizefighter, but this perhaps was giving to the party, or supposed party, credit for more ingenuity than it possessed. At any rate, we are told that Mr. Bowes's instructions to Butler were, if he did not find the pace good enough, to make it so; and this, says the writer, he believes was Butler's endeavour, but he found Nutwith always with him in the race, winning by the turn of speed at the last moment. The reporter concludes that it is impossible to please everybody, and recommends the consolation of philosophy to those who had pinned their faith rather too closely to Scott's stable. Nevertheless, all seemed to agree that Cotherstone was the best horse in the race, and that, if it were to be run over again, he would win it. This, however, was matter of opinion, but the writer was sure that the race was the most brilliant ever run at Doncaster. We do not say that a better race has been run since, and we do say that many worse descriptions of races have been written. The Special Correspondents have spoiled this as well as many other styles of journalism. As an appropriate pendant to the foregoing, we may notice another reprint of a walking-match which arose out of the circumstance that one of the competitors had walked from London to Doncaster races and back. This young man's father was a bootmaker, and perhaps he took to pedestrianism for the same reason that the Roman cobbler took to politics—namely, to wear out the soles of those who followed his performances. He walked to Doncaster—a hundred and sixty-four miles—in three days, and returned in the same time. We heard lately of an American in search of engagement as a journalist who undertook to walk from Chicago to St. Louis at the rate of eighty miles a day, "if the track don't give out," but we do not know whether he walked as well as he talked. Forty years ago it was common for the men of Yorkshire and adjoining counties to walk through the whole night in order to reach Doncaster for the St. Leger, and we may admit that in this respect special trains are not an unmixed advantage. The concourse of former years was not particularly sober, but a man who walked for a dozen hours could carry a deal of liquor safely. The general out-turn of Sheffield and other towns in gigs, on horses, and on foot for Doncaster, was probably more healthy than any holiday that is taken by the same classes now, and at least it was free from the perils of excursion trains. The enterprising young bootmaker met a better man than himself in his first match, which came off "by the side of the palings of Earl Spencer's park, towards Wimbledon." We believe that now such matches always take place in enclosed grounds, partly for the sake of "gate money," and partly because the crowd which is ready to collect at every such event would otherwise be unmanageable. Not only the style of writing about sport was undeveloped forty years ago, but sport also and the taste for it were within more healthy and convenient limits than have now been reached. Much might be conceded against the utility or morality of racing without counterbalancing the benefit of the universal movement of the town population across the country to Doncaster. Even now, if this annual holiday could be abolished, some other and probably worse form of holiday must be contrived. This walking match came off in 1837. The distance was forty miles, and the winner's time was 7 h. 1 m. 5 s., being the fastest up to that time recorded. Forty years ago it was the custom of the people to notice that "well-mounted Corinthians" attended walking and other matches. We do not know exactly when this phrase went out of use, but it has been for some time as extinct as prizefighting. The same reprint comprises another walking match which came off near Hounslow, and this also was attended by "a number of Corinthian patrons of British sports." The truth is, that racing and some other sports have become very much of a trade, in which those who know what they are about can do far better for themselves than "Corinthian patrons" could do for them. Just now indeed the proprietors of grounds where "gate money" is taken have received a heavy blow in a legal decision which seriously hinders bookmakers in their accustomed business. It will be strange, however, if trade should be killed by law. But we cannot help remarking that the perusal of these reprints suggests a disagreeable contrast between the time to which they belong and the present. "Corinthian patrons" were preferable, with all their faults and follies, to bookmakers, and sport had not then become thoroughly a trade.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

ONCE more it is gratifying to find how little "deceased Masters of the British School" suffer under close competition with "the Old Masters." In fact "Modernism," when good of its kind, may freely mix with "Mediævalism," if not on equal terms, at least for mutual benefit; and the practice of the Academy in placing their "deceased Masters" in juxtaposition with Holbein, Titian, or Vandyck, with Claude, Cuyp, or Ruysdael, implies a challenge which can be fairly sustained. Not only is this mode of hanging a proof of unshaken confidence in the English school, but it also shows a desire for further improvement in the right direction. As might be anticipated, the modern masters who suffer most by the comparison are those who are modern in a bad sense. Reynolds, who had been truly loyal to the old canons in his portraits, became disloyal and false when, in "the Adoration of the Shepherds" (229), he made himself more modern than the Bolognese school of the Carracci, and he suffers accordingly. Yet the synopsis here given of the English school proves that genius is endowed with a universality which overleaps the narrow confines of time and space. Our artists bear a retrospective trial just in proportion as they build on broad immutable principles which belong alike to every time, climate, and race.

English art again shows the utmost diversity of aim. There is little in common between Hogarth, Collins, and Maclise, Wilkie, Opie, Smirke, and Stothard. And yet our native school, whether of figure or landscape painting, is not as a house divided against itself. It may rather be compared to our social state or political constitution, in which the principles of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy in mutual aid and antagonism allow, and indeed foster, independence of character and liberty of action. English art has, however, for a variety of reasons, tended to democracy; for, although patrons have been, and in some measure still are, among the upper ten thousand, painters are usually born of the people. Such was the origin of Hogarth. His style is plebeian. For, though in the "Marriage à la mode" he satirized the follies of the higher classes, and though in the "Sketch of a Country Dance" (35), engraved with variations, he deviated into the curves of beauty, of which he wrote a clever but not convincing "Analysis," yet he was most himself when, as here, he depicts in comic fashion

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a handsome piece of roast beef seeking admission at the gate of Calais (28). Hogarth was the Hudibras of painting, and this composition, provocative of laughter, enforces his favourite maxims that there is a half-way path "between the sublime and the grotesque," and that "comedy should in painting, as in writing, be allotted the first place." This well-known picture appears to have been recently doctored for the market; the sky has not only been cleaned, but skinned; the blue is now crudely out of harmony. Hogarth's colour, perfect within its range, sought repose in broken tones and tertiaries; his pigments lie upon the canvas with solid impasto in the lights relieved by liquid transparent shadows; his execution sparkles like the play of his wit. No manipulation was ever in more intimate response with an artist's thought; his pictures may be compared with what is called "thinking aloud"; between the conception and the utterance there is no break or schism. A young artist may go to Hogarth, as to a Dutch master, to learn his grammar.

Sir David Wilkie, with whom are sometimes classed Mulready, Webster, and even Leslie, still further confirmed the tendency of the English school towards incidents in humble life or middle-class society. Wilkie in his later days, under the influence of his Spanish journey, is known to have changed—not for the better—both his subjects and his style; and we have a signal example of his more ambitious manner in "John Knox dispensing the Sacrament at Calder House" (5), lent by the Royal Scottish Academy. This picture—if picture it can be called, for not a tenth part of the canvas is covered—was left unfinished at the artist's death. The fragment is of all the greater interest because it reveals Wilkie's mode of working; his habit was to paint a head, hand, or piece of drapery, as much as possible at a single sitting, while the colour remained wet; he thus approximated to the practice of fresco with its attendant brilliancy. And yet the handling in the heads of Knox and his followers is rather that of a miniaturist than of an historic painter. Wilkie's successive manners, from the "Blind Fiddler" onwards, may be studied with advantage in the National Gallery. Some minor examples of Opie, Collins, Stothard, and Smirke do not call for special notice. But we would willingly give more than a passing word to a work fraught with historic meaning and poetic insight, "The Duke of Gloucester taken into the Water Gate of Calais" (2). Mr. David Scott, the painter, held the theory that the mental conception of a subject should override, if need be, such mere technical qualities as texture, finish, and minor details; accordingly he stands in direct antagonism to Maclise, to whom we now pass.

Daniel Maclise, here present in "a special selection" of no fewer than fifteen pictures, stands among artists as a giant; not only was his physical frame massive, but his mind had unusual amplitude and power. Whenever we saw or conversed with him, either in society or while he was engaged on his enormous mural pictures at Westminster, the genius of the man declared itself unmistakably. In no century, and least of all in the nineteenth, can artists of this strongly pronounced character be other than very exceptional. Maclise, like Michael Angelo, appears among his contemporaries in an attitude of defiant isolation; and so little are his creations in accordance with the spirit of the times, that the tribute now paid to him by his fellow-Academicians provokes the public to opposition and protest. We have even heard it said that these fifteen pictures are fit only for a chamber of horrors. It would indeed be easy to point out their faults, often in the way of exaggeration and rant, always in blackness of shadow, metallic hardness of form, and something worse than negation in colour. The tragic muse of Maclise seemed ever to be brewing a storm; behind his black and overcrowded canvases we seem to hear the discordant sound of stage thunder, yet after the thunder does not come the still small voice. Such terrors, too palpably artificial and overwrought, detract from the undoubted grandeur of "The Banquet Scene in Macbeth" (211), "The Last Sleep of Duncan" (148), and "The Marriage of Strongbow to Princess Eva" (78). Yet, after making all these deductions, the inherent greatness of Maclise remains unassailed. By common consent he was the most masterly draftsman within living memory; his command of the figure has scarcely been equalled, and never surpassed, since the days of the Old Masters; witness "The Marriage of Strongbow" (78), "Caxton" (44), "Duncan" (148), and "Hamlet" (19). The last is a small sketch from the famous picture in the National Gallery; a composition which Mr. Ruskin quotes as a proof of how wholly Shakspeare is in our day misunderstood—a judgment which few critics will confirm. Yet it must be admitted that Maclise, in common with his friend Macready, was not guiltless of what in Germany used to be termed by way of reproach "Sturm und Drang." The painter erred from excess of power; his pictorial vices were often but the exaggeration of virtues. His faculty of invention became so superabundant that in "The Sleeping Beauty" (252), and the "Macbeth" (211), the canvas seems too small to contain the teeming ideas. Doubtless his endeavour to concentrate the composition and focus the eye on some startling dramatic action betrayed him into sensational situations; yet he seldom failed to seize on some fine histrionic effect or poetic thought. In the "Play Scene, Hamlet" (19), it was a happy idea to cast on the wall the shadow which reveals the murder of the King. Still more impressive in the "Banquet Scene, Macbeth" (211), is the black spectre unseen by all save the terror-stricken King; fine, too, is the passage where the attendants flaunt the flaming torches in the face of the dark intruder on the feast. Nor must we omit to mention the sense of beauty conspicuous in "The Eve of St. Agnes" (77), a theme less happily treated by Mr. Millais. Again, we cannot forget the artist's occasional success in light comedy, as seen in "The Author's Introduction to the Players" (53); and yet it must be admitted that Leslie would have told the story with less assumption and more quiet humour. Neither can we overlook the claim of Maclise as a realist, especially as demonstrated in the moveable types and the printing press of "Caxton" (44). These and other feats of the brush, as they appeared from time to time on the walls of the Academy, provoked the remark that Maclise with consummate ease and dexterity beat the præ-Raffaelites without a boast on their own ground. In him we have lost almost the last man who rose to the high argument of historic art; and in looking around these walls we cannot but call to remembrance the language of Dickens when, at the Academy dinner, he said, "Of the genius of Maclise in his chosen art I will venture to say nothing here, but of his prodigious fertility of mind, and wonderful wealth of intellect, I may confidently assert that they would have made him, if he had been so minded, at least as great a writer as he was a painter."

English landscape-painting has never appeared stronger than in the present Exhibition, notwithstanding the breakdown of "the English Claude" in the person of Sir A. W. Callcott, whose posthumous fame is honoured by a "special selection" of thirteen pictures. The style of this painter, in spite of its assumption of poetic inspiration, is poverty-stricken; his pictures are as thin as veneer, as crude as painted tea-trays; and when he aspires to a scale of eight feet, as in the "River Scene," No. 68, his knowledge of nature proves slight and insufficient. Callcott is at his best in "The Shrimpers" (14), a coast scene, wherein fortunately he has for once forgotten himself in thinking of Turner. As for Turner, we have here renewed proof of his inexhaustible resource. "The Vintage of Macon," date 1803 (122), comes as the first fruit of the artist's earliest tour on the Continent; this noble landscape belongs to the period when nature was studied under the tuition of Claude. Less formal and trammelled are "Sunset at the Mouth of the Thames" (91) and "Crichton Castle" (60); these apparently pertain to the middle and prime period, while as yet the artist, though striving for subtle pictorial effects, had not forsaken the moderation and modesty of nature. "The Wreck of the Minotaur," date 1810 (158), is one of those raging tempests which only Turner could realize; the storms of Backhuysen are by comparison calms. This "Wreck," together with the "Macon," were acquired by Lord Yarborough, the grandfather of the present possessor. In dire contrast to the truthful period comes a flaming extravaganza in the last mad manner—"Neapolitan Fisher-Girls surprised Bathing by Moonlight" (261). It is unfortunate for Mr. Ruskin's assertion of the infallible truth of the idol of his worship that this moonlight might be mistaken for noonday.

But the novelty in landscape is in the prominence given to the "Norwich school," represented by a dozen examples of its chief masters, Crome and Cotman. We must, however, exclude from the list the "Landscape" (215), set down in error to Crome; the real painter is M. Georges Michel, a Frenchman, who died in 1843. Crome, commonly called "Old Crome" to distinguish him from his son, also an artist, had in a small way a singular career. He was born in a public-house, an origin which seems to have engendered habits which stuck to him to the last. As a youth he entered as a servant the family of Dr. Rigby of Norwich; afterwards an inborn passion for art impelled him first to house-painting, then to signboard-painting, whence he rose to the condition of a drawing-master. His leisure hours were devoted to local landscapes, sold, we have been told, in the open market at Norwich for a few shillings. The shillings are now more than pounds. Crome was poor, and his experience circumscribed. Of the six specimens here collected, four are studies of oak trees; a fifth—fine in its way—is of a thistle. He seldom or never deviated from the simple nature in the midst of which his humble lot was cast. His means of instruction seem to have been little else than such Dutch landscapes as he met with in Norfolk. Yet perhaps these seeming disadvantages helped to make him the most faithful exponent of the not very sublime scenery of the Eastern counties. As such he certainly won a right to a first rank among the most unsophisticated of English landscape-painters—a position held pre-eminently by Constable, who is now scantily seen in the Academy. Crome's style as exemplified in the works before us has, to quote the words of Messrs. Redgrave, "great breadth of treatment, largeness of manner, mastery of execution, with a fine eye for the general colour of nature." His "tree-touch," however, takes on the formal mechanism of Dutch painters and English drawing-masters, and the uniform twist and serpentine curve into which every oak branch is without exception thrown indicates the fatal practice of painting in the studio from general impressions, instead of from detailed studies made on the spot. Cotman, who rivalled the fame of his master Crome, divided with Turner his allegiance to nature. "A Château in Normandy" (239) is exaggerated; Turner was not so obvious in the means he used; his treatment had more finesse, his gradations greater subtlety; except in his last and raving moods he was not so hot in his lights or so blue in his shadows. A grand display of storm-driven waves on the wild coast of Cornwall is also rather made according to recipe. But it were hard to find fault with pictures so persuasive in composition and colour as "Hay Barges Becalmed" (32), and "A Scene on the Norfolk Coast" (42), both by Cotman. The secret of these successes lies too much on the surface to be difficult to discover; the subject is evidently so chosen and distributed as to secure a pleasing compromise between scenic effect and the simplicity of

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nature, and then, without distracting detail, light and shade are forced up with bold hand and full brush to the utmost contrast of warm and cool colour. With this slight sketch of the "Norwich school," whereof the world would willingly learn more, we close the notice of an Exhibition which, notwithstanding some shortcomings, is of so high an order that all lovers of art will desire its continuance in coming years.

REVIEWS.

HISTORIES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PHILOSOPHY.*

THE two books which we have taken leave to bring together under this title are so far alike that they are both concerned with the history of philosophy, and both furnish evidence of increasing interest in philosophical questions among English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic; the one being produced by a British writer who has migrated to a post at an American college, and the appearance of the other in a second edition being partly determined by the demand for it in the American market. Their coincidence in this respect as signs of the times, coupled with the more summary reason of convenience, is enough to explain our course without pursuing in detail a comparison which might lead us only to a parallel of the Macedon and Monmouth kind, or perhaps even to a contrast not wholly favourable to the newer and more ambitious work. In the lectures of the late Professor Butler the reader will find the Platonic and earlier Greek philosophies set forth as they appeared to a generous mind in which the enthusiastic elements of Platonism abounded, with all needful supplement of information, moderation, and occasional correction from an editor whose exact and refined scholarship, familiar with Plato's dialectic and not unversed in the arts of Platonic irony, makes him an apt representative of the more purely intellectual aspects of Plato's subtle and various thought. Indeed the Master of Trinity's notes are for many purposes, as was pointed out in a notice of the first edition in this journal, the most valuable part of the work. The text, being simply the contents of orally delivered lectures not prepared for publication by the author, is discursive and rhetorical, and seldom if ever refers to authorities; it is fitted to excite interest, but not to guide it. The notes, however, supply an amount of information and references that will serve as a very sufficient guide to the *apparatus criticus*, if we may use that term in a somewhat extended sense, of early Greek philosophy. One of the best features of these notes is the unassuming but effectual correction of such mistakes as experience has shown that scholars, not to say teachers, are likely to fall into. We have spoken of the editor's scholarship as refined, but it is a refinement of common sense, not against common sense, and for an historian of philosophy this faculty is eminently desirable and useful. The remark that Cicero was in philosophy an *amateur*, and should be judged as such (p. 123), is a specimen of this wholesome discrimination. Again, those students who learn betimes from the Master of Trinity not to be afraid of distinctly recognizing an element of "mere banter" in Plato (p. 220) will probably save themselves much unprofitable toil in pondering over the fruitless explanations of commentators who have failed to discover that Plato was a poet and a humourist. The tendency of recent physical research has been to give increased interest to the Atomic theories of Greek philsophers, and there is a strong and very natural temptation on the one hand to ascribe to them as of their own right a lustre which is only reflected on them from modern and very different sources, or on the other hand to use them as evidence that our modern physical speculations have nothing new in them. It is not unimportant therefore when we find the dogmatic and *à priori* character of these early Atomic theories pointed out by a competent and impartial judge (p. 206). The founder of the Cynics is rather hardly treated, we think, in one place. There is evidence enough that Antisthenes had other crude and absurd notions, but the saying attributed to him, "A man I can see, but I never saw the thing you call humanity" (p. 285), surely does not imply materialism. It would not be strange in the mouth of any Nominalist or even Conceptualist. The Master of Trinity seems for once not to have escaped the prevalent mistake of those who cannot look at Plato's contemporaries except from an ultra-Platonic point of view. One example may be given of the gentle warning sometimes given against a literal acceptation of the rhetoric of Mr. Archer Butler's text. On the Platonic theory of Reminiscence the lecturer cites Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, and observes that

> The substance of this noble stanza, which Wordsworth has with exquisite delicacy and art connected with the innocence of childhood, you will find given at great length in various passages of the *Timæus*, the *Phædrus*, and the *Phædo*; but, of course, in a form more directly philosophical.

The pleasing but inexact comparison is thus checked by the editor's note:—

> Where however [*i.e.* in the above-mentioned passages] it is by no means "connected with the innocence of childhood." The differences indeed between the Platonic and the Wordsworthian views of the doctrine are at least as great as their resemblances. What, we may ask, would have been the answer of the poet, if any one had recommended to him a course of Dialectic (under, let us say, Sir W. Hamilton) as the most efficient means of reviving his antenatal intuitions?

We should add that the lecture on Indian Philosophy has in this edition had the advantage of Professor Cowell's revision as well as the editor's, and that Professor Cowell has added a few notes of his own. As to these we cannot help wishing that there were more of them, or even something more considerable and continuous. But Mr. Butler's original conception of introducing a lecture on Hindu speculation as an important part of the whole subject of ancient philosophy was enough to deserve commendation, and we now have Professor Cowell's guarantee that students may trust the execution as far as it goes.

Dr. McCosh's account of the Scottish school of philosophy is intended to be, and probably is, exhaustive as regards the historical part. By the Scottish school, however, he does not mean all Scotch philosophers, but only those who have proceeded on a certain method, and have in the main concurred in holding a certain sort of doctrine, whose distinguishing marks are thus stated:—

> 1. It [the Scottish philosophy] proceeds on the method of observation professedly and really. . . . To the Scottish school belongs the merit of being the first, avowedly and knowingly, to follow the inductive method, and to employ it systematically in psychological investigation. As the masters of the school were the first to adopt it, so they, and those who have borrowed from them, are almost the only persons who have studiously adhered to it. . . . 2. It employs self-consciousness as the instrument of observation. It may thus be distinguished from some other schools with which it has been confounded. . . . The Scottish philosophers took a step in advance of any of their predecessors, inasmuch as they professed to draw all the laws of mental philosophy—indeed, their whole systems—from the observations of consciousness. . . . 3. By the observations of consciousness, principles are reached which are prior to and independent of experience. This is another grand characteristic of the school, distinguishing it, on the one hand, from empiricism and sensationalism; and, on the other hand, from the dogmatism and *à priori* speculation of all ages and countries. . . . These [principles] are somewhat differently apprehended and described by the masters of the school, some taking a deeper and others a mere superficial view of them. . . . But whatever minor or major differences there may be in the fulness of their exposition, or in the favourite views which they individually prefer, all who are truly of the Scottish school agree in maintaining that there are laws, principles, or powers in the mind anterior to any reflex observation of them, and acting independently of the philosophers' classification or explanation of them. While the Scottish school thus far agrees with the rational and *à priori* systems, it differs from them most essentially, in refusing to admit any philosophic maxims except such laws or principles as can be shown by self-inspection to be in the very constitution of the mind.

Under the first of these three heads Dr. McCosh seems to give too much importance to professing to follow the method of induction, as if it could matter whether a man professes anything about his method or not if he goes to work the right way in fact. Indeed he does not enough guard himself from the vulgar error of supposing that the "inductive method" is a certain infallible specific discovered by Bacon for enabling people to reason correctly about things they have not learnt and do not understand, and that there is no ignorance of a special subject so dense that it may not be rendered harmless by a sufficiently fervent profession of faith in Baconian principles. The application of these principles by the persons who talk most about them generally consists in the dogmatic assertion that every one of the speaker's own inferences is a simple matter of direct observation, and every one of his adversary's a groundless hypothesis. Meanwhile it is overlooked that any rules, Baconian or other, for combining one's observations are not of much use until one has learnt how and what to observe, which is just what all the rules of inductive logic in the world cannot teach. The recollection of this introductory passage tends somewhat to modify our surprise when, in a later part of the work, we find Dr. McCosh in serene possession of a store of "fundamental truth spontaneously discovered"—*i.e.* all such speculative propositions as "spontaneously" commend themselves to Dr. McCosh's mind—which "lies on the surface, and may be seen by immediate perception, or picked up by brief discursive processes." But this is by the way. Under the second head we remark that, although self-consciousness is first described as *the* instrument of observation, we are presently told that a man is not to be satisfied with observing his own consciousness, but is to find out all he can about other men's consciousness; and this not only from their express reports of deliberate philosophic observation, but from their current words and actions in ordinary life. But this almost destroys the special character of the observation and the instrument; consciousness remains *an* instrument of observation, no doubt, but only in the same sense in which it is such in all inquiries whatever. In the last resort there is no possible matter in which consciousness is not "after all the primary witness and the final judge of appeal"; it is most certain that "only by it and by what has passed through our own minds we can come to discern and appreciate," not merely "the feelings of our brother men," but any object whatsoever of sensation, imagination, or reason. As to the claim made under the third head—namely, to get universal conclusions transcending experience out of particular data of experience, we leave it to the mercies of any competent critic of the genuine transcendental school, such as, for example, the Oxford editors of Hume. What we have to say to them when they have disposed of that piece of work to our common satisfaction, we endeavoured to make clear some months ago in our notice of Mr. Green's ingenious introduction to Hume's treatise. At present we care not to make the labours of an historical expounder the

* *Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy.* By William Archer Butler, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Edited by William Hepworth Thompson, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Second Edition.

The Scottish Philosophy: Biographical, Expository, Critical, from Hutcheson to Hamilton. By James McCosh, LL.D., D.D., President of the College of New Jersey, Princeton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874, 1875.

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pretext for a controversial discussion. Besides, Dr. McCosh is not likely to trouble himself much about anything that can be said by such purblind people as "London critics bred at the English Universities, where they ... would be very much the better of instruction in a sound and sober philosophy." The sound soberness of the Scottish philosophy consists in taking a middle way between the empyrean of transcendental assumptions and the common earth of mere finite experience. The reader may commend it with Dr. McCosh as the middle path of safety where it is ever best to walk, or he may deem it, with us, a way to fall between two stools; there is a fair choice of metaphors to suit either opinion.

The author's design of including in his work only those Scottish philosophers who have professed the Scottish philosophy, though conceived apparently with much deliberation, has been found hardly capable of consistent execution. We are not surprised that Ferrier has no place in the list, for although he was one of the brightest ornaments, we do not say of Scottish, but of British philosophy in recent times, his Institutes of Metaphysic, as Dr. McCosh very truly remarks, are a complete revolt against the whole Scottish philosophy; nor is this in our eyes the least of his merits. But we do not see how the rule that excludes Ferrier lets in Lord Monboddo, who seems to have been wholly transcendental and un-Scottish in metaphysics in spite of his præ-Darwinian speculations on the descent of man. It is still more difficult to account for the inclusion of certain other and greater names which are associated with the opposite kind of falling off from the one "sound and sober" doctrine. How can Hume and Adam Smith be brought within our author's definition of the school? It is doubtful whether they have the second of the three characters which, according to Dr. McCosh, are always found in true Scottish philosophers, and it is certain that they have not the third. We can only suppose that he was guided by the illogical but irresistible consideration that the historian of Scottish philosophy, however defined, who should leave out Hume would put himself in a position of absurdity from which no definition could save him. Still more curious is the inclusion of James Mill, whose ways of thinking were, if possible, more repugnant to "the school" than Hume's, and to whose case the argument from necessity cannot be said to apply; for he was a domiciled Englishman before he was a philosopher, and his omission from the roll of Scottish metaphysicians would have been in no way startling.

We cannot undertake to follow Dr. McCosh through the biographies of forty-eight of his countrymen with their accompanying proportion of friendly or hostile philosophical comment. The biographical part appears to be done with much care and research, and this will suffice to make the volume a useful book of reference. The expository part may also be useful, but it would have been the better for being less mixed up with criticism. As regards the philosophers with whom Dr. McCosh seriously disagrees, this is so much the case that there is little if any real exposition left. Moreover, the criticism is too often disfigured by a bitter and arrogant manner which is by no means free, to say the least of it, from a suspicion of *odium theologicum*. This is perhaps most conspicuous in the case of the Mills, father and son; for though J. S. Mill does not fall within the professed scope of the work, Dr. McCosh contrives to bring him in on several occasions, and to exhibit an almost ludicrous dislike and aversion under a transparent affectation of contempt. We think disputants ought to speak their minds freely, nor do we desire by any means to discourage hard hitting in fair fight, but we are all the more anxious that honourable controversy should not degenerate into mere vituperation or personal attacks. When our author is pleased to talk of "a certain class of London physiologists, such as Carpenter, Huxley, and Maudesley," he can hurt nobody but himself, and we can only hope that this does not fairly represent the courtesy or intelligence of "a certain" or any "class" of Scotch philosophers. But we conceive that it is hardly becoming in a Doctor of Divinity to express his regret at the want of satisfactory evidence that Hume did not die in peace, and in the meantime to be visibly comforted by the unverified and unsupported report of an anonymous female in black, which has come down to us at third hand, and which, as he charitably observes, "must contain some truth." It is perhaps not impertinent to remark that a *Quarterly* Reviewer in 1816—and no time or person could be less likely to be unduly tender to Hume—met with the same or a like story, and disregarded it, "knowing whether true or false, how very little such stories are worth." We are not sure that we ought not to speak more strongly of the conduct of a writer who, not content with repeating one matter that ought never to have been made public, proceeds to state, as from his own information, and, so far as appears, for the first time, an incident in a philosopher's family which he assumes to have been the logical consequence of his false philosophy. This incident is one that any fair-minded man can see to be wholly irrelevant to the matter in hand, and its publication can have no result except to give needless pain to living persons. A holder of scholastic authority who chooses to put personalities of this kind in the place of argument may perhaps be rewarded by the cheap applause of his disciples; but this is not the way to command the serious attention of opponents or the respect of honourable men of letters.

MAURICE'S ENGLISH POPULAR LEADERS.*

WE reviewed the former volume of this series somewhat less than three years back †, and we then gave our opinion that it was the work of one who had some staff in him and who had taken much pains, but who had undertaken to be a teacher while he was still only fit to be a learner. We do not see that the time which has passed since then has raised Mr. Maurice out of that class. He still has no notion of writing a book. The title of the volume is a misnomer. It is perhaps something that Mr. Maurice himself seems conscious of both these facts. "I am afraid," he says in his preface, "that to many readers the first, at any rate, of the two following sketches will seem hardly to deserve the name of a 'Life.'" He allows the "meagreness of the materials" in the case of Ball, and "the absolute failure to compile a 'Life' of his fellow-worker, Tyler." Yet Mr. Maurice "believes that the work which he has done in this volume (whether successful or not as a work of art) has not been useless." We feel sure that the work which Mr. Maurice has gone through to make this volume has been very far from useless to himself; but we certainly cannot pronounce it to be "successful as a work of art." As Mr. Maurice himself tells us, the book is not what it calls itself in its title-page, and that, partly at least, for the reason which he himself gives, that it could not be what it calls itself on its title-page. As he most truly tells us, no one can write lives of people for whose lives no materials are to be had. With regard to Wat Tyler indeed what Mr. Maurice has chiefly done has been to show that the materials for his life come yet nearer to absolute nothingness than they come in popular belief. He brings out that John the Tyler, who killed the tax-gatherer who insulted his daughter at Dartford, was not the same man as Wat the Tyler of Maidstone, who became the leader of the insurgents. Or rather we should not say that he brings the point out, because he rather slurs it over. The truth is that while Wat the Tyler is mentioned by both Knighton and Walsingham—at least the writers commonly so called—and while the general insolence of the tax-gatherers is mentioned by Knighton, the particular Dartford story comes only from Stow. None of the best modern narratives identify the Tyler of Dartford with the Tyler of Maidstone, yet they certainly are mixed together in popular belief, and it would have been better to have more distinctly corrected the error. Mr. Maurice says truly that Stow often used original authorities which cannot always be tracked, so that his story may fairly be trusted. Of Stow's dealings in this way there is a memorable case in the fact that the contemporary life of Edward the Confessor was made use of by him, and by nobody else till its publication by Mr. Luard. Mr. Maurice further says that of the Maidstone "Tyler's previous life nothing seems yet to have been discovered," but Mr. Green says that "he was a soldier who had served in the French wars." Moreover, while Knighton makes Wat Tyler and Jack Straw the same person, Walsingham makes Walter the Tyler or Helyer a different man from Straw—"Johannes Straw" in his more stately text, while in Knighton he is "Jakke Strawe," even when he goes before or after a Latin verb. Altogether it would seem that there is exceedingly little to be said about Wat Tyler, but that Mr. Maurice has hardly managed to say even that little. Of John Ball there is a good deal more to say; but Mr. Maurice has hardly made a life of him. In fact, what he has done has been to write a good deal about slavery and villanage in different forms from the earliest times of English history down to Richard the Second, to which a short life of Sir John Oldcastle is added at the end. But there is very little that is either new or strikingly put in Mr. Maurice's volume. We doubt whether there is anything in his special book on his special subject which will not be found quite as fully told, and certainly told with far more spirit, in Mr. Green's Short History. And, since he wrote about Stephen Langton, Mr. Maurice has taken to stick in italic headings to his paragraphs. This is most likely an imitation of the headings in the Historical Course and the Science Primers published by Messrs. Macmillan. But in strictly educational works like those such divisions may be thought to be in place, while they are surely out of place in what we may suppose is meant to be a narrative. In the mere telling of his story Mr. Maurice seems to have fallen off since his Life of Langton, but the difference may well be that then he had a story to tell, and that now, as far as lives are concerned, he has none.

The opening part of the book, the discussion of slavery in early times, is weak and often inaccurate. Mr. Maurice seems to have got hold of the fact that the condition of the churls—the *ceorlas* of earlier times, the *villani* of Domesday—was tending towards villanage in the technical sense both before and after the Conquest, and this seems to have led him into the strange notion that the condition of the churl was in itself one only of half freedom. But the original notion of the churl is simply the common freeman, the mere unit in the commonwealth and the army, undistinguished by birth or office, but as strictly free as the *eorl*. The course of things tended to lower his position, but this was the position with which he started. Mr. Maurice tells us in one page that "the ceorl was tied to the land, and could only be sold with it," and presently that "he could acquire land for himself." Now it is part of the original notion of the churl that he should be a landowner; so far as he sank from that position, he was sinking from

* *Lives of English Popular Leaders in the Middle Ages—Tyler, Ball, and Oldcastle.* By C. Edmund Maurice. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

† See *Saturday Review*, August 31, 1872.

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the original state of the churl. We are sure too that there is something wrong about the suggested authorship of the following line of thought:—

> Nor must we forget that the slave in early England was in some respects in a more hopeful condition than he was in ancient Athens, or in modern America.
>
> The Athenian slave, like the negro, was the servant of a community of freemen, who were separated from him by occupation and position. His master needed no fellow-feeling from him against an oppressive over-lord, nor was there any intermediate class to modify the bitter scorn of freeman for slave.
>
> In England, however, classes were constantly interchanging; and, bitter as was the position of the slave, its bitterness was not increased by the separation of race or occupation. The constant wars between Mercians, Northumbrians, West Saxons, Kentishmen, and East Anglians, had naturally tended to increase the number of slaves in the country, and at the same time to obliterate those distinctions of race which were the great excuse to the modern white men for holding the negro in slavery.

Mr. Maurice adds in a note, "These remarks, obvious as they may seem when stated, did not occur to me, but were suggested to me by my friend Mr. Green." We feel sure that Mr. Green must be misrepresented when so fallacious a parallel is attributed to him. The Athenian slave, bought perhaps after the sack of Skiônê, of Mêlos, or of Olynthos, was very often as good a Greek as his master; and, if he often was otherwise, so also was often the English slave, especially in the West of England, where the slave class was so largely recruited by British captives. Here then was the very separation of race which Mr. Maurice denies; and at Athens there was, what Mr. Maurice also denies, an intermediate class between citizen and slave—namely, the large body of resident strangers, personally free, but without political rights, and unable to appear in a court of justice except through the means of a citizen patron. And if Mr. Maurice had asked Mr. Green or any other scholar, he would not have made his ludicrous translation of the story of the reform wrought by St. Wulfstan at Bristol. "Vicus est maritimus Brichstow dictus" becomes, in Mr. Maurice's hands, "There is a maritime *street* called Bristol." And towards the end of the story, more amusingly still, the obstinate man whom his fellow-burghers blinded and drove out of the town ("vico ejectum mox luminibus orbavere") was, according to Mr. Maurice, "thrown out into the streets." Presently Mr. Maurice gets hold of a story in the Abingdon History, placed by him in an unknown period of history called "the days of Eadmund, *son* of Æthelstan"—the Abingdon writer carefully speaks of "*frater* ejus Eadmundus"—which is most important, as pointing to folkland being still held in common by the men of the whole shire of Oxford. "Orta est controversia inter abbatem et monachos Abbendoniæ ex una parte, et comprovinciales Oxemfordensis pagi ex altera parte, super quodam prato nomine Beri ecclesiæ Abbendoniæ de jure pertinente." "Pagus," as every one knows, is the regular translation of *gau* or *scir*, but Mr. Maurice translates "the inhabitants of the district round Oxford," as if the *pagus* were something less than the shire. And though there is not a word about the town of Oxford in the story, he sets it down as a case of "rivalry between monks and burgesses," "struggles of the monasteries with the rising towns." Now the struggles between monks and burgesses do form a most important chapter in English history, but Mr. Maurice fails to see the distinction between two quite different classes of towns. At Evesham and Bury, and a crowd of other places, the town had simply grown up round the abbey. We may sympathize with the townsmen in their struggle for freedom; but, unless it could be shown that the monks had taken unjust possession of folkland, the townsmen could not have, justly speaking, any rights against them; they could have no property or privileges on the monks' land except what the monks gave them. On the other hand, at Exeter, Norwich, and Lincoln, the city was older than the ecclesiastical foundation; the Bishop, and his monks or canons settled themselves in an already existing commonwealth, and any special privileges which they held were something taken from the rights of the city. Yet Mr. Maurice talks of "the townsmen of Norwich and King's Lynn struggling into freedom in spite of the power of their Bishop and the monks." Norwich, with its 1,320 burgesses in the days of King Edward, with its new French borough founded in the days of King William, where so many houses were destroyed to make the castle, and so many "ad principalem sedem episcopatus," is thought to have been a town struggling into freedom in the same fashion as Lynn—not King's Lynn till the days of Henry the Eighth. Then, in the same way, we read how Ipswich was doing great things while the town of Bury was still struggling for its independence against the monks. So, again, Mr. Maurice sees, without understanding, the difference between Bedford and Dunstable, which again is analogous. Lastly, what is more incomprehensible than all, we read:—

> In Lincolnshire, the struggle with the monks seems, as far as the town of Lincoln was concerned, to have been due to rivalry in trade rather than to any claim of the monks to authority over the townsmen; and the grievances under which the men of Lincolnshire were labouring were rather those inflicted by the officers of the king.

What monks does Mr. Maurice conceive could have any claim to authority over the citizens of the mightiest of the Five Boroughs, even if he mistakes the chapter so carefully organized by Remigius for a convent of monks? Does he fancy that the colony of Lindum grew up around the minster, like the squatters on monastic lands at Evesham and Bury?

In an earlier part Mr. Maurice says:—

> Even Anselm, though he expressed his horror of the selling of men as "dumb animals," had apparently much less tender feeling about the overwork of the poorer classes than is shown in the Dialogue of Ælfric.

And he adds in a note:—

> See in Bk. I. of Eadmer's Life of St. Anselm, the account of Anselm's informing the King of the Lombards about the reapers who did not work hard enough.

Mr. Maurice's reference is so vague that we have not found the exact passage, though we have a dim remembrance of some such story. But to report idle labourers to their employer would not necessarily show any lack of tender feeling. And who is the "King of the Lombards"? Conrad, son of Henry the Fourth? or who?

Mr. Maurice's studies, as far as his own improvement is concerned, are highly praiseworthy. But before he again attempts to enlighten others, he would do well to learn something of the history of the chief English towns, and at least so much Latin as to keep him from translating "vico ejectum" by "thrown out into the streets."

THE HAWAIIAN ARCHIPELAGO.*

WE have in this volume the letters which were written by a lady to a relation at home during a six months' residence in the Sandwich Islands. "They were written," as we read in the preface, "often hastily and under great difficulties of circumstance, but even with these and other disadvantages, they appear to me," the author goes on to observe, "the best form of conveying my impressions in their original vividness. With the exception of certain omissions and abridgments, they are printed as they were written, and for such demerits as arise from this mode of publication, I ask the kind indulgence of my readers." Such indulgence we should be happy to give if it were at all needed. It is not from the haste with which she wrote that Miss Bird's errors arise. If she had been still more pressed for time, we can readily believe that still less indulgence would have been needed, for in that case she might have found herself forced to omit three-fourths of her substantives, and two of the three adjectives with which each substantive is usually accompanied. We are lost in amazement and horror at the thought of how she would write if she wrote at leisure, and under great facilities of circumstance. If a lady when worn out with many hours of rough riding, when wet through by heavy rains and wadings through streams, in a rude cottage without an easy chair and a low table, can still pour forth such a flood of words as might move the envy of the vast volcano which she describes with its lava streams, or the mountain torrents which she has just escaped, what, we find ourselves asking, would be the flow of her words if she were writing comfortably in an English drawing-room? *Di, talem terris avertite pestem!* We were at a loss whereunto we should liken this wonderful copiousness of words which hid whatever thoughts may have lurked beneath, till, in reading her book, we came, on the 128th page, upon a most apt illustration. In describing a forest over whose "trees and parasites the tender tendrils of great mauve morning glories trailed and wreathed themselves," the author says, "Often masses of wonderful matted vegetation sustained us temporarily over streams six or eight feet below, whose musical tinkle alone warned us of our peril." When we came to this passage we felt that for the hundred and twenty-seven pages which we had done our best to read we had been sustained—happily also only temporarily sustained—on what might be fairly described, to borrow Miss Bird's style of writing, as a wonderful matted verbal vegetation beneath which ran, though without any musical tinkling, a thin stream of sense. Here, however, the simile halts, as similes too often will. We had no sense of peril. Our only wish was to fall through, and so arrive at whatever was to be found beneath. The style in which this book is written is a melancholy instance of the harm that is done by the light literature of the age. Perhaps we shall not be doing the author an injustice if we assume that she has studied style—so far, that is to say, as she has studied it at all—in the writings of those authors at whose head Miss Braddon is rightly placed. It has never perhaps occurred to her that a novelist uses adjectives as a manager of a theatre does "orders," to hide the appearance of emptiness. A regular novel must consist of three volumes, however much or however little of a story the author may have to tell, just as a theatre is always of the same size, night after night, however large or however small the audiences may be that the play draws. Propriety, however, requires in both cases that the appearance of emptiness shall be avoided. What is excusable in novelists meets with little indulgence in letter-writers. Ladies, we know, have a kind of feeling that it is scarcely decent to send a letter in which any one of the pages is altogether bare of writing, and we therefore readily admit any little rhetorical artifice which enables them to fill up the four sides of their paper. But Miss Bird's letters, even after the omissions and abridgments, still fill each nearly twenty pages of close print. Had she never used a single adjective she would still have written enough to have satisfied the most fastidious of female correspondents. She is evidently utterly unaware of the tropical luxuriance of her language, for after she has written more than fifty pages in a style of which we shall in a moment give our readers some interesting specimens, she says, in describing a certain spot, "It is so fascinating that it is hard to write about it in plain prose." Molière's Gentleman

* *The Hawaiian Archipelago: Six Months among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands.* By Isabella L. Bird, Author of the "Englishwoman in America." London: John Murray. 1875.

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Cit might have talked prose all his life without knowing it; but we are ready most solemnly to aver that Miss Bird had not been writing it. We had come to her book with pleasure, for books of travel must be dull indeed which do not please. She has, we gladly allow, certain powers which might have rendered her capable of writing an interesting work, had she not spoilt her style by the study of the least admirable of writers. Bishop Ullathorne says that before Mr. Gladstone can understand the language of the Syllabus he must undergo, first, a year of scholastic philosophy; secondly, a three years' course of theology; and, thirdly, should study certain theses. In like manner we would say to any author who has framed her style on that of our later novelists, that before she can hope to understand the language of common sense she must undergo, first, a year of Johnson's Dictionary (the quarto edition); secondly, a three years' course of De Foe, Swift, and Cobbett; and, thirdly, must study Johnson's Dictionary again.

The first line of the first letter damped all the hopes we had formed of a new and pleasant book of travels. It opens with "a white, unwinking, scintillating sun," while five lines further down we come upon "the cicada whose triumphant din grated and rasped through the palpitating atmosphere." The author next goes on board a steamer on the Pacific. A storm came on, and she heard "one loud, awful, undying shriek, mingled with a prolonged relentless hiss," while "the surface of the sea was caught up and carried furiously into the air, like snow-drift on the prairies, sibilant, relentless." The "long weird day" happily came to an end, and "the coruscating Pleiades" once more were seen. The arrival at the first of the Sandwich Islands is celebrated by the author in much the same way as the arrival of any big ship is celebrated by the natives. They get out their bunting, and she gets out her adjectives. Where, she asks, were "the hard, angular, careworn, sallow, passionate faces of men and women, such as form the majority of every crowd at home"? She admires "the simple, tasteful, fresh attire" of the ladies. The men and women "looked easy, contented, and happy," and formed "a motley, genial, picturesque crowd." Their horses were "sorry, lean, undersized beasts." The vegetation was "glossy, redundant, arborescent." Our readers will not fail to notice the kind of trilogy, as it were, in which each subject is presented to us. Presently she catches a sight of the Pacific from the land, and falls into an ecstasy over it. "Blue, bright, balm-breathing, gentle in its supreme strength, different both in motion and colour from the coarse 'vexed Atlantic'!" We do not pretend to know what modern writers mean by "supreme." We should have thought that, if the Atlantic is the rougher ocean, to it belongs the supreme strength. Our author goes a second voyage on the Pacific, when the unwearied sun even outdid his performances of the first page. "The flag drooped and fainted with heat. The white sun blazed like a magnesium light on blue water, black lava, and fiery soil, roasting, blinding, scintillating, and flushed the red rocks of Maui into glory." Happily that state of affairs could not last for ever, and they came to an island where they could find shade under "the long, curved, wrinkled, perfectly cylindrical stems of the palms," which, we learn, though they stand in a grove, are "always supremely lonely." She had a glimpse, let us hope, of "the calm blue Pacific, wrinkled by the sweet trade-wind" in the distance. But here the author shall speak at greater length:—

> One does not forget the first sight of a palm. I think the banana comes next, and I see them in perfection here for the first time, as those in Honolulu grow in "yards," and are tattered by the winds. It transports me into the tropics in feeling, as I am already in them in fact, and satisfies all my cravings for something which shall represent and epitomize their luxuriance, as well as for simplicity and grace in vegetable form. And here it is everywhere with its shining shade, its smooth fat green stem, its crown of huge curving leaves from four to ten feet long, and its heavy cluster of a whorl of green or golden fruit, with a pendant purple cone of undeveloped blossom below. It is of the tropics, tropical; a thing of beauty, and gladness, and sunshine.

It is not, however, till she gets to the crater of a great volcano that she rises to what may be described as a supreme luxuriance of verbosity. We read of "black iridescent rolls of lava," and "gory drops tossed in air." "Eleven fountains of gory fire played the greater part of the time, dancing round the lake with a strength of joyousness which was absolute beauty," while "sometimes six of these fountains ran together in the centre to go wallowing down in one vortex." Two pages further on "the fountains and jets all wallowed together," while the lava "passed downwards in a slow majestic flow, leaving the central surface swaying and dashing in fruitless agony, as if sent on some errand it failed to accomplish." The author, if we may venture to say it, gets into a state of eruption herself. The fountains and jets of her thoughts all wallow together, while her words pass onward in a majestic and most supreme flow. She pauses in her description to criticize "the observations and impressions contained in the Visitors' Book or the Volcano Book," as it is called. There is in it, we learn, "an immense quantity of flippant rubbish." We might perhaps have hoped, as there is such an immense quantity in it, there might have been somewhat less than an immense quantity out of it. But of fine words, as of the lava and ashes that come from burning mountains, there is a never-failing supply. Under all the vast mass of words there are, no doubt, now and then some interesting passages to be found by those who do not shrink from the trouble of getting at them. Any one reading the book would do well, however, to begin about halfway through; for, like a traveller on a long journey through a desert country, the further the author gets on the lighter are the stores on which she can draw.

Life in those islands would seem to be very well worth having and worth keeping, and yet the native population is dying out at a frightful rate. We are told of a valley which forty years ago had a population of 1,300. "Now probably there are not more than 200." When the blessings of civilization come hand in hand with extermination we need not wonder how it happens that certain savage tribes only ask of us that they may be let alone. The Europeans and the Chinamen are filling up the places thus left vacant, the one with his spirits and the other with his opium swiftly and silently helping to kill off the children of the soil. The following passage shows how pleasant the life in these islands would seem to be, and how the author can, when she likes, write very fair sense:—

> There is not a bell in this or any house on the islands, and the bother of servants is hardly known, for the Chinamen do their work like automatons, and disappear at sunset. In a land where there are no carpets, no fires, no dust, no hot water needed, no windows to open and shut—for they are always open—no further service is really required. It is a simple arcadian life, and people live more happily than any that I have seen elsewhere. It is very cheerful to live among people whose faces are not soured by the east wind, or wrinkled by the worrying effort to "keep up appearances," which deceive nobody; who have no formal visiting, but real sociability; who regard the light manual labour of domestic life as a pleasure, not a thing to be ashamed of; who are contented with their circumstances, and have leisure to be kind, cultured, and agreeable; and who live so tastefully, though simply, that they can at any time ask a passing stranger to occupy the simple guest chamber, or share the simple meal, without any of the soul-harassing preparations which often make the exercise of hospitality a thing of terror to people in the same circumstances at home.

There is at least one drawback to this arcadian scene. Only five years ago, one April, "the number of shocks of earthquake counted was 2,000 in two weeks, an average of 140 a day, while on the other side of the island the number was incalculable."

KINGLAKE'S INKERMAN.*

(*Second Notice.*)

OUR former remarks on this volume were directed to show that it would be a serious misfortune if Mr. Kinglake's view of the national capabilities for fighting, and the deductions to which he would lead his readers, were to become articles of faith among his countrymen. Regarded as a critical work on the military art, constructed from the data furnished by a single important battle, there could be no teaching more unsound, as there could be none more unpractical if applied to tactics generally. This is one leading fault of the work; and, as we have before pointed out, it is especially necessary to protest against it in the plainest terms at a time when there is a momentary reaction in the military world which, if not combated, might endanger the security of the country by flattering a national weakness. But there are other vices in Mr. Kinglake's narrative, viewed strictly as a history, which are more serious still than his inflated praise of a military system that has outlived its day. One of these concerns deeply that honesty which Englishmen claim as a characteristic of their nation no less than the individual courage of their officers and men. It is difficult to speak severely enough of the persistent pains which the author takes to enhance our fame in this latter respect at the expense of our allies, by depreciating everything done or not done by the French, misrepresenting their motives, slurring over their gallant deeds, and magnifying every error which he supposes their leaders and troops to have committed. The purpose runs throughout, and is much less concealed indeed than that other object of encouraging our army to believe that the Peninsular tactics with which it entered on the Crimean War will suffice for all emergencies at every time. Many readers who remember Mr. Kinglake's earlier volumes have doubtless considered his treatment of the character of Napoleon III. vindictive. In this volume it will be found that what he then wrote of a representative person is matched by his literary treatment of the nation that shed its blood freely at our side in the action which he chronicles, as in the whole alliance which twenty years since saved Constantinople from becoming a Russian provincial city.

The opening of the volume deals with the events that immediately followed the battle of Balaclava, including of course the Russian sortie of the 26th October against De Lacy Evans's lines, known as the battle of Little Inkerman. Of our part in that affair it would have been enough to say that Evans easily repulsed the advance of some four thousand men which moved against him under Colonel Federoff, using chiefly his field-guns for the purpose. But Captain Goodlake, of the Coldstream Guards, who had been thrown out in front with a party of volunteers from his brigade, had an opportunity of highly distinguishing himself, and the historian takes occasion to dwell for three pages' length on the services he and his men rendered. When it is once said that our total loss on that day amounted to just twelve killed and seventy-seven wounded, the military reader can perfectly well appreciate the slightness of the affair as concerns our forces. Mr. Kinglake is not so easily satisfied. He cannot describe this slight skirmish of an English division without prefacing it by telling us, as an important fact to be held in view, that De Lacy Evans was a good fighting general. This simple truth is clothed at various parts of the narrative with such magniloquent phrases as, "Sir De Lacy Evans

* *The Invasion of the Crimea to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By A. W. Kinglake. Vol. V. London: Blackwood.

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was a veteran well skilled in that part of the war craft which belongs to the hour of combat." Consequently, as we read further on, "in his way of repulsing his assailants" (to do which, we learn, he had a strong position, two thousand six hundred infantry, and eighteen field-guns) "there was an easy and masterful grace which could not but give confidence to his troops, and the more so perhaps since the combat for once resembled a field-day at home"—the very thing, we may be sure, which the troops, when at home, never saw in those days. But we have not done with Evans's tactics even yet; for, turning to another page, we find that this combat was used by him deliberately to prepare the troops for the subsequent glories of Inkerman:—

> The immediate success of the tactics was not their only result. . . . . He gave to the small portion of his division engaged—and through them to the rest of it—an hour of the most wholesome training any good troops could well have. The few left to strive against the many discovered, and discovered with glee, that against extravagant odds they could stand combating Russian infantry for an indefinite time, losing ground indeed, little by little, when coerced by turning movements, but suffering no ruinous carnage, and not having one man taken.

We believe that no one would have been more astonished than the worthy old general himself at these deductions from the way in which he handled his division on the spur of the moment; and we hope most devoutly that no teacher of tactics nowadays will instruct our infantry in principles which would be hardly more suitable for their probable work against the breechloader, that (to use the words of those who have seen its power) "sweeps the ground before it like a broom," than Richard Cœur de Lion's battle-axe, so terrible at Acre, would be for forcing the way into a modern first-class fortress. But this mouthing of big phrases over a successful skirmish might be pardonable in an historian who did the same elaborate justice to all similar incidents of the siege. Unfortunately it happened that on the real Inkerman day another sortie from the works, made on the extreme western flank instead of the eastern, fell entirely on the French. Performed by General Timovieff with fewer men than Federoff had led on the 26th, it was conducted over easier ground, and with greater vigour. It was sharply repulsed by portions of Forey's corps; and, as it retreated, De Lourmel made a gallant attempt to throw his brigade between the Russians and their works, and so cut them bodily off. In this he fell mortally wounded, and his brigade retreated with considerable loss. Mr. Kinglake's history of this affair is given in a page and a half written in the driest manner, without a word of praise or blame. Not that this could in itself be objected to, were it not that the reiterated praises of Evans and his division just before, and the lengthy narratives that follow through some hundreds of pages of small isolated combats elsewhere, show a bias which can only be pronounced national in the worst sense of the word. Had De Lourmel but had the good fortune to have been a British colonel and led a battalion of British Guards, what glowing terms would have been spent on his fall at its head! What numerous details would have been showered on the reader, descriptive of his former life and manner of speech, his manly form, and personal agility! How striking and warlike, although possibly not like real war, would have been the picture drawn from the writer's internal consciousness of the heroic brigadier urging on his brave fellows to attempt what would immortalize them even in falling unsuccessful! It is not that the materials for such description were wanting at that point of the lines on which Timovieff's sudden onset fell. It is simply that Mr. Kinglake seems to be hampered in his task with a mania for proving that no French officer, at any rate over the rank of captain, ever did anything great or gallant in war. He has shown in this volume that an English writer can be found possessed to the full with that spirit of braggadocio patriotism which is, let us hope, less widespread among ourselves than among our neighbours, and which, taking the name of Chauvinism, has been the curse of France and her people.

We see this, for example, in Mr. Kinglake's treatment of the first episode of the battle. He narrates fairly enough how General Bosquet, "when the firing had scarce lasted an hour, divining by that time that the real attack was on Mount Inkerman, ordered" certain troops to march towards the Windmill, and at once hastened thither in person, to be met by Sir George Brown and Sir George Cathcart, who, on his proferring aid, "took upon themselves to decline the offer." The proper comments on this affair may easily be made by any one, let him be ever so little of a professional critic. A reader who never opens another narrative of the battle than Mr. Kinglake's will discover for himself that the salvation of our position later in the day was due absolutely to the coming up of these rejected troops of Bosquet's. As Mr. Kinglake himself states in the next paragraph, the two generals, "being unacquainted with the enemy's design for overwhelming Pennefather with 40,000 men, had not even the rudiments of the knowledge which alone could have warranted an English officer in disclaiming all need of French support on Mount Inkerman." But does the historian condemn them for stopping without authority the supports on their way to another General of Division? Does he tell us in plain terms that, in undertaking so to decide at all, they were doing Lord Raglan's proper work, and taking his proper responsibility; and that the very proceeding in itself shows either a discreditable staff system existing at that time in our army, or a Commander-in-Chief who was not capable of making his authority felt throughout the very moderate force under his orders? Both of these causes may have had something to do with the blunder. At any rate the conduct of the two divisional Generals was, in a strictly military sense, unpardonable; and Mr. Kinglake might at least have said as much in his own fine language. He might well have completed his criticism by adding that Sir G. Brown was an elderly Horse Guards official, owing his place to hard desk work done many years for Wellington when that great man cared little to trouble himself with the details of a peace army, and sent into the field too late for such active duties as he claimed. Further, he might have said that Sir George Cathcart, who had seen no European service since he followed as a lad his father through the War of Independence in Germany, derived his impression of French troops from the behaviour of Napoleon's young conscripts in the campaign that ended at Leipsic, and naturally underrated the military powers of their nation. But to do this, or even less than this, by way of setting forth the naked truth, would have required a writer free from national prejudices; and of such prejudices, as we have before pointed out, Mr. Kinglake's new volume is a standing embodiment. So, instead of any such reasonable explanation, we have the ludicrous comment that "this answer to Bosquet was not unlike such as might have come from two superb sergeants or privates who had found themselves asked to acknowledge that the English wanted help from a Frenchman." "They must have spoken"—such is the deliberate preface to this judgment—"under the impulse of a feeling of pride which, however perturbing to the judgment, must still in a way be admired, because it is a main ingredient in that wonderful assemblage of qualities which makes the British soldier what he is"; in other words, we are given to understand that two of the chief divisional generals on Lord Raglan's staff behaved at the greatest crisis of the allied campaign with no more judgment, or courtesy, or knowledge of war, than any pair of the "superb sergeants or privates" under their orders would have done. Is it possible, we would ask, that any reasonable person will follow Mr. Kinglake in viewing their motive as one that "must still in a way be admired," or can have any other feeling about it than surprise that an army should not have been disastrously beaten which counted among its leaders two such men as these—one the senior general by standing after Lord Raglan himself, the other but a short time before holding a dormant commission which was in case of accident to have put him in Lord Raglan's place?

The spirit in which Bosquet's timely and sensible offer of co-operation was received by our generals is reflected in the literary treatment of his support, when actually given, by the historian who professes his admiration "in a way" of misplaced pride. It would be tedious to multiply proofs of this, even if our limits permitted it. Let any one peruse the narrative (pp. 336-353) of the repulse of the main Russian attack, called in Mr. Kinglake's vocabulary "the great trunk column," where the Russian defeat by the 7th Léger is coolly attributed entirely to the exertions of our staff in rallying the French, and to Colonel Daubeney's diversion with thirty Englishmen; or the escape of the Guards from the Sandbag Battery (pp. 272-290), where the active share taken by the French 6th Regiment is ignored as a cause of the success with which our troops were extricated. Then let him read any one of the accounts written on the spur of the moment by British officers, ere gratitude had had time to cool down; or such a simple unvarnished narrative as Colonel Calthorpe's; and he need not hesitate to know where the truth lies. Mr. Kinglake's very table of contents is a battery of sneers against our allies. There is a set purpose manifest in such entries as "Arrival of two French battalions; their reception on the battle-field; failure of the English endeavours to make them advance; impatience of our people with the two battalions"—these two battalions having, by the way, been suddenly brought up in an unaccustomed formation, to be exposed on a long ridge to a heavy and unexpected fire from a dozen Russian batteries confronting them. Indeed the author's purpose speaks for itself here even more plainly than in the text. In the name of historic truth, as well as of justice to brave allies and of national good-feeling, it is impossible to protest too strongly against this kind of writing.

Grave as the subject is, however, it is not wholly without its comic side. Mr. Kinglake cannot help taking into account the fact that part of the French who came up just in time to save our main position on the Home Ridge from being forced were volunteers who had broken away from the Zouave camp without orders—"the truant Zouaves," as he half-jeeringly calls them in his narrative. But he actually mistakes their rough soldiers' jests on our men (p. 353), as to the happy result of their aid—"You see now, we are good for something after all, &c. &c."—for a sort of humble request to be admitted to the honour of comradeship. "Now, at least," he adds, blindly pursuing his favourite idea, "if never before, they could honestly speak to our people in this tone of soldierly fellowship." Mr. Kinglake is evidently quite unconscious how ridiculous his sublimity becomes at certain points of his story, and, though he has caught the Zouaves' words, he has little notion of how he parodies their meaning.

If there is one feature of his work more unhistorical than his judgment of our allies, it is his treatment of our own commanders, from good old Lord Raglan downwards. But this is a subject on which he may write more freely without fear of present contradiction. Those who are best able to expose his inaccuracy and unfairness are still living, and mixing in social intercourse with the families most nearly interested, if not with the very persons. One of the divisional generals at Inkerman, that one who shared the exertions and glories of the fight more closely than any save

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Pennefather himself, is not merely a prince of the blood-royal, but has been for years known to all as a commander-in-chief devoted to his labours. Another chief staff officer of the Crimea, justly popular in society, and respected by all British soldiers, controls the discipline of the army, assisted by men who first distinguished themselves on that bloody Inkerman height. Not in our generation will the true story be written of the varying fortunes of that army which our country, in utter ignorance of what war meant, flung blindly down on the shores of the Black Sea, combined with allies then new and strange to it, without anything to guide it to success but the innate heroism of its officers and men. Out of evil in this case truly came good. The resuscitation of the national military spirit, which is unhappily as necessary to our existence as an independent people now as it was in the time of the First Napoleon, dates from that troubled era. There are not only personal memories to be proud of, but national sentiments whereon to congratulate ourselves which date from Crimean days. We could only desire that the task of writing the history of those days had fallen into hands gifted with some of the judicial power of which Mr. Kinglake seems absolutely destitute. His great literary gifts none can dispute, and all must admire his unwearied industry; but his industry has only served to lead him to mistaken conclusions, and his gifts are seriously obscured in this volume by a constant straining after fine words and striking phrases. To give but one instance, to describe a body of defeated Russians (p. 403) as "the hapless Muscoffs" is to use a phrase that might well serve a Special Correspondent penning his hasty letter, but is out of place in a work of grave history, however gorgeously coloured. It is as much out of place, in short, in such a pretentious volume as this, as Mr. Kinglake's views of the comparative merits of English and French soldiers and their generals are out of harmony with the historical spirit of his age.

THE MAID OF KILLEENA.*

THERE is nothing more difficult of accomplishment in England than the destruction of a formula. The fact that an institution exists seems to be enough to secure for it respect and honour without any reference to its merits. In the case of some established customs it is no doubt a good thing that this tendency to venerate the mere quality of existence should prevail. There are others in which it is difficult to discover any virtue save that of longevity. It is surprising that these, backed by no force except stupid inertness, should long resist all the efforts of reason and common sense to break them down. Among such institutions the three-volume novel holds a high place. "They manage these things better in France" is a somewhat musty proverb, but it is peculiarly applicable to the matter in hand. The French school of fiction should be a good study for English writers and publishers, inasmuch as they may learn from it both what to do and what to avoid. In England those short stories which the French term "nouvelles" have for a long time been found only in the pages of magazines, where they are glanced hastily through to beguile a railway journey and quickly forgotten. They are miscalled "light reading," and their authors are either incapable of better work or think it waste of time to devote pains or study to a composition which they regard as trivial. That this may be a mistaken view is sufficiently proved by the fact that the "nouvelles" of such writers as De Musset, Mérimée, De Bernard, and Gautier are among their happiest productions. Their stories are light in the true and best sense of the word; not in that sense in which it may be applied to trashy magazine tales and to bad claret. The conspicuous difference between France and England in this respect is probably due to the blind unreasoning force of a custom whose origin is lost in a happy obscurity, and whose life has been so long that one may hope it has now one foot in the grave. The completeness of Mr. Black's last romance was marred by the length to which, in accordance with prejudice, it was extended. It is pleasant to find that a writer of his originality has done something towards overcoming this prejudice by producing the collection of short stories now published under the name of the *Maid of Killeena*.

The first story in the book, which gives its name to the whole, is by no means the best. The scene is laid in the Hebrides, and the characters talk the dialect which the author made attractive in the *Princess of Thule*. It is agreeable to meet again with traits which one has liked in an old friend, but their presence inevitably suggests a comparison which in this instance is not favourable to a new acquaintance. Ailasa Macdonald, the maid of Killeena, has the same simple fearless character, the same kind of beauty, which distinguished Sheila, the daughter of the King of Borva. The likeness makes one wish that she were Sheila. There are five brothers, fishermen, living hard by, two of whom, Duncan and Alister Lewis, play a principal part in the story. That Duncan has a jealous dislike to Alister is evident at first; that this dislike is caused by Ailasa's preference for the younger brother becomes evident soon afterwards. Alister is a young man of high aspirations; his soul is not in the fishing, he wishes to go to Glasgow and get for himself an education and a name. In this project he is supported and helped by the rest of his brothers, Duncan only dissenting; and accordingly he goes on his way to Glasgow, after an interview with Ailasa, in which, without his absolutely declaring his feelings to her, she easily perceives what they are. During his first absence Duncan Lewis proposes to her and is refused. Not long afterwards Alister returns on a visit, and has another interview with Ailasa. This scene is singularly pretty and graceful. Ailasa goes over to the farm in Darroch to see if the news of his return is true, and sees him coming to meet her:—

> While he was yet at a distance her heart grew cold within her. He was no longer the fisher-boy, in his rough and homely clothes, that had played about the shore with her, and got her the sea-birds' eggs. He was a young man now; he was smartly dressed; he seemed a stranger.
>
> "Ailasa!" he cried, as he came near; "and are you very well? And I was coming over to Carn-Slean at this very moment!"
>
> Somehow she could not speak. She turned aside her head, and began to cry silently.
>
> "Ailasa," said he, "what is the matter?"
>
> "This is the matter, Alister Lewis," she said, simply, between her sobs; "it is another way you speak now, since you hef been to Glasgow; and I wass thinking it was no longer yourself that I saw, but a stranger; and you hef come back to Darroch like a stranger, and you will speak no more like us, and you wass be for growing ashamed of the people that wass your friends long ago."
>
> "It is a bad welcome you will give me this day, Ailasa," said he sadly; "and it is hard words that you hef spoken."

By degrees Alister conquers Ailasa's terror of his "speaking the good English," and goes back to Glasgow betrothed to her. As the story develops, its plot assumes an air of commonplace unreality. Duncan Lewis's sullen jealousy breaks out in an attempt to murder Ailasa by scuttling the boat in which he is rowing her across the water after her marriage. Alister, who has returned in order to be the first schoolmaster in Killeena, starts in despair for America, taking on his way Glasgow, where of course the first person whom he meets is Ailasa, who has been picked up by a French steamer. The story reminds one too much of old melodramas. It might no doubt be treated in a way which would give it vigour and novelty, but the author's talents do not lie in that way. He depends more upon the play of a delicate fancy than upon the strength of his events. So it would seem, at least, from his treatment of these particular events. It is possible that, with more space, he might have worked out the passion and revenge of Duncan Lewis to a better purpose. The expression of power in a small sphere is a most difficult task. There are many pleasant touches in the story with which its framework seems out of keeping. One of these occurs at its conclusion. Alister and Ailasa agree to stay a week or two in Glasgow and see the sights before they return to Killeena. "It will be a proud day," says Ailasa, "the day that I will go back to Killeena, and tell them all the fine things that I hef seen. And maybe," said the girl shyly, remembering her duty as a schoolmaster's wife, "maybe I will learn a little of the good English before we go back to Killeena."

For the rest of Mr. Black's stories we have nothing but praise. In "Queen Tita's Wager," which appeared elsewhere two years ago, the reader again meets the bright little lady who contributed largely to the pleasure of the *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*. The wager, the story of which is supposed to be told by her husband, is concerning a young man, a friend of theirs, who has been lately disappointed in a love affair. Queen Tita is of opinion that it will take him a long time to get over the blow; while her husband confidently asserts that he will marry within a year. Presently he proposes that they should take Charlie, the disappointed young man, on a journey to the Black Forest. "Shall we go to Hüferschingen?" he asks. "I suppose so." "Franziska is a pretty girl." Franziska is the niece of the proprietor of the "Goldenen Bock" at Hüferschingen. How this astute remark of the narrator's about her being a pretty girl sets Queen Tita thinking and plotting against the interest of her wager, and how her plots are gradually carried out, is told with much spirit and humour. The visit to Hüferschingen gives the author an opportunity for turning his talent in describing scenery to good account. The appearance upon the scene of a certain Dr. Krumm, to whom the village points as the probable husband of Franziska, fans Charlie's growing inclination for her by the means of jealousy, and induces him to descend to an act of meanness the account of which is very amusing. He confides his love to the ever-sympathizing Queen Tita, and under her advice prosecutes his suit by gentle degrees. Finally he asks if Queen Tita will find out for him whether Franziska will accept a ring from him. "I think if I were you," she replies, "I would speak to her myself, but very gently." On the same day the party go out on a fishing picnic, where Charlie and Franziska are left alone for so long that in their absence a chub of four pounds is caught by Queen Tita and her husband:—

> We went back by the same side of the lake, and we found both Franziska and her companion seated on the bank at the precise spot where we had left them. They said it was the best place for the picnic. They asked for the hamper in a business-like way. They pretended they had searched the shores of the lake for miles.
>
> And while Tita and Franziska are unpacking the things, and laying the white cloth smoothly on the grass, and pulling out the bottles for Charlie to cool in the lake, I observe that the younger of the two ladies rather endeavours to keep her left hand out of sight. It is a paltry piece of deception. Are we moles, and blinder than moles, that we should continually be made the dupes of these women? I say to her,
>
> "Franziska, what is the matter with your left hand?"
>
> "Leave Franziska's left hand alone," says Tita, severely.
>
> "My dear," I reply, humbly, "I am afraid Franziska has hurt her left hand."
>
> At this moment Charlie, having stuck the bottles among the reeds, comes back, and hearing our talk, he says, in a loud and audacious way,
>
> "Oh! do you mean the ring? It is a pretty little thing I had about me, and Franziska has been good enough to accept it. You can shew it to them, Franziska."
>
> Of course he had it about him. Young men always do carry a stock of ruby rings with them when they go fishing, to put in the noses of the fish. I have observed it frequently.

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* *The Maid of Killeena, and other Stories.* By William Black, Author of "A Princess of Thule," &c. &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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It is but fair that, after taking so much trouble as she does to bring Charlie and Franziska together, Queen Tita should after all win her wager by the marriage taking place just outside the year.

Queen Tita still appears in the other three stories of the book. A "Fight for a Wife" is perhaps the brightest and liveliest of the collection. Its motive is so original that we forbear to throw any light upon it. The contrasts of character are cleverly managed. The stout, middle-aged Mr. Humphreys, genial and comfortable, yet practising manœuvres which would honour Machiavelli in order to outwit his romantic rival, is a delicious creation. The "True Legend of a Billiard Club" and its sequel are both full of fun, and told with that clearness of style which has given a charm to all Mr. Black's work. In them the plots of a set of husbands who start a billiard club, and the counterplots of their wives, who resolve that the club shall be quashed, are recounted with a life-like air. It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the merits of this collection of stories except by long extracts; and it is better that readers should become acquainted with these in their proper place. The attraction of the book, save in the case of its opening story, is owing in no small degree to its completeness and artistic proportions; so that any part of it separated from the others seems to lose much of its virtue. Herein lies much of the true art of fiction. It is to be hoped that Mr. Black may repeat his adventure in the line of short stories, and that other writers of like calibre may be induced to follow his example.

WHEELER'S HISTORY OF INDIA.*

THE nature of this work by Mr. Talboys Wheeler requires a preliminary explanation. The volume before us is numbered III., yet it is intended to be a separate work, connected with, but independent of, the volumes which have preceded it. In 1867 Mr. Wheeler published his first volume, which treated of the Vedic period and the Mahā-bhārata. Forty pages of introduction sufficed for the Vedic period. The remainder of a volume of more than 550 pages was devoted to a full analysis of the great epic. The Vedas were in course of publication, both in text and translation; but, although the whole text of the Mahā-bhārata had been printed at Calcutta in four thick quarto volumes, and another edition had appeared at Bombay, a very small part of the whole had been translated, and but little was known about the diversified contents of this stupendous work. The episode of the Bhagavadgitā had found an early translator in Wilkins, the story of Nala and Damayanti had engaged the learning of Bopp and the poetical powers of Milman, some few shorter passages had been rendered into English by Wilson, and this may be said to have been the sum of the published translations. It is curious to find that Mr. Wheeler is no Sanskrit scholar. He accidentally discovered, stowed away under a wrong title, on the shelves of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, a MS. translation, in nine volumes, of the more important portions of the poem, and friendly co-operation filled up the blanks. This translation was supposed to have been the work of the late Professor H. H. Wilson, but it has since been ascertained that the translations made under the direction of Wilson are in England, and that the one used by Mr. Wheeler was made by Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, a scholar who flourished in the days of Warren Hastings, and who, after returning home, was one of the most prominent supporters of Richard Brothers the prophet. This translation Mr. Wheeler has abstracted and condensed, and his first volume presents an epitome of all those parts of the poem which have a bearing on the history of ancient India. The publication of a complete translation of the poem is not to be expected, perhaps not even to be desired, and this abstract of Mr. Wheeler's satisfied the critical, not to say fastidious, judgment of the late Professor Goldstücker, than whom no more competent judge could be found.

Mr. Wheeler's second volume consisted of a similar analysis of the other great epic, the Rāmāyana, or rather of the different poems which embody the legend of Rāma. The original Rāmāyana of Vālmīki was translated in great part early in the present century by Carey and Marshman, and this translation has formed the groundwork of Mr. Wheeler's volume. The "remainder is given in brief outline from the Bengali version," a work of high repute by Tulasī Dās, and considerable additions have been made from the Adhyātma Rāmāyana, a sort of spiritualized version, in Sanskrit, attributed to Vyāsa, the Vedic sage, but evidently a modern work. This epitome occupies 400 pages of the volume, and 200 pages more are devoted to an analysis of Manu and other authorities upon the old laws and institutions of the Hindus. These two bulky volumes then are prolegomena or materials for history rather than history itself, and the author, feeling the force of friendly criticism, has in the third volume sifted out from them all that he considers of historical value. Mr. Wheeler's main object throughout has been history, but the lover of literature who delights to follow the development of thought and fancy in its manifold varieties will find much to interest him in the analyses of the original works; while the more practical man who looks only to results, who wishes merely to ascertain the influences operating upon the destinies of the Eastern world in ancient days, may content himself with the incidents which have been gathered and published in the third volume. The three volumes may then, according to the pleasure of the reader, be treated as one or as two distinct works. We now dismiss the earlier volumes and proceed to the one just published, which is the immediate object of our notice.

Of ancient Hindu history strictly speaking there is none. No people of such high culture and literary taste has ever been so signally deficient in the historical sense. One Sanskrit work, and one only, approaches to the semblance of a history, and that is at best a mere chronicle in verse. All else is a mass of story and legend intermingled with the most bewildering and monstrous fables, and accompanied by a chronology dealing with such vast and incomprehensible periods as to defy all attempts at rectification or reconciliation. For the earliest period of Hindu history there is nothing extant but the Vedic hymns, and such information as they contain has to be obtained by deduction and inference. Their silence also upon many points is very significant, and in comparing the Vedic Hindus with their descendants it is often more easy to arrive at negative than positive conclusions. Thus, as Mr. Wheeler says, the Vedic Hindus "had neither temples, idols, nor rigid caste distinctions. They worshipped their deities as living existences; and they apparently offered up their own sacrifices and invocations, and performed their own domestic rites without the aid of any caste of priests whatever." This part of the work is necessarily brief. The author next proceeds to reduce the leading facts of the two epic poems into an intelligible narrative of very moderate extent. Two matters in this part of the work are particularly worthy of notice. One is the inferior status of the Brahmans and the superior rank and power of the warrior caste. This comes out distinctly, notwithstanding the efforts of the Brahmans in later days to conceal all the records of their own inferiority. The other is the notices of the native populations with which the Aryans came into contact in their progress southwards. These were numerous, and known by many names, and although researches make it from year to year more evident that these races had attained some degree of civilization, and that their invaders had much to learn from them, they are generally depicted as barbarians, giants, hobgoblins, and the like. One numerous people, whose name of Nāgas, or serpent-worshippers, suggests at first a degraded position, was to all appearances a civilized people, living under an organized government, and it extorted some amount of consideration even from the invaders. It was famous for its beautiful women and great treasures. Its kingdom was in the Dekhan, and its capital is supposed to have stood on the site of the modern Nagpore. Mr. Fergusson's work on "Tree and Serpent Worship" has lately brought the subject into notice, and it deserves further investigation. It would seem to have a phallic character. Barren women endeavour to propitiate the serpent. The reptile is also represented as the guardian of hidden treasure, and as having a foreknowledge of the future greatness of infants. Heroes and kings are often said to have been guarded in infancy by serpents.

After tracing the steps and means by which the Brahmans obtained their ascendency over the other castes, the author closes his retrospect of Brahmanic India with a particular notice of the rite of *satī*, or burning of widows. No trace of this practice has been found in the Vedas, in the great epics, or in Manu. The earliest record of it is that made by the historians of Alexander's expedition to India in the fourth century B.C. A fair inference may hence be drawn as to the antiquity of the old Hindu writings. Mr. Wheeler, like others before him, compares *satī* with the practice of the Scythians in sacrificing a living woman at the grave of the deceased, and he comes to the conclusion that it was "a Scythian usage modified by Aryan culture." There is no denying the points of similarity, but one difficulty has been overlooked. If the practice is identical in origin with that of the Scythians, and was carried into India by the Aryans at the time of their immigration, we might reasonably expect to find some mention or hints of so remarkable a rite in their earliest writings. Had we not the record of Strabo and others, the origin of it might have been attributed to that Scythic irruption which happened some two or three centuries later. But as the matter now stands the question arises, if the rite had a Scythic origin, when and from whence did the Aryans acquire it?

The third chapter is devoted to the life and teachings of Gotama Buddha, and shows how Brahmanism sank under the preaching and influence of this new apostle, who came upon the scene some five or six centuries B.C. The whole of this chapter shows not only a careful study of books, but a close and intelligent observation of the working of the rival systems in the present day. Mr. Wheeler's field of service has been varied; he has seen the Brahmanism of India and the Buddhism of Burma in full operation, and he has scrutinized them with a careful and observant eye. His contrast of the two religions is very graphic, and deserves quotation:—

> The revolt of Buddhism against Brahmanism is only to be appreciated by those who are familiar with the results of both systems. The India of the present day presents many of the characteristics which must have distinguished ancient India prior to the advent of Gotama Buddha. It is a land of deities, temples, and priests, which inspire a melancholy bordering on despair. The whole Indian continent is dotted with little sanctuaries which appear like the sepulchres of defunct gods, whose grotesque and distorted effigies are to be seen within; and fathers and mothers bow down to these idols, praise them, propitiate them with gifts and offerings, and invoke them for help and prosperity. Again there are temples of more colossal dimensions, with pyramidal towers or cone-shaped domes covered with sculptures, and surrounded by walls, courtyards, and roofed passages. But all are of the same sepulchral character. Some are the receptacles of archaic gods, who are arrayed in jewels and tinsel; but even these deities are little better than gaudy mummies of a primeval age. The women alone seem to be

* *The History of India from the Earliest Ages.* Vol. III. By J. Talboys Wheeler. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

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fervent worshippers, for the men have begun to groan beneath the oppression of idolatry and Brahmanism. Indeed the rapacity of the temple priests is unbounded, whilst their culture is beneath contempt. They celebrate their temple festivals like children playing with dolls. They carry the gods in procession, or induce the gaping crowd to drag them along in huge idol cars; but they cannot evoke those joyous outpourings of adoration which indicate the presence of religious feeling in the hearts of the worshippers. Yet the Hindus are essentially a religious people. They tell their beads and recite their prayers. The poor are always ready with their simple offerings to the gods and their gifts to the priests. The rich will exhaust their means in constructing temples, tanks, wells, resting places for travellers, and bathing steps on the banks of rivers; or in feasting a crowd of mendicant Brahmans, and presenting them with clothes and money. But their religious life, so far as it finds expression, is one of inflated ostentation, accompanied by a settled gloom... By the favour of the gods they may hope to attain heaven; but by the anger of the gods they may be condemned to the torments of hell.

But Buddhism has exercised a very different influence on its millions of followers. It is a religion not of fear and sorrow, but of hope and joy. It is a creed which turns on the dogma of metempsychosis in its simplest form; that goodness in this life will ensure happiness in the next life. It is thus a faith without gods, without priests, properly so-called, and without sacrifices, penances, or supplications to deity. Yet its votaries are joyous and light-hearted, and generally good and benevolent. Their pagodas are airy structures without an element of melancholy or gloom. Their worship is an expression of reverential devotion towards their great apostle, whose career on earth was one of self-sacrifice for the deliverance of the human race from the miseries of existence.

The expedition of Alexander, and the notices of India by Greek and Roman writers, make an interesting chapter. All matters of interest recorded by Arrian, Strabo, Megasthenes, Quintus Curtius, and others have been diligently collected and woven into a narrative. This has never been so completely done before, and the epitome will be very acceptable to those who want either the power or the time to consult the original authors.

After the return of Alexander Buddhism reigned triumphant in India for nearly a thousand years, till about the middle of the seventh century. Then came the Brahmanical revival, when Brahmanism reappeared in a modified form. It overpowered the rival creed which had been so long dominant, and has remained supreme until the present day. The Buddhist chronicles, though far superior in veracity and simplicity to the Brahmanical writings, afford but poor materials for history. The religious edicts of King Priyadarsi, which are found engraven upon rocks in various places from Afghanistan to Ceylon, throw considerable light upon the state of religion at the period of his reign some two or three centuries B.C. But the chief light is obtained from without, and the Chinese travellers of the fourth and seventh centuries after Christ have left on record a mass of information as valuable and interesting, and more precise, than that recorded by the historians of Alexander. Mr. Wheeler has made good use of these materials, and has been able to draw from them a fair description of India as it was in the early centuries of our era.

The most interesting chapter in the book is that upon the Rajpoots, the descendants of the Kshatriyas, "the noblest and proudest race in India. With the exception of the Jews there are perhaps no living people of higher antiquity or purer descent. They form a military aristocracy of the feudal type. They are brave and chivalrous, keenly sensitive of an affront, and especially jealous of the honour of their wives." "They are the links between ancient and modern India," and, "but for the paramount power of the British Government, would still carry on bloody feuds for generations, or engage in deadly wars which would end only in extermination." The history of the Rajpoots is drawn from the great work of Tod, now become very scarce and expensive. It is full of romance, of courage, of aristocratic pride and self-devotion; and it is impossible to read it without a thrill of admiration at the noble chivalric qualities of this proud race. Mr. Wheeler fancies he has discovered some similarity between the institutions of the Rajpoots and those of the Burmese. It may be, as he says, that "the usages and ideas of the sovereigns of Burma are in general accordance with these of the ancient Kshatriyas," but the points of resemblance he has cited are but few, and are far from being close or convincing. Pride of ancestry and race carried the Rajpoots through many a danger in ancient days, and whenever they were overpowered by irresistible force they fell with honour. But this same pride, however valuable for a time, has in the long run worked to their disadvantage. There is reason to believe that in some instances at least the blood has not been kept so free from admixture as is asserted, but the general practice has certainly been to prevent intermarriages with other tribes. So the Rajpoots have "spent their own vigour without renewing it from other sources," and the race has deteriorated in consequence of its purity.

The last chapter of the work brings us to modern times. It is devoted to the history of the Portuguese connexion with India, and will have a special interest in the eyes of many. We know of no work where this subject has been so fully and so completely treated. Full justice is done to the enterprise and daring of the early Portuguese mariners who pushed their way round the Cape, and steered boldly across the Indian Ocean to the coasts of Malabar. Their great Viceroy, Albuquerque, was a soldier-statesman, grand in conception, vigorous in execution, but the powers at the command of his nation were unequal to the accomplishment of his designs. A rising and more vigorous people drove the Portuguese from their field of triumph, but their settlement of Goa still attests the magnificence of Portuguese rule in Malabar.

We heartily commend Mr. Wheeler's book. It treats the early history of India in a way never before attempted, and it brings for the first time much original matter within the reach of the English reader. The style is generally clear and picturesque, and it is especially to be commended for its sparing use of Oriental words, the employment of which lightens the labour of the writer, but brings perplexity and trouble to the reader. Some technical terms there are which must of necessity be used, words for which European languages afford no equivalents; but it is the duty of a good writer to limit the number and restrict the use of them as much as possible. We have so far expressed our approval of the book before us, but we think there are one or two points upon which we may find fault without being censorious. Mr. Wheeler devotes a chapter to the Hindu drama, and enters into a full analysis of several of the plays. In former articles we have shown a hearty appreciation of the merits of these dramas, and such an analysis as Mr. Wheeler has given would be quite in place in a history of literature. But the history, or rather his illustrations of history, which the plays afford are but few, and might be compressed into a page or two. Here we think the book redundant; in another respect it seems deficient. With the exception of the inscriptions of Priyadarsi, no use has been made of the many inscriptions which have been discovered and translated, nor of the varied and extensive series of coins. Mr. Wheeler contemns these matters; he will have nothing to do with "ghosts of ancient Hindu sovereigns summoned upon the stage of history as bloodless spectres of the past." "Future discoveries," he thinks, "may breathe a new life into these dry bones of history, but until then the dynasties of Indian kings are of little more moment than the half-forgotten lists of old Egyptian Pharaohs." A comparison of these inscriptions and coins is a work requiring much knowledge and critical judgment, and the results might not at first be very interesting or even readable except to those specially interested. But dry bones or even less tangible remains are not to be despised. We have learnt something of the Saurians and Megatheridæ, though we possess nothing of them but the driest of bones, and a diligent and patient investigation of coins and inscriptions may evoke life out of these driest of records. They are almost the only trustworthy remains of a long period in the life of India, and such evidence as they afford ought to be eagerly sought for and turned to account. Were they the mere lists that Mr. Wheeler despises, they would still have their value, but many of them bear dates, and many describe the countries over which the monarch ruled and the kings and countries which he conquered. Granted that the inscriptions are boastful, and greatly exaggerate the power and dominion of their authors, still they at least show us that dynasties were constantly rising and falling in various parts of India, and that no universal monarch was known. The grants of land engraven on copper, of which numbers have been found in all parts of the country, do something more than record the names of the royal grantors. As they were generally made for religious purposes, they throw light upon the state of religion. They confer certain privileges and impose certain limitations on the grantees, so we learn something about the rights of property and also of the responsibilities of landholders, such as the prevention of forced labour, and the arrest of vagabonds and cheats. In fact a careful investigator might pick much curious matter out of them. Mr. Wheeler intends in a future volume to give some account of the Hindu dynasties of the South from native records, and there will be no difficulty in compiling a tolerably full account of the last and most splendid of them from the MSS. of the Mackenzie collection and the inscriptions published by Wilson in the "Asiatic Researches." This dynasty is generally called from its capital the dynasty of Vijayanagar. Mr. Wheeler prefers calling it the Narsinga dynasty; why we know not, because Narsinga was neither its founder nor the greatest of its kings. It is to be hoped that the author will extend his researches further, and complete his work by comparing other native records with extant inscriptions, and especially by availing himself of such books as Prinsep's *Antiquities* and such monographs as Mr. Sterling's Essay on Orissa.

MUSGRAVE'S STUDIES IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

IT has lately been asked whether a critic is bound to read through all the books which he reviews. One answer would be that he need not read them, if he frankly confesses the fact. His judgment must then be taken for what it is worth; and if the author thinks himself unjustly treated, he is at least not deceived. We shall therefore state at once that we have not read through Mr. Musgrave's book. We may add that we should hardly have though it worth while to review the book were it not that Mr. Musgrave is Governor of South Australia. As he is in that position, it may perhaps be as well that the colonists should know what is the value of their Governor's economical views. If there should be a currency question in that part of the world, those views may be of some importance; and we fear that they are pretty certain to be on the wrong side. And, in the next place, the fact that Mr. Musgrave has had a good deal of experience of men and things, and still can write and publish such stuff as we are about to describe, is in itself remarkable. When a young gentleman at college finds himself wholly unable to understand the proof of the fifth proposition in the first book of Euclid, he takes his difficulties to his tutors, and if they cannot make him understand it, he is modest enough to admit the fault to

* *Studies in Political Economy.* By Anthony Musgrave, C.M.G., Governor of South Australia. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

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be on his side, and probably gives up the futile attempt of annexing to his name the magical B.A. But, if a Governor of a colony were in the same predicament, he would apparently write a series of letters denouncing the preposterous notion that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal. He would prefix a modest preface, expressing his annoyance at finding himself in conflict with the authority of Newton, Laplace, and Professor Cayley; though perhaps showing a little touch of self-complacency at the reflection that he had really seen through the fallacies which imposed upon those great men. Do we then, it may be asked, place the truths of political economy on the same level with those of geometry? Certainly not. We hold that there is ample room for an intelligent discussion of some even of the first principles of the science. The body of doctrines called political economy involves certain assumptions which do not accurately represent concrete facts, and which in some cases diverge from them very widely. It is open to any one to point out how far this initial error vitiates the conclusions which have been drawn by men like Adam Smith or Mill. Or, again, some of the doctrines require modification, as has been lately shown in the admirable treatise of Professor Cairnes. But when a man takes the simplest inferences which have been tested over and over again by thinkers of extreme acuteness from the days of Adam Smith to our own, which have satisfied an indefinite number of such logicians, who, far from being disposed to unanimity, have been doing their utmost to pick holes in each other's arguments, and then declares that these inferences are transparently and absurdly wrong, the presumption against him approaches almost to certainty. Mr. Musgrave says in substance that Adam Smith, James and John Stuart Mill, Professor Fawcett, and others whom he notices, besides a great number of writers whom he does not notice, have been guilty of blunders at least as gross as those which would have caused a lad to be plucked for his little-go. Either they have made these blunders repeatedly, and all agree in them, or else Mr. Musgrave has himself been guilty of equal blunders in a study which, as he tells us, he has taken up at leisure hours. We do not suppose that political economists will be more disturbed by this announcement than astronomers by the news that somebody persists in asserting the earth to be a plain. If they are, the perusal of the first three pages of the book will be enough to reassure them. However, to make assurance doubly sure, and to justify ourselves for not having plodded through more than a third of Mr. Musgrave's book, we will select a few specimens of his criticisms. We despair of making our meaning plain to a gentleman who evidently requires a course of logic rather than an argument; but possibly we may convince him that it would be as well if, before he published anything more, he would go to some competent person in private and confide to him the difficulties which he feels. He might then be put straight without loss of reputation, instead of publishing to all the world the fact that he is quite unable to understand the plainest arguments of some of the most lucid of English writers.

Mr. Musgrave informs us in his first page that the "root error" of modern economists consists in ignoring the fact that gold and silver are money because they are valuable, and do not become valuable because they are money. Considering that since the middle of the last century all schools of political economists have agreed in asserting in every variety of phrase that gold and silver are articles of commerce, whose value is determined on the same principles as that of other commodities, that Mr. Mill repeats the statement over and over again, and works it into an elaborate theory, we are rather puzzled to imagine in what the supposed error of economists consists. Of course the value of the precious metals is increased by their utility as money; but every economist that we ever read has asserted that they have an independent value, for the simple reason that they have other uses and that their quantity is limited. But before we get to the bottom of page 2 Mr. Musgrave makes another attack on economists. "Because gold and silver," he says, "are used as standards of exchange, it is assumed that they are nothing more, and have no value." So these foolish economists assume that gold and silver only have value because they are money, and that because they are money they have no value. Certainly this is an inconsistency which it is strange that no one should have previously noticed. But what can Mr. Musgrave mean? Nobody can talk absolutely without meaning. In looking again we see that his last remark is intended for an answer to Professor Fawcett, who says—of course in an elementary treatise—that we are not to "identify wealth with money," as the upholders of the mercantile system do. Mr. Musgrave, reading this, actually supposes that, because Professor Fawcett denies that all wealth is money, he denies that money is wealth. Nay, Mr. Musgrave makes this answer himself. He says that to deny gold and silver to be part of wealth is as absurd as to say that "because all horses are not mares, therefore mares are not horses." Of course it is. But the absurdity is not Professor Fawcett's, but Mr. Musgrave's amazing misconception of Professor Fawcett's meaning. If he will find any accepted treatise on Political Economy in which it is denied that money is part of wealth, he will have for once made a new discovery. He is really puzzling over the plain statement that wealth in this form is useful only as a means of circulating other wealth. This he takes to be equivalent to denying that it has any value. If a man were to say that the only use of a machine was to transform raw materials, Mr. Musgrave would suppose him to assert that the machine was valueless.

Passing for the moment a remark in page 4, we come to Professor Fawcett again in page 5. The Professor says that the "capital of the country is not in any way diminished if an individual should wantonly destroy so much wealth instead of consuming it unproductively for his own gratification"; and he adds in the next sentence that wealth is increased, not by spending, but by saving. Mr. Musgrave puts these sentences into italics and wonders at their inconsistency. "If," he says, "it does no harm to destroy instead of consuming, *à fortiori* the individual may as well consume; and if neither course diminishes the capital, it is not at all obvious how he can improve the condition of the labourer by saving a perishable commodity." This sentence is really delicious. What, to begin with, is Mr. Musgrave's notion of an argument *à fortiori*? Does he suppose that *fortior* has the same meaning as *æqualis*? Anyhow, his logic is curious. Professor Fawcett says in substance, It makes no difference to anybody but myself whether I eat a quantity of corn or put it in the fire. He adds that it will be useful if I "save" it; that is, if, instead of eating or burning it, I put it into a labourer's stomach and thereby produce more corn. If, answers Mr. Musgrave, it does no harm to the labourer when I burn the corn instead of eating it, it can't do him any good to put it into his stomach. This is made out apparently by two reflections. The first is the assumption attributed to Professor Fawcett that eating or burning the corn does not diminish capital. Perhaps not, but giving corn to the productive labourer increases it, or every word that Professor Fawcett has written about capital must be wrong. The second is the ingenious notion that saving corn cannot be of any use, because it is a "perishable commodity." There is no good in food, that is, because we eat it. This brilliant contribution to the science crops up at intervals throughout Mr. Musgrave's essays, so far as we have gone, and is the one really interesting thing in them. For, absurd as the fallacy seems, it was common in the seventeenth century, and may be found in such writers as Mun or Sir W. Petty. The error is more or less involved in some statements of the mercantile theory; and it is really pleasant to find our old friend turning up again in the colonies, just as we may be amused by hearing an archaic phrase in some country district which we supposed to have died out with Chaucer. The first illusions into which a man blunders who sets about investigating a subject for himself are naturally the same in all ages; and we therefore give Mr. Musgrave full credit for having invented the old confusion of ideas over again. We find the first statement of it in pp. 3, 4 in a very precise form. Wealth consists, we are told, partly of precious metals, and partly of an unknown amount of more or less perishable commodities. But this last amount, says Mr. Musgrave, "is slightly, if at all, augmented at any time, because accumulation beyond a certain limit of things liable to decay is impossible, and increasing population causes consumption of the increasing production." It might be a good practice for a beginner in logic to draw out the fallacies involved in this ingenious sentence. The quantity of a thing in the world, we would suggest to Mr. Musgrave, depends upon three things; the amount actually in existence at a given time, the rate at which this multiplies, and the rate at which it is destroyed. A herring, according to the familiar example, only lives for a year (we take figures at random); in that year it produces a million eggs; if all these eggs came to maturity and did likewise, the world would be unable to hold all the herrings at the end of ten years, though herrings would not last as long as gold. Indeed, men are "perishable commodities," according to most moralists, and yet men increase and multiply. In the remaining half of the sentence Mr. Musgrave of course contradicts the first. The amount of perishable commodities does, it appears, increase, but increasing population causes it to be consumed. Of course perishable commodities are consumed, or what would be the use of them? Their consumption hardly proves their non-existence, and neither does it prove that they may not increase faster than the population.

We are really ashamed of trying to explain the very A B C of political economy, or rather of logic, in the *Saturday Review*, though our pupil be the Governor of a colony. We will not offend further; it is enough to say that all these specimens are taken from the first five pages, and our readers must take our word for it that Mr. Musgrave goes on plunging deeper and deeper into hopeless bewilderment as he reaches more difficult questions; and that, when last seen, he appeared to be steering straight for the good old doctrine that the only wealth in the world is gold and silver. "Luxuries and wealth which is not money, are," he says, "practically synonymous." Now luxuries are generally supposed to be articles which we could do without. Therefore, if all the meat, drink, clothes, houses, machines, and other commodities in the world were destroyed, we might live sufficiently well upon gold and silver. This is the last news from Australia, a country in which the ballad of Miss Kilmansegg is not likely to be popular.

THE MASKLEYNES.*

WHEN we began *The Maskleynes* we hoped that Mrs. Cudlip had taken it to heart at last to amend her ways and reform her style. There was a commendable absence of slang in the

* *The Maskleynes.* A Novel. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), Author of "Dennis Donne," &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

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opening pages, and less vulgarity than is usual with this author, and we willingly overlooked the odd grammar, incorrect phraseology, and commonplace characters, for the sake of what we believed to be a repentant improvement in tone and treatment. But Mrs. Cudlip soon tires of the narrow way of literary virtue and the stricter rules of art, and, as she warms to her work, we have all her old characteristics in as full force as heretofore.

Gertrude Maskleyne, heroine the first, knows that "it would never do to throw up the sponge before these active adversaries"; and Maud Mohun, heroine the second, is expressly described as "not only a flash heroine, who could make a great sacrifice, and then make a brilliant exit among fireworks; but a thorough woman, who was capable of doing the sweetest, most unassuming work in the world, even after her heart-strings were sorely tried." This sweetest and most unassuming work in the world seems, by Mrs. Cudlip's account, to be that of keeping the household accounts correctly. All the little digression on domestic economy made by Mrs. Cudlip in favour of Maud Mohun is very funny. Thus we are told that "she was not one of those self-tormenting creatures who 'never lock up,' and who have hebdomadal rows with their domestics because half a pound of sugar and half a glass of sherry cannot be accounted for"; but that "she had a perfect system of 'putting away things'"; which was very nice of her. The point of the digression is in the following passage, which is not novel-writing:—

> For my own part, I think very highly of the women who do small things well, and who keep things straight in their own households, whatever other claims there may be upon their time. I do not know how it may be in America, but I know that in England an idea obtains that the household of a lady who pursues literature or art as a profession is going to perdition. My own experience (I am proud to say that it is a wide one) teaches me that there are no better, more beautifully-ordered homes in the land. But by the time the majority believe this, the Millennium will have come.

That word "hebdomadal" in the sentence treating of Maud Mohun's system of housekeeping reminds us to give a passing notice to Mrs. Cudlip's attempts at classic and stately diction. Side by side with such colloquialisms as feeling "stuffy," ability "to tackle" somebody, and, in the description of Guy's death-agonies by poison, "another paroxysm seized him, doubling him up, turning him livid," &c.—we have such expressions as "official annunciation," "unconditionally wretched," "æsthetic reasons," "the onus of womanhood"; and for a flourish of philology we are informed that "the gracious-looking young pair were entirely *sympatica* (*sic*), as the Italians have it; expressing by the word much more than we can ever hope to express by our heavier 'sympathy.'" For all this we wish Mrs. Cudlip would not write "The shape of her hands and feet were perfect"; and "a greenish bruize-like fringe" is not a pretty way of expressing a colour, unless indeed bruize means some mysterious substance unknown to us, and is not Cudlipian for bruise, as by the context it seems to be. If it is a word of honest meaning, we wish Mrs. Cudlip would tell us what it is. And is it a very tasteful way of describing a woman's grief to say that "she lay down, a mass of misery and disordered drapery, on the floor"? It is a comfort, however, to learn that when Gertrude got up again, and had "bathed her tear-stained face," she also "rearranged her dress," as she "prepared herself to go down to the hot early dinner which custom had established as the proper thing to eat at Albridge."

The story of *The Maskleynes* of course turns on love of the kind in favour with a certain school of modern novelists; love of a distinctly carnal kind, and with a fine bigamous flavour pervading it. The hero and heroine are both twice married; the hero is in love with the two women at once, the heroine in love with the man who is not her first husband but her second. In addition to which, there is a friend's secret wife who passes for the hero's mistress, and on account of whom the heroine, being of that foolish sort who cannot trust, but can only perform unnecessary sacrifice, marries a man she physically loathes and morally despises, as the price of his silence on what is merely an awkward-looking mystery. Had she been simply content to trust in the honour of the man she loved, the miseries which Gertrude Maskleyne brought on herself need never have been inflicted on a patient public. She need not have cast herself on the floor in a mass of misery and disordered drapery; she need not have been taken up on the charge of having poisoned her husband—for which there was no more evidence than she had for her own belief that a pretty young woman and her child, living twenty miles off, are the mistress and offspring of Sir Edward; and Maud Mohun, Sir Edward's love in reserve, need not have been put in the rather humiliating position of the second best, to be chosen only when the first best, Gertrude, is impossible. As this circumstance happens twice over, we can only accept in amazement the presentation of a character which to force of will, sprightliness, and an almost aggressive vitality, unites such marvellous unselfishness and more than feminine humility.

Everybody in the book loves everybody whom he or she should not; and there is a vast amount of shaking and shuffling before they all finally range into their right places. And there is a curious repetition of circumstances throughout, as if the law on which *The Maskleynes* had been constructed—if we can apply a term signifying purpose, order, design, to such work as Mrs. Cudlip's—was the law of duality. Thus Gertrude engages herself to her cousin Guy while she is in love with her cousin Sir Edward—familiarly called Ted; and Sir Edward engages himself to Maud Mohun while he is in love with Gertrude; though for the matter of that he is in love with Maud too, and would like to marry both girls, as he does in due time and under the modest conditions of monogamy. To balance this, Maud is in love with Mr. Marsham and Sir Edward also at the same time, and would have engaged herself to the former had not the latter come in at the very moment and prevented the delivery of the fatal letter. Sir Edward loves Gertrude when she is another man's wife; Maud loves Sir Edward when he is another woman's husband. Sir Edward proposes twice to Maud—once when Gertrude has married Guy, which offer he takes back as soon as his cousin's brutish husband is doubled up from eating poisoned wheat, and once again when Gertrude dies and leaves him free to regain his social position, design art furniture, and make fresh love to Maud Mohun. The very time between the death of the one wife and the bridal of the other is two years; which, by the way, seems a short allowance for the change Mrs. Cudlip intimates was wrought in her second-best heroine.

Maud is twenty-one when the story opens, and, so far as we can make out, about twenty-six when she marries; but a single woman at twenty-six is scarcely the matronized person that Miss Mohun appears when Mrs. Cudlip presents her, like the description of a "fashion plate," in the "black velvet bodice and tunic trimmed with very deep black lace, over a flounced grey silk petticoat," which she "always wore when she was writing at this season of the year"; adding, to complete the picture:—"On her head was fixed a little arrangement of black velvet and white lace. One of the little caps she had been so fond of in the days of her girlhood—in the days when she had so soon expected to be a married woman." Nor can we quite make out our author's psychology concerning this young lady. She has been all this time of Edward's marriage and widowerhood "longing to love again"—longing "to find some man to whom her heart could go out as honestly and fervently as it had gone out to the man who—had not cared to keep it." "In spite of the fervour and honesty of the longing, she had failed," but not because she was "still hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt"; which rather odd expression in connexion with a woman's love Mrs. Cudlip explains by saying "She had not the faintest taint of inclination left in her to resume the old love relations with Edward Maskleyne." Nevertheless she is in love with "Ted," as she has always been, and when Mrs. Marsham comes to the front, what between her longing to love, and, in spite of the author's disclaimer, her hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, her position is somewhat peculiar. We own to an old-fashioned liking for singleness of purpose and simplicity of love in novels. These confused feelings and spiritual Agapemones are not to our taste. We do not question the polygamous instincts of men, but we would rather not have them dilated on, and we think it undesirable to depict the passionate love of young wives for men not their husbands, and of young women for married men. In conclusion, we leave Mrs. Cudlip to the tender mercies of her own sex—mothers—when they have read this as one of her reflections:—"As if a woman could find comfort and recompense for the loss of every other earthly good in the smiles and gabble of a baby!"

WICKHAM'S HORACE.*

IT might be urged—and the list of the chief editions of Horace, early and recent, which is given in Mr. Wickham's introduction would show with how much plausibility— that there is little need of a fresh commentary on Horace, either for young or for old readers. And yet such is the interest which scholars of every age take in this poet, so fruitful is every fresh perusal of the odes, that we turn with unfailing curiosity to every new edition that is issued, and rarely fail to find abundant satisfaction. Mr. Wickham's edition represents the study of years; the cuttings which—

> apis Matinæ
> More modoque—

he has been continually making, in a course of private reading and public teaching, from the great works of such predecessors as Bentley, Orelli, and a score of lesser lights; and the cultivation of that discriminative faculty which enables him not only to detect chaff amidst wheat, but to weigh the relative values of past annotations and interpretations. Seldom have we discovered more frequent proofs of the education in criticism which a thorough and prolonged study of Horace furnishes than in Mr. Wickham's volume; and we can have no hesitation in predicting its success, on the ground of its intrinsic merits in point of tact, judgment, and sagacious discrimination, merits which are shown in tracing the connexion of passage with passage in individual odes, as well as in detecting the relations between different odes. We should be loth to say that this new edition at all stands in the way of anything better, for Mr. Munro's introduction to King's illustrated edition discloses a rare and comparatively unworked vein of Horatian criticism; but at all events it is an important step in advance, and a clear gain to scholars, young and old alike, to those who are reading for their examinations as well as to those who are reading for their pleasure. For the former class, besides much original light upon their author, it furnishes quite sufficient data for deciding which interpretation of a disputed passage to accept, and which to reject—for the latter it will be found

* *The Works of Horace.* Vol. I. The Odes, Carmen Seculare, and Epodes. With a Commentary by E. C. Wickham, M.A., Master of Wellington College, and Fellow of New College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1874.

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all the more palatable because its editor does not close the question too curtly or dogmatically, but leaves it open to the judgment of the reader's critical faculty. In short, Mr. Wickham's Horace, if it is finished as it has been begun, will present the just medium between a school or college edition and an edition for the library. It is explanatory enough for the one purpose, and it is erudite and critical enough for the other; and both aims have been achieved without verbiage or prolixity, a fact worthy of chronicling in days when the disuse of Latin notes has opened the door to long-winded English.

One of Mr. Wickham's conspicuous qualifications for his task is the consistency with which he prefers to retain and explain, where it is possible, the manuscript text of Horace rather than to indulge a taste for ingenious emendations. Whilst in no way undervaluing the clever and plausible guesswork of Bentley, from which an insight into Horatian difficulties is to be gained even where the suggestion is too speculative to be followed, and while speaking respectfully of great names in the same line of criticism, he wins our confidence by his resistance to conjectural criticism, where, as mostly in Horace, "guessing on a large scale cannot be proved to be necessary." For example, in Ode xxxi. 9-11 of the First Book—

Premant Calenâ falce, quibus dedit
Fortuna vitem, dives et aureis
Mercator exsiccet culullis
Vina, &c. &c.—

he rejects, as smacking of an emendator, the reading of *ut* for *et* in the second line which is found in some MSS. and in the lemma of Porphyrion. If we read "ut" the sense will be an ironical taunt against the wine-grower who toils that others may drink, and against the trader who risks his life for gold cups and rare wines. But the temptation to impart this irony to the passage is just what makes the emendation suspicious. In like manner at I. xxxv. 16 he resists the strongly-backed, and at first sight more authorized, reading of "serva necessitas" for "sæva necessitas," the κρατερὴ ἀνάγκη of Homer, as owing its origin to a gloss and to an endeavour to illustrate and interpret "anteit." As he shows, "servi" or "ancillæ" would "follow behind," whereas "doom" goes before fortune, and is called "sæva" or "fell" to express the stern certitude of her handiwork. Again in I. xxviii. 19 it would save a world of trouble to adopt the reading of a few MSS.—"laboras"—with the hiatus not filled in, instead of the received text,

Quantâ laborabas Charybdi;

yet it is better, as Mr. Wickham does, to explain than to emend this curious use of the imperfect. He parallels it with the Greek ἆρ' ἐπόνεις ("you are labouring all the time"), "said of a new discovery, and referring to the time when the discovery was made"; and with the like use in I. xxxvii. 4, "Tempus erat," "this was the time," or "this is the time, as we thought truly," the tense implying "reference to some past thought, though the relation of that thought to the leading statement may vary." In some cases it may be that he adheres to manuscript authority almost to a fault, as for instance where the invariable reading of MSS. and Scholia (II. xiii. 14)—

Navita Bosphorum
Pœnus perhorrescit—

endorses an irrelevancy not likely to have been perpetrated by Horace. What had the Carthaginian sailor to do with the Bosphorus? Mr. Wickham is unduly scrupulous about adopting Lachmann's "Thynus," which would set the passage straight for the reader by connecting the Bithynian mariner with the first difficulty he would have to face. That he has no faith in Orelli's mode of reconciling the authorized reading with common sense is plain from his quoting Munro's "reductio ab absurdum" of the argument that Pœnus may mean Phœnician, "because the two words are etymologically identical." So, argues the late Cambridge Professor of Latin, might it be shown that "Yankees" may now be used convertibly with "English," of which the former word was an Indian corruption. There is perhaps more ground for Mr. Wickham's hesitation to endorse Munro's ingenious conjecture "Tu *vides* uvam," in I. xx. 9-10:—

Cæcubam et prælo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam—

where there is a difficulty in accepting "I must leave you to drink" as the sense of the future, because it does not agree with the sense of "potabis" at the beginning of the ode. Though *vides* in the sense of "provide" (compare Terence, *Heaut.* iii. 1-48, "Aliud lenius sodes vide") is extremely plausible, it is of the class of brilliant Bentleian guesses, of which a matter of fact editor may naturally be suspicious. When our editor comes in contact with the great guesser himself, he is often content simply to chronicle the fact and the point of the proposed alteration, as in I. vi. 18, where "Strictis in juvenes unguibus" is Bentley's emendation of "*Sectis* in juvenes unguibus." But elsewhere he helps the reader to steady himself in the adherence to authority, as when, in I. vii. 27, he vindicates "Teucro duce et auspice Teucro" as against the reading of some MSS., "Auspice Teucri," and Bentley's still bolder "auspice Phœbo." The first of these he distrusts because "auspex" in the sense of patron or adviser with a genitive of the person patronized is unlikely; and the second he discards because the ground of Bentley's objection to the slight variation of a technical phrase ("Auspice Teucro" for "Auspiciis Teucri") is really cut from under him by parallels which show this to have been quite in Horace's manner. Upon the phrase "ut capitis minor," in III. v. 42, which is a poetical form of "capite deminutus," he brings to bear a number of instances where Horace varies the common formula in such a way as "at once to recall and to avoid a technicality which, if literally reproduced, would be harsh or pedantic." In disposing of such puerile attempts at eccentric interpretation as where, in I. iv. 20, "Nec regna vini sortiere *talis*" some have understood *talis* to be, *i.q.* τοίου, "such wine as this," Mr. Wickham is rightly and laudably summary, and he will approve himself to most old-fashioned readers and lovers of Horace as much by his tenacity to the authorized interpretation as well as to the authorized text.

It is scarcely a less recommendation that, with all this conservatism of editorship, Mr. Wickham combines a delicate perception and a quick eye for similitudes and contrasts which bespeak the poetical faculty. In the ode to Fuscus I. xxii. 5-7—

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum—

the translator, Mr. Hovenden, to whom we recently directed attention, detected only a contrast of heat or cold—

Whether camped on burning sands,
Or amid Caucasian snows—

but Mr. Wickham has seen that the application of the epithet "æstuosas" to the boiling surf of the bay rather than the hot sandy shore points to a yet more effective contrast of dangers and perils. "You have to choose between a furious sea if you don't land, and savage inhabitants if you do." In I. xxxiv. 9-12, where Horace recognizes "a first cause" in the thunder amidst a clear sky, and owns the rolling of Jove's chariot wheels—

Quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx et invisi horrida Tænari
Sedes Atlanteusque finis
Concutitur—

the same nice perception is employed in showing how the meaning and idea of "all creation" is given through a series of contrasts. "Earth, though you might think it too dull and still, the streams which seem as if they moved too quick, the abysses below, the utmost bounds above," make up the contrasted elements of universality. There is also a good bit of picturesque criticism where, upon the third stanza of the ode to Dellius (II. iii.)—

Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis?—

it is pointed out that "the double contrast between the slighter poplar, white in the wind, and the gloom of the heavier pine, is indicated, after Horace's manner, by one epithet with each pair of substantives." Parallel cases occur in III. xiii. 7, and IV. iv.-10. Lastly, as a proof of sound appreciation of the feeling of the original, we would call attention to the editor's remarks on the close of the Fifth Ode of the Fourth Book, where Regulus's return to his vanquishers and his death is likened, in point of calmness, to a lawyer or a patron's "rusticating" holiday.

Notice [observes Mr. Wickham] the quiet ending of the poem, the conventional epithet, raising no new picture, appealing at the most to distant historical associations, feeding not so much the mind as the ear, and even that with a certain sameness of sound. This characteristic of Horace belongs partly to himself, partly to the poetic art generally. The passion in poetry which gives pleasure is not unbridled passion, but passion felt to be measured and controlled by mind. This is the intellectual side of the pleasure added to poetry by the recurrences of rhyme and metre.

Had we space to do justice to Mr. Wickham's commentary in reference to vexed passages, we should like to speak of his discriminative note on III. iv. 9-10, "Altricis extra limen Apuliæ"; his weighing of Ritter and Orelli's rival interpretations of the adjective in the line III. xix. 12, "Tribus aut novem Miscentur cyathis pocula commodis"; and his decision of the puzzle involved in III. xx. 7-8:—

Grande certamen tibi præda cedat
Major an illi.

Comparing this last with Epode v. 29, "Abacta nulla Veis conscientia," where the adjective "nulla" stands in the place of an adverb, "not one whit," our editor regards "major" as similarly adverbial by a not uncommon confusion of language. And so the sense is not "who should win more of the prey," but "who should rather win the prey," which is clearly more in keeping with the context.

Mr. Wickham takes just, but modest, credit to himself for having, in common more particularly with modern editors, been led by love of the task to that function of criticism which traces in the several poems "the sequence and proportion of the thoughts." To the real enjoyment of such an author as Horace there can hardly be too much of this mode of approach, and we can well believe that any intelligent reader who avails himself of it, and bases his own study of Horace upon it, will be led to distrust all that commentators have striven to propound about inert epithets, needless digressions, and purposeless amplifications. The more often Horace is systematically reperused, the clearer will appear the cohesion of part with part, of stanza with stanza, and of one ode with another. Especially pertinent to this point are the remarks of the editor in pp. 9-10 respecting an artistic purpose in the juxtaposition of the various odes, and about the proofs of a conscious arrangement, and a conscious arranger, on the principle of association at one time and of contrast at another. For the sake of these hints alone Mr. Wickham's edition should be valuable to the poetical student, while more prosaic persons will find its excellent "apparatus criticus," its lucid introductions, its

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conscientious annotations, and its sound grammatical appendices not less a boon. This commentary makes no pretensions to be brilliant, but it is eminently safe, and it cannot be said that this safety and security are purchased by any sacrifice of poetical insight. It will more than hold its own with Macleane and Yonge. It will be a most useful volume beside Orelli or Dillenburger. We ought to add that one of its specialities is a careful collation of the valuable MS. belonging to Queen's College, Oxford, by a very competent and accurate scholar, Mr. Arthur O. Prickard, of New College.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD has undertaken to write the life of Napoleon III.* upon information "derived from State records, unpublished family correspondence, and personal testimony." It is possible that as he goes on with the work the value of his materials may become more apparent; but as far as the present volumes are concerned it cannot be said that they throw any new light upon the subject. This, however, is perhaps not Mr. Jerrold's fault. The truth is that Prince Louis had as a young man taken such pains to cultivate public attention that even at the time of his election as President his antecedents were as well known as any part of the recent history of Europe, and since then they have of course been the subject of persistent and assiduous research by writers of every country and from every point of view. In dealing, therefore, with the first part of his task, Mr. Jerrold has not much chance of being original. Still it is, we suppose, necessary in writing a life to begin at the beginning, and the biographer of the Emperor may fairly plead that, if he has nothing fresh to tell us, it is only because so many people have been over the same ground before him. He has at any rate gathered up all he can, quotes his predecessors at liberal length, and is occasionally able to make a correction. It has usually been said that Louis Napoleon was born in the Tuileries, but Mr. Jerrold is able to state that his hero was, beyond all doubt, born in the house in the Rue Cérutti, now Rue Lafitte, which belongs to M. Rothschild. In her diary Queen Hortense records that the official visit of M. de Talleyrand aggravated her nervous state. "He generally," she says, "wore powder. The scent of it was so strong that when he came near me to congratulate me I was nearly suffocated." Louis, in one of his letters to his mother, written from London, mentions finding himself unexpectedly next Talleyrand in a drawing-room, and the two talked together at the same time to the hostess, each affecting not to know the other. Louis was so feeble as an infant that he had, according to his mother, to be bathed in wine and wrapped in cotton-wool to bring him back to life. This physical weakness had its effect on his youthful character, which, as Madame Cornu, his playfellow and companion, said, "wanted granite." Mr. Jerrold has been furnished with a fragment of autobiography written by the late Emperor, and headed "Souvenirs de ma vie"; but he does not give the date of its composition, which was probably during the residence at Chislehurst. "When," the Emperor begins, "having reached a certain age, one looks back to the earliest days of childhood, one sees only isolated scenes that have struck the imagination." His first remembrance was his baptism at three years old in the chapel of Fontainebleau, and next he recalled the Empress Josephine at Malmaison covering him with caresses, and flattering his vanity by repeating his clever sayings. His grandmother spoilt him in every way, while his mother tried to give him some discipline. One fête day, when asked what treat they would like, his brother asked for a watch, but Louis begged to be allowed "d'aller marcher dans la crotte avec les petits polissons." It was a misery to have to be always going to town in a carriage, and his delight when, in 1815, his tutor took him for his first walk on the boulevards was the keenest sensation of happiness he could recollect. At Malmaison he was fond of playing at and with the soldiers. His uncle, he mentions, used, when he or his brother went into his room, to take him by the head with two hands, and set him on the table, much to their mother's alarm. This morsel of autobiography finishes abruptly with a hasty flight at night from the Rue Cérutti to an attic on the boulevards where the family were to remain hidden—a change which, in his childish ignorance of its significance, pleased Louis very much. The Empress Josephine gave him the pet name of Oui-oui. One day Louis exclaimed, "How I love beautiful nature!" which when reported at Court was thought remarkably clever by his grandmother and her ladies. We are also indebted to Mr. Jerrold for another important historical observation. When Louis was taken to his uncle one day by his nurse, Mme. Bure, the Emperor looked at her and said, "The young rogue has a very pretty nurse." Where history is silent Mr. Jerrold is ready to fill up the gap in his own way. "Queen Victoria in her Tour in the Highlands relates how delighted she was when her husband said to her that people live their own lives over again in those of their children. Prince Eugène possibly made remarks akin to this when he strove to reanimate his sister's heart." It is obviously very easy to spin out a big book by supplementing history with conjectural possibilities. Mr. Jerrold is indignant at the insinuation that at Strasburg Louis Napoleon travestied his uncle—"So little did he think of imitating the appearance of his uncle, that he made no change in his moustache or imperial"; and he elsewhere quotes the description of an admirer who found the chief resemblance of the younger Napoleon to the elder in the shape of the back of his head, a sight of which, he says, used to thrill veterans of the old Guard. The truth is that Louis Napoleon, aware of his want of resemblance either to his uncle or any of the family, wore a heavy moustache to disguise a face so significantly different. Mr. Jerrold, it need hardly be said, is quite certain that on this occasion Prince Louis did not look like a weaver, nor did he "cower." But the evidence at the trial would seem rather to confirm Mr. Kinglake's version. It is known that Queen Hortense wrote her Memoirs, with the assistance of M. Mocquard, and some parts of them have been published. They fill, it seems, seven or eight compact volumes, and it has been determined, no doubt discreetly, that they are never to be published at length. While the Emperor was alive it was deemed essential that his mother, in spite of notorious scandals, should be spoken of as his guardian angel. Mr. Jerrold, however, would seem to have received permission to use a different tone. "Her frailties," he says, "were beyond question, nor does she deny them in the record of her life. She was a lover and seeker of pleasure to the last. There was much of what we understand as the Bohemian in her nature. She liked expeditions *à la bonne franquette*." And here we have no doubt the origin of that moral taint which, fostered by shameless associates, gave to the Court during the Second Empire so much the aspect of a riotous bivouac of gipsies, making the most of sudden plunder, with every now and then an uneasy ear for the police. It cannot be said that Mr. Jerrold is very happy in the original matter with which he pieces his patchwork together. He writes in a flat, lumpy, pretentious style that reminds one very much of the decorative art of the *régime* which he celebrates. The second volume brings the history down to the election of the Prince as President.

The *Harbour Bar* * is an innocent story of humble life in a fishing village on the north-east coast of Scotland—Banffshire or Aberdeenshire. It is prettily told, and written in a simple unobtrusive style. There is promise, too, in the description of the great storm on old Christmas Eve, when Bendie and his five stalwart sons were lost "near the Sinkie Sands, far down below the noisy billows of the Bar," and the fishers and their wives spend the long cold hours in the blinding snowdrift by the flagstaff, gazing through the darkness out to sea for the boat that never returned. Captain Main and his warm-hearted but sour-visaged handmaid, Kirstie, are fairly well drawn, and Maggie, the stout Presbyterian fishwife with her distrust of "the long creeds" and "the vain repetitions" of the Church of England Service, her sturdy adherence to "spiritual independence" and the principle of "non-intrusion," and her tendency to amateur preaching, is a natural enough study of the class of Scotch-women who fall such ready victims to Revivalists of the Moody and Sankey type in the fishing villages of the North. The descriptions of the good old-fashioned Scotch customs on Halloween and "Hansel Monday," of the preparations for the "Muckle Supper" on Old Christmas Eve, and the feast of "sowans" on the following morning, are interesting as relics of bygone days. But it would be hardly conscientious to give any higher meed of praise to the book. The author, or more probably the authoress, attempts too much in trying to weave in the double story of Mona Munro's parentage with the wreck of "Bendie's" fishing-boat and the loves of Wattie Storm and Elsie Mason. She would have written a more successful tale if she had confined herself to either of the incidents. She fails in working up the double plot. It needs experience in writing and no small grasp of mind to delineate so many characters and to handle successfully such intricate machinery as she sets in motion. Her characters, except those noted, are poorly drawn. The Banffshire dialect, though very likely true enough to nature, is wearisome to Southern ears; and, if we except from this criticism the description of the storm and of Wattie's touching tenderness to "Wee Colin," the whole book, though harmless, must be pronounced insipid.

Sir J. Lubbock has put together as one of the "Nature Series" volumes some observations and notes on the relations between wild flowers and insects † which he had originally prepared for his children, and which will now be welcomed by a larger circle. The subject is extremely interesting in itself, and the clear and attractive manner in which the writer treats it makes it still more so. It was of course impossible in such a case to avoid technicalities altogether, but they are used as seldom as possible, and are explained in a glossary. Sir John, following very closely in Mr. Darwin's footsteps, demonstrates how necessary flowers and insects are to each other, and the gradual modifications of each which are produced by their interaction; insects, on the one hand, undergoing various changes to adapt them to getting honey and pollen from flowers, and flowers, in turn, having their scent, colour, honey, and even their distinctive forms influenced by the action of insects, which are naturally attracted to those of greater splendour, more tempting scent, or greater richness in sweets. The morality of the insect world would appear to be much on a level with that of humanity, for it is suggested that some flowers beguile insects by holding out the expectation of honey which does not really exist.

* *The Life of Napoleon III.* By Blanchard Jerrold. Vols. I. and II. Longmans.

* *The Harbour Bar: a Tale of Scottish Life.* 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

† *On British Wild Flowers, considered in their Relations to Insects.* By Sir J. Lubbock. (Nature Series.) Macmillan.

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There is one merit in Sir J. Lubbock's manual which deserves especial recognition, and that is his scrupulous avoidance of that common defect of text-books which consists in giving an impression that everything has been completely discovered, and that the whole sum of knowledge can be positively stated. He is continually reminding his readers that the range of observation and experiment is by no means exhausted, and that much still remains to be ascertained with reference to even the commonest and most abundant species. Taken altogether this valuable, though unpretending, handbook is admirably adapted for stimulating the interest of young people in natural history. It should be said that it is fully illustrated.

Mazzini * has been so often confounded with more vulgar conspirators that it is only natural that his friends and admirers should endeavour to secure recognition for his rare and noble qualities. He was undoubtedly a revolutionist whose schemes, if they had been successful, would have been attended with the most disastrous consequences to the country for whose salvation they were intended; but detestation of his policy ought not to prevent justice from being done to his pure and passionate patriotism and elevation of mind. Apart from the blinded fanaticism with which he clung to a Republic as the only form in which he could possibly accept the regeneration of Italy, his views were large and generous. By his intense and burning faith in the destinies of his country he contributed more perhaps than any other to the realization of the dream of unity and independence; and, though he was willing to sacrifice substantial results for an ideal perfection, his designs were honestly constructive, and he was even fiercely opposed to all projects of spoliation and social disorder. In the two eloquent essays which have been reprinted by Mr. Peter Taylor for the instruction of the English working classes, Mazzini points out the danger of bestowing political power on people who are unfitted for it; he reminds the Utopians that all the elements of human activity, such as private property, riches, &c., are evil or good, not in themselves, but according to the use that is made of them; and he asks the philosophers not to forget that "a labouring man who works fourteen or sixteen hours a day for a bare subsistence, with no security for the morrow's existence but the labour of his hands, has not time to read and reflect, even if he knows how to read—he drinks and sleeps." Mazzini is never tired of dwelling on the duties, as contrasted with supposed rights, of men, and insisting that humanity can be elevated only by elevating man, and establishing a higher conception of the obligations of social life. Nothing can exceed his scorn for the Otaheitan animalism of the Phalanstery—"life reduced to the mean proportions of animal instincts and propensities," "Malthus crowned with roses and squeezing out the juice of the grape." He protests no less strongly against Communism, holding that property is not only conducive to order and security, but that it has a high moral influence on the sentiments which naturally grow with it in the heart of man, and in the association of ideas connected with it. "Why then," he asks, "not endeavour to modify the organization of these things, to make them harmonize with the great ideas of devotion, of equality, of honour, and social progress, instead of seeking to abolish them? And do you not see that in suppressing them you would suppress all the modes by which human activity manifests itself, all emulation, desire, impulse towards progress?" It must be admitted that, with much that was visionary and vicious in his methods of execution, the essential principles of Mazzini's philosophy were sound and honourable. The memoir which accompanies the essay, though written in a somewhat inflated style, gives an interesting account of Mazzini's career.

There is perhaps no modern French writer to whom it is so difficult, indeed we may say impossible, to do justice in English as Sainte-Beuve. The delicate and subtle beauties of his style, its *nuances*, half-lights, and adroit insinuations, its exquisite niceties of expression, simply defy translation, and can be enjoyed in their perfection only in the original tongue. There is indeed no other language in which such feats are possible, and much of the peculiar charm must necessarily be lost even in the most skilful attempt at reproduction. At the same time, the very exquisiteness of the style demands from the reader for its adequate appreciation a more cultivated knowledge of French than Englishmen usually possess, and this is no doubt the reason why Sainte-Beuve is comparatively little read even by those who have a general acquaintance with French literature. There is, however, more than style in Sainte-Beuve's essays, and the selection from them which has just been published under the title of *English Portraits*†, although it does not convey the delicious aroma of the original, makes a very pleasant and interesting book. The translation is careful and intelligent, and if one jolts occasionally upon a rough or stiff expression, allowance must in fairness be made for the inherent difficulties of the task. The first of the essays here given, that on Mary Queen of Scots, is rather slight perhaps, but is a good example of that sympathetic balance of judgment which is one of Sainte-Beuve's principal characteristics. He does not attempt to make light of the Queen's frailties and crimes, but he also gives prominence to the temptations which surrounded her. Lord Chesterfield evidently took hold of the critic by his liking for the French and by the French turn of his wit. Sainte-Beuve calls his letters "a charming course of worldly education," and defends them from many of the aspersions that have been cast on their morality. In the sketch of Benjamin Franklin justice is fully done to his moral sagacity, firmness, and honesty, and his fine temper, but it is also hinted that he was wanting "in wings and impetus." Gibbon again attracts Sainte-Beuve by his French qualities, so that he is almost tempted to claim him, from a literary point of view, as a countryman. One of the most charming and suggestive essays in this volume is that on Cowper, of whom it is evident, not only from this paper, but from references scattered through his writings, Sainte-Beuve had made a deep and loving study. There is an amusing passage in which he quotes "John Gilpin" as a curiosity of English humour which he cannot attempt to explain. "It is necessary," he remarks, "to belong to the country itself to appreciate such things. I have merely wished to give a notion of this side of Cowper's genius, so surprising to us and so English. Let us consider him once more in a serious point of view, the only one in which we can understand him." A notice of M. Taine's book on English Literature, which takes the form of an independent survey of the subject, and a brief criticism on "Pope as a Poet," complete the volume. The translator has supplied an interesting introductory chapter, containing an account of Sainte-Beuve's life and writings.

Sir Robert Phillimore * has found relaxation from his judicial labours in making a translation of Lessing's *Laocoon*, which he dedicates to Mr. Gladstone, "in memory of long friendship and a common love of Homer." The first part of *Laocoon* has already been more than once translated into English, but Sir Robert has now for the first time included the fragments of the unfinished parts. Of Lessing's essay itself we need say nothing, having so lately dealt with the subject at length (*Saturday Review*, July 4, 1874). The translation, if somewhat stiff and formal, is scrupulously faithful; and the preface and notes supply ample information both as to Lessing himself and the controversy in which he played so conspicuous a part.

Mr. Arthur Butler † has written a poem on the somewhat exhausted theme of Charles I., which exhibits poetical qualities of an undoubtedly high order. His style is pure and graceful, rising at times to a remarkable dignity and force of expression, but never in any way violent or extravagant. In order to understand Mr. Butler's conception of his central character, it is necessary to read his preface as well as the poem. In the former he draws a portrait of Charles which is in conformity with the generally accepted conclusions on the subject, and fully admits "his weakness and insincerity," and the "extreme folly and blindness of his conduct." It happens, however, that the tragedy is chiefly occupied with a delineation of that better side of Charles's character which was disclosed so pathetically in the dignity and resignation of his last days, and those who read it without the explanations of the preface might perhaps imagine that the picture was partial and incomplete. Cromwell is represented, not as an ambitious, self-seeking usurper, but as perfectly sincere and loyal to the cause he had espoused, though led astray by his fanaticism in compassing the King's death. It must be admitted at least that in attempting, as he says, to lead partisans on either side to appreciate what was good in their opponents, Mr. Butler has shown a generous spirit. The play opens at Hampton Court, where Charles's hopes have been revived by the widening strife between Parliament and the army, and follows his steps to the scaffold. It is difficult to quote fair examples from a work of this kind without exceeding the limits of our space; but there are some noble lines in Cromwell's soliloquy after he has determined on the execution of the King, in the dialogue between him and Milton, and in Charles's meditation at Windsor.

Under the title of *Children of the Mobility* ‡ we have half-a-dozen pencillings by Leech reproduced by the autotype process with admirable nicety and fidelity. These pictures, slight and hasty in execution, fully bear out Mr. Ruskin's praise of the artist's wonderful power of seizing at once upon the essential lines of a subject. Leech's characteristic humour of course comes out in these sketches, but less broadly than usual; and though the subjects are squalid and vulgar, they are treated in some cases with an almost pathetic gravity and sweetness. As examples of what may be expressed by a few slender strokes, without the slightest attempt at elaboration, they are quite inimitable.

On the Wing § is an example of a sort of spurious literature the production of which seems unfortunately to be increasing. It is published as a book, and looks like a book in so far that it is made up of so many pages of printed matter bound in cloth, but when you come to examine it you find that there is absolutely nothing in it. It is a mere collection of loose, rambling, incoherent talk such as a school-girl might spend a wet day in writing to a sympathetic correspondent. The morbid *ennui* which afflicts so many women nowadays may perhaps account for such a work having been written, but that it should have been thought worth while to put such poor, thin, worthless stuff into the shape of a book is only another proof of the depths into which publishing is now sinking. It seems to have occurred to Mrs. Montgomery to write an account of her impressions and reflections during a visit to

* *Joseph Mazzini: a Memoir.* By E. A. V. With Two Essays by Mazzini. King.

† *English Portraits.* By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated from the "Causeries du Lundi." Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

* *Laocoon.* Translated from the text of Lessing. With Preface and Notes. By the Right Hon. Sir Robert Phillimore. Macmillan.

† *Charles I.* A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Arthur Gray Butler, M.A. Longmans.

‡ *Children of the Mobility.* By John Leech. Bentley.

§ *On the Wing: a Southern Flight.* By the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Montgomery. Hurst & Blackett.

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Italy. She had been over a beaten and familiar road, where many thousands of people had been before her; had studied her guide-book, and had seen just what every ordinary tourist sees. It is true she had absolutely nothing to tell that was not as well known as the old nursery tales; but this does not deter her from thrusting her stale commonplaces on the world. In order, however, to disguise the poverty of the dish, it has been garnished with a little thin fiction of a party of English, two sisters and a brother, who hold tiresome and foolish conversations on a variety of subjects.

In *Mystic London* * we have another example of what may be called "shoddy" literature. The title, to begin with, is misleading. The same author has already composed a couple of other works called *Orthodox London* and *Unorthodox London*, giving an account of various sects and preachers; and *Mystic London* might be supposed to describe, in continuation of the series, such forms of mysticism as are represented in town. When we pass from the title-page to the preface, however, we find Dr. Davies explaining that he uses "the term Mystic, as applied to the larger portion of this volume, in its technical sense, to signify his own initiation into some of the more occult phases of metropolitan existence." In point of fact, the book is made up of a loose medley of papers on such subjects as East-end Arabs, a lunatic ball, a night in a bakehouse, a dip in the Serpentine, a Tichborne meeting, a barmaid show, a private execution, and so on, with a few chapters on Spiritualist *séances* thrown in at the end, by way, we suppose, of justifying the title. Taking it, however, for what it is, we have seldom seen a more impudently empty and worthless production. The sort of thing which Dr. Davies has attempted to do has been done over and over again by more competent persons, and everybody is sick of it. What little he has to tell about anything is spun out with washy verbiage and weak jocosity; in short, the whole book is mere penny-a-lining of the most vulgar kind. An attempt is made to give importance to some of the sketches by the use of startling titles. A street at the East End where boys and girls wait to be hired is called "A London Slave Market"; a visit to the house of a man who had murdered his wife bears the heading "The Wife-Slayer's Home"; "Darwinism on the Devil" is a report of a lecture, and "An Evening's Diablerie" is a visit to a medium. There is something especially repulsive in the maudlin affectation of a lofty purpose in going to see Margaret Wilson hanged, and writing a sensational account of it. Dr. Davies thinks it necessary to tell us that he was fiddling when he received the order of admission to the gaol; that it was "a thankless errand"—he forgets the "copy" he got out of it—to go out in the dawn of a cold October morning to see a woman hurried out of existence; that he was very much struck with the fine leeks growing in the garden where the gallows stood; how he took a pull at his brandy-flask, and stood at a corner ready to turn away if he felt himself going to sicken; and how he afterwards contrived, in his eager appetite for the horrible, to get a "good front place." Indeed even the other penny-a-liners seem to have been disgusted by his callousness, for he says, "One of the daily papers, in chronicling this event, went so far as to point a moral on the brutalizing effect of such exhibitions from my momentary hesitation and subsequent struggle forward into the front rank."

Mr. Austin's *Lectures on Jurisprudence* are so well known that it is unnecessary to say more of the abridged edition which Mr. Campbell has prepared for students † than that it appears to have been executed with care and judgment. It is known that Mr. Austin, disappointed by the limited attendance at his lectures, broke off the course, and could never afterwards be induced to resume it, or even to reprint the first edition of his *Province of Jurisprudence*. Since his death, however, an edition has been published which contains all that he left behind him, together with Mr. J. S. Mill's notes of some of the original lectures; and it is of this edition that the present volume is an abridgment.

Mr. Gaches ‡ supplies in a compact and convenient volume a digest of municipal and sanitary law for the benefit of members of Town Councils, and other persons interested in local government. A full account is given of the organization of the Council and of its powers in regard to the supply of water and drainage; and the appendix contains a number of forms especially adapted for more newly incorporated boroughs.

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* *Mystic London.* By the Rev. C. M. Davies, D.D. Tinsley Brothers.

† *Lectures on Jurisprudence.* By John Austin. Abridged for the use of Students by Robert Campbell. Murray.

‡ *The Town Councillors and Burgesses' Manual.* By Louis Gaches. Butterworths.

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OF

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THE TIPPERARY ELECTION.

IT could scarcely have been expected that the first party division of the Session would turn upon a point on which both sides of the House were agreed. It was evident that the Opposition would, after consideration, have arrived at the conclusion which was in the first instance suggested by the Ministers, and adopted by the majority. The division consequently turned on a feigned issue, and served the purpose of enabling the Liberal party to assert its separate existence. Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. LOWE, and the Law Officers of the last Government, pledged themselves to no principle which can hereafter embarrass them, for the preference of next Thursday to last Thursday must be considered a matter of discretion. Mr. HARDY'S fear that while they were deliberating MITCHELL might slip unawares into the House seems to imply a remarkable want of confidence in the privileges and power of the House of Commons. If it is competent to the House to exclude on sufficient reason a member who has been returned, it can scarcely be necessary to admit him while his eligibility is doubtful. As Mr. DISRAELI pointedly observed, there had not been even the argument for delay which might have been furnished by an expressed difference of opinion. Sir W. HARCOURT and Sir H. JAMES had succeeded, not in raising a doubt in their own minds, but in devising considerations which might temporarily puzzle the lay members of the House. Mr. DISRAELI was justified in the further statement that Mr. WHITBREAD, who alone among the speakers of his party had expressed a definite opinion, concurred without hesitation in the propriety of the course adopted by the Government. Even the Irish members who sympathized partially or wholly with MITCHELL abstained from endeavouring to prove that he was competent to take his seat. Mr. MARTIN was content to vindicate for himself and for the late Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN a share of the responsibility of MITCHELL'S breach of parole. There is some reason to suppose that, as to Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN, his recollection was inaccurate; nor did Mr. MARTIN condescend to explain the grounds on which a direct violation of a solemn promise was justified or excused. The decision of the House of Commons was not founded, and ought not to have been founded, on moral grounds. Lord HARTINGTON indeed was scarcely discreet in his assertion that there are already members in the House of no better character than MITCHELL. As the SOLICITOR-GENERAL for IRELAND replied, no existing member is known to have broken his parole.

There was a peculiar baseness in the mode in which MITCHELL, MEAGHER, and other Irish convicts effected their escape. It is due to the memory of a misguided gentleman, notwithstanding Mr. MARTIN'S statement, to recall the refusal of Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN to share the dishonour of the political adventurers with whom he was unfortunately associated. MITCHELL was bound by an honourable engagement not to escape as long as he retained his ticket-of-leave. He delivered to the local magistrate a written revocation of his promise, and before there was time to read the document, or at least before he could be arrested, he mounted his horse and escaped. A breach of faith which must perpetually exclude the perpetrators from the society of gentlemen offered no impediment to the political success of MEAGHER in the Northern States, or of MITCHELL in the South. Both, as might have been expected, conformed readily to the opinions and prejudices of the respective communities which it was their interest to conciliate. MEAGHER became an opponent of slavery and an advocate of the Union, while MITCHELL courted Southern popularity by expressing a wish to own a plantation "with a lot of good fat niggers." The man himself possesses no political importance, but his admission into the House of Commons would, even after a recent English election, have been a national disgrace. The Government might have done well, if the law had allowed it, to arrest him or to threaten him with arrest when he had first the audacity to show himself in Ireland. But it would have been harsh, even if it had been legal, to compel an escaped convict, after the lapse of many years, to undergo the residue of his sentence. It seems that, through the confused and irrational state of the law, a felon convicted in Ireland cannot, after the expiration of the original term of his sentence, be punished for escaping in Australia before the completion of the term of his punishment. It is not surprising that those who had not carefully examined the statutes bearing on the question should have supposed that the criminal law was strong enough to deal with a simple and probable contingency. It is probable that, as the SOLICITOR-GENERAL contended, the escape was in itself a misdemeanour at common law, but if the meshes of statutes not long since enacted were wide enough to allow the culprit to secure immunity, it would have been injudicious to risk a prosecution at common law. The advocates of a code may illustrate their protests against piecemeal legislation by the case of MITCHELL and the debate of Thursday last.

The precedent of O'DONOVAN ROSSA'S disability would have at once decided the question, but for the irrelevant and fallacious recital which was at that time prefixed to the Resolution of the House. It might have occurred to the responsible framers of the Resolution, whether Ministers or Law Officers, that ROSSA was sufficiently disqualified by his conviction for treason-felony which had not been purged either by the pardon of the Crown or by the exhaustion of his term of punishment. It was nevertheless absurdly stated that the person who had been elected could not take his seat because he was undergoing a term of imprisonment, and was therefore incapable of attending to his duties in Parliament. Voluntary or compulsory absence from the House is in itself no disqualification; and if the conviction were not sufficient to create disability, it could matter little whether a member was prevented from attending by illness or by confinement in a prison. The advocates for delay properly called attention to the difference between the case of MITCHELL and that of O'DONOVAN ROSSA. It was only possible to reply that the principle of the former decision, though it might have been inaccurately recited in the Resolution, applied strictly to any convicted felon who had not been pardoned, and who had not undergone his sentence. There can be no doubt that Mr. DISRAELI was sincere in professing his unwillingness to insist on the disqualification of any member who had been returned to Parliament. Respect for the constitutional rights of electors is independent of the mode in which they think fit to exercise their privilege; and experience shows that veteran members acquire an almost superstitious reverence for electoral and Parliamentary rights. It happened by an odd coincidence that, immediately before the discussion in the case of MITCHELL, Mr. DISRAELI had advised the House to dispense with a form which might have impeded the admission of another newly-elected member. Mr. BRIGHT had given a still more signal instance of his deference to the will of a large constituency.

The House of Commons deserves the credit of having, in the discharge of an imperative duty, adopted the more troublesome of two alternative courses. The admission of MITCHELL to take his seat would have caused no practical inconvenience. He would probably not have been frequent

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in his attendance at the House, nor would his opinion have carried any weight. Although it is difficult to understand the motives and sentiments of Irish factions, there is no doubt that the return of MITCHELL for Tipperary is as unacceptable to the Home Rulers as the occasional election of a Communist or Jacobin to M. GAMBETTA'S supporters in the French Assembly. With at most half a dozen political allies, MITCHELL could not have disturbed the equanimity of the House of Commons; but it would have been discreditable to the law that he should have been eligible, and it would have been disgraceful to the House to connive at his disqualification when it was clearly established by argument. The consequence of the decision will be a fresh election in Tipperary. It may be taken for granted that MITCHELL will be again returned, and it would probably be dangerous for any opponent to attempt to profit by his disability. The constituency will have gratified itself by proclaiming its disaffection, and it can never have been expected that MITCHELL would be allowed to sit in the House of Commons. It is of course unsatisfactory to find that recent concessions have not reconciled Irish peasants to English rule; but it is necessary to make the best of a state of things which cannot be altered. It is perhaps excusable that sanguine minds should hope that just and benevolent government will in some remote futurity produce the results which ought to ensue. In the meantime the English Parliament and Government must do their best, since the nation is unanimous in determining that the United Kingdom shall not be exposed to disruption. The motion for refusing to admit MITCHELL to a seat superseded by an odd coincidence the proposal of the Government to relax the Irish Coercion Acts. The two subjects are not identical; but it is difficult not to suspect that they are intimately connected. The counties which were formerly exposed to rapine and murder have now for some time, under the provisions of the Peace Preservation Act, been comparatively peaceable. It perhaps follows that they ought to be restored to the enjoyment of the blessings of constitutional freedom; and it is proper to express a hope, or even a conventional belief, that public liberty will not result in the prohibition of all free action in the conduct of their private affairs by the respectable and well-disposed part of the community. Some fictions are sacred, and therefore it must be presumed that they are beneficent.

RUSSIA, ENGLAND, AND THE CONFERENCE.

THE journalist who represents Russian interests at Brussels has probably received an intimation that his insolent abuse of the English Government and nation had exceeded his instructions. A more moderate and argumentative article on the same subject has since appeared in the *Nord;* and the Russian papers have maintained a decorous tone in their remonstrances against the English decision. The Berlin Correspondent of the *Times*, whose communications are the more instructive from his obvious inability to sympathize with English modes of thought, significantly remarks that the semi-official comments on Lord DERBY'S despatch but faintly represent the feelings of political society in St. Petersburg. It seems that the personal part which the EMPEROR has taken in the promotion of the Brussels Conference is supposed to establish an exceptional claim on the deference of foreign Governments. It is possible that English statesmen, accustomed, professedly at least, only to regard public interests, may sometimes involuntarily offend the sensibilities of Courts more actively engaged in affairs than their own. The English Government may also at the present moment have been less confident than at other times in the prevalence of the Emperor ALEXANDER'S inclinations over the adverse tendencies of the national policy. Only two years have elapsed since the present Russian Ambassador arrived in England on a special mission to pledge the word of the EMPEROR that the intended invasion of Khiva should not lead to annexation. Immediately afterwards General KAUFMANN effected the anticipated conquest; the whole country was subjected to the authority of Russia; and a portion of the territory was formally annexed to the Russian dominions. There might perhaps be political reasons which justified the acquisition of a new province in Khiva; but no attempts were ever made to reconcile the result with the EMPEROR'S personal assurances. If it is true that the Russians are seriously offended by the refusal of Lord DERBY to continue the correspondence or Conferences on the laws of war, it may be hoped that their equanimity will sooner or later be restored. GARIBALDI, who with generous inconsistency combines revolutionary doctrines with an admiration of the least revolutionary of nations, lately advised an audience at Rome to imitate the English, who are, as he said, never disconcerted. The compliment is perhaps not in all cases deserved; but Englishmen in general are certainly not disconcerted by the unfounded irritation of the Russian Government. There is indeed to be found here and there a half-crazy sycophant of despotism who is offended and frightened by any display of opposition to Russian demands. To such distempered fancies distrust of the Brussels project probably implies antagonism to Russian aggrandizement in Central Asia, and consequently, as Russian partisans would argue, sympathy with slavery, with barbarism, and generally with Asiatic vices. Lord DERBY, with the general approval of his countrymen, confined himself strictly to the matter in hand. A doubt whether it is practicable to reconcile the clashing interests of the invader and the invaded has nothing whatever to do with Central Asia. Turcoman marauders are likely to be recognized and shot as belligerents without any badge to distinguish them from a non-existent peaceable population. The suspicion that the refusal to meddle with international law is prompted by hostility or by jealousy of Russian progress in Central Asia is an utter delusion.

The motives of the decision of the English Government are those which are explained in Lord DERBY'S despatch. His arguments against the expediency of further discussion of the topics considered at Brussels may naturally fail to satisfy the Russian and German Governments; but they are courteous in form, and even to opponents they must seem sufficiently plausible to entitle Lord DERBY to the credit of sincerity. It is an undisputed fact that Holland, Spain, Belgium, Switzerland, and Turkey raised in the course of the Conference at Brussels the objections which Lord DERBY quotes and partially adopts. At one of the sittings the main issue between the right of defence and the interest of invaders was raised by Baron JOMINI'S reference to a passage from a Belgian writer who had argued strongly in favour of a system of universal armament. Baron LAMBERMONT, the able delegate of Belgium, replied that his country had not adopted the principle of compulsory service of the whole population, and that he could not consent to proposals which might practically render such a measure obligatory. General VOIGTS-RHETZ, representing the greatest military Power which has also a system of universal armament, consistently maintained the necessity of requiring on the part of an armed population the condition that the defence should be regularly organized. There may have been some force in his argument that it was for the interest of the defenders themselves to obviate the risk of violent reprisals; but he failed to convince the delegates of the secondary States. Where there is already a difference of opinion adhesion to one of the adverse views can constitute no reasonable ground of offence. It may be doubted whether any of the provisional resolutions of the Conference at Brussels really tend to mitigate the hardships of war. Private property indeed is nominally protected, but with exceptions as comprehensive as the restrictions of FIGARO'S liberty of the press. A belligerent may indeed not plunder houses or persons; but since the days of NAPOLEON his system of carrying on war by robbery has been theoretically discontinued; nor was it at any time approved by philanthropic jurists. The commander of an army may, according to the Brussels project, or according to the contention of General VOIGTS-RHETZ, seize arms and munitions of war, ships, boats, railways and their plant, and he may issue and enforce requisitions for provisions, boots and shoes, forage, and any other articles necessary for the supply of his troops. He may also, as General VOIGTS-RHETZ logically proceeded to show, raise contributions of money in default of commodities in kind; for, as the General forcibly remarked, it would be unjust to take cattle from poor villagers and to let rich tradesmen go scot-free. It would appear that all these methods of spoliation are consistent with theoretical regard for the immunity of private property. For all the supplies which are taken receipts are to be given for the consolation of expropriated owners. If they can discount receipts which will be binding neither on the officer who signs the papers nor on either belligerent, the wonder will have been performed of converting a valueless certificate into a negotiable security. Neither the

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German delegate nor any of his colleagues wished to perpetrate an injustice or to aggravate the evils of war, but Lord DERBY may be excused for failing to understand the nature of the ameliorations on which the President in the final sitting congratulated the Conference.

If it is suggested that compliance with the Russian proposal would have been both harmless and conciliatory, the answer is that an agreement to commence negotiations without any belief that they can lead to useful results is an act both of bad faith and of discourtesy. It was possible, and not improbable, that grave inconvenience might have arisen either from assent to some of the Russian proposals, or from withdrawal at a later period. The English Government would be inexcusable if it forgot the loss and humiliation which were incurred a few years ago through excessive deference to the demands of another Power. The new Rules of Washington cost three millions of money, and they had previously produced a monstrous attempt at extortion, and innumerable affronts. It is perhaps scarcely probable that any European Government would imitate the characteristic diplomacy of the United States; but the real or affected indignation which is expressed at St. Petersburg is scarcely consistent with due respect for an independent Government. It must not be forgotten that the writer in the *Nord* sneered at the anxiety of the English Government to protect maritime rights; and it may be inferred that his employers, though they may have disapproved of the rudeness of his language, considered that Lord DERBY'S refusal to continue the negotiation had presented an obstacle to some design of interfering with maritime law. If any attempt to raise similar questions had been followed by the withdrawal of England, the Russian Government would have complained of the selfishness which regarded only special interests. Any interruption of a Conference would have been a more unfriendly measure than a refusal to begin the discussion. The irritation of Russia is founded on an unjustifiable assumption. Any State may decline a positive proposal leading to an innovation without incurring the charge of discourtesy. The Russian Government is consistent with its own traditions. Fifty years ago ALEXANDER I. withdrew from confidential communication with the English Government on its refusal to attend a Conference of the Allies at St. Petersburg on Greek affairs. After two or three years he discovered that England had judged rightly; and he consequently made overtures for a reconciliation, which was easily effected. Prince GORTCHAKOFF justly remarks that the English Government can at any time accede to changes in the laws of war which may seem calculated to diminish suffering. As long as the attainment of the object seems doubtful, the interference of a sceptical and comparatively unarmed Government would only embarrass the benevolent enthusiasts for peace whose Governments maintain several millions of soldiers in constant readiness for war.

STOKE AND CHATHAM.

STOKE, having to return a member to Parliament, has surprised the world by pronouncing that, of all possible representatives, it prefers Dr. KENEALY. Those who are ignorant of the enthusiastic feelings of the artisans of the Potteries rashly supposed that the contest would be of the most ordinary character, and that the issue would lie between the choice of a respectable Conservative gentleman and one of those Liberal candidates who contribute to the division of their party by proclaiming themselves to be in some especial sense working-men. Mr. BRIGHT, anxious to pursue the wise policy of healing or concealing party quarrels, had responded to an appeal of the friends of Mr. WALTON by declaring that, although he objected to working-men candidates as such, he could feel no difficulty in supporting a working-man who was a fit person to be returned to Parliament, and that he should personally have been pleased to vote for the Liberal candidate at Stoke. A portion, however, of the Liberal electors declined to be guided by the approval which Mr. BRIGHT had bestowed on Mr. WALTON'S candidature, and kept away from the poll rather than secure the return of a member of whom they disapproved. Probably, however, even if the Liberal party had been united, the result of the contest would not have been affected. The supporters of Dr. KENEALY were too numerous and too earnest in their desire to show that they had hearts open to the voice of the boldest of Britons. The easiest mode of discerning that a candidate is a true Englishman is to find that he is gifted with the courage to abuse everything and everybody. Judged by this test, Dr. KENEALY may be safely pronounced to be one of the finest Englishmen alive. Abuse — unsparing, ungrounded, universal abuse—is his mission, his privilege, and his occupation. To him all men and all institutions—Parliament, Ministries, Judges, Benchers, barristers, and respectable people generally—are the objects of undying hatred and the appropriate themes of merciless vituperation. He is a sort of lonely ATHANASIUS protesting against the misguided world of decency and common sense; but even ATHANASIUS in the extremity of his desolation found that there were a faithful few to love him and agree with him, and Dr. KENEALY has found in his admirers at Stoke a similar source of comfort and encouragement, though when he came to the House of Commons he was apparently unable to provide himself with the traditional escort of a pair of friends to introduce him to the SPEAKER. His political creed is simple to barrenness, but its simplicity is of a kind that can scarcely fail to tell upon honest minds which have not been warped by education or by any sense of political responsibility. He rests upon Magna Charta, and that is all. He wants nothing more, and the people of Stoke want nothing more. There is something grand, and almost baronial, in the sense of hurling this ancient and unadorned gauntlet of defiance in the face of all the tyrants of the world. If a very abusive person who takes a firm stand upon Magna Charta is not a true Englishman, who on earth is? Dr. KENEALY, too, is admirably suited to fall in with the visions of greatness and goodness which the artisans of the Potteries may be supposed to have drawn from the literature with which, if with any, they are familiar. Is he not a hero after the pattern of popular romance? He is always ready to denounce naughty people generally as minions; he is always branding the brow of the tyrant with the stigma of shame; and he nobly and resolutely stood up for the cause of the poor oppressed butcher who was kept out of his well-deserved baronetcy by the machinations of priests and the perfidy of lawyers. What is the good of workmen and their wives poring over penny novels if they are not thus taught to respect and reverence such a man? A hero of romance, a man who knows all about Magna Charta, a man with the scent of a bloodhound for a Jesuit, a sort of ranting, irrepressible ROBIN HOOD, naturally seemed to the impressionable workers in the Potteries an angel of light. Other constituencies might have entertained him unawares; but they recognized him in a moment, and have returned him to the House of Commons.

The return of Dr. KENEALY suggests some considerations as to the working of the new electoral law, and as to the conduct of business in the House of Commons. There does not appear to be any reason for exaggerated alarm on either head. It is quite true that the last Reform Bill made a sweeping addition to the constituency of Stoke, and that six thousand of the new electors have been found capable of voting for Dr. KENEALY. If this election were a typical one, if there were to be many members like Dr. KENEALY returned by many constituencies like Stoke, the confidence which the authors of the Reform Bill of 1867 expressed in the masses they enfranchised would no doubt be proved to have been singularly misplaced. But we know that there is only one Dr. KENEALY, and we may guess that there is only one Stoke. If this is so, it is not perhaps to be regretted that popular feeling or popular delusion should have one opportunity of finding a vent. Even before the Reform Bill of 1832 there were always to be found constituencies which burned to show their independence by returning members whom they loved more well than wisely. Middlesex insisted on repeatedly returning a candidate so open to plausible objections as WILKES, and Preston opened its arms to the wrongs and eloquence of Orator HUNT. The possibility of such elections may be really nothing more than a valuable safety-valve. Whether they are right or wrong, those who take part in such elections find a mode of expressing their peculiar sentiments in a legal and public manner. They do not feel themselves excluded from the pale of the Constitution. The mob is made something inside, and not outside, the nation. They are induced to look upon the House of Commons as an institution associated with themselves, and not as a collection of grand people who can never be got to listen to the voice of the poor and to meet face to face

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those whom the poor select as their champions. The artisans of Stoke are, no doubt, in the eyes of those who belong to a different section of society, a set of poor, ignorant, credulous, and deluded creatures. But their sentiments are perfectly genuine; they have nothing to do with evidence, and cannot understand what it means. They do not go into details; they have before them a man who states that he is oppressed, and they take the oppression for granted. They are not at all prepared to guard against mistaken impressions by wading through the charge of a Chief Justice in two thick octavo volumes. They sympathize, and they have a ready means of showing their sympathy in a glorious and striking manner, by returning the victim of oppression and the protector of the poor to the House of Commons. They have not only talked, but done something to show their excitement, and the mere fact of having done something may tend to appease the excitement they felt. The British Constitution may be safely trusted to stand the pressure of Dr. KENEALY'S return. Whether the House of Commons will feel any serious inconvenience from the new addition to its numbers can only be ascertained when it is seen how Dr. KENEALY behaves now that he has taken his seat. There can be no doubt that a man in Dr. KENEALY'S position can, if he pleases, give a great deal of trouble, and it is a pity perhaps that he should have been permitted to begin his career by a breach of an old and reasonable custom. It is not that his own special grievances will interfere seriously with the progress of public business. He will have his say, he may abuse all the objects of his dislike, he may inveigh against Judges, and show of what Benchers are capable. This is a process, however, that cannot be often repeated, and there will soon be an end to the exposition of his personal wrongs. But a member who has nothing to lose by separating himself from those who wish the business of the House to advance with reasonable rapidity can cause very considerable interruptions to the discussion and settlement of legislative measures. The rules of the House afford a latitude and a liberty to members which, if taken full advantage of, would render the despatch of business almost impossible. The House has hitherto trusted, and trusted successfully, to the salutary and restraining influences which a body really bent on work silently exercises over its members. Wild spirits have been before now tamed into decorum by the atmosphere of the House of Commons, nor ought it to be presumed beforehand that Dr. KENEALY will himself be willing to interrupt business merely for the pleasure of interrupting it. He is open to remarks for what he has done, but not for what it may be supposed he is likely to do. He has had a great, and, as many people will think, an unmerited triumph; but even those who most strongly and justly denounce the extravagance of his language and the wilfulness of his conduct, and who most sincerely regret the choice which Stoke has made, must be content to wait with impartial expectation in order to see the uses to which he will put the triumph he has obtained.

It seems tame work to turn from Stoke to Chatham, and to speak of a contest between candidates so wholly unobjectionable as Mr. GORST and Mr. STONE. The Conservatives kept the seat, although by a much smaller majority than that which they obtained at the general election. Even if the seat had been gained by the Liberals, this would have been no indication of a change in the feelings of the country, as Dockyard constituencies are proverbially hard to deal with and to reckon on. Mr. GORST will no doubt prove a useful and industrious member now that he is returned, and so would Mr. STONE have proved if he had been elected. To the House and the public it did not perhaps make much difference which was successful. But the defeat of Mr. STONE brings once more before us how difficult it is in these days for a man, however properly qualified for the career, to make statesmanship and Parliamentary work the business and occupation of his life. Mr. STONE made at least one speech in the last Parliament of unusual merit, and he might have reasonably expected to be rewarded by success if he had devoted himself to the cares and fatigues of public life. But very few persons who now embark in public life have any security that they will have the opportunity of continuously working at the profession they have chosen. It is hard to get a seat, but it is almost harder to retain one. Electors get tired of a member, simply because he is a member. They take offence at some little act of indiscretion or independence. They possibly shift their opinions so as to welcome candidates of the opposite party. Sometimes an enterprising stranger comes into the neighbourhood, takes a large house, feeds and feasts every one, goes to every variety of church and chapel, professes the warmest interest in local charities, and, as it is termed, "nurses" the borough, while the innocent unsuspecting member is busy doing his duty at Westminster. An election comes, and the member loses his seat. He has to bid farewell for years to Parliament and to public life, unless a chance vacancy gives him a new opportunity. Years may roll over his head, and he is cut off from all opportunity of making his mark in the House. He does not know what is happening. He loses the thread of business. He is merely a respectable unemployed person who has been in Parliament, and may be some day in Parliament again. He has to live in hope that some constituency will want him. He is idle when he longs to be industrious, unnoticed when he feels that it is hard on him that he should not be allowed to pursue his own path to distinction. On those who watch his career the feeling steals that it is hardly worth while to try to get into Parliament. Public life seems a mode of spending a few years in a somewhat purposeless way, rather than an opportunity of engaging in a pursuit to which the active part of existence may be wisely devoted. This is a serious drawback to whatever advantages the character impressed on the constituencies by recent changes may bring with it. There is no remedy that is very apparent, unless the constituencies would resolve on sticking to a good man when they have got him, and this is not very likely to be the temper of modern constituencies. But it must be noted as a sign of the times that every year increases the reasons which will weigh with a prudent man who, in view of the difficulty of following a public life creditably, is inclined to shun the risk, and to find in the ample sphere of private life his solace and his enjoyment.

THE SENATE BILL.

THE history of the past week has been far less creditable to the leaders of the Right Centre in the French Assembly than to the rank and file. The moderation and good sense of his followers have been too much for the Duke of BROGLIE. After repenting of his adhesion to the Conservative Republic, and doing his best to undo all the painful progress that had been made towards its establishment, he has been compelled by the force of circumstances to present himself again as a convert. When M. PASCAL DUPRAT conceived the notion of a Senate elected by pure universal suffrage, he is said to have first communicated it to an eminent member of the Left Centre. The eminent member probably thought that, as there was no chance of its being adopted, he might as well spare himself the trouble of arguing with its author. Accordingly, he advised M. DUPRAT to bring forward his amendment and see what came of it. Marshal MACMAHON and, inferentially, the Duke of BROGLIE, have since been blamed for not letting the Assembly know beforehand that the Government could not accept a Senate constituted on M. DUPRAT'S plan. But they may fairly claim the same indulgence as the eminent member of the Left Centre. They, too, no doubt believed that the amendment was a mere formal demonstration on behalf of a principle, and on this theory there is nothing strange in their thinking it unnecessary to take any part in the debate. Silence is now so generally expected of the MARSHAL'S Ministers, that so long as they said nothing things seemed to be going on in their usual course. The next day, however, the MARSHAL contrived to put himself very decidedly in the wrong; and if it is true, as seems to be supposed, that he did so on the suggestion of the Duke of BROGLIE and not of his nominal Ministers, it is impossible to acquit the DUKE of subordinating the interests of the nation to a suddenly revived hope of reconstituting the old Monarchical majority. When the Assembly met yesterday week, General DE CISSEY read a declaration from the MARSHAL stating that the adoption of M. DUPRAT'S amendment had altered the nature of the Senate, and would thus "deprive the Constitutional Bills, as a whole, of the "character which they cannot lose without compromising "Conservative interests." As the Government could not associate itself with resolutions of this sort, it was thought best to tell the Assembly so. The reading of this Message

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dissolved the majority which had carried M. WALLON'S Bill into its constituent atoms. The MARSHAL'S words were accepted as concealing a threat of some kind, and even the most Liberal members of the Right Centre were not bold enough to wait and see what was the worst that the MARSHAL could do. The separate clauses of the Senate Bill were carried one by one, but they were only carried by the abstention of the Right. When all of them had passed safely through Committee, the final decision was taken on a motion the effect of which was, that the Bill, as amended, be read a third time. The result was a majority of 23 against the Bill. The coalition between the Centres was at an end. The Right Centre had once more shown that it was not prepared to take part in organizing the Republic.

The indignation of the Left was naturally very great, and it found immediate voice in a motion fixing a general election for the first Sunday in April. The fate of the Constitutional Laws probably hung upon the attitude taken up by the moderate Republicans in regard to this amendment. They were divided in their vote—some of the most influential members even of the Left Centre voting with M. BRISSON—and there were reasons of much weight to be urged on each side. The Right Centre had deserted them, and if they now separated themselves from the Left, they would be without an effective following of any kind. There was no chance that the Right Centre would again change its mind, and it would therefore be best to press on a dissolution just at the time when the nation would be disgusted at the cowardice or the double dealing which had prompted the MARSHAL'S Message, and the subsequent rejection of the Bill. It was plain that the MARSHAL had meant his words to have the disastrous effect which they had, or he would never have communicated them to the Assembly in the shape of a cut and dried declaration. He might have ensured a compromise of M. DUPRAT'S amendment by milder means than these, and as he had preferred to get the Bill thrown out when it was in his power to get it amended, it would be wise to assume that the time for compromise was over, and that all that remained to be done was to hurry on an appeal to the country. On the other hand, a considerable number of the Left Centre and of the moderate Left were not convinced that their hope of getting a Senate bill of some kind through the Assembly was altogether gone. They believed—at all events they acted as though they believed—that the desire of the Right Centre to see a definitive Constitution of some kind adopted had only yielded to a momentary panic, and that, if negotiations for a compromise could be resumed, they might still lead to a satisfactory result. Accordingly they voted against the demand for urgency on behalf of M. BRISSON'S motion, and they introduced two new projects for the creation of a Senate. When the Assembly separated that afternoon it was understood that the next few days were to be given up to interviews between party leaders, and that the issue of these interviews would decide whether the Constitutional Laws were to share the fate of the Senate Bill, or whether the Centres and the Left were to forgive and forget the votes of that day and the day before, and to set to work upon a new compromise.

At first it appeared that the former of these alternatives would be the one realized. The old rumours of a BROGLIE-FOURTOU Ministry, symbolizing a new alliance between the Right Centre and the Bonapartists, were revived. The DUKE was to hold office just long enough to subject the list of Mayors and Prefects to a fresh revision, and when the last taint of Republicanism had been weeded out from the official hierarchy, a dissolution was to be tried, in the hope that Orleanists and Bonapartists might between them secure a majority in favour of maintaining the interregnum which both hope to turn to their own account in the end. It is plain that when the Duke of. BROGLIE came to see his chickens hatched, he found that he had counted them in very much too sanguine a spirit. The members of the Right Centre who had originally formed the coalition saw no ground to suppose that the DUKE'S new effort to reconstruct the old Conservative majority would be more successful than his former efforts. They had accepted the Conservative Republic as the only barrier against the Empire, and there was nothing in the project of a new alliance with the Imperialists to offer any more valid security against the evil they most of all feared. The line taken by the Extreme Left probably contributed to make the section of the Right Centre hostile to the Duke of BROGLIE'S scheme. If the Left had shown any sign of insisting on M. DUPRAT'S or any similar amendment, the Right Centre might have given up the thought of reproducing the Republican coalition. But the Left were too much alarmed at the prospect of a BROGLIE-FOURTOU Ministry to do anything which might make it inevitable. Their journals talked with edifying moderation of the willingness of the party to give every conceivable guarantee to the Conservatives as regards the composition of the Senate. No mention was made of M. DUPRAT'S unfortunate amendment, and it seems to be generally understood that the Left will remain content with the barren victory which they won for universal suffrage last week. Under these circumstances, the chances of the Duke of BROGLIE'S Ministry became fewer every day. If he could not count on the support of the Right Centre, he would plainly be unable to hold his own in the Assembly, even during the remaining debates on the Constitutional Bills; and when it came to making a final choice, the Right Centre was not prepared to give up the Republic without another effort on its behalf. They knew too well that, if they did give it up, the return of the Empire was assured. The issue of these various efforts is seen in the announcement that the Right and Left Centres have given in their adhesion to a new Senate Bill, and that the Government has made a similar announcement to the Committee of Thirty. This last fact is one of great significance. Hitherto Marshal MACMAHON has kept himself entirely apart from all schemes for the organization of the Republic. Now he comes forward with eagerness to support a Bill which has not yet been submitted to the Assembly, and what is even more wonderful, a Bill which gives him no voice in the nomination of Senators. The Senate is to be partly elective—the constituency being the Councils of the department and of the arrondissements, together with the deputies for the departments and one delegate from each Municipal Council. The Assembly will, in the first instance, nominate eighty Senators, and future vacancies in this nominated list will be filled up by the Senate itself. The plan is, on the whole, as good a one as is likely to be devised, and, what is of more moment, it seems pretty certain to be voted.

LORD ELCHO'S BILL.

LORD ELCHO, though he attempted to do himself injustice in his disclaimer of indifference, has no competitor in the light and easy style of dealing with important matters. When he moved for leave to introduce the London Municipal Government Bill, he confessed that he had, as head of a deputation, recommended the measure to the HOME SECRETARY before he took the trouble even to read the terms of Mr. BEAL'S project. On that occasion Lord ELCHO referred in a flippant sentence to the objections that had been suggested to a Bill which had, as he with some plausibility alleged, been favourably received by the press in general. Among the chief defects which had been pointed out were the proposed seizure of the large property of the City Corporation, the dangerous claim to the control of the metropolitan police, and the intended election of criminal Judges by the populace or its delegates. It now appears that, although Lord ELCHO had neither read the Bill nor understood the comments on its provisions, he introduces into the House of Commons an amended version in which the most obnoxious clauses are omitted, with the same airy complacency which characterized his former address to Mr. CROSS. Mr. BEAL, from whom Lord ELCHO receives his instructions, originally suggested that the City Corporation should be expanded so as to diffuse the benefits of its administration and its revenues over the whole metropolis. If a private gentleman was asked to expand himself in the sense of distributing his fortune equally among his neighbours, he would listen to the proposal in the same spirit in which Mr. BEAL'S Bill has been received by the Corporation. It was soon discovered that the equally audacious demand of the control of the metropolitan police was not likely to be taken into serious consideration by the Government or by the respectable and rational part of the community. Lord ELCHO himself, if he could have spared time to make himself acquainted with the contents of his own Bill, would probably have appreciated the iniquity of plundering the Corporation; and he would certainly not have wished to entrust to the nominees of the London ratepayers the management of a drilled body of eight or ten thousand men, forming the reserve of the police force of the kingdom.

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Mr. BEAL, as the political ally of the democratic agitators who are organized in several revolutionary clubs for as many special objects, was perfectly consistent in proposing to appropriate corporate property in the same manner in which some of his confederates threaten to deal with private estates. Lord ELCHO is not likely to become even a semi-socialist; but it is strange that he should have placed his services without inquiry at the disposal of politicians with whom he has nothing in common.

As the Corporation declines to be cajoled into a surrender of its property, or the Government into the abdication of one of its most indispensable duties, Mr. BEAL postpones for the time the more aggressive portions of his scheme, probably foreseeing that, if his new municipality were once established, it might be strong enough to extort concessions which will not be made to private projectors. A body which could claim to represent a constituency of three or four millions would not fail to contrast its own limited resources with the accumulated wealth of the City; and at some time when Parliament and the country were in a reforming mood, Mr. BEAL'S original proposal might perhaps be revived with better hope of success. The main purpose of the Bill is still retained. All minor governing bodies are to be superseded by a numerous council elected by household suffrage. Lord ELCHO seemed not to have ascertained whether his clients intended to modify their scheme by the introduction of the cumulative system of voting which is practised in elections for School Boards. If the alteration has been made for the purpose of allaying the fears of the minority, the promoters will have admitted the force of some of the objections which were urged against the first edition of their Bill. There is no doubt that minorities ought to be protected by possessing a share of representation; but the cumulative vote has not yet become generally popular, and it is the most insecure mode of affording the necessary safeguard, because it is an artificial and ostentatious contrivance for neutralizing the force of numbers. In times of popular excitement the majority will be both able and willing to sweep away the barriers which interfere with the exertion of its superior strength. The framers of the Bill are undisguised supporters of the political and municipal doctrines which are checked and impaired by the system of cumulative voting. Their object in consenting to a temporary compromise is to abolish all the local privileges and interests which protect minorities more effectually than any contrivance for depriving the multitude in practice of rights which are acknowledged in principle. A Municipal Council exercising exclusive authority over an eighth part of the population of the United Kingdom would constantly struggle both to enlarge its functions and to extend its base.

The question for Parliament to determine is whether it is expedient to institute one central government for the whole metropolis. Some of the pretexts for the Municipal Bill are shallow and frivolous, such as the common complaint that several different sets of collectors apply at different times for the payment of various rates and taxes. The average householder cares much more for the amount of general and local taxation than for the manner in which the instalments are levied; but if any serious inconvenience is caused by the multiplication of times of payment, it is evident that it might be removed without employing the municipal elephant to pick up the pin. There are also admitted defects in lighting and paving, and in other details of local administration; but duties of this kind would be discharged under a municipality by the same class of persons as at present, with the aid of the same paid officers. The streets might be regularly swept and brilliantly lighted at a certain cost, which must be provided out of the pockets of the ratepayers. Mr. BEAL and his municipality could not do the same work cheaper than the Vestries; and if they did it better, they would increase the rates, much to the dissatisfaction of the bulk of their constituents. After all, London is better governed and better managed than almost any other great town. New York, which probably comes, in amount of population, next to London and Paris, has long been administered by such a Corporation as Lord ELCHO proposes to establish, at an enormous expense, and with the utmost amount of inefficiency and corruption. London would at the worst be an English and not an Irish Republic, and in England the grosser forms of corporate misconduct would be restrained by law; but the proposed municipality would be unwieldy, and it must necessarily delegate local administration to Committees or other bodies, which would either consist of strangers to the district or of residents who might as well have derived their authority, as at present, immediately from those whose affairs they were charged to manage. The municipality to which Lord ELCHO pledged himself four months ago might have been an element of grave political danger in times of disturbance. The mutilated Corporation without estates, without police, and with the security of a cumulative vote, is unnecessary, and it would give rise to incessant agitation for the increase of its powers and for the establishment of full popular representation.

Supporters of a new municipal organization for the metropolis sometimes lament that London is debarred from the privilege and dignity which are enjoyed not only by Liverpool and Manchester, but by Tiverton and Southwold. The Lord Mayor indeed is officially a greater personage than the Mayor of Southwold, but his municipal dominion extends over only a fractional part of the metropolis. The grievance might perhaps require redress if it were felt by those whom it principally concerns. The wealthier inhabitants of London, occupying almost exclusively large portions of the whole metropolitan area, have never invited Lord ELCHO'S interference, and, if a municipality is created, they will seldom trouble themselves to vote for its members. The energies of ambitious tradesmen find a sufficient field in parochial Vestries, where they are occupied in transacting more or less efficiently affairs which concern themselves and their neighbours. The members of a central Council would be unknown to those who would be subject to their authority, unless indeed the old Vestries were re-established under the name of District Committees. No ingenuity can get rid of the impediment to municipal organization which is caused by the isolation of Londoners, and by the want of common interests. Half the inhabitants of London are ignorant of the names of their next-door neighbours; and if they were asked to select among the residents in the same street the most competent persons to hold local office, they would be utterly puzzled. True representation implies something in common between constituents and those whom they elect. In London there is no staple trade, no local object of interest, and scarcely even a common grievance. There is fortunately no reason to fear that Lord ELCHO will carry the Bill which he with so light a heart undertook to introduce. He will be ready to admit that such a measure can only be passed by a Government; and the present Ministers will have little temptation to adopt a scheme which has no zealous advocates except the actual promoters.

WIMPFFEN AND SEDAN.

THE Imperialists, of whom M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC is a very fierce and fiery representative, naturally find the memory of Sedan very inconvenient to them. It was the crowning disaster and disgrace of Imperialism. The last army of France able to keep the field was caught in a trap, massacred, driven to seek the lives of the survivors by a humiliating capitulation, and the EMPEROR himself was present and shared the dishonour of those whom he was supposed to command. It is true that the EMPEROR himself and Marshal MACMAHON both disapproved of the march to relieve BAZAINE which brought about the capitulation of Sedan. They in their turn were victims; but of whom were they victims? Of those whom the EMPEROR had chosen to invest with supreme authority at Paris—of the EMPRESS and PALIKAO. That the EMPRESS acted as she thought for the best, and really strove to do what seemed right for France, and put the thought of the country above the thought of her family, has been abundantly shown by the evidence since published under the authority of the Assembly. But it was the necessities of the Imperial dynasty that confided the destinies of France to a woman, and gave her as her supreme counsellor such a man as PALIKAO. The EMPEROR was in the most wretched position conceivable. Forced by the traditions of his dynasty, and by the precariousness of his political position, to hang about the army, unfit physically to command, finding the military system he had spent years in building up suddenly collapsing in the hour of trial, he, the Saviour of Society, the conqueror of Magenta and Solferino, the student from boyhood of tactics and fortification, found himself, his last general, and the last army at his disposal, ordered off by his wife and a very

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minor military man to what he knew to be inevitable ruin. At the last moment he did the best he could do. He refused to seek his own safety by flight, and he insisted on a suspension of the contest when he saw that to prolong it was simply to murder his men. He thought that in this extremity of misfortune he might be able to do more for France than any one else could do. He appealed as sovereign to sovereign when he threw himself on the generosity of King WILLIAM. He thought that the King of PRUSSIA would spare him more than he would spare France. But Prince BISMARCK soon undeceived him. He declared that Germany might perhaps deal leniently with a sovereign, but that he did not find a sovereign to deal with. He judged the EMPEROR as the EMPEROR had judged himself. The Imperial Government was not so much a Government as an adventure. It held power on the tenure of success. The EMPEROR was obliged to go with the troops he did not venture to command; for his position in France was not strong enough for him to dare to stay at Paris. The EMPRESS and PALIKAO sent the army to destruction at Sedan because they did not think the dynasty strong enough to bear the imputation of having left BAZAINE to his fate. When the EMPEROR tendered his sword at Sedan to King WILLIAM, there was no sovereign in France. There was only a collapsed Imperial bubble. It is easy to blame the EMPEROR too much. France forced the war on him quite as much as he forced it on France; he was not responsible for the military mistakes committed; he was quite alive to the enormity of the blunder of sending MACMAHON to try to relieve Metz; he showed unquestionable courage on the battle-field; he would not sever his fortunes from the fortunes of his soldiers. But at Sedan, and in the mournful days which had preceded Sedan, he had made it clear to France and to the world what was the real nature of the Government which he had risked so much, sinned so much, thought and planned so much to set up.

If only France could but be made to forget Sedan and its lessons, the hearts of Imperialists would indeed rejoice. But how is this to be effected? It cannot be done at once, but it has appeared possible to do something gradually towards it. M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC has hit on what is probably the best mode of serving the cause to which he is attached. The surest method of getting great things forgotten is to set up a burning controversy about a small thing. To fight the Imperialist fight about Sedan on a tiny side issue might amuse France and tend to rehabilitate the Empire. To select a general, to abuse him, to dwell on his incapacity, to make him an object of general contempt, might almost be to get the ruin of Sedan attributed to him and dissociated from the dynasty of the NAPOLEONS. Almost any general would do, for it would be as easy to get up a plausible charge of incapacity against one of the generals at Sedan as against another. Considering that Marshal MACMAHON has recorded that he got up on the day of the final battle without any fixed plan of what he would do, and that his only idea was that he would fight a bit and see what happened, we need not trouble ourselves to mete out the various degrees of the incapacity of his subordinates. To say a word against the MARSHAL is, however, now impossible. The paper that printed it would be immediately suppressed, and the Imperialists hope great things from the MARSHAL in future, and regard him as a gilded warming-pan for the PRINCE IMPERIAL. DE FAILLY would be the easiest object of attack, for the disaster of Beaumont was distinctly assignable to his culpable carelessness. DUCROT too, with his seemingly impracticable plan of forcing a retreat to Mezières, might have done very fairly well; but then DE FAILLY and DUCROT are men in whom M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC is not likely to see any traces of incapacity. They are men of the right politics, and are speckless heroes in his eyes. But there was one general not more capable than his neighbours, and having the exceptional merit, as an object of attack, of being a Republican. Here was exactly the man cut out for M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC. To abuse him offers the double pleasure of casting a cloak over Imperialist disgrace and of giving free scope for invectives against the Republic. WIMPFFEN was all that could be wanted, and M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC set to work to abuse him with his usual energy and vigour. But it is one thing to abuse a man and another to get him to notice it. There seemed ninety-nine chances to one against General WIMPFFEN being foolish enough to trouble himself about the writings of M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC. But M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC is a very lucky man. The one chance in his favour turned up. General WIMPFFEN could think of nothing better than inviting France to listen to a public controversy about his incapacity; and in order to get this controversy placed in a thoroughly party light, he thought it wise to select M. JULES FAVRE as his advocate. This was indeed delightful to M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC. He had amused himself with brandishing a knife, and here was his sheep walking innocently into his hands. He began by demanding that the accusation of libel should assume the shape of a criminal, not a civil, proceeding, in order that he might have greater latitude in his defence. He had his way, and certainly he got as much latitude as he could have desired. He called as witnesses all the other generals who were anxious that some one else should be made to seem more incapable than they were at Sedan. He had the gratification of being himself allowed to make a flaming speech, in which he vented the rage of his heart against Republicans, and "that hateful and detested thing "called the Republic." He explained that in saying that General WIMPFFEN had betrayed his country, he merely meant that the best thing General WIMPFFEN could have done for France would have been to go over to the enemy and take his incapacity with him. He had a few hours of capital fun; he gave as much pain as possible to an old soldier; he bespattered the Republic, and his triumph was consummated by the jury pronouncing on all the issues in his favour.

Whether General WIMPFFEN deserved to have a verdict pronounced so completely against him is hard to say. He certainly was not worse than others in command on the battle-field. He certainly did not sacrifice his soldiers by mere remissness like DE FAILLY. He stopped DUCROT'S meditated project of a retreat to Mezières, and even the friendly generals called by M. DE CASSAGNAC thought as poorly of this project as WIMPFFEN did. He had plainly no notion of doing more than fight hard without a plan, but then this had been precisely the position of MACMAHON himself. On his way through Paris he had been secretly invested by PALIKAO with authority to assume the command in chief in case any disaster happened to MACMAHON. He was to have taken the command of DE FAILLY'S corps at Beaumont, but by the time he got to Beaumont he found his corps had been cut to pieces or dispersed. He had therefore no separate command. On the 1st of September PALIKAO, with the extraordinary negligence that characterized his proceedings, had not informed MACMAHON or the EMPEROR himself who was to replace MACMAHON in case of need. When he was wounded, MACMAHON, thinking himself at liberty to make a choice, handed over the command to DUCROT. WIMPFFEN knew of this, and acquiesced in it. He probably had an uneasy sense that the honour thrust on him was too great for him. DUCROT immediately proceeded to carry out his favourite plan of a retreat to Mezières. WIMPFFEN, when he saw what was being done, disapproved it so strongly that he revealed the secret of his right to command. DUCROT obeyed, but of course threw all the consequences of the failure of his plan on the man who had stopped him in its execution. WIMPFFEN thought that the whole available strength of the French should be used in the direction of Bazeilles, where he believed, or, to keep up the courage of his soldiers, affected to believe, that an advantage had been gained. After he found that success was not to be secured in this quarter, he still wished the general contest to be prolonged, but the EMPEROR overruled him. The EMPEROR was no doubt right. To persevere was absolutely hopeless; but still WIMPFFEN, if commander in chief, ought to have been the person to judge when the battle was to end. The whole thing was an utter muddle. WIMPFFEN probably never had a chance of doing anything effectual; but if he ever had a chance, if he was ever capable of making the best of a bad business, he lost the opportunity by not assuming the command when MACMAHON was wounded. He allowed DUCROT to command, and many precious hours were wasted before what WIMPFFEN considered to be the fatal error of DUCROT could be in any way remedied. Was this the conduct of a man of capacity, of a man fitted to be entrusted with the command of a large army in a most difficult position? It seems absurd that years after a battle a jury of civilians should sit to judge whether a general has shown capacity during the fight; but it is easy to see that even a jury which was shocked at the arrogant insolence of M. DE CASSAGNAC, and was alive to the injustice of singling out a Republican General for Imperialist purposes, might have thought that, if they were directly asked the question whether General WIMPFFEN had shown

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military capacity at Sedan, they could scarcely say that he had. Possibly it might be difficult for a juryman under such circumstances not to be in some degree guided by the consideration that a man in General WIMPFFEN's position who had been foolish enough to bring the action was not likely to have been very wise at Sedan.

THE JUDICATURE BILL.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S Bill for the amendment of the Judicature Act is now before the public. It contains one notable improvement—the constitution of a second Court of Appeal—and many minor alterations which we do not propose to discuss at present. But there are some clauses which involve a question of principle so grave as to deserve the most careful and immediate consideration. They provide in effect that, in place of the schedule to the existing Act, which it is proposed to repeal, the future procedure of the Courts shall be created by rules to be enacted by Order in Council on the recommendation of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and a majority of the other Judges; and that, instead of replacing the present procedures by a single code, the Judges may leave in existence in the Common Law and Chancery divisions as much as they may think desirable of the two practices which are now in force. The first part of this clause is not new. When it was originally proposed by Lord HATHERLEY in 1870 we felt bound to enter an immediate protest against it, and the reasons which seemed to us and to almost everybody conclusive then have not lost any of their force. Let us briefly recapitulate them. The distinction between Law and Equity is even more a matter of procedure than of principle. The Judicature Commission had rightly recommended that there should be one uniform system, and had indicated the form it should take; but Lord HATHERLEY's Bill, like the present Bill, left the task of framing it to another body, and proposed to transfer to their shoulders the responsibility of Parliament. No such course had been taken in the Acts of 1852 and 1854, by which the procedure of the Courts of Chancery and Common Law had been reformed. The Judges on whom it was proposed to cast this grave responsibility were so fully occupied that they could only devote their time to the work when exhausted by their ordinary duties; and it was besides impossible to secure in a fluctuating body of twenty or thirty members the requisite harmony and accord upon comprehensive changes to produce a body of rules bearing the impress of the general ideas which were intended to prevail. By thus referring to an outside body the task of framing the new rules, the Legislature would, in short, be delegating to others its proper work. It was admitted that form and procedure were matters of such a character that, even after the rules had been put on the face of an Act of Parliament, a power would be wanted to modify from time to time many petty details of practice. But the provisions ought not the less to be in the Act in the first instance, and it was insisted that it would be wholly impossible to pass a Bill framed on the principle of delegation, with any sort of satisfaction, if at all.

In reproducing the old reasoning which was used against Lord HATHERLEY's project, we have quoted the language of Lord CAIRNS in preference to our own. But in truth opinion at that time—mainly influenced by Lord CAIRNS's unanswerable arguments—was substantially unanimous on the point. Lord HATHERLEY sadly acknowledged that he had found only one supporter in the House of Lords, and so firm was Lord CAIRNS's conviction on the subject that he used all his powerful influence to prevent the passing of Lord HATHERLEY's measure unless the objectionable delegation of authority were excised. And the measure was lost in consequence. It was in vain that Lord HATHERLEY offered that his rules should be laid on the table of each House, and be liable to be annulled on an Address to HER MAJESTY. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE treated this provision as little more than illusory, it being, as he truly said, "but poor protection if a Government has "the good fortune to have a commanding majority at its "call"; and Lord CAIRNS pointed out how different it was from the safeguard afforded by the regular passage of a Bill through Parliament. The utmost concession that was tendered was a permission to Lord HATHERLEY to pass his Bills, with a condition introduced that they should have no operation until they were re-enacted in the following Session; and this compromise, though at first accepted, was seen to be so merely nominal that, shortly afterwards, it was determined not to proceed with the mutilated measure.

In 1873 Lord SELBORNE revived the great project of reform, and took occasion to declare his cordial adhesion to the views of Lord CAIRNS. In a few weighty words he thus summed up the controversy—if controversy it could be called, when almost the whole professional and non-professional world had ranged themselves under Lord CAIRNS's banner. After remarking that Lord HATHERLEY's Bills proposed that the rules should be framed by an authority which had been the object of much criticism, Lord SELBORNE said:—"The discussions which took place in reference to these "Bills showed that, while there was a favourable disposi-"tion towards the formation of a High Court, it was felt "that in a matter of such importance it was absolutely "necessary to know how the scheme was to be worked "out, and that anything in the nature of a skeleton scheme "could not be regarded as satisfactory. It was felt that it "was not desirable to delegate to an external authority—"even were that authority itself beyond criticism—the "making of rules to work the scheme out. That criticism "commended itself to every one conversant with the "subject."

Lord SELBORNE's Act was accordingly passed, with two leading provisions—one, that, subject to some minor exceptions, a single uniform procedure should be substituted for the jarring practices of Common Law and Equity Courts, and the other that the lines of that procedure should be determined by express enactments in a schedule to the Act. Both of these provisions are now proposed to be repealed. We are not to have one uniform code of procedure, but a body outside of Parliament is to determine how much of the present conflicting procedures is to be allowed to remain and how much is to be abolished, and to frame the new supplementary procedure which is to be grafted on to the discordant systems which the Judicature Act was intended to sweep away. Whether this change is right or wrong, it is a radical reversal of the principle of the Act of 1873. The details of that statute are no doubt defective enough, but it does embody the broad leading principle of one law and one procedure throughout our Courts of Law and Equity. It needed only such amendments as would make its principle a living and working reality, and in place of that the Government Bill proposes to undermine the principle itself, and to withdraw the details from the control of Parliament.

No one who has followed the LORD CHANCELLOR'S public career with the slightest attention will suspect him of levity, and we may be sure that the considerations which have led him to reproduce the clauses for which he doomed Lord HATHERLEY'S measure are more powerful than vacillation or caprice. What they are will perhaps be explained on the Second Reading of the Bill, but at present it is impossible even to guess at their nature. We have sought in vain for any change of circumstances which can make that right in 1875 which was so wrong in 1870 as not to be endured for a moment. It may be that the lay element in both Houses of Parliament, docile always on legal matters, or that some sections of the press which regard party triumph as the end of all legislation, will accord to these clauses, when prepared by Lord CAIRNS, a support which was indignantly refused to Lord HATHERLEY. But if the error of delegating Parliamentary powers could ever have been condoned, it was when the earliest of our Judicature Bills was introduced, in 1870. With the burden of fighting the principle of the measure on his hands, Lord HATHERLEY rightly judged that an attempt to embody the procedure in the Bill would be fatal to success in the then Session of Parliament. He was unfortunately reluctant to lose a year, and would not consent to postpone his measure and occupy the interval with the preparation of the requisite clauses. Less haste might have made better speed. Now, however, the situation is wholly changed. The principle of the reform is carried. Already the Government has enjoyed an interval of a year for the consideration of the amendments which the Act requires. Even if no great use has been made of the past twelve months, ample time remains, if diligently used, to frame the new procedure and pass it into law before the end of the Session. The serious difficulties which confronted Lord HATHERLEY were rightly considered an insufficient excuse for delegating Parliamentary authority. It is not obvious why the diminished difficulties which yet

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remain should be accepted as a valid justification for a similar delegation with a still wider margin of extra-Parliamentary discretion.

That the LORD CHANCELLOR will ever succeed in answering the arguments by which he convinced the world we do not expect; but we cling to the belief that he will be able to throw some light upon a change of tactics which thus far presents itself as an unfathomable mystery. We had—in the weakness perhaps of enthusiasm—looked for the crowning of the edifice of Law Reform in Lord CAIRNS'S Amendment Bill, and we have not found it. We must console ourselves with the reflection that it is no new thing to find that Government Bills of undoubted promise often do little and undo much.

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

THE crotchet-mongers and peddling revolutionists who were having such fine innings a little while back would seem to have now fallen upon evil days. Nothing can be more pitiful than the contrast between the gay chirruping exuberance of their brief summer and the limp and paralytic dejection into which they have since fallen. The weather has changed, and there is evidently something in the atmosphere which acts upon them as a blight. They have probably discovered that people are not disposed to stir large subjects for the sake of petty fads, and that impertinent attempts at disturbance are apt to be treated with rather a rude contempt. The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the first teasing insect of the Session, has been settled for the time by the stroke of a handkerchief; but it would perhaps be too much to hope that it will now accept its final quietus. It is only a year or two since the COMMON SERJEANT was presiding over that great meeting of Red Republicans and Communists which demanded the abolition of the House of Lords as a just punishment for the contumacy of that body in refusing to lend a hand in subverting the family system of the country; and now he will once more have to muster his miscellaneous allies for an attack upon what, if his friends had been successful in their former effort, would have been the only remaining fragment of the Legislature. In these days statesmen like the COMMON SERJEANT may well be puzzled to know on which institution they can safely take their stand. The logic by which it was demonstrated that the House of Lords, or at least the Bishops, ought to be effaced for not consenting to become the instrument of the Marriage Law Association, would seem to require that the House of Commons should now be suppressed for its equal wickedness. It is no doubt immaterial to the anonymous employers of the professional agitators who have been getting up what is called opinion on this subject what wreck of cherished usages and institutions may lie in the way of the legal gratification of their illicit passions. Strong as are the objections on other grounds to conceding their demands, the manner in which they have been advanced and supported would in itself be a sufficient reason for resisting them.

It is of course impossible that after all these years anything new can be said upon so stale and exhausted a subject as this. Yet, as it has again been forced into notice, there are some aspects of it which it may perhaps be well to set in a distinct light. We need not now discuss the abstract propriety of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, but of course those who think that it ought to be legalized have a right to do what they can to procure the necessary sanction. This, however, is not exactly the position of the persons who compose the hidden nucleus of the present agitation. It appears to be undeniable that they have not been content to wait patiently and loyally for a change in the law, but have begun by deliberately violating it, and are now anxious to obtain, no matter at what cost of inconvenience, pain, and injury to the rest of the community, a personal indemnity in order that they may not suffer from their own wilful and selfish misconduct. It is obvious that this is a mode of proceeding which, if it were to be sanctioned as legitimate, would be attended with the most disastrous consequences. All sorts of people would be led to presume on the probability of Parliament, wearied out with incessant agitation, ultimately conceding their demands for the sake of peace, and in the meantime they would take the liberty of living just as if the law had been already adapted to their peculiar views. Those who have shown so little respect for the law as to dispense with its sanction merely because it happened to stand in the way of a wanton indulgence cannot be supposed to suffer very keenly from the deprivation, and have at any rate no right to ask that an old established system should be revolutionized merely in order that their exceptional behaviour may not be seen to be irregular. They have deliberately chosen their course, knowing the consequences, and there is no reason why they should be relieved from them. It is evident that to reward mutiny of this kind with a retrospective indemnity would be to unsettle all law, and to offer a distinct encouragement to people to repudiate its authority. In the course of the debate, Mr. MACDONALD, who is well acquainted with the mining districts, remarked that the Bill would remove a great scandal which existed in many parts of the country, where the law was openly set at nought; but it can hardly be supposed that Mr. MACDONALD would seriously propose that scandals generally should be removed or disguised by giving them legal sanction. If the principle were once admitted, it would be difficult to say where its application would cease.

The more thoroughly the subject is examined the more clearly it will appear that the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill is a measure trading under false pretences. Lord SELBORNE once demonstrated the comprehensive freedom to which it would lead in the natural course of logic. It would allow a man to contract marriage with his deceased or divorced wife's sister or niece, his brother's widow or divorced wife, his uncle's widow or divorced wife, his nephew's widow or divorced wife. On the Continent the relaxation has been freely extended to the various degrees just named, and one case at least is known of the marriage of an uncle with a niece who was also his sister-in-law. The next step would of course be that a man should be at liberty to marry his mother-in-law, or perhaps his stepmother. If it is said that the prohibition of marriage with a deceased wife's sister is purely conventional, it may be suggested that much of the whole family system is perhaps more conventional than is commonly supposed, and that in any case a convention which rests on the general agreement of the community, and which is ratified by wholesome experience, is sufficiently justified. There can be no doubt that a large majority of English people wish to keep their sisters-in-law, if for no other reason than that they are accustomed to them on the existing footing, and that they form part and parcel of their ideas of family life, and of the customs of domestic intimacy. Any change in the law would unquestionably be a great shock to many persons, and experience in other countries suggests that it would be taken advantage of in order to confuse and deprave the whole body of family ties. It is probable that there are not very many people who have thought out the principles on which the domestic life of England as it at present exists is based; the whole thing is taken together as a matter of course, and there would undoubtedly be peril among the ignorant and the corrupt if any loosening of the bonds were to unsettle ideas.

The decisive majority against the Bill in the House of Commons on Wednesday—the largest vote against it which has ever been taken in that House—would seem to show that the insidious character of the measure and of the tactics by which it is promoted is now better understood than it was in some former years. Nothing indeed can be more instructive than the Parliamentary history of this curious proposal. Its advocates are in the habit of assuming that it has been resisted by the Upper House in opposition to the Lower. In point of fact, it has been before eight successive Houses of Commons, including the present one, and has been thrown out—in one instance twice running—in four of these, while in one it foundered; and in these cases, of course, the House of Lords never heard of it at all. It has reached that House only in three out of eight Parliaments. Moreover, the majority against the Bill in the more recent Parliaments in which it has been rejected has been significantly increasing. It began with five in 1859; it rose to twenty in 1865; and it has come to twenty-nine in the Parliament of 1874. It may be observed also that the majorities which have at different times been deluded into supporting the Bill have shown a tendency to diminish. The truth is that the more it is looked at the less it is liked.

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MR. CROSS AND HIS CRITICS.

THE debate on the second reading of the Artisans Dwellings Bill brought out a good many detached criticisms on the machinery by which Mr. CROSS proposes to make his reform effective. If sufficient pains are taken to reduce them into amendments the measure will be decidedly improved. At the same time nothing is more to be deprecated than a host of ill-considered suggestions. In a matter of this kind the best triumph that a critic can hope to attain is that his amendment shall be accepted by the Government, and in order to secure this it is important that the changes proposed should not be too trivial or too numerous. No man likes to see his plan pulled about until its original shape has disappeared past recognition, and those who wish to make the Government Bill a real contribution to the better housing of the poor will do well to frame their amendments on the lines of the original draft. It is quite true that there are many places with populations under 25,000 which are just as much in need of rebuilding as London or Liverpool, and it may not be easy to see why Mr. CROSS should have held his hand at that particular limit. But wherever the line had been drawn the choice would equally have been open to challenge, and to draw no line at all, though it might have made the Bill a better, would certainly have made it a different, Bill. The conditions of unwholesome housing in the country districts and in large towns are in no way identical. The evil calls for remedy in the one case as much as in the other, but it does not call for the same remedy. Not much will be gained therefore by trying to extend the Bills to towns with less than 25,000 inhabitants. The only improvement that is likely to go for much in this direction is one which should enable towns with a smaller population than 25,000 to avail themselves of the powers created by the Bill if they are so minded. The second Clause declares that the Act "shall apply to . . . urban "sanitary districts in England containing . . . a popula- "tion of 25,000 and upwards." There may be reasons why the Act should not be extended to towns containing a smaller population without regard either to their wishes or their needs. But there can be no reason why it should not be extended to towns containing a population of 10,000, or even of 5,000, if the Town Council choose to make the request. It is one thing to make people healthy against their will, and another thing to allow them to make themselves healthy, and though the former process ought not to be extended too rapidly, there is no need why the latter should not go on as fast as possible.

It was objected in the course of the debate that the Bill was too entirely permissive. The Medical Officer, it was said, may make a report, the local authority may propose to act on it, and the central authority may at its discretion confirm or disallow what has been proposed by the local authority. Nothing in the debate has shaken our conviction that the Medical Officer is, as a general rule, the proper person to take the initiative under the Act. If he cannot be trusted to condemn an unwholesome house, which of his many duties is he competent to discharge? The whole sanitary system of the country rests on the Medical Officer of Health as its pivot. He may in some cases be ill fitted to hold so important a post, but if these cases should prove to be numerous, some change ought to be made in the way of appointing or training him. Nothing will be gained by simply passing him over and giving his work into other hands. If the London Vestries cannot be trusted to make proper appointments, or if the Medical Officers cannot be trusted to act with sufficient independence of the Vestries which have appointed them, the true remedy is to give the patronage to some one else. At present one great function of the Local Government Board is to induce the sanitary authorities all over the country to combine their districts so as to make the pay of a Medical Officer of Health large enough to attract the services of a competent practitioner. This process would be seriously impaired if the sanitary authorities were able to say that as soon as any real work was laid upon the Medical Officers it was at once found that somebody else was more competent to do it than they. One suggestion, however, was made on Monday which seems eminently worthy of adoption. The embarrassment which a Medical Officer might feel on bringing a particular area before the notice of the local authority would be very much lessened if it were made incumbent on him as soon as the Bill is passed to inspect and report upon the sanitary condition of the whole district committed to him. He could not be accused of meddlesomeness for making a report which had been prescribed by Act of Parliament, and the consciousness that his report would be compared with those of his fellow-officers, and that it would be difficult to blame one without blaming all, would probably give him the necessary courage to say what ought to be done. Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW is anxious to have a Medical Officer appointed by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and charged with the duty of reporting on all the unwholesome areas in London. There is much to be said in favour of this scheme; but, on the whole, the argument which has just been used about Medical Officers may be used also about London Vestries. Either they are competent sanitary authorities or they are not. If they are not, not the duties imposed on them by this Bill only, but sanitary duties generally, ought to be taken away from them and given to the Metropolitan Board of Works. If they are competent to do the work already committed to them, they will certainly not become less so by having their responsibilities increased. Another suggestion of Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW'S is more to the purpose. Why, he asks with much reason, should the right to insist in a report from a Medical Officer of Health be confined to twenty ratepayers? Some provision as to costs of inquiry might perhaps be necessary in order to prevent vexatious interference; but, subject to this precaution, there seems no reason why five ratepayers should not be as much worth listening to as to the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of a particular street or court as twenty.

A general opinion was expressed in the course of the debate that it will often be necessary to take down houses not in themselves unwholesome, in order to secure proper approaches to the newly-cleared areas. There are courts at the back of many London streets, for example, which are at present only approached through an archway at the side of a shop. If these courts are to be rebuilt on the same site, it is absolutely essential that a proper outlet shall be made towards the main street. But this cannot be done unless the shop which blocks up the passage into the court can also be purchased compulsorily. There is some doubt whether the Bill as it stands gives this power, and at all events the Compensation Clause is quite inadequate to the case. The 13th Section provides that the lands taken for the purposes of the Act shall be estimated at their fair market value without any additional allowance in respect of their compulsory purchase. This is a very proper limitation as regards houses which need to be taken down in consideration of their own sanitary demerits, but it bears hardly on the case of owners whose houses need to be pulled down in consideration of the unwholesomeness of other people's houses. It is fair that the latter should receive the bonus usually given to persons who have to be inconvenienced for the public good. The actual amounts paid in compensation need not be larger than those contemplated in the Bill, inasmuch as the additional outlay in this direction may be balanced by an economy suggested by Mr. STANSFELD. The greater part of the houses pulled down will be the property of landlords who have allowed them to become more unwholesome than they otherwise would have been, rather than spend a few pounds every year in keeping them in proper repair. A landlord cannot help his houses being built up in the rear or being badly constructed for the purpose to which they are now turned. But he can keep the drains in decent order and see that there is a proper supply of water. Mr. STANSFELD proposes that, if he has neglected these and similar duties, the money that he ought to have spent in keeping his houses wholesome shall be deducted from their estimated value. The landlord will still be compensated for what he actually loses for the public good, but not for savings which he had no business ever to have effected.

LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

MR. W. R. GREG, who has lately occupied himself in calling attention to the less favourable aspects of modern civilization, has been lamenting to the Royal Institution the evils of the "high-pressure" system of life. Mr. Greg of course spoke pointedly and plausibly. Few people would deny that he was attacking a serious and growing evil, though there may possibly be a little more doubt as to the precise nature of our social disease. Mr. Greg repeats with slight change a lamentation which might be traced back for a good many centuries. Ever since we ceased to be savages, people have been complaining of the growing luxury

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and effeminacy of modern society. The Highland chief, in Scott, kicked away as superfluous the pillow of snow which his son had arranged in their open-air bivouac; two or three generations ago many people held that the use of umbrellas was disgracefully effeminate; and yet we now use umbrellas and pillows without remorse, and should think that any one who objected to them was extravagantly ascetic. Where—it is an old question—are we to draw the line between the necessary and the superfluous? What is the point at which life is neither too fast nor too slow? Is not Mr. Greg only saying in modern phraseology what Brown said in the "Estimate" a hundred years ago, and what somebody else will probably be saying in the language of the next century? The difficulty of obtaining an accurate standard is, however, no proof that a standard does not exist. Though people have complained in all ages, their complaints have not always been equally frivolous. The frequency of such language only proves that we must endeavour to give it more precision before we draw any decided inferences. We must try to discover how far the commonplace, equally popular in many ages and races, has any special application to our own; or our moral will be a mere platitude from which we can draw no fruitful conclusion.

When we look a little more closely at Mr. Greg's indictment, we observe that there are certain qualifications to his remarks. We travel too fast, he says; thousands are injured and scores killed, and yet only to a very few of the thousands or scores was the speed essential. Mr. Greg, we presume, does not object to the speed chiefly as productive of accidents; for, after all that can be said against railways and steamships in this respect, we imagine that a journey across England or across the Atlantic is very much safer now than it was before the invention of steam. It is the excitement and nervous wear and tear of which he is principally thinking. Against this, however, we must set the much greater opportunities of relaxation. If a merchant or a shopkeeper hurries out of town by train when his day's work is done, instead of sitting at home, at least he does get out of town. He is worse off so far as he has to make a journey, but better in so far as the power of locomotion enables him to get a more complete rest at a distance from his business. Excursion trains kill a certain number of people; but it is also true that they enable a number of people to get a little fresh air who would otherwise have never got outside the smoke and smell of populous towns. In the summer, watering-places are filled, and the traveller on the Continent meets a crowd of his fellow-countrymen, who probably annoy him by habits which show that they are not yet accustomed to foreign countries. Why, he naturally asks, cannot they stay at home as their fathers used to do, where nobody will see their absurdities? Why should they be scrambling about all over Europe to the vexation of more refined persons? And yet he must allow that the fact at least shows that a great many more people are able to get a complete holiday than was formerly the case. A man who would fifty years ago have stuck to his shop from year's end to year's end can now have a little change and breathe fresh air by a visit to Brighton, or Wales, or to Switzerland. Such a phenomenon as Mr. Cook's army of tourists impresses us at first sight with the notion of the greater hurry and restlessness of modern life; but it is also a proof of the greater amount of relaxation. And the same fact seems to be exemplified in other cases. Mr. Greg speaks of our overworked lawyers, physicians, and politicians. We doubt, however, whether a fair comparison of cases would prove that professional men do, as a rule, work harder than their forefathers. It is a fact, for example, that the hours of sitting of the courts of law are much shorter than they used to be; and that a busy lawyer now leaves his work regularly before dinner, whereas he used to work on into the night. Half a century ago, as Sir Henry Holland tells us in his Memoirs, it was considered to be unprofessional for a physician to take a regular holiday. Now it has become the general custom. It is not the working classes alone who have shortened the hours of labour. In all classes of life, as we believe, the importance of periods of relaxation has become more generally recognized, and indeed the complaint of overwork is accompanied by the inverse complaint that people do not stick to their business as steadily as they used to do. The case would seem to be that we lead, as a rule, more exciting and more varied lives than our grandfathers; that we are perhaps more intensely occupied for the time, but that we also take longer periods of repose; and, therefore, that the conclusion that we are on the whole more overpowered with work is not so certain as it might seem at first sight.

A similar criticism might be made upon the statement that we are more luxurious. In one sense it is undeniably true. We are a great deal richer than our fathers, and therefore we consume a great deal more. We have more convenient houses, more elaborately furnished; a greater variety of all kinds of wealth brought from a greater number of countries; we travel further, and command in every way a greater quantity of all the objects of human desire. But it does not follow that we are more extravagant. So far as the question admits of a mathematical statement, the most obvious test of extravagance would be the proportion between our expenditure and our saving. If, on the whole, the savings of the country accumulate as fast as they used to do in proportion to its total revenues, we might say that the average mode of life is not more extravagant, though more expensive. We will not ask whether this is in fact the case, nor would it quite settle the question. If capital accumulates more rapidly than of old, it may still be urged that it is easier for a man with ten thousand a year to save a tenth of his income than for a man with a hundred a year. On the same principle a rich country ought to accumulate faster than a poor one. And, again, it may be that savings are made rather by the rich than the poor or the middle classes. We only observe that a simple increase of expenditure is not by itself a sufficient proof of increased extravagance. To determine the actual tendency of things would require a careful series of reasonings based upon an elaborate statistical inquiry.

It is, in short, difficult to give any categorical reply to Mr. Greg's statements without considering a number of complicated problems for the solution of which we have very inadequate data. The fact, however, does not destroy the value of his warnings, though it may throw some doubts on the accuracy of his prophecies. It remains true, in any case, that life tends to become more exciting, and the modes of enjoyment more varied and highly flavoured. It is true that, if we are in less danger of apathetic indolence, we run a greater risk of frittering away our lives on an incessant round of petty excitements. For good or for bad the old quiet stationary life is possible to a smaller number of persons, and each individual is exposed to a much greater number of impressions, each of which is therefore more rapidly succeeded by others of a different kind. The process is likely to continue, whether we desire it or not, and the question is how we can best adapt ourselves to a practically inevitable change. The real difficulty of the present day which gives special point to Mr. Greg's warnings may be expressed by saying that society has changed more rapidly than individuals. We have got our new tools before we know how to use them. One instance is unfortunately familiar enough. People often complain that an increase of pay to a working-man means generally an increase of drunkenness. The fact is lamentable, but it can hardly be called surprising. Suppose, for example, that a man has been accustomed to live under such conditions that he can barely keep body and soul together; that he is therefore entirely unable to indulge in any pleasures of a purely intellectual or artistic kind; and that, as a natural consequence, his only notion of pleasure is eating and drinking, and the only faculties which he has developed are those which can be satisfied by sensual enjoyment. If, then, you suddenly double his wages, without cultivating his mind, is it strange that he should be utterly unable to spend the surplus in any but a brutalizing enjoyment? He can drink twice as much gin and smoke twice as much tobacco; but, as he never learnt to read, he is not likely to buy books. The process, in one way or another, is realized every day. Now very much the same thing follows with men of a much higher class. The city merchant in Pope who suddenly makes his fortune only doubles his old modes of expenditure. He had one pudding on Sundays before:—

> Live like yourself! was now my lady's word;
> And, lo! two puddings smoked upon the board.

The same result is true of the nation on a larger scale. We have been growing rich with unprecedented rapidity; and we have not cultivated the intelligence which should enable us to make a judicious use of wealth. The mere sportsman buys more horses and guns, preserves more game, or takes a moor in Norway. The man who bought cheap daubs to ornament his walls now buys dear daubs, and lowers art by tempting the best painters to condescend to vulgar tastes. The gambler doubles his stakes, and the traveller who used to stay in England rushes over the Continent, and has monster hotels built to please his fancy on the most beautiful sites of an ancient civilization. A wise man who became rich would perhaps continue to live on the same scale as before, and employ his increased wealth to procure more leisure, or allow him to direct his energy to work of more permanent value, though less immediate profit. But for one such wise man there are a hundred foolish, who simply double their expenditure without increasing their comfort. And thus the increased command of the material world has for the most part been applied to make life more luxurious without making it happier.

The problem, therefore, which Mr. Greg suggests is a very serious one, for it amounts to little less than asking what are the means for a reformation of manners and a general elevation of human aims? Mr. Greg says—and says very truly—that we ought to live more simply, that the machinery of modern society is absurdly cumbrous, and that we might get twice as much enjoyment with half the expenditure. We should be very glad to see his advice taken seriously to heart. But we fear that a great change is required before it can be adopted. If a modern fine lady is to be induced not to spend all her time on frivolous entertainments, you must not only point out the folly of her conduct, but give her motives which do not at present exist. Her mind must be sufficiently cultivated to enable her to prefer solid literature to sensational novels; she must understand art sufficiently to appreciate the superiority of the best work to more expensive trumpery; she must be familiar enough with the thought of the time to interest herself in serious questions; and, what is still more important, she must have such a sense of moral responsibility as to use her utmost exertions for the improvement of her own family or the society which she influences. Given such a change, society would change spontaneously; but till some such change begins, we fear that the conclusive proofs given by Mr. Greg and other philosophers, that frivolity defeats its own ends, are only too likely to be thrown away. To despair of improvement in these respects would be to despair of society; but if we are asked to point out the methods by which it is to be effected, we can only say that a large number of clergymen, philosophers, and social reformers are constantly preaching upon the subject, and

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that, when they are agreed, we shall be more prepared to give an opinion. Meanwhile, Mr. Greg's attack on existing evils may do some good by calling attention to the underlying causes which produce them.

TECHNICAL TERMS.

THERE were some advantages, among much that was the opposite, in that ignorance of any language but their own which distinguished the old Greeks from all other cultivated nations. It is a point always to be borne in mind that, as a rule, no Greek spoke or understood any language but Greek. And if by any chance any Greek did understand some other language, it was certainly not for any literary or philological purposes that he had learned it. The class of Greeks who might by some chance have picked up a little Persian or Phœnician would not be the philosophers, the poets, or the statesmen, but the merchants, the mercenary soldiers, the hangers-on of barbarian kings. On the whole it seems most likely that Herodotus himself, in the course of all his travels, never really learned any foreign language, though he must have come to know something about foreign languages in a way that Thucydides is not likely to have done. The Greek stood to all foreign tongues in the same position in which the men of Western Europe stood at a later time to Greek itself. In the interval when the learning of the Carolingian age had died out and the learning of the Renaissance had not yet come in, a knowledge of Greek was much more likely to be found in a Genoese or Venetian sailor than in a scholar of Paris or Oxford. To us, in whose ideas the knowledge of foreign tongues seems an essential part of any degree of cultivation, this absolute ignorance of all other tongues among a people who carried the cultivation of their own tongue to the highest perfection is something into which we can hardly enter. There is no doubt that it had several sides to it. It was a gain for the literary and a loss for the philological side. It cannot be doubted that the fact that the old Greeks knew no language but their own was one of the causes which enabled them to bring their own language to the highest state of perfection. It led them to know more of their own tongue from the inside than any other European people. On the other hand, it hindered them from knowing anything whatever about their own tongue from the outside; it made all etymology and comparative philology impossible; Greek attempts at tracing the origin of words are simply wild guesses. And it had another result, when the Greeks took to philosophical researches of various kind; it obliged all technical terms to be strictly native words. The Greek grammarian or mathematician or scientific man of any other kind could not, as his successors can now, coin words at pleasure out of other languages, words which are technical terms and nothing else. He had either to take a word that was in actual common use in his own speech, and use it in a special and restricted sense, or else, in a language which still kept the full power of coining compound words, he had to coin a compound word to express his special meaning. The modern mathematician talks of the *angle* of a triangle, but of the *corner* of the street; the old Greek mathematician had only one word for the two. We talk of an "isosceles triangle," a phrase in which the word "isosceles" is a purely arbitrary technical term, which in English has no meaning of its own, and which is never used except in its special technical meaning. But the first Greek—Plato or some one earlier than Plato—who spoke of a triangle as ἰσοσκελής, or equal-legged, must have felt that he was making a kind of joke, that he was coining a word which might be turned in other ways; and the word actually was applied to numbers as well as to triangles. Among the Romans the Roman science, the science of law and government, always spoke its native tongue; in other things they freely borrowed from the Greek. But their borrowing from the Greek was not the same thing as our borrowing from the Greek now; it was more like our borrowing from the French. This is the nearest parallel in the actual state of things; but the parallel would be yet nearer if we were in the habit of borrowing, not from the French, but from the German. French now answers to Greek then, as the language most generally understood, the language in which two men who do not know each other's language habitually speak to each other. But it differs in a point which has a special reference to the matter of technical terms. If a new word was needed in Greek, the Greek language had still the full power of making it; so has the German language now. But the French language has not that power; it can make new words, but they are not strictly speaking French words; they are not French in the sense in which the words of which we have just spoken are Greek or German; they are coined, not in French, but in Latin or in Greek. The exact parallel to the position of Greek in the later Roman times would be if German held the general position which French holds, or if French had the same power of coining words which German has. The fact that German seems to be wilfully throwing aside the great advantage which it has over all other languages does not concern us just now. In our own tongue we seem to have all but wholly lost the power of coining technical terms. We do not come so near to it even as the French can. For the French can coin words, if not actually in French, yet in a tongue of which French is only a later form. Now and then, for some common object, a steamboat or a railway, we do venture to coin a word in our own tongue. In some of the older sciences some of the older terms are English. It is so with some of the older terms of geology. The word *lias*, whatever may be its origin, was not invented by geologists; and "the Old Red Sandstone" might pass, not for a technical term, but for the name of a pleasing domestic romance. But now it is all Meiocene and Pleistocene, words meaningless to those who do not understand Greek, and whose last syllable is puzzling to those who do. In newer sciences we get further and further away from English or any other known tongue, till we reach the crowning monster of "Sociology."

To all this, as to most other things, there are more sides than one. When, as in the days of Greek philosophy, every technical term was simply a word in the everyday language of the country, either a word in actual use or a compound whose formation everybody could understand, it was a great thing for the language itself, whose purity was not disfigured by all manner of barbarous words. And it might seem to be a great thing for scientific study, as putting philosophy within the reach of every one who understood his native tongue. But, on the other hand, when a word has two meanings, a popular and a scientific one, a most fruitful source of confusions and fallacies is laid open. The two meanings of the word may either be honestly mistaken for one another, or they may be dishonestly played upon. Instances of this may be found in all languages. To take the case of a Greek word used in a special sense, but which had hardly become a technical term, one cannot doubt that the long-abiding prejudice against lending on interest was greatly strengthened by the ambiguity of the Greek word τόκος. Money, being in its own nature barren, could have no right to have offspring. This source of confusion is doubtless taken away by the use of technical terms which, as far as the native language is concerned, are mere arbitrary marks, mere unmeaning sounds. Whatever comes of these last, they cannot be misapplied in this particular way. But there are a whole crowd of words of foreign origin, hovering on the border between ordinary words and technical terms, which do get most frightfully misapplied, to the great damage both of purity and of precision of language. Somebody catches up a technical word, and uses it in a kind of metaphorical way; he sets the fashion, and the word is bandied about till it is almost impossible to use it in its strict technical sense. We have often pointed out how very useful words—"decimate," for instance—have been lost in this way. Within the last twenty years all notion of the number ten has passed away from the word, and we should hardly know how to describe a case of real decimation. So we could no longer venture, as we could a much shorter time since, to speak of a liturgical scholar as a "ritualist." Words like these, which have a special technical meaning, but which yet are not so purely technical but that they may often be used in common talk or writing, suffer sadly from this danger. If, instead of "decimating" a regiment we had talked of "tithing it," it is just possible that some confusion might have arisen between this and quite different kinds of tithings; but it is quite certain that no penny-a-liner would have taken to talk about an army or a nation being "tithed by pestilence." With regard to the more purely technical terms, those which are seldom or never used by any but experts in the sciences to which they belong, there is of course one advantage in framing them in unknown tongues, namely that they are equally intelligible and equally unintelligible everywhere. If English, French, and German scientific men agree to use for the purposes of their science words which are absolutely meaningless in their several languages, they are in a manner put on a level, and each has less to learn than if each language had technical terms of its own. But it may perhaps be thought that, so far as this argument proves anything, it proves rather too much, and that it tells in favour of the old custom, which has not been so very long cast aside, of writing all scientific works in Latin. It might moreover perhaps be said that, if each nation made its technical terms in its own tongue, it would be giving an unfair advantage to the Germans, who can, when they are so minded, easily make words for themselves in a way which is hard in English and impossible in French.

We do not wish, however, to dictate to scientific men as to the technical nomenclature of their own sciences. Let them use whatever kind of nomenclature they find best suits their own purposes. But there is one point on which a warning is really needed. Let the experts of each science use among themselves whatever technical terms they please, only let them remember that nobody except experts is in the least bound to know what those terms mean, and that no one need be the least ashamed of not knowing what they mean. Further, let them remember that their technical terms are not really words, but mere arbitrary signs for their own use, that they should be confined to technical glossaries of their own science, and that they have no business to creep into the general dictionary of any language. It is monstrous to find in an English and German Dictionary half a page of words like "Zygodactylous," "Zygomatic," and "Zymosimeter" set down as English words. We may get some notion of their meaning from the words which are given as their German translations; "Jochbein," "Gährungsmesser," are intelligible enough. The same vain process is gone through between French and English; but there all that we get is a string of hard names with one set of endings, which call themselves English, and the same set of hard names, only with different endings, which now call themselves French. One practical evil of all this is that people go and count the words in a dictionary where these strange visitors have been let in, and give out, what in such a dictionary is likely enough to be true, that the majority of words in English are not English. Scientific men must really learn that nobody but the experts of their several sciences is bound to understand them as long as they speak the special language of their own sciences.

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Yet one sometimes sees scientific men putting forth discourses which are meant, not for other scientific men, but to persuade outsiders, where the whole argument is expressed in a dialect which to outsiders is meaningless; and those who do not understand the hard words are sometimes called a "vulgar public." We once saw an *ad populum* discourse in which a distinction was assumed between "physicists" who found no difficulty in being orthodox, and "physiologists" who found orthodoxy stick in their throats. Now, how is a plain man who knows no Greek to tell the difference between a physicist and a physiologist? And if he does know Greek, how can he tell any the more? For all that his Greek tells him is that both the physicist and physiologist have something to do with nature; it does not help him in the least to find out why one should be orthodox and the other heterodox. We have often noticed the real difficulty which men of special subjects have in explaining technical terms to those who do not understand them. They live so much among them themselves that they cannot throw themselves into the position of those to whom such terms are meaningless sounds. They are really in much the same state of mind as the man who asked why the Frenchman did not call a horse a horse, and why he called it a *shovel*? We have no doubt that there are many philosophers who would set down every one to whom "zygodactylous" and "zymosimeter" convey no more meaning than "abracadabra" as being thereby at once proved to be members of a vulgar public.

One study has a great advantage in this respect. History has, strictly speaking, no technical terms. We do not mean that an historical work will contain no words but those which at once convey their meaning to everybody; still we do say that history has no technical terms. It uses the technical terms of all the subjects with which it has to do. It uses the technical terms of divinity, of warfare, sometimes of physical science itself, above all of law; but it has no technical terms of its own. And the great mass of the technical terms of law with which history has to do are not technical terms in the same sense as the technical terms of physical science. They were not invented in order to be technical; they were not invented at all. They are words which were intelligible to every one in the time and place in which they grew up, but which, through the change of language and manners, are now intelligible to a class only. "Imperium" and "potestas," "bookland" and "folkland," may now be fairly called technical terms. But they are not technical terms in the same sense as "zygodactylous" and "zymosimeter." There never was any time or place when "zygodactylous" and "zymosimeter" formed part of the common speech of men. But every Roman knew the difference between the "imperium" of the consul and the "potestas" of the tribune, just as every Englishman knows the difference between the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Our fathers a thousand years back knew what bookland and folkland were as naturally as we now know what a freehold and a leasehold are. A time may come when "freehold" and "leasehold," "House of Lords" and "House of Commons" may seem technical terms, just as the others do now. Of course a word of this kind needs explanation the first time that it is used, just as much as a real technical term does; but the origin of the need for explanation is altogether different in the two cases.

QUEEN ANNE'S FLOWERS.

PARLIAMENT has met, Rotten Row is filling, Valentine's Day has come and gone, the birds are beginning to sing, but even "the inquiring bee" could scarcely find a flower in Hyde Park. In August, when every one is out of town, and empty chairs are all that remain to remind us of the gay toilets and crush of the season, the beds from the Marble Arch to Stanhope Gate will be in the full blaze of their gay, if not altogether harmonious, colouring. When in November people begin to return, these beds will be mounds of dark empty earth, giving passers-by a shudder as they liken them to uncared-for graves. In his delightful essay "Of Gardens," Bacon says, "I doe hold it, in the Royall Ordering of Gardens, there ought to be Gardens for all the Moneths in the Yeare. In which, severally, Things of Beautie may be then in season." But few modern pleasure-grounds are managed on this sound principle, although, with the numberless plants and the rich variety of flowering and berried shrubs now added to our list, it ought to be much easier to arrive at the acme of good gardening than it was two hundred and fifty years ago. In those days gentlefolk were content to live all the year round in a country house. There was no social pressure to force them to spend the sweetest months of spring and early summer in crowded streets and heated ball-rooms. A family tour on the Continent was arranged years before, and talked of years after, the great event had been accomplished. The lives of those prosaic folk were still endurable to them although they had no shooting-box in the Highlands, no yacht in the Mediterranean. But now the "princelike" gardens of which Bacon speaks, and which, he says, ought not to be less than thirty acres in extent, have to be managed on totally different principles. The great aim of an intelligent and experienced gardener in these days is to produce his best show in whatever season, be it spring or autumn, the family chance to be at home. This is by no means difficult to accomplish, although one may constantly see fine places where such an obviously necessary plan does not even seem to be attempted. It would of course be most unreasonable to expect the Board of Works to know at what time London is full, or during which months it is empty. For all we know to the contrary, the gardening in the Parks may be for the benefit of country tourists. It would be unfair to ask men already overworked to remember that this is precisely the season of the year when a generous display of even the commonest flowers, provided they were bright in colour, would be acceptable to Her Majesty's subjects. Competitive examinations certainly do not include gardening amongst their subjects, although a useless knowledge of botanical terms is not uncommon amongst young men. But every one must have felt at some time in his life how, with the lengthening of the days, comes a desire to see things growing. It is now that we watch with impatient interest the snow transforming itself into snowdrops, the icicles growing into catkins, the crocuses returning with interest every ray of sunshine, though it be given grudgingly and through tearful clouds. When the East wind blows they shelter themselves in their spiky sheaths, but are ready to open their glowing breasts at the faintest invitation from the West. It is now that we welcome the purple flush of spring on the beeches, the wakening of the daisies, the sprouting of the grass, the bursting of the lilac buds. But in the Parks we must for the present be content with a few scattered crocuses supplemented by orange peel. We look in vain for the hepaticas which ought to be popping their little pink or blue noses out of the ground, for the single anemones, scarlet and purple, with which French and Italian vineyards will shortly be carpeted, for the winter aconite and the hardy crimson primroses. There are no pots of early tulips, no patches of spring heath, no dwarf blue scillas. We do not see any grape hyacinths or dog's-tooth violets appearing. Even if these plants had to be raised in pots it would be at no great expense or trouble. They could be easily removed when out of blow, and replaced by other things in their season. Then too it would surely not be unreasonable to ask that in the borders that skirt the railings, and amongst the clumps of shrubs, there might be planted plenty of daffodils which "come before the swallow dares," and an abundance of winter violets, snow-drops, and narcissi.

Unfortunately the neglect of spring flowers of which we complain is not confined to the managers of public gardens; it exists wherever gardeners have their own way. They hate spring flowers because they interfere with the only things gardeners think fit for a gentleman to look at—bedding-out plants. It is odd to see how these foreign plants have now almost ousted the flowers of our grandmothers' days. They appeal to the vulgar love of garish colour, they suit the taste of the people who buy tartan shawls, they are admired by those who do not think their dress perfect without the help of both a good red and a good bright yellow, and plenty of them, but, above all, they have been the fashion for the last ten or fifteen years. It is often amusing to trace a fashion as it percolates downwards. By the time it has reached the far away sleepy country villages, something quite new and entirely opposite is really the rage amongst the upper ten thousand. Cottagers now try to fill their little plots with geraniums and calceolarias, which they are obliged to keep indoors at great inconvenience to themselves and loss of light to their rooms. Meantime my lady at the Court is hunting the nursery grounds for London pride and gentianella to make edgings in her wilderness, and for the fair tall rockets, the cabbage roses, and the nodding columbines which her pensioners have discarded and thrown away. The disappointed gardener at the Court sees the border which he had destined for the last new and most hideous pattern of ribbon bordering turned into a lovely plantation of lilies and larkspur, pentstemon and phlox, all allowed to grow at their own sweet will amongst hardy and sweet-scented shrubs. The beds which he had intended to imitate as nearly as possible an oilcloth pattern are, to his horror, filled with pearl-powdered auriculas, and daphne cneorum, while "Many a rose carnation feeds with summer spice the humming air," and blue salvias and tree peonies mingle with honeysuckles and poppies. If he has any regard for his reputation amongst his fellows, he will throw up his place, however much his wages may be raised to compensate his feelings for such a state of things. Thank goodness, the days of ribbon borderings and oilcloth patterns are numbered. For once fashion has done something to encourage natural beauty and true art. We rejoice heartily, so far as the science of gardening is concerned, at the new turn of the wheel which has given us back those dear old flowers. Queen Anne has come to her own again, and the train of faithful and enthusiastic subjects with whom she has returned bring in their hands proud turncap lilies and stately hollyhocks to plant against a background of moulded brick or melancholy yew. They troop into the panelled rooms of her houses, bearing in their hands creamy white vases filled with lavender and lupin, which they place on emaciated tables to harmonize with the dove-coloured curtains and the straight lines of the uncomfortable sofas. They plant passion flowers round the porticoes and train the musk roses, despised but yesterday, to mingle with the ghostly juniper, and to blush as the inhabitants look at them through the square-paned windows. We may now hope again to see lovers walking in "Alleys Spacious and Faire, hedged at both ends to keep out the wind." They will stop and look at the "Heapes," "some with Periwinkle, some with Pincks, some with Sweet William red," and they will gather "the like Low flowers, being withal Sweet and Sightly." We shall also, if Piesse and Lubin have not entirely destroyed our natural taste by their artificial productions, take care that there are aromatic herbs in our pleasaunce, because "the Breath of Flowers is farre Sweeter

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in the Aire (where it comes and goes like the Warbling of Musick) than in the hand." Bacon goes on to remind us of many a fragrant plant, and speaks of "Strawbery leaves dying which yceld a most excellent Cordial Smell." We know of other strawberry leaves which are also a "cordial" of the most esteemed kind in these latter days. Our grandmothers did not despise a posy of gillyflowers and balm of Gilead, and lovers sent each other "rosemarie for remembrance," which was considered comforting to the brain and strengthening to the memory before Perdita put it into her garlands. The truth is, our grandmothers loved and superintended their gardens; they gave to them that air of individuality and refinement without which no drawing-room, no pleasure-ground, is perfect.

It is almost impossible to say why such gardens as those at the south side of the Crystal Palace, or at Battersea Park, should be so often called "Italian." Italian gardens are simply terraces with the plants suitable to the climate growing in magnificent profusion; there may be a few rare kinds in pots sunk in the ground, some vases may stand on each side of the steps; there may possibly be a large fountain plashing in the centre, but beds cut out of grass and filled with masses of raw colour would in Italy be impossible. Italians would have too much taste to submit to them. These beds must ever be inharmonious, because each plant has its own particular foliage to accord with its flowers, and the green of grass round spots of bright colour takes the place of foliage, and, as it is never the natural colour, must always offend the educated eye. As for the gardens which in our crowded suburbs are supposed to be Italian, because they have a small plaster fountain and a little bit of rockwork in the corner, with some vases almost as big as the house, our time would fail to tell of them, and our patience would desert us in the description. For those who are guided merely by fashion, what more can we do than remind them that Lady Corisande in *Lothair* had an old-fashioned garden.

All landscape artists love our native perennial flowers. They accord as well with grey stone as they do with red brick. They do not make spots of crude colour in their foregrounds, and are an admirable background for figures. Their lines are graceful and easy; undistorted by artificial cultivation, their foliage accords with the trees. It seems as though the plants natural to a country were chosen by the scientific eye of nature to harmonize with the general tone of its vegetation and with the ordinary colouring of its skies. With us the grass is bright and the sky often grey; so the more subdued tints of our natural plants appear most in unison with the pale lights and soft shadows to which we are accustomed. This is why the wild flowers in a wood have a charm all their own; they are tinted by the master-hand of nature to suit their beds of moss and their background of lichened stems of trees. These long-lived flowers for which we are pleading have yet another charm, that of permanence. We have time to become fond of each separate plant, and to know where it grows. It is almost impossible, but, if possible, it is very sad, to become attached to an annual and then to see it decline its head and be "Lastely, safely burved," never more to appear again above the ground; we share Jonah's aversion to the gourd. A row of plants in pots all the same, and constantly being moved to new places, lose their individuality; they represent a crowd of unknown faces. How much more we love robin redbreast, who braves the winter frost and has a recognized territory of his own, than the birds of passage that people our hedges only when they are green. We like with Hood to remember that the laburnum which we planted in childhood is still living, although we may never see it again; that the rose leaves of which we made *pot pourri* last summer will be succeeded by other "overblown faint roses," and buds that "disclose not a thorn's breadth more of red for the summers and the winters which have passed us overhead." We like to show our children the exact bush beside which our love for history was aroused, as we were shown the mingled colours of Lancaster and York. How pleasant it is after long absence from home to pluck again a piece of jasmine off the very tree from which we sheepishly gathered a spray to put amongst the chestnut curls of our earliest lady-love; the sadness with which we look at the flowers prized by those gone from amongst us is tempered by the recollection of the pleasure they had in their fragrant blossoms or their rare colour.

THE MANIFESTO OF THE GERMAN BISHOPS.

WE called attention some weeks ago to the strange despatch of Prince Bismarck about the next Papal election, composed in 1872, which he took occasion to publish for the first time during the Arnim trial. It is not wonderful that the German Bishops should have replied to it. There has been indeed a good deal of late to exercise their patience. The Civil Marriage law is bitterly resented by both the Catholic and Protestant clergy of Prussia, and the Bavarian Bishops have just presented a joint address to the King, begging him to refuse his assent to a similar measure which has already passed the Chambers. And at this moment a Bill is under discussion in the Prussian Legislature which transfers the entire administration of Catholic Church property to lay hands. As the Archbishop of Strasburg pathetically observes in his Lenten Pastoral, "Everything is in conspiracy against the Lord and His Anointed." The Episcopal manifesto the text of which appears in last Sunday's *Allgemeine Zeitung* is signed by twenty-one Bishops and the Capitular Vicars of the vacant sees of Fulda and Bamberg—in short, by the entire Catholic hierarchy of the German Empire. It does not however enter into any detailed discussion of the suggestions of the Prince Chancellor as to the approaching Conclave. On that point the prelates content themselves with a solemn protest against any interference with the entire freedom and independence of the election of the chief pastor of the Catholic Church, the validity of which, they observe, must always depend, and will be understood by all Catholics to depend, simply and solely on ecclesiastical authority. They probably considered the idea, sketched out in Prince Bismarck's despatch, of a general interposition of European Governments, Catholic and Protestant alike, in the next Conclave, too arbitrary and paradoxical to have any chance of being acted upon. The main object of this Circular is to combat the Chancellor's interpretation of the Vatican Decrees, and it is not very obvious on the surface whether they are chiefly intent on refuting Protestant objections or on asserting their own episcopal rights against extreme claims of the Papacy. Without of course for a moment comparing the two documents in ability or force, we must confess that we have more than once been reminded in reading this Episcopal manifesto of Dr. Newman's recent *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*. There is the same tendency in both to "minimize" the effect of the new dogmas, which are almost reduced to a bare reassertion of principles always acknowledged. According to the German Bishops there is here "no new doctrine, but a truth of Catholic faith constantly recognized, and a well-known principle of canon law." According to Dr. Newman the Pope has gained "no real increase of authority" by the Vatican Decrees, and his infallibility becomes "simply an external guardianship of divine truth," which moreover is so jealously restricted on all sides that it means very little, and that little is liable to further limitation. For although "nothing can be reversed in the Vatican definitions," still, "if the need should arise to set aside a false interpretation," some future Pope or Council, or the same Council in a later session, may come to the rescue. Now one cannot help feeling that there is something unsatisfactory about this method of argument, with a kind of suppressed *e pur muove* underlying it throughout. And we can quite understand, and to a certain extent sympathize with, the irritation it produces in Ultramontanes, who may naturally wish to show that decisions to which they attribute a real authority and importance do mean something worth meaning. One hardly sees why the Council should have set Europe by the ears for the sake of discharging a *brutum fulmen* which, if we may credit the minimizing apologists, can never really hit anybody. And it is not, on the other hand, surprising that statesmen should be slow to accept interpretations which represent such high authorities as combining a maximum of rashness with a minimum of intelligible object. It seems an obvious retort that if, after all, the dogmas so fiercely contested and so obstinately pressed to their conclusion mean no more than this, the game was hardly worth the candle. This is the first and most abiding impression left on the mind by the perusal of the German Episcopal Circular. But it will bear a little closer examination.

The Bishops begin by quoting some of the strongest statements in Prince Bismarck's despatch as to the complete change produced in the political situation by the Vatican Decrees. The Pope is said to have thereby become the actual Bishop in every diocese, holding in his own hand the fulness of episcopal jurisdiction, while the local bishops are degraded to the position of mere "instruments and officials"—it is not easy to find any precise English equivalent for *Beamten*—"of a foreign sovereign," and a sovereign who in virtue of his infallibility has become the most absolute monarch in the world. All these assertions the Bishops summarily declare to be utterly groundless, though they proceed, as we shall see presently, to reaffirm some of them in their own words, and justify them. Indeed there is a strange oscillation between bold assertions and equally bold denials running through the document, which reads throughout like the angry and confused explanation of reasoners who feel themselves between two fires, and, having been not so much convinced as translated against their will from one side of the controversy to the other, are at bottom of the same opinion still. The Vatican Council has not made the Pope any more infallible or supreme than he was before; but, on the other hand, he was always infallible and supreme; but then, again, his infallibility and supremacy in no wise interfere with the separate independence of the Bishops and the infallibility of the Church. On all which the comment of an ignorant layman who had not mastered these ingenious subtleties might perhaps be that "thinking is an idle waste of thought, And nought is everything and everything is nought." After denying indignantly that the Pope has become the one true Bishop in every diocese, the protesting prelates proceed to affirm, what of course they are obliged to admit, that according to the Vatican Decrees he has "potestas suprema, ordinaria et immediata," throughout the Church—which comes to much the same thing; and then they observe that this was always the recognized Catholic doctrine and the rule of the canon law. Now, if any one fact of history is more certain than another, it is that not only had the Pope no "ordinary jurisdiction" throughout the Western Church—that came later still—but he had not even visitorial jurisdiction, except in certain specified cases assigned to him by the Council of Sardica, before the publication of the Isidorian Decretals in the ninth century. And if it is said that those Decretals merely codified what had become the existing state of things, and gave it a formal sanction, the answer is first that such abuses as had already grown up were themselves based on

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a long line of earlier forgeries, and secondly that this huge fabrication of the pseudo-Isidore did gradually revolutionize the whole constitution of the Church and introduce a new system in place of the old. Only three or four years before the Vatican Council the late Archbishop Darboy resisted, and successfully resisted, the attempt of Pius IX. to exercise "ordinary jurisdiction" in the diocese of Paris. The Circular goes on to deny emphatically that the Pope has now become "an absolute monarch," maintaining that he cannot tamper with the constitution of the Church, and especially of the Episcopate, which is equally divine with his own. But the memorialists forget that it has for centuries been the contention of Ultramontane divines that Bishops have no divine jurisdiction other than what they derive from the Pope; and if this question, which was purposely left open at Trent, was not decided at the Vatican, it is clearly open to the infallible Pontiff to decide it whenever he pleases for himself. Meanwhile the act of Pius VII., in making a clean sweep of the whole ancient hierarchy of France, was something very like an exercise of absolute sovereignty. The German Bishops appear to be peculiarly nettled at being called *Beamten* of the Pope, and return again and again to this disagreeable imputation. Yet the one of them who held out for some months against the acceptance of the Vatican Decrees, Bishop Hefele, was taught by pretty sharp practical experience to recognize his true position when the renewal of his faculties was made dependent on his submission. And it is notorious that in every country where the Curia can have its way, the plan of undermining episcopal independence has been steadily pursued for years past. The two new hierarchies established by Pius IX., in England and Holland, are both jealously retained, as in missionary countries, under the control of the Propaganda, and have no regular canonical status. It is not many years since the Pope summarily deprived an English Archbishop who declined to resign his post.

Still more emphatically do the Bishops repudiate the notion that the Pope's sovereignty is made more absolute by virtue of his infallibility. They do not indeed venture to assert with Archbishop Manning that he was always equally believed to be infallible—even Bishops in Germany are expected to pay some regard to the verdict of history—but they insist that his infallibility is strictly confined within the limits of Scripture and Tradition, and can only act in conformity with previous decisions of the Church, and has therefore in no way changed his relation to Civil Governments. In one sense this may be true, but it is not the less true that Popes have again and again in the most solemn manner laid claim to at least indirect temporal power; and—whatever may be said of the authority of the Syllabus—some of these claims are put forward in Bulls, like the *Unam Sanctam*, to which no Vaticanist can or does deny *ex cathedrâ* infallible authority. But, as Dr. Croly of Maynooth stated twenty years ago before Lord Harrowby's Commission, the indirect temporal power is as palpable an invasion of the domain of the civil power and as hostile to its independent exercise as the direct temporal power. He added that he had "sworn the Pope has no such power," and concludes by saying, "I firmly believe that nothing could be more pernicious to the Church herself than any attempt to revive the false, the obsolete, and, as I had fondly imagined, the universally abandoned pretensions that the Pope, as Head of the Church, possessed any direct or indirect temporal power." So spoke Dr. Croly and other professors of Maynooth in 1854, without censure or hindrance. But the German Bishops will hardly deny, what Archbishop Manning expressly and quite correctly allows, or rather insists upon, that to maintain such opinions now is rank heresy. And as to the limitation imposed on Papal deliverances by Scripture and Tradition and previous definitions of the Church, it is surely enough to remind the memorialists that the Pope is now the sole and irresponsible judge of what is or is not in harmony with these standards, and that in their own Fulda Pastoral of 1869 they used this very argument to satisfy their flocks that there was no danger of Papal infallibility being made into a dogma at the Council. That infallibility may be "strictly tied to the contents of Scripture and Tradition," but henceforth the sole and sufficient proof that any given doctrine is to be found in Scripture or Tradition lies in the word of the Pope. To appeal against his verdict to Scripture is to exalt private judgment above divine authority; to appeal to history is "a heresy and a treason"; to appeal to reason is pure scepticism. And it is of the very essence of absolute sovereignty that against its *ipse dixit* there is no appeal. If Prince Bismarck's despatch was a political blunder, the theological blundering of his episcopal critics is still more conspicuous.

A BILL WITH THE BOTTOM OUT.

MR. PLIMSOLL is entitled to the honours of a legitimate triumph. He has fully demonstrated the necessity for legislation, though the legislation now proposed may not be altogether to his taste. When he first began the agitation which he has conducted with so much gallantry and spirit, if not always with discretion, he was confronted by a number of shipowners who endeavoured to intimidate him by abusive epithets and threats of actions for libel. He has lived through the storm unhurt, and has now the satisfaction of knowing that the substantial truth of his statements is universally acknowledged. It is admitted by the Board of Trade, by the Royal Commission, and even by most of the shipowners themselves, and the gentlemen who were so eager to vindicate their wounded honour have apparently subsided into prudent acquiescence. There is no longer any room for discussion as to whether there is such scandalous recklessness in sending unseaworthy ships to sea as to require special legislation. It is agreed on all hands that the bad class of shipowners have at present too much scope for their villanous operations, and that it is imperative that some check should be put upon them. The only question is in what form the necessary restraint should be applied. Some hold that there ought to be a Government survey of all merchant ships, and that none should be allowed to go to sea unless they are certified to be in good condition. On the other hand it is argued that this would in effect be to throw upon the Government the practical management of the whole British merchant service, and that the natural course would be, not to take the ships out of the owners' hands, but to make owners responsible under severe penalties for any disasters which may occur from unseaworthiness. In choosing between these alternatives there are one or two points which must be borne in mind. In the first place, only a comparatively small minority of shipowners are in the habit of playing fast and loose with the lives of seamen. In the next place, there are no absolute fixed rules as to the safe construction and equipment of ships. There are vessels of all sorts of shapes, and new experiments are constantly being made. Builders and owners have their own ideas as to what is best, and the Registry Companies also differ from each other as to the conditions which must be insisted on. Under these circumstances, it would obviously be rash and hazardous for a Government department to step in and attempt to set up an infallible system. A Government surveyor is just as likely to make a mistake as any other surveyor, and of course if shipowners and builders were compelled to have their ships built in a particular way under the orders of a Government official, they would be thereby relieved from responsibility when anything went wroug. It has been justly remarked that a Government survey would be an answer to everything, and would deprive shippers of goods, passengers, seamen, and in short everybody, of any claim at law in the event of loss or injury, unless indeed it might be against the Government itself. It is certainly a significant circumstance that shipowners who have been accused of questionable practices should now be exceedingly anxious for a Government survey in preference to freedom and personal liability. There can be little doubt that the balance of argument is in favour of fastening personal responsibility to as large an extent as possible on the people who send out rotten or overloaded ships; but it does not follow that they should have absolute freedom to send out any vessel they please on a forlorn hope. Under the Acts of 1871 and 1873 the Board of Trade has already power to stop any ship which is reported to be unsound on good authority, and to order any repairs which on a survey may seem to be necessary to be made before she is allowed to sail. This power has already been exercised with advantage, and will be continued under the new law.

The Government Bill deals not only with the safety of ships and crews, but with discipline on board ship, and we are glad to see that an attempt is to be made to save sailors from the clutches of "crimps" by making advance-notes illegal. It is, however, with the clauses in regard to safety that we are now concerned. It is proposed that henceforth every British merchant ship shall be permanently and conspicuously marked in the following manner. Her name shall be marked on each of her bows, and her name and that of her port of registry on her stern, on a dark ground in white or yellow letters, or on a light ground in black letters, such letters to be not less than four inches long, and of proportionate breadth. Her official number and the numbers denoting her tonnage shall be cut in on her main beam. A scale of feet—it may be inferred from clause 27 that this will include inches, but this should be clearly stated—for the purpose of denoting her draught of water, shall be marked on each side of her stem and stern-post. A scale of feet is also to be marked on each of her sides, in order to show the extent of her clear side. All these scales are to be marked in Roman capital letters or in figures not less than six inches in length, the lower line of the letters or figures to coincide with the draught line or water line denoted thereby, and the letters or figures must be painted either dark on a light ground, or light on a dark ground, so that they may be readily seen. Fishing vessels are exempted from these rules, and the Board of Trade is also to have power to exempt any class of ships from compliance with them—a power which it is to be hoped will be charily exercised. A penalty not exceeding 100*l.* is imposed on any owner or master who does not comply with the regulations, or fails to keep the marks on the ship, or defaces or obliterates any of them; and a vessel which is insufficiently or inaccurately marked may be detained by the officers of Customs. Moreover every master is required to enter in his log-book the ship's draught of water and the extent of her clear side, in feet and fractions of feet, as denoted by the scale of feet on her stem, stern-post, and sides, and these entries are to be open to the inspection of any officer of the Board of Trade or Customs, or British Consular officer; and the Board of Trade has also authority to appoint persons at different ports to take note of what the scales mark. Arrangements are thus made to secure exact information on several crucial questions in regard to the safety of the ship. It may be very difficult to lay down any precise rule as to freeboard applicable to every case; but an owner who sends out a ship with only a narrow margin of clear side will do so at his own peril, and if the ship comes to grief the record of the draught and side will be evidence of his recklessness. Moreover the markings on the outside of the ship will also be a conspicuous

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advertisement of her condition while she is in dock or leaving it, and are certain to be curiously observed by all the people about. A very deeply laden vessel will thus become a subject of remark, and persons who see her will be able not merely to speak to a general impression of her lying low in the water, but to state the exact markings; and it is probable that, if it is a very bad case, some one will give notice to the Board of Trade officers. There can be no doubt that all this is in the right direction. The seaman has the greatest interest in the soundness of the ship, and it is only reasonable that he should have every facility for testing it, and, if necessary, proving a case of neglect against the owners. It is further required that the weight, bulk, and description of all deck cargo shall be recorded in the log; a good rule in itself, but too mild a way of dealing with a subject which requires stringent legislation. There can be no doubt that deck cargoes at certain seasons of the year are extremely dangerous, and the number of ships annually lost from this course supplies an urgent reason for some limitation, if not prohibition. Besides supplying the information necessary to show the draught of his ship, an owner is also bound to provide boats, rafts, and swimming-belts, and to see that the compasses have been properly adjusted by a competent person holding a Board of Trade certificate.

We now come, after some provisions as to inquiries into casualties, to what is perhaps the most important clauses in the Bill, those which deal with the liability of shipowners. They run as follows:—

41. Where, by reason of a ship having been sent to sea in an unseaworthy condition, any loss of life or personal injury is caused to any person being carried in the ship, or any damage or loss is caused to any goods, merchandise, or other things whatsoever on board the ship, then, notwithstanding the provisions of section fifty-four of the Merchant Shipping Act Amendment Act, 1862, the liability of the owner of the ship in respect of the loss, injury, or damage, shall be unlimited, unless he proves that he and his agents used all reasonable means to make and keep the ship seaworthy, and was and were ignorant of her unseaworthiness, or that her going to sea in an unseaworthy condition was under the circumstances reasonable and unavoidable.

Any agreement, provision, or stipulation having for its object or effect to avoid or limit the liability of a shipowner in the cases referred to in this section shall be void.

42. It shall be the duty of every owner of a ship, as between himself and the crew of the ship, to make and keep the ship seaworthy, and if by reason of the neglect or default of the owner of the ship, or of any of his agents, in making or keeping the ship seaworthy, any member of the crew is killed or injured, the owner of the ship shall be liable in damages for the death or injury.

This is obviously the part of the Bill on which the effective working of the whole system turns. The provisions for compelling owners to mark their ships, and to keep a record of draught and freeboard, are only a means to an end, and that end is the punishment of the owners who recklessly expose the lives of seamen; and the Bill is worthless unless it brings home to the culprits the penalty which they are supposed to have incurred. From this point of view the wording of the 41st Clause seems to us a fatal flaw. It is copied pretty closely from the 11th Clause of the Act of 1871, making the sending out of an unseaworthy ship a misdemeanour, and is open to the same objection that it offers a loophole of escape so large and easy that it is impossible to prevent even the worst offenders from getting through it. It seems to us that the declaration of an owner's unlimited liability in case of disaster, "unless he proves that he and his agents used all reasonable means to make and keep the ship seaworthy," is altogether neutralized by the added conditions—"and was and were ignorant of her unseaworthiness, or that her going to sea in an unseaworthy condition was under the circumstances reasonable and unavoidable." It may be conceived that an owner and his immediate agents will take very good care to be ignorant when ignorance is so useful as a protection. Ignorance, unless it can be shown to be unavoidable, and not due to any want of observation and attention, instead of being accepted as an excuse, ought to be recognized as part of the crime. What right has an owner or his agents to be ignorant that a ship in which the lives of men are at stake is in an unsound condition and is likely to go to the bottom? And what can be more outrageous than that Parliament should proclaim in a solemn enactment the extraordinary principle that the sending to sea of a ship actually known to be in an unseaworthy state—that is, deliberately sending men to what is foreseen to be almost certain death—can, under any circumstances, be "reasonable and unavoidable." It is scarcely credible that members of Parliament are aware that this countenance of, and even incitement to, homicide exists in the pages of the Statute-book, and we will not believe that it will be now re-enacted. It is evident that if the clause is passed in its present form, it will render nugatory what would otherwise be, not perhaps a perfect, but a very useful measure. It is idle to make elaborate provisions with regard to marking ships and holding inquiries into casualties with a view to bring home to an owner the consequences of his criminal neglect or recklessness, when there is a hole at the bottom of the system through which the most flagrant offender can readily escape.

THE ROMAN CARNIVAL.

AMONG other changes in the state of Rome much to be lamented by admirers of its good old days, is the pitiful decline of its time-honoured Carnival. The revolution which at last gave the Italians their coveted capital has had indirectly a good deal to do with that decline. For many years previously the numbers of the maskers in the Corso had thinned, and the Carnival had been suffered to flag, for Romans with earnest national sympathies withdrew themselves to dull seclusion while the rest of the world was making holiday. The motives that actuated them were highly creditable to their patriotism, the more so considering how much that silent demonstration must have cost them. Seldom had their Church enjoined on its most sinful children a more trying penance than the sustained self-restraint to which these enthusiasts voluntarily subjected themselves. One must have been born an Italian and bred a Roman to appreciate the sacrifice they made when merry old memories came urging them to get into costume, to mount the chariots among the *confetti* boxes and the basketfuls of bouquets, and vent their spirits in paroxysms of intoxicated excitement before resigning themselves to the mortifications of Lent. They had resolutely to stop their ears to the ceaseless roll of the carriages setting towards the joyous *giro* in the Corso; to divert their wandering fancy, by almost superhuman efforts, from conjuring up the details of the brilliant pageant with all its fun and frolic. They deserve the more credit for their patriotic abnegation, because its consequences have outlived the circumstances that called for it. For the Carnival was ruined irretrievably in their absence. The barbarous races of Northern Europe rushed into their narrow streets, outbidding each other in fancy prices for the choicest of the windows and balconies. Goths and Vandals, furious Franks and fiery Huns, carried all before them; in other words, the English and Americans, aided and abetted by the Russians, the Frenchmen and the Teutons, have turned the mediæval Carnival with its poetry into a coarse modern saturnalia. The rougher and more boisterous element has of course been in the ascendant among these foreigners, and no one can regret the revolution more than those of their countrymen who have some dash of romance in their natures, and some lingering tenderness for old associations. Italy has been growing lamentably prosaic of late years, and Cook's excursionists, with their cousins and congeners from America, have a very great deal to answer for. You may stumble upon Cockneys picnicking by scores in the shade of the cliffs where Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice, or see them straying by gangs in the glades on the banks of the limpid Clitumnus. Extravagant beings, eccentric in garb and odd in speech, people the interior of the renovated Coliseum by moonlight, waking the echoes in the arches and the night owls in the ivy with the latest ditties from the London music halls. Excursion trains have run post-carriages and vetturini off the roads, destroying the pleasures of leisurely travelling. The ancient inns have ceased to be quiet and quaint. They have regilded their signs, modernized their *salles à manger*, and rechristened themselves as "The Washington," "The New York," "The United States of America." Italy, in fact, has become like a national museum of art and archæology thrown open to the public on a cheap admission day. There is much to study and admire; perhaps, thanks to recent rearrangement, you may see many things to more advantage than formerly. But the floods of garish light, the gaudy crimson-covered benches, the tables where they sell the catalogues, the stands where they pile the umbrellas, though comfortable and convenient things in their way, are fatal to anything like sympathetic enjoyment; while the crowds of noisy sightseers, who know little and care less about all the artistic marvels that surround them, utterly put to flight the associations which hallow the nooks and corners of the past.

Nowadays it would seem that you can only enjoy the Roman Carnival week by doing your best to recall it as it used to be some dozen or fifteen years ago. That was before the days of Roman railways, and when most strangers wintered in the city, instead of merely dropping in as they passed while hurrying from Florence to Naples *en route* to Egypt or the Sandwich Isles. Among the foreign residents every one knew every one else more or less, though there were sets, of course, as in other societies. But now there are great numbers of people who quarter themselves in hotels during a short sojourn, toil hard and conscientiously through the light of the winter day over ruins, churches, sculpture, and paintings, come home to a six-o'clock *table-d'hôte*, and retire soon afterwards honestly wearied. If the Carnival comes in their way, they undertake it like their other tourist duties, with many misgivings, and some regrets for the extraordinary waste of time it involves. They know no one in the crowd in which they are mixing, and, being indifferent to appearances and willing to welcome any excitement, they plunge into any free fight that may be going forward. Formerly the Carnival was anticipated and prepared for as something between a ball in masks and costumes and a mysterious drama suggestive of incident and adventure. People taxed their brains to invent quaint and well-fancied dresses; and each consultation among the groups that were to go mumming in company partook of the delightful character of a conspiracy. Of course you would disclose yourself long before all was over, and flourish your laurels in the faces of the friends you had eclipsed; but to enjoy your triumph you must first deserve it by provoking their envy and piquing their curiosity. Artists rising or already high in fame were begged and prayed to come into council. Portrait galleries were ransacked for ideas, or the picturesque garb of the mountain peasantry was passed under critical review. The tailors, male or female, who had the charge of equipping you were bound over to the strictest secresy by the practice of their profession; unless, indeed, it might be any one's interest to bribe them to betray their customers. And there were other ministers of the Carnival pleasures

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who had to be taken into your confidence. For if your party numbered more than four, you had to arrange for some special vehicle for the occasion; and if the turn-out was to do any honour to your taste, all about it must be in keeping. What burst on the admiring gaze of the public on the morning of the eventful day was probably an equipage like a lengthy break, with its linings and its coverings, the liveries of its postilions, the caparisons and fluttering streamers of its horses, all adjusted in harmony with the colours of the occupants' costumes. Then the sackfuls of *confetti* meant to serve as ammunition were shot into the troughs fixed in front and along the sides, while great panniers of bouquets were stowed away in the interior. The carriage had scarcely started, however, when it fell perforce into a crawl. For the Roman repositories had been as thoroughly ransacked for any conveyances that moved on wheels as are those of London on the approach of the Epsom week, and horses in the last stages of decrepitude had been reprieved from the knacker's yard till the Carnival should be past. There was something like a deadlock in each narrow side street leading into the great flood in the Corso. Arrived in the Corso, the first *coup-d'œil* was an impression not easily to be effaced. As far as the eye could command the line of view between the lofty houses with their steep roofs and overhanging eaves, there was a blending of lights and shades and gorgeous colours as in one of Roberts's Eastern studies. Over the dingy house fronts, from the ground floor to the attics, every window had its floating tapestry in crimson, purple, or yellow. Each massive balcony with its brilliant draperies and festoons was crowded with lively groups. Below, the roadway was nearly blocked with the cross flow of vehicles of every kind. Between the carriage wheels and the shop fronts was wedged a swaying mass, each of its individual members in something resembling a costume—that is, when they were not attired in their native rags. For the Romans made it a point of honour to keep their old Carnival traditions as pure as possible, and resented any one's intruding on their merry-making in anything like the vulgar black frock or the chimney-pot hat. Even in those days there was occasionally some rough play, as the innocent visitor found to his cost if he ventured to steal a glimpse at those Roman gaieties in the dress in which he might have walked down Regent Street. Nor would any of the revellers, even of the gentler sex, have had much sympathy with him, especially as the day drew on and the fun grew faster and more furious. For the Italian gaiety and excitement were infectious, and it was marvellous how the stiffest of their guests would unbend themselves. Showers of scudi, in the shape of early flowers, were exchanged between the carriages and the groups in the balconies overhead. There were infinite opportunities for ephemeral flirtations and love-makings under the shelter of the universal license. For, at all events, the ladies at the windows were unmasked, and no one could take offence at some fascinated cavalier pelting her persistently with attentions in the shape of bouquets. Nor was it unnatural that towards the afternoon the ladies in the carriages should unveil themselves. They had been longing for hours to betray their carefully kept secret, and it became intolerable that they should be hiding their neglected charms behind some folds of embroidered cashmere, while all the flowers and the compliments were flying past them. Once uncovered, they had very much the best of it. Gentlemen forcing their way through the crowd could drop their offerings almost in their laps with a graceful word or a meaning smile, and repeat the expected tribute at the next encounter and the next, until at last the fairer queens of the *fête* sank crushed like so many Tarpeias under the flowery tributes heaped on them. No wonder that Carnivals were appreciated in those days, when they made so many hearts beat quick with expectation and turned so many pretty heads. The thing may not have been beneficial to the mind or character from the strictest point of view of the moralist; but certainly it was very pleasant while it lasted, as even the shade of Cato must have confessed.

But all this is now matter of history. *Confetti* of lime there always were in profusion, and much flinging of flour as well, with an abundance of cheap and common bouquets. When all the world had fairly broken loose, you had to take the rough with the smooth, and a touch of the former only gave piquancy to the latter. But now the horse-play has got the upper hand, and, what is worse perhaps, the citizens are become too serious and too busy to enjoy themselves in the old light-hearted way. Fancy a Roman of other days thinking work in any way possible in Carnival time, and turning out into the festal throng only after his regular hours of business. If, as a Correspondent of the *Times* tells us, English and Americans have hunted the Romans out of their Corso, it is certain that they will get up a Carnival nowhere else. It is altogether another thing meandering through outlying streets, past dull houses, where you don't know a soul among the residents, on the remote chance of running up against some casual acquaintance. The Piazza Navona is a handsome space, and has greatly gained in cleanliness, although we liked it much better as the old vegetable market. But imagine a Carnival in a square with ample elbow-room, and with the body of the crowd out of sight and hearing of the surrounding balconies. The very essence of a Carnival is concentration, crowding, and jostling, and when once a people betakes itself to regular business and to politics, the favourite entertainments of the idler middle ages are doomed.

STRONG LANGUAGE.

IT would certainly be a curious result if, pending the disruption of the Empire, the Irish Home Rule members were to be the means of softening and refining the manners of the House of Commons. A protest against strong language from such a quarter has at first sight no doubt rather a grotesque appearance; yet it may reasonably suggest some serious reflections. It is a pity that it did not occur to Mr. Sullivan to strengthen his argument by reading some extracts from the debates in that native Assembly on St. Stephen's Green which he is anxious to revive; for there could hardly be a more impressive example of the fatal consequences of habitual indulgence in rude and violent talk. Englishmen, before they resort to this kind of oratory, may well consider the competition to which they would probably be subjected. It cannot be said that Mr. Sullivan was very happy in the manner in which he brought forward his remonstrances. There was a touch of Sir Lucius in the cheap bravado with which a civil answer to a civil inquiry was misrepresented as an abject apology wrung from cowardly terror. Mr. Sullivan apparently drew upon his imagination for his version of what in reality was a very simple incident. "A certain captain," he said, "waited upon the honourable baronet with a polite inquiry as to the condition of his health, and particularly of his trigger-finger, and the solicitous anxiety of the military gentleman was well understood by the honourable baronet." The correspondence has been produced, and the fiction exposed. No one of course would for a moment seek to defend either the spirit or the language of Sir J. Astley's remarks; yet, if anything could possibly justify some of his epithets, it would be the unscrupulous use which has since been made of his frank and unhesitating acknowledgment of his error. It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Sullivan in his etymological researches as to the meaning of the term "disreputable." It may be admitted that, though it is a somewhat vague word, it conveys an offensive impression, and Mr. Lopes was not sufficiently careful to let it be seen that he applied it, not to the private character, but only to the policy and tactics of the persons to whom he was referring. In the latter sense it was perfectly justifiable. There can be no doubt that, in this country at least, Home Rule is not of good repute.

It may be thought that Mr. Sullivan rather abused the patience of the House by too long a speech, but it must always be a matter of importance that the courtesies of public life should be strictly maintained, and all members have an equal right to insist upon being treated with the respect due to their Parliamentary position. So far there is no room for difference of opinion. The use of strong language in debate is, however, a question of wider range. Nothing could be more unfortunate than that the language of political discussion should be reduced to a tame dead-level of smoothness and suppression. It is necessary to insist upon the fact that strong language, though it is sometimes abused, may be a good thing in itself when appropriately employed and honestly meant, and that there are some things which require to be strongly denounced. Indeed there has perhaps been rather a tendency in recent years to tone down decided meanings, and to suggest that everything comes to pretty much the same thing in the end. A man who believes anything very strongly is apt to express himself strongly too, and it is natural and proper that he should do so if the subject requires it. We can only say for ourselves that we hope it will be a very long time indeed before such a question as that of breaking the Imperial tie between Great Britain and Ireland ceases to be treated with that hearty vigour of language which is required in order to denounce with adequate intensity that baleful project. Our only objection to the word disreputable as applied to the Home Rule policy would be that it is, on the whole, inadequate and inappropriate. There is no subject on which frank and resolute language is so indispensable as on that of the relations between the two countries, and much of the mischief which has arisen may be traced to the preference which has unfortunately too often been given to an artificial and evasive vocabulary when anything has had to be said. What is wanted in such a case is that the broad issues of the question should be distinctly understood, and, though violence would be unseemly, it is very desirable that the language used should be clear, and at least strong enough to produce conviction. When things have come to such a pass that, if a man persists in attempting to force from you something which you are determined not to surrender, blows must ensue, it is as well that he should know beforehand the firmness of the resolution you have formed. An undue gentleness of speech might perhaps encourage groundless hopes, and tempt him to take a step of which he would otherwise have seen the folly.

Mr. Disraeli, with possibly some consciousness of the personal application of the remark, spoke of a sort of conventional language often heard during the recess in this country, which is violent in form without being intended to be accepted quite literally in substance; and there is also a conventional mildness of language which is at times infinitely more dangerous. When Mr. Disraeli published his famous Bath letter he had perhaps a right to assume that it would not be strictly read in its literal and prosaic meaning. No reasonable person ever believes that the safety of the nation absolutely depends upon whether one set of statesmen or another sit on the right hand of the Speaker, and there is a well-understood margin for oratorical exaggerations, which, being understood, are not likely to do much harm. A certain class of shopkeepers are in the habit of adding a percentage to their nominal prices on the understanding that it is afterwards to be deducted as discount to customers. The conventionally inflated lan-

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guage which Mr. Disraeli had in view would seem to be an artifice of a similar kind, intended not so much actually to deceive, as to stimulate the popular imagination, and to impart greater glory to the goods on sale. The writer or speaker assumes that the people whom he is addressing will not take him up too sharply, but will make allowance for the infusion of bombast; and in a general way no doubt the assumption is sound. Though the Bath letter produced a pleasing flutter among its author's followers, we may be sure that no reasonable person took it altogether literally and seriously. It left an impression on the mind that the Government had been going on very badly, and making a mess of its work; but the specific charges, so formidable in array, were admired as just so much decorative fringe. In the same way, when the Tories were accused of universal corruption, it was felt to be as good a thing to say at an election as anything else, without reference to its actual truth. It may be said that there is no harm in an artifice which everybody sees through, and it would certainly be puritanical to make too much of these minor deceptions as offences against morality. At the same time it can hardly be doubted that this sort of *falsetto* is unwholesome, and a speaker who too persistently practises it is apt to find his voice crack. The danger of habitually indulging in the use of words which are meant to be understood in a different sense from that which they naturally bear is that after a time it is difficult to speak in a plain, natural tongue, or if it is attempted, people imagine that the language must be discounted all the same. Words get to be mere symbols of uncertain value, which may mean anything or nothing. At the present moment, it is true, it would scarcely be possible for rival parties to exist in definite opposition to each other, if it were not for the conventional slang by which they conceal their essential agreement of opinion on all really important questions. On the whole, honesty will be found to be the best policy in speech as in other things, and a statesman whose meaning is found to be, as a rule, close about the words he actually uses will usually command the most confidence, and find himself entangled in the least number of misunderstandings.

Another point which was incidentally started in connexion with this subject was whether the restrictions of what is supposed to be Parliamentary language are equally binding on a member when he speaks elsewhere. It is of course impossible that a public man should be allowed to have one voice for the mob and another voice when he turns to his colleagues in Parliament; but it is only natural that the style of oratory should vary somewhat with the character of the audience, and that a mixed company, who have come chiefly to be tickled, should be addressed with more freedom, and perhaps even vehemence, of language than a body of legislators engaged in grave deliberations. It is well known that Mr. Bright, for example, who is not deficient in courage, and cannot be accused of duplicity, has made much stronger speeches on platforms than he has ever ventured to deliver in the House of Commons. The chief reason why it is better that there should not be too much heat in Parliamentary debates is that criticisms are there made in the immediate presence of the persons criticized, who have the opportunity of immediate reply; and there would be some danger of the excitement of close controversy face to face becoming disorderly if precautions were not taken to keep it in check. The rule of the House which requires that a member shall be indicated only by the constituency he represents or the name of the office he holds, or by some other circumlocution, sufficiently indicates the importance attached to avoiding everything approaching to personality, and there can be no doubt that, stiff as the etiquette of Parliamentary language may seem to be in some instances, it lies at the very root of the decorum of the assembly, and requires to be guarded with the utmost jealousy. It does not follow, however, that strong language should not be used in regard to questions of policy either in or out of Parliament, and it is to be hoped that there is no likelihood of members becoming too timid or squeamish in this respect when the occasion really demands a resolute declaration. The merit of all language is that it should be honest and appropriate, and if it is necessary to denounce a bad thing, it is just as well that it should be called by its right name. It is obvious, however, that if a man chooses to express himself strongly, he should be sure that he is justified in doing so, and be prepared to maintain his words. It is a poor show of courage to be courageous only after dinner, and among festive guests.

CENTENNIAL PROGRESS.

THE Centennial Commission has invaded the City of New York, and demands, as we understand, a contribution from wealthy citizens of 750,000 dollars towards the expenses of the gigantic building which is being erected at Philadelphia. The proposed contribution is represented sometimes as a patriotic gift, and sometimes as a profitable investment. The English Exhibition of 1851 was, as we all know to our sorrow, profitable; and it seems as if we should never hear the last of the schemes for the improvement of mankind which the Commissioners of that Exhibition have based upon the surplus derived from it. Americans, warned by our lamentable example, will not desire that their Exhibition should be profitable, but merely that it should pay its way. We do not say that it will not do this, but certainly the expense seems enormous, and we can hardly believe that it will attract any considerable influx of visitors from Europe. The journey thither will be long and tedious, and Exhibitions have lost their novelty, and begin in truth to be a considerable bore. However, the State of Pennsylvania and the City of Philadelphia have subscribed 2,500,000 dollars towards the buildings, and the people and the Railroad Companies have subscribed 2,000,000 dollars in addition. The Managers have not asked Congress for an appropriation, although it might be rash to affirm that they will not do so. They have, as their spokesman ex-Governor Bigler says, "determined to reserve to the people as individuals the glory of having raised many millions" for centennial ceremonies. We can only hope that the people as individuals will be suitably responsive, and that the "balance of the capital" will be forthcoming in New York. The public are to be invited both to take stock as an investment and to make free gifts, but perhaps it may turn out that they will only do the same thing under different names. However, if there is not much profit, there will be more glory. There is to be a system of "emblematic medals," which is to stimulate and reward subscriptions, and canvassers will visit every house. "The managers think it a duty to present to the citizens of the entire country an opportunity of participating in the glorious work." The citizens of New York have been selected for an early enjoyment of this privilege, and Mr. Bigler is provided with an oration on the benefits derived by England from the Exhibition of 1851, which he proceeded to deliver to a reporter of the *New York Herald*.

The discourse upon the blessings of Exhibitions seems to us to contain many big words with little meaning, and therefore we must consider it successful. But if these Managers wish their Exhibition to prosper, they should consult the highest authority on such matters, who is still, we believe, to be heard of at South Kensington. The enterprising originators of International Exhibitions might, now that that plan has collapsed, be open to an engagement at Philadelphia. We intend no disrespect to Mr. Bigler in saying that we do not suppose he is a second Cole C.B. The Exhibition which he is rearing will, however, cover forty acres of ground, and will cost five or six millions of dollars, and he is ready with an unfailing supply of proportionately big words. It is a pity that the *New York Herald* is not an illustrated paper, as we should like to see a sketch of Mr. Bigler "orating" and the reporter taking it all down. The speaker was beyond all controversy right in saying that since 1851 a new, and we might add surprising, literature has been developed on both sides of the Atlantic. "Nations—the whole world seeing and knowing the blessings of opportunity which hover over a land so graced with material greatness—will bring their offerings of men and money." The grace of material greatness may be conceded to America if her children insist upon it, nor will any European gainsay to them the "proud title of the greatest nation that is to be." It is doubtless agreeable to Mr. Bigler to utter, and to his countrymen to listen, to this sort of rhapsody, and if it pleases them it does not hurt us. Those who visit the Exhibition may indeed expect to be bewildered and overwhelmed with the floods of ecstatic oratory that will be poured upon them. They will be like the big juryman in the Tilton-Beecher case, whose mind was said to be "suffused" with the arguments of counsel, and perhaps they will also, like that juryman, feel irresistibly compelled to slumber. "Competition, that great lever of modern progress, will grow with tenfold force" from this Exhibition; and he who believes not that his countrymen, "returning from this great world's competitive examination," will strive and struggle with new life and energy, "must needs despair of his time and nation." We certainly do not despair of the future of America, although we may feel some doubt as to the solidity of that prosperity which is made the subject of such extravagant laudation. As Danton said, in reference to another Republic, we should like to see a little more "prose and decency" in its proceedings.

The founders of the United States, if they could come to life, would be astonished at what they would see, and still more at what they would hear, at centennial celebrations. The glories of the past, not less than the productions of the present, will be the theme of never-ending, still beginning declamation. The Exhibition will be sadly incomplete if it does not comprise the lecturers, orators, and journalists of America. "What have we done in these hundred years? Can you, or I, or any one answer?" Mr. Bigler is, we think, too modest, and if his powers were unequal, which they are not, to the task, it would be easy to find a score of speakers who would discourse upon the "developments" of their country till all was blue. The only hope for visitors who love quiet will be that the Americans, having taken up the subject of their country's greatness already, will have worn it out before the Exhibition actually begins. There must be at least a year remaining for Mr. Bigler and his associates to work their "organization for raising money" thoroughly. He will proclaim in all the cities of the Union that before Exhibitions, art was aristocratic, while Exhibitions, being the work of the people, are democratic. We think this is rather hard upon democracy, but they who see most of it should know best. Our own South Kensingtonian benefactors of the human race have represented that great things were being done for, but not by, the people. They prefer to operate in the names of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family; but as royalty has now done all it can, and a great deal more than it ought, for International Exhibitions, let democracy have its turn. "The enjoyment of the beautiful was the privilege of wealth alone," and it may be feared is likely to remain so. Those Europeans who desire to enjoy the beautiful in eloquence and other arts at Philadelphia in 1876 will find it necessary, we believe, to put money in

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their purses. New York is exhorted to subscribe to the Exhibition Fund on the ground that the Exhibition will fill its hotels with visitors, and we quite believe that the subscriptions will bring back, although in an indirect way, a handsome dividend.

The "emblematic" or "memorial" medals were not explained by Mr. Bigler to the reporter at his first interview, because "it would take too long," and Mr. Bigler had prepared himself to orate. But the explanation was supplied in a day or two, and we learn that these medals are got up as a means of revenue, and are protected by the coinage laws of the United States against counterfeiting. They are not presented as mere trinkets, nor as specimens of art. The object is to place the opportunity within the means of people in very moderate circumstances of contributing to the patriotic work, and receiving in return imperishable evidence of their contribution. We do not know whether this idea is original, but it strikes us as valuable. Every charitable association in the country might issue a medal worth a shilling, and sell it for half-a-crown if it could find purchasers. The Goddess of Liberty will appear on one side of this medal, crowning two kneeling figures of Industry and Fine Arts, and this is certainly an appropriate design. The Exhibition-mongers have got all they could out of Courts and aristocracies, and are now going to try democracy. On the other side will be a figure of the United Colonies declaring their independence, with the date 1776. The prices of the medals will vary from one to five dollars. The fortunate coincidence of a great national festival with an Exhibition furnishes a valuable opportunity of imparting a little novelty to the latter; but in New York, at any rate, a warning is scarcely necessary against allowing the sentimental to obscure the practical aspect of the Exhibition. Already Mr. Bigler's room is besieged by people who want particularly to know whether sales of goods will be permitted. The irrepressible commercial instinct which has made Exhibitions a laughing-stock among ourselves is certain to operate powerfully in America. There will of course be ample space for the exhibition of works of modern art, but we do not exactly see what Michael Angelo or Raffaelle can have to do in Philadelphia next year. Two ladies called upon Mr. Bigler, and stated that, having been in Rome, they made inquiries which "were received in an encouraging manner," and they were led to believe that they might obtain the loan of some exceedingly beautiful and rare specimens of the old masters. We quite believe that two American ladies of the strong-minded sort could ask for anything and get many things, but really this expectation of borrowing works of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle for the Exhibition does seem to us a little wild. The ladies came to ask Mr. Bigler whether the Exhibition building was perfectly fireproof, and he answered that it would be as safe as brick, granite, iron, and glass could make it. The owners of those pictures "of priceless value" will judge for themselves as to the grounds of Mr. Bigler's assurance to the ladies that they could "conscientiously advise" the pictures to be sent. When we hear that a building is "perfectly fireproof," we almost anticipate a horrible conflagration, and if the owners of these pictures are satisfied with the assurance that they will be as safe as iron and glass can make them, they have the merit of being satisfied very easily. However, *absit omen*. We only hope that this Exhibition will not be talked to death before it is well alive.

A NICE QUESTION OF COMMERCIAL LAW.

IF you draw a cheque or give a bill or note upon a consideration which wholly fails, you are entitled, as between yourself and the immediate holder, to refuse payment. Thus A. appointed B. his executor, and gave him a promissory note, payable on demand, for 100*l.*, in consideration of the trouble he would have in the office of executor after A.'s death. B., however, died first, and his executors brought an action on the note against A. It was held that, as the consideration for the note totally failed, the action was not maintainable. Suppose you see a horse that takes your fancy at a fair, and hand a cheque to the dealer who exhibits him, desiring that the horse may be sent to you next day. Suppose also that, as is too probable, no horse should be sent, there would be an entire failure of consideration, and you would be entitled to stop payment of the cheque. But suppose that the dealer immediately after receiving your cheque got it changed for gold or paid it away for horses which he bought, the cheque would now be in the hands of a *bonâ fide* holder for value, and as against him you could not resist payment. Suppose, again, that the dealer paid the cheque to a banker, either in part liquidation of an adverse balance or as the opening of a new account. In the latter case you could resist payment, but in the former it appears that you could not. The question whether you could or could not resist payment in the former case is in fact the same question as has lately been much discussed in legal and commercial circles, in connexion with the case of Glyn *v.* Mesa, and the judgment which has been given in that case can hardly be regarded as conclusive.

The question arose out of the failure of Lizardi, from whom Mesa had bought bills on Cadiz, which were delivered to him on 11th February, 1873, and which, according to the usual course of business, were to be paid for on 14th. Lizardi ordered Mesa to pay the amount due for the bills to his bankers, Glyn and Co.; Mesa handed to Glyn and Co. a cheque on his own bankers, and Glyn and Co. gave credit for the amount to Lizardi, who owed them a larger sum. On 14th February Mesa heard that Lizardi had stopped payment, and he immediately instructed his bankers not to honour the cheque. It was accordingly returned to Glyn and Co. from the Clearing House, and they sued Mesa for the amount, who set up as a defence that the cheque was made by him "without consideration," and that Glyn and Co. held it "without having given any consideration for it." It seems to be taken for granted that the bills on Cadiz became worthless on Lizardi's stopping payment, so that there would be an entire failure of the consideration for which the cheque was drawn. Mesa, however, paid the cheque, not to Lizardi, but to his bankers, Glyn and Co., to whom Lizardi happened to be indebted. It has been decided in the Court of Exchequer, and also in the Exchequer Chamber, that under these circumstances Glyn and Co. are entitled to be paid by Mesa the amount of his cheque; but the opposite view has been maintained by Lord Coleridge, in a judgment which deserves careful consideration. If, he says, the drawer of a cheque pays it in to a banker to the account of a third person, and the consideration, as between the person to whose account it is paid and the drawer of the cheque, wholly fails, so that as between these two parties the drawer would have an answer to an action on the cheque, then the drawer may stop payment of the cheque, and has an answer to any action upon it, as against the bankers who have received it, unless in the meantime they have in some way given value for it, as by paying money, or giving credit, or some other advantage to the customer to whose account it has been paid in, or by altering their own position in some way in consequence of having received the cheque, and on the faith of its being paid. Now it is admitted that if, under the circumstances already detailed, Mesa had paid gold or notes of the Bank of England or of a country bank to Glyn and Co., he could not have recovered them back. It is also admitted that if he had endorsed to Glyn and Co. a bill of exchange payable at a future day, they would have been entitled to the amount of the bill. The majority of the Judges hold that a cheque falls under the same rule, while Lord Coleridge holds that it does not. The question thus arising may be viewed as one of positive law, or of justice, or of convenience. No case appears to be forthcoming in which the exact point has been decided, and therefore we need say no more as to positive law. One of the Judges believes that the general understanding of men of business accords with the conclusion at which he and his brethren arrived, while Lord Coleridge believes the contrary. He thinks it just that the banker should suffer rather than the drawer of the cheque; but that is matter of opinion. It appears that they both trusted Lizardi, who deceived them; but Glyn and Co. began to trust him sooner and trusted him more largely than Mesa did. It is difficult to feel anything like a moral interest in the controversy, and we may contemplate with composure the progress of both American and English Courts in the direction opposite to that in which Lord Coleridge seeks to lead them. The adverse majority of Judges professed to distinguish, while virtually overruling, the authority on which he principally relied.

The holder of a banknote is *primâ facie* entitled to prompt payment of it, and cannot be affected by the previous fraud of any former holder in obtaining it, unless evidence be given to bring it home to his privity. This rule of law is clear, but as with other rules, difficulty arises in applying it. A case occurred in the last century in which a banknote for 500*l.* had been fraudulently obtained, and the person from whom it had been obtained gave notice to the Bank of England, where, some time afterwards, the note was presented and stopped. The person presenting it was informed by the Bank of the circumstances, and required to give an account of how he came by it. He stated that he had received the note from his correspondents, Jews at Middelburg, who, when applied to, gave an unsatisfactory account of how the note came into their hands. It was held that this was sufficient evidence to be left to a jury of the privity of this firm of Jews to the original fraud; and thus far the case presents no difficulty. But the Court further held that the person presenting the note at the bank must be regarded as agent for this firm, and therefore as entitled to stand in no better position than they did. There was an allegation that this person had received the note in reduction of a balance due on his correspondents' account, but the evidence was not clear upon the point, and the jury might, if they pleased, come to the conclusion that the alleged balance was non-existent. The jury seem to have thought that the note was obtained by fraud, and that it came to the hands of a firm who knew of the fraud. If that firm had remitted it to a creditor, it may be that the creditor would be entitled to it. But on the facts of the case it was held that the person presenting it was not a creditor, but an agent, and being an agent he had no better title than his principal. This case was followed by another, in which a note which had been stolen was sent over from Paris to London to be presented at the Bank of England, where it was stopped. An action being brought against the Bank, it was held that the house in London which presented the note must be regarded merely as agent of the house in Paris which remitted it, although the Paris house was indebted to the London house in an amount larger than the value of the note. It became therefore necessary to prove that the Paris house gave full value for the note. This was the case on which Lord Coleridge principally relied, and we should think it strongly in his favour if we did not see that the adverse Judges were determined to disregard it. As against a *bonâ fide* holder for value the Bank cannot refuse payment of a stolen note. The plaintiff in that case being creditor of a French house, received from them a note which he presented, and which was proved to have been stolen. Although he was really

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a creditor, the Court treated him as an agent, and this is what Lord Coleridge would have done in the case before him. Glyn and Co. were creditors of Lizardi, but Lord Coleridge would regard them as Lizardi's agents, and would allow them no greater right than Lizardi had. As between Lizardi and Mesa the bills on Spain being worthless, the consideration for Mesa's cheque wholly failed, and Mesa was entitled to stop payment of it. Lord Coleridge holds that Glyn and Co. taking the cheque as Lizardi's bankers, took it as his agents, and, although they took it innocently, could stand in no better position than he would. On the other hand, the majority of the Court say that in the case of a bill of exchange a pre-existing debt due to the transferree of the bill entitles him to all the rights of a holder for value, and they see no good reason why the same rule should not be applicable to a cheque. They therefore decide that, as regards negotiable securities in general, a creditor to whom such security is given on account of a pre-existing debt holds it by an indefeasible title. We may conjecture that the law will ultimately settle itself in this way.

REVIEWS.

WORKS OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.*

THE art of learning is almost as difficult as that of teaching. It demands as much patience, as much discrimination, and as much self-control. This last quality is needed chiefly when the first difficulties have been overcome, when a general shallow knowledge of the thing to be acquired has been mastered, and there follows a new consciousness of power which may, unless well directed, lead to no better result than a fatuous self-content. Most people who have climbed a difficult hill have at times felt an inclination to rest at the first convenient spot which offers a view of the country beneath, instead of persevering in their efforts to attain a loftier height and a clearer vision. It has also frequently happened that one starting with the intention of travelling to Rome has found a good climate and interesting surroundings at Marseilles, and has preferred remaining there to encountering further toils of travel. This temptation to falter on their way is perhaps the most trying which presents itself to those who attempt the paths of learning. How many men meaning to master a foreign language have by dint of a quick ear and observation easily gained a tolerable working knowledge of it, and then stopped short, cutting themselves off by shirking the necessary labour from ever knowing the nicer beauties of the tongue which they have in a fashion learnt. What is true of the individual applies also to the mass. It is but lately in the education of the world that the knowledge of reading and writing has become widely spread. The sense of a novel power has led a large set of lazy and self-conceited people to present their ideas or their want of ideas to the world, while it has produced another large set, equally lazy but less self-conceited, who are willing to absorb the mass of frivolity which is put before them. Vanity and indolence are probably the springs of that muddy stream of miscalled light literature which seems to increase as it flows. It may be hoped that the eruption of empty words which visits the shelves of libraries only represents a phase in the education of mankind; that people will one day discover how fragile and ill-made are their present literary toys, and will demand something better and more substantial. Meanwhile, among the ferment of novels which contain no new thing, and essays which are lame attempts at smartness, such writings as Peacock's, where the sparkle is not mere froth and the observation is something better than platitude, have for long years been forgotten.

Lord Houghton, in his able preface to the present edition of Peacock's works, observes that his fictions continually recall the *Contes* current in France between the Regency and the Revolution. The rollicking merriment, the fine comedy, the lyrical beauty of Peacock's novels have before now suggested a comparison with a greater writer than Antoine Hamilton or Pigault Lebrun—with the master of ancient comedy, Aristophanes. It is strange that works of such varied merit and attractions as Peacock's should have lapsed so much into obscurity as they have done; but it is not so strange that they should be caviare to the general. The general will ill brook the feeling that they themselves are covertly included in the ridicule which is openly directed at their fellows, and this feeling cannot but strike any one of moderate intelligence who reads the set of novels which began with *Headlong Hall*. They like moreover to be quite certain where jest ends and earnest begins in a book which is a mixture of both; and in the case of these novels one may suspect that the author himself could hardly have marked out the boundary line. Again, when a writer deals satirically with questions of moment, the greater part of his readers will like to know with which side of the question he sympathizes. Peacock very often sets up a disputant on either side, and lets each one express his views in extravagant fashion, and with equal success and weight.

His novels were written on a plan which was unique. Lord Houghton hardly does them full justice in saying that they present a disregard of plot. It is true that they in no way depend upon plot for their interest, but in all of them the satiric element is agreeably relieved by a story with a tender vein running through it, which, without violently exciting curiosity, gives just enough contrast to the author's bright dialogue and playful dissection of folly. In most of the novels each man has his own hobby, which he rides with unceasing vigour, and much diversion is drawn from the tournaments which thus take place round the breakfast and dinner table. From reading of these encounters one derives the satisfaction which the exhibition of humanity's foibles always causes if rightly touched. It is one of the charms of Peacock that there is no grain of ill-nature even in his severest denunciations. His satire, even at its keenest, is without bitterness, as true satire should be. In the midst of the writer's fun and sharp onslaughts on prejudice and pedantry there is always the charm of a woman's presence—a woman clever, graceful, and refined; and the mirth provoked by the absurdities of the men is relieved by the sympathy felt with the girl who supplies the love interest without which a novel would be incomplete. One peculiarity which belongs to those of Peacock's novels which were aimed at folly as it flew is that the characters are mostly labelled with names more or less far-fetched, which indicate their bent of mind.

Thus in *Headlong Hall*, the first, and in some respects the most buoyant, of the novels, we find Mr. Foster (*quasi* Φωστηρ from φάος and τηρέω), a perfectibilian; Mr. Escot (*quasi* ἐς σκότον), a deteriorationist; Mr. Jenkison (*αἰὲν ἐξ ἴσων*), a statu-quo-ite; and the Reverend Doctor Gaster, the etymology of whose name is thus explained in a note by the author:—"Gaster: scilicet Γαστήρ—Venter—et præterea nihil." These four travellers are on their way to the hospitable house of Squire Headlong in Wales, where they presently meet with other guests as remarkable as themselves for the determination of their views and the amusement which they afford in expounding them. There is Mr. Cranium, the craniologist, with his lovely daughter Cephalis, whose accepted lover Mr. Escot has formerly been. Unfortunately he has lost her father's favour by laughing at one of his lectures, and the task of regaining it seems hopeless. There is Caprioletta Headlong, the Squire's lovely niece; there is also Mr. Milestone, a picturesque landscape-gardener, with various other guests, who are thus introduced by the author:—

> Next arrived a post-chaise carrying four inside, whose extreme thinness enabled them to travel thus economically without experiencing the slightest inconvenience. These four personages were, two very profound critics, Mr. Gall and Mr. Treacle, who followed the trade of reviewers, but occasionally indulged themselves in the composition of bad poetry; and two very multitudinous versifiers. Mr. Nightshade and Mr. MacLaurel, who followed the trade of poetry, but occasionally indulged themselves in the composition of bad criticism. Mr. Nightshade and Mr. MacLaurel were the two senior lieutenants of a very formidable corps of critics, of whom Timothy Treacle, Esquire, was captain, and Geoffrey Gall, Esquire, generalissimo.
>
> The last arrivals were Mr. Cornelius Chromatic, the most profound and scientific of all amateurs of the fiddle, with his two blooming daughters, Miss Tenorina and Miss Graziosa; Sir Patrick O'Prism, a dilettante painter of high renown, and his maiden aunt, Miss Philomela Poppyseed, an indefatigable compounder of novels, written for the express purpose of supporting every species of superstition and prejudice; and Mr. Panscope, the chemical, botanical, geological, astronomical, mathematical, metaphysical, meteorological, anatomical, physiological, galvanistical, musical, pictorial, bibliographical, critical philosopher, who had run through the whole circle of the sciences, and understood them all equally well.

It is difficult to convey any notion of the merriment and wit which ensue from the assemblage of all these heterogeneous people at Headlong Hall. They no sooner meet than they join battle. Sir Patrick O'Prism, walking round the grounds with Mr. Milestone, takes issue with the landscape-gardener upon his pet subject, and refuses to distinguish between the picturesque and the beautiful. "Allow me," said Mr. Gall, "I distinguish the picturesque and the beautiful, and I add to them in the laying out of grounds a third and distinct character, which I call *unexpectedness*." "Pray, sir," said Mr. Milestone, "by what name do you distinguish this character when a person walks round the grounds for the second time?" The ball of controversy, once set rolling, never stops. It pursues its gay course through a dinner, an evening, a lecture by Mr. Cranium, and a dance. Mr. Cranium's objections to having Mr. Escot for a son-in-law are overcome by a gift from the philosopher of that inestimable treasure, the skull of Cadwallader, while Sir Patrick and the Squire pair off with the daughters of Mr. Chromatic. In this as in the other novels it is remarkable that when disputes threaten to become too hot they are generally quenched by the application of a bumper. The one point in which all the different lines of opinion presented meet is an appreciation of good cheer.

Melincourt, which follows *Headlong Hall*, is not perhaps the happiest of Peacock's productions. Its length is too great for its materials. There is a pleasant extravagance, however, in one of its chief personages, Sir Oran Haut-ton, who "was caught very young in the woods of Angola." His character is founded upon those passages of Lord Monboddo which glorify the orang-outang; and the simple courtesy of his nature is opposed with a fine humour to the meanness of Lord Anophel Achthar, the son of a hundred earls, and his creature the Rev. Dr. Grovelgrub. There is much beauty too in the characters of Mr. Forester and of Anthelia the heroine, and much keenness in the shafts aimed by the way at abuses of the time.

It would not be easy to determine between *Crotchet Castle* and *Nightmare Abbey* which is the better story. The latter derives a

* *The Works of Thomas Love Peacock, including his Novels, Poems, Fugitive Pieces, Criticisms, &c.* With a Preface by the Right Hon. Lord Houghton, a Biographical Notice by his Granddaughter, Edith Nicolls, and Portrait. Edited by Henry Cole, C.B. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1875

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peculiar interest from the fact that the character of Scythrop is a portrait, and, according to all accounts, a good one, of Shelley, while the transcendental Mr. Flosky is a caricature of Coleridge. The abbey, as its name implies, is the property of a singularly hypochondriac and atrabilious gentleman, Christopher Glowry, father of Scythrop. The low spirits of this pair, and of Mr. Glowry's particular friend Mr. Toobad, who believes the world to be given over for a time to the principle of evil, are set off by the joviality of Mr. Glowry's sister and her husband, Mr. Hilary, and the accommodating disposition of Mr. Larynx, the vicar, who is always ready to drink Madeira with Scythrop, to sigh with Mr. Glowry, or to crack jokes with Mr. Hilary, as occasion demands. The party at the Abbey is completed by Mr. Listless, a fashionable dandy, Marionetta O'Carroll, a charming cousin of Scythrop's, and Mr. Asterias, who, with his son Aquarius, goes about the world looking for mermaids. Scythrop is, or fancies himself, desperately in love with Marionetta, to whom on one occasion he proposes that they should follow the example of Rosalia and Carlos, by drinking a mixture of each other's blood, and thus "soaring on the wings of ideas into the space of pure intelligence":—

> Marionetta could not reply; she had not so strong a stomach as Rosalia, and turned sick at the proposition. She disengaged herself suddenly from Scythrop, sprang through the door of the tower, and fled with precipitation along the corridors. Scythrop pursued her, crying, "Stop, stop, Marionetta—my life, my life!" and was gaining rapidly on her flight, when, at an ill-omened corner, where two corridors ended in an angle, at the head of a staircase, he came into sudden and violent contact with Mr. Toobad, and they both plunged together to the foot of the stairs, like two billiard-balls into one pocket. This gave the young lady time to escape, and enclose herself in her chamber; while Mr. Toobad, rising slowly, and rubbing his knees and shoulders, said, "You see, my dear Scythrop, in this little incident, one of the innumerable proofs of the temporary supremacy of the devil; for what but a systematic design and concurrent contrivance of evil could have made the angles of time and place coincide in our unfortunate persons at the head of this accursed staircase?"
>
> "Nothing else, certainly," said Scythrop: "you are perfectly in the right, Mr. Toobad. Evil, and mischief, and misery, and confusion, and vanity, and vexation of spirit, and death, and disease, and assassination, and war, and poverty, and pestilence, and famine, and avarice, and selfishness, and rancour, and jealousy, and spleen, and malevolence, and the disappointments of philanthropy, and the faithlessness of friendship, and the crosses of love—all prove the accuracy of your views, and the truth of your system; and it is not impossible that the infernal interruption of this fall down stairs may throw a colour of evil on the whole of my future existence."
>
> "My dear boy," said Mr. Toobad, "you have a fine eye for consequences."
>
> So saying, he embraced Scythrop, who retired with a disconsolate step, to dress for dinner; while Mr. Toobad stalked across the hall, repeating, "Woe to the inhabiters of the earth, and of the sea, for the devil is come among you, having great wrath."

The reconciliation of Scythrop to Marionetta is not difficult, but his ambitions unfortunately are not to be contented with one love at a time, and from attempting to keep up two at once he ends by being left with none. Upon this slender cord is hung a brilliant succession of scenes, now of slightly ridiculous, but always graceful love-making, now of absurd incidents, and now of dialogue abounding in true comedy. Perhaps for pure fun there is nothing better in all the author's writings than the scene in which a conversation getting gradually more and more eerie in its character is carried on concerning ghosts. It is concluded by Mr. Flosky, the transcendentalist, who observes:—"I live in a world of ghosts! I see a ghost at this moment." As Mr. Flosky, uttering these words, fixes his eyes upon a door at the opposite end of the room, the door opens, and what the company takes to be a real ghost stalks through it. The melancholy Mr. Glowry himself might have been moved to laughter by reading of the catastrophe which follows, and which is concluded by Mr. Toobad jumping in the extremity of his alarm into the moat, where he is caught for a mermaid by Mr. Asterias and his son. There is an admirably ridiculous scene in which Scythrop's faithlessness to Marionetta is exposed. When after this both the ladies with whom he has been in love give him up, he resolves to end his difficulties and his life after the manner of Werter with the aid of a pint of port and a pistol. As a matter of fact, however, he ends by ordering some Madeira. *Crotchet Castle* and *Gryll Grange* both belong to the class of *Nightmare Abbey*. In both are found the same pretty thread of story, the same marvellous assemblage of curious people, the same bright wit, and the same scraps of out-of-the-way learning which never seem pedantic. In both, too, are found light graceful lyrics, easily and pleasantly introduced. In the writing of delicate, fanciful songs Peacock has never been surpassed. *Gryll Grange* is remarkable amongst other things for containing a specimen of an imitation of the Aristophanic comedy.

The author's gift or skill as a song-writer is perhaps seen at its best in *The Misfortunes of Elphin* and in *Maid Marian*, two works which may be classed together as dealing with the past instead of the present, and revelling in an exuberant and poetical fancy, instead of keeping to the themes suggested by modern follies and abuses. *The Misfortunes of Elphin* does indeed contain a political allusion; but that is the only tiresome part of it. The description of the drunken orgie in the halls of Seithenyn ap Seithenyn, and of the escape of the few sober persons present from the fury of the storm-flood which breaks in through the rotten walls, is admirable both for its humour and its picturesque power. In "Elphin," too, is found the war song which Lord Houghton has selected for especial admiration, and which is described by the author as being put on record as "the quintessence of all the war-songs that ever were written, and the substance of all the appetencies, tendencies, and consequences of military glory." To prove that this estimate of its merits is not too great, the first and third stanzas may be quoted:—

> The mountain sheep are sweeter,
> But the valley sheep are fatter;
> We therefore deemed it meeter
> To carry off the latter.
> We made an expedition;
> We met an host and quelled it;
> We forced a strong position,
> And killed the men who held it.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> As we drove our prize at leisure,
> The king marched forth to catch us:
> His rage surpassed all measure,
> But his people could not match us.
> He fled to his hall-pillars;
> And, ere our force we led off,
> Some sacked his house and cellars,
> While others cut his head off.

Maid Marian is perhaps the most brilliant of all Peacock's novels. It presents every aspect of his genius. It is full of fun, of beauty, and of character. It has this advantage also over the novels of modern life, that the persons of its story are individuals rather than types. Friar Tuck, who appears first as Brother Michael of Rubygill Abbey, Baron Fitzwater, Sir Ralph, Little John, Robin and Marian themselves, all leave an impression of their reality upon the reader's mind. The songs in this story are the best which Peacock ever wrote, and they arise from the dialogue in a manner which seems deliciously natural. For instance, Brother Michael or Friar Tuck is pointing out to Sir Ralph the futility of thinking that the habits of Matilda Fitzwater and Robert Earl of Huntingdon can ever be changed, or their love for each other diminished. "They are twin plants of the forest," says Brother Michael, "and are identified with its growth:—

> For the tender beech and the sapling oak,
> That grow by the shadowy rill,
> You may cut down both at a single stroke,
> You may cut down which you will.
>
> But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
> Whatever change may be,
> You never can teach either oak or beech
> To be aught but a greenwood tree.

Maid Marian is probably better known than any other of Peacock's works, from having been dramatized by Planché as an opera. Charles Kemble made a hit with the fine song of "The Bramble," the only one which he was ever able to learn. This song and another of the "gray, gray friar" who "was once a hale young knight" have for some reason always retained some kind of hold upon the public memory, while their fellows, of equal pith and beauty, have been utterly forgotten. Perhaps, however, these two songs are conspicuous above the others for that mixture of grace and humour which has been already spoken of as characteristic of Peacock's writing, and which is seen at its best all through *Maid Marian*. There is a wonderful scent of the woods and their freedom and their gay tunefulness about this novel of an impossible life which the writer's spirit clothes with reality.

Besides the fictions, the present edition of Peacock includes several separate poems, many of which are by no means worthy of their writer; some curious papers reprinted from magazines, and some valuable memorials of Shelley. The book is in the main well edited, but there are foot-notes which seem superfluous, and there is a strange inconsistency in the printing of the Greek quotations, which are on some occasions deprived of the ordinary adjuncts of accents, while on others they retain them. This may possibly be the result of some occult principle. There can be no principle which will account for this extraordinary version of a well-known Homeric line:—

παρ δε δεπας οινοιο πιειν ότε βυμος ανωγοι.

GARDINER'S THIRTY YEARS' WAR.*

THE brain grows dizzy among the endless series of small histories; but such a volume as this is a relief. Mr. E. E. Morris, the editor of the series called "Epochs of History," to which it belongs, has been lucky indeed in gaining the help of Mr. Gardiner; and the luck, great in any case, seems yet greater when we read Mr. Gardiner's book next after Mr. Seebohm's. Mr. Seebohm, in writing about what he affectedly called the "Protestant Revolution," went out of his way to let us know how utterly ignorant he was of mediæval history, and especially of its Imperial side. The exhibition was quite uncalled for. A man might have accurately described the burnings under Cranmer and the buryings alive under Charles the Fifth, though his notions about the relation of the Swiss Cantons to the Empire were as far from the mark as Mr. Seebohm's. But one who had as little notion of the constitution of the Empire as Mr. Seebohm could not possibly deal with the Thirty Years' War. Here is the difference between Mr. Morris's two allies. Mr. Gardiner deals with his own period in such a way as to make us feel sure that he knows all about a great many other periods as well; Mr. Seebohm took so much pains to display his ignorance of so many other periods that it seemed hardly to matter whether he knew his own period or not. Mr. Morris's list

* *The Thirty Years' War*, 1618-1638. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

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contains some names which may be expected to equal, or even to surpass, Mr. Gardiner. It contains other names which make us tremble a little. It contains a third class of names to which we as yet attach no idea. To these last, most likely younger brethren, we would whisper a word of advice—to make Mr. Gardiner their model, and not Mr. Seebohm.

In Mr. Gardiner's work the first quality is solidity. All is real stuff; there is no nonsense about it. If we had never heard of Mr. Gardiner before, instead of knowing him as the chief master of one period of English history, we should be at once impressed in his favour by his modest and manly preface. He tells us plainly that he has not got up the whole history of the Thirty Years' War from original documents. How should he? So to do would be pretty well the work of a man's life, and Mr. Gardiner has done, and we hope yet he will do, many things in his life besides writing a little book for Mr. Morris's series. It is a great gain to have in so small a space, from a skilled hand like Mr. Gardiner's, "the result of recent inquiry in Germany into the causes of the failure of the last attempt, before our own day, to constitute a united German nation," even though, as Mr. Gardiner modestly says, those who learn it at his hands will chiefly "know it at second-hand." We say chiefly, because his book is no mere compilation. We feel quite sure that he speaks truly when he says, "If I have often adopted without much change the narrative or opinions of German writers, I have never said anything which I have not made my own by passing it through my own mind." And he adds, "In forming my own opinions I have had the advantage of being not merely in the habit of writing from original documents, but of having studied some at least of the letters and State papers of the time." The truth which Mr. Gardiner here incidentally takes for granted is one on which it is profitable to stop and comment. No man can possibly study all history in original authorities; and there are cases, like this of Mr. Gardiner, in which a man is perfectly justified in writing history, even when he is not able to write every page from original authorities. But no man is justified in writing history unless he is, as Mr. Gardiner says, in the habit of writing from original authorities. There can be no doubt that a man who has worked minutely at some period of history from contemporary records thereby gains a power of dealing with other parts of history which he has not studied in the same minute way, which can never belong to the man who has never worked at any period from contemporary records. He gains a certain tact of seizing the main points in those periods of history which he does not know in very minute detail, and he gains a kind of instinct by which he can feel when a secondary authority is to be trusted and when he is not. Mr. Gardiner, perfect master as he is of the English history of the time when the Thirty Years' War began, has, in dealing with the Thirty Years' War itself, the advantage of this tact and instinct in the highest degree. The Thirty Years' War is not like those times all the records of which can be laid out at once on a good-sized table. No one could fairly ask him to go through such a mass of materials for the purpose of such a small book as the present. But it is plain that he knows enough of primary sources to be able to use the secondary sources without being a mere slave to them.

Mr. Gardiner begins with a chapter on the political institutions of Germany, which sets forth with remarkable clearness a great deal about which most people have very confused notions. He contrasts in a forcible way the difference between the theoretical claims of the Emperor, Lord of the World, and the small amount of actual authority left to the potentate who had shrunk up into a German King, and who had far less power than most other kings even within his German kingdom. Mr. Gardiner could not be fairly asked, in a work on this scale, to go much into matters either before or after his immediate period. He could not be asked to point out at any length either how the German kingdom had been really crushed and broken in pieces by the weight of the Roman Empire that was attached to it, or to dwell at the other end on the singular phenomenon of what had once been a kingdom more closely united than most contemporary kingdoms, changing into what was practically a confederation of sovereign principalities and commonwealths. Of these two characteristics of German history, the second is the result of the first; it was because the Kingdom had grown into an Empire that it sank into a Confederation. Into all this Mr. Gardiner, as he is not writing a history of the Empire or of Germany, but of one period only of German history, was not bound to enter at length. But he shows that this line of thought is quite familiar to him, by giving a clear account of the constitution of the Empire as it stood in the times with which he is concerned. Now the constitution of the Empire, as far as Germany is concerned—and very little besides Germany was then at all concerned with it—really meant at that time the constitution of the German kingdom. But Mr. Gardiner points out also how much further the German kingdom reached in 1618 than it reached at the time of its dissolution in 1806. We must remember that it was only at the Peace of Westphalia that the independence of Switzerland and the Netherlands, and the separation of the three Lotharingian bishoprics, were formally acknowledged. In these cases the Empire merely gave up claims which had long been nominal; the cession to France of the Austrian possessions in Elsass was an actual dismemberment. All this Mr. Gardiner brings out with great clearness. With no less clearness does he bring out the characteristics of the internal constitution of the kingdom, how the sovereignty of each member of it had virtually passed into the hands of its own prince, how the Diet had come to be a mere assembly of princes, without a shadow of national representation of their subjects. In short, as he puts it, Germany had "no national institutions." And it is worth noticing that, in discussing these matters, our own tongue has, for once in a way, the advantage over the tongue of those who are most concerned. In German the use of the word *Reich* always leaves a certain doubt which is meant, the Roman Empire or the German Kingdom. In English we can always accurately distinguish between the two. In fact, this chapter of Mr. Gardiner's sets forth with such clearness a great deal about which people commonly blunder, that we hope that one of his colleagues who has to write about Frederick the Great, and thereby by implication about Maria Theresa, may go to school to Mr. Gardiner to find out what it was that the daughter of Charles the Sixth inherited by the Pragmatic Sanction, and what it was that she enjoyed in the nature of a crown matrimonial.

Mr. Gardiner goes through the long, and it must be added, in the latter part at least, very dreary, story of the Thirty Years' War with singular calmness and fairness, and with a full purpose to do justice to all sides and to all persons. He tries to look at each actor, not according to any general theory of his own, but as each man seemed to himself, and so to bring out in a truthful way the principles on which he acted, and to do justice to him according to his own standard. He lays this down in a rule in his preface:—

> To start by trying to understand what a man appears to himself, and only when that has been done, to try him by the standard of the judgment of others, is in my opinion the first canon of historical portraiture; and it is one which till very recent times has been more neglected by writers on the Thirty Years' War than by students of any other portion of history.

Mr. Gardiner is clearly drawn to everybody who had any kind of principle to act on. He sees in Wallenstein a man who had an idea of German unity, however dangerous might be the kind of unity after which he strove, and however evil might be the means by which he strove after it. So with all his other chief actors, with Gustavus, with Richelieu, with Christian of Denmark, and with Tilly, Mr. Gardiner does not give us such lively and brilliant portraits as some other writers, but we see that the account which he gives of every man is thoroughly thoughtful and conscientious. Tilly, on the one side, he defends against unfounded charges at the sack of Magdeburg and elsewhere, and for Christian of Denmark he claims higher objects and a more important place in the earlier stages of the war than have been commonly allowed him. Simply as portraits, we are not sure that some of the smaller actors—smaller in themselves, though some of them foremost actors in beginning the strife—do not stand out more boldly and in a more lifelike shape than some of their betters. Christian of Anhalt and the puzzled Elector John George of Saxony are very real people in Mr. Gardiner's hands. So is Frederick the Winter-King, poor creature as in truth he is. As for the two Emperors, the two Ferdinands, we are sometimes tempted to forget that the Ferdinand at the end is not the same as the Ferdinand at the beginning. In the like sort we believe that many people fancy that the Pharaoh who had the Hebrew children put to death lived to see his host drowned in the Red Sea. Yet of Ferdinand the Third Mr. Gardiner can find a good story to tell, and of Ferdinand the Second he draws a discerning picture:—

> The new king was more of a devotee and less of a statesman than Maximilian of Bavaria, his cousin on his mother's side. But their judgments of events were formed on the same lines. Neither of them were mere ordinary bigots, keeping no faith with heretics. But they were both likely to be guided in their interpretation of the law by that which they conceived to be profitable to their Church. Ferdinand was personally brave; but except when his course was very clear before him, he was apt to let difficulties settle themselves rather than come to a decision.

Portrait-painting, however, is not Mr. Gardiner's chief object, as we are not sure that it is his strongest point. He starts from the doctrine that every historical subject must have a unity of some kind, and the unity which he claims for his own subject he defines as "the growth of the principle of religious toleration as it is adopted or repelled by the institutions under which Germany and France, the two principal nations with which we are concerned, are living." And he adds:—

> The history of the period may be compared to a gigantic dissolving view. As we enter upon it our minds are filled with German men and things. But Germany fails to find the solution of the problem before it. Gradually France comes with increasing distinctness before us. It succeeds where Germany had failed, and occupies us more and more till it fills the whole field of action.

This is certainly true in this sense, that the long dreary later part of the war, though full of German names and of battles fought on German soil, is ceasing to be German in the sense in which the war was German in its earlier years. We have lost our great men and our great principles. Gustavus, and, under Mr. Gardiner's teaching, we must add Christian of Denmark also, did not interfere in German matters as enemies of Germany. Their interference might not be pleasant to German feeling, even among the German party whose side they took. Still they had, as Mr. Gardiner shows us, some kind of view of German interests. But in the latter part of the war we have simply the advance of France for purely French interests. Germany is to be kept as far from unity as possible, and as large a part of her territory as possible is to be added to France. It is more than a formal distinction that the lands which were ceded to France were altogether cut away from the body of the Empire, while the lands

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ceded to Sweden were held by the Swedish Kings as princes of the Empire. It sounds odd at first sight to hear Richelieu spoken of as something like the founder of religious toleration; but it is true in Mr. Gardiner's sense. The whole Catholic and Protestant struggle in Germany was in no sense a struggle for the right of each man to practise his own religion. It was simply a struggle for the right of each ruling power to establish which religion it chose. The equality of the two religions did not hinder an Archbishop of Salzburg even in the last century from banishing his Protestant subjects. But Richelieu, while putting down the separate political existence of Protestantism, did give a greater measure of religious toleration than was then to be had elsewhere. Mr. Gardiner, while bringing out this feature and the other good features of Richelieu's policy, does not fail to point out that whatever reforms were made were not the work of the nation but the work of a single man, which another man could, and in a great measure did, undo. As he forcibly puts it:—

> In the old struggles of the sixteenth century, Catholic and Protestant each believed himself to be doing the best, not merely for his own country, but for the world in general. Alva, with his countless executions in the Netherlands, honestly believed that the Netherlands as well as Spain would be the better for the rude surgery. The English volunteers, who charged home on a hundred battle-fields in Europe, believed that they were benefiting Europe, not England alone. It was time that all this should cease, and that the long religious strife should have its end. It was well that Richelieu should stand forth to teach the world that there were objects for a Catholic state to pursue better than slaughtering Protestants. But the world was a long way, in the seventeenth century, from the knowledge that the good of one nation is the good of all, and in putting off its religious partisanship France became terribly hard and selfish in its foreign policy. Gustavus had been half a German, and had sympathized deeply with Protestant Germany. Richelieu had no sympathy with Protestantism, no sympathy with German nationality. He doubtless had a general belief that the predominance of the House of Austria was a common evil for all, but he cared chiefly to see Germany too weak to support Spain. He accepted the alliance of the League of Heilbronn, but he would have been equally ready to accept the alliance of the Elector of Bavaria if it would have served him as well in his purpose of dividing Germany.

MAGELLAN'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.*

DISPARAGED as he has been by his own countrymen on the alleged ground of a disloyal desertion of the service of Portugal for that of Spain, there is not one among the great navigators of his age who deserves to rank above Magellan, either in nobility of soul, in genius, or in bravery. It hardly needed the elaborate vindication put forth by his recent editor to acquit him of petty or mercenary motives in making the transfer of his services. Questions turning upon the abstract right of the citizen of any State to disnaturalization need not be raised and argued by reference to Vattel, Condorcet, or jurists of later date. Neither need serious heed be given to trumpery and spiteful charges like that of Osorio, that the refusal of a step in palace rank, involving half a ducat a month, was the cause of Magellan's throwing up his allegiance, with the sacrifice of all his hopes and property in his native land. The true explanation is to be found in the neglect or niggardly treatment of the great mariner by Dom Manuel, which threw him into the arms of Charles as the only means of compassing the grand discovery which Magellan had at heart. In the then imperfect knowledge of geography, it was far from being clear on which side of the line of Papal demarcation lay the Moluccas, the route to which was the ostensible object of the expedition, and it was consequently uncertain what might be the resulting loss to Portugal through an abatement of her claims, or an intermeddling with her monopoly of the spice trade. Although a compromise was in the end effected by the treaty of 1529, Charles V. giving up to Portugal for a sum of 350,000 ducats whatever rights to those islands he might be imagined to possess, it appears that as late as the year 1535, according to Gaspar Correa, a Dominican friar of Portuguese India learned in cosmography asserted that the Moluccas fell within the dominion of Castile. Manuel, after all, had himself alone to blame for the loss of Magellan's services, together with any detriment that might thence accrue to the kingdom. It was moreover within the demarcation of Spain that those waters lay through which the western passage was to be sought, and under Spanish auspices alone could the exploration be undertaken. With as much reason might the Genoese have reproached Columbus for availing himself in the like manner of the resources of the more enterprising country. Dom Manuel, it is true, made overtures to Magellan if he would quit the service of Spain and return to that of Portugal. But it was then too late, the great navigator having pledged his word to Charles V.

In his introductory notice of Magellan's life, Lord Stanley of Alderley urges a special consideration of much weight attaching to the political circumstances of the Peninsula. The kingly power in the two monarchies alike had been but recently consolidated. That power had been divided amongst several crowns, the wearers of which had been but the equals of other great lords; and after the Kings of the two countries respectively had acquired the sole crown, they remained not much more than the first among their equals, as they recognized by their coronation oaths long after the time of Magellan. By these oaths they bound themselves to respect all the privileges of the great nobles, any infraction of which was held to justify the nobles in revolt. At the same time there existed the custom and tradition of disnaturalization, whereby any noble who felt himself aggrieved had the right to renounce formally his fealty to the sovereign, and to betake himself to some neighbouring State. Although the custom was treated with scorn by Osorio and Mariana, who wrote when the kingly power had become consolidated, there were numerous precedents which were but followed by Magellan. It is to be regretted that the document mentioned by historians by which he formally renounced fealty to Dom Manuel is not forthcoming from the archives either of Portugal or Spain. But it may be taken to have resembled those which Osorio mentions and reproves. Among those who thus changed their nationality were several Condes de Haro of Biscay, and Don Alonzo Perez de Guzman (called El Bueno), who gave his services to Morocco. Less fortunate than Vasco da Gama, Magellan had no Camoens to immortalise his exploits in verse, nor has he had the same ample narration at the hands of Correa. He did not survive to give his own account of his great voyage. The record we have of it is the work of two Italians of very small literary power. There are, however, more documents in existence relating to the personal history of Magellan than are to be found concerning Gama or Columbus. His birthplace is indeed doubtful. In his will, executed at Lisbon, December 29, 1504, in favour of his sister Theresa de Magalhães, wife of Joan da Sylva Telles, he describes himself as born at Villa de Sabroza, in the district of Villa Real, Traz os Montes; but documents quoted by M. Ferdinand Denis make him born at Villa de Figueiro, in Portuguese Estremadura. He was by birth "hidalgo," the family coat-of-arms being given in facsimile in the volume recently published by the Hakluyt Society, which also presents specimens of the navigator's bold signature. The particulars here furnished of his pedigree and family connexions are confessedly meagre, and by no means clear or consistent, notwithstanding the number of documents brought together by Navarrete.

A short sketch of his early services traces Magellan as having been in the King's household, and having gone to India with the Viceroy Dom Francisco d'Almeida. He was in the action with the Turks, and severely wounded therein, as well as in the fight with the natives at Calicut. In the convoy of ships despatched homewards by Alfonso d'Albuquerque from Cochim in January 1510, under Bastian de Sousa and Francisco de Sá, he is set down as overseer, having left the East in poor circumstances. Two of the ships, in one of which was Magellan, struck on the shoals of Padua, opposite the Maldive islands. The captains and pilots, with as many men as could, took to the boats, and made their way back to Cochim and thence to Cananore, whence they despatched a caravel to bring off the remainder of the crew and the cargo, after which the ships were set on fire. Magellan showed great courage and loyalty in sticking to the wreck and working hard to encourage the seamen.

A document in the archives of Lisbon, containing an account of the Council of War held by Albuquerque, October 10, 1510, before his attack on Goa, speaks of Magellan's advice against taking the ships of burden to the place at that season of the year. His name does not occur in the list of captains or gentlemen who accompanied the Viceroy, and it may be presumed, as his present editor suggests, that his adverse opinion, reported to the King, may have been the cause which originally set Dom Manuel against him. Leaving India shortly after this, Magellan appears to have been stationed at Azamor in Morocco, where he received, in a skirmish with the natives, a wound in the leg which left him somewhat lame. A dispute about some cattle captured from the Arabs led to his quitting Azamor for home without the leave of the captain, Pedro de Sousa, whose letters of complaint induced the King to send back Magellan. Being acquitted on his return to Azamor, he once more set out for home; but the King's ill-will towards him continued, and was doubtless the mainspring of Magellan's movement in the direction of the Court of Spain.

Navarrete professes to have proved that commercial enterprise alone stimulated Magellan in his great design. The opening up of a supply of spices from the Moluccas at a lower rate than they could be got from Calicut may have been put in the forefront of the undertaking as a means to win royal or popular favour, without revealing the inner or deeper motives of which a man of his temperament might be conscious. In the docket of the letter addressed by order of the King to Magellan and Ruy Faleiro, April 19, 1519, it is laid down that "first and before anything they go to the spices." Some such bait was indeed indispensable when so much was being done to set aside the entire scheme. Never was a voyage undertaken under more hostile auspices. A letter from the Portuguese ambassador, Alvaro da Costa, to Dom Manuel gives in detail the devices he had employed to induce Charles to dismiss the whole thing at once, "which would be a great buffet for these people." Costa went, it would seem, the length of seeking to have Magellan assassinated, in which he was supported by Fernando de Vasconcellos, Bishop of Lamego. The mob of Seville, excited by the Portuguese agents, were near pulling Magellan to pieces, under the hollow pretext that he was substituting the arms of Portugal for those of Castile upon his ships. Even his associate Faleiro turned against him, and amongst other open or disguised enemies who were thrust into the expedition was his rival Estevam Gomez, who had aspired to lead an expedition of his own, and whose mutinous conduct gave him the sorest trouble during the voyage. It was not till August 10, 1519, that Magellan set sail from Seville on an enterprise which, for the hardihood that prompted and the

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* *The First Voyage Round the World, by Magellan.* Translated from the Accounts of Pigafetta, and other contemporary Writers; accompanied by Original Documents, with Notes and an Introduction by Lord Stanley of Alderley. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1874.

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skill that directed it, surpassed those which had for their result the discovery of the Western continent in the Cape route to the East.

The present volume contains six contemporary accounts of Magellan's voyage. The first is transcribed from the note-book of the unnamed pilot of the flagship the *Trinidad*, who returned to Portugal with Don Henrique de Menezes in 1524. It traces in some detail the progress of the voyage, the mutiny and punishment of Mendoça and Quesada, the discovery and passage of the Straits, with Magellan's death in the skirmish with natives at Cebu in the Philippine group, April 27, 1521; carrying on the narrative to the arrival of the expedition at the Moluccas on the 8th of November the same year. The second narrative, by one of the companions of Duarte Barbosa, in the *Victoria*, already given by Ramusio, is only three pages in length, and adds nothing to the former one. Pigafetta's account, which comes next, is the fullest report we possess of the first circumnavigation of the globe. The original narrative, drawn up by Peter Martyr from the oral reports of the survivors, having been unfortunately lost in the sack of Rome, it was determined by Ramusio to publish in its stead a translation of the Latin letter of Maximilian the Transylvanian, of which an English version appears for the first time in the present volume, adding to the letter the summary of the book written by Antonio Pigafetta, of Vicenza, who on his return in the *Victoria* had been made a Knight of Rhodes.

In contradiction to Ramusio, who had every opportunity of knowing, the present editor concurs with MM. Thomassy and Denis in the belief that Pigafetta wrote in French. Of the three French MSS. known to exist, one is in the collection of the late Sir Thomas Phillips, the other two are in the National Library of Paris; and one of these, richly illuminated, on vellum, in the Lavallière collection, he conjectures, from the omission or softening down of certain plain-spoken details, to have been that which was presented by Pigafetta to the Regent Louise of Savoy; whereas, according to Ramusio, the Regent entrusted to Jacques Fabre the task of translating into French the work of which the knight had sent her a copy. All that Fabre produced was an abridgment, of but seventy-six leaves in Gothic type, small octavo. The date of issue is unknown, but is limited by the fact of Simon Collines, the printer, having put forth his latest work in 1546. The Italian MS. in the Ambrosian Library, Milan, from which Amoretti published his edition in 1800, is held by Lord Stanley of Alderley, notwithstanding what has gone before, to have been most probably composed by Pigafetta himself, its bad Italian and admixture of Spanish words seeming more natural after so long a voyage in a Spanish ship. That Pigafetta did compose a work in Italian appears from a document of which the original text is given in the appendix before us, from the archives of Venice, dated August 5, 1524, giving leave to print his account of the circumnavigation of the globe, with a privilege of twenty years. This fact tells strongly against the supposition of his having originally written in French. Before Amoretti's there was no complete or original Italian edition of Pigafetta, the quarto edition of 1536 having been merely a translation from the epitome of Fabre. The similarity of the Address to the Reader with that of Ramusio in his edition of 1550 leaves little doubt as to its authorship. A French translation of Amoretti's edition was published in 1801 by H. J. Jansen, in which, instead of following the text of the national MS., the editor took liberties of his own. An English version by Richard Wren, London, 1625, mentioned in *L'art de vérifier les Dates*, has not been met with by the present editor, whom we presume, though we do not see the fact stated, to have based his translation upon the MSS. in the Paris Library. We cannot but deplore the loss of the original notes or log of the voyage, which, according to Barbosa Machado, were drawn up by Magellan himself. Not only was he distinguished for his skill and courage in warfare upon land, but as a navigator he had a thorough mastery of the science of his time, confirmed by long experience as admiral in the Eastern seas. Pigafetta's treatise on navigation may be fairly taken as the result of Magellan's instruction in that art. From what source Magellan had gained the conviction that a passage existed across the American continent, short of the 70th degree of latitude, has not been made clear. Pigafetta's statement that he had derived it from a marine chart, drawn up for the King of Portugal by Martin Behaim, is disproved, Lord Stanley of Alderley considers, by the fact that the globe at Nuremberg constructed under Behaim's instructions in 1492, and given by him to the city, far from showing any sign of the Straits, omits the American continent altogether. There remains, however, ample time for fuller knowledge to have dawned upon the mind of the geographer in the interval before Magellan's ideas ripened into execution. The Derrotero, or log-book of Francisco Alvo or Alvaro, Magellan's pilot, published by Navarrete from the original at Simancas, and translated for the present publication, gives a good idea of the routine of seamanship then in practice. It includes the discovery of the islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam. The last document included here, also taken from Navarrete, gives the cost of Magellan's five ships, including stores and all necessaries, with four months' pay for two hundred and thirty-seven persons, and merchandize for trading on the voyage. These charges, it is to be inferred from the narrative of the expedition elsewhere, were undertaken in the main by Christobal de Haro. They amount in all to 8,751,125 maravedis. Considering that the largest of these vessels, the *S. Antonio*, was only a hundred and twenty tons in burden, the flagship a hundred and ten, and the smallest no more than seventy-five, little need be said of the triple brass which the commanders and crews of barks so frail must have had about their breasts. The record of a voyage so boldly planned and so perseveringly carried out is well worthy of the pains here taken to present it in the most authentic and ample form before the English public.

MAHAFFY'S SOCIAL LIFE IN GREECE.*

At a period of literary fertility, when almost every subject is seized upon by a throng of writers, the able author of *Prolegomena to Ancient History* deserves credit for having hit upon a branch of historical illustration which he can appropriate without fear of having been forestalled or risk of supererogation. Thoroughly at home both in the highways and byways of Greek literature, he has endeavoured to furnish, from his stores of learning and research, a sketch of the social aspects of Greek life. While German writers have treated this subject, like others, too ponderously and minutely, the French, with scant accuracy and research, have skimmed its surface with an eye to epigrammatic triumphs. Between the two Mr. Mahaffy has discovered a path for himself, in tracking which he has proved the solidity of his scholarship. He gives us a series of thoughtful and intelligent pictures of the home-life of the ancient Greeks, and undertakes to explain "how they reasoned, and felt, and loved; why they laughed and why they wept; how they taught, and what they learned." In his first chapter he demonstrates the remarkable resemblance between the thoughts and feelings of our modern life and the distinguishing characteristics of Greek thought and feeling—a resemblance not to be found in any other ancient or mediæval periods or communities. The real field for comparison is indeed limited to a single city and a short epoch, to Athens and its democracy in its ascendency and acme of culture; but Mr. Mahaffy declines to adopt the views of historians "who reduce the motives of society to rude violence and successful force," and thinks the best antidote to such theories is to review the phases through which the society and morals of such a people as the Greeks had to pass. Accordingly he supplies introductory essays on the life and manners of the Epic and Lyric ages, seeing in the Homeric description of the former, not a primitive condition of things, but decadence marking the close of an epoch; whilst in the latter, the snatches of poets singing as equals to equals, and not as rhapsodists to kings, heroes, and princesses, strike him as furnishing more trustworthy historical matter than the more consecutive but more imaginative epic pictures. In Mr. Mahaffy's survey of each of these ages one is struck by the anti-sentimental and unpedantic manner of his analysis, and the very absence of conventionality imparts interest and originality to his criticisms. These prepare us for a broad glance at the whole of the Attic epoch, divided into three periods —(1) from the repulse of the Persians to the end of the Civil War and the capture of Athens, in 403 B.C.; (2) from the liberation of Athens to the battle of Chæronea, 338 B.C.; and (3) the close of Athenian greatness, "comprising the age of the New Comedy, the days of Epicurus and Menander, and extending till the days when Alexandria and Rome supplanted her as the centres of the world's thought." This glance includes the culture, religious feeling, social manners, and business habits of the Attic Greeks.

Taken as a whole, the book is curiously independent and suggestive, and, whilst the author throws down the gauntlet to various eminent thinkers and writers, he seldom opens a discussion except on substantial grounds. One distinction which he notes between ancient Greece and modern England is that the general public of the former did not so nearly approach its intellectual leaders in enlightenment as is the case with the latter; and he attributes this to the invention of printing, which circulates public feeling and stirs the public conscience, and to the abolition of slavery, which weans the dominant class from that contempt for human rights and feelings which characterized ancient civilization. In the best period, indeed, of Attic culture it will be found that there was in Athens, the sphere of its highest development, an extraordinarily high average of intelligence and enlightenment, with a singular pureness and refinement of society, attributable, as is shown in the author's eighth chapter, to the distance of the seaport and its sailor mob from the city. Its intellectual population enjoyed art, literature, and the drama, from the highest to the lowest, and had no stratum of society so brutalized as to need "hells," or "music-halls," or "dancing-saloons." But, as a rule, it seems to be proved that at different epochs of Greek history, illustrated by its literature, there was a greater or less gulf between the prominent leaders of society and the more domestic and homely middle class which lived in quiet and kept itself to the background. To this distinction may be referred the phenomenon of a very wide discrepancy between the Homeric and Hesiodic views of contemporary society in Epic time, Hesiod giving us his social picture of what the poor man thought and felt, whilst Homer, with an eye to court patronage, shows how, in his ideal, "kings and ladies ought to have lived and loved."

In direct contradiction to Mr. Grote, Mr. Gladstone, and others, our author declines to see in the Homeric age an ideal deflected from præhistoric Greece, and, taking the age of chivalry for his touchstone, argues the inferiority of the Homeric heroes in the four components of mediæval knightly honour. We can but

* *Social Life in Greece, from Homer to Menander.* By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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glance at his observations on one of these points—namely, courage—in which, strange to say, he is able to make a strong case against the Homeric chiefs as well as their descendants. "No troubadour," he remarks in a note at p. 21, "would have given utterance to the sentiment," borrowed from Homeric precedents, "that *in panics even sons of the gods run away*." With the rarest exceptions, the Homeric courage is fitful, French, and evanescent, as was also that of the Greeks of after ages, except in the single instance of the Spartans, who were trained up to a point which "no other Greek polity would recommend, and no other Greek citizens adopt." Even their factitious valour was, as is well remarked, a very different thing from the spirit of the viking, the baron, and the yeoman. When we pass to the Lyric age, it is to find two of its most famous bards blazoning their own cowardice in the field, to listen to the lofty strains of Pindar stooping to the confession that "only the inexperienced like war," and to discover that even the martial Tyrtæus has to inculcate heroism by the sordid argument of expediency, and to degrade his sonorous elegiacs to the task of persuading the Greek intellect that valour pays:—

> Such passages [writes Mr. Mahaffy], especially the confessions of the cowards themselves, strike us as very curious. Of course they tend to corroborate what was said above about Homeric valour, but I hardly think that they can be simply explained by a low standard of courage, for all through Greek history the loss of a shield certainly was considered a disgrace. We must, in addition, keep in mind the intense realism with which these men appear to have led a reaction against the smooth ideal courtliness of the rhapsodists. They caught the public ear by a new and welcome sound—the sound of plain straightforward reality. Intense it was, and therefore brimful of passion, and of the beauty and interest which passion lends to every product of human art, but homely too, and truthful, not shirking poor admissions nor disguising vulgar notions.

If we look at modern life, it will be seen that it is not so much in the feeling itself, which secretly acts *in detrectandis periculis*, as in the expression of it, that the Lyric age of Greece differs from our own; and it ought to be remembered to the advantage of the former that, as Mr. Mahaffy does not omit to notice, the Greeks had a peculiar national sensitiveness, both mental and bodily, as well as a dreary and cheerless prospect of a hereafter in the doleful meadow of Asphodel, and not in the "isles of the Blest," unless they were Jove-descended.

As we have touched upon Mr. Mahaffy's sketch of the Lyric age, we may be allowed to echo his expression of regret that the curriculum of our Universities, whether in England, Ireland, or Scotland, has hitherto made no definite room for the poetry of the Greek lyrists; and this, although in many points it is more instructive, outspoken, and realistic than any Greek poetry before or after it. Some idea of it may be formed by English readers from the translations of Dean Milman, but the translator has yet to appear who shall lay open this page of lyric poetry to a public which takes kindly enough to the epic and dramatic minstrelsy of Greece. Much of its interest is due to the poets of free States such as Solon and Theognis, but more perhaps to the bards of the courts of tyrants, such as Pindar and Simonides; and there can be no doubt that the rule of the usurper Pisistratus was a greater gain to culture than the reforms and legislation of Solon, in the same proportion as settled order is more favourable to literature than a period of agitation and unrest.

One of the most interesting passages of Mr. Mahaffy's work is that which deals with the treatment and estimation of women. In the Homeric age they held a position in society, a liberty, and equality of rights as regards daily life, from which the Attic age had palpably deposed them. Penelope and Nausicaa are as blameless as they are independent of the seclusion of after-times. Even Helen and Clytemnestra come off lightly enough in the treatment of the rhapsodists, and the former is represented as a model of grace and refinement in the home to which we find her restored in the Odyssey. It is true that Hesiod's picture of a wife in his "Works and Days" is brief and contemptuous enough. She seems to strike him as a necessary evil, but one which is at its worst if she claims a share and seat at her husband's meals. Mr. Mahaffy regards this crotchet of Hesiod as a match for the apophthegm of Pericles or Thucydides that "that woman is best who is least spoken of among men either for good or for evil." But the two pictures may be accepted as contemporary and compatible if we take Homer as regarding the women of the exclusive caste, and Hesiod as having in his eye the Bœotian poorer and weaker class. The one is probably a fancy picture, the other realistic. When the scene shifts to the Lyric period, it reveals woman in a higher estimation and status, of which the touching picture of Danae, in the well-known fragment of Simonides of Ceos, is significant as respects her motherly character, whilst that of his namesake of Amorgos—a satire on the faults of various types of womankind, arranged according to fancied resemblances to animals—reserves high and warm praise for the good housewife, whether in the higher or middle classes. It is an ingenious and plausible conjecture of our author that the lower estimate of woman in the social and private life of the Periclean epoch, in marked contrast to the Lyric and Herodotean pictures, was the result not so much of an absorption of the male sex in politics and warfare, nor yet of the intellectual prominence of Aspasia and the higher sort of "hetairæ," as of the influence of the example of Ionic Greece, whither young Athens went for polish and finish, as young England once went to the French Court and capital:—

> There is nothing [writes Mr. Mahaffy] so infectious among imitators as the contempt and the sneers of a fashionable man, and I can well conceive the young Athenian who went to see the world at Miletus and Sardis coming home with an altered view on the rights and privileges of women, and thinking that, after all, the harems of the Asiatics were the best arrangement for men, inasmuch as it left them full liberty to follow their own pleasures, without hindrance and without criticism from mothers, and wives, and sisters.

It is interesting to follow, through our author's survey, the various treatment of female characters by the dramatists of the great Attic epoch, and to find that, as might perhaps be expected in an intimate friend of Pericles, the ideal of the domestic female character is lower in Sophocles than in Æschylus; whilst the seemingly set purpose of Euripides to make women his chief study, and to exalt their patience, fortitude, devotion, and self-sacrifice, of which examples are given in Electra, Alcestis, Macaria, Polyxena, Iphigenia, and others, suggests to him the likelihood that this poet deemed it his mission to maintain against the aristocrats, in spite of the contemptuous estimate of Thucydides and the scurrility of Aristophanes, the position that "women were no ciphers in society, but able to do and suffer great things." Had we space, we should like to quote a passage on this topic from the end of the sixth chapter, in which Mr. Mahaffy is disposed to break a lance with Mr. J. A. Symonds over his "Greek Poets" (p. 273). But we must pass on, and direct attention to another of his arguments in the seventh chapter, where, true to his guiding principle that throughout the different epochs a distinction is to be observed between the life of the exclusive caste and that of those outside it, he surmises that the seclusion of the wife, after the Asiatic fashion, was in Plato's day and that of the comic poets limited for the most part to such "swells" and *roués* as Alcibiades and Callias and their set, and did not extend to the ordinary city folk or to the country households, where, according to Xenophon, in his *Œconomicus* (259–63, &c.), the wife's position was a marked advance on that of the wife of the Periclean epoch. One of Xenophon's *sine quâ nons* in his ideal wife was a competent knowledge of cookery, and on this Mr. Mahaffy observes, with a seriousness which is almost pathetic, that "there are certainly more respectable houses in Ireland disgraced by their dinner-table than in any other way." *Apropos* of this drawback to Irish society, we may perhaps hope better things when the schools of cookery established of late in the sister kingdom have advanced their pupils beyond the stage of understanding cleanliness and knowing how to "rack their hair."

We have no space for further remarks upon the author's sketches of trades, professions, religious views, &c.; but we must not omit to say that Mr. Mahaffy is always careful to base his conclusions on copious examples and inductions. Very seldom does he make us feel that we are in an atmosphere, after all, of guesswork. Some such feeling does indeed once or twice come over us, as it has come probably over himself, when he propounds the theory (p. 198), that the attacks on women in Aristophanes, in the *Lysistrata*, *Ecclesiazusæ*, and *Thesmophoriazusæ* are a remnant of some old religious custom, at feasts of Demeter and Cora, rather than tokens of a desire to scourge a great rampant evil; and when, too, he suggests that the reason why Phidias was suspected of making his house and studio a place of assignation for Pericles and his lady friends, and the explanation of his presents of peacocks to the latter, was that these ladies were the artist's models. In the third chapter we do not see how it can be averred that Helen's adultery is never regarded with reprobation even in her own mind, when we remember the line,

> δαὴρ αὖτ' ἐμὸς ἔσκε κυνώπιδος, εἴ ποτ' ἔην νε.—Il. iii. 180.

But the book, as a whole, is a really valuable addition to the classical library.

LORD SOUTHESK'S SASKATCHEWAN.*

IN 1859-60 the Earl of Southesk made an excursion, chiefly for sporting purposes, through the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company to the Eastern valleys of the Rocky Mountains. The expedition seems to have been successful enough, though it included little that can be fairly called exploration of new country; and we are left to wonder why the record should have been left so long in obscurity. Perhaps the taste for descriptions of such travelling was not quite so strong fifteen years ago as it is now; but, on the other hand, the information was then fresher. It might not be an unfair guess that the success of Captain Butler's descriptions of the "great lone land" may have encouraged Lord Southesk to furbish up his old journals; and, if so, we have another cause of gratitude to Captain Butler, for his predecessor's book is agreeable, though not very exciting, reading. If the descriptions of scenery are not equal to Captain Butler's, we receive a sufficiently distinct impression of a region which deserves the attention of travellers. The district described belongs to the margin between civilized territory and absolute wilderness. There are still Indians, buffaloes, grisly bears, trappers, and *voyageurs*, though the last fifteen years may have made a difference in their numbers, and the traveller has the chance of being scalped, eaten, frozen to death, or killed by a fall from a precipice. We should guess that travelling in anything like comfort must be a rather expensive process; for Lord Southesk had to engage five or six followers, and to provide them with a

* *Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains.* By the Earl of Southesk. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1875.

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whole herd of horses. The land, in short, is not yet prepared for Mr. Cook's tourists; and the traveller should be a good rider, a good shot, and have a tolerably strong constitution before he faces the hardships and dangers of the journey.

Lord Southesk remarks in his preface that there are three ways of dealing with a traveller's journal. One is to tumble it out upon the world with all its imperfections fresh upon it. This method, as he says, is impossible when the original journal was "formless and uneven"; and we shall certainly not quarrel with him for not adopting it. Another plan is to form the whole into a continuous story; and the third is to preserve the journal form, but to "amend and amplify its diction." Lord Southesk objects to the first of these two, that it is wanting in accuracy; and to the second, that it is apt to combine the faults of meagreness and inexactness. The true state of the case would seem to be that literary excellence and faithfulness of record are to some extent incompatible objects. A man who would write a really interesting book should, in our opinion, drop the journal form altogether. We can never read a diary without a painful effort. The fidelity of details does not compensate for the want of general effect. A man who writes down what strikes him at the moment naturally takes for granted precisely those general features of the country which his readers are most anxious to understand. It is like passing a microscope over a picture instead of looking at it as a whole. If observations are to be recorded in which accuracy is important, they should of course be taken as far as possible from notes made on the spot, and in such cases a man must make up his mind to sacrifice literary effect to scientific accuracy. By bringing such statements together in an appendix, or consigning them to footnotes, they may be kept out of harm's way, and satisfy the prosaic mind of the steady geographer without troubling the reader for amusement. Lord Southesk has, however, struck out a kind of fourth method, which is not without its value. He gives us fragments of his original journals and letters, but connects them by passages in which he acts as chorus to himself, and takes pains distinctly to mark the source of each paragraph. On the whole, we would rather have got rid of the journal altogether; but we respect the desire for accuracy which has induced him to retain so much of it; and we must admit that the length of time which has elapsed between the journey and the narrative makes it more desirable than usual to give us the original documents.

Lord Southesk, as we have said, visited some remote valleys, where he thinks it probable that no other European has wandered. They are on the upper waters of the Athabasca and Saskatchewan, and, to judge from his descriptions, should some day become as popular in America as are the Alpine valleys in Europe. But it is curious to remark how greatly the charm of mountain scenery depends upon the presence of civilization. The most savage scenery of the Alps is pleasant to tourists; but then the tourists are aware that there is always a good inn round the corner. Rocks and snow are sublime when they look down upon diligence roads and populous villages; but in the real undiluted desert their savagery is too much in earnest to be agreeable. When Lord Southesk finally leaves the mountains he remarks that

> Feelings of relief at throwing off a leaden bondage, of warmth and brightness, of life, and joy, and freedom, were swelling in every heart. There is something appalling in the gloom of the deep mountain valleys which had so long been our home, confined within barriers of unmitigated rock—a gloom most horrible when storms and mists prevail, and not altogether absent when the sun is pouring down wide floods of cheerfulness.

Lord Southesk is a man of poetical taste, who carries a Shakspeare with him in his pocket, reads *Macbeth* when he is waiting for a grisly bear, and makes notes upon *Hamlet* whilst sitting by the camp fire at night. It must not be supposed, therefore, that this sense of "the mountain gloom," upon which Mr. Ruskin dilates, is due to any deficiency of taste. Here and there he remarks the beauty of some rocky peak or the grandeur of a distant view, but it is plain that the prevailing impression is too melancholy to be agreeable. The difference between the Alps and the Rocky Mountains seems to be the difference between seeing *Hamlet* on the stage and seeing a gentleman murder his uncle in real life. The enthusiasm of sport is the only thing which keeps up a man's spirit in those regions, and even sport partakes of the nature of serious warfare. Lord Southesk was lucky enough to shoot a grisly bear in the plains, but in the savage mountains, though he saw their traces everywhere, he never had the luck—good or bad—to meet one. In fact, he intimates that his guides were too prudent to bring about an encounter. The grisly bear is an awkward animal to meet alone on a hill side, where, as Lord Southesk observes, there is no help in case of accidents; though, as an "accident" generally means that your skull has been cracked like an egg-shell, we do not know that any help would be of much use. But besides the grisly bear, there is a still more spiteful adversary, which is either the puma or some close relative. The peculiarity of this brute is that it will follow a party for days, keeping just out of sight till it finds one of them sleeping at a little distance from his companions, when he is waked by its fangs in his throat. There are more harmless creatures in the mountains, as it is obvious that pumas and bears must have something to eat. Two varieties of wild sheep correspond to the bouquetins and chamois of the Alps. The chase of these animals seems to have been the chief reward of Lord Southesk's journey, and from his account it appears to be to the full as dangerous as the same amusement in the most precipitous parts of the Alps. At one moment he describes his difficulties in climbing some precipice at night-fall in pursuit of wild sheep—an enterprise of which we can only say that it would have been condemned as rash by the unanimous voice of the Alpine Club; and at another he finds himself in the ardour of pursuit landed upon a treacherous bed of pebbles, which gives way under his feet at every step, and is nearly carrying him in a stone avalanche over a precipice of indefinite height. When he succeeds in shooting a goat the animal generally tumbles over a cliff and breaks its horns in the fall. However, he had the satisfaction of getting one pair of horns measuring 38½ inches in length, which seems to be three or four inches beyond the average. An enthusiastic sportsman may possibly say that such a triumph should repay the labour of a journey to the Rocky Mountains, and even the disappointment of not having a duel with a grisly bear. Lord Southesk doubtless shares the enthusiasm, though we must do him the justice to add that he is not one of the slaughtering variety of sportsmen. He protests against the useless massacre even of mountain sheep, and though he feels the temptation of slaying a buffalo or two for an unusually fine head, he refrains from killing more harmless cows than are necessary for the sake of meat. Indeed there is a pleasant trace of humane feeling in regard to all the animals which administer to his pleasure. He becomes positively sentimental over several of his horses, and makes friends of the dogs who are so cruelly treated by their drivers, from the ferocious animal which is more than three parts wolf to the grotesque monster Whisky, which takes the broadly farcical parts in the little drama of camp life. We should like to have heard of the subsequent fate of the said Whisky, an animal preposterously fat, and actuated by a misguided ambition which makes him always attack the most difficult climbs, though he squeaks with terror when he comes to the dangerous places. He seems to have been a kind of canine Mr. Briggs; and we hope that he did not end by furnishing a meal to some hungry bear or wolf.

Lord Southesk met a good many Indians, and was lucky enough just to avoid being mixed up in an Indian war. Though he tries to give them credit for various good qualities, we cannot say that his account is calculated to increase our regret for their approaching extinction. They seem to be a race degraded beyond all hope of renovation; and though we must regret the wickedness which has caused their decay, it would be idle to deny that the mischief has been effectually done. Upon these matters, however, there are other and later authorities. If Lord Southesk does not add much to our knowledge, he has succeeded in giving a lively picture of a curious region. In case this inducement to read his book should not be sufficient, he has added a rather incongruous appendix containing the meditations upon Shakspeare which occurred to him during his journey. The remarks upon *Hamlet* approach the dimensions of an essay. We cannot discuss the soundness of his conclusions here; but if any Shakspearian scholar should search in so unlikely a place for a bit of literary criticism, he will be repaid for his trouble. His remarks have the merit—always a great one—of being the fruit of independent meditation, and, if they cannot add much to so well-worn a subject, they are interesting in themselves.

OUT OF THE WORLD.*

MISS HEALY has certainly considerable powers as a novelist—that is to say, as novelists go—and has written a story which is above the average of the tales that pour forth in a never-ending flow from the press. Yet we read it with but languid interest; we laid it down with indifference, took it up again without any eagerness, and brought it to a close with no small satisfaction. The catastrophe was meant to be striking and affecting. We were neither struck nor affected, but were comfortably indifferent to the deaths which in rapid succession befall not a few of the chief characters. The hero and the heroine, to be sure, live through the last chapters, and get married. It would have made but little difference to us if they had been killed off with the rest. We had, we must own, a kind of liking for both of them—the heroine indeed is often very attractive; nevertheless, the whole story as it went on began to seem so unreal and so unlifelike that we felt we were looking at nothing but so many puppets which somewhat dexterously were being moved up and down. Then, too, the story is spun out, as stories nowadays are spun out, by the minutest descriptions of persons and places. Of all the wearisome writing of the present age—and how much there is that is wearisome only the unhappy reviewer knows—there is no part that is more wearisome than the word-painting, as it is called, which is so much the fashion. As each character is introduced the reader gets an elaborate description of his person and his dress; and if the room in which he is first seen is his own, the furniture is as carefully described as if it were all to be sold by auction next week. No doubt a hero's character would be better understood by us if we could always remember the cut of his coat and the colour of his hair; while we get no small insight into the catastrophe that is impending when we compare the peculiar and indescribable shade of sadness, for instance, that is at times to be seen on the heroine's brow, with the dark and old-fashioned furniture of the gloomy grange in which she lives. But your steady novel-reader has this difficulty, that he gets the descriptions of the story which he is reading and of

* *Out of the World.* A Novel. By Mary Healy, Author of "Lakeville," "A Summer's Romance," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

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the stories which he has read all so jumbled up in his head that he cannot for his life remember which heroine it is whose hair shimmers, and which it is that has a rippling laugh; who it is that dresses in white satin, and who it is that dresses in white linen. Then, too, scenery has to be described at a length which would have astonished our forefathers, unless, before astonishment came fully upon them, the description put them first to sleep. In one part of the story before us Miss Healy somewhat coolly ends a very long stretch, if we may venture to use the term, of this kind of word-painting by saying, "If this description seems somewhat too minute, the answer must be that it is made so intentionally." The fact is that the precipice in the Pyrenees which is thus described has to serve two very different purposes for the two heroines. In the first volume the happy heroine sits down by it in a reverie, but as she was one who, though "susceptible to the impressions of outward beauty, did not analyse her sensations, did not seek to discover the analogies of the world of nature with the world of thought," a somewhat brief description might have sufficed. In the third volume the unhappy heroine—for so she turns out—has to get killed by tumbling down it; but as to her "mountain torrents, high shelving rocks, tinged with golden sunlight, were things too common to be noticed," so it might have sufficed if the height of the precipice had been given in feet and inches. By keeping before the mind the two purposes which the precipice was to fulfil, and by making a single description which would show its suitableness for either one or the other, much time and labour was no doubt saved. It afforded the author moreover a chance of a piece of fine writing after the fashion of the prophetic spiritual school which is at present so much in fashion:—

> As Aimée sat there, enjoying the sweet air, revelling in the glorious sunshine which bathed each jutting rock and gave depth to the shade of each crevice, it seemed to her that no sounds but those of joy, no feelings but those of love, could harmonize with this perfect scene. Did no instinctive thrill come over her as warning of what might be? Did no spirit bring to her attentive ear any prophetic vibration of a piercing scream mingling with the soft air, and filling it as with the breath of crime?

What a pity this kind of writing was unknown in the days of the *Arabian Nights!* "Did no instinctive thrill," we might then have read, "come over the fisherman who caught the fish, or the fishmonger who sold the fish with a bone of which the little hunchback was to be choked, as warning of what might be? Did no spirit bring to their attentive ears any prophetic vibration of a piercing scream mingling with the soft air as the tailor, the Jewish doctor, and the Christian merchant were being tied up by the hangman?" It is a great pity that there should be such a tolerance of nonsense that a writer who can boast of Miss Healy's ability should venture to put into print such stuff as that which we have just quoted. By nature she was evidently meant to write sense. She has, we suppose, read so much of this new-fashioned nonsense that she often does not know, or at all events does not care to know, whether what she writes has any meaning. We read of a storm at the beginning of which "the clouds seem to writhe with laughter," while at the end "the trees were writhing in agony." We have "an atmosphere of stiffness and dignity which grated on her nerves." As for "the queenship of womanhood in human life," "supreme contempt," "a supreme moment," "rippling laughter," "crispness of the air," "sheen of water," and "shimmer of jewels," we as much look for them as for a murder and adultery in a three-volume novel. We were puzzled, however, to know what kind of thing is meant by "an indentiture in the mountain side."

The plot of the story is not very easy to describe, for in it are told the fortunes of three heroines, though only one hero. Aimée de Marsac refuses to fall in love with Paul de Varenne, the hero, because her dignity is hurt; does fall in love with him because she cannot help it; falls, or thinks she falls, out of love with him because she is jealous; falls in love again with him because he saves her from death; and in the end marries him. Jeanne de Varenne, the second heroine, and the most unnatural character in the story, is the daughter of an old Legitimist Marquis, as poor as he is proud, and devoted to Henri V. She is not to marry, as her father cannot afford the indispensable dowry. In the ruined part of the house in which they live she discovers a secret staircase, and in the room to which it leads some old manuscripts. She finds out that she has a marvellous gift for acting, and, hidden away in the top story, is ever performing before an imaginary audience. She has one day at a grand party her scene of triumph, very much in the same way as Becky Sharp had hers in *Vanity Fair*. Indeed the resemblance would have been very great indeed if, after the acting was over, she had not slipped away to nurse the children in her father's village upon whom had come a sudden attack of diphtheria. She had always wished to have lived in the days when martyrdom was more easily attainable than at present, and we thought that this new disease was brought in to gratify, as far as was possible, her desire to be a sacrifice. She escapes it, however, only to die in the grand tableau which closes the story. The third heroine is a wild gipsy girl who would seem to have been stolen away from some noble family, but who, when the story opens, is the servant to the village innkeeper. She is scarcely a more natural character than Jeanne. She was to marry Jean, the innkeeper's son, but she fell in love with Albert de Varenne Paul's younger brother, just at the moment when he was marrying another woman for her money. She finds out that Albert is faithless to her at the very moment when Jean finds out that she is faithless to him, and while she sets off in her despair to the mountains to join the gipsies once more, he goes after her "stealthily, following her trail like any Red Indian savage bent on revenge—his gun ready loaded in his hand." From a very ignorant gipsy girl she, as if by some transformation scene, at once passes into the female in despair of the modern novel with whom we are all so familiar. Albert's seal, with his crest of a dragon engraved on it, was shown her by his valet, who wanted to persuade her to meet his master in Paris. "She looked at it and shuddered; the 'great snake,' with its red eyes, seemed to glare at her, that snake that she had warmed in her bosom." As she went away to the mountains

> The village street was almost deserted; the church bell was tolling, and all the women of the place, and not a few of the men, were assembled, praying with their priest for the cessation of the disease which had attacked the village. Mila stood some moments listening to the bell; it never had seemed to her so human-voiced a thing before; to her excited fancy it seemed to have in it all the compassion and tenderness which she could now scarcely expect from men; she wanted to go and join in the prayers, but she dared not; she fancied that the neighbours would point at her, and repeat the dreadful things her hard mistress had said to her as she drove her from the door.

The sudden change that had come over her, altering her whole nature, is justified, we suppose, by the fact that she was to be killed that same day. The justification will no doubt be accepted by the sentimental reader. Jean believes that it is Paul and not Albert who has wronged him, and resolves on a tremendous revenge. He is engaged in repairing the roof of the Marquis's house, and takes advantage of the opportunity to smear all the woodwork very thoroughly with petroleum. He sets fire to it one night, but happily Paul that same evening had found the air oppressively hot—it was before the fire was lighted—and his mind was restless. He had therefore gone out, and "was between waking and sleeping, sitting on a fallen tree, when he became conscious that the darkness was broken in upon—could it be daylight already?" Jeanne saves the Marquis's grandchild, but dies of heart disease. The Marquis gets a paralytic stroke, and Paul has his hair burned and his hands scorched. The wicked Albert sees the castle blazing from a distance as he is driving up with his bride, and learns that "all his calculations had proved to be false—all his well-built plans were swept away, as a cobweb is swept from the ceiling."

The absurdities of this story are great, and many of the characters are very unnatural. There is nevertheless at times a certain liveliness in the descriptions which helps on the story not a little, while, so long as the author keeps out of sentiment and tragedy, there is much that is interesting in the people she describes. If in her next novel she were to draw on her observation a good deal more and on her imagination a good deal less, the result would be far more satisfactory. She can observe daily life. She cannot imagine, with any approach to correctness, what we might perhaps describe, to borrow a term from the slang of political talk, as blazing heroes and heroines.

THOMSON'S STRAITS OF MALACCA, INDO-CHINA, AND CHINA.*

CHINA is a country about which much still remains to be written. At the present time foreigners do but touch the hem of the Empire. The interior is practically a sealed book to us, and with it the most cherished feelings, superstitions, beliefs, and habits of thought which go to make up that strange complication, the Chinese character. It has been said that into whatever part of the world Englishmen wander they always make a little England for themselves. No doubt this is partly due to the effect of the old insular prejudice against foreigners which used to be so common, and traces of which still linger among us; but it is also to be attributed to the difficulty Englishmen find in learning foreign languages, and to the disinclination they feel to speak any other tongue than their own. In China all these causes have had their weight in placing a gulf between the native and foreign residents at the open ports. The native scholars, believing that in their literature lies hidden all the wisdom of the world, look with contempt on those who are ignorant of the master-key to it; and the foreigners, alarmed at the strange hieroglyphics which pass current as words, and the difficulties which attend the acquisition of even a superficial knowledge of the language, give up all attempts to learn it. Thus it happens that the two nationalities are kept apart, and know no more of one another, except through such untrustworthy channels as compradores and domestics, than if they were separated by thousands of miles. It is no exaggeration to say that scarcely a single English merchant in China knows anything of the language, and consequently of the people. That such should be the case does not speak much for either the intelligence or the industry of our mercantile communities. It seems almost inconceivable that men should be content to live in a country year after year without making any attempt to understand the people by whom they are surrounded. One result of this is that their lives are spent entirely within the foreign settlements, or, if they wander beyond these limits, they travel surrounded by English-speaking servants, who act as buffers between themselves and the natives. There are very few foreigners therefore who are in a position to contribute more than superficial information on China. Sir John Davis's work, published twenty years ago, is still the standard book on

* *The Straits of Malacca, Indo-China, and China; or, Ten Years Travels, Adventures, and Residence Abroad.* By J. Thomson, F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

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the subject, and that, with Doolittle's *Social Life of the Chinese*, and Williamson's *Travels in North China*, are almost the only works which show any special knowledge of the Flowery Land and its inhabitants. But, with such a very wide subject, there is much to be said by those who view only things on the surface, and we should have lost much had the writings of Wingrove Cook, Rennie, Lockhart, Blakiston, and others never seen the light. From this category we would by no means exclude Mr. Thomson's *Illustrations of China and its People*, which is a truly magnificent work, and which contains much interesting and curious matter. But the well of information on the subject at Mr. Thomson's command is one which soon runs dry, and, though amply sufficient for the requirements of a single work, displays its poverty when it is called upon a second time. In the part of the volume before us which is devoted to China Mr. Thomson gives us a *réchauffé* of the contents of his "Illustrations," and as he has not added much of interest, this reproduction of his materials is little short of labour thrown away. He goes over exactly the same ground and relates most of the incidents with which the readers of his former volume are familiar, the only difference being that they are considerably enlarged upon, and not always to their advantage. With these remarks, noting that the illustrations are all good, we shall leave the latter part of his present work, and shall turn backwards to his account of the Straits of Malacca and Indo-China.

But though we thus dispose of China, it is not so easy to get rid of Chinamen. What particularly struck Mr. Thomson, as indeed it must strike everybody, on his first arrival at the Straits Settlements was the superior social position held by the Chinese emigrants over that enjoyed by the natives. Chinamen are essentially business-like, and when engaged to their own profit are eminently industrious. Thus it has happened that when they have been brought into competition with the indolent Malays, they have easily succeeded in passing them in the race for wealth. At Penang and Singapore all the better class of shops which do not belong to Europeans are kept by Chinamen, while the natives, being devoid of trading capabilities and of power of steady application, are content to live from hand to mouth as their fathers did before them. But above and beyond the qualities mentioned, Chinamen possess in their system of organized co-operation a power which has stood them in good stead against every species of opposition. In their own country it has on many occasions thwarted and overcome the oppressive exactions of the Government and of tyrannical officials; in California it has enabled them successfully to resist the cowardly and illiberal opposition of the American "working-man"; and in Australia, as also in the Straits Settlements, it has secured for them a position which without it they could never have attained. But, like our own Trade-Unions, the Chinese Guilds, though theoretically good in principle, are yet liable to degenerate into Societies fruitful of injustice to the individual and of danger to the State. The leading members of each Guild form themselves into a secret tribunal, and before them are tried all members charged with breaking the regulations of the Society. The power which they thus wield over their countrymen is unbounded, and we who have experienced at home the lengths to which similar secret irresponsible authorities will sometimes go can form some idea of the extreme acts of which Chinamen, who respect no law but their own, and who look on oaths as binding only among themselves, are capable. The following rule in force among the Guilds at Singapore, which is quoted by Mr. Thomson, is sufficient to indicate the protection that these Societies afford to criminals:—"If a brother commits murder or robbery, you shall not inform against him, but you shall not assist him to escape, nor prevent the officers of justice from arresting him." But these Societies are certainly not an unmixed evil. Many of their rules are excellent, and neither the time nor the money of the wealthier members is spared in helping their poorer brethren in seasons of distress. An honest tradesman can always look to his Guild for help when in difficulties, and loans are freely advanced to members desirous of starting in life. The result is that wherever Chinamen are to be met with in any numbers, they are always thriving and prosperous. And though a Javanese native historian gives it as the result of his experience of them that "their hearts swell as they grow richer, and quarrels ensue," their conduct at Penang and Singapore has certainly not been such as to justify the charge. Nowhere are they so prosperous, and nowhere are they so contented. Speaking of the monopoly of trade which they may be said to enjoy at Penang, Mr. Thomson says:—

> Should you, my reader, ever settle at Penang you will there be introduced to a Chinese contractor, who will sign a document to do anything. . . . He will build you a house after any design you choose, and within so many days, subject to a fine should he exceed the stipulated time. He will furnish you with a minute specification, in which everything, to the last nail, will be included. He has a brother who will contract to make every article of furniture you require, either from drawings or from models. He has another brother who will fit you and your good lady with all sorts of clothing; and yet a third relative who will find servants, and contract to supply you with all the native and European delicacies in the market, upon condition that his monthly bills are regularly honoured.

Of Siam Mr. Thomson has not much of importance to say. He had an audience with the King, who, following in the footsteps of his father, shows a taste for European languages, but with these his desire for the acquisition of anything European appears to cease. The Government is on a par with those of the less advanced Oriental Empires, and the people seem to have shown some ingenuity in acquiring all the vices of their neighbours. Like the Chinese they are inveterate gamblers and opium-smokers, and from the Malays they have imbibed a love of indolence and of cock-fighting. Poverty and degradation are their leading characteristics, and dirt and squalor their usual surroundings. It seems strange to read of the Summer Palace of the King, built after the similitude of Windsor Castle, cheek by jowl with the miserable hovels of the people, and within bowshot of sights and odours which will bear comparison with those of the most filthy city in the East. Among other places Mr. Thomson visited Ma Klong, the birthplace of the Siamese Twins, of whose existence, though the natives professed to be ignorant, Nature seems to have proved herself less unmindful; for, as if to make the balance true for having invented a single being with four legs, she has now produced on the same spot a pig with only two.

From Siam Mr. Thomson passed on to Cambodia, and made his way, not without some difficulty, to the ancient ruins of the capital, Inthapatapuri. Of these the most remarkable is the Naklon Wat, "the city of monasteries," which is said to have been originally intended for a palace, but which was converted into a temple on the arrival of the Patriarch Buddhaghosa, whose successor, Buddhidharma, carried a knowledge of the Buddhist faith into China and Japan. Mr. Thomson tells us that this structure "is carried upwards from its base in three quadrangular tiers, with a large central tower above all, having an elevation of 180 feet . . . . four lower or inferior towers rise around it, and the whole structure is probably meant to symbolize Mount Meru, or the centre of the Buddhist Universe." On the walls of the galleries surrounding the temples are bas-reliefs representing battle-scenes taken from the epic poems, Ramayana and Mahabharata, the various incidents of which, such as the triumph of Rama over the demon Ravana, and the recovery of his wife Sita, are depicted with great spirit. The entire building conveys an elevated idea of the civilization which in past ages existed in Cambodia, and of the height from which the people claiming the builders of Naklon Wat as their ancestors have fallen; and if, as Mr. Thomson asserts, ruins of buildings of a similar kind are to be met with in Siam, Laos, and Annam, there can be little doubt that there was as wide a difference between the Empire over which the ancient Cambodian dynasty reigned and the modern Cambodia as between its subjects and their representatives of the present day.

Mr. Thomson's is a bulky volume, and though it contains a good deal that is of interest, there is yet a considerable amount of padding which might well have been dispensed with. His repetition of hackneyed tales, with which every one who has been a passenger on board a Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer must be perfectly familiar, is unnecessary and irritating, and his style partakes too much of the nature of what the Chinese call "ploughing with the pen" to be attractive.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THERE are few more interesting topics than the political and social organization of that vast Saracen empire which, created by shepherds and plunderers whose name had scarcely before been pronounced in history, spread in less than half a century from the Indus to the Atlantic, and stood at the highest point of contemporary civilization for more than three hundred years. Herr von Kremer's copious information and attractive style* admirably qualify him to communicate his own enthusiasm on the subject to general readers. Orientalists may probably consider his treatment of his theme too discursive; but the defect, if defect it be, fills his pages with animation and variety. In his first chapter he sketches the idea of the Caliphate, suggesting, if not absolutely showing, how the temporal and spiritual authority, disjoined in Christianity and thus exposed to mutual collision and friction, were in Islam combined in a single hand. This unity of impulse was no doubt one cause of the rapid progress of Mohammedanism, but it became a source of weakness when, as is invariably the case with Oriental dynasties, the head of Church and State became feeble and corrupt. The contrast between the stern simplicity of the early Caliphs and the luxury of their Ommiade successors is vividly displayed by Herr von Kremer, who adds picturesqueness to his narrative by a glowing description of Damascus, the capital of the latter. This decay of the spirit of proselytism and conquest was nevertheless an indispensable condition of the prodigious development of culture which it is the author's especial business to portray. Omar had aimed at perpetuating the military character of the conquering race; he had forbidden his followers to hold land, and endeavoured thus to render them a perpetually aggressive force, as ready as the veterans of Alexander or Wellington "to go anywhere and do anything." This ideal proved unattainable; and under the Ommiades we find the nomads of the wilderness a regularly organized community, formed indeed on a Byzantine and Sassanian groundwork, but distinguished from previous civilization in many respects, and in none more than in the novel relations introduced between a dominant race professing an entirely new creed and a mass of unbelieving subjects. Conquests were no new thing in the history of the East; but this peculiar antagonism of conquerors and conquered, except upon a small scale in Persia, was formerly unknown. It prevented the

* *Culturgeschichte des Orients unter den Chalifen.* Von Alfred von Kremer. Bd. I. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

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progress of civilization from being as general in the East as in the West, and will probably account in a great degree both for its brilliancy and its briefness. The comparatively small number of enlightened men who were unwearied in appropriating and applying the wisdom of Greeks and Romans, Jews and Christians, became involved in conflict with the harsh spirit of Mussulman orthodoxy, and succumbed in the absence of a printing press, as their counterparts of the European Renaissance must have done under similar circumstances. The Mohammedan religion as such is entitled to no credit for this splendid display of learning and refinement, which attests nothing but the intellectual gifts of the Arab race. Herr von Kremer gives an interesting account of the principal schools of jurisprudence, especially that of Abu Haneefa, the most liberal of them all. It is curious to find the insufficiency of the Koran as a legal manual in a complex condition of society leading to the introduction of tribunals of equity precisely on the principle of our own. The Koran was also helped out by the circulation or invention of traditions respecting the decisions of the Prophet and the early Caliphs, a large proportion of which were professedly derived from female sources. Herr von Kremer has also long and copious chapters on the administration and military organization of the Ommiade and Abbasside Caliphs, and their financial arrangements. The latter, from the division of tributes according to provinces, is equivalent to a geographical account of the whole empire, and reminds us of Herodotus's account of the Persian satrapies as organized by Darius.

Professor H. Brandes's valuable and painstaking contributions to Assyrian and Egyptian research * are three in number. The first is an inquiry into the list of Assyrian annual magistrates, from whom the current year was denominated, as in the case of the Roman Consuls. The second is an endeavour to settle the chronology of the Kings of Israel and Judah by the aid of the Assyrian records, an undertaking which Professor Brandes considers to be now all but brought to perfection. The point of most general interest is the confusion in the Book of Kings by which the first Assyrian invasion of Judæa under Hezekiah is attributed to Sennacherib instead of his predecessor Sargon. The third treats of the Sothic period of the Egyptians. Professor Brandes's researches derive additional interest from the circumstance of his not being an Assyriologist by profession, but one of the small number of unbiassed scrutinizers who, from their knowledge of collateral branches of inquiry, are competent to decide whether the general tendency of the accepted system is towards truth or error. His favourable judgment is highly encouraging, and will, it may be hoped, contribute much to encourage the study of cuneiform texts in Germany.

Dr. L. Keller's examination of the sources of information possessed by the historians of the Second Punic War † is a highly acute and suggestive piece of criticism, leading to some rather startling results. Dr. Keller distinguishes between two great lines of tradition—the one followed by Polybius and Livy, the other by Appian and Dio Cassius—and endeavours to prove that the latter is the more trustworthy, so far at least as the Spanish and African campaigns are concerned. His ground is the probability that Appian and Dio represent the lost history of Juba, the descendant of Masinissa, whose materials must certainly have been authentic, and who can have felt under no temptation to pervert history in the interest of Roman glory. It must undoubtedly have struck every reader of Appian's narrative of Scipio's African campaigns that the circumstances he records could hardly have been invented, and that Livy's account must be defective at the least. Livy's character for accuracy does not stand high, but it is no light thing to discredit Polybius. Dr. Keller, however, thinks that he detects both in Livy and Polybius indications of two conflicting sources of information—one tainted by animosity against, the other by partiality for, the Scipios; he further considers that these chronicles had already been amalgamated before the time of Polybius by Lucius Calpurnius Piso, that Polybius and Livy merely follow him, and that his authority for all Spanish and African transactions is inferior to Jube's. As an instance of the untrustworthiness of even contemporary authorities, he adduces a French almanac which he has seen himself, where the compiler has entered the engagements of Froschweiler, Reichshoffen, and Wörth as taking place successively on August 4, 5, and 6, thus making three battles out of one, which it might have been thought he had had sufficient reason to remember accurately all his life.

The history of the Transylvanian Saxons ‡ offers many points of attraction, alike on account of the human interest attaching to the little band of colonists so completely isolated from the parent country, and exposed to such tempestuous vicissitudes as an outpost of European civilization, and from the light which their peculiar legal position, and their tenacious adherence to their customs and privileges, contribute to the constitutional and social history of mediæval Europe. The first immigration took place about 1150 at the invitation of Geisa I., King of Hungary. No contemporary notice of it is preserved, but from the obscure traditions of the settlers it is inferred that they came from the maritime districts of Germany, and that some among them were Flemings. The movement, one phase of a general contemporary impulse of the Teutonic race towards Eastern Europe, must have been carried out on a large scale, for early in the thirteenth century there is documentary evidence of the existence of 50,000 German homesteads in Transylvania. There appears at first no trace of political organization, but in 1224 the immigrants received a charter from the Hungarian crown, by which, among other valuable privileges, they secured the right of electing their magistrates. The Szeklers and Wallachs also make their first appearance upon the scene about this period, from which the history of modern Transylvania may be dated. It has been in substance little else than the open or repressed struggle of the three rival nationalities, chequered by the oppression of all three by the Turks for upwards of two centuries. The Saxons have to some extent lost ground, but still remain respectable in numbers, influential from intelligence and industry, and as German as ever. Herr Teutsch's history is written from the patriotic point of view, and is well adapted to its object. His narrative is simple and animated, but the chief interest of his work to foreigners will probably be found to consist in its illustrations of public law and of social observances, of trade and industry, and of the encouragement of learning. This last was at one time at the lowest ebb in Transylvania itself, but students from the country eagerly resorted to the Universities of Vienna and Cracow. Several of the earliest printers in Italy were Transylvanian Germans, and the number of imported books printed before 1500 even now to be found in the country is perfectly extraordinary. The chief glory of Transylvania, however, is its absolute religious toleration, solemnly adopted as an indefeasible principle by both Germans and Szeklers in the early days of the Reformation, and never since materially infringed.

Professor W. Arnold has written a very interesting essay on the ethnology of Hesse*, as ascertained by the etymology of local names. He finds numerous traces of a præ-historic Celtic population, expelled by the Germans, and conjectures that a remnant of these may survive in the *Schwälmer*, a clan of some twenty thousand souls, German in speech, but distinguished by physical features and peculiarities of manners and of costume. The essay contains admirable remarks on the importance of the names of places for ethnology and philology.

"Contributions to Anthropology," † by G. Gerland, constitute an interesting volume of speculations on the fascinating but difficult problem of the origin and development of the human race, strictly from the point of view of the evolutionary theory, but at the same time exhibiting this in a much less materialistic aspect than it commonly assumes in this country. While fully acknowledging the importance of natural selection, the author is satisfied that neither this nor any other purely mechanical cause is adequate to account for the progressive ascent of existence. He admits no essential distinction between the inorganic and organic, and claims for the most rudimentary forms of matter an informing soul whose development has progressed *pari passu* with that of its corporeal associates, by mutual action and reaction. As a material factor in the development of humanity from a lower stage, he lays especial stress on the cultivation and artificial preparation of vegetable food, and contends that the species must have originated where these processes would be easiest, or, as he considers, in the subtropical regions of Asia. The general spirit of the work is fully expressed by the author's proposition that "the mechanical and atomistic view of life and the universe is not only not opposed to ideal, æsthetic, and religious conceptions of these, but is their natural complement"; its motto might have been the famous dictum of Schelling—"Nature is visible Spirit; Spirit invisible Nature."

The idea of the insufficiency of mere natural selection, and the necessity of supplementing it by, or rather including it in, some more comprehensive principle of development, is also the groundwork of Dr. Adolf Bastian's ‡ treatise, "Creation or Evolution?" Dr. Bastian admits the doctrine of natural selection up to a certain point, and speaks most respectfully of Mr. Darwin, but considers that his theory has been carried to a preposterous extreme by Haeckel and others of his German disciples. He is himself disposed to lay principal stress on the effects of climate and the general environment of the animal subjected to modification; and his views, while on the one hand offering an analogy to those of Oken and other præ-Darwinian evolutionists, present on the other an affinity to those of our countryman Mr. Murray, to whom he is largely indebted. It need not be said that his work is a model neither of method nor of perspicuity, and that he is scarcely competent to encounter his opponents on their own chosen ground of physiology. Their case is ably put for general readers in a course of lectures delivered at Zürich by Arnold Dodel §, in which the Darwinian

* *Abhandlungen zur Geschichte des Orients im Alterthum.* Von Dr. H. Brandes. Halle: Lippert. London: Nutt.

† *Der zweite Punische Krieg und seine Quellen. Eine historische Untersuchung.* Von Ludwig Keller. Marburg: Elwert. London: Nutt.

‡ *Geschichte der Siebenbürger Sachsen für das sächsische Volk.* Von G. D. Teutsch. Zweite Auflage. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Ansiedelungen und Wanderungen deutscher Stämme, zumeist nach Hessischen Ortsnamen.* Von W. Arnold. Abth. 1. Marburg: Elwert. London: Asher & Co.

† *Anthropologische Beiträge.* Von G. Gerland. Bd. 1. Halle: Lippert. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Schöpfung oder Entstehung. Aphorismen zur Entwicklung des organischen Lebens.* Von A. Bastian. Jena: Costenoble. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die neuere Schöpfungsgeschichte. In gemeinverständlichen Vorlesungen.* Von A. Dodel. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

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theory in its most developed form is expounded with great lucidity and copious illustration, but also with a full measure of the arrogance so unfortunately characteristic of the rising generation of naturalists. Herr Dodel is great in those affiliations of the various forms of existence which Dr. Bastian views with such distrust, and will sketch out a botanical or zoological pedigree with as much confidence as if he had borrowed the documents from the Heralds' College.

Dr. E. Reich* apparently aspires to be the Alexander Walker of Germany, with improvements suitable to the present advanced state of civilization. Statistics are among the most obvious of these marks of progress. Our gynæcologist accordingly begins with data for estimating the average rate of female pulsation, and determining what percentage of any given number of the fair sex may be expected to commit suicide or take to immoral courses. Physiological details are then copiously adduced and critically discussed. The mind comes in the last place. There is, however, one conspicuous difference between Walker and Dr. Reich. Walker's works were entirely his own, whereas Dr. Reich's volume is to a great extent made up of excerpts from other authors. When he speaks in his own person the change is usually for the worse. The book is a commonplace one in both senses of the term. It would nevertheless be unjust to deny that it contains much that is really valuable.

The Latin version of the Scriptures known as the "Itala,"† if not the oldest, was by far the most esteemed, until superseded by the Vulgate of Jerome. Its popularity can only have been due to its merits, and in particular to the accuracy with which it reflected the ordinary language of the people in the only province where this "plebeian Latin" asserted a substantive literary existence—namely, in Africa. That such was its character is attested by the fragments preserved as quotations in the writings of the Fathers. So far as these extend, it is an invaluable philological monument, representing the first stage of the decomposition of Latin into the Romance languages. Herr Rönsch has carefully collected all instances of linguistic peculiarities from its fragments and from the Vulgate, classifying them accordingly as they offer new words, new compounds, new senses, new constructions, or simply Hellenisms, with parallel or illustrative examples from the later Latin writers. The work is one of some biblical, and great philological, interest.

Dr. Ebrard‡, well known as a vehement opponent of Strauss, has arrived at the conclusion that young theologians are in general but imperfectly instructed in physical science, and endeavours to supply the deficiency by a manual of the latter subject in its relation to theological studies. The points principally discussed by him are the theory of final causes, the countenance which science is asserted to afford to original sin and similar doctrines, and the absurdity, as Dr. Ebrard considers, of all systems irreconcilable with his own, from the Hegelian to the Darwinian. The work exhibits an immense amount of reading, but is abstruse, dogmatic, and discourteous. A second volume, on the historical evidences of Christianity, is to follow.

The late Professor Vilmar § was dogmatic in his theological and despotic in his personal capacity, but he expressed himself with clearness and force, and occasionally with eloquence. His posthumous lectures are an emphatic enunciation of the views of his school. The happy pregnancy of the Greek language enables us to indicate their contents with brevity and precision by stating that the first part is concerned with theology, angelology, and demonology; the second with anthropology; the third, not yet published, with soteriology, ecclesiology, and eschatology.

It is somewhat startling to discover that Hungary already possessed a national drama in the year of Shakspeare's birth ‖; but the fact seems sufficiently authenticated by the preservation of a single play which was evidently written to be acted, and thus implies the existence of a dramatic company and of a certain amount of dramatic taste among the people. Though rude and artless, the piece is not devoid of effectiveness, and it is almost certainly the survivor of a number of popular dramas which were no more composed with a view to the closet than Shakspeare's were. Its preservation is probably attributable to political motives, it having been printed in 1569 by a Unitarian pastor in Transylvania shortly after the invasion of that principality by the Hungarian noble whose evil deeds are the subject of the piece. This was Melchior Balassa, a brave but rebellious feudal chief, and a marauder upon a large scale, who made himself very conspicuous in the then distracted state of Hungary. The piece, according to the translator, is clearly and forcibly written, but many of the allusions have become obscure by the lapse of time; it nevertheless conveys a vivid impression of the condition of the country at the period.

* *Studien über die Frauen.* Von E. Reich. Jena: Costenoble. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Itala und Vulgata. Das Sprachidiom der urchristlichen Itala und der katholischen Vulgata unter Berücksichtigung der Römischen Volkssprache.* Von H. Rönsch. Zweite berichtigte und vermehrte Ausgabe. Marburg: Elwert. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Apologetik. Wissenschaftliche Rechtfertigung des Christenthumes.* Von J. H. A. Ebrard. Th. 1. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Dogmatik.* Akademische Vorlesungen von D. A. F. C. Vilmar. Th. 1. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. London: Williams and Norgate.

‖ *Eine ungarische Tragikomödie gedichtet und gespielt im Jahre der Geburt Shakespeare's und Marlowe's*, 1564. Wörtlich übersetzt mit Vorwort und Nachwort von K. M. K. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Asher & Co.

The new lays of "Mirza Schaffy"* deserve to be ranked with their predecessors for elegance, and for the happy fusion of wise reflection and serious feeling with fancy, sportiveness, and urbanity. Some of them may appear somewhat trivial, but the collection should rather be judged by the total impression it produces than by the merits of individual pieces. As a whole, it greatly resembles the "Divan" of Goethe, with much less of passion and poetical feeling, but also with a more uniform standard of excellence, and with very much less of Oriental masquerade. Except, indeed, for old associations, it is not probable that Mirza Schaffy would have been named in connexion with it. The publication, however, has afforded Professor Bodenstedt an opportunity of subjoining an appendix giving the true history of his acquaintance with the reputed author, whom some have supposed to have actually composed the poems published under his name, while others have taken him for an absolute myth. In fact, he was Bodenstedt's Persian teacher, whose name the European poet borrowed partly out of esteem, partly as a convenient means of indicating the Oriental spirit of his poetry. Mirza Schaffy, accordingly, is an almost unique instance of an actual personage whose name is employed during his own lifetime as a pseudonym, and of a poet widely renowned in foreign countries as the reputed author of the poems of another, while his genuine compositions are entirely neglected in his own.

The author of the *New Tannhäuser*, with all its ethical and other deficiencies, unquestionably the pearl of contemporary German lyrical poetry, has ventured upon the dangerous experiment of a continuation. Variety is to some extent secured by "Tannhäuser in Rome"† being thrown into the form of a continuous narrative poem. The writer's poetical *verve* is hardly impaired, and the inferiority of his new work is principally to be ascribed to the inferiority in attractiveness and effect of the form he has selected. Many passages are nevertheless highly poetical, especially those consecrated to the portrayal of passionate emotion, or of the voluptuous impressions of Italian scenery. The story is unattractive; Tannhäuser is too simple for our sympathy, and his mistress too heartless. The catastrophe is a curious variation upon the original legend. Instead of renouncing the world, Tannhäuser contents himself with renouncing the Pope. He returns to Germany with the resolution of becoming a second Ulrich von Hutten, and standing through thick and thin by Prince Bismarck.

Georg Scherer's‡ selection of German popular songs is ably compiled, and exceedingly tasteful in typography.

The *Deutsche Rundschau* § continues to be conducted by Herr Rodenberg with undiminished spirit. The third number begins with a poem by Emanuel Geibel, betraying a close study of Tennyson, although the characteristic of the piece is humour, by no means a strong point with our Laureate. "Ricordo" is a pretty novelette, and there are interesting papers on the Fiji Islands and on Prussian elementary education, which, as concerns the humbler classes, appears to be fully as inefficient as in England. The most interesting contribution, however, is a record of Prince Napoleon's visit to Berlin in 1857 on occasion of the Neuchâtel affair, from the unpublished memoirs of General von Brandt. The General was placed in immediate attendance upon the Prince, and his observation seems to have been accurate and impartial. The Prince acquitted himself with more dignity and tact than his hosts, who, disliking a visit which they were unable to decline, treated him as a guest *qu'on reçoit debout*. He manifested the utmost interest in everything relating to Frederick the Great, and spoke warmly of his Imperial cousin, whom he described as affable, patient, systematic, and only once known to go into a passion. This was in London; nobody knew the reason, but one of the suite opined "que c'était probablement quelque trahison politique de la part de Lord Palmerston." The fourth number has an excellent article on the Italian Renaissance; one on African exploration, by no less practical an authority that Dr. Schweinfurth; and another of much interest on Ferdinand Lassalle, a German Alcibiades, whose stormy career strongly resembles that of Cæsar while Cæsar was yet a tribune of the people, and who wanted neither ability nor inclination to have completed the parallel had circumstances been propitious.

* *Aus dem Nachlass Mirza Schaffy's.* Neues Liederbuch, mit Prolog und erläuterndem Nachtrag von F. Bodenstedt. Berlin: Hofmann. London: Asher & Co.

† *Tannhäuser in Rom.* Vom Verfasser des "Neuen Tannhäuser." Wien: Rosner. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Jungbrunnen. Die schönsten deutschen Volkslieder.* Gesammelt von G. Scherer. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Hft. 3. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

We are indebted to a Correspondent, whose authority on the point is beyond question, for an opportunity of correcting an error in our first notice (SATURDAY REVIEW, February 6), *of* Mr. KINGLAKE'S *new volume. Our Correspondent informs us that* Mr. KINGLAKE'S *statement, in p.* 195, *as to the position and functions at Inkerman of the distinguished Artillery officer there named was strictly correct as applied to the time preceding and during the battle.*

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CONTENTS OF No. 1,007, FEBRUARY 13, 1875:

The Russian Attack on England—Strond—The New French Republic—Germany—The Notice-Paper—The Government and the Army—Slavery on the Gold Coast—The Artisans' Dwellings Bill.

Eskimo Europe—Old Letters—Penal Laws against Heresy—The Tyranny of Mothers—The Civil Service—The Judges on Flogging—St. Katharine's Hospital—Attitude is Everything—The Sporting Writer of the Past—The Old Masters at the Royal Academy—IV.

Histories of Ancient and Modern Philosophy—Maurice's English Popular Leaders—The Hawaiian Archipelago—Kinglake's Inkerman—The Maid of Killeena—Wheeler's History of India—Musgrave's Studies in Political Economy—The Maskelynes—Wickham's Horace—Minor Notices.

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The THIRD SERIES of CONCERTS will take place at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday Evenings, March 10, 31, April 7, 21, May 5, 19. Conductor, Mr. GEORGE MOUNT. Subscription, £1 11s. 6d. and £1 1s.; Single Tickets, 7s., 5s., 3s., 1s.—Lucas, Weber, & Co., Cramer, Lamborn Cock, Mitchell, Chappell, Ollivier, Keith, Prowse, A. Hays, and at Austin's, St. James's Hall.
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Papers on the Principles of Naval Construction, on Practical Shipbuilding, on Marine Engineering, on Steam Navigation, on the Equipment and Management of Ships for Merchandise and for War, will be read at the Meetings.
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A. SEDGWICK WOOLLEY, *Assistant Sec.*
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MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE (February 1875).—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS, varying in value from £50 to £15 a year, besides a certain number of FREE ADMISSIONS, will be competed for early in June next. These Scholarships are open to Members of the School and others, without distinction; two will be offered for proficiency in Mathematics, and one is limited to Sons of Clergymen. Age of Candidates, from 13 to 16. Full particulars may be obtained on application to Mr. SELLICK, The College, Marlborough.

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ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS for ENGLAND.

REGULATIONS RESPECTING GRANTS OUT OF THE COMMON FUND.

FEBRUARY 1875.

I. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England are prepared to endow a limited number of new Churches to which Districts have been or shall have been legally assigned since the Third day of April, 1871, containing in each case, at the date of such assignment, a population of not less than 4,000 persons, and not being situated within the limits of the ancient Parish of Manchester (*a*), provided that the formation of any such District shall not involve the reduction below 4,000 persons of the population of any other Benefice receiving a Grant from the Commissioners on the ground of population; the Grants to Churches of this character which may be in public patronage (*b*) to be made, to the extent of £300 a year, unconditionally, and to those in private patronage, to the extent of £100 a year, upon condition that an Endowment of equal value be provided from non-ecclesiastical sources.

No application will be eligible for consideration under this Regulation, unless and until a Church, in which at least one half of the sittings are free, shall have been built and consecrated, and a separate District shall have been legally assigned thereto, with authority to the Incumbent to perform all the offices of the Church.

N.B. The New Districts which have been already formed in expectation of receiving endowment under such a Regulation as the foregoing, and which fulfil all the conditions attaching thereto, are sufficiently numerous to absorb the whole of the funds which the Commissioners are able to appropriate to this class of Grants, during the current year.

II. The Commissioners are further prepared to receive, on or before the 30th of November, 1875, offers of Benefactions of not less than £100 each in capital value towards making better provision for the cure of souls, with a view to such offers being met by the Board with Grants during the Spring of 1876.

The distribution of these Grants will be made subject to the following general Regulations:

1. A Benefaction from Trustees, or from any Diocesan or other Society or body of contributors, as well as from any individual, whether such Benefaction consist of money, land, house, site for a house, tithe, or rentcharge, any or all, may be met by a Grant from the Commissioners; but neither a Site for a Church, nor a Grant from Queen Anne's Bounty, nor a Benefaction already met by such a Grant, nor money borrowed of Queen Anne's Bounty, nor a charge upon the revenues of any Ecclesiastical Corporation aggregate or sole [except as undermentioned (*c*)], nor any Endowment, Bequest, Gift, or Benefaction already secured to a Benefice or Church, can be met by a Grant from the Commissioners.

2. The Grants will consist of Perpetual Annuities in all cases, except those in which, with a view to the provision of Parsonage Houses, or for other reasons, it may appear to the Commissioners to be especially desirable that Capital should be voted.

3. No single Benefice or proposed District will be eligible to receive a Grant of a larger sum than £50 per annum, or of £1,500 in capital, and in no case will the Grant exceed in value the Benefaction offered, the Grant, if it consist of a perpetual annuity, being estimated as worth thirty years' purchase.

4. Districts proposed to be formed out of, or Chapelries proposed to be severed from, existing Cures, but the formation or severance of which shall not have been legally completed on or before the 1st of January, 1876, will not be eligible to receive Grants, except in cases where the amount of Benefaction offered would, with the Commissioners' Grant, be sufficient to provide an endowment of £150 per annum, or to raise to that amount any endowment previously secured.

5. In selecting cases priority will be given to those which, having regard to income and population, shall appear to be the most necessitous.

6. A Benefice held contrary to the provisions of the Plurality Acts as applicable to new Incumbents will not be considered eligible for a Grant.

7. A Benefice which has received a Grant is not disqualified, on the offer of a further Benefaction, from competing for a further Grant in any subsequent year.

8. The Benefaction, if in cash, and the Grant, if it consists of capital, may, in the case of existing Benefices, with the consent of the Commissioners and the Bishop of the Diocese, be laid out in the purchase of land, or tithe rentcharge, within the Parish or District, or in the purchase or erection of a Parsonage House.

9. Every application must contain a specific offer of a Benefaction, and must reach the Commissioners' Office on or before the 30th of November, 1875, in order to render it eligible to compete for a Grant in the Spring of 1876; and in the event of a Grant being made to a Benefice, the Benefaction, if in money, must be paid to the Commissioners on or before the 1st of May following.

All Communications should be addressed to the SECRETARY, Ecclesiastical Commission, 10 Whitehall Place, London, S.W., and the postage prepaid.

By Order of the Board,

GEORGE PRINGLE, *Secretary*.

a Having regard to the provisions of "The Parish of Manchester Division Act," by which a special fund is created for the endowment and augmentation of Cures within the parish of Manchester, Part II. of these Regulations will be considered as inapplicable to that parish, and Part I. as applicable to it only in a qualified sense.

b Videlicet: In the patronage of Her Majesty, either in right of the Crown or of the Ducby of Lancaster, of the Duke of Cornwall, of any Archbishop or Bishop, of any Dean and Chapter, Dean, Archdeacon, Prebendary, or other dignitary or officer in any Cathedral or Collegiate Church, or of any Rector, Vicar, or Perpetual Curate, as such, or of a body of Trustees not possessing power to sell or transfer the right of presentation.

c Where the Incumbent of a Benefice is willing to surrender a portion of the Endowment of such Benefice towards augmenting the Income of a District Church, such surrender will be treated as a Benefaction of a sum equal to seven years' purchase of the net annual income so surrendered.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,009, Vol. 39. February 27, 1875. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6d.

THE BIRTH OF A REPUBLIC.

THE spectacle of brethren dwelling together in unity is commonly supposed to exert a soothing influence on those who witness it. But the unity of the Republican majority in the French Assembly is a unity which takes away one's breath. It is so overpowering, so demonstrative, so absolutely proof against argument, or abuse, or ridicule, that it is impossible either to criticize, or admire, or approve, or do anything else which implies judgment. We can only sit still and wonder. A fortnight since the breach between the fractions which compose the majority that has just done such great things seemed more impassable than ever. Each party thought itself betrayed. The Right Centre were indignant because the Left had amended their scheme; the Left were indignant because the Right Centre had abandoned their scheme as soon as it had been amended. Rage at the failure of a coalition which has cost immense trouble, and mutual suspicion of treachery, are not elements out of which it is easy to build a new combination. The prospect seemed at least as unpromising as it had ever been, and how unpromising that was may be read in the history of the last two years. Yet in a week the project of a new union had been agreed on, and in a fortnight it has been carried through the Assembly without the sacrifice of a single detail. The leaders of the Left and the Right Centre came to terms upon the composition of a Senate, and a compact majority was ordered out to reject every alteration in the Bill. No one was put to the trouble of considering whether this or that suggestion was an improvement. The coalition was as pitiless in rejecting improvements as in rejecting alterations which were not improvements. It was the right policy to follow, because, if license had been given to a single straggler, in no matter how unimportant an amendment, the inch would certainly have become an ell, and it would have been taken by a great many stragglers without license. The leaders on both sides had thoroughly appreciated the situation; the marvel is how they contrived to make all their followers appreciate it with equal accuracy. The Right were driven nearly mad by this unexpected unanimity on the part of their adversaries. They had only lately convinced themselves that the Right Centre were capable of such iniquity as accepting the Republic, and even when this conclusion was at last forced upon them, it was accompanied by the consoling hope that the Left would never be induced to accept the same kind of Republic. When the new Senate Bill was produced it was so clearly the work of the Right Centre that this hope must for the moment have become certainty. The Right had only to drag a few Radical commonplaces into the debate, and the Left would inevitably be thrown off the scent. The Left had never yet been able to resist throwing up their hats whenever universal suffrage was mentioned; was it to be believed that they would show more self-control now? Accordingly it was on this line that such fighting as there was took place. Legitimist after Legitimist, Bonapartist after Bonapartist, taunted the Left with having deserted their principles, with having first voted for a Senate selected by universal suffrage, and then contented themselves with a Senate elected by a very limited constituency. The Left either sat silent, or indulged in superior smiles, or playfully told the speakers that they were not in the least embarrassed by the inconsistencies thus pleasantly pointed out to them. M. RAOUL DUVAL even introduced an amendment identical in substance with the very amendment which the Left had carried ten days before; but the Left had learned their lesson in the interval, and they voted as one man against their own proposal. The Duke of ROCHEFOUCAULD BISACCIA tried to draw them in another way. He declared that the Assembly was exceeding its powers, and that it had not been elected for the purpose of nominating Life Senators. There was a time when such a speech from a Legitimist would have called vollies of applause from the Left, but the idea of limiting the powers of the Assembly had no longer any charm for them. They voted steadily against an amendment making all the Senators elective, and thus entrusted to the Assembly, which they have so often denounced as a usurper without even the excuse of capacity to govern, the business of choosing men who are to help to rule France for the terms of their natural lives.

This closed the sitting of Monday. By Tuesday, M. RAOUL DUVAL and M. BRUNET had prepared a fresh string of tempting amendments. The Senate Bill assigned to the Department of the Seine and the Department of the Nord the same number of Senators. Surely the Left would not refuse to give their darling Paris an exceptional distinction? So, perhaps, M. BRUNET tried to persuade himself; but his proposal that the Seine should return six Senators instead of five was rejected without a word. Then came the most promising moment of all. If there is one point more than another upon which the Radicals might be supposed to be united, it is in detestation of the Mayors appointed by the Government. They are associated with the reactionary era of the Duke of BROGLIE, and they are still regarded as enemies who may prove dangerous at future elections. M. RAOUL DUVAL proposed to cast a formal slight upon them. The Electoral College which is to return the Senate is composed, among other elements, of delegates elected by the Municipal Councils, and M. DUVAL asked that Mayors and Deputy Mayors appointed by the Government should be declared ineligible for this purpose. He might as well have asked the Left to proclaim HENRY V. They had agreed to swallow the whole Bill, and they were honourably resolved to strain at camels no more than at gnats. M. BRUNET, undismayed by his former defeat, again tried to introduce the principle of proportioning representation to population; but this too was rejected. M. RAOUL DUVAL next took up the cause of the poor but virtuous elector. The voting for the Senate is to take place in the chief town of the department. How is a Radical elector who has no money to go half across a department for the purpose of giving his vote? His poverty will force him to stay at home, and to leave the composition of one of the branches of the Legislature to be settled by wealthy Conservatives to whom a journey presents no difficulties. The obvious remedy is to pay the elector's travelling expenses, and thus, in one respect at all events, put poor and rich on a level. M. RAOUL DUVAL must have had a momentary hope that this argument would not be wasted, but it was wasted all the same. Even M. DUVAL must have despaired by this time; but he was still ready to oppose the clause of the Bill which provides that Senators shall be unpaid. But the Left, after surrendering so much else, were not to be prevented from surrendering this also, and the most Conservative clause perhaps in the Bill was passed like all the rest. By Tuesday evening there was only one chance left for the Right. The Bill provided that the seventy-five Senators chosen by the Assembly should be elected by an absolute majority of votes, without any restriction as to the persons to be chosen. M. DELPIT proposed that they should be taken from a list of 150 persons to be furnished by Marshal MACMAHON, and this amendment, unlike all the others, was referred back to

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the Committee of Thirty. If this had implied a willingness on the part of the Right Centre to adopt it, the Left might have considered the compact at an end, and have retaliated on the Conservatives by throwing out the Bill on the third reading. But the reference to the Committee proved a false alarm. The clause came back as it went. A division was then taken on the Bill as a whole, and it was carried by 448 votes to 241. Thus by Wednesday afternoon France had secured a Senate. In another sitting and a half she was to have a complete Constitution. The Bill for the Transmission of Powers was taken up as soon as the Senate Bill had been disposed of, and was carried clause by clause in the same edifying manner. M. RAOUL DUVAL tried to sow discord in this model majority by proposing to insert a declaration that the sovereignty of the nation resides in the universality of the citizen; but the Left could hear this fine-sounding principle openly challenged in the tribune, and yet vote against its introduction into the Bill. An attempt was then made to shut out members of the families that have reigned in France from becoming Presidents of the Republic. This was evidently aimed at the Duke of AUMALE, and if it had been carried there is no saying what might not have been the effect on the Orleanist section of the majority. This was the last test the Left had to endure, and they stood it nobly. By 543 votes to 41 the Assembly rejected "this law of ostracism and distrust."

After the Left had yielded so much, they might have been allowed to date the new Republic from the 24th of February. But the Right Centre was as unbending upon this point as upon every other. The Left are to have a Republic—thus much is conceded—but they are neither to christen it, nor to fix its birthday, nor to determine what it shall be like, nor to have any hand in administering it. The Republic of 1875 is to be the Conservative Republic; its anniversary is to be kept on the 25th of February, not on the 24th; it is to have a strong Executive and a strong Second Chamber; its ministers are to be Republicans of the extremely mild type of M. DUFAURE and M. BUFFET. These are the terms on which the Right Centre have consented to unite with the Left, and it is the most extraordinary event in an extraordinary career that M. GAMBETTA should have been able to procure their acceptance. It is too soon to speculate on the future of this wonderful coalition; there are not even the materials for forming an opinion upon its past history. Two factions hitherto supposed to be irreconcilable, have agreed to take a house together. Each certainly wishes to be master, but which it is that expects to be master, and what grounds there are for such expectation, must for the present remain doubtful. All that can be said is, that as the Left have sacrificed most, they probably think that they have most to gain.

REGIMENTAL EXCHANGES.

IT is impossible to read the debate on the Bill for authorizing Regimental Exchanges by purchase without being struck by the extreme moderation and even diffidence which the Ministry displayed. Mr. HARDY proceeded from the outset on the assumption that the abolition of purchase was to be treated as irrevocable, and that, if it was to be accepted at all, it must be accepted loyally. He disclaimed in the strongest possible language any intention of getting rid by a side stroke of a measure to which most of his party had been opposed. The change in Lord CARDWELL'S system which he recommended was only advocated by the Government on the express ground that it could not possibly bring back the system of purchase. What he wished to do he might have done by recourse to that device of a Royal Warrant which was the great strategic manœuvre of the GLADSTONE Government. But, without indulging in invectives against an abuse of power on the part of his adversaries, he contented himself with saying that he thought that the change he proposed ought to be discussed by Parliament. It was on the recommendation of the Royal Commissioners that he proceeded. They had treated it as perfectly clear that the reintroduction of exchange by purchase would be a boon to the army, that it would do no harm to the public, and that it was entirely unconnected with the system of purchasing commissions. He did not think it open to him to pass by in neglect so distinct a recommendation of those who had been selected by the late Government to inquire into the grievances of the Army. Mr. WARD HUNT, who was himself one of the Commissioners, adopted the same line of reasoning, although in a still more modest vein, and he seemed to wonder how Lord Justice JAMES and Lord PENZANCE had arrived so very quickly and so very clearly at the conclusion to which they had come on this head. But he pointed out with perfect justice that the Commission of which he was a member had by no means approached the claims of the officers with a disposition to give all that was asked, and that some of the demands made by the officers had been very summarily and decisively dismissed. When, then, the Commissioners reported that there was one clear case as to which the officers had an indisputable grievance, the great probability was that this really was an instance where Parliament ought to interfere to make a slight alteration in Lord CARDWELL'S scheme. Mr. HARDY affected to be surprised at the opposition which he found a tiny measure recommended on such high authority was likely to encounter. He could not understand why any one should make much fuss about it. But he was probably aware before the debate closed that he was much more indebted to his opponents than to his supporters. He had to be saved from his friends. His Bill was treated by the military Conservative element as a faint instalment of justice to the officers who had been grievously wronged by abolition of purchase. He heard the old song of the excellence of the ancient regimental system sounding in his ears. He was, as one of his friends reminded him, paying in rather a scanty form the electioneering debt which the Conservative Ministry owed to its military supporters. He was not doing much towards liquidating the great debt, but he was doing something, and the little he did might be accepted as an earnest of future good deeds. Under the form of replying to opponents, the Government was able, without giving offence to its supporters, to repudiate the good intentions ascribed to it. It was enabled to explain that it was not going to restore purchase in any shape. If it could be shown that the Bill did restore purchase indirectly, it conceded that the Bill was a bad Bill. All that it contended for was that the Bill would please the officers without in the slightest degree making those evils reappear to be rid of which the nation had been willing to pay many millions of money.

It is instructive to notice how it happened that the Commissioners came to consider that a recommendation to restore exchanges by purchase fell at all within the scope of their mission, which was to inquire into the pecuniary grievances of officers. As Mr. HARDY himself pointed out, no one under the old system ever pretended that he ought to be repaid what he had expended to procure an exchange. An officer treated the money as lost, and, if he sold his commission, he sold it without reference to his outlay on any exchange he might have made. But when the officers came to think over their grievances, and to strive to make out as big a bill as possible, they discovered that they had suffered a loss by not being able to make money through exchanges. Lord CARDWELL'S scheme did not at all forbid exchanges; and it permitted an officer who wished for an exchange to pay all the expenses to which the person with whom he made the exchange was really put. What it did forbid was that one party to the bargain should put something extra beyond expenses into the pocket of the other party. When the Commissioners were invited to give a pecuniary indemnity to officers generally for the loss of the extra something which some of them might have got by making a good bargain for an exchange, they asked themselves whether it was really necessary that the payment of this extra sum should be forbidden. It would evidently save all trouble in fixing the amount of an indemnity if all chance of the loss for which the indemnity was to be paid was removed. With very little inquiry and with very little evidence to support one conclusion or the other, they jumped to the resolution that it could do no harm to any one if one officer who wanted an exchange paid another for giving him what he wanted. Mr. HARDY did not see how he was to escape from the position in which this resolution of the Commissioners had placed him. An impartial tribunal appointed by the Government to which Lord CARDWELL'S scheme owed its existence had expressed itself as clear, to a degree of certainty beyond what it felt on any other head, that this particular grievance of the officers ought to be redressed; and Mr. HARDY had taken office pledged to redress all grievances of officers that could be satisfactorily established.

But when he came to argue on behalf of his Bill he

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had little or nothing to say beyond that he deferred to the opinion of the Commissioners. In order to say a little more he had to go on ground that was irrelevant or dangerous. He pointed out, what no one contested, that exchanges were often harmless and often advantageous to the service. An officer in Canada wants a hot climate, an officer in India wants a cold one; why should they not exchange? A man appointed to a regiment seeks after a time to exchange into one in which his father served, or which is recruited from a part of the country to which he belongs. Why should not wishes so laudable be gratified? There is no reason at all, and accordingly Lord CARDWELL'S scheme permitted exchanges for reasons approved by the authorities. Mr. HARDY, in order to gain time and say something, was obliged to argue as if exchanges were altogether forbidden, whereas they are not forbidden in the least, and numerous exchanges are made every year. What is forbidden is a totally different thing. It is the bribing away an officer from a station where he would, but for the bribe, be content to stay, that is forbidden. Mr. HARDY further told a touching story of a young officer who was in debt to his tailor, and, by being offered a sum to exchange, was enabled at once to pay his tailor's bill and to go on active service and earn deserved distinction. It can hardly have escaped Mr. HARDY'S attention that he was treading on hot ashes when he told this story. If it is undesirable that money should be given to tempt an officer to go where he does not want to go, it is especially undesirable that the temptation should take the form of enabling him to pay his debts. All men of high military rank who have the interest of the service at heart are agreed that one of the most important objects they can effect is to guard young officers against extravagance. They would be sure to preach in vain if their young friends could rely on having their debts wiped out by being paid to exchange. Even, however, the argument to be deduced from this story was one degree higher in merit than that which Mr. HARDY drew from the trouble which the present system gives the War Office. An officer is now allowed to pay the actual expenses of the person whom he asks to exchange with him, and of course these expenses vary in different cases, it naturally costing a married officer more to change his station than it costs a single man. The War Office has thus to bother itself about such things as ladies' outfits and female servants, which are repugnant to the military mind, and Mr. HARDY urged that all such petticoat questions might be avoided if one officer gave another as much as he liked. No doubt trouble would be thus spared; but what is now gained is that, when the items of a bill have to be given in detail, the chances are that extra payments will not be indirectly introduced, as they easily might be, under cover of a general total; and if this is an object which in itself it is desirable to secure, even the mighty minds of the clerks in the War Office might be asked to go through the fatigue of a process by which it would be secured.

Speeches of considerable merit were made against the Bill, and it unavoidably happened that these speeches were not made from the Ministerial benches. Complaints were uttered by Conservatives that on such a point a party question should be raised; but it is not easy to see how in such a case it was possible to avoid a party question. It was the scheme of the late Government that, in the opinion of those who opposed the Bill, was being endangered, and those who desired to see that scheme placed beyond peril could not help speaking and voting against the Ministry. There was nothing in the language or in the demeanour of the opponents of the Bill which laid them open to the charge of unnecessary warmth or violence. Mr. TREVELYAN took the opportunity of apologizing for expressions which he formerly used with regard to English officers, and which he now recognizes to have been the silly ebullitions of a novice. Lord HARTINGTON appealed to his followers not to defer the division on the second reading. Mr. LOWE soared into the highest regions of poetry and morality. Of what possible use can an Opposition be if it is not to criticize a Ministerial measure as to which most candid critics would allow that two opinions might reasonably be held? Mr. HARDY admitted that the Bill might do serious harm to the army, unless its operation was controlled by very stringent regulations. Both he and Mr. HUNT referred with special earnestness to the opinions of a witness who appeared before the Commissioners, and declared that the military authorities must exercise considerable vigilance if they wished no abuses to creep in under cover of the proposed change. Those who spoke in opposition to the Bill pointed out that the military authorities had confessed, with regard to over-regulation prices, that they might make what regulations they pleased, and still abuses would grow up as soon as sales of anything in the army were once permitted. There was no contesting Mr. LOWE'S statement that payments given for exchanges amount to sales, and that in no other department of administration would it be tolerated that one official should buy the post of another. Mr. HARDY could only say that his regulations would be of such a very superior sort that they would be found effectual, although the regulations of other people might have been found illusory. This may be so; and it will be creditable to Mr. HARDY and satisfactory to the public if it proves to be the case. The Bill will call forth more debates, and there is every disposition both in Parliament and out of it to give officers everything they can reasonably ask for. But hitherto the weight of argument certainly seems against the Bill, and there is not much to set on the other side, except the respect due to the strong opinion of the Commissioners, and the hope that Mr. HARDY'S regulations may rise to an unusual degree of excellence. That the Bill will become law is almost certain, for the masters of many legions support it; but the amount of good or harm it does will depend almost entirely on the way in which it is practically worked, and nothing is so likely to ensure its being worked well as the opposition and criticism it has called forth.

SPAIN.

IT is well that Spain is inured to disappointment, for the brilliant hopes which were founded on the restoration of the Monarchy have been already dissipated. The movement of the army at which the young KING was present was, as is the fate of military operations in Spain, partially mismanaged. With a great superiority in numbers, LASERNA succeeded in relieving Pampeluna, but it has never been the policy of the Carlists to weaken their comparatively scanty forces by providing garrisons for considerable towns. If they had taken Pampeluna, it is doubtful whether they would have held it; and they are again occupying neighbouring positions in force, if they have not re-established the blockade. The Carlist generals on their part appear to have displayed little ability; but the gallantry of their soldiers secured them a victory in the combat at Lacar which has fully counterbalanced the success of the Alfonsists in relieving Pampeluna. The usual indications of dissatisfaction and uncertainty are furnished by frequent changes of generals. LASERNA has been superseded in the chief command by General QUESADA, who has still his reputation to make, and it is rumoured that MORIONES, who is supposed to be the ablest of the general officers, has resigned, or has been recalled. It would seem at present that the chronic and barren struggle in the North may continue for an indefinite time. The prospects of peace are so far clouded that they have not brightened through the exchange of an ambiguous and provisional form of government for a Monarchy which is acceptable to the upper classes and friendly to the clergy. A triumph in the field would perhaps have enabled the new Government to raise a loan; and even in present circumstances no other financial resource is likely to be available. If any English capitalists should engage in any speculation of the kind, it may be hoped that they will not seek redress for any hardship which they may incur by appealing to Sir H. JAMES'S Committee. There is perhaps money to be made by the exercise of vigilance and skill even in the contraction of Spanish loans. It is true that the principal is never repaid, and that the arrears of interest are ultimately capitalized; but in the meantime prices occasionally rise, and purchasers, instead of the nominal debtors, relieve the original lenders from loss.

Almost the only good fortune which has befallen the restored Monarchy is the readiness with which foreign Governments have acknowledged Don ALFONSO'S title. Germany and Austria had previously indicated their distaste for Republics by according to Marshal SERRANO a personal recognition which would not have applied to any successor in office. When Russia refused to follow the example of the two Imperial Courts, it was supposed that the Emperor ALEXANDER favoured the cause of Don

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CARLOS; but the representative of the female line is legitimate enough to satisfy all exigencies except those of the more violent French Royalists. The English Government has, after a short delay, accredited Mr. LAYARD to the young KING; and even the United States, which had with some precipitancy welcomed the advent of the Republic, will acknowledge ALFONSO XII. as soon as the negotiations for satisfaction in the matter of the *Virginius* are finally completed. It is probably through an excessive desire to propitiate the favour of the German EMPEROR that the Spanish Government has committed a diplomatic mistake. An unnecessary communication of the KING'S accession to the Government of Roumania has given great offence to the Porte. In consequence of the error, which may have been a simple oversight, the Porte has refused to answer King ALFONSO'S letter notifying his accession; and, as in the circumstances no diplomatic communication can be addressed to Spain, a Circular complaining of the affront has been forwarded to all the representatives of Turkey. The Spanish Government, or the Foreign Minister, is greatly to blame for an irregular and discourteous proceeding. The recent discussion on the claim of Roumania to conclude commercial conventions must have been well known at Madrid; and a new and unsettled Government was certainly not in a position to initiate a new controversy. If Prince CHARLES of Roumania has accepted the implied recognition of his independence, he will have provoked a fresh quarrel with the Porte. His patrons at St. Petersburg and at Berlin may not be unwilling to countenance his encroachments, but they must desire to retain for themselves the direction of his policy; and they can scarcely fail to disapprove of the officious intervention of Spain. King ALFONSO'S Ministers will do well to disclaim any intention of affronting the Porte.

Domestic events have for some time past diverted attention from the endless struggle in Cuba which still contributes its share to the waste of the resources of Spain. General CONCHA has lately been relieved of his office of Captain-General of Cuba; and probably the Government intends to employ his services at home, as he has been directed to return without awaiting the arrival of his successor. It is strange that for a long time past neither the colonial Government nor the American partisans of the rebels have claimed any considerable success. Two or three months ago the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES inserted in his Message to Congress the reference to the civil war in Cuba which has become a common form in similar documents. In the absence of official statements, the continuance of the smouldering civil war is only recalled to notice by the intimation that, as usual, reinforcements are required for the army in Cuba. But for the demands of the island it is possible that the Carlist insurrection might by this time have been suppressed. It is now announced that a conscription of 65,000 men will be ordered for service in the Northern provinces and in Cuba. In the suspension of the Cortes and of the Constitution the levy will be made by the sole authority of the KING and his Ministers, and it can scarcely fail to excite disaffection. On the last occasion, of 100,000 conscripts many were not forthcoming; and it is known that some hundreds, or, according to other accounts, some thousands, joined the Carlists. The conscription to which nearly all Continental nations submit has never been popular in Spain; but there is no other possible method of filling up the ranks of the army. The temporary favour with which the Republican party was regarded was in a great degree caused by the promises of its leaders to relax or abolish the conscription. The nation has perhaps by this time become aware that, if a regular army is in itself an evil and a burden, it is the first condition, in such a country as Spain, of order and of internal peace. If the army had not been ruinously weakened for factious purposes, the Carlist insurrection might perhaps never have occurred. It is now necessary to raise thousands of soldiers because the army had been injudiciously reduced two years ago. It is not likely that the new conscription will be actively resisted; but it will not increase the good will of the people to the KING.

The provisional confidence which on the accession of the young KING was conceded to his Ministers is already subsiding. They are perhaps not below the level of their predecessors, but they have not deviated from the traditional system of weak and arbitrary policy. Unless ZORRILLA was engaged in a conspiracy of which he has not been publicly accused, there seems to be no reasonable excuse for arresting him and compelling him to leave the country. It would have been a milder measure to prohibit the formation of the club or association which he endeavoured to form from the remnants of the Progressist and Republican parties. A Spanish Government could not be expected, as an alternative course, to tolerate opposition; and yet the security of the restored Monarchy could not for the present be seriously threatened by a combination of defeated and reciprocally hostile factions. ZORRILLA had been an active promoter of the candidature of AMADEO, and he was in office during the greater part of his short reign. On the institution of the Republic he refused to take part in public affairs, and he might not inconsistently have either tendered his services to King ALFONSO or have waited for the opportunity of leading a constitutional Opposition in the Cortes. Politicians in Spain are so much in the habit of conspiring that Governments, even when their adversaries have no such design, always act on the assumption that the law will be infringed. Notwithstanding the general acquiescence in the late restoration, it is unfortunate that the revived Monarchy still partakes of the character of a faction. A precocious or promising boy is nevertheless a boy, and, though he may be called a King, he can give no effective support to those who exercise authority in his name. SERRANO and SAGASTA held, as the result proved, an insecure position, because they acted in the name neither of a Monarchy nor of a Republic. CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO is the Minister of a KING who is yet disabled from reigning. On the other hand, King ALFONSO has the great good fortune of having no rival or competitive form of government to fear. The project of an Iberian kingdom under the House of BRAGANZA is forgotten, and no foreign prince would accept the offer of the Spanish crown. The Republic has failed on trial, and its eloquent advocate is about to devote himself to the harmless occupation of writing books in Switzerland. The only thing of which the Spanish nation is certain is that it will have nothing to say to Don CARLOS, and consequently ALFONSO XII. is King by a process of exhaustion.

DRAFTING ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.

OF two recent discussions on the machinery of legislation, the conversation on Mr. FORSYTH'S motion for the improvement of public Bills was much the more important. The House of Commons indeed attaches a professional interest to all schemes for redistributing Parliamentary work between the Government and private members; but elsewhere a general impression prevails that the details of the subject are dry, if not unintelligible. Yet the composition of Acts of Parliament is a matter of public concern, and it urgently requires supervision. The cumbrous and confused state of modern statute law affords a plausible argument to theorists who disapprove of all Parliamentary systems. It is alleged that experience proves the impossibility of framing clear and satisfactory enactments in tumultuary consultation; nor can there be any doubt that a competent lawyer is only embarrassed by interference in framing the draft of a Bill. The necessity of satisfying a large and independent assembly operates by anticipation as well as in the result of debate. The Minister who gives instructions for a Bill knows by previous controversy the exigencies which must be satisfied if his measure is to obtain the approval of Parliament. He generally wishes to cause as little disturbance of the existing law as his immediate object may require; and consequently former Acts are either wholly or partially incorporated in the new Bill, while the sections which may be repealed are enumerated, either specifically or by way of exception, in schedules. When a subject gives from its nature occasion for frequent or periodical legislation, the inconvenience of the present system of drafting necessarily accumulates. Mr. FORSYTH quoted the most flagrant instance of obscurity and awkwardness in the sanitary laws which Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH now proposes to consolidate into a code. It is nearly impossible for a careful and practised lawyer to answer many of the questions which arise on a dozen of these Acts, which have been always passed to remedy defects discovered in the earlier part of the series. If a formal notice has to be given or any other mechanical proceeding to be adopted under the Acts, it often becomes necessary to study the entire mass for the purpose of avoiding possible oversights and errors. A still more flagrant instance of confusion, involving perhaps an utter miscarriage of legislation, has within a

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few days been forced upon public attention. If it is really true that an escaped Irish convict cannot be remitted to undergo the remainder of his sentence when at any time he may be recaptured, the authors of the statutes affecting the question must have been guilty of negligence which could scarcely have been exhibited by a single responsible draftsman. A few paragraphs in any criminal code would have defined the liabilities of escaped convicts in language which would not have afforded material for a long Parliamentary discussion.

Mr. FORSYTH was probably satisfied with the concession by the Government of a Select Committee to consider the mode of correcting an acknowledged evil. His own suggestion of a Standing Committee on public Bills, to be assisted by a professional adviser, seems simple and reasonable, if it is found possible to secure the services of competent members. It would of course be necessary that the House of Lords should create a similar machinery; and there are many peers with ample leisure, which some of them are not unwilling to devote to public duty. Experience will show, if the plan is tried, whether verbal criticism can be profitably undertaken by a Committee of amateurs. At present private Bills are subjected to investigation for certain purposes by the Speaker's Counsel in the House of Commons, and by the Chairman of Committees and his Counsel in the House of Lords; but the inquiry is directed only to the insertion or omission of certain clauses which are considered respectively necessary or objectionable. The actual enactments of the Bills are often extremely complicated, because they represent compromises between parties, or the results of contests which have been determined by the proper tribunal. Where special interests are involved, the minute stipulations of private contracts are introduced into legislative measures; yet the consequent ambiguity and risk of litigation are less than in many public statutes, because the language of private Acts has in the majority of cases been settled by lawyers. Principles and general rules ought to admit of plain statement; and the alterations which are introduced during the progress of a Bill through Parliament may reasonably be expected to satisfy the same conditions. If the Committee unintentionally altered the meaning or the effect of a provision, there would be an appeal to the House. In practice the duty of watching the composition and phraseology of Acts of Parliament would probably devolve on the lawyer who would be nominally the assessor of the Committee; but it would be desirable to obtain the authority of Parliament itself for the establishment of some general rules. If possible, it would be advantageous to prohibit legislation by reference to existing Acts; but in some cases the practice will be found unavoidable. The Merchant Shipping Act, which was quoted by Mr. FORSYTH in illustration of his argument, Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH'S sanitary code, and other complicated measures, will always require from time to time extensions or limitations which will be suggested by practical experience. It will scarcely be possible to reconstruct such masses of enactments as often as an amendment is introduced. Periodical revision and rearrangement would probably be sufficient.

It is not impossible that the same method of legislation which has made Acts of Parliament confused and ambiguous may have had some corresponding advantages. The ablest writers are of opinion that the materials for a Code of English law are the richest which have been possessed by any community. The fragmentary and gradual process by which legal principles have been established by judicial decisions represents actual wants and difficulties which have occurred in litigation, rather than arbitrary rules devised beforehand for the purpose of meeting various contingencies. The statutes, especially where they have been subjects of Parliamentary contest, derive their complications from the contributions of several independent minds for a common purpose. Although separate or conflicting opinions may not have been reduced to harmony in the clauses of a Bill, the distinctions and exceptions which trouble the advocate and the judge often express the result of genuine efforts to obviate difficulties and objections. Nothing is more simple or more logical in appearance than careless injustice. Minute distinctions and elaborate provisions imply scrupulous forethought; but good intentions afford no excuse for unintelligible language.

If the two Houses of Parliament adopt any modification of Mr. FORSYTH'S proposal, time will show whether critics and opponents who have forced on official or private promoters modifications of their original drafts will be content to see the exceptions and limitations which they have introduced too completely reconciled with the text to which the alterations have been attached. Provisoes sometimes approach nearly to a repeal of the clauses which they are perhaps designed practically to defeat. The contradictions and uncertainties of which courts of law frequently complain are seldom attributable to an insufficient mastery of logic or of grammar. The expression in a single paragraph of several discordant wishes and opinions is a task intrinsically as well as artificially difficult. The improvement of the actual practice will be facilitated by the official origin of nearly all serious legislation. An ingenious student of statistics, who spoke on Mr. NEWDEGATE'S motion for regulating notices of Bills introduced by private members, seems to have calculated that the average time of which independent legislators could dispose during the Session was less than an hour for each separate measure. Those who are fortunate enough to pass Bills are compelled to exercise extraordinary vigilance, and they can scarcely succeed if they encounter active opposition. It is generally understood that, in proposing any Bill of importance, a private member desires mainly to obtain a declaration of his opinion in his favour, and ultimately to transfer the business of effective legislation to the actual or future Government. Mr. NEWDEGATE'S suggestions, though they were discountenanced by Mr. DISRAELI, were in themselves not injudicious; but it matters little when or how Permissive Bills, Deceased Wife's Sister Bills, and other annual projects are composed or printed or offered for a first or second reading. Any system of supervision which may hereafter be instituted will only come into operation immediately before the third reading of a Bill. Not one in twenty of the measures introduced by private members will come within the cognizance of any Committee or official draftsman who may be appointed to correct the redundancies or mistakes of Parliamentary legislation. The time for any experiment of the kind seems to be well chosen. No vehement party contest is anticipated for the present Session; and there ought to be no great accumulation of public Bills. It is uncertain whether a sufficient remedy for the existing inconvenience has yet been discovered, but an attempt at improvement will do no harm.

THE FRENCH SENATE.

A CONTINENTAL Conservative who did not set much store by a Second Chamber would be a kind of monster. He would have broken loose from all the traditions of his class, and have become more Radical than most of the deputies who sit on the left of the PRESIDENT'S chair. It is of no use therefore to consider whether the French Assembly has done wisely in creating a Senate. If France was to have a Constitution which should outlive Marshal MACMAHON, there was no question but that it must include an Upper House of some kind. Without this the conservative instincts of Frenchmen could not have been satisfied, and that they should be satisfied is, as things stand, an indispensable condition of successful Constitution-making. To suggest a doubt whether, in the present circumstances of the country, a Second Chamber can be of any possible use, is like cavilling at the institution of marriage by way of answer to a man who asks whether So-and-so is likely to make him a good wife. The one point that is of any practical moment is what sort of a Second Chamber the new Senate is likely to turn out; and, assuming that France was to have a Senate, it is fair to say that she might easily have had a worse one. The only serious alternative proposal was that for which M. PASCAL DUPRAT, to his own and everybody else's surprise, obtained a passing majority. According to this scheme, the Senate would have been little more than a duplicate of the Chamber of Deputies. It would have been elected by the same persons, and would only have differed from the Lower Chamber in being less esteemed and having less to do. If it had tried to discharge independent functions, and to revise and delay the action of the Chamber of Deputies, it would very soon have been taught its place. Constituencies are not so distrustful of their own wisdom that they will first elect a representative to carry out their wishes, and then elect a second to see that those wishes are not carried out too fully or quickly. Whenever the two Houses clashed, the electors would have felt irritated at seeing their left

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hand acting in opposition to their right, and they would have taken care at the next election of Senators to make them understand that they meant their two hands to work together. When the Second Chamber had been reduced to a state of proper submission, it would have occurred to somebody that, if it did nothing but register the acts of the First Chamber, the country could get on as well without it. Against this it might have been argued that so harmless a body was not worth the trouble necessary to destroy it; and on this ground perhaps the Senate would have been retained until the next time the Constitution was pulled to pieces. Probably M. PASCAL DUPRAT would have regarded this as the next best thing to having no Senate at all; but the majority which clings to the belief that, if a Second Chamber can but be created some use is sure to be found for it, was naturally disinclined to see it stricken with paralysis before it was well out of the cradle.

It was essential to the compromise by which alone a Senate could be constructed that a large proportion of the members should be elected by somebody, and the first requisite in a constituency is that it should take some interest in the business assigned to it. The absence of this interest was a fatal objection to the proposal that the two Chambers should be returned by the same electors. A man who has to vote for two kinds of deputies will naturally consider what it is that he wants each to do for him. If he finds that both do precisely the same work, the only difference being that one does it much more effectively than the other, he will soon concern himself exclusively with the return of the former. Consequently a constituency which is to take an interest in the election of Senators must be a different constituency from that which elects the Chamber of Deputies. The proposal which found most support during the discussion which preceded the birth of the coalition between the Left and the Centres gave the election of Senators to the Councils-General. In favour of this suggestion there was much to be said. It secured a constituency which would really value its rights. It is the characteristic vice of a very extended suffrage that it weakens the influence, and consequently the interest, of the individual elector. What is one vote among a hundred thousand? But in an election by a Council-General each vote would be of importance. A proposal to abolish or weaken the Senate would excite the open opposition, or, at all events, the secret dislike, of every member of the Council-General, since it would condemn him once more to be a mere unit in an unmanageable crowd. By itself, it is true, this fact would not go for much. But any strong feeling on the part of the Councils-General would go for a great deal. Frenchmen of all parties are keenly interested in their composition, and the last election of Councillors caused almost as much excitement—perhaps in the country districts quite as much—as the elections for the Assembly. By a law, passed two or three years since, the Councils-General were invested with the right of electing a provisional Assembly in the event of the lawful Assembly being dispersed by force; and a body to whom has been confided the care of Parliamentary government in the last extremity seems marked out as the electoral college by which one branch of the Legislature shall be returned. Besides these accidental claims, the Councils-General had others derived from the character alike of their functions and of the persons who compose them. It is a misfortune for France that politics have usually been an interest apart from all others. It is only occasionally that the peasant or the shopkeeper can be brought to concern himself with them, and those who do concern themselves with them seem to concern themselves with very little else. Except at rare intervals the men who do the work of the community, who grow its wheat, and make its wine, and weave its silk, have left the Legislature to go its own way. It is this that has made so much of French political action and speech seem so unpractical to English observers. The multifarious interests that are represented in the House of Commons, and serve to supply political adversaries with so many platforms on which they can work together, and so get their political angles rubbed down, have played but a small part in the French Assembly. But they play a very large part in the Councils-General. Even at the last election of councillors, when every effort was made on both sides to get Conservatives or Republicans returned, it was a common complaint that the electors insisted on voting for some local magnate in whose appreciation of local wants and local interests they felt thorough confidence, and about whose politics they scarcely asked a question. Bodies thus constituted would be likely to elect a Conservative Senate—Conservative, that is, in the only sense in which Conservatism has much weight in France. It would be a Senate in which great landowners, great manufacturers, great merchants would have a conspicuous place, and, what is still more important, they would be chosen precisely because they represented electors engaged in the same pursuits.

The chief objection to the choice of the Councils-General as a constituency was their supposed liability to be corrupted by the Government. In the Bill which has just been passed this is corrected by the addition to the Electoral College of the deputies of the department, of the members of the Councils of the arrondissements, and of delegates elected by the Municipal Councils. By this means a large popular element has been added to the constituency, without, so far as can be seen, materially weakening either the value which will be attached to the right of election or the connexion between political and business considerations in its exercise. To the 225 elected members of the new Senate 75 life members are to be added. These are to be elected in the first instance by the National Assembly, and all subsequent vacancies in the list are to be elected by the Senate itself. In a Chamber in which parties are so strangely divided and so strangely linked together, it is impossible to predict what use will be made of this power. According to one rumour M. THIERS has consented to stand, and, if elected, will be the Republican candidate for the Presidentship of the Senate. If this is true, it is a testimony of great weight to the possible importance of the newly created institution. M. THIERS is too fond of Parliamentary life to retire while still vigorous to a Chamber which he thinks will have no influence on the conduct of affairs. He may be altogether wrong in his estimate of the part the Senate has to play, but he certainly will not be himself a performer unless he thinks the part worthy of him.

RAILWAY PROPERTY.

NEARLY all the half-yearly meetings of the Railway Companies have been held, with generally discouraging results. With few exceptions, the traffic returns have exhibited a moderate increase, and the price of coal has been much lower during the last six months than in the corresponding months of the preceding year. The reduction in the cost of iron was of less importance, because the value of old materials has been proportionately lowered; but it had been estimated that on some of the largest systems there would be a saving in coal of 3,000*l.* or 4,000*l.* a week, which would be more than equivalent to an increase in traffic receipts of double the amount. The heavy burden of increased wages and of shorter hours of working has more than counterbalanced the benefit of cheaper fuel; and nearly all the great Companies have been compelled within two or three years to increase their capital expenditure for the purpose of providing additional lines and sidings and of enlarging their rolling stock. The Chairman of the London and North-Western Railway stated at the late meeting that the introduction of the block system had entailed on the shareholders enormous expense. It may be hoped that he was mistaken in the doubt which he expressed whether it had produced a corresponding amount of security. It is a disputed question among railway managers whether the use of the block system on crowded lines accelerates or delays the traffic; but, although every mechanical arrangement is subject to the risk of failure or collapse by reason of the natural infirmity of mankind and of railway servants in particular, it is nearly certain that the use of the block diminishes the chance of accidents. The result of the different causes assigned has been a general diminution of dividends. The London and North-Western Company pays only 7¼, and the Midland, notwithstanding a great advance in the traffic receipts, only pays 6½. The Great Western, which pays 5 per cent., as compared with 6¾ in 1874, has suffered by the stagnation of the iron trade during the year, and for some weeks past the industry of Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire has been wholly suspended. Alone among the great English Companies, the Great Western makes up its half-yearly accounts to the end of January, instead of to the end of December, so that a month of the strike and lock-out is included in the returns. The competition forced on the Great Western and other Companies by the Midland began with the present year, and therefore affects the half-yearly accounts of the Great Western only.

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The market prices of railway stocks, though they are in the highest degree interesting to holders and purchasers, indicate but vaguely the actual prosperity of the lines. Since the beginning of the year there has been a general advance of prices, amounting in the case of some lines to 8 or even 10 per cent.; but the greatest advance has been in the shares of Companies which pay no dividend on their ordinary stock; and prices have scarcely been affected by the highly unsatisfactory character of the Reports and of the half-yearly meetings. Proprietors who depend for their income on dividends, though they have no right to complain of the results of a speculative investment, must in many cases have suffered serious inconvenience. On the whole, their prosperity conduces to the public interest, because railway service is always in risk of being starved when the dividends are declining or low in amount. In some instances sanguine shareholders may not unreasonably hope for some accession of prosperity hereafter. The state of the law which compels Companies to provide capital outlay on a principle which would be adopted by no independent man of business tends to benefit the future holder at the expense of the present. It is utterly irrational that the interest on the cost of an unfinished railway from C to D should be paid out of the earnings of a line which is now worked from A to B, but Parliament has forbidden Companies to provide the money which they require in the cheapest and simplest way. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company pays in this way interest on an unproductive million of money, and the Midland Company on four or five times the amount. When the undertakings in progress are completed, the existing revenue will be relieved of a heavy burden; and probably the new lines may also return a reasonable profit. On the other hand, the Midland Company will be subjected to formidable competition as soon as the lines promoted within two or three years by the Great Northern and London and North-Western Companies are open to traffic. Time will show whether freighters and consumers derive any advantage from the abolition of the Midland monopoly of the Derbyshire coalfields.

The unexpected results of the Act which instituted the Railway Commission tend seriously to diminish the value of railway property. The Joint Committee which, in default of any other measure, recommended the appointment of the tribunal, had no intention of altering the law which since 1853 had been judicially administered by the Court of Common Pleas. By the terms of the Act of 1873 a wide latitude of discretion was allowed to the Commissioners in all cases in which two Companies differed as to the scale of rates. While courts of law are content to determine the rights of litigants as between themselves, the Railway Commission takes the supposed interest of the public into consideration. Its action also threatens to abolish the bargains under which a large part of the mineral and goods traffic of the country has been conducted. It was always illegal to give undue preference to one trader over another; but until now Companies were always in the habit of allowing advantages to large traders, and of cultivating the production of those parts of their system which afforded the longest run of traffic. The Commissioners are now employed in revising, on the complaint of parties adversely interested, arrangements which have probably been found convenient and profitable. If Parliament should be so ill advised as to give the Commissioners power to settle rates on the complaint of traders, the entire tariffs which form the contracts on which the lines have been constructed will be summarily abolished. The Commissioners, anxious like other public functionaries to enlarge their own powers, have already recommended to Parliament the substitution of their own discretion for the provisions of the special Acts. In general it may be said that almost all recent changes and innovations have been adverse to the interests of Railway Companies; yet, if the prosperity of the country continues to increase, the growth of traffic will compensate for all injurious influences, short of arbitrary confiscation. The competition among the railways themselves, which has greatly increased within half-a-dozen years, has not hitherto produced any ruinous consequences. Until lately there had for a long time been no instance of a competitive reduction of rates.

The Chairmen of the Companies which are most directly affected by the recent action of the Midland have naturally expressed their dissatisfaction both with the change and with the manner in which it was accomplished and announced. It has of course become necessary to reduce the first-class fares to all competitive stations, although it is not known that first-class passengers, who for the most part prefer convenient accommodation to cheapness, had in any part of the country desired the concession. The Midland Directors, indeed, scarcely concealed their consciousness that, in abolishing the second class, they had inflicted a serious inconvenience on the first-class passengers, who, as they suggested, had hitherto enjoyed advantages to which they were not entitled. The great sagacity and long experience of the Midland railway staff render it probable that they have not miscalculated the interests of their own Company, which were the exclusive object of their consideration; yet it is difficult to understand why a single first-class passenger should travel by the Midland line when it is open from London to Carlisle, if he has the choice of another railway on which he can secure for the same fare better accommodation. If the experiment proves to be remunerative, it will be sooner or later copied by the other Companies, with the result of destroying the comfort for which the English railway system has hitherto been conspicuous. With the practical abolition of the first class, and with the crowding of trains which is contemplated by the Midland Company as desirable, travelling will be as unattractive in England as in France. Lord REDESDALE'S attempt to use Parliamentary authority for the protection of first-class passengers necessarily failed; but it is scarcely prudent on the part of railway authorities to announce that they are not compelled to carry passengers at all. The Companies may not improbably find it more profitable to encourage third-class than first-class traffic; but on this point the conflicting statements of different railway authorities prove that the comparative advantages of cheapness on one side and of convenience on the other have not yet been sufficiently tested. On one point Railway Boards and their shareholders are unanimous and for the present powerless. At every meeting the passenger-tax and its recent extension to third-class traffic have been denounced, and numerous petitions against the tax will be presented to the House of Commons. Either the duty is levied exclusively on passengers who use one among several kinds of locomotion, or it is an income-tax on a special description of property. On either assumption it is easy to devise arguments against the tax, but relief is probably remote. Passengers take little interest in the impost, because they reasonably doubt whether they would be allowed the benefit of exemption. Shareholders, on the other hand, though numerous, are a minority, and taxes on a special industry are always popular with the rest of the community. The grievance will long provide a familiar subject of complaint at half-yearly meetings.

AN UNFULFILLED TREATY.

IT is only natural that some part of the attention of the French people should be given to the political conduct and situation of their conquerors, and that pamphlets should from time to time be published at Paris which show how dangerous the Germans are to Europe as well as to France, and how unscrupulous Prince BISMARCK has been and is likely to continue to be. These pamphlets do not produce any political effect in France itself, and are not intended to produce any. They end with accepting what is inevitable, and all preach the wisdom of patience. But there is a melancholy pleasure in showing how much France was wronged before the war began, and even in finding an excuse for its disasters in the vacillating policy of the EMPEROR. Things too can be said at Paris which could not be said at Berlin, and those who wish, without being French themselves, to fire a shot in a harmless way at Prince BISMARCK, can let off the missile of a pamphlet from the secure retreat of a Paris bookseller. Among the most respectable of these recent pamphleteers is M. HANSEN, who is a Dane living in France, and who was employed by his Government before the French war to press on Prussia, with such assistance as the French Government would give him, the fulfilment of the article of the Treaty of Prague providing for the restitution of a part of North Schleswig. That article was entirely due to the interference of the Emperor NAPOLEON. Prince BISMARCK did not hesitate to say that he only recommended the KING to accept it in order that there might be no further discussion about the treaty. From precisely the same motives he conceded the independence of Saxony,

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which a large party in Prussia was bent on treating like Hanover and Hesse. Prussia did not lose much, nor did France gain much, by the latter concession. Directly war was declared Saxony joined Prussia heartily in the struggle; a Saxon corps helped to complete the ruin of France at Sedan; and it was a Saxon corps that the French found opposed to them when the army of Paris made its great sortie under DUCROT. The Schleswigers and the Danes have not repaid the French by fighting against them, and would throughout have been only too glad to throw themselves on the protection of France if France had been capable of protecting them. But they soon found that, although France could get an article inserted in a treaty for their benefit, she could not get the article carried out. The treaty was made with Austria, and it was Austria who was entitled to complain of the non-performance of the article respecting Schleswig. But Austria had not the slightest interest in getting the article attended to. She had sent her troops into the Duchies to help the Germans, not the Danes; and, having every motive to remain at peace with Prussia, she was not likely to rush into war for a cause that would have set all Germany against her. France, after peace had been concluded between Austria and Prussia, demanded, and demanded in vain, something much more important than a rectification of the Danish frontier. She asked for the erection under a German prince of a neutral State on the borders of the Rhine, so that territorial contact between France and Prussia might be avoided, and thus a pledge given by Prussia to keep the peace. Prince BISMARCK refused, and France had to put up with the refusal. There was a serious division of opinion in the councils of France. M. DROUYN DE LHUYS was strongly for war, or at least for a military demonstration, which he thought would answer all the purposes of war. M. ROUHER and M. DE LA VALLETTE were equally strong for peace, on the ground that the French army had not sufficiently recovered from the shock given to it by the Mexican expedition. At first the EMPEROR inclined to the counsels of M. DROUYN DE LHUYS, but he ultimately adopted the safer or more timid policy, and Prussia was allowed to take everything and give nothing. M. HANSEN travelled backwards and forwards from Paris or Biarritz to Berlin; but he found that his travelling never got him a step forwarder. France had been strong enough to get an article inserted in a treaty, but was not strong or resolute enough to get this article made operative.

M. HANSEN tells his story in a plain, straightforward way, without exaggeration or any unnecessary warmth of language. He shows that the Danes had good reason to suppose that they would really get back a part of North Schleswig; and they probably would have got it back if Prince BISMARCK had not seen difficulties in the way of restoring it, which he would perhaps have made light of if he had found France resolute, but which, when France was seen to shrink from war, he discovered to be very serious difficulties indeed. The Treaty of Prague provided that an undetermined part of Schleswig should be restored to Denmark if the inhabitants by a free popular vote testified their wish to pass back to the Danish Crown. But Prince BISMARCK did not then much fancy popular votes. He might have created a precedent which in the existing state of feeling in Hanover and at Frankfort might have been inconvenient. The Germans, too, have a passion for military frontiers, and they could never make up their minds how much of Schleswig could be given back without some positions being abandoned which it would take them a little trouble to recapture. Besides, there is no part of Schleswig in which some Germans are not to be found, and, as the origin of the Prussian war with Denmark had been the allegation on the part of Prussia that Germans had been badly treated by the Danish authorities, Prince BISMARCK, when the fulfilment of the Treaty of Prague was pressed on him, answered that he must first know what guarantees Denmark proposed to give for the proper treatment of the Germans in the ceded districts. Denmark refused to give any guarantees, and perhaps it was impossible to devise any which would not have given Prussia a perpetual right to interfere in the affairs of her tiny neighbour. It was better to go without Schleswig altogether than to gain a little strip of territory containing a population which would have thought itself entitled to defy, under the protection of Prussia, the Government to which it nominally belonged. All these reasons are sufficient to account for the non-execution of the Treaty of Prague, when once it was recognized that the Power which had insisted on the Schleswig article being inserted was not going to insist on this article being carried out. Prince BISMARCK did undoubtedly enter into an engagement which he has not fulfilled, and Danes in Schleswig who wish to belong to Denmark are undoubtedly kept by force under German rule. Both these things are to be regretted. It would be much better if statesmen would never, even under pressure, enter into engagements which they do not fulfil; and it is very unfortunate that any portion of a people so brave, pacific, and honourable as the Danes should be cut off from the bulk of the nation to which they belong. But there is also something else to be said as to this article of the Treaty of Prague. It is a striking instance of the futility of exacting stipulations on behalf of the weak from the strong, unless those who make the demand really mean to insist that what they get put down on paper shall be carried into effect in real life. France only excited the hopes of the Danes without doing them any real good. They had to approach Prussia as antagonists protected by a Power which did not really dare to protect them. Prussia treated them accordingly as unprotected antagonists. We have ourselves in old days exacted too many of these illusory stipulations not to derive profit from studying the lesson of the Treaty of Prague.

There is no real danger that we shall often err in this way for some time to come. Our last experiment in European treaty-making was not brilliant enough to encourage us to go further in the same track. We not only made an illusory stipulation as regards Luxemburg, but we immediately informed all the world with cynical frankness that we knew it to be illusory. Still, although Lord DERBY is not likely to make two such treaties in his life, there are never wanting friendly advisers who would delight in persuading him to make a dozen such treaties every morning before breakfast. An English writer has lately written a pamphlet on Prussia in which he shows what he considers to be strong reasons for supposing that before long Prussia will seize Holland; and he complicates matters by suggesting that the Dutch would be perfectly willing to be annexed, and that annexation would be greatly to their advantage. Against this danger he thinks that England ought to take certain precautions. In the first place, she ought to have a powerful navy and an efficient army. So far every sensible Englishman will be with him. Whether Prussia has one design or another, we are all agreed that England should have an army that can fight and win, and a navy that can not only fight and win, but that can command the seas. But this is only the patriotic garnish round the writer's dish. If he had something definite to propose, it would be scarcely worth the while of even the most fussy man to write a pamphlet, and the interesting part of such a production is not to be found in the author's general statements about the greatness and duty of England, or even in his telling us all that his power of looking through diplomatic millstones enables him to reveal. What we like to know is what are the particular things he advises us to do. The author of this pamphlet has a recommendation to make. This is, that we should get the Great Powers to declare Holland as well as Belgium a neutral State. Lord DERBY and the Prussian Ambassador would be like two augurs if they met to discuss another treaty of neutrality. A hearty laugh would be the beginning and the end of their diplomatic conference. But even if the Foreign Office were not, as it happens, under the control of a Minister who has done so much to make treaties of neutrality ridiculous, any English statesman must have gained enough experience from recent events to see that the only help we can give to small nations is to fight for them. We must be known to mean business if we seek to take a part in affairs, and a treaty of neutrality might be reasonably looked on by Europe as a mere device for abandoning Holland to its fate under the veil of our moral indignation. Let the Treaty of Prague teach us to act, and, if we do not mean to act, not to talk big. No other nation, except, to a certain degree, France, is interested in Holland being declared a neutral State. Why should we ask it? In order that we might save ourselves from going to war to defend Holland. Prince BISMARCK is not so silly as to be unable to see through our plans. When the time for words was over, he would ask us, as he asked France after the Treaty of Prague, what we really meant.

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SHAM LEGISLATION.

ONE of the jokes of our grandfathers was a form of oath which was known as swearing on the horns at Highgate. The person who took the oath went through the ceremony of solemnly pledging himself not to do certain things which were enumerated, but a qualification was added which left him free to do just what he pleased. Thus, he was bound not to kiss the maid when he might kiss the mistress, unless he liked the maid better; not to eat brown bread when he could get white, unless it was more to his taste; and so on through a long category of renunciations which were immediately cancelled by the words which followed. It seems to have occurred to some members of the present Government that a taste of this simple humour might relieve the dulness of legislation as well as some of the responsibilities of legislators. The Adulteration of Food and Drugs Bill, the Merchant Shipping Bill, and the Friendly Societies Bill, are three measures quite in the old Highgate style. Under the most formidable array of penalties rogues and sharpers of various kinds are gravely bound over not to cheat or poison confiding customers, not to send crews to the bottom of the sea in rotten ships, not to plunder the poor by quack assurances; but in the same breath they are given clearly to understand that these prohibitions are to go for nothing if they have a fancy the other way. It may be doubted whether legislation in this vein is likely to have much effect, and it is to be hoped that its hollow character will not be overlooked. It may or may not be thought desirable that the Government should meddle with the various matters which it has taken in hand, but, if anything is to be done, it ought clearly to be something real. Such trifling as we have here more than one example of is consistent neither with the dignity of Parliament nor with the safety of the public.

We will endeavour briefly to exhibit the delusive character of the three measures we have named. The Adulteration Bill provides that no person shall knowingly mix, colour, stain, or powder any article of food or drug with any ingredient of a nature injurious to health, or order any other person to do so, with intent that the same shall be sold in that state, nor shall any person knowingly sell any such article so mixed under penalties which are specified. Another clause prohibits in similar terms the sale of articles of food or drugs which the dealer knows are "not of the nature, substance, and quality of the article "demanded by the purchaser." All this sounds very strict and terrible, but a very small prick is fatal to a bladder, and here the prick is inflicted by the word "knowingly." As the law stands, a manufacturer or shopkeeper is supposed to have a competent knowledge of his business, and the burden is very properly thrown on him of proving his ignorance of the existence of any dishonest or deleterious mixture in the goods which he makes or sells. It may be expected that, if the amending Bill passes, tradesmen will cultivate the security of ignorance rather than the perils of knowledge. Again, when we examine the exceptions attached to the prohibition against playing tricks with the "nature, substance, or quality" of articles, we find that practically ample room is left for adulteration of every kind. For instance, "any matter"—surely a big word—may be mixed with "any article of food or "any drug" for the purpose of "rendering it portable "or of preserving it." That is to say, when you ask for sherry, you have no right to complain if you get coarse spirits of wine and sulphur. "A harmless in-"gredient"—"harmless" is at least something to be thankful for—"may also be used in order to render an "article palatable or to improve its appearance"; and here we have the widest imaginable field opened up for those variations of taste as to which, according to the old saying, it is idle to argue. Alum is said to make bread look nice and white; chicory, some people declare, imparts a superior relish to coffee; and there are manufacturers who assure us that mustard is not mustard unless it consists chiefly of turmeric and potato flour. As there is scarcely any conceivable form of adulteration which might not be justified on such pretexts as these, it was hardly necessary to open up any further loopholes of escape. Yet we find that "the usage of trade" is to be accepted as a sufficient justification, although this very usage may be just what requires to be put down. Until lately, half milk and half water was a well-known usage of trade; so was calling any sort of sour refuse by the name of vinegar; and, in short, it is hard to say for what mixtures this excuse might not be pleaded. It was contended on behalf of a shopkeeper in a recent trial that the trade had a perfect right at its own discretion to attach the name of a real article to an artificial production, which the public was thereupon bound to accept as genuine. Another dangerously comprehensive privilege which it is proposed to legalize is the mixing of anything with anything on the professed ground that it is "unavoidable." It would obviously be very difficult to get at even the most fraudulent dealer in the midst of these successive defences. He would at first, of course, affect ignorance; if that would not do, he would boldly assert that he was doing his customers a good turn in not allowing them to indulge a crude appetite for natural products; if that failed, he would fall back upon the usage of the trade—that is, the habits of other rogues like himself; and, if pressed any further, he could finally take refuge in the plea of "unavoidable." It is not unreasonable to ask why the public should be put to the expense of keeping up a staff of Inspectors and Analysts if the law is to step in and provide any number of excuses for fraud and carelessness.

In the Merchant Shipping Acts Amendment Bill we have another measure of the same fictitious kind. First we have the usual string of clauses condemning malpractices, threatening penalties, and prescribing methods of judicial investigation, as well as a variety of things which shipowners are to do in order that the condition of their vessels may be disclosed while they are yet visible above water. Nothing can be more finished than these elaborate arrangements, and they would also seem to point to a very sound conclusion. We are led to suppose that it has been determined that, if anything goes wrong with a ship owing to its unseaworthy state, the owner is to be called to account for it, and punished if he has been reckless or negligent. All this is of course just as it should be. The reasonable freedom of trade is to be preserved, but the shipowner whose conscience is dull is to be made to feel that henceforth he will not be allowed to fling away the lives of seamen on quite such cheap terms as formerly. As we read on, however, we find that this pretty lesson in morality and humanity is to be administered in such a way that those who have seemed to be in want of it may, if they like, go on as before without any serious inconvenience. It is laid down that every owner of a ship is to be held responsible for its unseaworthiness in the event of any disaster happening from that cause; but then comes a saving clause putting him up to an easy method of escape by pleading that he and his agents were ignorant of her unseaworthiness, or that her going to sea in an unseaworthy condition was under the circumstances "reasonable and unavoidable." In this instance the burden of proving ignorance is thrown on the owner, which is so far an improvement on the similar provision of the Adulteration Act; but the door is opened very widely indeed for his escape in the pointed suggestion that the sending out of the vessel in an unseaworthy state may have been reasonable and unavoidable. This proviso is not repeated in the clause as to the liability of an owner for the death or injury of a seaman, but it must be assumed to extend to it from the preceding section.

We next come to the Friendly Societies Bill, which has to deal with a question very similar in principle, though not in technical character, to that of the Shipping Bill. In fact, it may be said that the object of all three measures is really much the same—namely, to protect the public against spurious goods. Friendly Societies with false tables are as fatal to those who embark in them as ships with rotten timbers, and there is an obvious analogy between such impostures and the sale of adulterated food. In all these cases it has been urged by a certain school of economists that Free-trade and unlimited competition ought to be allowed to run their course; and there can be no doubt that this would at least be a strictly consistent and logical policy to adopt. The public would know that they had only themselves to look to, and would be accordingly upon their guard. On the other hand, it is evident that the public are more likely to suffer than to gain by an interference on the part of the Government which is not thorough and efficient; and this is the danger that may be anticipated from the Bills of which we have been giving some account. This peril is perhaps even more serious in the case of the Friendly Societies than in either of the other two cases. At present Friendly Societies are allowed to trade upon a Government certificate which,

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though it is given without reference to their solvency, is accepted by ignorant persons as a sort of general assurance that a registered Society may be safely trusted; and as a large majority of these Societies are actually insolvent, it follows that the Government is practically acting as a confederate in a gigantic system of fraud. It is obvious that the Government ought not to give any certificate unless it is either a trustworthy guarantee or a distinct warning. It is here that Sir S. NORTHCOTE's Bill is fatally defective. It provides that once at least in every year a registered Society shall submit its accounts for audit, either to one of the public auditors appointed as afterwards mentioned, or to two or more members or other persons appointed as the rules of the Society provide; that is to say, the Society is left to take its choice between laying open its accounts to certain responsible officers or obtaining a trumped-up report on them from any persons whom it may choose to employ, without reference to their character or capacity. Again, there is to be a quinquennial valuation of the assets and liabilities, which may be prepared by a valuer appointed by the Society (any cobbler would do) or by some actuary or public accountant appointed by the Registrar. There could hardly be a more striking example of the old Highgate way of doing business. Promise, says the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, that in return for a certificate you will have an audit and valuation taken periodically by impartial and competent persons selected by a responsible public officer; only, if you do not happen to like this sort of looking into, and prefer a friend of your own who will not be too particular, pray do not mind me; just arrange things to please yourselves. It may readily be conceived which test the managers of an unsound Society would be likely to prefer. It is, as Mr. LOWE says, simply setting the cat to take care of the cream. The same fatal defect runs through all three Bills. They profess to provide for the suppression of certain evil practices, while, in effect, allowing them free license. They are, in fact, mere charges of blank-cartridge, intended for display, and not for execution. In so far as they have any result it must be to encourage recklessness and fraud.

MR. GLADSTONE ON VATICANISM.

MR. GLADSTONE'S answer to the various "Replies and Reproofs" addressed to him is at once much longer and less diffuse than his former pamphlet. There is no mere rhetoric and no superfluous verbiage; and he grapples in detail with everything in the shape of argument which has been urged against him. The various critics enumerated in the Appendix amount to twenty-one, and of these Dr. Newman—who is treated throughout with distinguished courtesy and respect—towers of course conspicuously above the rest. Of the remaining replies Archbishop Manning's and Bishop Clifford's seem to be the most important, to which may be added some other articles, from the Ultramontane point of view, in the *Month* and the *Dublin Review*. Dr. Newman's Reply and Bishop Clifford's Mr. Gladstone considers perfectly satisfactory as regards their own personal belief, and Dr. Manning's partially so; but he thinks it is not easy to reconcile the Archbishop's conclusions with his principles. He insists, however, that he was never concerned to attack individuals or bodies of men personally, but a certain "system political rather than religious, which in Germany is well termed Vaticanism." And he observes, justly enough, that to the vast majority of Roman Catholics the Vatican Decrees are, and are likely long to remain, "in their carefully enveloped meaning practically unknown." Of those English Roman Catholics who have spoken, or fitted themselves to speak, on the subject, some reject them altogether, some accept them with an express reserve against their civil consequences, others suspend their judgment on various pleas, and "a very large class, as it seems to me, *think they receive those Decrees, and do not.*" We have italicized the last words, of the accuracy of which we cannot entertain the slightest doubt. It is sometimes argued by apologists of Vaticanism that it is just as unfair to charge infallibilists with disloyalty as to charge Lutherans with immorality on the ground of their doctrine of justification. The defence is a suicidal one. When Lutheranism was a living faith it did produce very much the results which Hallam shows to flow naturally from it. The reason why it would be very unfair to impute such consequences to Lutherans of our own day generally is precisely because they have notoriously long since abandoned the peculiar doctrines of their founder, or, as Mr. Gladstone says of Vaticanism and the Catholic body, "the poison has not actually been taken into the system."

Of Dr. Newman personally Mr. Gladstone speaks, in language of more than admiration, as one whose secession was a greater blow to the Church of England than John Wesley's, and whose unexampled destiny it has been at a critical period, first to give to the religious thought of his age the most powerful impulse it had received for a long time, and then to become the involuntary cause of disorganizing it in a manner equally remarkable. He adds:—

> My duty calls me to deal freely with his Letter to the Duke of Norfolk. But in doing so, I can never lose the recollection of the perhaps ill-appreciated greatness of his early life and works. I do not presume to intrude into the sanctuary of his present thoughts; but, by reason of that life and those works, it seems to me that there is something we must look upon with an affection, like that of Americans for those Englishmen who lived and wrought before the colonization, or the severance, of their country. Nay, it may not be presumptuous to say we have a possessory right in the better half of him. All he produces is and must be most notable. But has he outrun, has he overtaken the greatness of the "History of the Arians" and of the "Parochial Sermons," those indestructible classics of English theology?

And he then proceeds thus to sum up the contents of his Letter to the Duke of Norfolk:—

> In my reading of his work, we have his authority for the following statements. That Roman Catholics are bound to be "as loyal as other subjects of the State;" and that Rome is not to give to the civil power "trouble or alarm" (p. 7). That the assurances given by the Roman Catholic Bishops in 1825–6 have not been strictly fulfilled (pp. 12–14). That Roman Catholics cannot wonder that statesmen should feel themselves aggrieved (p. 17). That Popes are sometimes in the wrong, and sometimes to be resisted, even in matters affecting the government and welfare of the Church (pp. 33, 34). That the Deposing power is defensible only upon condition of "the common consent of peoples" (p. 37). That if England supported Italy against any violent attempt to restore the Pope to his throne, Roman Catholics could offer no opposition but such as the constitution of the country allows (p. 49). That a soldier or sailor employed in a war which (in his private judgment, be it observed) he did not think unjust, ought not to retire from the prosecution of that war on the command of the Pope (p. 52). That conscience is the aboriginal vicar of Christ (p. 57): *ein tüchtiges Wort!* and Dr. Newman, at an ideal public dinner, will drink to conscience first, and the Pope afterwards (p. 66). That one of the great dangers of the Roman Catholic Church is to be found in the exaggerated language and proceedings allowed among its own members (pp. 4, 80, 94, 125), and that there is much *malaria* in the court of Rome. That a definition by a general Council, which the Pope approves, is not absolutely binding thereby, but requires a moral unanimity, and a subsequent reception by the Church (pp. 96-8). That antecedently to the theological definitions of 1854 and 1870, an opponent might have "fairly said" "it might appear that there were no sufficient historical grounds in behalf of either of them"; and that the confutation of such an opponent is now to be sought only in "the fact of the definition being made" (p. 107). I shall indulge in none of the taunts, which Dr. Newman anticipates, on the want of correspondence between him and other Apologists; and I shall leave it to theologians to examine the bearing of these admissions on the scheme of Vaticanism, and on other parts of his own work. It is enough for me to record that, even if they stood alone, they would suffice to justify the publication which has given "occasion" for them; and that on the point of Dr. Newman's practical reservation of his command over his own "loyalty and civil duty," they are entirely satisfactory.

As a "psychological study" the Letter is of the highest interest, but the misfortune is that it does not represent the actual teaching of the Vatican Council or the received interpretation of it, and it is notable that the Papal organ, the *Voce della Verità*, seriously censures parts of it. Nor will Mr. Gladstone admit that the question at issue is one of merely speculative interest, though he does not doubt the actual loyalty of his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. For "an army of teachers the largest and most compact in the world is ever sedulously at work" to bring these theories into practice, and has already within our own day materially "altered the spirit and feeling of the Roman Church at large"; and it must be remembered that, as the present generation passes away in the course of nature, "Vaticanists will grow up and take their places." Nor is it at all true, as Lord Arundell of Wardour mistakenly affirmed, that no Pope has ever invaded the province of the civil power for the last two hundred years. Several striking instances of the contrary are cited from official acts of the present Pontiff only, to which may now be added the Encyclical to the German Bishops, the text of which appeared only a few days ago in the foreign newspapers, not simply condemning the recent Prussian ecclesiastical laws, but abrogating them as null and void. And all the explanations of Papal claims offered, even by Dr. Newman, are uttered subject to the vital condition that "upon orders from Rome they shall be qualified or retracted or reversed." This must especially be borne in mind in dealing with the Syllabus, to the contents and authority of which Mr. Gladstone first directs attention in answering his critics. He is successful in vindicating his previous interpretation of the articles on most points; not on all. We still think, *e.g.* that Dr. Newman is right in considering the limitation to "immigrants" of the article against liberty of Protestant public worship as diminishing rather than strengthening its force; and Mr. Gladstone still seems to us to misapprehend the bearings of the Tridentine marriage law on the Syllabus. But into these details we cannot enter here. On the more fundamental question of the authority of the Syllabus, we fear he is much more plausible than Dr. Newman. Not only do Schulte and Dr. Ward and "the Pope himself in his speeches" support it, but Bishop Fessler, on whose authority Dr. Newman chiefly relied as representing "the low or moderate doctrine" on the subject, goes no further than to say that the *ex cathedrâ* and infallible authority of the Syllabus is as yet doubtful, while there is no doubt that in the meantime "every Roman Catholic is bound to submit to and obey it." And in fact Cardinal Antonelli's letter sent with it, by order of the Pope, to every Bishop in his communion, gives it a very different position from that of a mere index to former dogmatic Bulls.

But if the Syllabus is important, the Vatican Decrees on Papal infallibility and jurisdiction have a far higher importance; and Mr. Gladstone's closely reasoned confutation of Dr. Manning's argument on those points is perhaps the most striking and cogent part of his new pamphlet. The Archbishop had asserted that

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Papal infallibility was equally a doctrine of divine faith before the Vatican Council, and that consequently its decrees had in no way changed the obligations or conditions of civil allegiance. These assertions Mr. Gladstone sets himself to disprove, and his discussion of them will repay careful examination. We must content ourselves here with a brief summary of the historical argument; and first as to English Roman Catholics since the Reformation. Their first official head was the arch-priest Blackwell, who was deposed in 1608 by Paul V. for defending the oath of allegiance, which he had condemned by two previous briefs. The oath was taken by many, and forty-eight doctors of the Sorbonne against six declared it to be lawful; but Urban VIII. and Innocent X. confirmed Paul's condemnation of it, and in 1648 the renunciation of the deposing power by the English Catholic divines was condemned at Rome as heretical; in 1661 the loyal remonstrance of certain Irish Bishops was again condemned by the Propaganda. Nevertheless, when the Gallican Articles of 1682 "rejected the sophistical distinction of direct and indirect authority," Butler says that there was hardly a dissentient voice either clerical or lay in England, and that this principle "is now [in his own day] adopted by the universal Catholic Church." In 1757 the Irish Roman Catholic Committee published a Declaration denying any temporal jurisdiction of the Pope, direct or indirect, and the dogma of his infallibility although his temporal power is unmistakably defined in the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, as Mr. Gladstone shows from its wording against Dr. Manning's ingenious special pleading. Thirty years later the English Roman Catholics put out a solemn Protestation, which immediately led to the Relief Act of 1791, explicitly repudiating any infallibility in the Pope, and any power of the Church which can "directly or indirectly affect or interfere with the independence, sovereignty, laws, constitution, or government of the realm." This document was signed by all the Vicars Apostolic, 241 priests, and by all the clergy and laity in England of any note, and was deposited in the British Museum by order of the Anglo-Roman body, "as a lasting memorial of their political and moral integrity." What is still more important is that the oath founded on this Declaration, and embodying its denial of the infallibilist doctrine, which was inserted in the Irish Relief Act of 1793, was thus characterized in a Synodical Declaration of the Irish Bishops in 1810:—

> That said Oath, and the promises, declarations, abjurations, and protestations therein contained are, *notoriously, to the Roman Catholic Church at large, become a part of the Roman Catholic religion, as taught by us the Bishops, and received and maintained by the Roman Catholic Churches in Ireland; and as such are approved and sanctioned by the other Roman Catholic Churches.*

And twelve years later Bishop Baines, then the leading man among the English Vicars Apostolic, wrote as follows:—

> Bellarmine, and some other Divines, chiefly Italians, have believed the Pope infallible, when proposing *ex cathedrâ* an article of faith. *But in England or Ireland I do not believe that any Catholic maintains the infallibility of the Pope.*

Mr. Gladstone thus sums up the English and Irish testimony against what Archbishop Manning tells us was always a doctrine of divine faith before, as well as after, the Council of 1870:—

> We were told in England by the Anglo-Roman Bishops, clergy, and laity, that they rejected the tenet of the Pope's infallibility. We were told in Ireland that they rejected the doctrine of the Pope's temporal power, whether direct or indirect, although the Pope had in the most solemn and formal manner asserted his possession of it. We were also told in Ireland that Papal infallibility was no part of the Roman Catholic faith, and never could be made a part of it; and that the impossibility of incorporating it in their religion was notorious to the Roman Catholic Church at large, and was become part of their religion, and this not only in Ireland, but throughout the world. These are the declarations, which reach in effect from 1661 to 1810; and it is in the light of these declarations that the evidence of Dr. Doyle in 1825, and the declarations of the English and Irish prelates of the Papal communion shortly afterwards, are to be read.

And there the matter might well be left, but the author goes on to adduce equally incontrovertible evidence from the general history of the Church, dwelling especially on the famous decrees of the Council of Constance, which "are in flat and diametrical contradiction to those of the Vatican," and on the history of Gallicanism, which we quite agree with Mr. Gladstone in thinking that "Archbishop Manning, as he has been the first, so he will probably be the last, person to assert, took its rise in 1682." But for the proof of all this, which however will not be new to our readers, we must refer them to the pamphlet itself.

Dr. Manning does not seem indeed to be happy in his historical authorities, which may perhaps be explained by his theory that an appeal to history is heresy and treason. He had attempted to establish the universal and absolute authority of the Pope by a Canon of a Roman Synod of 863, which, he says, was recognized in the Eighth General Council in 869. It appears however, on examination, that the Canon of the Eighth Œcumenical Council makes no reference whatever to the Roman Synod of 863, and has no bearing on the Papal power generally, but only on the particular controversy of the day with Photius and his adherents. In another place the Archbishop appeals to the famous Bull of Innocent III., *Novit*, which he professes to quote in full in order to show that no direct temporal power is claimed for the Popes; but his copyist has somehow omitted the most essential clause of the document, which distinctly asserts the right and duty of using force. The same principle is asserted in an article of the Syllabus, on which the Jesuit commentator Schrader pertinently observes, "Not souls alone are subject to the authority of the Church"; and it may be further illustrated from the significant change made in the sixteenth century (according to Bellarmine, by Divine inspiration) in the collect for the feast of St. Peter's Chair, when the word "animæ" was struck out to indicate that the Pope has power from God to bind bodies as well as souls. The deposing power was formerly indeed disclaimed by the Roman Catholics of England, though the Pope had claimed it *ex cathedrâ*, and when he bade them rise against their Sovereign, they disobeyed him; but have they any right to do so now? Dr. Newman and Bishop Clifford will only maintain that power on conditions which strictly limit it and make it dependent on international sanctions; but the Popes themselves acknowledge no such conditions. We cannot follow Mr. Gladstone at length through his disquisition on the deposing and temporal power, but he has certainly made good his contention that, in the matter of obedience as well as faith, the position of all who accept the Vatican Decrees is materially altered, and that the claims of the Pope are such as to place civil allegiance at his mercy. If no great practical difference is as yet apparent, that is simply because those claims are discreetly kept in the background, or are not consistently acknowledged. Of the religious value of the new infallibility, Mr. Gladstone observes with much force that it is virtually exploded by the interpretations of its ablest apologists. An infallible authority, to be worth anything for human guidance, should at least speak in no ambiguous terms; we should be able to discern clearly the fact and the nature of its utterances. But, if we may trust Dr. Newman, that is just what individuals cannot do. "Decrees *ex cathedrâ* are infallible, but determinations what decrees are *ex cathedrâ* are fallible" and often wrong; and we can only ascertain through an unlimited "course of years" and by the precarious aid of "the *Schola Theologorum*," when we are on the firm rock of infallibility and when on the shifting quicksands of merely human persuasion. Dr. Newman thinks that infallible decisions of the Holy See are very rare; his language suggests doubts whether more than one has ever been pronounced. Dr. Ward maintains that the present Pope alone has enunciated whole volumes of infallible wisdom, and Dr. Ward, we must add, is much more likely on Papal principles to be right. Who shall decide between them?

Mr. Gladstone concludes with an eloquent appeal to the English Roman Catholic body, such as it stood before 1870 in its general theory, and such as he himself remembers it in its actual life half a century ago. It is hard, he adds, to recognize the traditions of such a body in the character and actions of modern Ultramontanism. And his regret at the great and growing change is not quickened by any motive of religious hostility, but the reverse. It was, indeed, evident from the first that the inspiring motive of his pamphlet was rather religious than political. He believes Christianity to be of vital moment to mankind, and the Christian Church "by far the greatest institution that the world has ever seen." But it is a suicidal defence of the Christian dispensation to divorce truth from freedom:—

> When the Christian scheme first went forth, with all its authority, to regenerate the world, it did not discourage, but invited, the free action of the human reason and the individual conscience, while it supplied these agents from within with the rules and motives of a humble, which was also a noble, self-restraint. The propagation of the Gospel was committed to an organized society; but in the constitution of that society, as we learn alike from Scripture and from history, the rights of all its orders were well distributed and guaranteed. Of these early provisions for a balance of Church-power, and for securing the laity against sacerdotal domination, the rigid conservatism of the Eastern Church presents us, even down to the present day, with an authentic and living record. But in the Churches subject to the Pope, clerical power, and every doctrine and usage favourable to clerical power, have been developed, and developed, and developed, while all that nurtured freedom, and all that guaranteed it, have been harassed and denounced, cabined and confined, attenuated and starved, with fits and starts of intermitted success and failure, but with a progress on the whole as decisively onward toward its aim as that which some enthusiasts think they see in the natural movement of humanity at large. At last came the crowning stroke of 1870, the legal extinction of Right, and the enthronement of Will in its place, throughout the Churches of one-half of Christendom. While freedom and its guarantees are thus attacked on one side, a multitude of busy but undisciplined and incoherent assailants, on the other, are making war, some upon Revelation, some upon dogma, some upon Theism itself. Far be it from me to question the integrity of either party. But as freedom can never be effectually established by the adversaries of that Gospel which has first made it a reality for all orders and degrees of men, so the Gospel never can be effectually defended by a policy which declines to acknowledge the high place assigned to Liberty in the counsels of Providence, and which, upon the pretext of the abuse that like every other good she suffers, expels her from its system.

SIR CHARLES LYELL.

THE death of Sir Charles Lyell ends a stage in the history of geology in England. He was the last of the veteran geologists the labours of whose lives kept England famous in spite of the dearth of eminent successors in the younger generation, and one cannot but feel that his departure severs the tie that connected us with the infancy of geology. These men found geology uncertain as to the nature and scope of its investigations, feeble and hesitating in asserting its claims to attention, wild in its notions of the actual phenomena of the earth's crust, and still wilder in its notions of their possible causes, and submitting to be dictated to as to both by the narrow theological views of the time. They have left it one of the soberest and least flighty of the many branches of natural science, taking its rank unquestioned among those which it is important for all to study; and though it never has lost, and

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probably never will lose, the charm which is given to it by the vastness of the scale upon which the operations of which it speaks have been carried on, and the dim mystery of the countless ages through which we have to look back in reading its records, yet such is the mass of facts it has accumulated as compared with the amount of theory that can possibly be framed upon them, that it is rapidly getting to be regarded as consisting mainly of observations of minute details, to be enjoyed only by specialists, and at which a theologian would as little think of cavilling as he would think of cavilling at the daily meteorological observations at Greenwich. The jealousy with which its progress was watched has become a thing of the past, save so far as its teachings bear upon the controversy on evolution; and a clergyman who should treat his congregation to the invectives once so common against those who would weaken the authority of Scripture by throwing doubt on the literal descriptiveness of the Mosaic account of the Creation would trouble the minds of none but his ecclesiastical superiors. Of all the men who have aided in effecting this revolution, by far the highest place must be assigned to Sir Charles Lyell. We would not for a moment disparage the labours of such men as Murchison, Phillips, and Sedgwick; but all these, though vying with him perhaps in their actual knowledge of the subject, and the extent and value of their original researches, stand far below him in that grasp of it as a whole, and that power of generalization by which he made his knowledge fruitful. Under his hands the science took shape, its phenomena were shown to be parts of a consistent whole, and the vast accumulations of facts which threatened to encumber rather than to aid those who sought to reach from facts to causes, fell into their proper places, and ceased to be subjects of special explanations, because they needed none. He found the subject a heap of building-stone; he left it a building; and such was his freedom from bias and his capacity for weighing evidence, that the results of his labours are in but little danger of being superseded. Every day we learn something new which bears upon his conclusions, and they must necessarily be greatly modified by advancing knowledge; but, so far as its main features are concerned, his system is too firmly based upon sound reasoning and trustworthy observation to be shaken.

The tendency of Sir Charles Lyell's work was strikingly consonant with the genius of the age in which he lived. Marvellously as our acquaintance with the facts of science has advanced, still increase of knowledge has been less characteristic of the age than unification of knowledge. Instead of enlarging our domain, we have brought its scattered provinces under a single rule. Classes of phenomena previously held to be unconnected with each other, and studied separately, have been shown to result from the action of common causes, and to obey the same fundamental laws. In physics, in physiology, in language, and in history this process has been going on; and what Grove and Joule have done for physics by the discovery of the correlation of forces, what Darwin and Spencer are doing for physiology by the theory of evolution, what Max Müller and the German philologists are doing for language, that Lyell did for geology. It is true that in his case the unification was not so striking as it sometimes has been. It was not in geology as it was in celestial mechanics, where it was reserved for one man to bring into simplicity and harmony all the maze of motions by discovering at one stroke both the secret of the mechanism and its laws. The forces that shaped the crust of the earth have stamped on it resemblances to the effects of the actions which on a small scale are continually going on around us, far too indelible for any one to mistake them; and hence from the first moment that men's minds ceased to be satisfied by the theory of an arbitrary and causeless creation of the earth's crust in the state in which it now is, it was admitted that, either wholly or partially, the present surface of our earth owed its structure to the shaping influences of heat, water, and wind. But to render these capable of accounting for geological changes, it was thought necessary to assume that in past ages they were in immeasurably intenser activity than at the present time; and it is not hard to see that, with this hypothesis, and the assumption at will that any or all of such agencies were in operation in a suitable manner, it would not be difficult to explain any phenomenon whatever. Some would even go so far as to assume that a whole valley could be hollowed out at one sweep by a wave; and not content even with this liberty, they did not hesitate to get themselves out of any position of special difficulty by the hypothesis of a temporary suspension or reversion of the laws of nature. To a scientific mind such a pretended explanation is no solution of the difficulty, yet for a time this was all that geology had to offer, and with it geologists had to content themselves as best they could. If any school repudiated so chaotic an hypothesis, it was only to take up some small portion of it, and resolutely to shut its eyes to whatever truth the remainder might contain, secure from refutation through the impossibility of testing the truth of a theory upon a subject where no two people agreed as to what was possible and what was impossible.

It was in the reaction from this state of things, when, sick at heart of the endless and fruitless controversies which arose from the neglect of the maxim that one should not attempt to explain phenomena till one knows what it is that has to be explained, geologists began to confine themselves strictly to observation and to eschew all theorizing, that Lyell commenced his work. He clearly saw that, if it was to be allowed to geologists to introduce and use any natural forces, intensified at will, to explain geological phenomena, then there could be no solution of the problem; it was necessarily indeterminate. Nor would such a solution have been worthy of the name. Such forces obey known laws, and otherwise than according to these laws they cannot operate, nor can their intensity be different from that which those laws prescribe. The right method then must be to observe their action as we see it around us, and gleaning their laws from this, to examine what change, either in mode or intensity of action, must be assumed if we would make them account for the phenomena of the past. Considered merely as leading to the sensible practice of studying closely the agents themselves before proceeding to use them to explain phenomena, this would have been a healthy reaction; but it proved to be much more when Lyell felt himself justified in coming to the conclusion that these arbitrary hypotheses as to the increased intensity of terrestrial forces in geologic ages were wholly unnecessary, and that it sufficed to suppose that the present forces had been in continuous action through very long periods of time. In fact, the mystery was entirely of our own creation. We had set to work to discover agencies that would in a short space of time produce effects which in reality were nothing but the accumulated effects of the long-continued action of forces of the most familiar type. If this idea were the true one, it is obvious that the problem of geology was vastly simpler than had been supposed; and, what would be of far more importance, there would be a possibility of substituting certain knowledge for what must otherwise have always remained conjecture. Up to that time people had been in the position of a jury trying to decide as to the doers of a deed in a land where the *Arabian Nights* was a veracious history, or esteemed such; but this would restore them to the work-a-day world, with its definite sequences of cause and effect. But how much time would the theory require us to grant it for the formation of the earth's crust? On the lowest computation the length of time was so prodigious that it seemed fabulous, and the theory endured great opposition upon this ground, till it began to strike people that they had not the slightest reason for thinking that the earth had not existed a hundred times as long as Sir C. Lyell would represent. Thenceforward the theory prospered, and though many excellent geologists, like Sir Roderick Murchison, held that Sir C. Lyell underrated the violence of the igneous forces at work in very early geological periods, yet this did not affect its ultimate reception. The catastrophic hypothesis had received its death-blow, and though it might subsequently be found necessary to admit the possibility of very violent disturbances at certain epochs of the world's history, yet it became clear that these must no longer be considered to have been such as would be utterly without parallel in more recent times, as had been previously supposed. And the beneficial effect of the change upon geological theories cannot be overrated. The world of past ages was no longer a mysterious land where anything might be possible; its constitution and phenomena were those of our own world, with definite and ascertainable modifications during various periods due to ascertainable causes. No arbitrary hypothesis could any longer be allowed to account for these modifications; if we could not explain them by the action of known natural laws, then we must wait patiently till we succeeded in so doing, and in the meanwhile the problem must remain confessedly unsolved. Geology was, in fact, made scientific in the proper signification of the term. And all this was cheaply purchased at the price of having to reconcile the mind to the idea of the earth having existed in the past during almost countless ages. This would offer to us no difficulty were it not that we are, as Sir Charles Lyell himself said in his Address to the British Association in 1864, so accustomed to regard as important small periods of time in our strict chronology of current or recent events. We are like the poor man who has become rich, whose small donations show how "hard it is to get the chill of poverty out of his bones."

Thus we see Sir Charles Lyell driving away from the domain of geologic science the fetich of discontinuity and catastrophic change, and representing the whole as the product of one continuous process of gradual change. It is in geology as in physics—the world of to-day is the effect of the world of yesterday, and the cause of the world of to-morrow. Still in the geologic story one continually occurring instance of change remained which Lyell's theory failed to account for. The record of the rocks spoke to no fact more clearly than that of the constant appearance of new species of plants and animals and the disappearance of old species. For the latter fact no strange or novel theory was needed; but it was different with the former. No known existing phenomenon offered a parallel to it; but one theory professed to explain it, and this one Sir Charles Lyell found himself compelled to reject, though not till after it had been most carefully examined by him, as is shown by his excellent *résumé* of it, and of the arguments for and against it. This was to be expected, for the now universally rejected Lamarckian theory, with its remarkable half-truths, could not satisfy so clear-sighted and exacting a critic. Thus, up to the ninth edition of his *Principles of Geology*, stood his theory of the formation of the earth's surface and of the plants and animals upon it—through countless ages a continuous development of the surface, together with a gradual extinction of the older species of plants and animals and the appearance of new species, created under unknown circumstances, to take their places, but always resembling more or less closely some of the animals or plants of the period in which they appeared; the simpler organisms first appearing at an earlier time than the more complex ones, and man appearing last of all. But in the long interval that elapsed between the publication of the

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ninth and tenth editions of the *Principles of Geology*, Darwin's *Origin of Species* was published. Just as Lyell had accounted for the present condition of the earth's crust by means of a process of gradual development, so Mr. Darwin proposed to account for the whole of the present animal and vegetable kingdom. His theory would require that life should have existed upon the earth for countless past ages, and that each new species should more or less closely resemble some that existed at the time at which it appeared, and that the simpler animals and plants should first appear at an earlier epoch than those that were more complex. It was not to be wondered at that Sir C. Lyell should undertake a thorough investigation of a theory that suited his requirements so admirably, independently of his friendship for the author; and we shall not be far wrong in believing that at the hands of none did it undergo a more severe and searching trial before it was finally accepted, unless perhaps at the hands of its author himself. Be that as it may, Sir C. Lyell, though then upwards of sixty years of age, an age at which men are usually loth to change the opinions of a lifetime, gave his full adhesion to the new doctrine; and, first in the work on the *Antiquity of Man*, which appeared in 1863, and subsequently in the tenth edition of his *Principles of Geology*, he incorporated it with his system, elaborated, and defended it. To few of its defenders does it owe so much as to him; for, just as it is only upon the hypothesis of vast geologic ages that it is tenable, so it is from the facts of geology that it gets its chief support, and it is there too that it meets with its most formidable difficulties. The uncaused appearance of new species, and the general progression of type which is observable throughout the series of fossil and existing organisms, and the certainty that great modifications must have taken place in species enduring through the vast spaces of time represented by geological periods under the ever-varying influences to which they would be exposed, go far to justify the theory that species do owe their origin to gradual development; while, on the other hand, the strange absence of many of the most important intermediate form constitutes the most formidable argument against it. Sir Charles Lyell most skilfully met this last and most dangerous objection by his admirable teaching respecting the imperfection of the geologic record; and he no less skilfully used his vast acquaintance with the science to bring out in their full force the arguments which geology supplies in its favour, and to solve by means of it the many difficulties that palæontology presents. Some of his old companions in research declined to follow him in the step he took, and remained to the end of their days firm opponents of the Darwinian theory; but Sir Charles Lyell so completely adopted it and made it his own, that it is hard for one who reads the later editions of his works to figure to himself how the hypothesis of special creations could ever have formed part of them. Thus his system represents the world past and present as the result of a continuous process exactly similar to what is going on now. And whatever may be thought of the conclusions of the arguments by which he supports some parts of his theories, his works must ever remain a monument of his genius and one of the most valuable productions of our age. The gift he gave to the world was not one of those lucky discoveries to the fortunate makers of which the world in its gratitude awards fame commensurate to the striking nature of the discovery rather than to the merit of the discoverer, and where the value of the reward bears a necessary proportion to the deserts of the discoverer about as much as the value of the diamond does to those of the fortunate man who finds it. With painstaking labour he mastered the results of the investigations of others, and added largely to them from his own, and by steady and continuous thought he elaborated his system. There was nothing of the happy guess about it, as there seldom is about great discoveries. He patiently worked it out, and, like the rocks which he loved so well, its permanence will be the fitting reward of its slow growth.

EGOTISM.

IT is generally allowed that one of the greatest blessings in life is the possession of a good serviceable hobby. If we proceed to inquire what is the best of all possible hobbies, the answer would apparently be, that which is closest to us on all occasions, which gives the greatest opportunity for the use of all our faculties, and in which we have the most exclusive possession. Nothing, therefore, can be a more serviceable hobby to a man than himself. The man, that is, who takes a lively interest in observing his own character, development, and history, has always at hand an inexhaustible source of interesting remark. Some people can amuse themselves with art, or natural history, or antiquarianism; but the study of their own psychological peculiarities suggests more subjects for speculation, and requires less elaborate apparatus, than any of these. Moralists, it is true, are in the habit of denouncing the practice when it is called by the ugly name of morbid introspection; as they are also in the habit of praising it when it is prescribed in the philosophical formula "Know thyself." There is a good and a bad name for most qualities, and by judiciously ringing the changes upon them we can succeed in making our advice as imposing as we please, and yet bending it into conformity with our accidental prejudices. The number of fallacies which surround the whole question as to our proper attitude of mind in regard to ourselves is indeed more than usually great. There is a hopeless confusion, for example, as to the right meaning of such words as vanity, pride, and conceit. Sometimes pride is represented as incompatible with vanity, and sometimes as shading into it by imperceptible degrees. The main source of such ambiguities seems to be a confusion which has obscured many subjects—the confusion, that is, between the intellectual and the emotional point of view. Two men may agree in holding a very high opinion of their own merits. Each of them may think in all sincerity that he is a great genius. But one of them may have a very sympathetic character, and consequently take great pleasure in hearing his praises repeated by others. The other may be reserved and self-contained, and therefore indifferent to the opinions formed about him by his neighbours. Or again, one sympathetic person may for various reasons have come to the conclusion that he is a fool, and another of similar character that he is a genius. The man who thinks highly of himself is called vain, and when it appears that his more modest neighbour is equally anxious for external sympathy, though less confident that it will be favourable to him, he is said to show vanity in a distorted shape. An excessive diffidence is frequently attacked upon this ground, and is supposed to prove vanity coupled with insincerity. The judgment is very harsh, and generally quite unfounded. A man may surely be quite sincere in taking a low opinion of his own powers, and yet be very anxious for praise. The truth is that the rough classification of character implied in our popular language is totally inadequate, and that we constantly stretch such words as "proud" and "vain" to indicate half-a-dozen radically different forms of character. It is very unfair, though natural enough, to argue from a man's sentiment about himself that he holds that opinion as to his character which the sentiment seems to us to imply; for, in fact, the opinion may be due to a hundred different causes, to which the man's disposition contributes only a single element.

Thus egotism, though it is an ugly word, is applied to a great many varieties of character, some of which, so far from being offensive, are amusing, and, it may be, amiable. The brutal egotist is the man who thinks it better that his neighbour should starve than that he should have a glass of wine the less for his dinner. We cannot deny that this is an immoral doctrine, and one which can scarcely be held by a lover of his species. But it is a familiar fact that a man may hold opinions which should logically lead to this conclusion, and yet be a thoroughly good-natured person. We may take, for example, the typical case of Goldsmith. We assume the truth of the stories which well-meaning biographers have endeavoured to disprove; being willing, as it seems, to save their hero from the imputation of harmless foibles at the expense of making him commonplace. The ideal Goldsmith, at any rate, was the man who was jealous because a pretty girl received more attention than himself, or because people stared at a puppetshow when he was passing; and who expected people to admire his immortal bloom-coloured coat, instead of listening to Johnson's best conversation. Goldsmith, if such stories are to be taken literally, must have had a ludicrous notion of his own importance; and, if men's conduct were regulated by syllogisms, he must have thought his own reputation the most valuable thing in the world. Unluckily for us, few persons were more careless of their glory; and there is evidently no real paradox if we admit that what was called his vanity merely meant his constant craving for sympathy. He was always trying to "get in and shine," not because he thought seriously that he was a first-rate talker, but because the applause of his fellow-creatures was infinitely refreshing to his sympathetic nature. There are innumerable other varieties of egotism which may vary from the most delightful to the most hateful quality. Sometimes we abuse a man as egotistical simply because he is incapable of concealing what others are wise enough to hide; or because he is so amiable that he is glad of anybody's good opinion. It is always difficult to pardon any one who asks us, however unconsciously, for the alms of a compliment. Few people are capable of praising a man to his face with any degree of gracefulness, and they revenge themselves upon the person who begs for it. Humility of this kind is perhaps even more offensive than vanity. When a man is obviously on good terms with himself, we rather like him for not wanting our praises and allowing us to think badly of him. But, however genuine his desire for our good-will, we can hardly forgive him for allowing his wishes to appear too plainly. He is an awkward companion, and the spice of ill-nature in our composition prompts us to give him a stone when he seeks for bread. The egotism which finds mercy with rougher companions is that which is obviously self-sufficing. That which is popular with the more discriminating is the egotism which conceals itself under a mask of humour. If a man delights in displaying his idiosyncrasies, and yet ostensibly laughs at them, we may be flattered by being taken into his confidence. We are amused by the charming egotism of Montaigne, because he appears to anticipate our amusement. A judicious tone of self-banter is necessary to propitiate the conceit of our neighbours, and, having made that concession, we may talk about ourselves as much as we please. Goldsmith was just a little too simple. If he had laughed at his own absurdities they would have turned into witticisms. The difference between a blunder and a smart saying very often consists simply in the fact that the blunderer is conscious in one case and not in the other. It requires indeed some good taste to guard against slipping into buffoonery, and any attempt at humour presupposes a certain amount of intelligence in the audience. Though few qualities are more praised than a sense of humour, or more often claimed, there are few which are in reality rarer. The lady who was seriously shocked by Sydney Smith's proposal to take off his flesh and sit in his bones had about the ordinary

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intelligence in such matters. Till a man has established a reputation for humour he should be careful to give plain notice of his jokes; as, when he has once established the reputation, he will probably find that his simplest remarks are supposed to carry some profound meaning.

However difficult it may be to make other people accept our egotism in society, there can be no doubt that it is a quality admirably calculated to secure our own happiness. Moralists have sometimes been tempted to admit that a thorough uncompromising selfishness is the quality which, after all, produces the greatest net result of enjoyment. A man who resolutely disregards everything except his own happiness, who regulates his hours so as to live as long and healthily as possible, avoids all over-excitement, and therefore keeps his heart cold and his digestion good, never joins in a new movement for fear of compromising himself, never gives away a half-crown till he is sure that he cannot get more pleasure out of it by spending it on himself, never loses a good thing for want of asking, or refuses it when it comes out of diffidence, makes it a matter of principle to drop all friends in distress, and keeps closely to those who can make it worth his while, has undoubtedly a good deal to say for himself in this world. But this is hardly the happiest kind of egotism, because it implies a coldness of temper which is scarcely compatible with great powers of enjoyment. The happy egotist is the man whose geese are all swans; who is profoundly convinced that his own house is the best situated, his own clothes the best made, and his own verses the best written of any in the country. He need not be in the least degree selfish. His conscience will applaud him more loudly than other people's, but it need not applaud him in the wrong places. It will convince him, if he is a clergyman, that nobody can preach such good sermons or attend so warmly to the welfare of his parishioners; but that conviction may make him all the more eloquent and self-sacrificing. And even if he does not entertain that consoling conviction, it is still something for a man to be profoundly interested in his own affairs merely on the ground that they are his own. The difference between people in this respect is greater than we sometimes imagine. Some people are moved to tears by the sight of the house where they were born or the school where they were bred, not because they expect that a tablet will be placed on their dwelling-place to enlighten future generations, or that the school will found a scholarship in their honour, nor yet because they have stronger affections for their relations or their schoolfellows than others. It is merely that the instinct of property is more strongly developed in them, and that any object which has been in contact with them somehow arrays itself in a kind of imaginative halo. Such people keep old letters which cooler persons would burn, but which are sacred in their eyes, simply because addressed to themselves. At every step they find some special interest. Old drawers full of rubbish are romantic in their eyes. The most trivial mention of themselves in a newspaper is full of interest. They investigate problems as to the origin of their tastes or habits with never-failing zest. They may be as free as others from that perverse habit of introspection which is so often denounced, not because they do not care about themselves, but because their minds are too happily constituted to make such self-examination provocative of remorse. They look into their own spiritual and intellectual machinery, but from a scientific curiosity rather than a conscientious interest. They do not ask whether they are good or bad, but are simply occupied with a most interesting puzzle. In their old age such people write autobiographies, and autobiographies are the most charming of all books. If everybody were egotistical enough to compose such a work before he died, and if—which is indeed a necessary condition—there was some board of independent critics to destroy the failures, we should have a body of literature more interesting than any history or fiction now composed.

DOING UP ONE'S HOUSE.

THE mere sight of the words "Builder and Decorator" is sometimes enough to arouse in a person of really sweet temper those angry passions which Dr. Watts only permits to bears and lions. They seem at first sight harmless words, but the experienced householder knows their full import. He knows that under them lurks the terrible phalanx of plumbers, slaters, gasfitters, bellhangers, blacksmiths, paper-hangers, whitewashers, and plasterers, at whose approach we all fly, and at whose bills many of us quake. The overhoused young doctor who has a strict painting clause in his lease and yet can see a paint-brush without a shudder must be the most insensible of men. He must be without recollection of the things which he has suffered; without the dread of the future which his past experiences ought to supply. Many a lady of refined taste but scanty means sits day after day in a room where the pattern of the paper offends her eye, and the shabbiness of the woodwork is a constant source of annoyance to her. Five shillings would buy all the paint needed to freshen up the doors and shutters; five times five shillings would not pay a London workman for putting it on. Pretty wall papers can certainly be bought for fabulously small sums, but the expense of having them hung more than doubles their cost. This is much to be regretted, and there seems at present no way out of the difficulty, unless Mrs. Crawshay would organize a band of lady painters. Miss Faithfull might also persuade some of the women who earn two shillings a day by laboriously working a sewing-machine for ten hours to take to the not more unhealthy occupation of common house-painting. It is surprising that some enterprising emigration agent has not brought over a band of Chinese coolies, or persuaded a few Japanese designers to brighten our walls with their gay chrysanthemums and graceful storks. In Japan the paint-pot seems as constantly in use as the scrubbing-brush is in Holland, and quite as necessary to the comfort of the inhabitants as soap and water is to us. Besides the expense of painting and papering there is the trouble of it. It is most difficult, either in town or country, to get a small job executed in a reasonable time. Perhaps three days would be quite sufficient to give for the work to be done, say the papering of a room. Messrs. Copal and Oak promise to send their men early on Monday morning. Everything is cleared out on the previous Saturday. The men do not appear till Friday. They spend the day in making a mess and whistling. At twelve o'clock on Saturday they disappear, to be seen no more until the following Wednesday at noon. Meantime the stair carpets must remain up, and a board be left along the hall, over which our friends and our servants have the privilege of tumbling as many times a day as they think expedient. We are not of course now speaking of the rich people who can at any time leave their houses, and can afford to put them into the hands of an experienced and well-known firm; who can give *carte blanche* with regard to the spending of money, and do not interfere with such details as carpets, curtains, or furniture. They, too, have their troubles into which we need not here enter. They are not the troubles connected with careless workmen who scamp their work. The foreman in such establishments is the sufferer and the person held responsible. Unhappily there are people in the world who like to have their houses nice, yet who cannot afford to spend much money upon them. When making additions or alterations they are therefore obliged to endure the smell of paint, and must remain at home to superintend second-rate workmen and see their fancies carried out.

But the principal reason why so many people dread having their houses done up is that the object of each tradesman employed seems to be to make work for some other tradesman. The whitewasher forgets to cover up the steelgrate in the drawing-room when he is doing the ceiling. The housemaid is so busy flirting with him and listening to the words of the last comic song which he is trying to teach her that she neglects to remove the fender and fire-irons. Grate, fender, and fire-irons are completely spoilt, and have to be sent away and repolished at considerable expense. The whitewasher also manages to clog the bellwires so that the bells will not ring. The bellhanger must therefore be sent for. He leaves dirty finger-marks upon the cornice where he has loosened the cranks, and round the china-handles where he tries the bells. Perhaps he breaks one of the handles. It cannot be matched, so two new ones must be bought, and another tradesman brought in to put them on. The paperhanger possibly uses bad size on the wall, and makes his paste of damaged flour; consequently, when the room is again inhabited it has a mysterious but most offensive smell. Perhaps he does not take the trouble to remove the old paper before putting on the new one, in which case pastiles may be burnt and windows opened, but all in vain—the smell will remain. The painter does not sufficiently rub down or burn off the old paint before he puts on the new. He sometimes even covers the old doors with size to save himself trouble and make a surface. He is almost always careless with his first coat—a carelessness he cannot afterwards repair. It is not uncommon, as soon as the new paint is quite dry, and has been under the influence of either sunshine or a hot fire, to see it starting off in pieces at the slightest touch, and leaving the light under-colour visible. If not carefully watched, the painter will put his pots on one of our best tables, making on it a fine confused pattern of circles, great and small. In consequence of his carelessness the French-polisher has to be called in. The painter is quite satisfied, having done his part towards the encouragement of trade. In giving the hall-door a fresh coat he lets drops fall on the step which no French-polisher or English housemaid could, with any quantity of fuller's-earth, whiten or remove. He walks up and down the oilcloth in the hall with nailed boots, and gives it the appearance of having recently recovered from a severe attack of smallpox. His sympathies are with the makers of oilcloth, not the buyers thereof, so he is rather pleased. It is not uncommon for a bill to be sent in charging for four coats of paint when only two have been put on; perhaps in some cases there may have been three thin paintings and a little chalk mixed with the white lead. Common oak varnish will be charged as best copal, and the bad cotton rope with which the window sashes are mended as best hemp line. Strange to say, there are people who honestly love the house-painter and his paint, who like to be constantly redecorating their rooms, who would scarcely take a present of a set of decorative panel pictures from Mr. Leighton, or find place for hangings of "cloth of Arras." A great art collector who has lately remodelled his house paid as much for having some doors done in imitation of mahogany as would have procured the doors in the real wood, whilst another gentleman had his splendid century-old mahogany doors painted white. The excuse for this last piece of barbarism we have never discovered; perhaps he was a Queen-Anne-ist, and they looked too comfortable to match his furniture. Fortunately he did not replace the egg and dart mouldings in the shutters by stop chamfers, which we saw done on another occasion. Men of supposed taste still have their hall-doors grained in a bad imitation of oak or maple, and prefer paint on their stairs to stained and

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varnished wood. The reason why builders so love paint and varnish is that it hides bad wood, and ensures to them and their successors work for ever. If some substitute for whitewash in ceilings could be found which would wash, they would lose thousands a year. They set their faces against the varnished papers which some people have adopted, and which are certainly a help to cleanliness at small cost, as they bear washing. They detest marquetry floors with rugs, as there are not then heavy carpets to take up and nail down, and tear also, as we know to our cost.

The stupidity of apparently intelligent workmen is sometimes very puzzling. You arrange before you leave home for the painting and papering of your dining and drawing rooms. When you return, the papers are transposed, but not the paints; so you have a thick flock in the drawing-room with French grey and gold mouldings, while in the dining-room you find a white and gold paper with dark brown and black doors. You left some Japanese crape pictures for a frieze, and find most of them either upside down or sideways. In one a Chinese lady is standing on her head supported by a fan, which she holds in her hand. In another a bird which ought to be skimming the air, is lying on its back apparently in its death agonies. In a third the snow is rising instead of falling. You draw a number to be put on the hall-door; the piece of paper on which you draw it happens not to be straight. The number is put on according to the paper, and suggests that a visit was paid to the "Harp and Crown" round the corner before it was sketched. It is amusing to see some poor lady bitten with a love of peacock blues, trying to make a workman unaccustomed to such eccentricities mix the proper colours with which she wishes her rooms re-decorated. It is heartrending to see the fearful pigments he produces from her descriptions, and the poor lady's helpless despair. For this sort of stupidity Trade-Unions are to blame. They give no encouragement to individual talent. They put no premium upon industry and rapid work. A man who belongs to a Trade-Union is like a soldier; his pace must be regulated by that of the weakest man in the regiment. He earns no more wages by being able to do his work in half the time and twice as well as the man beside him. He is not allowed to remain a quarter of an hour after twelve on Saturday when he could in that quarter of an hour finish a most important job. Perhaps some invalid is waiting for a room to be finished; perhaps some real damage will be done by the delay; but the workman must sacrifice himself, his talents, and his desire to be obliging, to the inexorable law of his Trade-Union. The noble working-man learns to lounge to his work as if he were going to his club in Pall Mall. He employs a considerable part of his time in looking out of the window at the expense of the British householder. He can bet on the Derby and drink like a lord. Now that Trade-Unions have been accepted as necessary organizations, it is a pity that all trades should not be divided into guilds as of old. The men would then have an inducement to improve themselves by study, and some reward to look forward to from special industry or cultivated intelligence.

THE ESSEX RING.

THE house of Haynes (or Hawnes, both forms are in use) in Bedfordshire, now belonging to Lord John Thynne, is one of the many English country houses in which, without any direct break in the line of ownership, the treasures of more than one family have been assembled, either by intermarriage or by descent. It has not changed hands by sale since 1667, when it was bought by Sir George Carteret. Before that time Haynes had been the property, successively, of two families, which are of note for very different reasons. It had belonged to the Newdigates, ancestors of the famous Sir Roger whose memory is ever green at Oxford, and whose well-wigged portrait adorns the hall of University College, where he was a gentleman-commoner; and from the Newdigates it had passed by purchase to the Lukes of Cople, who occasionally lived at Haynes throughout all the troubles of the Civil War. Sir Samuel Luke, then in the service of the Parliament, and scoutmaster for Bedfordshire, was, there can be little doubt, the original of Butler's Hudibras, and may now and then have "ridden forth a-colonelling" from Haynes as well as from Cople. In the days of the Newdigates, Haynes had received and entertained Queen Anne of Denmark, whilst her august consort and his train were housed in the neighbouring mansion of Haughton Conquest. King and Queen together underwent a discourse in Haynes church, set forth with much erudition by one Thomas Archer, rector of Haughton, where the coloured bust of this pious, painful preacher, with an open sermon-book before him, still graces the chancel. Of these times, however, there is little to remind us at Haynes. The house has been much modernized, and the interest which now gathers about the place is connected with the Carterets and their representatives.

Sir George Carteret, the first of that family who owned Haynes, was the well-known defender of Jersey against the Parliament. Born in the last year of the sixteenth century, and dying in 1679, he lived through one of the most eventful periods in English history; and a singularly fine portrait by Lely here perpetuates his vigorous, resolute face, set in the long, dark locks of an unflinching Cavalier. Charles II. had intended to make him a peer; but he died before the patent was issued, and it was his grandson and successor who, while still a boy, became the first Baron Carteret of Haynes. In accordance with a fashion of the time he had been married at the age of eleven to Lady Grace Granville, aged eight, the youngest daughter of John, Earl of Bath, son of the well-known Sir Beville Granville, who was one of the "four wheels of Charles's wain" in the West, and who fell in the fight on Lansdowne. Thus were united two of the staunchest Royalist houses in England; and the young wife of this first Lord Carteret was afterwards created Countess Granville. Both titles became extinct in 1776; when the heir of Haynes and of the other Granville estates was the second son of Thomas Thynne, Viscount Weymouth, who took the name of Carteret, and in whose favour, in 1784, the barony was revived. The title has again become extinct; and Haynes is now the property of a nephew of this Lord Carteret, the Rev. Lord John Thynne.

It is in this manner that the house of Haynes has become so rich in portraits of Carterets, Granvilles, and Thynnes. The youthful bridegroom (whose letters, written from Eton to his child wife, are still preserved, and are very good and clever), his wife, and their son, who as Lord Carteret served as Ambassador Extraordinary to Sweden and Denmark, are among the more interesting Carteret portraits. The last-mentioned personage wears a sword, which the King of Denmark unbuckled from his side at a farewell audience, and gave to Lord Carteret with one of the most graceful royal compliments on record. "Puisque," were the King's words, "M. l'ambassadeur a rétabli la paix entre nous et la couronne de Suède, nous n'avons plus besoin de l'épée." Of Granvilles there is a most curious and valuable series, brought from Stow in Cornwall. Here are Sir Richard, the Granville of Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* somewhat hard and stern-looking, in rich armour and trunk-hose; Sir Bernard; and his son, the famous Sir Beville, also in armour, with an earring of three links in the right ear. A wonderful example of costume is afforded by the wife of Sir Beville, whose collar and cuffs, elaborately designed and embroidered, were perhaps due to the same domestic virtues implied in the Cornish story which tells how, after the Lansdowne fight, Sir Beville appeared to her at the corner of a wood, and how, when the news of his death arrived in due course, she had nearly finished making her mourning. Our business at present, however, is not with portraits, though one more should be mentioned, a youthful representation of Elizabeth's Earl of Essex. Whether this portrait is really that of Essex may perhaps be somewhat doubtful. But the house contains another relic of him the authenticity of which is more worth discussing, since the story with which it is connected is of world-wide reputation.

This is a remarkable ring which, in accordance with an unbroken family tradition, is held to be the same which Elizabeth gave to Essex, which Essex in the hour of his utmost need sent to the Queen through the Countess of Nottingham, and which the Countess, by the advice of her lord, did not deliver. The ring is of gold, with chased sides, the inside variegated in blue enamel. In front, within a rim of gold, is set a sardonyx of very fine quality, on which the profile of Elizabeth is delicately cut in relief. The sardonyx, in the judgment of a very experienced engraver of gems, is "such a one as deserved to be selected for a queen," and both portrait and setting are in a style of art characteristic of the period. There can be no doubt, in short, that the ring dates from the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth. It has, moreover, been altered in size by the introduction of a small piece of gold much inferior in quality to that of which the ring was originally made, the work possibly of a provincial jeweller who could not match the metal. The piece of interpolated gold is soldered with soft solder, showing that the alteration was made with the stone in the ring, and that the workmen were afraid of subjecting it to the temperature which the fusion of hard solder would have required. All this seems to suggest that the ring had been first made for, and worn by, the Queen, and that it had been altered to fit Essex's finger, perhaps in Ireland, at any rate at a distance from the skilled workmen and jewellers of Lombard Street. The ring, it should be added, has descended to its present owner from Lady Frances Devereux, daughter of the unfortunate Earl, and wife of that Lord Hertford whose first marriage with Arabella Stewart brought him into so great trouble. The granddaughter of Lady Frances married the first Lord Weymouth, "the good lord" who provided an asylum for Bishop Ken at Longleat.

There is nothing, therefore, in the appearance of the ring itself inconsistent with the tradition which has been attached to it. On the contrary, it may be said that, in so far as such evidence is of any value, the ring confirms the story. But that is to say very little; and although there is of course no reason for doubting that the ring has descended to its present owner from Lady Frances Devereux, it tells us nothing whatever as to the truth or falsehood of the story itself. This is fully set forth in Hume's History, which again is not saying much for its truth or falsehood. He accepts it somewhat doubtfully, but insists that, although "it has long been rejected by historians as romantic, late discoveries seem to have confirmed it." Of the value of these "late discoveries" we can judge for ourselves. It may first be worth while to quote some part of Hume's version. After saying that the Queen had given Essex a ring, with the promise that into whatever disgrace or peril he might fall, she would, on the sight of it, "recall her former tenderness, and lend a favourable ear to his apology," Hume proceeds:—

Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity; but after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the Queen. The Countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favourite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, was, after much delay, pushed by resentment and

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policy to sign the warrant for his execution. The Countess of Nottingham falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct; and having obtained a visit from the Queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret. The Queen burst into a furious passion; she shook the dying Countess in her bed; and crying to her "that God might pardon her, but that she never could," she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy.

Ten days afterwards she died. For the whole of this story there is no contemporary evidence of any sort. Minute details of Elizabeth's last illness were communicated by Lord Nottingham and Sir Robert Cecil to M. de Beaumont the French Ambassador, by whom they were transmitted to his Court. Sir Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, brother of Lady Nottingham, who was present at Richmond, has left memoirs in which he describes what he saw; and Camden, writing at the time, is very full in his narrative. But none of these make the slightest reference to the ring story; and no contemporary letter or paper has been discovered in which it is so much as hinted at. On the other hand, De Beaumont writes to M. de Villeroy, that, having requested an audience of the Queen to present a letter from his master, she had "desired to be excused for some days, on account of the death of the Countess of Nottingham, for which she had wept extremely and shown an uncommon concern." Lord Nottingham too was constantly with Elizabeth during those last ten days; and was the only person who succeeded in getting her to bed. It has accordingly been said that this was not likely to have been the case if the Queen had really heard Lady Nottingham's story, since the Earl was himself the principal offender; but it does not follow that Lady Nottingham had confessed her lord's part in the matter; and, moreover, Elizabeth was for a great part of the time sullen and almost unconscious. Still the Queen's expressed regret for Lady Nottingham, and the Earl's presence at Court, must be allowed their due weight; and this, on the whole, is rather against than in favour of the story of the ring. This appears for the first time in the *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth* by Francis Osborn, one of the Osborns of Chicksand in Bedfordshire—not published until 1658, fifty-five years after the death of the Queen. M. Aubrey de Maurier, whose Memoirs appeared in 1688, tells the story on the authority of Sir Dudley Carleton, Ambassador in Holland under James I. Sir Dudley related it to Prince Maurice, from whom M. de Maurier's father heard it, when he was Ambassador at the Hague from the Court of France. Finally, Lady Elizabeth Spelman, great-granddaughter of the Earl of Monmouth, and great-grandniece of Lady Nottingham, told the story to the Earl of Cork, who published the Memoirs of Sir Robert Carey in 1759. Lady Elizabeth, whose version was of course traditional, said that Essex called a boy who was passing under his window, threw down the ring to him, and desired him to take it to Lady Scrope, a sister of Lady Nottingham, and a friend of Essex, and to beg her to present it to the Queen. The boy, by mistake, took it to Lady Nottingham.

These are Hume's "late discoveries." They prove undoubtedly that such a story had got into circulation not long apparently after the Queen's death. There is nothing impossible in it. Elizabeth was quite capable of shaking the Countess in her bed, and quite romantic enough to have given Essex a ring with such a promise attached to it. Still we know how rapid is the growth of legend, and how easily a mere hint or two may have expanded into the full-blown narrative. In the absence of anything like contemporary evidence we can only receive the story with extreme caution, and certainly cannot venture to enrol it among undisputed historical verities. At the same time, the tradition, repeated by different persons and in different places, is always consistent, and those who have preserved it were evidently quite unconnected with one another. The lines are distinct and independent. We need hardly set the story aside altogether, or consign it to the region of pure romance; and, although some lingering doubt may remain in the mind of the historian or antiquary who examines the remarkable ring at Haynes, he will nevertheless look on it with no small interest as having possibly been connected with so romantic and so sad a story.

It is certain that Essex had received from the Queen some memorial—it must have been a likeness of Elizabeth—to which he more than once refers in his letters as his "fair angel" or "nymph." In 1597, when setting out on his expedition to Spain, he writes to thank his "most dear lady" for Her Majesty's "high and precious favours. . . . Above all other, for your Majesty bestowing on me that fair angel which you sent to guard me"; and, somewhat later, "If I could express my soul's humble, infinite, and perfect thankfulness for so high favours as your Majesty's five dear tokens, both the watch, the thorn, and, above all, the angel which you sent to guard me . . . I would strain my wits to perform it." Again, when under restraint in Essex House, he writes:—

> To mediate for me to your Majesty I neither have, nor would have, any; but to encourage me to be an unfortunate petitioner for myself, I have a lady, a nymph or an angel, who, when all the world frowns upon me, cannot look with other than gracious eyes, and who, as she resembles your Majesty most of all creatures, so I know not by what warrant she doth promise more grace from your Majesty than I without your own warrant dare promise to myself.

These letters will be found in the *Lives of the Devereux Earls of Essex*, published by Captain Devereux in 1853. The "fair angel" might very well be the effigy on the ring now at Haynes; and the last paragraph in the last letter is not perhaps inconsistent with a promise that a sight of the ring should restore the owner to the Queen's favour. Captain Devereux, who has carefully collected the letters, and the materials for the life, of his unfortunate ancestor, is inclined to believe the traditional story. It is worth adding that the portrait on the Haynes ring exhibits the Queen as wearing round her neck a high-standing ruff. This fashion, although our ordinary conception of the great Queen always provides her with such a ruff, was not introduced until nearly the end of her reign. It is therefore a mark of date; and we should expect to find it in a portrait given to Lord Essex about the year 1597, and carved (if the head in the ring be that portrait) not long before.

It is right to add that another ring exists which claims to be the true "talisman" of Essex. This is in the family of Warner, and is a small diamond set in gold inlaid with black enamel. But its descent is not clear, and it has no such evidence of contemporary work about it as the ring at Haynes. A sort of rival tradition asserts that the Warner ring was sent to Elizabeth by Mary Queen of Scots, with some lines by Buchanan.

THE CANADIAN BUBBLE COMPANY.

AMONG the unfortunate consequences of the Tichborne case may perhaps be included the contempt for the public time and the tendency to professional display which are apparently becoming fashionable in legal proceedings. If a case possesses any public interest, no matter how simple it may be in itself, all who are professionally or officially concerned in it seem to feel themselves bound to make the most of so conspicuous a platform. There must be long speeches all round, interminable cross-examinations, repeated adjournments, and as much forensic parade as possible, and it is hopeless to expect anything to be done under at least a fortnight or three weeks. In the meantime all the other business of the Court stands still, and cases which have been set down for trial are put off to a distant day, to the annoyance, and perhaps injury, of the parties. It is clear that, if the time which has been spent on some recent cases is to be taken as a measure of what will in future be required for the transaction of ordinary judicial business, a very large addition will have to be made, not only to the number of Judges, but to the number of Courts. The jury, too, are perhaps rather left out of account, and it may be doubted whether they are really assisted by the profuse oratorical exercises which are lavished on them.

In the Canadian Oil Wells case, which has just had an abortive result, it was no doubt unavoidable, from the number of defendants, that the evidence should be rather voluminous; but there was no dispute as to any of the main facts of the case. The only question was as to the inference to be drawn from them. It was fully admitted that the oil wells were worthless; that Longbottom was a scoundrel; that the papers which he furnished to the Directors, and which were almost the only evidence they had to go upon, were false; and that, in short, the defendants had (knowingly or innocently) made themselves parties to an outrageous swindle. Nor could it be doubted that, in placing themselves in this position, they were, at least in the first instance, to some extent dupes. It is, as the Chief Justice remarked, incredible that men with any sort of character to lose, and with their eyes open, would, for such inadequate motives as those disclosed in this case, deliberately join in a scheme to cheat the public out of a large sum of money, the greater part of which was to go to confederates in America. It did not follow, however, that because the Directors who were chiefly concerned in starting the Company did not in the first instance know how complete a swindle they were allowing themselves to be mixed up with, they had therefore a really serious belief in the genuineness of the speculation. It was quite conceivable that they, or some of them, might have had doubts about it, and yet have gone into it trusting, not to certain knowledge, but to luck, as gamblers of all kinds do. There is no limit to the illusions of men who are in want of money, and English shareholders are not in the habit of making much ado over spilt milk. Many Companies of equivocal character have from time to time been brought out, have gone to pieces, and have left the Directors not so badly off, though the shareholders were fleeced. Even admitting that, if these gentlemen had known the full extent of the fraud and the certainty of its immediate collapse, they would certainly not have been foolhardy enough to take part in it, it is also necessary to remember that there may be an intermediate state of mind between conscious and flagrant dishonesty of this kind and perfect honesty. And supposing that any men had taken up a scheme, not as a solid business affair, but on a mere speculative chance of its coming right, or, if it went wrong, of being able to escape from the consequences, they might not be too anxious to push their researches very deeply into the character of the property and its promoters. A speculator, like a general, will risk a good deal if he thinks he sees a possible retreat behind him. The fraud imputed on the one hand, and the folly pleaded on the other, were both so strange that the jury apparently could not make up their minds which theory to adopt.

It is important to observe the way in which the four defendants who had most to do with bringing out the Company became connected with this enterprise. In the summer of 1871 an American named Longbottom turned up in London. He called himself a civil engineer, and gave out that he was commissioned to dispose of some oil wells in Canada on behalf of the proprietor. He made the acquaintance of Mr. O'Beirne, who has already been

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heard of in the melancholy history of the Gurneys, and O'Beirne introduced him to another barrister, Edeveain; and it was resolved, as efforts had failed to draw the City, to try what could be done in getting up a Company at the West End. Sir Seymour Blane, who had not long come home from India, and who has apparently much of that simplicity of character which Thackeray has described so well in another Indian officer, Colonel Newcome, was the first person booked as a Director. He was in embarrassed circumstances, and as innocent as a baby about Oil Companies or any other Companies. He merely looked at Longbottom's papers, and believed just what he was told. What he saw perhaps most distinctly was that he would have 500*l.* a year as a Director, and his qualification found for him. Next, Mr. Edeveain, roving about in the lobby of the House of Commons, came upon Mr. Eastwick. They were almost strangers, but Eastwick had heard that Edeveain moved in good society. Of Longbottom, to whom Edeveain introduced him, he had never heard before, but he was quite willing to take him on trust on the introduction of a man of whom he was almost equally ignorant. He also read Longbottom's papers and called at the Foreign Office, where he was told that there was a Mr. Hemans, Consul at Buffalo (this was the signature to one of Longbottom's documents); and then he went to the offices of the Canadian Government in London, and learned that oil wells had been heard of in Canada, and got a handbook which confirmed this remarkable discovery. Sir John Hay and Mr. Torrens were bagged in the House of Commons by O'Beirne, who had had long experience of the lobby, and knew exactly, as it seems, where to lay his hands on the sort of people he wanted. A gentleman of Mr. O'Beirne's antecedents must of course command implicit confidence, and Longbottom, vouched for by such an authority, was assumed without hesitation or inquiry to be honesty personified. Subsequently, Mr. Eastwick did indeed hear from Sir S. Northcote that some anonymous person from Canada had in a general way spoken of Longbottom and his client Prince as of respectable reputation. But at this time Longbottom was like a man who had dropped from the clouds, and those who were about to confide in him could only judge of him by his personal appearance and manners. That he was a glib, plausible fellow may be believed.

Longbottom had also some papers with him which he exhibited in proof of the truth of his statements as to the value of the oil wells. It never occurred to any of those ingenuous gentlemen who were to be Directors that, if a man came over to England to tell lies, he would be very likely to bring papers to match. It never struck any of them that the British Consul at Buffalo had no natural relations with Petrolia, and that a Consul was plainly committing a gross breach of duty in using his official seal for any but official documents. It was also evident—but not to them—on the face of Hemans's report that he was employed to write it by the persons who wished to sell the oil wells, and who of course wanted a puff. There was also a report by Mr. Frances, a surveyor, which on several points did not agree with Hemans's report, and Frances, like Hemans, was open to the suspicion that he had said what he thought would please the people who gave him the job. There were further some returns which purported to be vouchers for the carriage of oil, but which did not coincide with the dates given in the other reports, and did not show exactly where the oil came from. These papers were, in fact, the whole foundation of the scheme, the only evidence which Longbottom could produce besides his own assurances, and no really serious attempt was ever made to test their genuineness. They were indeed incidentally submitted to an accountant, but the accountant could only say that, though the calculations seemed to be correct, it would be more satisfactory to have the accounts of the Company. This, however, did not suit Longbottom, and no accounts were produced. It has been said that the defendants at this time did not know that Longbottom had an interest in the oil wells, but they at least knew that he was acting for the alleged owner, and the interest of an agent is naturally that of his employer, if he is honest. Yet the Directors, in forming the Company, appear to have placed themselves unreservedly in this man's hands, and reposed the utmost confidence in him. They took the prospectus from him ready-made, and, though it was "lowered" by Mr. Horatio Lloyd, that was no test of the truth of the statements which it contained. They also asked Longbottom to be a director, but he was coy, at first, though afterwards he became managing director. It is curious that, as Longbottom was the source of all their information, and the witness upon whom they almost exclusively relied, they should not have made any reference to him in their published statement. There can be no doubt, however, that if his connexion with the scheme had been made known, it would at once have been fatal to it.

The only reservation which the Directors thought it prudent to make was that they should not pay the money for the mines until a certain date, before which a deputation was to report upon their actual working condition. It is difficult to conceive how they can have attached any importance to this precaution, inasmuch as they entrusted the inquiry to two persons, Mr. Eastwick and young Hay, who were totally ignorant of everything connected with oil wells, and who were allowed only two or three days for a thorough inspection of extensive works and accounts. Moreover Mr. Longbottom was also sent out to coach the novices—which, as the Chief Justice said, was like sending the fox with the geese. The deputation accepted the liberal hospitality of the vendor, Prince, and drew such information as they took the trouble to collect solely from their obliging host and his retainers. No attempt seems to have been made to obtain independent testimony of any kind. The Directors had in their prospectus given an estimate of the profits of the wells; and yet Mr. Eastwick was not in the least staggered when Prince told them they kept no books, and could not therefore calculate the cost of production. In the meanwhile, the Directors in London had received grave warnings from several quarters as to the character of the enterprise in which they were engaged. There is a question how far Mr. Torrens deemed it necessary to communicate to others the specific statements made to him by Mr. Mowatt, but his colleagues were at least aware that very distinct and damaging reports were current. Yet they took no steps to verify them, and left Mr. Eastwick completely in the dark as to the points on which it was especially necessary that he should have been on his guard. Later on, when it was found desirable to have another inquiry on the spot, the task was entrusted to Sir Keith Johnston, who also knew nothing whatever about oil wells, and did not receive even a hint that fraud was suspected. Indeed, he was directed to place himself under the control and supervision of the very person against whom the Directors had been expressly warned.

It is not surprising that the jury should have been perplexed to find a consistent theory which would satisfactorily explain such a marvellous complication of recklessness and blundering, and they were probably further embarrassed by the difficulty of understanding what was meant by *bonâ fide* belief. A man has of course a right to believe anything he chooses, and to act upon that belief as far as his own personal interests are concerned. But it can hardly be argued that he is entitled to similar license in publishing statements which are intended to influence the conduct of others. It is a natural presumption that, when a number of men take upon themselves to invite the public to put their money into a particular speculation, they have thoroughly considered the grounds upon which it is recommended, and have taken all reasonable precautions to make sure that there is no mistake as to the genuineness of the project; and it cannot be doubted that this was the point of view from which the public would naturally look at the prospectus issued by the defendants in this case. Those who read the prospectus had unquestionably a right to assume that it set forth, not a mere loose, idle fancy, but a solid and rational belief, arrived at after full inquiry. Nobody can have a right to start a Company merely because somebody whom he has met in the street tells him a long story about a property in a foreign country. It would be impossible to put any trust in any statements whatever, unless there was a general understanding that in important matters of business people are not at liberty to make public assertions which they have not substantial reasons for believing. It is easy to see how in such a case Directors might be honest enough in their own speculative faith in the value of a particular property, and yet by no means honest in regard to the impression which they allowed the public to receive. The question which the jury really had to decide was, it seems to us, whether in point of fact the defendants had acted improperly in publishing statements which, if they had made due inquiries at the outset, they would probably have discovered to be untrue. It is of course undesirable that we should express any opinion as to the motives of the Directors in this case, but there can, as far as we can see, be no doubt as to the recklessness and carelessness with which they acted. As a general rule, it seems to be not unreasonable that, apart from any question of deliberate fraud, Directors should be made civilly responsible for the disastrous consequences of extreme and inexcusable negligence.

OXFORD AND MARATHON AVENGED.

MR. LOWE, we have long known, is the sworn enemy of useless learning. The wise man, according to his teaching, will not trouble himself about those studies which do not pay. He will give no heed to battles which happened from two to three thousand years back, and in which not more than double that number of men were killed. He who is anxious to learn the details of scenes of slaughter will do better to make himself master of a good railway accident than to waste his time over the battle of Marathon. Battles of Marathon and such like are fit only for foolish people at Oxford and Cambridge, where men mind nothing but Latin and Greek, where such a being as a mathematician or a professor of natural science is unknown, and where, though other people think that everything is different now from what it was thirty years back, the superior knowledge of Mr. Lowe declares that nothing has been changed for two hundred years. Once Mr. Lowe wasted some part of his time on such idle vanities; but of all this he now repents; his double-first, his fellowship, his crowd of admiring pupils, are things which he would fain blot out of the book of his remembrance. Such is Mr. Lowe in theory, but what is he in practice? All the varied events of Mr. Lowe's life—a residence in another hemisphere, a share in public affairs in various shapes, the House of Commons, the Exchequer, the Home Office—cannot wholly avail to drive the old Adam out of him. Do what he will, he cannot wholly cast off the slough of his unregenerate days, the days when Oxford knew Robert Lowe of University as one whose mind was not wholly fixed on things that paid. Even when speaking to a practical body like the House of Commons, even when speaking on a practical subject like regimental exchanges, he

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cannot keep himself from now and then falling back upon his former self. He cannot keep himself from showing some traces of his old unprofitable labours. He cannot help now and then referring to times a knowledge of which pays but little in Oxford itself. He cannot keep himself from speaking of days very many ages back, of days when battles were fought with much less bloodshed than those which were fought in the great struggle between Germany and France. In short, Mr. Lowe is, by nature and education, a scholar; he cannot, if he will, drag himself down to the dull level at which he professes to wish to keep other people, and even to regret that he had not been kept himself. Still there is what a rather affected fashion calls a Nemesis in all things. A man cannot with impunity turn his back upon his better self; he cannot with impunity vilify the institutions and the system which have in truth made him what he is. The man who scoffs at the knowledge of past times, but who still cannot keep himself from all study and all knowledge of past times, is fittingly punished when his studies prove to be superficial, when his knowledge proves to be that half-knowledge which is worse than ignorance. We feel sure that Mr. Lowe, in his earlier days, if he had had need to talk of Septimius Severus, of Edward the Sixth, or of any other age or person belonging to past history, would have thoroughly mastered his facts, and would have clearly seen his way to the bearing of those facts. But now that he professes to despise studies to which in his heart he clings, he finds that those studies themselves turn against him, that they refuse him the success which he once deserved, but which he now deserves no longer. A good deal of easy Latin was quoted in the debate of Monday evening. Mr. Hardy quoted Virgil; Mr. Trevelyan quoted Juvenal; nobody would be likely to care whether their quotations were accurate, or whether they had any bearing on the matter in hand. But when Mr. Lowe goes on, not to quote Latin, but to seek for a parallel in Roman history, to seek for warning and instruction in those distant and contemptible ages from which, according to his own theory, so little is to be learned, the thing becomes more serious. In such a case we have a right to expect that Mr. Lowe will not speak lightly or carelessly, that he will weigh every word that he utters, that he will make sure that he accurately describes every fact to which he alludes. When Mr. Hardy talked about Cerberus, there could be few members of the House who had not at least heard of the monster as something to which a sop was proverbially thrown. When Mr. Trevelyan talked about warfare on the Euphrates, there could have been but few members who had not at least heard of that river as one of the streams of Paradise. But when it comes to the Prætorian Guard, to Didius Julianus and Septimius Severus, Mr. Lowe must have known that he was speaking only to a small and select class, of which he himself must, in spite of himself, be counted as one of the chief ornaments. His travelled hearers might perhaps know the name of Severus, as one who gave his name to an arch, and the member for the Border burghs at least must know his name, as having something to do with the great Northern Wall. But of the change which Severus really wrought in the character of the Roman dominion Mr. Lowe could hardly have expected that any very great crowd, on either side of the House, would be fitting critics. For that very reason, because he had his hearers so much in his hands, Mr. Lowe was the more bound to take care that the precedent to which he referred was a real one, that the facts of remote times from which he stooped to draw lessons were facts which at least in those dark and useless ages really happened. We do not suspect Mr. Lowe of dealing with facts either like a romancer or like a fabulist. We do not suspect him of taking the name of Severus as the mere subject for an edifying parable. But we do say that the studies which he has so ostentatiously scorned have revenged themselves upon him, that he has wilfully thrown away his mastery over them, and that he can no longer do the things that he would.

Mr. Lowe, in discussing the question how far the opinion of the army was to be regarded in this question of exchanges, thus points the lesson of the philosophy which teaches by example:—

> He had no doubt that the public opinion of the Prætorian Guard was entirely in favour of the sale of the Empire; but he questioned very much whether posterity ratified their verdict, or that it turned out so well as they had imagined when Severus decimated the Prætorian Guard.

These are Mr. Lowe's words, as they are reported in the *Times*. In the *Daily Telegraph*, too, the clause about decimating the Guard appears. In the *Standard* and *Daily News* the sentence is turned into a meaningless muddle, in which there is nothing about decimation. It is plain that the reporters of those two papers had not the least notion what Mr. Lowe was talking about. Severus and the Prætorian Guard were quite out of their line, and they were no doubt altogether puzzled by the word "decimated." They had doubtless heard of armies being decimated by pestilences and that kind of thing; but it did not come into their heads that a body of troops could be decimated by their own general. A man who used the technical word in its right sense was a mystery to them; so they gave up the attempt to report Mr. Lowe as a bad job. We think, then, that the negative evidence of the *Standard* and the *Daily News* joins with the direct evidence of the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* in showing that Mr. Lowe did say that Severus decimated the Prætorian Guard. And, if Mr. Lowe did say so, we will not insult him in his character of a master of language by supposing that he used the word "decimate" in any but its real meaning. Mr. Lowe undoubtedly meant to say that Severus put to death every tenth man among the Prætorian Guard. What Severus really did would have been quite enough for Mr. Lowe's argument, though no doubt, if he had decimated them, it would have been better still. But Severus did not decimate the Guard, nor did he do anything which, even in the wildest flights of a Special Correspondent, could be spoken of as decimating them. The story is told by Dion (lxxiv. 1), who, as a Senator living at Rome at the time, doubtless knew all about it, also by Herodian (ii. 13), who also may possibly have been there as a young man. But neither of them has a word about decimation, neither of them has a word about putting any man to death. One man, to be sure, died, but it was not by order of the Emperor, but by some not very intelligible doings on the part of his own horse. What Severus really did was this. He came as the avenger of Pertinax, whom the Prætorian Guards had murdered, after which they had sold the Empire to Didius Julianus. When he came to Rome at the head of his own Illyrian army he summoned the Prætorians before him, in their best uniforms, but without their full array of weapons. What answers to modern side-arms they seem to have kept. Anyhow they were surrounded by Severus's own troops, and they had to listen to an harangue well suited to the Emperor's surname. Then they were stripped of their arms and accoutrements, deprived of their horses, and dismissed the service in a body. The nearest approach to decimation was the fate of that one man whose horse insisted on following his master, and somehow contrived both to kill the man and to die himself. Meanwhile, lest the Prætorians should come together again in their old camp, Severus had taken care that the camp should be taken possession of by another detachment of his own men. Thus the famous Prætorian Guard of the earlier time of the Empire came to an end, and the force was afterwards renewed by Severus on another system. Here no doubt is quite matter enough for Mr. Lowe to point his moral. The troops who had murdered an Emperor, who had sold the Empire, and who doubtless thought that they were going to have their own way in all things, found, as Mr. Lowe says, that all this did not turn out so well as they had looked for. The force underwent a corporate annihilation; each man in it lost his military position and his personal importance. But no abuse of language can turn all this into decimation. Mr. Lowe, in short, in moralizing over the history of Severus, has altogether mis-stated his facts. The mis-statement hardly amounts to a blunder, because there is no confusion, no grotesque jumbling of ideas from different quarters. Mr. Lowe has simply failed to get up his story accurately. But if a man of Mr. Lowe's undoubted power should once take to blundering in the stricter sense, there can be no doubt that a crop of blunders of the very highest merit will be the fruit.

Later in his speech Mr. Lowe changes his field of historical inquiry from the second century to the sixteenth. His argument leads him to quote a statute of Edward the Sixth; so he takes the opportunity of drawing a little picture of the state of things in the days of Edward the Sixth. We are surprised to hear that the men of the B. Reformation, the subjects of the blessed and innocent Prince, were "simple and half-barbarous men." We somehow feel as if Mr. Lowe had got an epithet belonging to the people described by Mr. Tylor and had stuck it on to the people described by Mr. Froude. Here, then, is Mr. Lowe's picture:—

> In the reign of Edward VI. people did not know how to read and write, and were not very enlightened. People were burned at the stake; they used torture freely; they hanged, drew, and quartered criminals; and predial slavery had not been extinguished. They did not know whether the Sun went round the Earth or the Earth went round the Sun; but they knew that to sell a public office was a gross outrage upon public morality.

Now one would hardly have pitched on the reign of Edward the Sixth as a time when public morality was at its very highest. And we may doubt whether the public morality of those who know all about the earth and the sun is necessarily higher than the public morality of those who know nothing about such matters. Mr. Lowe's picture of the time has no doubt truth in it; but it is truth exaggerated and distorted. The first count about reading and writing is true or false according to what Mr. Lowe means by "people." Mr. Lowe perhaps means that it was not then thought necessary for all mankind to have mastered the three Rs. But Mr. Lowe's words, taken by themselves, might seem to mean that, in an age when the press was busily at work, reading and writing were hardly known even by the class who drew up statutes. In that age, or in this, any one who likes to use such words may call large classes of the people simple and half-barbarous. But we fancy that Gardiner and Paget could read and write quite as well as Mr. Lowe, and knew what they were about in public affairs quite as well he does. The whole passage is a specimen of what we may call the bumptious style of dealing with history. It is quite in character with the half-taught people who cheer Mr. Lowe when he sneers at learning; it is quite unworthy of Mr. Lowe himself. The talk about "enlightenment," the idolatry of mere physical knowledge, is of the very shallowest. It is a specimen of that superficial, ungenerous, and unjust way of dealing with past times, that way of judging them by the standard of our own times, which is commonly a sign of a degree of narrowness and ignorance which Mr. Lowe ought to rise above. Nothing is easier, nothing is paltrier, than to run down some past age because it has not reached the standard of the present, and to blow our own trumpet on the strength of our superiority. It would be very much to our discredit if we were to go back to the level of the sixteenth century. It is very much to the discredit of any European nation if it stays at the level of the sixteenth

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century. But it is no discredit whatever to the sixteenth century itself that it did not reach the level of the nineteenth. The only question is, Did that century, or any other, make any contribution to the general work of advancement? If it did, it is not to be despised. Now we certainly are no special admirers of the reign of Edward the Sixth. It is not a time that we should pick out as a time of high public morality. We could point to better times before as well as since. Still, those few years, dark as they were in many ways, are years for which we have reason to be thankful; we cannot afford to despise the reign which gave us the English Prayer-Book and the grammar schools. Mr. Lowe refers to one good statute of that reign, as if it was something wonderful that so good a statute could be passed in so unenlightened a time. Yet the character of the reign of Edward the Sixth is rather that, while there was a great lack of public morality in the administration, several of the statutes passed were of a decidedly enlightened kind, and got rid of cruel enactments passed under Henry the Eighth and earlier Kings. On the whole, Mr. Lowe is not lucky either in his Roman or in his English history. It is no more than just that he should be unlucky. But he can easily get his luck back again. If he will leave off sneering with his lips at things which we are sure that he does not despise in his heart, if he will leave off saying things about Oxford and Cambridge which every Oxford or Cambridge man, save himself and Mr. Froude, knows to be untrue, we feel sure that his old powers will come back to him.

CLUB LIFE.

WITHIN a brief period there has been a remarkable development, and consequent change of character, in the club life of London. When men who are now of middle age were young there were only a few clubs, and each club contained only a comparatively small number of members. In still earlier times the better sort of people made use of taverns for social purposes, but they had gradually been driven away by the free intrusion of anybody out of the street which was permitted by the growing effacement of the privileges of rank and loosening of the formalities of old-fashioned manners. Consequently, in the constitution of the old school of clubs the choiceness of the company who were admitted was the chief consideration. Each club was, after a fashion, a sort of little family. The members were all more or less known to each other, occupied nearly the same social position, and had ideas about most things which were pretty much in common. To be elected into a group of this kind on the introduction of a certain number of the members was regarded as a ratification of claims the advocacy of which imposed a well-understood responsibility upon those who supported the candidate, and there was a natural disposition not to make admission too easy. This exclusiveness was, in fact, the most cherished feature of the institution, and the right of crossing the sacred threshold was jealously guarded. For the rest, snug comfort was more thought of than ostentatious splendour. Now, however, there are probably four or five times as many clubs in London as there were a quarter of a century ago, and the great object of ambition amongst them seems to be which shall have the hugest barrack and the most numerous herd of members. Scarcely a month passes without one or two new clubs being started. The newspapers are filled with their touting advertisements, and whole districts of the town are gradually being absorbed by them. They have long since monopolized Pall Mall, where the latest comer, indeed, has not only blocked the Heir-Apparent into a dark corner, but seems to threaten him with an impending avalanche of high-piled masonry. Both sides of St. James's Street are pretty well filled, St. James's Square has been partially appropriated, and the invaders are now making their way up Regent Street, turning the surgeons out of Savile Row, and pushing westward along Piccadilly. Nor is this curious epidemic confined to the West End alone. The irresistible contagion has spread to the East as well, and an alarming outbreak, apparently due to the combined influence of politics and gentility, has lately been reported in the very heart of the City. The British merchant, it seems, is no longer content with his mid-day chop and glass of beer in an old coffee-room with a glowing grill in the corner and sand on the floor, but must now simper in a gilded saloon over clammy cutlets served on electro-plate, and washed down with champagne. On every side, in short, we find traces of the mania; and an ingenious mind has opportunely invented a special asylum where persons embarrassed by the bewildering choice afforded by this sudden mushroom growth may find temporary refuge while making up their minds as to more permanent accommodation. It is hard to say how far this unlimited multiplication of clubs implies a spontaneous demand which has been answered by a natural supply, or whether the supply has been speculatively provided in the hope of stimulating an appetite for which it may profitably cater. It would appear, however, that most of the new clubs are more or less avowedly of the proprietary kind, and that it is not the members who form the club, but rather the club which fishes for members. There is a fixed subscription, without further liability, which admits the subscriber to the accommodation of what is practically a drinking-bar and dining-room, with the use of a billiard-table. Just as in the first instance the club was a development from the open tavern, so now it is recurring to the primitive type. Some of the more venerable clubs of course still survive in senile decadence with much of their primitive simplicity and exclusiveness, but, as a rule, the modern club may be described as a slightly modified form of the public-house.

There is no reason to seek very far for the explanation of the change which has taken place in the general character of clubs. It is obvious that they could retain their original composition only while they remained under the original conditions of their existence. Formerly they drew their members from a comparatively limited class of the community, and persons of a lower grade would no more have thought of claiming admission to a club-room than of forcing themselves into the domestic privacy of the members. As society has grown more democratic, the old conventional barriers have one after another been thrown down, and everybody being now as good as everybody else, at least in his own opinion, there is no reason why the position of a club-man should remain the exclusive privilege of a special class. In these days of equality almost everybody has his club, and the frequenters of the "Pig and Whistle" would seem to be deserting their familiar haunts for others which are at least adorned with more classical titles. If Dr. Johnson could revisit the earth, he would probably be somewhat astonished as to the large increase in the number of clubable persons, as proved by their belonging to clubs; but it may be conceived that he would hardly accept the club of the present time as corresponding to his ideas of what such an association implied. The truth is that admission to a club, except in the case of one or two of old standing and with jealously preserved traditions, no longer implies any recognition beyond the right to eat, drink, and smoke in the same precincts as the other members. Men now meet each other in a large club as they might meet in Regent Street, and membership confers no title whatever even to the most distant kind of acquaintanceship. This reserve has necessarily been forced on members who are careful as to their personal associations by the mixed character of the company in which they find themselves, especially if they belong to a political club which has awkward party relationships. There is probably some degree of jocular exaggeration in the rumour that at a well-known institution of this kind it has lately been found necessary to fill the smoking-room book-shelves with bulky folios on account of the mysterious disappearance of more portable volumes; but the story has no doubt some foundation as an illustration of the difficulty of keeping up a high standard of character in a very large club where party exigencies are allowed to override other considerations. In the case of a new club which is now being formed for political objects this embarrassment will be in danger of being increased by the natural anxiety of the promoters to enlist members whose chief value will be their readiness to vote in a particular way, and whose personal peculiarities may therefore not be very keenly scrutinized. By leaving elections in the hands of a responsible committee a large club is sometimes able to maintain its reputation untarnished, but the loose ballotting of the multitude is almost invariably attended with social deterioration, on account of the chances which are offered to obscurity and intrigue. We do not mean to say, of course, that it is impossible for a numerous club to preserve its respectability, but only that it is exposed to perils in this respect from which a smaller body is free, and also that in any case it can never represent that personal and confidential intimacy which was the chief characteristic of the old clubs, as it still is in some measure of the few which survive. The pressure of social competition has become so keen and unabashed that the selectness of the old knots and cliques can scarcely be preserved. There is such a throng pushing up every avenue which seems to present any attractions, and so many have claims which cannot be resisted without offence, that a nice discrimination as to shades of character is out of the question; and when the doors are forced by a rush, the only alternative is to adopt a prudent reserve in mixing with the new comers. The whole company thus gets broken up into sets which are each suspicious or jealous of the other.

Though the old name is retained, a club now means something very different from what it used to be. In other days it was a party of friends who met for convenience in a common room. Now it is rather the miscellaneous mob of an overcrowded caravanserai. It is a place where men go to read the papers, write letters, wash their hands, get a mouthful of lunch or a casual glass of sherry, or occasionally dine with a friend. For the majority of members, who mostly live at some distance from the centre of the town, it is only a handy lounge, not quite so promiscuous as a public restaurant or tavern. They look in at odd times, but are not in the habit of seeking society there, or of spending an afternoon or evening in talk. There is usually a small minority who do indeed almost live in the place, having bedrooms in some lodging-house close by, and who are powerful beyond their numbers in giving a stamp to the character of the club from the constancy of their attendance; still they are but few after all, and do not represent the general uses and habits of such an institution. The vulgar notion that a club is usually frequented for the sake of luxurious meals and highly witty and well-informed conversation is altogether a delusion. The ordinary fare of the members is, as a rule, of the simplest and most modest kind. A plate of soup, a bit of fish, and a cut off the joint in the room, make up the average dinner, while chops, cold meat, or biscuits and cheese, supply the luncheon; and their exchange of ideas is equally commonplace. The tendency to dram-drinking in recent years has probably led to some increase in the consumption of liquor, especially in the form of "spots" and pick-me-ups, and there can be little doubt that there is a fatal facility and air of semi-respectability

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attending the indulgence which encourage one of the most ruinous kinds of intemperance. There is also another, and, if possible, more serious vice to which modern clubs undoubtedly minister, and that is the vice of gambling. There are few clubs in which there are not some spiders watching for the flies, nor do they spin their webs in vain. Not a few men get lost annually in the billiard-room or at the card-table, and there can be little question that the company of most clubs is a perilous ordeal to a young man whose character has not been tempered by experience. Even in the more moderate houses there has of late years been a marked and deplorable increase both in the scale and engrossing passion of play. The stakes are higher, and the occupation of the tables is more continuous and unbroken. Some recent scandals in the highest society have disclosed in a painful manner the result of the temptations to which desperate men occasionally succumb, and it is to be feared that the corrosion of the canker may have penetrated some branches of society more deeply than is supposed. It may be believed that the exceptional scoundrel who resorts to the deliberate and systematic villany of marking or forging cards is rarely met with; but a condition of morality is previously reached which is scarcely less disastrous in its effects. A man who would scorn to cheat has sometimes no objection to plunder the simple and unwary, and the considerations by which he attempts to soothe his conscience necessarily destroy that delicacy of honour the loss of which places him on the edge of a perilous decline.

ARMY RECRUITING.

THE number of recruits that joined the army during the year 1874 was 20,640, as against 17,194 in 1873. This difference of 3,446 is called by the Inspector-General of Recruiting "a noticeable fact," and it received at least adequate notice from Mr. Disraeli in a recent speech. The official inference from this fact is that the recruiting system that came into operation in April 1873 has "so far worked satisfactorily," and that it is likely to be "proportionately satisfactory" hereafter. Although in the course of two or three years the number of recruits required to keep the army up to its establishment will be much larger, owing to the enlistments for short service beginning then to be felt, yet it is hoped that the present system may be found equal to the emergency. This hope, however, depends, as the Inspector-General innocently confesses, on the supposition "that there is no outbreak of war," and that no serious increase is required in the establishment of the army. The assumption that the system "may be found equal to the emergency" depends upon the further assumption that no emergency arises. In fact, the British army is ready for everything except war; and so long as "affairs remain in their present normal condition" its deficiencies may be complacently ignored.

It might be interesting, and perhaps startling, to get the author of this Report into a chair in a committee-room, and ask him what he really thinks of the condition and prospects of the army. We may be sure that his Report puts the best aspect possible on the case, and therefore the admissions which he is obliged to make are significant. The only corps in which any marked deficiency of numbers is to be noticed are the Royal Artillery for gunners and the Brigade of Foot Guards. To put it shortly, these corps require, or at least have been used, to have men, and men cannot now be had. The standard of height and chest measurement is in excess of that deemed sufficient for infantry of the line, and, in fact, the class of men required is of a superior physical stamp. The Report gravely informs us that the deficiency of recruits of this description has been noticeable for some time past, and the cause may be referred to the great demand that exists for labour, and the high rate of wages obtainable by full-grown and able-bodied men. It is, indeed, difficult to see why a man should become a soldier when he can easily get a situation in the police or on a railway, or can emigrate. "It may be," says the Report, "a matter for consideration whether some additional incentive to join the Guards should not be offered." We should think it not only may, but must be, matter for very serious consideration indeed. "The Brigade of Guards, as the Sovereign's Body Guard, should be men of exceptional physique and appearance"; but this is not the only reason for keeping up the standard. This brigade is the ultimate resort for keeping the peace of London, and it is desirable that they should be at least equal in physique to the police who may invite their aid. The Guards have always exercised a salutary moral influence over the mob of London, and this influence depends largely on appearance.

It is hopeless to try to conceal the weakness of our military system from foreigners, but we might at least keep up the efficiency of the troops which are constantly exposed to critical eyes in London. "The Brigade is now 305 men below establishment, and recruits come in but slowly"; and we may be sure that many have been accepted who in former years would have been rejected. It remains to be seen how the Government will meet this evil, which even Mr. Disraeli would hardly venture in the face of this Report to treat as non-existent. The hard fact is that the police competes with the Guards for recruits, and in both services alike the suitable article can only be had by paying for it. There is no question here of the possibility of an outbreak of war. We assume that affairs will remain in their present normal condition, and we say that the Brigade of Guards is avowedly unequal to the duties which that condition of affairs imposes on it, and that adequate steps ought to be taken without delay to recruit its strength. The Royal Artillery is short of men for the same reason as the Guards. Gunners must be men of sufficient size and strength for the service of the heavy ordnance now in use, and such men can find more profitable employment. It is true that the deficiency is not so great as in the Guards, and "it is expected that before long the requisite number will be obtained." But it may be expected also that to obtain this number something must be conceded in point of quality. We are told that in the Royal Engineers there is "some difficulty" in obtaining the class of mechanics and artisans that is most wanted, and this is only too credible. An abundance of well-educated men, clerks, photographers, teachers, &c., offer for enlistment; but carpenters, joiners, masons, bricklayers, and hard-handed workmen generally do not come forward in sufficient numbers. The complaint of the Royal Engineers is like that which comes from the colonies—"Do not," say they, "send us any more clerks." They require hard-handed workmen, and such men will almost always contrive to live where gentlemen will starve. It is perhaps wonderful, when we hear so much of physical as opposed to mental training, that more attention is not given to handicrafts among the middle classes. The numerous able-bodied candidates for genteel situations which do not offer might do worse than learn the trade of carpenter or mason with a view to enlistment in the Royal Engineers. It appears likely that both men and women of the middle classes will be obliged in coming years either to learn to do things for themselves, or to be content with many things undone. This, however, is matter of speculation. The high rate of wages which carpenters and masons now command is matter of fact, and it naturally follows that the Royal Engineers can with difficulty obtain the class of men they want. It is to be feared that this difficulty cannot by skilful manipulation be made to appear non-existent. The necessary article can only be had by paying for it.

The military districts of Great Britain and Ireland are now subdivided into sixty-six sub-districts for infantry, which, as a rule, correspond with the counties into which the United Kingdom is divided. In each infantry sub-district a brigade depôt now exists, commanded by an experienced officer who superintends and directs within the limits of his sub-district the recruiting service for the Line and Militia battalions of his brigade. About half of these brigade depôts are "formed"—that is, barrack accommodation and the requisite staff have been provided for the raising and training of recruits. It is reasonably thought that, as more of these brigade depôts are "formed," and as the system of which they are part becomes better understood, and the agencies under them perform their duties more thoroughly, a larger number of recruits will be obtained. The "localization" system ought to be a great improvement on the method of recruiting which has hitherto prevailed, but it does not necessarily follow that this system or any system of voluntary enlistment will secure this country in that event against which an army is supposed to be provided—we mean an outbreak of war in Europe. The divisions of counties are not, like those of countries, physical, but arbitrary; yet the love of and belief in one's own county is strong in agricultural England, and the author of the "localization" scheme did wisely in appealing to this rather narrow patriotism. It interests all classes of a county in the efficiency and distinction of the regiment which bears that county's name; and if soldiers of that regiment should happen to do any deed of conspicuous valour, it will seem to the natives of that county a natural and sufficient explanation to say that they were ——shire men. The recruiting service in former years was much too closely connected with the public-house. It is quite credible that more recruits and recruits of a better class might be obtained on a more decent system. The love of change and adventure pervades all classes of the Queen's subjects, and will still bring to her colours a large number of active and hardy youths, who, if they could be kept long enough, would grow into valuable soldiers. But under the short enlistment system they will not be kept long enough, but will pass into the Reserve, and will be succeeded by other raw and unformed boys.

Thus, as the Inspector-General of Recruiting says, the results of the new system are likely to be satisfactory "as regards the number of men to be raised for the Queen's service"—for he carefully confines himself to number, and says nothing about quality—and of course supposing that there is no outbreak of war. If there should be an outbreak of war, the regular army, which is confessedly inadequate to that emergency, must be supplemented by a numerous and organized force, and the country is anxiously waiting to hear from Mr. Hardy how and when he proposes to provide this force. Affairs cannot remain "in their present normal condition" for ever, and perhaps it may be changed suddenly. The country wishes to be prepared for such a change, which now it confessedly is not. You cannot get men for the Guards, and boys are unfit for the work. This, which the Report admits as to one corps, we assert to apply to the whole army. It is indeed remarkable how this Report, with a manifest tendency to make the best of things, nevertheless admits that the "rumours" which, as Mr. Disraeli says, have been afloat concerning the army were to a certain extent well founded. As regards the quality of the recruits obtained for the Line, "complaints are made to a degree that is far from satisfactory;" and in the Artillery "complaints are made that the recruits on joining have scarcely sufficient physical development for the duties they are called upon to perform," and remarks have also been made as to "want of education" and "bad conduct." The

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Report admits that among the class from which the army is still recruited "desertion is scarcely looked upon as a crime," and it has largely become a trade. A paragraph has gone the round of the papers enumerating the desertions and re-enlistments of one of the worst of the Queen's hard bargains, and one paper makes the obvious suggestion that fraudulent enlistment should be punished by the only method likely to be deterrent—that is, by flogging. We may ask, however, why should the army be cumbered and disgraced by the enlistment of thieves and the sons of thieves? Even if recruits of this class do not run away, they are useless themselves as soldiers, and spoil others. If you talk to a captain of a line regiment, he will probably tell you that, if he had anything serious to do, he would prefer to leave half his company behind. In fact, the real strength of the army is about half of its strength on paper, and if there were to be an "outbreak of war," some powerful enemy would be upon us in a hurry, and affairs, military and other, would get into a very abnormal state.

THE THEATRES.

THE production at the Holborn Amphitheatre of Sheridan Knowles's adaptation of the *Maid's Tragedy* is one of the most remarkable of recent theatrical occurrences. We might describe with approximate accuracy this experiment of the new lessee by saying that he has moved the Standard Theatre three miles westward. But as few of our readers perhaps have ever been in the Standard Theatre, our description would for the greater number be only *obscurum per obscurius*. They play Shakspeare frequently at the Standard, the cheaper parts of the house are always full, and thus there is always a numerous and vigorously applausive audience. The leading parts are generally well filled, and the tendency to rant, which an uneducated audience encourages, is not at present an unmixed evil, since the thing that young actors most require is to learn to open their mouths, as they must do if a distant gallery is to hear them. At this moment the strongest distinction between veterans and recruits upon the stage is that the former are clearly heard, while the latter cannot speak, and apparently do not understand, blank verse. We said lately that "drill, drill, drill" was wanted for the stage, and it is only necessary to notice—for you cannot hear—how the minor parts are done either in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* or in the *Bridal* to be satisfied that we did not dwell too much on this defect. As Mr. Hollingshead is now manager of three theatres, it may be hoped that he will make his numerous company something of a school where young actors may thoroughly learn their business.

The *Maid's Tragedy* is perhaps the finest of the plays ascribed to Beaumont and Fletcher, and more clearly than many others it is ascertained to be their joint production. The process by which Sheridan Knowles made from it, to Macready's order, the *Bridal*, was within certain limits necessary and laudable. The happy ending which he contrived is indeed slightly grotesque, and the lines which he interpolated have sometimes a ring of "Brummagem" which has got mixed with antique silver. But, as we must admit that many of the authors' finest passages cannot be spoken to modern ears, it follows that the adapter must be allowed to put something in their place. The effect of the old play is no doubt greatly weakened by these excisions; but still enough remains of an awful picture of crime and retribution to be deeply impressive, if only it can be adequately represented. It has been often said that these authors, although far inferior as poets to Shakspeare, were better masters of stage effect; and we incline to think that, if half-a-dozen of their best plays could be efficiently performed, the public would be astonished at the freshness and depth of the emotion it would feel. The character of Evadne would suffice to support a play, and so would the character of Aspatia; and the contrast between these two characters—one embodying all that is most terrible, and the other all that is most pathetic, in woman's life—is exhibited in successive scenes which, if well acted, must be graven indelibly in the memory of the audience. We take Evadne first, as the more important, although Aspatia makes the earlier impression on the audience. Melantius forces his sister to an interview. She begins by ordering him to quit the room. "There," says she, "lies your way," and he answers:—

> Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee
> Till I find truth out.

He extorts Evadne's guilty secret from her, and makes her swear that she will kill the King. He leaves her with "farewell," and then she speaks those lines which no one who hears them can forget:—

> Would I could say so to my black disgrace!
> Oh! where have I been all this time, how friended,
> That I should lose myself thus desperately,
> And none for pity show me how I wandered?

Amintor, her husband, now enters, and, being persuaded of his wife's repentance, speaks her pardon in these noble lines:—

> Rise, Evadne.
> Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee
> Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee.
> Make thyself worthy of it, and take heed,
> Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
> Mock not the powers above that can and dare
> Give thee a great example of their justice
> To all ensuing ages, if thou playest
> With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

The sentiment of Evadne's answer will scarcely be accepted by her own sex, but both women and men must confess the power and pathos of her language:—

> All the creatures,
> Made for Heaven's honours, have their ends, and good ones,
> All but the cozening crocodiles, false women!
> They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
> Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
> Ill told and unbelieved, they pass away,
> And go to dust forgotten! But, my lord,
> These short days I shall number to my rest
> (As many must not see me), shall, though too late,
> Though in my evening, yet perceive a will;
> Since I can do no good, because a woman,
> Reach constantly at something that is near it.

A principal alteration made by Sheridan Knowles is that Evadne does not kill the King upon the stage. But the fine speech beginning

> The night grows horrible, and all about me
> Like my black purpose,

is retained, and is perhaps not less impressive because the deed of death is done behind a screen.

We must now return from the fifth act to the first, in which the story of the love-sick Aspatia is so pathetically told. The introduction of this story is known as an "elegant extract" to many thousands who never read the play. It begins:—

> Yes. But this lady
> Walks discontented with her watery eyes
> Bent on the earth;

and it ends:—

> She will, with so sad a look,
> Bring forth a story of the silent death
> Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
> Will put in such a phrase that, ere she end,
> She'll send them weeping, one by one, away.

Aspatia's song, beginning

> Lay a garland on my hearse
> Of the dismal yew;
> Maidens, willow branches bear;
> Say I died true,

is also widely known. We have said already that the contrast of the characters and fates of the two ladies far more than doubles the effect that could be produced by one of them alone. Melantius, returning to Rhodes from a fortunate campaign, hears that his young friend Amintor is to be married that night. He calls Amintor his friend, for

> His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate;
> And one that never thinks his life his own
> If his friend need it.

He supposes that Aspatia will be the bride, and learns with surprise that Amintor is going to marry his sister Evadne. A masque in honour of the occasion follows, with Night, Cynthia, and other characters in the favourite Elizabethan style. If Mr. Hollingshead attempted a grand revival, he might get up this masque regardless of expense; but there is, and we may hope will continue to be, one theatre which does not depend for success on upholstery. We can conceive, however, how this bright and joyous masque well performed would deepen by contrast the depth of the sorrow and despair which reveal themselves directly after it.

The second act opens in Evadne's dressing-room, and among her ladies is Aspatia, who sings her melancholy song. The ladies leave the bride, and the bridegroom enters, and begins the first of that series of scenes which almost reach the grandeur and gloom of ancient tragedy. Evadne bids Amintor swear to avenge her wrong. We are constrained to quote a few more of Evadne's words:

> If thou dost love me,
> Thou weigh'st not anything compared with me:
> Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
> The world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
> Or in the life to come, are light as air,
> To a true lover when his lady frowns,
> And bids him *do this*.

The revelation of Evadne's shame being completed in this long and powerfully-sustained scene, we next hear in full the tale, which has before been only hinted, of Aspatia's sorrow. We cannot quote the whole of the pathetic speech beginning—

> Then, my good girls, be more than women wise,
> At least be more than I was.

Among the innumerable references of modern poets to the legends of Greece, it would be difficult to find anything more beautiful than Aspatia's comparison of herself to the hapless heroines of antiquity. Her maids have worked the story of Ariadne with their needles, and she chides them for not indicating a probable shipwreck of Theseus:—

> 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets,
> Live long and be believed.

She offers herself as a model for Ariadne:—

> Do it by me,
> Do it again by me the lost Aspatia,
> And you shall find all true but the wild island.
> Suppose I stand upon the sea beach now,
> Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
> Wild as that desert, and let all about me
> Be teachers of my story.

It is needless to say that this play would tax the strength of the most powerful company that could be collected. The character of Evadne is in good hands. We should judge from notices in the press of Miss Leighton's first performance of this part that she has

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improved rapidly within a week. It cannot be doubted that she will improve still more, and in this and other parts, such as Constance in *King John*, she is likely to make a deep and abiding impression on her audience. One short speech early in the play suffices to show that this young actress has uncommon powers. She tells Amintor:—

> I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
> And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
> Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,
> Than break the oath I've sworn.

The part of Amintor is well sustained by Mr. Pennington, who is chiefly known at the West-end as having received some encouragement from Mr. Gladstone. We believe that at the Standard Theatre he has been playing Othello and the usual round of tragic parts with success, and he certainly seems capable of playing them all effectively. The part of Melantius was announced to be performed by Mr. Ryder, to whose tuition Miss Leighton probably owes much for the improvement of her great natural gifts. But, Mr. Ryder being ill, his place has been excellently filled by Mr. Creswick. As regards the other parts we will say nothing; but if the manager perceived the beauty of the part of Aspatia, he would perhaps try to provide a more satisfactory representation of it. The most gifted actress on the stage might be proud to undertake that part as the authors wrote it, but the happy ending of Sheridan Knowles sadly dwarfs Aspatia, and makes her, as the play proceeds, dwindle into a nobody beside Evadne.

If this play were well cast all through, the novelty of it would attract, and its force would retain attention. The manager is, however, well advised in announcing an early change of programme. The *Merchant of Venice* is promised, and if the services of Mr. Creswick and Mr. Pennington, as well as of Mr. Ryder, can be secured, it might be well to try *King John*. As prices are lower at this house than elsewhere, people cannot expect that splendour of dress and decoration which have become habitual in London. But we may ask for the best available talent and for variety. At this house, indeed, we might have had lately, if we had chosen to go to it, variety in plenty. Within a few weeks its programme has included Offenbach's *Blue Beard* and the *Bridal*. At this moment Mr. Hollingshead probably finds the legitimate drama profitable, or at least convenient; for, besides the *Bridal* at this house, he is playing the *Midsummer Night's Dream* at another, and he was lately playing *She Stoops to Conquer* at a third. The performance of Mr. Phelps as Bottom is too well known to need comment. One or two of the other comic parts are good, but the rest is on a par with the minor characters in the *Bridal*. In both we see lamentable neglect of the rudiments of dramatic art, which, if continued, would be discreditable alike to the manager who permits and to the actors who commit it.

The proverb that it never rains but it pours holds good in legitimate revivals as well as in everything else. At the Opera Comique *She Stoops to Conquer* has been succeeded by *As You Like It*, which is performed as well perhaps as could be expected, except that there is a distressing scarcity of audience. Mrs. Kendal is very good indeed as Rosalind, and Mr. Kendal is good as Orlando. The lady does not shine particularly in the first act, but when once she gets into the forest and into doublet and hose, she succeeds thoroughly. Mr. Hermann Vezin delivers with excellent taste the speeches of Jacques, and Mr. Arthur Cecil is good as Touchstone. As regards the minor parts, it would be useless to repeat what has been already said in reference to the two other theatres that are under the same management. It may be answered indeed that this is a mere "scratch" company got together to enable Mrs. Kendal to appear in favourite parts, and that the result is better than could have been hoped. We feel that it would be unreasonable to require two plays of Shakspeare to be thoroughly well acted to full audiences in the same street on the same night, and we will only say therefore that just now we seem to be getting rather too much of a good thing.

REVIEWS.

PATTISON'S LIFE OF ISAAC CASAUBON.*

IF Isaac Casaubon enjoyed few of fortune's smiles in his lifetime, it is all the more seemly that, after his remains have lain in Westminster Abbey two hundred and sixty years, his memory should be embalmed in the brilliant pages of the Rector of Lincoln College, whose love of learning for its own sake is as genuine and disinterested as his was. We can best understand the secret of such a career as Casaubon's if we bear in mind the noble language of Warburton in his Dedication to the *Divine Legation*:—"As man is formed by nature with an incredible appetite for truth, so his strongest pleasure, in the fruition, arises from the actual communication of it to others. Without this it would be a cold purchase, would abstract, ideal, solitary truth, and poorly repay the labour and fatigue of the pursuit." It is not by any means that such men as Mr. Pattison's hero despise worldly comforts or even luxuries—the coryphæus of their band, the great Erasmus, valued these things rather too highly; it is not that they fail

> To mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
> Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol;

but they are constrained by an impulse which they have neither the power nor the wish to resist, first to enrich their minds with the varied stores of knowledge which lie within their reach, then to imbue their fellows with the same tastes which have proved the source of their own sweetest satisfaction. All other delights seem to them poor and stale in comparison; and though they feel the pangs of poverty and neglect at least as keenly as persons less delicately constituted, they are able to bear up against them patiently, in the consciousness of their sure intellectual reward.

No more pertinent instance of this can well be alleged than Isaac Casaubon, whose life is narrated in the very interesting volume now before us. Cradled in adversity, the son of pious parents who had only just escaped a shameful death at the hands of the persecutors of the Reformed communion in France, he was born at Geneva, that famous little city of refuge from oppression, on February 18, 1559. His father Arnold afterwards became the Huguenot pastor of Crêst, on the Drôme in Dauphiné, and had often to betake himself to the hills for safety in those miserable times. Some wretched libeller, who many years afterwards attacked Isaac Casaubon when in England, insinuated that Arnold died by the hangman's hand; a destiny which, for that matter, many a one of his co-religionists had to endure for conscience' sake. To this cruel taunt we are indebted for as beautiful a narrative of the minister's slow decay and edifying death-bed, from the pen of his dutiful son, as any recorded in the *Acta Sanctorum*. The good father, however, was spared for many years to form the mind of his son, and to instruct him in learning, so far as was possible amidst the vicissitudes of a wild and wandering life. He had himself been educated at Bordeaux when Muretus taught in the College there, and was well able, if only he could have enjoyed peace and leisure, to direct the studies of a youth as ardent as he was precocious. But the lessons often had to be given under a cave in the woods, and for three whole years master and pupil were separated altogether, so that it is not wonderful that the great scholar, like his precursor Erasmus, was wont to speak of himself as *αὐτοδίδακτος* and *ὀψιμαθής*—self-taught and book-laggard—and to refer all he knew to the Academy at Geneva, to which his father sent him as late as in his twentieth year. Latin he always wrote, if not with finished elegance, yet with a perfect command of its resources, both in respect to words and idiom. The effects of his early pursuit of knowledge under difficulties appeared chiefly in his Greek composition; his verses were "abject," as Mr. Pattison tells us (p. 512); his prose "not very successful"; and that, too, after Joseph Scaliger, the most jealous and exacting of critics, had conceded to him the palm for a familiarity with Hellenic grammar and literature unapproached by rivals past or present. Francis Portus, a Cretan, the father of the compiler of the *Lexicon Ionicum*, had the honour of teaching both Sigonius and Casaubon; and when he died, in the third year of Isaac's residence at college, he was able to point to the latter as the one in all his class best competent to succeed him.

The Professorship of Greek, to which Casaubon was accordingly advanced in 1582 by the Council of Geneva, had an imposing title, duties which seldom ranged above those of the master of a country grammar-school, and the very moderate stipend of 280 Genevese florins, or 10*l*. a year, with rooms in college. Calvin, who was supreme legislator both in Church and State, had not attempted to outbid the richer German Universities in the payment of teachers, but assigned them just enough to subsist upon, and no more. His parsimony ought not, however, to be too severely censured in this country, where, until quite recently, the Regius Professor of Greek both at Oxford and Cambridge had an endowment of 40*l*. a year—a pittance which is even now supplemented only by a poor expedient which renders laymen incapable of holding the office, while it robs theology of prizes that rightfully belong to it. Be the provision ample or not, Casaubon married upon it the next year, probably with the prospect of increasing his income by taking boarders. His first wife, like himself a refugee from Dauphiné, survived their union only eighteen months, and died in 1585, leaving him a daughter. The widower, who lost his father but a few months later, was now attracted by the beauty and gentleness of a girl of eighteen, granddaughter of the celebrated printer Robert Stephens, and daughter of the not less celebrated Henry Stephens, who, though at that time probably the most learned man living, had been reduced to poverty, partly through his imprudence and fitful temper, partly too, we fear, through the publication of his Greek *Thesaurus*—a mighty enterprise, which, like Sir Henry Savile's Chrysostom and Castell's Heptaglott Lexicon, impoverished its author while it enriched the world of literature. Stephens did not much love his proposed son-in-law, or admire the prudence of the match, but affection prevailed, and in this second marriage Isaac found what, next to his incessant studies, proved the happiness of his existence. At this period the Republic of Geneva was hard pressed indeed. Its deadly enemy, the Duke of Savoy, maintained an army at its gates; its poverty tempted and almost forced it to shut up the Academy; foreign students (some used to resort thither even from England) had now forsaken it altogether. It was under such a cloud that Isaac married Florence Stephens, with no portion save some distant promise which was never fulfilled. "But in times of distress," observes Mr. Pattison in his sententious, pointed fashion, "men seek consolation, not welfare, and prudence is in abeyance." Consolation he found in abundance. The lady, for a Stephens—perhaps because she was a Stephens—had little taste for books, and Casaubon, upon whose labours she was apt to break in, thought every

* *Isaac Casaubon*, 1559–1614. By Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

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moment lost in which he was not adding to his store of knowledge; in this particular resembling Budæus, who complained that he had been unable to read more than eight hours on his wedding day. Then again came family cares (for the poor soul bore him eighteen children) and perpetual sicknesses, although she lived to tend her husband's dying-bed, and to subsist for many years afterwards (till her death in 1635) on the bounty of our James I. and his son. Yet, in spite of all this, she was the joy and pride of the scholar's life. In her absence all his affairs fell into confusion, and he could only look with dismay on the wasteful expenditure of his household, which he had power neither to remedy nor to endure. What would Richard Hooker have been to posterity if he had enjoyed the like precious gift of a prudent and forbearing wife?

The incidents of Casaubon's life were slight and uninteresting enough. His changes of residence were but three — from Geneva to Montpellier (1596), from Montpellier to Paris (1599), from Paris, after the murder of his fast friend Henry IV. (1610), to London, where he died in 1614, having subsisted—and he might have subsisted comfortably—on pensions granted him both by the French and English Courts, and on a prebend at Canterbury, in his exceptional case not unfitly bestowed upon one not in holy orders. He had been promised, it would seem, a prebend at Westminster also, but Dean Stanley can find no trace that he was ever a member of that renowned Chapter. The best history of such a man is in his writings, yet a mere list of these would leave but a faint impression of the vast superiority of Casaubon above his contemporaries. Unwearied diligence and a patient judgment were his characteristic qualities; "he was destitute, if ever mortal was, of poetic feeling" (p. 221); he possessed little originality of thought, and nothing that even an admirer could call genius, unless indeed perseverance and resolution such as he displayed throughout his whole career partook of the nature of genius. His greatest classical work by far is an elaborate edition of Athenæus (1597–1600), the annotations to which still form the staple of all we know about that difficult, corrupt, yet most interesting author. For his Polybius and Theocritus, for his Suetonius and Persius, somewhat less must be said. Of his posthumous fragment on Church History in controversy with Baronius we shall speak presently; but with regard to his numerous efforts which issued from the press year after year in twenty-five distinct publications of ever-growing fulness and value, no doubt the verdict pronounced by Mr. Pattison is the true one:—

> Well done, or ill done, or half done, however, Isaac Casaubon's books are now consigned to one common oblivion. They are written in Latin, and scholar's Latin of the Renaissance is a peculiar language, accessible to a very circumscribed public. But this is not all. Even for this circumscribed public of scholars Casaubon's books have but a secondary value. Philology is a science, not a fine art; and it is the fate of science that the books in which it is consigned are in a constant state of supersession. A work of literature may be surpassed, but not superseded. The interpreter of the classics works for his own age only. . . . But Casaubon's books, whatever their worth, were not the man. The scholar is greater than his books. The result of his labours is not so many thousand pages in folio, but himself.—P. 487.

The one reproach which has been aimed at the memory of this truly single-minded man is that of wavering and uncertainty in regard to religious profession. It is to be regretted that currency has been given to this imputation by Hallam, as well as by the best English historian of the French Reformed Church:—"Casaubon," says Smedley, "had been invited to Paris by Henry IV. with the promise of being appointed a Professor and Librarian. Till his settlement in England, and the liberal preferment which James I. bestowed upon him [both at Westminster and] at Canterbury, he seems to have floated very loosely upon patronage, and to have encountered frequent suspicions of insincerity." Suspicions no doubt he did incur, as in troubled times every one must do who is not a bigot or a fool; but the diary which he kept regularly for the last seventeen years (and those the most critical) of his life, though at first designed to be a mere record of his studies, affords us such glimpses into the inner nature of the man as enable those who have once read it to know Casaubon as well as they know themselves, and perhaps better. Little dreaming that these outpourings of his heart would ever meet a stranger's eye, he entrusts to his journal his domestic cares, even his little conjugal disquietudes; and not these only, but the prayers and ejaculations of thankfulness to God which the events of each day as it passed engendered in an eminently devout mind. For eleven years in the French Court he was assailed by subtle disputants, such as Cardinal Du Perron, the Manning or Capel of his age, and was sorely tempted by the favour of his gracious and easy-going master, who for himself had declared the possession of Paris to be well worth a mass. Baffled by Casaubon's wary firmness, the *convertisseurs* next turned to his wife, but here "simple Genevan detestation of Popery was impenetrable" (p. 240). They tried his favourite daughter Philippa, and her father even condescended to explain to her what she had to gain by the change. "It is wicked even to deliberate on such a choice," was the girl's reply. They had more success with the eldest son John, who had cost his parents untold sorrow from childhood upwards; the unworthy youth was easily perverted, to the anguish and deep displeasure of his father. Yet the hopes of the Roman party and the fears of his Huguenot friends respecting Casaubon had at any rate this foundation, that his convictions had long since drifted from the stern dogmatism of Calvin in which he had been brought up. A careful and thorough study of the Greek Fathers of the fourth century had taught him that *via media* between the two religions which it has been the glory of the English Church to develop and maintain. Hence the gladness with which he welcomed the invitation of King James, which immediately followed the death of his own sovereign in 1610, and the delight he experienced in conversing with our prelates and scholars, more particularly with Bishop Andrewes, as persons who had arrived at the same conclusions with himself on the subject which engrossed his best thoughts. Casaubon is probably the only foreigner who ever entered into the spirit of English theology, and even he did not imbibe it here. The *Exercitationes ad Baronii annales*, of which we possess only a single volume, for the production of which Mr. Pattison grudges the closing years of Casaubon's valuable life, though undertaken at the command of James, and carried forward under his direct superintendence, comprise probably the very kind of work which their author would have chosen for himself as the crowning effort of his declining age. Were it not that Mr. Pattison has but little sympathy with controversial studies, we should feel surprised at his low estimate of the portion which the illustrious author was permitted to write. At the early age of fifty-five, July 12, 1614, while yet full of his congenial task, his career came rather suddenly to an end. Unsparing toil, racking anxiety, and congenital disease had combined to render his life one long sickness. On the day he died he received the communion from the hands of Andrewes. The pastoral visits of his co-religionists, the Huguenot ministers resident in London, were courteously accepted rather than greatly cared for.

We have already intimated our high appreciation of the manner in which Mr. Pattison has discharged his most interesting task. The absence of an index makes his volume hard to refer to, and, inasmuch as he tells us somewhere that a good index can be compiled only by the author himself, we must take leave to regret that he spared himself a necessary labour. His style, always clear and agreeable, sparkles here and there with pithy apophthegms—we might almost call them epigrams—more usually met with in good French writers than in our own language. Now and then we may light upon a word or phrase which in another book we might call a vulgarism, and the whim of writing "english," "french," "german," and the like without the capital letter scarcely befits an author of Mr. Pattison's calibre. In regard to graver matters, the intellectual powers of James I. are here spoken of in a very different style from what has become the jargon of modern times. "Casaubon, whose idea of a king's conversation was formed upon that of Henri IV., wise and *rusé*, but who had at most read Amyot's french Plutarch, was astounded by finding here a King who could pronounce opinions original, and not unjust, on classical authors, which he had read himself" (p. 316). To one of the chief ornaments of that learned Court, Bishop Andrewes, our biographer is, we think, persistently unjust. Why should he say of a man who had thrice refused bishoprics because at the end of Elizabeth's reign they were to be had only on the shameful condition of alienating some goodly manor belonging to the see to a Hatton or a Raleigh, that "he had not risen above his surroundings. His piety had not softened his heart, his reading had not enlarged his intellect" (p. 330)? No doubt Andrewes, like some other bishops of his age and since, heaped Church preferment on not very deserving relatives; and, as a judge of the Court of Delegates, which was abolished only within the last forty years, he gave sentence for the Essex divorce; but then it should be remembered that King, Bishop of London, confessed the evidence in that trial to be ample, only that he could not believe it. It was not before the hideous disclosures consequent on Overbury's murder that it became patent to every one how thoroughly King's misgivings were grounded on the truth. If no heavier charge can be alleged against Andrewes than a lack of judicial shrewdness, why descant upon "a lower depth of infamy" (p. 331), in connexion with one whose "profound piety" (p. 329) is yet confessed?

We should also have liked to notice a different tone in Mr. Pattison when speaking of our two great Universities, especially of his mother Oxford, which regards him as not the least distinguished among her sons. Casaubon's account of his visit there, we are told,

> shows us in clear relief the old and well-established features of the place, a character which was imprinted on it before the Reformation, and which belongs to it still, in spite of many superficial changes, as it did in the time of James I. We find a school where much activity prevails in the routine instruction, and where the time and force of the instructors is much consumed in the formalities of official duty, and the management of their affairs. Of any special interest in science, learning, or the highest culture, there is no trace. . . . The ecclesiastical interest absorbs or overwhelms every other.—P. 417.

But for what purposes, it may be asked, were the Colleges, as distinguished from the University, founded and endowed but for the pious instruction of youth who might hereafter serve God in Church or State? To this end they were set up mainly by ecclesiastics (Balliol and Brasenose seem the only ante-Reformation exceptions at Oxford), and, if Mr. Pattison pleases so to put the case, in ecclesiastical interests. If "it is an error to imagine that men of learning have been, at any time in our University annals, numerous" (p. 409), he has furnished us with a very adequate reason when he says, "Rare as genius is, it may be doubted if consummate learning be not rarer" (p. 489). Thus it would seem as unfair to blame Oxford and Cambridge for not producing a Scaliger among its residents as for not producing a Shakspeare. Of course we do not mean that the richer corporations, the Colleges, should not encourage the pursuit of pure learning and science so far as is consistent with the chief purpose for which they were instituted; and much (some

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persons may even think a little too much) has been done in this direction of late years at both these great schools of religious education. But, after all, pecuniary rewards never yet made a true scholar, and in the nature of things never can make one. Isaac Casaubon would have been what he was had he never basked in the favour of kings, or become the object of their considerate bounty.

KING'S SKETCHES AND STUDIES.*

MR. KING is not, as some might be led to think from his youthful-sounding degree, by any means a novice in the subjects which he has taken in hand. It is, we believe, no secret that he is the author of the well-known *Handbook to the English Cathedrals*, and some of the pieces in the present volume go as far back as the year 1853. The first piece, on the Carolingian Romances, appeared in the *Oxford Essays* for 1856; the others are reprinted from the *Quarterly Review* and *Fraser's Magazine*. They are all, as the title describes them, "Sketches and Studies," never perhaps going very deep into any matter, but all giving the results of much reading and much observation in a shape which is both pleasant and profitable. Mr. King is a reader of books, but he is not only a reader of books; he is one who goes to see things with his own eyes, and who really uses his eyes when he looks at them. And both in his reading and in his journeying he is not one who keeps himself to beaten tracks, but one who has a special fondness for bringing things out of nooks and corners. The paper on "Travelling in England" in some sort gives the keynote to the whole volume. It is not a new complaint, but it is a very true one, and one which is always getting truer and truer, that Englishmen see and know less of their own country than of any other. And both in their own country and in others they are too fond of seeing things by rule, of making a point of visiting some places which are, as it were, laid down by law to be seen, and leaving out all others. Against this way of doing things Mr. King strongly protests, and it is plain that he carries out his protest in his own person. We are not sure whether we are stating a fact or only a surmise if we say that we believe that Mr. King has had a hand in some of the better volumes of Mr. Murray's County Handbooks as well as in the Handbook to the Cathedrals. At all events, he has gone through a kind of process which would fit him for such a work. The paper on "Travelling in England" is clearly the result of journeys in many parts of the country—journeys in which the country has been really studied in its smaller, but not therefore less instructive, features, and not merely looked at from a few points laid down by rule. In that essay Mr. King professes to speak chiefly of Kent and Sussex, but he carries us a long way both north and west, and he pays a deserved tribute to the zeal of the earlier travellers, from William of Worcester in the fifteenth century to Thomas Pennant in the eighteenth, whom he claims as one of the first to see anything to admire in mountain scenery. Readers of Lord Macaulay will remember how, as late as Oliver Goldsmith, people thought mountains simply ugly. If this praise is really due to Pennant, it is the more creditable to him on the strength of his being a Welshman; at least there is a story somewhere of a Swiss envying a Hollander when he told him that his own country was all flat. Mr. King has clearly been about so much in different parts of England that one hopes he may have been equally lucky with Sir Hildebrand Jacob, with an account of whose travels the essay begins. Sir Hildebrand, it seems, in the beginning of the last century, used to set out with his servant and a portmanteau, went about, as it were, by chance, and when he came to a town or village asked if there was any one there "who loved books and had a good library." Where such a man was found, Sir Hildebrand sent word that he was come to stay with him, and he seemingly stayed as long as he himself chose. One might infer that in those days English squires were, if not more hospitable, certainly more scholarly than we are commonly apt to fancy them, for we read that Sir Hildebrand "in this manner travelled through the greatest part of England, scarcely ever sleeping at an inn, unless when town or village did not afford one person civilized enough to be glad to see a gentleman and a scholar." This really gives us a much more favourable opinion of rural manners than is given by Horace Walpole later in the century, whom Mr. King quotes as complaining of "piteous distresses and bedchambers stinking of tobacco like a Justice of Peace." Perhaps, however, the difference may be that Sir Hildebrand smoked and that Horace Walpole did not; but on this point Mr. King does not enter.

Mr. King's objects in travelling seem to be mainly, though not wholly, historical. The history of each place is at least never forgotten. Now it is hard to overrate the value of research into local history when it is the work of a man who can in this way compare different places and districts with one another. The dulness of the mere local antiquary or mere local inquirer of any kind comes of his knowing his own place and district and no other, or rather of his not really knowing his own place or district, because he knows no other. The merely local man is almost sure to miss the points in his own story, because his ignorance of other places hinders him from seeing what is really important and characteristic in his own place. He potters away at some endless genealogy, and fails to mark the one name, the one fact, the one legal phrase, which gives the whole tale a meaning. He writes pages upon pages about things which are common to his own parish with every other parish in the country, and he is almost sure not to mark that particular thing which distinguishes his own parish from other parishes. An inquirer like Mr. King, whom we might call a student of comparative local archæology, knows how to take advantage of these dull but worthy people, and to make use of much which they keep in their hands without knowing how to make use of it. Still, as every man must be local somewhere, Mr. King is local in Devonshire, and he has more to tell about that part of the country than about any other. His earliest paper, though numbered eighth in the volume—that about Robert Herrick and his Vicarage—is a Devonshire subject, and the piece just before it is a later and fuller essay on the county in general. But we think that Mr. King would now more positively throw aside the bit of pedigree to which, even in 1853, he did not commit himself—that where Herrick's family is said to have "asserted their descent from that Eric the Wild who long held the marches of Wales against the hauberks of the advancing Conqueror." The inventor of the pedigree most likely did not think about facts at all; or, as Herrick could be more easily made out of Eric or Eoric than out of Eadric, it might have been more ingenious to have claimed a descent from Cnut's Earl Eric in Northumberland. But of course it was easier to turn the better known Eadric into Eric. Even in 1859 Mr. King quotes without a smile a rhyme in honour of some Devonshire families:—

> Crocker, Cruwys, and Coplestone,
> When the Conqueror came were found at home.

Anything will do for a pedigree-maker. Sometimes it is thought to be proof of descent that a modern surname comes or may come from a Christian name borne by some one in the eleventh century; sometimes, more daringly, the surname itself is carried back into the eleventh century. It is quite possible, though not at all likely, that Crocker, Cruwys, and Coplestone, Fulford of Fulford, Jones, Brown, and Robinson, or anybody else, may all be able to trace up their pedigrees to people who held lands in Devonshire "tempore Regis Edwardi." It is quite certain that everybody now living had forefathers who were living then, and now and then a man may really know who his forefathers were who were living then. But one need not take the trouble of looking in Domesday to confute the absurdity of people before the Conquest bearing the surname of Coplestone or Tomkins or anything else. Mr. King should really not quote such nonsense as this, without distinctly saying that it is nonsense. Its appearance uncontradicted in a respectable book may lead some people to believe in it.

The paper on "The Great Shrines of England" must, it is well to remark, have its heading taken in the literal and grammatical sense. It is really about shrines, not about other things which are often called shrines in affected language. When Mr. Ruskin set out "on a pilgrimage to the English shrines," he began with Salisbury, and there found it too cold to go any further. Mr. King would seem to be hardier, and it was not with shrineless Salisbury—for Osmund, the one saint of Salisbury, has a mere tomb, if that—that he began his pilgrimage. He begins at the west, and remarks on the lack of shrines in those parts; even Glastonbury, with its endless tombs and relics, real and imaginary, never had one great dominant shrine like Canterbury, Westminster, and Ely. Mr. King goes carefully through the chief shrines in England, and brings out a great number of curious details, amongst others that that of St. Thomas of Canterbury was guarded by fierce dogs. The shrine paper begins with a very good remark on the effects which the different characters of the Frankish conquest of Gaul and the English conquest of Britain had on the hagiology of the two countries:—

> One marked result of this difference appears in the nationality of the saints chiefly reverenced in the two countries. The great saints of the Gallic provinces are for the most part Romans or Romanized provincials. St. Remigius of Rheims, St. Martin of Tours, and St. Hilary of Arles, represented the clergy whom the Frankish conquerors found presiding over the cities of which they took possession, and from whom they received the Christian faith. In Gaul no saint of Teutonic origin ever attained equal distinction. But in England it is quite different. Here the great national saints are Englishmen and Englishwomen—St. Edmund, St. Cuthbert, St. Etheldreda. British saints, indeed, like David of Menevia, kept their hold in Wales and in Cornwall; but there the races were not mingled, and St. Alban alone, the so-called protomartyr of Britain, occupies a position at all analogous to that of the Gallic saints. Like them he belonged to the older race, but received his greatest honours from the new-comers.

Mr. King's love for the nooks and corners of literature as well as of geography comes out in the papers on Sacred Trees and Flowers, and on the Dogs of Folk-lore, History, and Romance. In his hands the well-known story of the dog of Montargis dissolves into a story belonging to the stock of primitive Aryan tradition. The wild huntsman of course turns up everywhere, and we get a good deal about St. Hubert, the saint whom a miraculous vision led to give up the practice of hunting, and who is therefore somewhat oddly chosen as the patron of that sport. His descendants, it seems, possess the power of curing canine madness by imposition of hands, and, according to Mr. King, there are still people in England who on the strength of such a descent still claim to exercise that power. But we do not quite understand Mr. King when he speaks of the "descendants of St. Paul and of St. Catharine" having the like powers. What St. Paul, what St. Catharine? Surely not the best-known bearers of those names? And Reginald Scott, whom Mr. King quotes, only spoke of their kinsfolk, and not of their descendants. The most strictly historical piece in the volume is that on the

* *Sketches and Studies; Descriptive and Historical.* By Richard John King, B.A. London: Murray. 1874.

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change of faith in Iceland, which would seem to have been a review of Mr. Dasent's *Burnt Njal*. But Mr. King has clearly studied Scandinavian matters for himself. In the essay on Carolingian Romance—the only one, we believe, which had already appeared with Mr. King's name—we are struck by the great prominence which the legends give to the earliest William of Orange, a person purely mythical as far as we can see, but who holds a great place in local veneration as well as in legend. The only papers in which Mr. King takes us personally out of Britain are those at the end on some of the Belgian cities. Can this be the whole extent of his foreign wanderings? If so, he will do good service both to himself and others by going a little further.

GOVINDA SÁMANTA.*

WE understand, though it is not so stated in the preface, that this work is the result of an offer of 50*l.* made by a spirited Hindu gentleman for a popular work on the condition of the Bengal peasant. If so, we can only say that a greater success has been attained than was the case when Mr. B. Webster, some thirty years ago, offered the sum, not of 50*l.*, but of 500*l.*, for a first-rate English comedy. The work before us is not only excellently conceived and well written, but it deals with topics which, if familiar to Indian administrators, are to the English reader as novel as the incidents in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But, before analysing the tale, it is as well to give a few facts regarding its parentage. The author, the Rev. Lál Behári Day, is, from intelligent conviction, a convert of the mission of the Free Kirk of Scotland at Calcutta. His surname, however English it may appear, denotes that he once belonged to the Kayastha or writer caste of Bengal, which has sent hundreds, and we might say thousands, to fill posts in banks and counting-houses and in the judicial and executive departments of the State. This useful caste or *gens* has three great subdivisions. The first includes three houses; the second eight; and the third seventy-two. The author belongs to the house of "Dé" or Day in the second division; and we may mention that the well-known reformer and lecturer, Kissub Chandra Sen, represents another subdivision of similar rank. Some time ago the Rev. James Long, who is well known for his active sympathies in behalf of the Bengal ryots, and for the ample stores of information which he has accumulated regarding their household and social life, suggested that a popular tale might draw attention to a large and important class of British subjects. A prize was offered, candidates sent in their papers, and a Committee of English and native gentlemen have given the prize to the work now before us. Though good poems and readable novels can no more be generated by private munificence than they can by Act of Parliament, we are bound to say that this form of competitive examination has achieved a decided success. The descriptions are full of life and vigour. The diction is entirely free from the turgidity peculiar to "Young Bengal." The writer has the command of a clear, unaffected English style, in place of the hybrid language extracted partly from the *Rambler* and partly from the *Daily Telegraph*, which characterizes the pamphlets and essays of his contemporaries. His quotations show a considerable knowledge of standard English authors; and, as might be expected, in dealing with intricate observances, recondite customs, and rustic illustrations, he is rarely, if ever, at fault. Though we are properly warned against expecting anything marvellous or sensational, and though the principal figures in the story are simple tenant-proprietors, there is really no lack of painful and diversified occurrences. But we can conscientiously affirm that, while every character is what the natives term a "sun picture," every incident might be capped or verified by the practical experiences of any candid Englishman, be he civilian, planter, or missionary, who had resided in the interior of a Bengal district at any time during the last thirty years.

The scene is laid about seventy miles from Calcutta, in the district of Burdwan, alluvial, but sandy and dry, and, until within the last few years, more salubrious than the central or eastern districts of the Lower Gangetic Delta. In the village of Kanchanpur, or the "Golden City," reside three brothers, Badan, Kalamanik, and Gayaram. They present us with a capital type of the joint and undivided Hindu household. Badan, the eldest, has a wife Sundari, and there is an old mother Alanga, to whose suggestions the family pay implicit obedience. Gayaram is married to Aduri. Kalamanik is a bachelor. The family circle is completed by Málati, the daughter of Badan and Sundari. Even in the copartnership of a Hindu family, there must be one member who rules; and Badan, by seniority as well as by intelligence, was designed for the post of *Kartá*, or manager (lit. doer), on behalf of his brothers. The story commences with the birth to Gayaram of a son, who is named Govinda, round whose fortunes the interest of the story revolves. All the common incidents of a ryot's biography, which is that of thousands, are successively depicted. Málati, the daughter of the house, marries Madhab, the son of Kesava Chandra, of the village of Durganagar, about twenty miles off. The bite of a poisonous snake carries off Gayaram in a few hours. Govinda, his son, goes to school, picks up just the small amount of learning which may be as dangerous in Bengal as elsewhere, forms close intimacies with three or four other lads, grows up, marries, quarrels with his Zemindar, runs into debt with the village banker, and finally ends his life, very dismally, as a hired labourer, after being almost ruined in a litigation where the equity was on his side and the strength of the law on that of his antagonist. Not very dissimilar are the fortunes of the remaining members of the family. One great event in the life of an orthodox Hindu woman is a pilgrimage either to Gaya, Benares, or Jagannath. Alanga selects the last-mentioned place, known all over the country as Sri Khettra, or the Holy Field, journeys in company with thousands of other victims from all parts of India, and dies of cholera on the return from Poori. A fever carries off Badan. Aduri, who is described as rather peevish and cross-grained, becomes a Vairági, or one of a sect instituted by a certain Chaitanya, who flourished as a social and religious reformer in Lower Bengal some three hundred years ago. In this guise she wanders about the country and disappears from the story. Madhab, the son-in-law who had married Málati, incurs the displeasure of a certain indigo-planter, is wounded by this person's adherents in an affray, and is carried away and kept out of sight, first at one factory and then at another, in order to mystify the police and prevent the course of justice. Death, too, releases him; and the strong-limbed Kalamanik, the remaining one of the three brothers, is treacherously slain in a fight with the club-men of the Zemindar. In short, the whole family become victims to superstition, to the incidents of climate, to the malice of their enemies, to the action of oppressive laws either outraged defiantly by unscrupulous opponents or so cleverly worked as to give the peasant no chance.

It must not, however, be imagined that these two volumes are entirely made up of harrowing descriptions and dismal events. The village dominie, the Ghatak or practised match-maker who brings together the bridegroom and the bride, the astrologer, the midwife, the Darogah or police officer, and the myrmidons of the planter and of the Zemindar, are all sketched with a lively and accurate pen; nor are touches of humour wanting. The conversations are thoroughly genuine. Peasants discuss their grievances and speculate on the chances of resistance to oppression in characteristic and appropriate terms, and the words put into the mouths of the female members of the story are, as far as we can conjecture, exactly what Soudamini, or Durgamayi, or Rasmoni, would employ. Then a flood of light is shed on agricultural topics, and on those religious customs which are so interwoven with the social order and daily lives of Hindus that the most upright and impartial of law-makers can never tell where legislative action may not be open to some plausible charge of violating religious neutrality. The Bengali village, with its deep reservoirs, fine old trees, and luxuriance of underwood and orchard; the huts, scrupulously clean, with their modest furniture; the food of the ordinary meal or of the festive occasion when custom warrants a little extravagance; the belief in ghosts, witches, and evil influences; the harvests of the staple commodity of the plains, and the manufacture of molasses from the sugar-cane, or, the author might have added, from the juice of the date-palm; the immoralities of the grog shops, and the hardships entailed by pilgrimages—all these topics the author treats with the fulness of knowledge which might be looked for in a Hindu, and with, on the whole, an amount of charity and forbearance which missionaries and churchmen do not invariably exhibit. A candidate for the Civil Service, appointed to the Bengal Provinces, will scarcely find a better introduction to the life of the native community; nor need a retired official desire a more excellent summary of the economy of those innumerable villages where his tents used to be pitched while he adjusted, for the third or fourth time, some tiresome squabble about a boundary, or turned away a good-for-nothing Hindu policeman, to be succeeded by a Mohammedan very little better.

A ryot's life, however, can hardly be described without touching on topics of an inflammatory and explosive nature. Foremost in this catalogue is the cultivation of indigo; and a certain Mr. Murray is introduced as a specimen of some of the planter class, who maintains a band of club-men, forces unwilling peasants to contract for the cultivation of a plant where all the risk is on the side of the agriculturist and all the gain on that of the factory, engages in a fair stand-up fight with the adherents of the Hindu landowner, carries off the unlucky Madhava, as already stated, and bribes the police to hush up the whole affair. We can affirm with perfect certainty that not a single incident in the chapters devoted to either the planter or the Zemindar is far-fetched or improbable. In police records and Blue-books there can be found ample warrant for the one-sided contract, for the outrages of the hired ruffian, for the affray, the capture, and the duress, for the defeat of justice, and the impotency of the law. But we are happy to add that, during the last fifteen years or so, matters in this respect have vastly improved. Districts of enormous extent have been split up into subdivisions with active joint magistrates at their head. Men now have to walk ten, fifteen, or twenty miles for justice instead of forty or fifty or a hundred. Several of the indigo districts are pierced and civilized by the rail, and by fair weather roads which act as feeders to the iron lines. The pay, attainments, and character of native police officials have been raised, though there is still room for improvement on these heads. Indigo itself is now cultivated on a fairer system, with much less of moral intimidation, and, we may almost say, with nothing approaching to physical compulsion. And a good deal might be pleaded in extenuation of the courses which the planters in former times were driven to adopt. The vast size of districts, the complete venality of the police,

* *Govinda Sámanta; or, the History of a Bengal Ráiyat.* By the Rev. Lál Behári Day, Chinsurah, Bengal. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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the paucity of Englishmen in the judicial and police establishments, the subterfuges and dishonesty of the peasantry, the dilatory action of the Civil Courts, the evasions of Hindu and Mohammedan proprietors who traded on the necessities of the adventurous stranger—were all so many potent reasons why the energetic Englishman in charge of the big factory at Nilgunge or Sahibpore had to rely pretty much on his own personal character and exertions to get his fields cultivated and his vats filled. Nor were there wanting instances of men who tempered the despotism of indigo with a good deal of paternal kindness. They looked sharply after the fulfilment of contracts by the ryot; but they distributed medicine and advice gratis, lent money without interest, rebuilt houses burnt down or destroyed by a cyclone, helped to support dispensaries, schools, and hospitals, and made the very best possible of a system of contract and cultivation which was radically unsound. As a set-off against such persons as the Mr. Murray in this tale, we may mention, amongst others, such men as Mr. Moran, Mr. Sibbald, the late Mr. H. Mackenzie, and the late Mr. Forlong. The worst that any critic could say of these gentlemen is that, by their tact, good feeling, and judicious management, they disarmed opposition, and helped to support a fabric which otherwise, in the hands only of Murrays, would have hopelessly collapsed. An experienced Indian administrator said some time ago that the presence of Englishmen engaged in commercial and agricultural pursuits in the interior of India increased the stability of the Government, but did not render the task of governing more easy. But we have no hesitation in preferring districts dotted with some twenty or thirty of these independent Factories to those where the magistrate is the only person wearing a hat and an alpaca coat. We have just seen the efforts of the Tirhoot planters acknowledged in graceful and becoming terms by the Government; and in quiet times we may be perfectly certain that there are some abuses which we should never hear of were it not for the presence of some hard-headed Scotchman or excitable Englishman with a keen sense of his own rights and privileges, a sturdy contempt for incapacity, and an irrepressible tongue.

It is moreover quite clear that the author is not oblivious of recent improvements. Some of the outrages recorded have become almost as impossible as the open performance of the rite of Suttee, which is graphically described in one of the earliest chapters, and which used to take place in Burdwan, with scores and hundreds of other like performances, under the very cognizance of the British authorities. And the author, without going deeply into the jungle of land tenures and sub-infeudations of Bengal, has given due prominence to the status which the father and uncles of Govinda occupy as tenant-proprietors. The three men are, to all practical purposes, owners of twelve acres of land, which they cultivate with one plough and a pair of bullocks. Some years ago a very pernicious but unsuccessful attempt was made to alter the fundamental custom by which the most valuable portion of the Bengal peasantry both occupy and own lands. From being tenant-proprietors, holding at rents fixed by custom, they were to be ingeniously converted into tenants at will, either rack-rented or holding by terminable leases, with a law of demand and supply invented for the occasion. From the elaborate description of the village, house, and paternal acres in Chapters III., IV., and V., it is evident that the author has correct and sound views of the position of an important section of the yeomanry of Bengal. Speaking broadly, the peasants of the Lower Ganges may be divided into three great classes. There are some few who enjoy leases fixed unalterably before the great settlement of Lord Cornwallis in 1793. This class enjoys an impregnable position. A second class consists of men who have good holding titles of occupancy and ownership, who can never be ejected legally so long as they pay their dues, and who are not liable to enhancement of rent except under an admirable law, which is truly termed the Magna Charta of the ryot, and which, in the year 1859, was passed to fulfil the promises held out in the Cornwallis Code. The third, or lower class, comprises settlers and squatters, and tenants at will. The Zemindar, with ample manorial rights which he is not the least likely to lose sight of, has in reality only the superior dominion of the land, and the right to so much rent. It is notorious that he has no practical or useful connexion with the soil. He neither builds nor repairs the huts of the peasantry; he plants no trees, makes no fences, and cuts no drains. All these things are ordinarily done by the substantial ryot, and to the same class is due the introduction of all the better kinds of produce which relieve the monotony of the cultivation, and supply indigenous and foreign markets with sugar, molasses, tobacco, hemp, and jute. The subject is too large to be even partially touched on here; but the independent status of the Bengal tenant-proprietor, handed down to him by Hindu tradition, not over-ridden by Mohammedan conquest, and now wisely revived and consolidated by the firmness and sagacity of English legislators, is truthfully, quietly, and pointedly brought out in these two volumes. We may take leave of Govinda and his troubles with the comforting assurance that his successors will fare better. Besides the planter and the landholder, there is a third conspicuous figure in this history, that of the village usurer. It is a much less easy task to prevent extravagant habits than to give to agrarian custom the protection of statute law. And the vocation of the Poddar, Mahajan, or Shroff, will flourish in India until education or some great social revolution shall teach the peasantry that it is foolish to deck the arms and ankles of pauper children with silver ornaments, or to spend a year's surplus in a night's feast.

A few critical remarks may be pardoned at the close of a review which is not more favourable than the work merits. The spelling would satisfy the most rigid precisian or purist. Indeed a young civilian pronouncing the native terms as spelt in the book would have little chance of any reply from the most intelligent Aguri or Kaivart in all Burdwan. Too much palliation is given to the treatment of the Hindu widow. She is no longer burnt to please bigots and reversioners to estates, but her life cannot be a happy one; she is badly fed, regarded as an incumbrance, and excluded from domestic joys and social festivities. We admit, however, that even here nature does now and then vindicate her rights, and that some widows manage to rule households and administer landed properties, anything in Hindu statutes and customs notwithstanding. With these remarks we take leave of the author, trusting that the time is far distant when missionaries, be they white or black, shall deem the improvement of Bengal ryots beneath their notice, or shall fail to contribute their large experience of facts to those problems which are reserved for the legislator and the statesman to solve.

THE MOLTKE NARRATIVE FROM METZ TO SEDAN.*

THE new Part of the German Official History of the War, the last but one of the volume which is to end with the fall of the French Empire, carries the reader forward to that vast assemblage of armies round Sedan which was to result in the greatest catastrophe and the most decisive victory ever suffered or gained since Hannibal destroyed the Roman legions on the plains of Cannæ. It covers, therefore, the whole space between the night of the bloody field of Gravelotte and the day preceding that which was to strike the crown off the Third Napoleon's head, and to leave him the captive of his hereditary enemies. But its interest does not lie primarily, like that of the volumes immediately preceding, in the events of some one great and hard-fought conflict between armies that had not yet fully proved each other's strength; but rather in showing the thoroughness of purpose and readiness for all emergencies with which the German leader guided the marches of the mighty host that obeyed him, so as to ensure their successful combination at the next striking-point. In technical phrase, its theme is chiefly strategical, as those of the parts we lately reviewed were tactical. It is true that within the limits of time which it covers there has to be described that combat of Beaumont which in any ordinary war would possess all the importance of a general action. But the superiority of the Germans in numbers as well as *morale* was at the end of August so manifest, the feebleness and unreadiness of their adversaries were also so painfully conspicuous, and the whole result was such a mere prelude to the stupendous victory which was to follow, that this affair has never ranked in popular interest with the chief battles of the war, though in actual dimensions exceeding one or two—as that of Spicheren, for example—on which volumes have been written, and the sites of which have become points of pilgrimage for the sight-seers of Europe.

As we noticed this action at Beaumont, fought on the 30th August, at some length on a former occasion, we might be excused from touching on it here in presence of newer and more important matter. But we are bound to observe that the account written of it in this volume is hardly one that is likely to give full satisfaction in Southern Germany. The Bavarians have hitherto had good cause, as they believe, and as the readers of Von der Tann's account will remember, for regarding the famous surprise of De Failly's troops by the advance of their 1st Corps through the wood of Sommauthe almost into the unsuspecting camp of the French as the leading feature of the day's tactics, and the decisive blow which rendered the rest of it a mere running fight; just as when in sham warfare a skeleton corps, pressed hard by superior forces, falls back by command from position to position as rapidly as is consistent with any attempt at all to preserve order. Such is, however, assuredly not the view of the Berlin compiler. Whoever decided the action, it is certain that General Alvensleben with the 4th Prussian Corps first began to drive in the French; and twelve full pages are devoted to describing, with all that power over details of which Count Wartensleben is a master, the manner in which this part of its task was carried out. Then follows a section of barely half the length, introduced with the significant words, "During the combat of the 4th Corps thus described, Saxon and Bavarian troops had also got already into the fight," and recounting the openings of the really separate engagements entered on by the 12th Corps on the right of the 4th near the Meuse, and the Bavarians to its left, close to Beaumont. Two and a half pages are all that are allotted to that story of the advance through the wood of Sommauthe, and against the bodies of French discovered beyond, which the Munich writers think so much of. The French upon whom Von der Tann's men fell are expressly represented as "already at this time giving ground everywhere," and the powerful assault by the 2nd Bavarian division, which followed the successful opening of Von der Tann's artillery at the edge of the wood, is ascribed in direct words to the acceptance by its major-general of the happy inspiration of a Prussian staff officer

* *Der deutsch-französische Krieg 1870–71; von der Kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des Grossen Generalstabes.* 1ter Theil. Heft 7. Berlin: Mittler.

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who met him at this juncture. This may be a more correct version of the occurrence than that favoured at Munich. It is impossible to judge, without perusing the original reports, whether this complete subordination of the action of the Bavarians to that of the Prussian Corps, and the wholly secondary part played throughout by the former—that of the Saxons on the right is admitted to be but of this character—are exact representations of what occurred. We can only observe that the Prussian official writer seems to have here laid the foundation of as pretty a controversy of the kind as military literature can show, and one which may possibly take as long to be settled by the voluntary agreement of the three parties concerned as it did to find the truth of the overthrow of the First Napoleon at Waterloo.

We turn now to study what no intelligent reader can fail to recognize—the clearness and power with which the leader of the German forces guided to further triumphs the strategy of the troops who had fought so brilliantly before Metz. Napoleon has often been lauded, and that most justly, for the energy with which he reaped the fruits of success won on the battle-field. Leaving to future history to judge impartially how far that great conqueror's genius for war has been equalled in our generation, we may say that, if Moltke's comes short of it in inspiration, this volume alone would prove that in the executive part of strategy he has never been surpassed. No doubt he had profited by the examples bequeathed by his predecessor. His mind was stored beforehand with all the treasures of knowledge which keen military study could supply; and for his warning he had the errors of Napoleon's decadence to weigh against the brilliant strokes of his earlier days. The carelessness and inactivity that followed Dresden and Ligny, in the days when the French Emperor, as St. Cyr tells us, had come to trust more in the power of brute masses than in his own skill, supply teachings as potent as the activity and resource with which in earlier days he had followed up victory over shattered armies with an army itself half shattered. Never, however, in all his varied career had he the means and opportunity which were at Moltke's command when night closed on Gravelotte won and Bazaine fairly enmeshed, and never was success used by him with greater effectiveness and speed.

The forces which obeyed Moltke's immediate orders before Metz—for all that part of the campaign the First and Second Armies may be regarded as one under his personal leadership—were made up of, besides four cavalry divisions, the Guard, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and Saxon (or 12th) Corps. These were accounted for on the day of Gravelotte as follows:—The actual fighting fell almost entirely on (taking them in order from the left) the 12th, Guard, 9th, 7th, and 8th; the 2nd, however, coming in to the timely support of the last two when severely checked, as we noticed in our review of the last Part. The 3rd and 10th, the former especially, had been so severely shattered by their exertions on the yet bloodier field of Mars-le-Tour as to be unfit to come up into line. The 1st had been left as a corps of observation on the other side of the Moselle, to watch against any sudden attempt of the French to break through again that way, and so cut the German communications. The 4th only was clearly thrown away. By what must now be adjudged an error—and it is the only important one to be noted in the conduct of all these complicated operations—it had been directed south-westward to clear the roads near Toul for the advance of the Crown Prince, and to make its abortive attempt upon the fortress. It was too far on its way to be recalled when Bazaine was closed with, and thus was altogether missing when the hour came for the decisive conflict on the heights before Gravelotte. With this exception, however, Moltke never lost his hold, so to speak, of a single regiment of the great mass; and the battle was scarcely over when he prepared, with as much completeness as though the exact situation had been arranged months beforehand, for that next stage in the war which was to leave Paris bare to attack.

The morning of the 18th August had not long dawned when his plans were all developed and ready to be carried into action. He had settled with himself exactly what force was necessary to keep Bazaine within the trap into which he had fallen blindfold, and could tell therefore how much of his army remained disposable for the field to co-operate with the Crown Prince in the movement westward. Commanders had to be assigned to these new sub-divisions of his charge, and general conditions laid down for their immediate guidance. A vaster problem of the kind never had to be settled offhand; yet by 11 A.M. we find the orders written out and distributed which practically settled the next stage of the war by assigning a sufficient force, properly led, to hold Bazaine on the Moselle, and to throw an overwhelming combination forward into the heart of France, to find and crush the new army already reported to be gathering under MacMahon at Châlons:—

> After the victorious events of the last few days [so run the orders], it is necessary and permissible to give the troops rest and time to supply losses. But it is essential also that the armies advance simultaneously on Paris to meet the newly-formed forces at Châlons in sufficient strength.
>
> Moreover, as the French army thrown back on Metz may venture an attempt to force its way out westward, it will be proper to leave six corps on the left bank of the Moselle to meet it on the heights won yesterday. The single corps and reserve division on the right bank are to remain there, and, if necessary, retire for the moment before any overwhelming attack.
>
> For this investment His Majesty selects the First Army (1st, 7th, and 8th Corps), with the 2nd, 3rd, 9th, and 10th Corps, Prince Frederick Charles taking command over the whole. He further places the Guard, 4th and 12th Corps, with two of the cavalry divisions, under the Prince of Saxony, for such a period as the original distribution shall not be reverted to. The staff for his Royal Highness will be organized immediately.
>
> The hills indicated are to be entrenched and cantonments may be occupied behind them as far as the River Orne. The three Corps now separated from the Second Army will take up their quarters on the other side of that stream.
>
> The Third Army (under the Crown Prince) will halt for the present on the Meuse.
>
> The King's head-quarters remain at Pont-à-Mousson, where the 2nd Corps will supply a battalion as guard.

We have purposely abbreviated this document but slightly. It speaks sufficiently for itself. Every detail necessary for the new turn in affairs was effectually provided for, including the appointment to command of two princes, both noted for warlike ability, one having been long regarded as the leading soldier of the German army, the other having won just respect from it by his conduct and courage in conducting a long retreat before its overwhelming strength with inferior forces in Northern Bohemia. Neither of them was likely to disappoint Moltke or his royal master, and these could now tranquilly wait till their exhausted men had fed and rested. But on the 21st the new-formed command of the Saxon Prince, taking the name of the Army of the Meuse, began its march towards the passages of that river, leaving Prince Frederick Charles busy with his new task of putting his troops in a defensive position which no efforts of Bazaine should be able to shake. As all the world knows, the policy of the French Marshal aided him not less powerfully in this than his own skill; and soon the question of the surrender of the beaten Army of the Rhine was seen to be but one of time. As to the Prince of Saxony, he of course reached the Meuse unopposed, and, after failing in an attempt to carry Verdun which was as hopeless as the *coup-de-main* previously tried on Toul, though less rash in form and serious in result, got over the river, and came into line with the Crown Prince. The 2nd Bavarians, who were on the right of the latter, were henceforth, as we now learn, in regular communication with the 4th Corps on the Prince of Saxony's left, and Moltke once more had two great armies united under his own leadership prepared to crush MacMahon as he had already crushed Bazaine.

How the opportunity for this came about; how the miserable policy of looking to the enemy in Paris rather than to the foe in the field darkened all counsel at the camp at Châlons; how MacMahon plainly saw what was right to do, but had to yield to the pressing orders conveyed by Rouher in person from the Empress and her Cabinet—all these particulars, and the long catalogue of blunders that led to Beaumont and Sedan, are unfolded with a clearness never brought to bear on them before. We cannot pause to note more than the fact here recorded that MacMahon was as early as the 21st of August perfectly acquainted with the general positions and strengths of the German forces—a knowledge which certainly made his responsibility as great as that of any mere commander-in-chief could be. When he started on his fatal journey, to be fatally continued under fresh pressure after he had almost resolved to disregard the orders from Paris and to save the luckless army from the gulf of ruin into which it was venturing, it remained only for Moltke to give the single set of orders which wheeled his great line round on its right, and threw it forward by a converging movement on the valley of the Meuse towards Sedan; and the carelessness of French generals, with the demoralization already spread through their troops by ill success, did the rest. There was to follow soon the extraordinary victory won with unexpected ease, the prize not of unrivalled strategy alone, but of that long preparedness for war which was the true nurse of the German Empire that arose at Sedan on the ruins of that of the Third Napoleon.

SINCLAIR'S OLD TIMES AND DISTANT PLACES.*

MR. SINCLAIR has had so wide an experience, both clerical and social, has been concerned in so many offices of trust and importance, has had intercourse with so many men of note in the course of an active and honoured life, that the desire to place on record some of his thoughts and observations on what he has seen is not only natural in itself, but is sure to have been encouraged by his friends, and in its fulfilment to be welcomed by the public at large, always interested in personal recollections. This is a task, however, which every chronicler finds hedged about by more difficulties than he was aware of at starting. He is apt to discover that what has interested himself most, and what would therefore most interest his readers, belongs too entirely to his private memory to allow him to give the full value and piquancy to his reminiscences which they properly possess for himself. The more scrupulous his conscience, the stronger is the barrier between him and his unknown reader, and he finds that the recollections fittest for him to communicate are the least personal ones in any intimate sense, and not by any means those which constitute his private treasury of past feeling and incident. This feeling we believe to have influenced Mr. Sinclair both in the choice and treatment of his subjects. He takes those which are most removed from the present by distance of time and changed circumstances; in some cases reviving names which under no handling can be rescued from oblivion, in others contributing from private sources and family connexions of a past date some fresh anecdote to the traditional stock of public men and well-known humourists; sometimes recording the particulars of his own intercourse with distinguished men of different schools in religion and philosophy—these belonging mainly to the years of his

* *Old Times and Distant Places.* By John Sinclair, M.A., Archdeacon of Middlesex and Vicar of Kensington. London: John Murray.

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earlier life in Edinburgh, where he was minister of an Episcopal chapel; or, again, narrating personal adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes which, when the time for feats of strength, courage, or endurance is fairly over, remain with all men among the proudest and most cherished parts of their life's work.

Many advantages have contributed to render Mr. Sinclair throughout his life a man visibly fitted for certain missions and employments. Perhaps that propriety and moderation of thought and language which pointed him out to official eyes as the "very man" wanted at a juncture does not often go along with vivacity of style; and the relations into which he was brought with some of the public men he describes were clearly not such as to bring out individual character. Many neat things are said and compliments exchanged which are only valuable as illustrating the art of talking with little to say—as showing us, for example, that American statesmen can converse with the courtesy and the commonplaces of the old world. In fact, it strikes the reader that complimentary forms have more value in Mr. Sinclair's mind, and are deemed more worth a niche in memory, than accords with the general estimate of them. This faith in civility sometimes gives a needlessly conventional and formal impression of the intercourse commemorated. It seems, for instance, rather a flat conclusion to an early friendship with Sir William Hamilton—which led them to take long walks together, discussing every subject that occupied Mr. Sinclair's mind, whether literary, philosophical, or religious—to wind up his notice of "his illustrious friend" by the close of a letter from Sir William, acknowledging his "Correspondence with the Committee of Council":—"The style and tone of your letter appear to me excellent. I hope to hear you have obtained the preferment you so well merit." In Edinburgh Mr. Sinclair also enjoyed the society and attended the lectures of Dr. Chalmers, in whose case these remarks do not apply. There was about Chalmers a geniality influencing his whole tone; and Mr. Sinclair's practical mind found a way of proving his high estimation of the Professor's energy, zeal, and intellectual powers which must have left a lasting impression. Having become alive to the miserably scanty endowment of the Professorship, he induced the class of voluntary students for the first time to pay a fee, thus collecting 200*l.* Chalmers's sayings are calculated for repetition, for he not only was an acute observer, but he studied point and conciseness. When a man, he said to Mr. Sinclair, "forms an opinion in his own mind, he may change it as readily as he has formed it. If he communicates it in speech or writing to another, he is confirmed in it; *but if he prints he is incorrigible.*" He defined the secret of Dr. Jephson's success in two words—He is more *inquisitive* and more *dictatorial* than other physicians. And certainly the patience which encourages a sick man to tell his own story, and the authority which commands strict obedience to a rule, make the physician popular with his patients:—

Our conversation turned one evening on post-prandial oratory. "There is nothing," said Dr. Chalmers, "that I dread more than being called to make an after-dinner speech"; and he assigned this reason:—"Everything depends upon a good thing occurring to you just as you are rising; and if nothing occurs, what is to become of you?" Some years after I introduced this saying of Chalmers's into a speech at a marriage *déjeûner*. It was well received; and when the party broke up, the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce), to my great amusement, whispered to me, "Archdeacon, do repeat to me that story of Dr. Chalmers; it will help me greatly in any emergency."

On a more serious occasion he records the facility with which the Bishop could turn a few hints to profit. He came to a meeting without "anything to say." "Do oblige me with some suggestions; the smallest crumbs will be thankfully received." A few words were whispered. He asked a few questions, and then said, "All is right, that is enough." "He rose at once, took up in succession all the crumbs which I had given him, and expanded them into substantial loaves. I was astonished at his prodigious power of amplification. The hearers were delighted, and I am not sure that I ever heard him deliver a more effective oration." Eloquence, readiness, the faculty of meeting the occasion, social brilliancy, all the qualities in which society shone in Mr. Sinclair's younger days more conspicuously than it does now, are favourite subjects with him. On this he tells a story of Sir Walter Scott which bears upon the difficulties just mentioned:—

When Mr. Lockhart was appointed editor of the *Quarterly*, Sir Walter, while rejoicing at his promotion, keenly felt the loss which the family circle would sustain; and could not make up his mind whether to accept congratulations or condolences. Mr. Lockhart's friends resolved to give him a farewell banquet. Sir Walter was present, and on his health being proposed, rose with some emotion to return thanks. After a few commonplaces he proceeded, "I intend on this occasion as on many others to escape from a difficulty by relating a story. A Highland chief, being informed that one of his neighbours had lost his wife, sent for his clerk, and began to dictate a letter suitable to the melancholy event. The chief walked up and down the room, and the clerk repeated his words in an under tone. The chief began, 'My dear Sir.' The clerk repeated '*My dear Sir*'; 'I beg leave'; '*I beg leave*'; 'to congratulate you'; *to congratulate you*'; 'on the death of your beloved wife.' Here the clerk interrupted him. 'Sir, since she was a *beloved* wife, would not the proper word be *condole* rather than *congratulate*?' The chief took several turns, muttering to himself, 'congratulate,' 'condole,' 'condole,' 'congratulate'; and then concluded, 'they are synonymous terms, leave the words as I have given them.'" Sir Walter then concluded:—"Gentlemen, in my present divided state of feeling, I have been running over the changes of condole and congratulate—congratulate, condole—till I am as much perplexed as the Highland chief himself, and have no resource but to pronounce them synonymous terms."

In 1831, while still residing in Edinburgh as minister of St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, Mr. Sinclair was appointed member of a committee for the examination of Hume's posthumous papers, which had been bequeathed to the Royal Society by the historian's nephew. To this task he devoted several months, and the longest and most weighty section of these reminiscences is devoted to his conclusions upon them. As is natural to such a relation, a certain attachment grows up between the student and his subject; Hume as a sceptic stands much higher in his estimation than modern sceptics, while as an historian his love of truth is zealously defended. Plied with facts proving the pains which Hume took to correct such of his statements as further research threw doubt on, he describes an effort to soften Hallam's prejudices. "Hallam heard me coldly, then impatiently, and at last interrupted me, saying, 'You never will persuade me that Hume was a truthful historian.'" Not long after he spent an evening at Magdalen College with Dr. Routh, a more courteous listener:—

He was then about ninety-five years of age, and, according to his invariable custom, was attired in full canonicals, including gown, cassock, and bands, with a trencher cap beside him. I introduced the Hume MSS. He immediately showed a deep interest in the subject. Not hearing me distinctly, he crossed the fireplace, and, standing before me, made a signal for me not to move. I obeyed him for a few moments, and then said, "Mr. President, it is impossible for me to remain seated while you are standing: let me take a chair next to yours." We continued our conversation about Hume to a late hour, the aged scholar showing as much knowledge of English History as if he had been an undergraduate crammed for the occasion; and when I came away he thanked me cordially for the profoundly interesting particulars I had communicated.

Among these names of note figure some which are less familiar to the reader; as the Rev. Ozias Linley, brother-in-law of Sheridan, a man of a tongue and nature so impatient and vituperative that, in the impetuosity of his criticism on a piece of music, he pronounced the composer a "consummate ass," not considering that he was his own father; and who argued that "seaport towns ought not to be encouraged," because he lost a watch at Dover, and had veal given him at the inn when he had set his heart on a rump-steak. Another eccentric, Mr. Sinclair's granduncle, Bosville, a friend of Horne Tooke, is recorded. He was a man of fortune, who seems to have combined with the utmost latitude of principles a tyranny on one point—that of punctuality—which may be called unprecedented. The more extreme the opinions of his guests the more welcome they were, but they must arrive to the moment; and when Mr. Friend, the Astronomer Royal, arrived half a minute late from his official residence at Greenwich and met the company coming down to dinner on the staircase, he is addressed:—"I trust, Mr. Friend, you will bear in mind in future that we don't reckon time here by the meridian of Greenwich, but by the meridian of Welbeck Street." In compensation for this precision in one direction, the general imagination was allowed free range. The host told what lies he pleased; the overscrupulous guest was encouraged to follow his example by the watchword *Il faut risquer quelque chose.* The close of his life is sad enough. Horne Tooke, growing sick and ailing, yet exerted himself to give return banquets, and on the last occasion of the friends meeting he screwed himself up with jest and story to the hour of ten, when Bosville always took his leave. For once his carriage was half an hour late. Horne Tooke broke down and had to be carried out of the room; Bosville was greatly annoyed, and never came again. But he kept up his own parties to the last, and the slate on which his twelve self-invited guests each inscribed their names still hung in his entrance-hall. The table was spread below-stairs while he was confined to his chamber, "and on the very morning of his death he gave orders for an entertainment punctually at the hour which he did not live to see."

Among his hearers in St. Paul's, Edinburgh, Mr. Sinclair records one Widow Butler, whom he believes to have died at the age of a hundred and nine. Her case had been looked into by a clergyman who doubted the fact and had taken some pains to investigate the truth of her statements. At the time Mr. Sinclair first became acquainted with her she was almost a hundred, wrinkled and bowed double, but able to take her place regularly on Sundays on his pulpit stairs. She was seventeen when Prince Charles Stuart led his army through Dumfries, and, when asked about his appearance, described him as wearing tartan with plenty of silk and gold. "Many thought he was the best-looking man in the army; but for my own part I was but a girl, and I thought I saw men who, with as much silk and gold, would have looked as well as he." Her reflections on the brevity of life, on taking leave of her pastor some years before her death, recall the patriarch before Pharaoh—"A hundred years, when you look on them, are but a span long. It would be ill for us if we had naething but this poor world for our portion." Mr. Thoms will no doubt investigate the case.

The variety of our examples will have shown the desultory character of the volume. Its store of anecdote will furnish something to the taste of every reader. Well received in youth on his father's and family's account, and highly considered since on his own, its author has had unusual opportunities of studying men and society. If the style has sometimes a weight beyond its subject-matter, what else can be expected after a devotion of so many years to the cause of national education through the instrumentality of the pen? What this labour is may be gathered from the fact, stated in a note, that more than three hundred letters were interchanged with Joshua Watson alone. Literature proper hardly has its fair chance in so busy and useful a life.

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DAWE'S LANDMARKS OF HISTORY.*

THE author of this little book has thought fit to give it a title already well known as belonging to a series of very popular books written by the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. The title, no doubt, is an attractive one, well suited to chime in with the popular idea of history. That idea, we take it, is that a thorough acquaintance with history consists in a somewhat confused knowledge of a few names and dates belonging to each century. To this information may be added, by those persons who are ambitious of becoming advanced historical students, a familiarity with the personal peculiarities or eccentric habits of the actors who have played the most conspicuous parts upon the stage of the world whose shifting scenes history undertakes to chronicle. Ardent students of history from this point of view are not unfrequently heard to sigh for the power of learning the "Dictionary of Dates" by heart, as though they believed that, having once accomplished that triumph of mnemonic skill, there could be nothing in the records of bygone ages left for them to conquer. To suit the taste of those who thus look upon history as "a thing of shreds and patches," Mr. Dawe has grouped into one volume a series of unconnected notices or sketches of the most stirring times in European history, and of the great men who cut the most brilliant figure in those times. In the preface he himself tells us that his book

> is designed to set before the reader such a record of the great events in the Christian era as may guide him along the highway of historic truth, enabling him to know the most memorable events, their sequence and connexion, and to become acquainted with the men who have played the most prominent part in shaping the destiny of nations.

Mr. Dawe, to do him justice, has contrived to crowd a great many landmarks, extending over a wide range of time and place, into a very small compass. But, after all, the word "landmarks" itself implies, by its very nature, the existence of some continuous road or boundary line which they are meant to trace. We cannot imagine any advantage being gained by pointing out those landmarks to a person unacquainted with that road or boundary. Landmarks, we take it, are intended as means to set travellers on the right road, but they would make but a sorry substitute for the road itself. Any one can see that it would be ridiculous for a man to set out in hopes of accomplishing a journey by leaping from landmark to landmark without traversing the intervening road. No one takes literally the Yankee joke about the traveller who passed the milestones at so rapid a rate that at first he thought he was riding through a churchyard. Yet it would be just as absurd to suppose that reading an amusing account of a civil war in one country or of an invasion in another, of the virtuous acts of one monarch or of the iniquities of his successor, constitutes a knowledge of history that can be of any practical use. Of the unity of history, of the connecting links which bind together the interests of States and nations, Mr. Dawe seems to have no notion whatever. His design, he tells us, has been "to write a book that may be read with pleasure and studied with profit":—

> He has, accordingly, avoided anything approaching to that most hateful of all books in a school library, "a synopsis of universal history;" and has attempted to describe the chief events in a clear and interesting style, omitting all minor details of a dry and unattractive character, and giving to the narrative a biographical complexion.

Now to write what Mr. Dawe so scornfully speaks of as a "synopsis of universal history," if by that term he means a book which in a small compass presents a clear, simple, and scientific view of general history, is perhaps the most difficult task which the historian can propose to himself. To do it well implies a vast amount of learning. It is therefore perhaps as well for Mr. Dawe that he did not attempt anything approaching to it, as any such attempt on his part could only have ended in signal failure. This difficult task has, however, been really accomplished in a way which leaves nothing to be desired. We recommend Mr. Dawe to get and to study attentively Mr. Freeman's *General Sketch of European History;* for, however excusable may be the ignorance of those who grope about in search of landmarks, it seems not unreasonable to require that persons who take upon themselves to set up landmarks should at least have some knowledge of the road which these same landmarks are supposed to indicate. After carefully reading Mr. Freeman's book, we hope that Mr. Dawe may have found out that neither Odoacer nor Theodoric were ever Kings of Italy; that the Franks cannot with any show of reason be said to have "settled in France," any more than it would be correct to say that the Scots settled in Scotland or the Lombards in Lombardy; that Clovis was not the "founder of the French Monarchy"; not to speak of other ingenious errors into which he has fallen. Mr. Dawe's ideas about the Empire, its fiefs and dependencies, the manner of electing the Emperor, and the various claims set forth by him as Emperor, are excessively confused. He has found out that Charles the Great was crowned at Rome "amid the acclamations of the people, who shouted from every quarter 'Life and victory to Charles Augustus, Emperor of the Romans!'" Yet this very conspicuous "landmark" has failed to set him on the right road with regard to the successors of Charles, and the further he gets from the "landmark" the more widely he goes astray. In Mr. Dawe's case the reverse of the proverb holds good, for all roads seem to lead him from Rome instead of to it. He tells us that "Otho the Great" founded the "Romano-German Empire," but by the time he gets to Charles the Fifth he has lost sight of the connexion with Rome altogether. The "electors of Germany," according to Mr. Dawe, "chose him as their Emperor," and then comes Mr. Dawe's explanation of the nature of the Empire to which Charles was thus elected:—

> The Empire of Germany, it should be explained, was a confederation of various States, each under the immediate sovereignty of its own ruler, whilst the whole was combined under the supreme direction of the Emperor, who presided over the Imperial Diet (composed of all the princes of the States), with the right of vetoing any law that assembly might pass.

Further on he graciously speaks of "the empress-queen, as Maria Theresa may be styled," although apparently without having the faintest idea of how, when, or why she might be so styled. Then again Mr. Dawe calls the Swiss War of Independence "the successful stand made by the Swiss mountaineers against the encroachments of the Imperial House of Hapsburg," being seemingly quite unaware that it was not Imperial but ducal tyranny that drove the Cantons to vindicate their independence with the sword. The encroachment which the confederates of Rutli pledged themselves to withstand was the attempt to degrade their land from being a free fief of the Empire into becoming a part of the hereditary possessions of the House of Austria. The signal courage they displayed in resisting that attempt was secretly encouraged, and the victory which they gained was openly approved, by the Emperor.

Mr. Dawe is not more happy in his philological than in his historical explanations. Among these we find that "Oster or East March" is the "name since changed into Austria." We thought that any one, however puzzle-headed, might have been able to see that "Austria" has naturally grown out of "Oester-reich," a name which bears its own meaning on the face of it, and which might have been borne by our own East Anglia with as much reason as by the kingdom of the East Franks. Mr. Dawe gives us the old explanation that the name Gibraltar is "Gebel al Tarik," or the "Hill of Tarik," so called in honour of the Saracen leader. We think it much more likely that the name is "Gebel el Târ," or the "Hill of the Birds," a name still used by the Arabs for at least one hill on the opposite continent. Nor can we agree with Mr. Dawe when he tells us that the first printing-press was set up at Strasburg. It is well known that Gutenberg and his companion were there engaged in some scheme for reproducing at a cheap rate copies of the popular *Speculum*, but there is no sufficient proof that they there employed the moveable metal type which Gutenberg afterwards brought to perfection at Mainz. It seems hardly fair on such grounds to rob Mainz of the glory of being the birthplace of the great invention. Again, Mr. Dawe makes a grievous mistake in supposing that the Code Napoléon is a digest of old French laws. The laws in France before the Revolution were ill defined and worse executed, and resolved themselves practically into the right of the strongest. Part of Mr. Dawe's plan consists in grouping the chief events of any given period round some central figure in whom the reader is supposed to take a personal interest. But to give effect to this scheme would require much more space than the writer of this little book has had at command. He seems, moreover, to have no power of discriminating between those men who made the times in which they lived and those who were made by them. Nor is his sense of justice any of the clearest; for while he inveighs against the bigotry of Philip II., and the persecutions into which it led him, he gives Frederick the Great no credit for his toleration, on the ground that it sprang from indifference to all religion whatever.

As Mr. Dawe seems to be keenly alive to the advantages which have fallen to the share of those whose favoured lot it is to live in the nineteenth century, it is the more remarkable that he has cared so little to avail himself of them. This century, he tells us, "will probably be long remembered as the great period of scientific progress and invention." Whether this prophecy comes true or not depends entirely on the rate of scientific progress in succeeding centuries. There can, however, be no doubt that this century is specially distinguished by the research and learning that have been brought to bear on the history of past times. And since those scholars who have devoted their lives to labour in this field of science have displayed the results of that labour in their pages, it seems to us inexcusable that any one should set himself up as a teacher of history and show such ignorance as is to be found in this little volume. Among the most wonderful of the inventions of this same nineteenth century Mr. Dawe reckons the "lucifer match," which "enables us at any moment to call light out of darkness." We should strongly advise him to try the effect of its miraculous powers upon his own book. And when he has so far profited by the hints which we have here given him that he feels inclined to publish a corrected edition, we hope he will invent a title for himself. Milestones, Finger-posts, Beacon-fires, or Signal-lights of History would any of them be new and striking. Signal-lights would indeed be singularly appropriate, as suggesting the countless rocks and shoals which lie in the way of the student of history. Any of these titles would save him from the danger he at present runs of calling down on his own head the maledictions pronounced against the man who "removeth his neighbour's landmark."

* *Landmarks of General History in the Christian Era.* By the Rev. C. S. Dawe, B.A. London and Glasgow: Collins, Sons, & Co. 1874.

HERE AND THERE AMONG THE ALPS.*

THE supply of Alpine literature is not yet exhausted. The old-fashioned narratives of difficult ascents have become some-

* *Here and There among the Alps.* By the Hon. Frederika Plunket. London: Longmans. 1875.

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what stale, but there is still something to be said here and there about a still unfamiliar district or some new variation on old methods of travelling. Miss Plunket does not claim our attention on the score of any adventurous performances, nor does she rely upon graphic descriptions of scenery or on details of antiquarian or historical interest. The only peculiarity of her book is that it is written by a woman, with the intention of encouraging others of her sex to follow in her footsteps. Miss Plunket, indeed, though she has gone rather beyond the ordinary line, is not one of the most aspiring sisterhood. Ladies have recently taken to expeditions which were formerly described in the consecrated phrase of guide-books as being fit only for practised mountaineers; and some of them can show a long list of successful expeditions which might excite the envy of enthusiastic walkers of the other sex. None of these ladies, so far as we know, has yet condescended to enlighten the public as to her experiences. Miss Plunket is probably too diffident as to her powers; and she appears to be under the impression that there is something sacred about the region which lies at a greater elevation than ten thousand feet. She takes long and arduous walks over the lower passes, and ascends beyond the region of carriages or mules; she occasionally crosses a glacier or climbs a secondary peak. But she does not trust herself to attack such a genuine peak as excites the ambition of a member of the Alpine Club. She crosses the Tschingel Pass, but would hesitate before attacking the Strahleck. This statement will sufficiently define her position to persons familiar with Alpine travel; and they will probably argue that her advice to other ladies to follow in her footsteps does not err on the side of rashness. Before saying a few words upon this point, however, we may touch briefly upon Miss Plunket's other merits.

Her book is on the whole a pleasant specimen of the class of literature to which it belongs. It is not so scientific as Professor Tyndall's writings, nor so poetical as Mr. Ruskin's, nor—whether this be an advantage or otherwise—does it aim so much at the humorous as the writings of a good many travellers of inferior eminence. But it has the merit, which certainly is a great one, of being written with obvious enjoyment. Miss Plunket is a genuine lover of Alpine scenery; and we are consequently disposed to sympathize with her. Moreover, we may venture to say that she shows a good and discriminating taste. Commonplace writers generally think it necessary to go into ecstasies about every mountain which reaches a certain height, and every view which includes a sufficient list of distant objects. Miss Plunket knows when to praise and when to blame. She declares, for example, in contradiction to a modern fashion, that the upper valley of the Engadine is decidedly inferior, with the exception of Pontresina, to the other mountain regions. St. Moritz and its neighbourhood has recently become so popular for sanitary reasons that its visitors think themselves bound to praise it even for qualities in which it is distinctly inferior. Any unprejudiced person who looks through his or her own eyes will, we are convinced, agree with Miss Plunket in holding that the valley from Samaden to the Maloja is singularly straight, bleak, and monotonous. Miss Plunket again maintains that the Dolomites are too grotesque to be beautiful. This is an opinion which admits of more controversy; and, in fact, she does not appear to have visited the really beautiful parts of the Dolomite region, the valleys of Primiero, Caprile, or Cadore. The more Northern examples of the same formation are, we think, open to her criticism, but we are not fanatical upon this head, and merely note the fact that she is frank enough not to conceal her prejudices. She ascends the Confinale, and appears, as we may tell her, to have taken the most troublesome route; and here she displays a very proper enthusiasm in regard to one of the most striking of Alpine views of the second order. The Ortler and the Königswand, as seen from that summit, are of singularly noble and original design. On the other hand, we cannot quite share her enthusiasm about the Languard, a mountain from which there is certainly a vast panoramic view, but from which the width of prospect is dearly bought by the absence of very striking objects in the foreground. On the whole, however, we have followed Miss Plunket's wanderings with general sympathy, and as much agreement as is desirable. Tastes differ, and ought to differ, in such matters. It would be a very unlucky circumstance if everybody admired the same views; for how, in that case, should we enjoy the complacent sense of superiority which arises when somebody is rash enough to dissent from our conclusions?

Miss Plunket, we feel sure, is a true enough lover of the Alps to enjoy the views which are only to be seen from the high summits. She admires a snow-peak so heartily that she ought to be thoroughly familiar with the object of her admiration. And therefore we will venture to point out to her the very simple truth that it is often just as easy to climb a high mountain as a low one. The awe with which she speaks of the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, and other imposing summits is quite unnecessary. She is capable of walking without excessive fatigue for twelve or thirteen hours over a low pass. The same amount of labour, under favourable conditions, would have taken her to the top of Monte Rosa, Mont Blanc, or the Matterhorn; and we would suggest that in some future expedition she should try the experiment. We must not indeed be misunderstood. The dangers of Alpine travel are very real and serious; perhaps more serious than Miss Plunket quite admits. Moreover, under unfavourable conditions, the higher mountains are more dangerous than the lower, because the traveller is further from a refuge. There are frequently days and weeks when Mont Blanc, often as it has been climbed even by ladies in fine weather, would be totally impracticable to the most experienced climber. It is equally true, however, that there are days and weeks during which an ascent of the Matterhorn is safe and easy for anybody who is up to a moderate amount of walking, and is really less laborious than a similar expedition in the closer air of the valleys. This variability of conditions is the great secret of mountaineering, which it seems that the ordinary mind altogether refuses to accept. People will not believe that it can ever be dangerous to ramble over a mountain no higher than Snowdon and with precipices only high enough to break their necks; or that it can ever be safe to climb a mountain four or five times that height, however favourable the weather and the snow. If a delusion in the first case has led to many serious accidents, a delusion in the other has the less serious consequence of causing a good many people to lose a perfectly safe pleasure.

This point is particularly deserving of the attention of ladies. We confess to having certain prejudices in regard to feminine exercises. It is extremely desirable indeed that women should be encouraged to take every kind of open-air exercise which is suited to their constitutions. We are glad to see ladies riding or skating or climbing mountains in moderation. But we are disposed to draw a very decided line. We should not like to see a lady ride a steeplechase or row a boat-race; nor indeed do we like to see them indulge in any form of violent or disfiguring exercise. Now mountain-scrambling very easily becomes both. A lady sitting at a *table-d'hôte* with the skin scorched off her face from exposure to the sun on a snow-field is not pleasing in our eyes. Nor do we much approve of any lady indulging in that kind of rough scrambling upon rocks which, to say the least, involves the adoption of a good many ungraceful attitudes and a probability of considerable destruction of apparel. Nor, again, does it seem desirable as a general rule that ladies should share in expeditions where it is necessary for them to be huddled together for the night in some wretched cave or hut with a party of guides where attention to the ordinary decorum of civilized life presents a good many difficulties. Although, therefore, we most gladly welcome the presence of ladies in many Alpine scenes from which they were formerly debarred, we would rather not see them in any place which involves either decided danger or a decided process of "roughing." Expeditions in which they take part should, to our minds, always be so arranged that they could present themselves to gentlemen of their acquaintance without blushing or obvious disfigurement.

These conditions, however prudish they may be, can easily be secured, with a little care, upon many ascents from which Miss Plunket seems to have shrunk with unnecessary awe. The care, it is true, is necessary; and we must say emphatically and before all things, that ladies bent upon Alpine glory should have companions upon whose knowledge and forethought they can implicitly depend. They should wait for good weather and good snow, and not hazard themselves in places where a very slight change of the conditions may involve hardship or serious danger. But, granting this, they may still see the grandest scenes in the Alps. No mountain, for example, is intrinsically so majestic as Mont Blanc; as no mountain can be more dangerous and disagreeable in really bad weather. Now a lady of good walking powers can reach the Grands Mulets with perfect ease under ordinary conditions. There she will find a hut, not luxurious in its arrangements, but yet offering the convenience of a sleeping-room, and even feminine attendance. If the weather is fine and the snow hard, it is simply a walk of six or seven hours without a single difficulty from the hut to the summit, and the return is perfectly easy. If proper care be taken in organizing the party and selecting a favourable day, a lady who can walk as well as Miss Plunket would be able to make the ascent without more trouble than she encountered in crossing the Steinerne Meer, or even in going from Pontresina to the baths of Bormio by the Val Viola in bad weather. We might say the same of many other mountains, such as the Monte Rosa, where there is not even the necessity of a night away from a hotel, the Jungfrau, or the Matterhorn. The point to be remembered is simply the necessity of duly observing the conditions. Nothing is easier than to lose hands or feet from frost-bites, or to fall into a crevasse on Mont Blanc, if it be attacked, so to speak, against the grain. But nothing is less necessary than to encounter any risk whatever of such catastrophes. There are times when it would be far more dangerous and difficult to climb Snowdon than it is at other times to attack Mont Blanc. And in this sense almost every mountain in the Alps becomes at times a ladies' mountain. If they will wait for those propitious moments, be guided by the experience of trustworthy persons, and take all the recognized precautions to avoid danger and secure a retreat, there can be no reason why they should not enjoy the highest Alps much more thoroughly than they often do at present. They may go upon the glaciers without spoiling their complexions, or tearing their clothes, or presenting themselves as a spectacle to thoughtless and irreverent tourists. But thoroughly cautious management is of course the essential condition for success, as some respect for feminine delicacy is essential to avoid consequences not desirable in the eyes of those who would respect the feminine character.

CROWEST'S GREAT TONE-POETS.*

THE author of this work tells us in the preface that it consists of papers contributed to the *Et Cetera* Magazine, which he

* *The Great Tone-Poets; being Short Memoirs of the Greater Musical Composers.* By F. Crowest. London: Bentley & Son. 1874.

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has been induced to republish by "many requests from teachers of music." This fact, together with the addition of a table of events to each biographical sketch, "for the use of those engaged in examination," led us to look for a precise and scientific account of the writers and compositions included in the selection. But in reality Mr. Crowest's work is as light, as chatty, and as untechnical in character as could be desired by the least patient of readers. It is cast in much the same mould as previous works on musicians, the tacit assumption of which seems to be that composers are a curious, half-grotesque, half-lovable race of beings, with respect to whom every discoverable incident of life and peculiarity of manners must possess an especial value. Mr. Crowest's sketches abound in entertaining anecdotes, many of which are sufficiently familiar, while others appear to have been collected from less accessible sources.

Mr. Crowest compels us, if only by the title which he gives to his work, to judge of it by a higher standard than that of an amusing chat about musicians, and we very much regret that in reference to any such higher standard his work presents a rather meagre aspect. Even as biography, the essays appear to us singularly unreflective and superficial. How much the wiser any student of music will be for committing to memory all the narratives and descriptions of this volume it would be difficult to say. It seems to us that it is precisely the kind of work which is fitted to impart a mere smattering of knowledge about the subject. Any one who reads it will be able, with the help of a good memory, to talk about Bach, Beethoven, or Schumann with a certain appearance of ample reading. One was prepared by Mr. Crowest's title for an interesting and complete analysis of the musical temperament and of its relation to the poetic. In spite of all that has been written respecting musicians, there is ample room for a careful study of the conditions of tone-creation. Mr. Crowest seems never to have thought of this question. His portraits seek to preserve little oddities or amiabilities of personal character; they never attempt to give us the inmost emotional nature of what he calls the "tone-poet." The biographical details on which he dwells most fondly may be brought under the heads of domestic and devotional traits. Bach and Haydn, Mozart and Mendelssohn, appear to interest him pre-eminently as tender lovers and as pious heads of households. Thus, for example, Mr. Crowest cannot help inquiring, with respect to the creation of *Die Entführung* by Mozart:—

> Can it be that the thoughts of his fast approaching and long looked-for union with his beloved Constance were foremost in his breast when he penned the joyous music?

In a like strain he remarks, *àpropos* of Weber's joy at the success of the *Oberon*:—

> Of course he poured all this out before his beloved wife. "My dear Lina," he says, "thanks to God, and to His all-powerful will, I obtained this evening the greatest success in my life," &c. &c.

If Mr. Crowest is apt to be commonplace in drawing the general character of his musical personages, he is yet more unsatisfactory when he attempts to define the characteristics of each composer's artistic genius. He writes very prettily, no doubt, about the "heavenly" melody and "divine" strains of his favourite authors, but his language is too vague and unscientific to afford a student any real knowledge of the particular musician's style. How feeble, for instance, is this kind of characterization:—

> No music is more beautiful than Mozart's, and but little so tranquillizing as the tones of this master of song. It rivets the untutored ear as no other does; it softens, exalts, and inspires all that is best within the human heart. It makes us tender and loving; and besides, with its gay and sportive melodies, it at times exhilarates our spirits in the happiest manner.

Mr. Crowest begins his account of each composer in this high-flown style of adulation, and we will not disguise our admiration at the ingenuity which he has displayed in saying something new, yet equally exalting, about every one of his subjects.

We miss, too, in his account of the composers selected all endeavour to trace out accurately their mutual relations, and to show the precise historical antecedents of the successive styles. Thus the reader will gather from the volume but little information as to the change in the spirit and form of the opera effected by Gluck, as to the vast advance made by Haydn in shaping the structure of instrumental music, or as to the peculiar position occupied by Mendelssohn as mediator between the learned style of Bach and the older composers, and the freer imaginative treatment of form introduced by the Romanticists. The single instance in which Mr. Crowest makes an appearance of indicating the historical position of a composer is that of Schumann, and here he seems to us to be particularly weak:—

> The "Music of the Future" [he tells us] had one of its founders and first exponents in Schumann, and in this school we may safely class most that he composed, for there is a romanticism about it which, whatever may be said or written to the contrary, undeniably heralds a new era in art.
>
> Of all composers [he goes on to tell us] he certainly is the most advanced, the most difficult to understand, the most daring in flight, the one most clearly betraying the mental excitement that attended upon work, and which no doubt frequently lifted him to regions where, had he been less susceptible, he could never have soared to (*sic*).—P. 359.

Mr. Crowest characterizes Schumann's peculiarity of style as consisting in "little inventions and deviations," or, as he elsewhere phrases it, "in numerous little forms and effects." If he had taken pains to point out wherein precisely Schumann's deviations from the received laws of structure consist, what it is technically which gives such a glow of wild fancy to his "tone-poems," he would have rendered an important service to all students of music. As it is, the reader will feel that, however much Mr. Crowest may appreciate the composer, he is quite unable to read the secret of his musical power.

Mr. Crowest gives us in several places brief analyses of particular works. He here shows himself in a favourable light as a writer of graceful fancy and of just artistic sensibility. As an example of his skill in this direction we would quote the epitome of the contents of the overture to *Guillaume Tell*:—

> The opening andante in triple time for the five violoncelli and double basses at once carries the listener away to the regions of the snowy Alps, where all is calm and peaceful. We perceive that Nature is awaking, and we seem to see the hazy atmosphere clearing off for the new-born day. In the next movement this solitude is all dispelled. The rain-drops fall thick and heavy, and a storm, with thunder and lightning, bursts upon us. But its fury is soon spent. The clouds clear away, and all is bright again. The shepherds are astir, and from the mountain sides come the peculiar notes of the *Ranz des Vaches* from their pipes. Suddenly all is changed. Trumpets sound a call to arms. Troops are mustering, and the music cleverly marks their quick step as the soldiers and shepherd patriots march off to protect their country. A brilliant use of the violins and other instruments depicts the joy and exultation of the victors upon their return, and their joyous shouts effectively close this grand tone-picture.

Another good analysis may be found in the account of Schumann's "Rhenish Symphony" (pp. 368–9). Yet elsewhere the writer is far from happy in this kind of work. Thus he dwells to a quite unnecessary length on the details of such well-known works as Haydn's *Creation*. So, too, he becomes vague and rhapsodical as when he describes Mendelssohn's "I Waited for the Lord" by saying:—

> For beauty, expression, and sublimity of conception, it would be impossible to excel it. The composer must truly have soared to the seventh heaven of musical art when he penned this divine melody.

There are several aspects of Mr. Crowest's mode of thought and style of expression which invite attention. The excess of the emotional over the logical in his work has been already hinted at. We notice on more than one occasion that a tendency to exaggerate a composer's claims to admiration leads to slight inaccuracy of statement. It is scarcely correct, for example, to affirm that "it was Rossini who made the orchestra what it is at the present day" (p. 285). The development of the capacities of the orchestra has been a very slow process, to which many composers, including several since Rossini, have contributed. At other places the author strikes us as being rather weak in drawing inferences. Thus he says it is hard to conceive why Beethoven only wrote one opera (p. 179), yet he has himself just before suggested an adequate explanation in the fact that *Fidelio* had such an indifferent reception. It seems to us to be an odd reply to the objection against Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* that it lacks the feeling of exultation and triumph, to say, "But surely the composer knew the colouring and treatment such a work needed." It would have been more to the point either to have disputed the fact—that is, the absence of this sentiment—or to have suggested a reason, beyond the composer's inscrutable selection, for adopting a less jubilant tone. It is a similar looseness of thought which leads to the conclusion that an idea of the "merits" of Handel's *Rinaldo and Armida* may be formed from the fact that the music publisher "made something like a thousand pounds by it." Once more the author occasionally falls into technical inexactnesses, as when he contrasts singing and recitative (p. 285), and speaks of "the major tonic of the key" (p. 129). We meet further with verbal inaccuracies. It is odd that a writer who persistently gives the *umlaut* to the name Gluck (Glück) should deprive the name Bülow of this necessary adjunct (p. 187). Among other verbal slips we find "Fetis" (p. 281), "Passion-musik" (p. 25), "La Caduta del Giganti" (p. 84), "tempi" as a noun singular (p. 361). More striking still are the inelegancies and even inaccuracies of composition which appear to result from a too eager attempt to be rhetorical. A singularly fine example of these high-flown solecisms is to be found in the first paragraph in p. 338, which is highly entertaining, though too long to be quoted. It is a grotesque mode of classification to speak of "the learning, the vast imagination, and characteristics" of "a mighty genius" (p. 341). By "novelty giving place to beauty" (p. 357), Mr. Crowest probably means the converse. Finally, he may be reminded that it is scarcely English to speak of a person being made "so excited and worse" (p. 372). In conclusion it may be said that Mr. Crowest's volume, while it can lay no claim to be a work of scientific instruction fitted to prepare students for examinations, is a pleasantly-written, though a somewhat gossipy, book, and may be recommended as perfectly unfatiguing to all who desire in their purity the lightest ingredients of musical biography.

A STORY OF THREE SISTERS.*

IT is a waste of power to break a butterfly on the wheel, and it is unphilosophic to condemn graceful weakness because it is not heroic strength. We must accept things to a certain extent on their own ground; and though work must be judged of from the outside, and praised or censured for what it is in itself rather than for what it represents of individual conscientiousness, still moderate powers honestly used have a certain claim on our respect; and all we have a right to demand from workers is that they shall do the best they can, and not spare themselves to the extent of their ability.

* *A Story of Three Sisters.* By Cecil Maxwell. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1874.

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A Story of Three Sisters is a book of this well-intentioned but imperfect kind. It is not a work of genius, not a work of power in any way; but it is gracefully and conscientiously done, and if there is nothing in it to rouse our enthusiasm, there is nothing to excite our scorn. It is a simple story prettily told; and though it would have borne with advantage more elaboration, yet, as the plot is rather thin, we are grateful for being spared the padding with which older hands at the craft would have been sure to have weighted and lengthened it. The characters are kept individual and distinct; the more prominent are like life; and they do not do anything shameless or unnatural; the story is free both from vulgarity and vice; and there is a quaint flavour of poetry and præ-Raffaellitism about the scenes and descriptions by which they gain a certain tenderness and originality, not without its value.

The novel opens with an account of the family of the Burnets of Rose Hall, in what must have been, so far as we can judge, the latter half of the eighteenth century; tracing out a slight sketch of the father and three aunts of the subsequent "three sisters" who give the book its title; but rather for the sake of introducing the mother of the former and grandmother of the latter than for any other cause. For, though this old lady does not do anything very important, anything startling or theatrical, she is the moulding influence of the story; and, in making this distinction between influence and importance, the author has shown a nice feeling for one of the finer subtleties of her (?) art, and a truer insight into human history than have writers who throw all their strength into dramatic surprises. The character of this grandmother is well portrayed. She is a shrewd, hard, unsympathetic woman, cold to her husband, devoted to her children, and specially devoted to her eldest son Richard. She is of slightly better birth than her yeoman husband, whom she rules in consequence, while never appearing to thwart him. She arranges her sons' lives, and dominates them as much as she loves them. When her favourite Richard marries a girl of his own choosing, she quietly, and perhaps unintentionally, sows the fatal seeds of coldness and distrust between them; and though she repents when Mary dies, yet she is glad to be once more the presiding genius of the old place, and the unquestioned mistress of the children and their father. She is a stern task-mistress to the little people, and thinks it her duty to repress, so far as she can, all signs of genius, independence, or individuality in them; but if she makes the path of virtue narrow and thorny, she does what she feels to be best, and youth has compensations even under the hard hand of crabbed age.

The three sisters are pretty, well-designed characters. Anne the eldest is staid, quiet, sensible, maternal; neither selfish nor deceitful, but with the natural tact and policy belonging to good temper and the love of peace. Pamela, the second, is the genius, consequently the rebel and the "pickle" of the triad. Her bent is for acting, and though she never accomplishes more in that way than a little surreptitious dressing-up in a lumber room, she is always the born artist chafing at the dull monotony of the home life, and indemnifying herself by dreams for the hardness of the actuality. Emilia, the youngest, is the selfish, indolent, petted little beauty, who gets more caresses and indulgences than either of the two others simply because she has round shoulders and a cherub's face, and is too cowardly, as well as too self-indulgent, to get herself into trouble by dangerous activities of any kind. Naturally the difficulties of life beset Pamela more than her sisters. It would have been incongruous to have mated sweet-natured, home-keeping, matronly Anne with tragedy; and Emilia had not enough depth to be enriched even by suffering. On Pamela, therefore, with her repressed genius, her strong nature, her capacity for loving and for sorrow, the burden was fated to fall; and the story is, in fact, the narrative of her unhappy love, and of how well-meaning treachery and the short-sighted coldness of worldly wisdom wrought together for her destruction, and accomplished that for which they wrought. Though of course great part of the subsequent sorrow hinges on misunderstanding, and the crafty severance of the lovers by lies and misrepresentations, yet, as the circumstances by which this severance is brought about are so very much more natural and less strained than usual, we are spared all that feeling of irritation at folly, credulity, and want of straightforwardness which generally mars the effect of a story based on this kind of plot. Given the same conditions as we have in the *Three Sisters*, and we do not see how either Pamela could have righted herself or Harold Turrell could have insisted on a fuller explanation. How much soever a young man may be in love, he cannot force his way into the girl's house if persistently denied; and when he hears that she is engaged to another man, and facts seem to give the colour of truth to what he hears, we can scarcely wonder if he yields all hope in despair, and accepts the old saying as his guide, *Souvent femme varie*. But we do not like Harold's marriage with Julia Cartwright; we think it weak, and wanting in the truest sense of honour. His manners, too, after he is married are abominable. We acknowledge their life-likeness according to certain models; but that does not make them pleasant, nor dispose us to love the man who could be such an unmitigated boor to such a sweet and patient wife. Harold is meant to be a good fellow who knows what he is doing and acts from intention, not weakness; but a really fine-natured man would not have revenged his own unhappiness on an unoffending woman whose sole sin was that she loved him and was his wife, while he loved some one else; and we would rather the author had drawn her hero as a gentleman to the end, and with the gentleman's sense of justice and of what was due to others.

The worst character in the book—worst in the sense of art, not morality—is Mrs. Campeny. She is a nuisance and an excrescence, and the story would have gone on quite as well without her. She walks and talks and is assumed to have some influence on the progress of events, but she has none in reality, and her existence in the pages is a bit of verbal sham. Mr. Quicke, too, though he does an actual deed, and so far makes his mark, does not strike us as a particularly well-drawn character. He wants centrality of idea and firmer drawing; for it is not enough to say that a man has a hobby or a speciality, unless it becomes a vivid picture and a living fact to the reader's mind. Nor has his legacy to Pamela sufficient play in the narrative. Beyond making her own people more respectful to her, it does nothing of importance; and yet it might have been made the peg on which a great many pleasant things could have been hung. Beside these two characters, which seem to us weak places in the book, there is a certain want of concentration in the work which is feeble art. It is what painters call spotty; that is, full of isolated scenes which do not necessarily bring out or hang on to the story. They are nicely done in themselves, but they want coherence and pulling together; and the result is a certain scattered and diluted kind of interest not favourable to the novel as a whole. We acknowledge this concentration of interest, this orderly and well-reasoned evolution, to be the most difficult, as it is the most perfect, method of telling a story; but the difficulty of a thing is no excuse for failure of accomplishment, for there are heights to be reached by diligence and perseverance which in the beginning of things look entirely inaccessible.

There is a very sweet and tender charm of thought and expression in the *Three Sisters*. We will not venture to say that either is original, for we detect the echo of more than one living poet, and the shadow of more than one living artist. Not the less the result is pleasant, and the little pictures wrought into the body of the tale are fresh and pretty. Here is one of a daybreak—the daybreak of Anne's wedding—which seems to us especially pretty:—

> Indeed, a wonderful change was taking place while they spoke. First a soft, white light suffused the grey mass out to eastward, the clouds began to move as if some new life had entered into them, wave over wave went curling and surging about, the brightness deepened and grew to one spot. Then a sharp ray cut through the mists, the rain fell faster and faster in a glittering shower, but it seemed to melt in the light. Presently there was nothing of it left but an occasional shower of diamonds from the wet trees, the sun streamed on, the clouds were rolling away from the sweet, tender blue spaces; the song of a thrush came pouring out from who can say where, for the whole air was full of melody and delicious scents and morning freshness.

And though we do not endorse the expression of "grey light" from a pair of eyes, we extract this also as a sympathetic little passage which has a flavour of poetry in the concluding sentence that would not disgrace a stanza in the *Earthly Paradise*:—

> Now, for the first time, he found himself doing real battle with his own will, and he sometimes even wondered himself at the restraint which he kept over the strongest of his passions. He did not know that Pamela helped him. Her keenly sensitive nature could not fail to give back some echo of the struggle which filled his heart; but she was a brave girl, and it was well for him that her nature was brave enough and strong enough to keep some hold over the fiery passions she had roused. The clear, grey light from her eyes, the movement of her long hands, the tender gravity which now so often shaded her face, subdued and enchained him. He became humble and gentle in her presence, and scarcely knew his own voice when he spoke to her—it had grown so soft and changed. And yet every day the fruit grew riper on the wall, the wheat became ruddy in the sun, and the day of their parting came nearer and nearer.

"The flowery pear-trees rose up like white spires, touched on their tops with the faintest rosy glow from the sunset. The trees were thinly clad as yet with young half-folded leaves that let through the mellow light from above. Only the lilacs were thick and clustering with their great heavy heads of pale blossom." These are little touches which betoken a loving appreciation of nature, if the mechanical part of the workmanship might be better. Still, taking the book as we do as a maiden effort, we hold it to be creditable to its author and better than most maiden efforts. By time and experience Cecil Maxwell will probably learn to work more artistically. Meanwhile, we are grateful for what we have got, and glad to welcome the advent of a novelist who, if not promising supreme genius, bids fair to be a pleasant and wholesome worker.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE "Geological Survey of the State of Ohio"* is another of those valuable and interesting Blue-books which form so peculiar a feature in American literature, and to which we have so often had occasion to direct the attention of our readers. It is in the State Libraries, and in that of Congress, rather than in those of private persons or voluntary institutions, that the largest collection of valuable scientific works respecting the geology and physical geography, the climate and meteorology, the agriculture and natural resources of the United States is to be found. It is to public officers entrusted with the duty of making such investigations on the part of the central and local Governments, rather than, as in Europe, to professors or scientific volunteers, that we are indebted for the very large store of information respecting the natural history of North America which has been accumulated during the

* *Report of the Geological Survey of Ohio.* Vol. 1. Geology and Palæontology. Published by authority of the Legislature of Ohio. Columbus: Nevins & Myers. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

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last quarter of a century, and whose amount and fulness only those who have had to study it can fully appreciate. The completeness and thoroughness of inquiry extended over so vast a region would exceed the power of individual workers, nor could publishers be found for works so elaborate, and so little likely to command a remunerative circulation. The State of Ohio has been liberal in the supply of means for a searching survey of its surface and its geological strata; and the result is contained in two ponderous volumes, of which the greater part has interest only for specialists, and belongs rather to the class of *mémoires pour servir*—printed material—than to that of readable books; while a few pages on the climate, geography, and physical conformation of the country would, if published in a more accessible form, be of very general interest. Ohio, rather than Pennsylvania, is by virtue of its position, politically and geographically, the true keystone of the Union. It fills in the whole space between the East and the West, between the Northern border and the thoroughly Southern State of Kentucky. It links not only Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan to Pennsylvania, Maryland, and West Virginia—the Mississippi Valley to the slopes of the Alleghanies—but also the area of the Lakes and the St. Lawrence to that of the great westward-flowing rivers which drain the vast inland area of the South-West, being bounded by Lake Erie on the north, and by the river from which it takes its name on the south. Originally covered in great part by the virgin forests of the Atlantic coast, it includes a portion of the outlying fragments of the vast Western prairie, and thus again connects two strikingly distinct natural regions. All these circumstances affect not only the material wealth and political importance of the State, but also its physical character. The vast body of inland water to the North tempers the climate, and deprives the north-west wind of winter of much of its severity, insomuch that the immediate neighbourhood of the Lakes is more genial than that of lands lying lower and further to the South. Between the two shores of a piece of water comparatively so small as Lake Michigan the average summer and winter temperatures differ considerably, and the geniality of the climate of Ohio as compared with that of Canada is mainly due to the interposition of the great reservoirs of the St. Lawrence valley between the former and the winds which, sweeping over a vast area of Polar snows, render the winter of the latter so intolerably severe. The temperature was doubtless more even in the days when nearly the whole area of the State was covered with timber. But the geologists of Ohio do not believe that the annual rainfall has been impaired in quantity by the destruction of the forests. Arguing upon a large collection of meteorological statistics and physical observations, their view is that the rainfall, on an average of years, is unchanged, but that the wasteful and reckless clearing has injured the country in a not less perceptible manner by converting into a series of extremes what was once a tolerably even supply of moisture. The forests retained the water, and allowed it gradually to find its way by the streams to the great arteries of the river-system of the West. Now, the rain falls heavily at certain times, and finds its way at once to the streams, swells them from ten to forty feet higher than their usual level, and then in a few days disappears, leaving the country to suffer from drought during a considerable period, after being injured by floods during a brief but often disastrous interval. Moreover, the rainfall itself is very irregular. The nature of the soil tends to the same result, when it is once left bare of trees. The greater part of the surface is covered by the Drift or *diluvium* which for the most part buries completely, at a considerable depth, the latest rocky strata; and the uppermost element of the Drift is usually a thin impervious sheet of clay. In the prairies a different kind of soil is said to produce much the same effect, and to account for the absence of trees. The soil is exceedingly fine and very close, not easily penetrated by water, and having no subsoil capable of creating any considerable reservoirs. The grass contrives to live upon the surface water supplied by intermittent rains and dews; the roots of trees, penetrating deeper, are unable to find any adequate subterranean supply. It is true that trees have been planted on prairie land, and have thriven. But this has only been done very lately, and it remains to be seen whether they can endure the drought of such unfavourable seasons as occur at intervals comparatively short in the life of a tree. Trees once killed do not recover; grass, burnt up year after year, yearly revives with the return of the rains. To this, rather than to any difference of situation or origin, the distinction between prairie land and forest land is ascribed; and there is this fact in favour of the theory which imputes to the want of water in the subsoil the absence of trees—that on the most naked prairie land, wherever there flows a stream, or wherever a hollow below the general level of the plain allows water to accumulate, you find a belt of timber. This now and then produces a curious effect in the rapid survey taken by the railway traveller; the narrow belts and small clumps of trees in the distance appear to rise not from the general level of the plain, but from below it, and often seem in this way to narrow the horizon in a strange and perplexing manner; giving the idea that they are on its verge, when, in fact, the river from whose bed they spring may be within a couple of miles. But whether the theory be correct or not it is not our purpose here to inquire; we need only direct attention to an important and accessible source of information and suggestion.

The Statistical Bureau of Pennsylvania *—whose Report of 1874 reaches us inconveniently late—gives few figures that are of much interest respecting the condition of labour in that State, and scatters the information concerning the agriculture of the country through a variety of tables in a way which ensures its work against any danger of attentive reading. For want of a simple digest of the really interesting facts at the beginning of the work, it is little better than useless except to those who may be in search of a special figure, and know where to seek it. But an incidental interest attaches to one document in the volume; a letter in which the chief of the Bureau, without anything like the care or thought bestowed on the subject in the work we have just noticed, confirms its remarks on the mischievous influence of clearing, not in altering the rainfall, but in preventing its gradual distribution and temporary storage, and condemning the land to an alternation of floods and droughts.

Dr. Hunt's *Chemical and Geological Essays* * by no means belong to the more readable, if less valuable, class of scientific works denominated "popular." Many geological works of the highest reputation are very fairly intelligible and deeply interesting to any reader of average ability and cultivation. But Dr. Hunt's geology is almost as technical and difficult as his chemistry, and any scientific appreciation or practical criticism of his arguments must be left to specialists. A considerable part of the volume is occupied with a discussion of the origin of mountains in general, and of certain important mountain-chains in particular; the author holding that these have not been upheaved in their present form by volcanic or other similar agencies, but are due to corrugations caused by the manner of contraction of the earth's crust in the course of solidification, and that their original form was that of plateaux, from which they have been reduced to their actual shape, in course of ages, by processes of denudation. He contradicts therefore those geologists who affirm that certain mountains are older than others, and must have been thrown up at widely different geological dates. Other papers deal with what may be called mineralogical or geological chemistry—the composition of rocks, the chemical character of mineral waters, and so forth. The author also argues with considerable earnestness, on chemical and geological grounds, against the popular ideas on the subject of volcanoes, insisting, if we rightly understand him, that their heat and their eruptions are due, not to a permanently liquefied nucleus or stratum of molten rock under the stratified crust of the earth, but to chemical action in that crust itself. The work is pretty sure to receive attention from those who are competent to deal with its arguments, and to appreciate its theories at their true value. It concerns them rather than the public at large.

Mr. Nordhoff's account of the Sandwich Islands and the Pacific coast of America † is a lively and readable work, with a good deal of practical information interspersed among more general and amusing matter. The prosperity and comfort, the limited wants, and the easy conditions of life of the Sandwich islanders have made a marked impression upon him; and he finds it very difficult to explain the fact that, in spite of these, and in the absence of any disturbance of the natural course of things by war, by wasting vice, or widespread disease, the native population has been dwindling so rapidly as to diminish by one-half in forty years. His bias in favour of the missionaries forbids his bringing out into clear relief the significant conjunction of this unaccountable waning of vitality with their ascendency, and with the intrusion of an intolerant and meddlesome over-civilization into every department of life. He does not dwell as he might have done on the interference of these zealous and well-meaning strangers with the social and domestic habits as well as the government of the islanders, and their determination to force the forms of Europe as well as the principles of Christianity upon a Polynesian race in a tropical climate. He does suggest, however, that European clothes may have had much to do with the evil. At any rate, the fact remains; the people have perished so fast that a century would suffice for their entire extirpation. Mr. Nordhoff's descriptions of Polynesian scenery, life, and manners are vivid, unaffected, and entertaining. On Northern California also he has much to say; and he adds another testimony to that of the innumerable witnesses who assert that California can produce almost anything—silk, wheat, wine, fruits of all sorts, tobacco, sugar, coffee, cotton—that she never wants anything but water, and could secure a supply of that with comparative ease; and that it is easy for a farmer who understands his business to secure in a very few years an ample fortune from a very moderate outlay and a very limited amount of suitable land. In short, California is a terrestrial Paradise, which even the hand of man—and American man—has as yet failed to spoil. We should almost like, by way of variety, to see something written on the other side. As yet the chorus of praise is absolutely unanimous, and we can hardly understand why any one who can find the means of transport to California is content to remain on the east of the Mississippi.

Mr. Francis Walker, late Commissioner of Indian Affairs, publishes a volume ‡ of modest size and unpretending style, which really helps to throw a little light on the vexed question of which it treats. He brings out prominently one distinction which

* *Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.* First Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labour and Agriculture for the years 1872-3. Harrisburg: B. Singerly. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

* *Chemical and Geological Essays.* By Thomas Sterry Hunt, F.R.S.L. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

† *Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands.* By Charles Nordhoff, Author of "California, for Health, Pleasure, and Residence," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

‡ *The Indian Question.* By Francis A. Walker, late U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

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is too generally overlooked by those who write upon the subject either from the sentimental or the American point of view—the party of admiration and that of extermination—namely, that the Indians may be divided into two classes, the actually or probably hostile and the peaceable, the warlike and the unwarlike—or, as Australians would say, the wild and tame tribes. The former have committed atrocities almost as cruel as those they have suffered; the latter have been victims, but seldom or never criminals. The latter might live peaceably enough among white men, as labourers and servants, if the brutal rowdyism of the lowest class of Americans and Irish would allow the existence of any real or imaginary competitors whom they can extirpate, or if the Government would compel the rowdies to respect the laws. But the energies of the Federal Government are too completely absorbed in bullying the Southern people, and enforcing on them submission to negro domination, to have time or strength to spare for the protection of law-abiding Chinese or laborious redskins. Only in the Indian Territory can the Cherokees, Choctaws, and other peaceable tribes, out of the reach of the whites, live by their own industry, and attain a civilization at least as high as that of the classes who chiefly insist on their incurable incapacity for "progress." In California, a race of diligent and patient labourers were brutally driven from their country and hunted to the nearest "reservation" by a mob of rowdies of the same class who now insult, maltreat, and abuse the Chinese for "taking the bread out of white men's mouths" in a country where, as Mr. Nordhoff remarks, six times the present population is actually needed to develop its resources, and thrice that number again could live in plenty and without crowding each other. The ferocity of the warlike Indians exasperates the passions of the frontier whites, who live in perpetual peril, and, as the policy of the Government, as well as the popular idea, draws no distinction between the two classes, there is no immediate prospect of the adoption of a wise and sound method of dealing with either. At present little or nothing is done to develop the capacity of the peaceful Indians to live, if only as hewers of wood and drawers of water, in the midst of civilization; while the aim of the Government is to bribe the warlike savages into peace and quiet. Mr. Walker points out very clearly the grounds of this policy; and any one who looks at the map and realizes the distances, can see that the first effect of a general Indian war would be the extermination of thousands of white families, before the army could be brought to their defence; while, considering the events of the Modoc war—when the United States were actually at war with fifty Indians—it may be well doubted whether the army could restore peace until after years of havoc, or even then, save by extermination. Without approving all Mr. Walker's views, we may confidently say that no Englishman can fully appreciate the conditions and difficulties of the Indian problem till he has given this work an attentive study. Its temper is moderate, and the collection of facts and figures it contains is exceedingly interesting and significant.

Grand Transformation Scenes *, the work of the author of some able papers which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* during, or shortly before, the Secession struggle, under the signature of "A White Republican," though decidedly inferior to those essays in gravity, purpose, and power, are not without a certain liveliness of style and refreshing subacidity of temper which make them readable enough if taken as they were originally published—one or two at a time. They describe the changes of political and personal fortunes, of scenery and cities, of law and manners, which the author has witnessed, chiefly in his own country, but also, now and then, in Europe. Whether it is worth while to republish fugitive pieces of this kind long after any special interest given to them by the incidents of the hour has evaporated, is a question for author and publisher. It is only those who have plenty of leisure and a distaste for more solid literary food who will think it worth while to read them. At any rate they are as good as ordinary novels, and have the merit of being infinitely shorter.

Professor Whitney's *Oriental and Linguistic Studies* † is another volume of reprints, of very different substance and flavour. The most interesting papers in this volume are an essay on the English rule in India, written during the Mutiny, in a tone of justice and even generosity which contrasts forcibly with the temper shown by too many of the Professor's New England brethren; one on Mr. Cox's *Aryan Mythology*, in which the critic displays the usual inability of his school to discern the meaning of the "solar" theory—*i.e.*, not that every hero who recovers a lost heroine is meant for the sun, but that the original idea of the traditional stories of this kind which pervade the nursery tales and epics of every Aryan nation is to be found in solar metaphors, the successive poets who cast that idea into a thousand different forms having no notion of its origin, though fragments of the primitive myth recur now and then in the details of their narratives; and lastly, a paper on Professor Max Müller's *Chips*, by no means pleasant in tone and temper.

Mr. Hurst's *Life and Literature in the Fatherland* ‡ contains, under an affected title, some graphic sketches of the daily life, social and domestic, of Germany as it appeared to an American family compelled or induced for some time to reside, rather than to travel, in that country. Such sketches generally contain something not altogether trite and familiar; something that a traveller would not see, and that a native or naturalized stranger would not deem worthy of record; something, moreover, seen in a new aspect, because drawn as it strikes an eye accustomed to totally different scenes. It is a better book for railway or sofa reading than "Transformation Scenes"; a lighter and more digestible one than Professor Whitney's "Studies."

The Publisher's "Trade Annual" * is no more than a gigantic Catalogue; but as a work of reference, enabling the inquirer to ascertain whether, where, and by whom any given book has been printed or reprinted in America, it can hardly fail to be serviceable. We presume that all American publishers and booksellers will keep it for their own and their customers' use. The present edition is certainly capable of considerable improvements, both of expansion and condensation, material, arrangement, and execution.

The Christmas supply of fiction does not appear to be yet exhausted; and we have plenty of tales, romances, and stories for old and young on our list. *Edith's Mistake* † is a novel of ordinary character, distinguished by an intrusive vein of religiosity cropping up here and there. Mr. Howells' name will command a welcome, and make the reception of his new work *A Foregone Conclusion*.‡ *Fast Friends* § is an illustrated tale of outdoor savour; *The Lady of Lawford* ‖, a Christmas collection, taking its title from a rather feeble tale of the middle ages. Children will universally delight in *Mischief's Thanksgiving* ¶, which we found it hard to tear away from certain little folk when our turn to look at it had fairly come; and *More Bedtime Stories* ** may attach a pleasant association to the word most hateful in tiny ears. *Roddy's Romance* †† is a boy's story told by a girl, a circumstance which makes the moral and theological reflections thrown in at intervals additionally objectionable. A new edition of Edgar Poe's poems ‡‡, with a vindicatory biography, is worthy of attention; and a new volume of verse by Bret Harte §§, quieter and tamer than some of its predecessors, is sure of it.

* *Grand Transformation Scenes in the United States; or, Glimpses of Home after Thirteen Years Abroad.* By H. Fuller, Editor of the "Cosmopolitan." New York: Carleton. London: The "Cosmopolitan." 1875.

† *Oriental and Linguistic Studies.* Second Series:—The East and West, Religion and Mythology, Orthography and Phonology, Hindu Astronomy. By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanscrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

‡ *Life and Literature in the Fatherland.* By John F. Hurst. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.; Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

* *The Publisher's Trade List Annual.* Embracing the full Trade Lists of American Publishers, together with an Alphabetical Reference List of Books recorded in the "Publisher's Weekly" from January 16, 1873, to June 1874, and the American Educational Catalogue for 1874. With Alphabetical Indexes of Terms and Trade Specialities. New York: Office of the "Publisher's Weekly." London: Trübner & Co.

† *Edith's Mistake; or, Left to Herself.* By Jennie Woodville. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

‡ *A Foregone Conclusion.* By W. D. Howells, Author of "Venetian Life," &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

§ *Fast Friends.* By J. T. Trowbridge, Author of "Jack Hazard," &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

‖ *The Lady of Lawford; and other Christmas Stories.* By the Author of "The Holidays," Troy, N.Y.: Nims & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

¶ *Mischief's Thanksgiving.* By Susan Cooledge, Author of "What Katy Did," &c. With Illustrations by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

** *More Bedtime Stories.* By Louise Chandler Moulton, Author of "Bedtime Stories," &c. With Illustrations by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

†† *Roddy's Romance.* By Helen Kendrick Johnson. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

‡‡ *Poems by Edgar Allan Poe.* Complete, with an Original Memoir by R. H. Stoddard, and Illustrations. New York: W. J. Weddleton. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

§§ *Echoes of the Foothills.* By Bret Harte. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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REGIMENTAL EXCHANGES.

THE second debate on Mr. HARDY'S Bill served to throw some new light on a difficult and intricate subject. It established that the reason why officers ask for the passing of the Bill is because poor men wish to have an opportunity of getting money, and rich men wish to have an opportunity of laying out money. Under the old system exchange was looked upon as a right. It was the loss of this right for which the Commissioners were asked to give compensation. An officer who appeared as a witness was asked whether he had not a right and privilege, which was never disputed, to exchange from one regiment to another, and he replied that he had. Another officer said that he could reckon on getting at any moment 2,500*l*. for exchanging as a major into a regiment serving in India, and that he could have any day borrowed the amount on the certainty of being able to effect the exchange. Officers in cavalry regiments and the Guards could any day obtain a large sum by exchanging into the infantry. The sum to be obtained by exchange was part of the officer's stock-in-trade. If he wanted money, if he had got into debt, there was a fund available to meet the hour of misfortune. It was, indeed, very often the power of exchanging which enabled the poor officer to get on at all. His pay, especially if he was married, did not enable him to get through life. It perhaps enabled him to live on for a time in a sort of fashion; but debts, and cares, and incumbrances increased upon him, and it was to exchange that he looked for extrication. Exchange offered him the means of a periodical liquidation. This was so much the case that the Opposition speakers were obliged to suggest as an alternative to the Bill that the pay of officers should be increased, and it was an obvious retort that Lord CARDWELL had suppressed bonuses on exchange without providing for an increased scale of pay. On the other hand, the rich man liked to be able to use his money. He liked to be able to exchange from the line into the cavalry or Guards; he liked to be able to stay for a time in the army, and to spend that time at home. Not unfrequently he liked to spend his money in order to enjoy adventure and to see active service. British officers are not apt to be wanting in pluck, and such men would pay to get their share of real fighting. Honour, enterprise, excitement, the charm of promotion were all worth paying for, and the rich man purchased the opportunity of enjoying them. What one man wanted to buy, there was always another man ready to sell. If there was one man with a birthright, there was another man with a mess of pottage. The consequence was that the army, or rather the officers, rubbed along pretty smoothly. Different tastes were accommodated; provision was made for different circumstances. Rich men went into the army confident that they would stay at home; poor men went into the army confident that they would get bonuses to help them through those pecuniary difficulties which to poor gentlemen are often causes of acute suffering. Nor was it only the two distinct classes of the rich and the poor who benefited. A man might be comparatively poor and yet be willing to find money rather than go to a station which he knew to be likely to hurt his health. He had not to abandon his profession altogether because he was ordered to a station which he dreaded. He paid, and he was willing to pay, in order to avoid the curse of a life of idleness. Exchange, in a word, tended to produce content in the army.

It is this state of things which the Bill is designed to restore. Mr. DISRAELI rested his defence of the Bill entirely on the ground that it would bring back to officers much of the old feeling of satisfaction with which they used to regard their lot. It would reinduce that spirit of grumbling happiness which has so long distinguished the military mind. The British army is a very peculiar one, he insisted, and calls men to serve in every climate and in every part of the world. It leads a life of sacrifices as well as of pleasures and duties, and the officers are kept in good spirits if these sacrifices are mitigated so far as possible—if those who want to go to the ends of the earth go, and those who wish to stay at home stay. Money is the real sweetener of suffering; and by pecuniary arrangements officers can be distributed according to their wishes. Nor, as it was urged by the advocates of the Bill, is it a slight thing that officers should be contented. Discontent impairs activity, energy, and resolution. It is a good thing that a man who goes to India should like going there; and it is a good thing that a man who wishes to stay in England should be able to stay. To do so he must be a man of some means; and a young man of fortune may have honourable motives for going into the army for a time. He may, as Sir H. WOLFF pointed out, be benefited by discipline, and learn to take the command of militia and volunteers. He would not purchase these advantages at the price of having to leave England during the bright years before marriage and inheritance have toned him down. But if he can but stay in England, he is willing to learn habits and acquire knowledge that will enable him to pass a manhood useful to his country. In a country where wealth and rank are so much courted, it is, it might be added, not a despicable gain that rich men and men of high social position should be seen in times of danger to be willing to pay in order to have the chance of fronting death and enduring hardship. All these advantages are secured by permitting bonuses to be paid on exchange, and cannot, it is said, be secured in any other way. It is obvious that the system invented by Lord CARDWELL was not at all calculated to produce the desired effect. It permitted exchanges, but denied bonuses, and it is the system of bonuses that produces the adjustment of the varying wants of officers. It was the bonuses that made exchanges always practicable. It was bonuses that made one man ready to give what another man wanted to get. A rich man ordered to India wishes to stay at home. If he offers no bonus, he may happen to find some one who happens to wish to go to India; but he may also not find any one. If he may pay he is sure; if one sum will not tempt, another will. He has but to bargain until a bargain is struck. Nor is it easy to see how a general increase of pay would produce the peculiar feeling of content which bonuses on exchange foster. It would be an additional burden on the nation; but it would not make a man sent to India more ready to go there. It would also have much less charm. It is one thing to get a few pounds a year more; they are soon swallowed up in daily expenses. It is another thing to be sure of a good lump sum of ready money as the price of doing something disagreeable. People should themselves be among the genteel poor to realize what a thousand pounds down in cash means to an honest father of a family who has been struggling to educate children and keep up an air of respectability on a few hundreds a year.

It is only by looking at the Bill in its general character and purport, and by discarding for a moment the minute arguments on either side, that its meaning and value can be estimated. It must be obvious to every one that it is entirely at variance with the whole scheme and objects of

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those who persuaded the nation to pay for the abolition of purchase. What did Lord CARDWELL offer when he asked the nation to incur a liability of many millions? He offered a new kind of officer, an officer animated with a different spirit, an officer taking up his profession for different reasons. This new officer was to be a man ready to go where he was told, enlisted to serve his country wherever his services might be needed. Devoted to his profession, scientific, studious, thinking of nothing but the service, having no temptations to mix up questions of money with the pursuit of his calling, he was to have no motive but duty, and no aim but professional excellence and professional honour. The army was not to be the pasture of the rich or the school for country gentlemen. It was to be the home of men who had given themselves up to their country. Paid to serve, that was to be the end of their payments. Contented with obedience, that was to be the end of their contract. Mr. HARDY'S Bill is the extinction of this ideal. The British officer does not like the ideal, and he asks Parliament not to force it upon him. If it is asked why purchase should ever have been abolished if the ideal intended to be created is to be abandoned, he only says that he does not know. Parliament was foolish once, and spent a vast amount of money that did no one any good. But that is over. The officers have got their money back, and cannot very seriously complain. All that they ask is that, excepting in that one point, everything should go on as before. Whether bonuses on exchange will covertly bring back purchase is a small matter. If this happens, it can only happen to a very limited extent. Nor is it very probable that the officers who pay or receive money for exchanges will feel any degradation. Directly a payment is legal, and is permitted by the code of honour among gentlemen, consciousness of degradation ceases. There may, no doubt, be various small abuses. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT gave an eloquent picture of the disorganized state of a regiment, with the history of which he became professionally acquainted, and in which almost every officer was new through a series of exchanges. A commanding officer in some favourite regiments is never allowed to appoint his subalterns out of the list of those who have succeeded in the entrance examination. He might choose a friend or relation in order to enable him to get a bonus by exchanging into the line. But these are abuses against which the increased vigilance of the authorities might possibly guard not insufficiently. All these are minor matters. The real issue is whether the ideal of Lord CARDWELL'S scheme is to be abandoned, and a majority of nearly a hundred shows that the new House of Commons is utterly indifferent, whether wisely or not, whether under inevitable pressure or not, to Lord CARDWELL'S ideal.

THE RUSSIAN REPLY TO LORD DERBY.

PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF'S reply to Lord DERBY'S despatch is able, temperate, and courteous. The irritation which is said to have been felt at St. Petersburg has probably subsided since it has been ascertained that no other Government follows the example of England. In any case the Russian Government would have been wanting in dignity if it had expressed angry feelings in an elaborate State paper. There would be no advantage in continuing a controversy which is for the present practically closed; but it may be worth while to remark that a significant passage in the Russian despatch goes far to justify Lord DERBY'S original hesitation. The Russian Government has uniformly disclaimed any intention of modifying, except by definition and in detail, the accepted rules of international law. As some Continental writers have lately remarked, the recent experience of the new Rules of Washington rendered England more susceptible than other States to any proposal of innovation. In some parts of the correspondence which preceded the Brussels Conference, there were indications of a purpose of altering the rules of maritime warfare. It was therefore natural that the English Government should formally refuse to enter on any discussion of the kind. Although diplomatists can only take cognizance of official communications, it would be absurd to neglect the more candid declarations of irresponsible journalists who may be supposed to understand the policy of their employers. The first answer to Lord DERBY'S despatch was the insolent article in the Brussels *Nord*, which attributed his refusal to the fear entertained by England of attempts to tamper with the rights of maritime belligerents. There can be no doubt that the risk was present to the minds of Lord DERBY and his colleagues; but the explanation of the reasons for declining to take part in any further discussion was confined to objections alleged to appear on the face of the Russian project. It is not a little remarkable that Prince GORTCHAKOFF should have given a conspicuous place in his Memorandum to a supposed precedent which can only apply to a change in international law effected against the wish and to the detriment of England. There is, according to the Russian CHANCELLOR, no general law of nations, but some enactments have been adopted which he illustrates by an historical assertion. "In "the last century the rights of maritime neutrality "had no legal existence until the Empress CATHERINE II. "had proclaimed them, and made them the object of "treaties with other Governments. England long contested "them as infringements of the existing laws and customs. "At the present day they are generally admitted, but they "have no obligatory force, except in virtue of the treaties "which sanction them, and for the Governments which "are parties to these treaties." The statement, though not inaccurate, is incomplete; and as it certainly has no tendency to obviate the English objection to the Brussels Conference and the future negotiations on public law, the reference to the example of CATHERINE II. has the appearance, if not the purpose, of a covert menace. There are still neutral claims which have not been conceded by the first maritime Power; and the English Government refused by anticipation to take part in any discussion of their merits. In 1870 the German Government proposed to make neutral Powers responsible for the prohibition of trade in munitions of war with either belligerent. A suggestion to the same effect was contained in the first draft of the recent Russian project; and Prince GORTCHAKOFF'S language points to possible legislation in restraint of the maritime rights of belligerents. As the English Government at the time refused to admit the Empress CATHERINE'S version of international law, it can scarcely be expected to allow that her proclamation determined the question of right. It happens that her pretensions, having been revived by her successors, were formally abandoned and withdrawn as a condition of a treaty with England which Russia was at the time anxious to conclude. During the long revolutionary war, and while NAPOLEON affected to contend for the freedom of the seas, English fleets enforced the observance of the ancient rules; and English and American Courts formed them by their decisions into an elaborate code. The Empress CATHERINE'S maritime rights of neutrals have never to the present day been acknowledged by the United States, though some of the principal provisions were voluntarily adopted for the first time by the English Government at the Treaty of Paris in 1856. It can scarcely be pretended that at the end of the Crimean war Russia was in a position to demand or enforce concessions.

At the beginning of 1780, the date of Prince GORTCHAKOFF'S supposed law of maritime neutrality, England was engaged in one of the many formidable struggles from which she has again and again emerged with undiminished power. The war with the revolted American Colonies was approaching a disastrous close; France had taken the opportunity of declaring war against her ancient rival; and Spain had been induced, in virtue of the BOURBON Family Compact, and by the hope of recovering Gibraltar, to follow the example of France. England was on the eve of a rupture with Holland, which occurred in the course of the spring, and FREDERICK the GREAT, whose animosity to England never relented, induced the Empress CATHERINE to issue the declaration of neutral rights which is supposed to have been incorporated in international law. The most important part of the document was the proposition that the flag covers the goods, or, in other words, that the property of the enemy is exempt from seizure in a neutral vessel. The Proclamation was ostensibly addressed to all the belligerents; but, if it had not proved practically inoperative, it would have affected England alone. The EMPRESS herself professed to Sir JAMES HARRIS, then Ambassador at Petersburg, the warmest friendship to England, but her chief Minister Count PANIN was a partisan of Prussia, and POTEMKIN, who professed to ridicule the declaration of neutral rights, was for the moment out of favour. France and Spain flattered

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the EMPRESS by eagerly adopting proposals which were highly favourable to their own interest; and in a short time the EMPRESS found herself at the head of a League of Armed Neutrality of which Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and the German Empire were members. In those days, and for fifty years afterwards, Englishmen seem to have been curiously incapable of being frightened. Opposed to France, Spain, Holland, and the Colonies in open war, and to the rest of the Powers of the civilized world as members of the League, the English Government continued to enforce the ancient maritime law; and when peace was made, three years later, no stipulation for a change in favour of neutrals was demanded by any of the belligerents, or by the Empress CATHERINE herself, though Russia was nominally a mediating Power. In a conversation with Sir JAMES HARRIS the EMPRESS herself had spoken of her Armed Neutrality as an Armed Nullity; and POTEMKIN privately assured him that the project was only maintained through female obstinacy.

As it was not necessary to enter into any treaty with Russia, the question remained in abeyance for twenty years. In 1800, under the influence of the FIRST CONSUL, the Emperor PAUL reversed the policy of his mother; and, with Sweden and Denmark, he formed a second League of Armed Neutrality, otherwise known as the Confederation of the North. On this occasion even the feeble Government of ADDINGTON felt the necessity of vindicating the maritime rights of England; and, but for the ineptitude of the Ministers who placed NELSON under the command of Sir HYDE PARKER, the Confederation of the North would have come to a still more sudden end. In defiance of orders, NELSON in the battle of the Baltic destroyed the Danish fleet, and he was about to proceed to an assured victory over the navies of Sweden and Russia when he was checked by the order of his chief. In a few days it was known that before the battle the crazy EMPEROR had been assassinated, and that his son ALEXANDER was placed on the throne. A treaty was immediately concluded with England, in which the EMPRESS'S Proclamation was revoked, and the right of following an enemy's goods in neutral bottoms was expressly acknowledged. From this time forward the French alone maintained the contention against the established maritime law, and at the close of the war no modification was made. In 1856 it was at last thought prudent to renounce a right which in a war with the United States might have provoked a rupture with France. The American Courts had consistently administered the English code of maritime law, but it was nevertheless possible that, as neutrals, they might have opposed the search of their vessels for an enemy's goods. There has been much difference of opinion as to the expediency of the concession made at Paris; but it is in virtue of that treaty, and not of the Proclamation of the Empress CATHERINE, that European belligerents will henceforth be enabled to carry on their trade in neutral vessels. The new rule is only binding on the parties to the treaty, and it has not been formally accepted by the United States. As the proceeding of the Empress CATHERINE was unfriendly to England, and as her Declaration ultimately proved abortive, it is difficult to understand Prince GORTCHAKOFF'S reasons for quoting the Armed Neutrality as a precedent for the Conference of Brussels. Lord DERBY had not advanced so plausible an argument for the abstention of England. In 1780 professions of humanity were little in fashion; and in 1875 it is at least possible that a conflict of interests might produce a collision of opinions. The withdrawal of England during the course of the negotiations would have caused greater offence than a courteous refusal to enter into the discussion, and a protest might have been too late.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

AS far as results go, nobody in France seems to fight for his own hand. The existence of a Parliamentary majority has been demonstrated by the constitutional battle of last week; but the Minister who is to lead this majority was the one man in the Assembly who could take no part either in the debate or in the division. This method of forming a Cabinet is less open to objection than it otherwise would be from the extraordinary reticence which all sections of the coalition maintained during the contest. There was no comparison of political sentiments, no marking off of the points of agreement from the points of difference, no declaration either to the Assembly or to the country of the nature of the policy which the new majority proposed to adopt. It seemed to be understood by all concerned that the only chance of keeping the members of the league on decently good terms with one another was to banish debate altogether, and to arrange about divisions outside the Chamber. Consequently, as the discussion of the Constitutional Laws brought out no one speaker more than another, no one need feel aggrieved that the PRESIDENT'S choice should have fallen on M. BUFFET. Though he was in a position which compelled him to remain silent, he has spoken as much as any of the recognized party leaders who have agreed to work the Republic in common. If it is objected to him that no one knows exactly what he understands the newly formed Republic to be, he can answer that this is precisely the condition of M. WALLON, of M. LABOULAYE, or of M. GAMBETTA. Each of these gentlemen has his own ideas of what he would like the Republic to be, or of what he hopes to be able to make it; but what it actually is must be a mystery to all of them. It was an indispensable condition of its coming into existence that those who took part in creating it should not even whisper what they expected their handiwork to be like. Consequently the passage of the Constitutional Bills through the Assembly revealed no natural leader of the majority which had carried them, and under these circumstances it was rather a recommendation than a drawback that M. BUFFET had been President of the Assembly all the time of the contest. At all events he has not been mixed up in those embarrassing negotiations in which each party was trying to conceal as much as possible of its plans, lest too full a disclosure of them should make common action impossible.

The mischiefs of the system on which the majority has been organized have not had time to show themselves. But the discordant character of the materials which compose it can hardly fail to throw immense difficulties in the path of the new Prime Minister. No matter how early the Assembly may break up for the summer, or how many days it may devote to the solemnization of the ecclesiastical festivals which occur in the interval, there must be some legislation between now and July. So long as the Left and the Centres were busy in organizing the Republic, the importance and the difficulty of the work in hand availed to suppress all dissensions. The one experiment made by the Left in the direction of greater independence had nearly ended so disastrously that from that moment they showed no more inclination to indulge in articulate speech. It is not to be expected that this unanimity of silence can be maintained throughout the ordinary course of bills, resolutions, and interpellations. There will be no obvious reason why the Left should not speak and vote as usual when the Republic is fairly under way, and a Ministry which is supposed by courtesy to represent the majority of the Assembly is carrying on the business of the country. Yet, if the Left do speak and vote as usual, it is hardly possible that the new majority should survive the first important division. Or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that it will hardly be possible unless the Bonapartists do something to make it so. If they will let it be understood that they wish the majority broken up, the Left will probably become ardent supporters of M. BUFFET. It may happen, however, that the Bonapartists, having done their utmost to prevent the establishment of the Republic, will now change their tactics and ostentatiously ally themselves with the most Conservative section of the Republican majority. If the Right Centre think that the Imperialists have really abandoned all thought of an immediate restoration and are ready to make common cause against the Radicals, they will be tempted to open their arms to them. The Ministry may again lay itself open to the charge of making Bonapartist appointments; the support of the Bonapartists in the Assembly may once more be invoked to turn the balance against the Left. In that case what will become of the Ministerial majority? The men who now compose it will again be fighting among themselves, and if it survives, it will survive by the help of the very party upon whose overthrow it has been built up.

As yet, however, it is going ahead of events to speak of the Ministry as formed. The PRESIDENT of the REPUBLIC has done his part, and has commissioned M. BUFFET to construct a Cabinet in which all sections of the Republican majority shall be represented. As soon as M. BUFFET had undertaken the task, a difficulty presented itself as to the

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meaning of the term "Republican majority." Does it include all who are prepared honestly to accept the Republic, or is it limited to those who have had a share in founding it? The former interpretation would take in the moderate Right. The latter interpretation would only take in the Left and the Centres. Marshal MacMahon appears to have answered this question on M. Buffet's behalf by decreeing that no politician moderate enough to serve under a Republican Government should of necessity be excluded; and part of M. Buffet's work since he accepted the commission has been to find a portfolio for the moderate Right, and to induce a member of the moderate Right to take charge of it. Unfortunately, the Left and the Left Centre take the other view, and maintain that no party has any business in the Cabinet which did not help to form the majorities which have made the existence of such a Cabinet possible. The objection will probably be got over, and M. Buffet will preside over an Administration from which no one who wants to enter will be shut out—except the Extreme Left. But the Extreme Left is an elastic term, and it may perhaps be found that, in excluding the Extreme Left, M. Buffet has excluded men who have a better claim to be classed among moderate Republicans than some of those whom he has taken in. In this case the materials of a division in the ranks of the majority will not be far to seek.

The only means by which this difficulty could be removed is a dissolution and a general election. In a new Chamber one of two things must happen. Either a really homogeneous majority would be returned, in which case the formation of a homogeneous Ministry would follow as a matter of course, or the present divisions would be reproduced, in which case it might be easier to arrive at a provisional agreement, since there would no longer be any hope of arriving at anything better. But though the election of the Senate cannot be held until the date of the dissolution of the Assembly is fixed, there is the same disposition as before to postpone the appeal to the constituencies to the latest possible moment. The reason now given for this postponement is at least plausible. It is said that the electors must have time to realize that they are living under a Republican constitution, and time to associate Republican administration with the maintenance of that tranquillity which the Bonapartists assure them can only be enjoyed under the Empire. This discovery, it is hoped, will influence their votes in two ways. Those of them who care for order more than for liberty will see that order is secured under the existing Government, and will have no desire to exchange it for another. Those of them who care for liberty more than for order will see that Republicanism is no longer identified with extreme ideas, and that the institution they value may be best preserved by supporting the Republic as it actually is, rather than as they might in theory like it to be. But these calculations depend on the success of the new Administration. If M. Buffet is unable to construct it, or, if having constructed it, he finds himself unable to command the majority necessary to carry on the public business, the spectacle of Republican success will scarcely be sufficiently imposing to awe the electors into submission. If either of these misfortunes should befall him, it is difficult to see how a dissolution can be put off any longer. France is now provided with a complete Parliamentary Constitution, and the first step in working this Constitution can hardly be to dispense with that support in the Representative Chamber which is the foundation of Parliamentary government.

THE IRISH COERCION ACTS.

THE cautious policy of the Government in dealing with the Irish Coercion Acts is commendable; but the modifications which are proposed by Sir M. H. Beach might well have been originally announced with less ostentation. The language of the Queen's Speech produced an exaggerated impression of the readiness of the Government to cultivate popularity by concession. It now appears that the Unlawful Oaths Act is to be continued, and that the Peace Preservation Act, and the Protection of Life and Property Act, are only to be altered in some minor points. The punishment for possessing arms without licence is to be reduced from two years' imprisonment with hard labour to simple imprisonment for a year. The Lord-Lieutenant will no longer be empowered to imprison persons in proclaimed districts who may be found abroad at night, and he will also be disabled from summarily suppressing seditious and treasonable newspapers. Although few politicians feel in private the repugnance to coercion which is properly and uniformly expressed in Parliament and on public occasions, it would undoubtedly be satisfactory to remit Ireland as well as Great Britain to the protection of the ordinary law. With the exception of England, of the United States, of Belgium, of Holland, and of Switzerland, no civilized country is more free from legal restrictions than Ireland; but there is undoubtedly an anomaly in maintaining a distinction of law between different parts of the United Kingdom. Irish journalists of a certain class, who occupy themselves almost exclusively in promoting disaffection, interpose serious difficulties in the way of perfect freedom of the press; yet the powers which have for some years been vested in the Irish Government of repressing incentives to rebellion have always been unpopular in England as well as in Ireland. The Fenian newspapers will now again have an opportunity of testing the patience of a persecuting Parliament. Agrarian conspirators in Westmeath and other places are still more troublesome than literary promoters of sedition. Claiming to regulate the tenure and possession of land, the contracts between employers and labourers, and generally all economical and social relations, Westmeath patriots publish their decrees in the form of anonymous threatening letters, and enforce obedience by assassination. It is shocking to the constitutional mind to interfere with the free exercise of their discretion; but, on the whole, legislation must pay some regard to the welfare and safety of the peaceful part of the community. The independent electors of Tipperary contribute their share to the arguments in favour of coercion and restriction. They have elected, and they will probably re-elect, a member of whom they know nothing except that a quarter of a century ago he took part in an abortive insurrection, and that he afterwards, with aggravated circumstances of trickery, broke his parole. It is difficult to allow perfect freedom to subjects who openly avow their sympathy with rebellion, but the necessity of modest and occasional interference is repugnant to the constitutional conscience of Englishmen.

Debates on Irish coercion are perplexing on account of the conventional language which is used by all parties in the discussion. In some instances indignant opponents of restrictive measures have been strongly suspected of cordial sympathy with the policy of the Government which they attacked. One Irish speaker on Monday last promised that he and his friends would support the Protection of Life and Property Act if the Secretary for Ireland would satisfy half-a-dozen of them in private conversation of the continued existence of the Riband conspiracy. Obvious reasons of prudence will prevent the acceptance of an offer which amounts to an admission that special laws are or may be necessary for the suppression of agrarian violence. The evidence which proves the continuance of Ribandism would not be greatly strengthened by the conversion of a few professed sceptics. It appears from the statement of Sir M. H. Beach that the magistrates of the district unanimously ask for the renewal of the Act; and the Government pledges itself to the possession of official information which proves the necessity of maintaining stringent provisions. On the other side it is alleged that at a meeting of Roman Catholic clergy resolutions against a renewal of the Act were adopted; and, as an Irish member with much simplicity remarked, their recommendation would not have made them popular with the farmers if Ribandism still prevailed in the neighbourhood. It is indeed highly probable that the clergy were chiefly concerned to adopt the most popular language; but they and the farmers whom they addressed probably relied on a tyrannical Government and an alien Parliament not to take them at their word. The respectable classes in the Ionian Islands were in the habit of protesting against English domination as long as they were confident that the Protectorate would be maintained. Their astonished disappointment when they were handed over to the government of their compatriots would find a parallel in Ireland if all the laws which restrain agrarian criminals were suddenly repealed.

The speech of the Secretary for Ireland was clear in statement and not unsatisfactory in argument, but it was deficient in arrangement and in rhetorical tact. The task of the Government would have been rendered easier if he had made more of the proposed concessions, and if he had

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devoted less labour to the vindication of the restrictions which are still to remain. He judged rightly in abstaining from any attempt to obtain a party triumph by reviving controversies which are closed. There has perhaps not yet been time enough to estimate the ultimate effect of Mr. GLADSTONE'S great Irish measures. Thus far the removal of two of the three branches of the Upas-tree has not visibly mitigated the poisonous influence which was attributed to its presence. There was much force in the IRISH SECRETARY'S remark that additional security of tenure has increased the temptation to obtain the possession of land by lawless methods. It is better worth while to commit a murder for a freehold than for a tenancy at will; and the descendants of evicted occupiers probably persuade themselves that the Parliamentary recognition of tenant-right ought to have a retrospective operation. If the Land Act has had any operation of the kind, the mischief can be only temporary. It is possible that increasing prosperity may gradually create a public opinion in favour of law and order. The Irish Land Bill transferred many millions of property from the landowners to the class which includes the perpetrators of agrarian outrages; and some of them must have been bought off by obtaining all that they wanted. The difficulty and increasing rarity of eviction will ultimately diminish the number of malcontent claimants, and enthusiasts may anticipate at some distant time the possibility of dispensing with exceptional legislation. In the meantime Irish priests and representatives will combine the enjoyment of comparative security from violence with the cheap popularity which rewards denunciations of an oppressive Government.

The speech of Lord HARTINGTON as leader of the Opposition in support of the Bill was almost stronger than the Ministerial statement. The conventional necessity for a display of party feeling was satisfied by a harmless reference to some phrases in which Mr. DISRAELI during the general election had referred to the Irish policy of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government. As Lord HARTINGTON well knew, Mr. DISRAELI'S utterances on the subject of Ireland were neither more nor less serious than his alarm about the Straits of Malacca. There would have been some excuse for taunting the Conservatives with inconsistency if they had opposed the coercive measures which were unwillingly introduced by the Liberal Ministry. Neither Mr. DISRAELI nor his colleagues interfered with the protection of life and property by exceptional laws, although they might afterwards affect to believe that the necessity of coercion was created by vicious legislation in the matter of the Church and of the land. Both Sir M. H. BEACH and Lord HARTINGTON have been unreasonably blamed for confining themselves to the question submitted to Parliament, instead of professing vicarious contrition for the sins of former generations. It may or may not be true that Ribandism may be traced to obsolete misgovernment or to the Penal Laws; and if the connexion between present evils and past errors were demonstrated, the controversy whether England or Ireland was chiefly to blame would remain behind. Neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor Mr. DISRAELI is responsible for the proceedings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and their respective IRISH SECRETARIES would have wasted time if they had wandered into historical discussions. After Lord HARTINGTON'S declaration the Government may count on an overwhelming majority in favour of the Bill; but the eloquence of Irish members will probably cause considerable delay. It is necessary that the Bill should receive the Royal Assent by the 1st of June; but, if the term is not exceeded, speeches against the principle of the measure will do no harm. The advocates of Home Rule will perhaps be more anxious to answer Mr. BRIGHT'S plain-spoken letter than even to expose the ruinous tendencies of English misgovernment.

REPORT OF THE LABOUR LAWS COMMISSION.

THE thoughtful and moderate Report of the Commission on the laws affecting employers and workmen will unfortunately have little effect on the controversy between the two classes which have always held opposite views. When the Commission was first appointed, Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON and others who possess the confidence of large bodies of artisans protested against a fresh inquiry into questions which were in their opinion fully understood. Many active members of Trade-Unions in strong language denounced Mr. MACDONALD for consenting to act on the Commission; and the Commissioners express their regret that, in consequence of the opposition of the representatives of the working class, they have been unable to obtain full information as to the operation of the Acts, and as to the complaints which have been made against them. Finally, Mr. MACDONALD himself dissents from the Report on all material points. The Trade-Unions will continue their agitation even when the modifications in the law proposed by the Commissioners are enacted by Parliament. The whole tone and substance of the Report sufficiently prove the good faith and impartiality of the Commissioners; but the arguments which they regard as conclusive were already familiar to the workmen and their leaders; and the contest has unfortunately passed into the stage at which the balance of force supersedes the comparison of reasons. The Commissioners were empowered by their instructions to consider either the general law of conspiracy or its application to the particular case of trade combinations. They prudently abstained from proposing any change in one of the most complex branches of the criminal law; but in consequence of late judicial decisions they recommend a material limitation of its provisions in cases where workmen combine against their employers. Baron POLLOCK, at the Leeds Summer Assizes of 1874, directed a jury that an agreement not to work for an employer unless he dismissed a particular workman would be a conspiracy. The Commissioners rightly observe that the law ought, on the assumption that it was correctly explained by the Judge, to be altered by a provision which would in the Leeds case have prevented a conviction. There is no legal reason why men should not agree among themselves to impose on employers, as a condition of obtaining their services, any stipulation however vexatious or fantastic. There is nothing absolutely inconsistent with the general principle of the law in a refusal to work with any other man, although the exclusion may probably be injurious to the excepted person or to the employer. A modern Act has already provided that no combination shall be illegal merely because it operates in restraint of trade. On the same principle it will be just to secure against criminal prosecution those who merely limit, by restrictions imposed primarily on themselves, the freedom either of other workmen or of employers. Mr. MACDONALD complains of his inability to learn from the Report whether the decisions of Baron POLLOCK and of other Judges are right or wrong. "If they are wrong, it should "have been so stated; if right, they should have been "affirmed." Mr. MACDONALD has yet to learn that no appeal lies from courts of law to any Royal Commission; nor does he even understand the bearing of the alternative courses which he proposes. If the Commissioners had possessed authority to review Baron POLLOCK'S direction, and if they had declared that it was wrong, it would have followed that there was no need for an alteration of the law. Assuming, as was their duty, that an unreversed judgment correctly interpreted the law, the Commissioners proposed the only effectual remedy in the form of a Parliamentary enactment. Mr. MACDONALD naturally holds that Sir W. HARCOURT'S Bill would meet the requirements of the case, as it would also effect many objects with which Trade-Unions have no special concern. Sir W. HARCOURT proposed in substance to abolish the law of conspiracy, by providing that concert shall not involve an increase of the penalties which would be incurred by the same act if it were performed by a single person. It is perfectly true that the law of conspiracy is vague; but few legislators are prepared to affirm that there is no case in which guilt may be constituted or aggravated by combination. The recommendation of the Commissioners tends to exempt from penal liability an act which, whether it is done by one or by many, is not intrinsically criminal. On the other hand, the Commissioners consider, in opposition to Mr. MACDONALD, that the practice of picketing is oppressive, and that it should therefore be prohibited by law. If in any case a conviction has been obtained when neither intimidation nor annoyance has been practised, the fault is not in the law, except perhaps by reason of ambiguity of language, but in the judicial administration.

With respect to the Master and Servant Act, the Commissioners recommend that in all simple breaches of contract the summary jurisdiction should be divested of any

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penal character, and be entirely of a civil nature. It is only because the remedy in a County Court would be comparatively dilatory and expensive that they propose to retain the jurisdiction of justices, with a preference of stipendiary magistrates where such functionaries exist. In other cases the complaint should be heard by two justices unconnected with the particular trade. It is proposed that in the case of a simple breach of contract the remedy should be confined either to an award of compensation or to a direction of specific performance, with the alternative of the imprisonment of the defendant, not as a criminal, but as a debtor. By the existing Act the magistrate may impose a fine not exceeding 20*l.*, or, if he directs the performance of the contract, he may commit the defendant in default of compliance to the common gaol or House of Correction for a term not exceeding three months. The remedies of this section of the Act are available against employers as well as against workmen; and Mr. HANNAY, Police Magistrate at Worship Street, told the Commissioners that "the men "were very fond of this Act," or rather of the 9th section relating to simple breaches of contract. Of the 14th section, which relates to aggravated breaches of contract, Mr. HANNAY had no experience; and it would seem that any effect which the enactment may have produced has been rather deterrent than retributive. The witnesses who represented the employers said that the 14th section was seldom put into operation, although they held that it ought to be retained *in terrorem*. One deputation admitted that, as far as the Liverpool building trade was concerned, the Master and Servant Act had acted neither injuriously nor beneficially, but had been simply inoperative. By the 14th section, where aggravated injury has been caused, and where it has not been committed under a *bonâ fide* claim of right, the offender may be imprisoned for three months with or without hard labour. As to this section, the Commissioners recommend that the defendant should be allowed the option of a trial at Quarter Sessions; and, as the result of a compromise among themselves, that if such acts become subject only to a civil remedy, the term of imprisonment should be extended to six months. It may be questioned whether it is worth while to retain a penalty which causes so much dissatisfaction, and which is seldom enforced; but the arguments of the majority of the Commissioners in favour of the enactment are entitled to full consideration.

No alteration in the Criminal Law Amendment Act is proposed, except that the defendant should be allowed at his desire to be tried by a jury. It seems that this Act also is applied comparatively seldom, and with diminishing frequency. Between 1871 and 1873 there were in England and Wales 135 convictions under the Act. From January 1, 1873, to April 1, 1874, there were only 39 convictions, of which 8 were quashed on appeal. The reduction in the number of convictions seems to indicate that the Act has in some degree produced its intended effect. With the proposed re-enactment in a mitigated form of the Master and Servant Act, and with a statutable exemption of certain acts from a doubtful liability under the law of conspiracy, the recommendations of the Commissioners are completed. The Report will be received by the Trade-Unions with indignation and ridicule, though its purport may probably have been foreseen. The plausible contention that trade offences should be left to the common law is met by the Commissioners with the obvious remark that picketing, rattening, and other modes of oppression are only practised by associated bodies of workmen. It would be difficult to legislate against the form of persecution which is known as rattening without limiting the definition of the offence in such a manner as to designate artisans as the only possible culprits. Nobody would think of hiding a barrister's wig to prevent him from appearing in Court; but if it would be agreeable to the feelings of artisans to legislate against such a form of rattening, there could be no reason for refusing compliance with their wishes. The opponents of the existing statute law may be suspected of tolerance, if not of sympathy, for some of the practices which they propose to leave to the operation of the ordinary law. Working-men ought only to be subject to special legislation as far as the practices which require restraint are peculiar to their occupation. Adulteration Acts only affect dealers in certain commodities; but a prohibition of the sale of sanded sugar is but incidentally an affront to grocers. Unfortunately there is little use in continuing a controversy which is exhausted, though it is far from being closed. The Commissioners have discharged their duty well, but they have not accomplished the impossible task of harmonizing conflicting interests and theories.

WOMEN AND UNIVERSITY DEGREES.

ONE of the most foolish and mischievous fallacies of the day is the idea which seems to possess certain groups of reformers that nothing new can be satisfactorily established without destroying or revolutionizing something that is old. There are, for instance, a great many ancient foundations in the country which have in their time done good work, and will still continue to be serviceable in various ways, although they may not altogether suffice for all modern requirements. In such a case the natural and common-sense course would seem to be to take these institutions for what they are worth, and to supplement them with others which should supply what is wanted. Instead of that, however, the reformers insist upon picking the old establishments to pieces, as if there were no other possible way of obtaining materials for the construction of additional accommodation. The country is now infinitely richer than it ever was, and neither public nor private liberality has declined. Yet it is assumed that all resources are exhausted, that there are no more stones in the quarry or bricks in the field, and that a new house can only be built out of the wreck of an old one. In a similar way, when funds are sought for the endowment of scientific research, no better plan can be suggested for obtaining them than the spoliation of the existing organization of scientific education. It never seems to occur to any of these agitators that what our forefathers did might be done over again, and that the simplest as well as the most advantageous course would be, not to sacrifice what we have already in hand, but to set to work to create out of original materials whatever may be wanted to supply deficiencies. Thus not only half the battle would be spared, but improvements could be introduced without injury to existing arrangements. The same remark applies to the attempt which has just been made to upset the system of medical education which has for a long period been yielding excellent results at the University of Edinburgh, in order that one or two women who fancy they would like to be doctors may gratify their whim. There is undoubtedly much to be said in favour of providing every facility for the higher education of women, and in the abstract it seems to be only fair that such of them as can prove that they are fit for it should not be debarred from the practice of medicine. There are, however, the strongest practical reasons for refusing to promote the medical education of women at the expense of the medical education of men. It must not be forgotten that it is upon men that the community at the present moment depends for medical assistance. It may be that in time women may be found to be equally, or even more, competent for the task, but hitherto experience has led to a different conclusion. The midwife of other days is almost an extinct profession, and, though this may in some measure be due to a natural preference for educated skill, it may yet be questioned whether women really possess the firmness of nerve and physical strength which are requisite in certain operations, and also whether as doctors they possess the confidence of their own sex. It is obvious therefore that, whatever may be done to assist the medical education of women, the greatest jealousy ought to be observed in regard to any change which threatens to lower the efficiency of the education supplied to male students. It would be madness to drop the bone until we are quite sure that we are not being deluded by a shadow.

It is probable that many of the votes which were given on Wednesday for Mr. COWPER-TEMPLE'S Bill by which it was proposed to confer a permissive power on the Scotch Universities to admit women to study and to take degrees were intended as a sort of general declaration in favour of throwing open the higher education to women as well as men; but a much more serious question was involved in this simple-looking little Bill. The essence of the dispute was not whether women should be allowed to have medical education, but whether they should be allowed to have it in a way which would injuriously affect the education of the present body of medical students. On this point

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the medical Professors of the University of Edinburgh have expressed a very decided opinion. They point out that there are insuperable objections to young men and women being taught medicine in mixed classes, and that separate classes are practically out of the question, on account of the exhausting additional labour which would be imposed upon a staff of teachers who have already quite as much to do as they can satisfactorily undertake. It is stated that this has been proved by experience, the experiment having been voluntarily tried by three Professors, who had each to give it up in consequence of the strain upon his health. In order therefore to be able to undertake separate classes for women, the Professors would be obliged to abandon their private medical practice and their scientific researches, and to become mere teachers, which would require to be compensated by a considerable increase of salaries, while at the same time the teaching would suffer from the want of opportunities for continuous observation and research. It is unnecessary to go into the question as to how far certain female students were at one time encouraged to hope that a complete course of study and examination would be opened to them by the University at Edinburgh. There can be no doubt that false hopes were raised, and there were probably misunderstandings on both sides. It cannot be seriously suggested that an important revolution in University practice should now be enforced merely to oblige one or two ladies whose fond expectations have happened to be disappointed. It is only on the ground of its advantage to the community generally that such a change can be justified, and the balance of evidence certainly seems to show that, while it is doubtful whether more than a mere handful of women would attempt to avail themselves of it, it would be seriously detrimental to the interests of the existing students. On this ground alone it would have been the duty of the House of Commons to reject a measure which proposed, for the sake of a small and questionable benefit, to do much actual harm. There were, however, other strong grounds of objection to the Bill arising from the manner in which its object was to be carried out.

It is evident that, whatever view may be taken of the expediency of throwing open the Universities to a mixed company of young men and young women, it is a question of a very serious nature, which requires to be handled with the utmost caution and deliberation, and the decision of which ought to rest with the Legislature itself. If it is held to be safe and salutary that this intermingling of the sexes should take place, it cannot be limited to a particular University, or to one side of the Border. What is good for one place must be equally good for another, and it would be absurd to attempt to maintain different rules on such a subject in different parts of the kingdom. It follows, therefore, that the principle, if applied at all, must be applied uniformly, and its adoption ought not to be left to local accidents. This, however, as Mr. MAITLAND showed very clearly, was just where the Bill went astray. It gave a permissive power to the University Courts in Scotland to introduce the teaching and graduation of women under the category of "improvements in the internal arrangements of the University." These University Courts are each presided over by a Rector, who is elected by a sort of mob-vote of the students—mostly lads of from fifteen to twenty years of age—and who, though he is usually a distinguished person, may not happen to be remarkable for common sense, or to possess any acquaintance with the practical conditions of University life. Mr. RUSKIN, for instance, is a Rector, and so was the late Mr. MILL. As a rule, indeed, the Rector does not interfere with the internal economy of the body, but he has it in his power to do so, and, in fact, his own vote and casting vote, and that of his assessor, would give him practically the command of a court of six persons. It is obvious that this is not the sort of tribunal which could safely be trusted with so grave a responsibility; and besides, as it is to some extent a changing body, the Rector being elected annually, and some members having seats *ex officio*, it would be liable to constant fluctuations in its decisions, so that one year men and women might be admitted together, and the exclusion of women reverted to in the next year. A Bill which was open to objections on so many different sides had not much chance of success; and the majority against it would no doubt have been larger if Mr. ROEBUCK had not started a false trail by suggesting that the opposition to the measure was due to the Trade-Unionism of the doctors. It is unnecessary, however, to seek unworthy motives for a line of conduct which appears to be justified by a disinterested anxiety to protect the interests of medical education.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANKS.

A COMMISSION of the French Assembly has recently made a Report on the present system and position of the Savings Banks of France, and has suggested some alterations which will, it is thought, largely increase the usefulness of these institutions. The French are a very thrifty people, and wonderfully industrious. Paris is supposed to be devoted to pleasure, but the amount of hard work done there, and the extraordinary number of hours out of the twenty-four during which work goes on, are almost beyond the belief of Englishmen, who think that they belong to a nation which is tolerably active and persevering. France is precisely the country in which it might be supposed that Savings Banks would most flourish. The interest allowed on deposits is higher than in England, and the State is responsible for every farthing deposited. But the French Savings Banks are among the least flourishing in Europe. The system has made no way there. It has not been in favour with Governments, and things which are not in favour with Governments do not thrive in France. Savings Banks have now had a long trial in France. They were first officially started in 1818, only a year after their legal recognition in England. But their fate in the two countries has been very different. England has sixty millions sterling deposited in Savings Banks; France has only twenty-five millions. The average deposit per head of the population is three times as great in England as in France. Nor is it only that France comes behind England. It is much below the level of most of its neighbours and rivals on the Continent. Switzerland leads the list, and its deposits in proportion to its population are five times those of France; and Austria stands nearly as high as England. How a result so unfavourable to France has been attained has been made the subject of anxious inquiry by the Commission, and the first conclusion at which they arrived was that the French did not put their money in Savings Banks because it was an excessively troublesome process to do so, and because it was very difficult for many poor people to know how to get near a Savings Bank. In England there are more than five thousand places where investors in these banks can deposit their money, whereas in France there are little more than eleven hundred. Besides, in England people who are well off themselves, and who are anxious to help the poor, are ready to explain the uses and advantages of Savings Banks, and to make the institution popular. This is not the kind of trouble any one takes for any one else in France. The first thing to be done is therefore to make it much more easy for depositors to get their money received by the Savings Banks, and for this purpose the Commission suggests that the machinery of tax-collectors and postmasters might be conveniently used. But this is not all. If the Commission sees that steps must be taken to get depositors to deposit, they also see that some change in opinion must be wrought in order that the administrative authorities may be really willing to see the deposits increased. In order to work this change in opinion, the Commission have addressed themselves to the discussion of two questions, the solution of which goes far to determine the character and scope of the system that ought to be established.

The first of these points is the determination of the sum which each depositor is to be allowed to invest. The Commission, after a very long and minute discussion of the arguments for and against the adoption of one sum or another, end by recommending that 2,000 francs shall be the limit. This is a very low limit, and they own that they think that 3,000 francs would be a much better figure, and that they stop where they do merely out of consideration for the weaknesses of timid minds. They have to contend with the difficulties which always beset those who have to persuade a Government or a nation to retrace its steps. There was a time when depositors were allowed in France to deposit as much as 3,000 francs; but the amount was reduced towards the end of the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE to 1,500, and at the beginning of the Empire to 1,000 francs. This is a very small sum by way of a maximum. In England a depositor

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may, if his accumulations of interest are included, reach a maximum of 200*l.*, or 5,000 francs. In Prussia and Russia the maximum is over 3,000 francs. In Austria, Belgium, and Sweden there is no limit, but the banks refuse deposits which they consider inconsistent with the objects for which such institutions are founded. The Commission naturally inquired why the limit should be so much lower in France than elsewhere. If the rate of interest offered to depositors is one by which the State does not lose, it is a gain to the State that the deposits of an investor should reach a tolerably large amount, as there is as much, or nearly as much, expense in dealing with a small deposit as a large one. The interest allowed in France to depositors is four per cent., from which the expenses of administration are deducted, and the less these expenses are the greater is the inducement held out to investors, and the smaller is the amount of time and trouble expended in the administration. The State itself invests the money it thus receives at above five per cent., and one of the proposals of the Commission is that the surplus thus earned shall no longer be used as a source of national revenue, but shall constitute a reserve fund intended to assure the State against any loss it may sustain through selling at an unfavourable moment the securities which it holds to cover the deposits. If the State then does not lose, and indeed rather gains, by the limits of the deposits being fixed comparatively high, why should the limit be fixed as low as 1,000 francs? The answer which they found given to this inquiry from those who were supposed to have ideas on the subject is a curious one. It was said that, if poor people in country districts were allowed to have 120*l.* in a Savings Bank, this would withdraw capital from other investments. So far as regards the Funds, railway obligations, and securities of that kind, the answer is obvious. The State itself invests all the money it receives from depositors in these securities, and the prices of these securities are as much kept up by the State purchasing them as by private persons purchasing them. But these are not the investments of which persons in the rural districts of France mostly think. With them the land is everything. To buy a small parcel, or to live on a small parcel, of land is the great enjoyment of their life. The holders of land like to see their neighbours with money in their pockets. If they want to sell, they can sell at a higher price; if they want to borrow, they can borrow at a lower rate. It is in the interest of small landowners that the sphere of the Savings Banks has been restrained, and nothing could show more clearly the strange ways in which one set of national customs and habits acts on another. The Commission very sensibly try to turn the argument round. They show that the average length of time during which deposits are held does not exceed two years. The sum accumulated is then devoted to a permanent investment. The Savings Banks only supply a means by which capital is got ready for the landowners, who thus have not less, but more, money competing for the investments which proprietors have to offer.

The other chief point to which the Commission directed their attention was that of the limits to be imposed on the withdrawal of deposits. They found that a very general apprehension existed lest the State might be seriously inconvenienced if there were a time of general panic, and depositors wished to take their money out of the Savings Banks. The French are very timid financiers, and are constantly thinking of the worst that can happen. This timidity, however, has its good side, as it is associated with their punctilious fidelity in meeting their engagements of every kind, and it must be remembered that they have had crises to go through which have been of a kind to frighten minds that do not recoil from ordinary risks. 1848 and 1870 are years that the French of this generation are not likely to forget. On both occasions the Government had to take exceptional measures to prevent a run on the Savings Banks, and on both occasions the measures they took were attended with success, although in 1848 this success was achieved at the cost of a considerable sacrifice to the State. At first the Government offered in 1848 to return to each depositor up to 100 francs in cash and to give Rentes or Treasury Bonds for the remainder of his deposit. But it was found that the obligation to provide cash could not be met, and it was resolved to convert the whole of the amount owing into Five per cent. Rentes, which were issued at first at 80 and finally at a fraction under 72 per cent. This operation caused a loss to the State of nearly six millions sterling; and although the desired end was attained, and the confidence of the public in the Savings Banks was not shaken, French financiers began to look on depositors in Savings Banks as adversaries whose operations it was desirable to restrain within as narrow limits as possible. In 1870, the Republican Government, just before the investment of Paris, issued a decree limiting the sum any depositor could ask for in cash to 50 francs, and for ten months this rule was enforced outside Paris. But in Paris itself depositors had to live during the siege, and it was necessary to do something to help them. Orders were given month by month that a fresh sum of fifty francs might be withdrawn, and it was found that the very large proportion of the depositors, when they were sure that they could withdraw their money to this extent, forbore to use the privilege. Whereas twelve millions of francs might have been withdrawn, there was actually withdrawn under two millions in the six months from October 1, 1870, to March 31, 1871. This is a most curious proof of the tenacity with which those who have once saved cling to their savings. No one can doubt that the class of persons who put money in Savings Banks suffered dreadfully during the siege, and yet they did not in those terrible six months ask for as much as one-sixth of what they might have claimed; and what is still more curious, there were three-quarters of a million of francs paid into the Savings Banks during that time, so that all the cash that had actually to be paid did not exceed 40,000*l.* The experience of what then took place in Paris has taught the Commission two things. The State must reserve the power of limiting the sums to be paid out in moments of panic, and at the same time, if proper steps are taken, the panic rapidly subsides. All that is necessary is, in their opinion, that the State should distinctly make it known that it will use this power when exceptional circumstances make it necessary. They propose that power shall be given to the PRESIDENT of the REPUBLIC to interfere when he thinks fit, and to order what limits shall be placed on the withdrawal of deposits. It is very simple, and we may add a very French way of getting over the difficulty; but the Commission are probably right in thinking it will commend itself to their countrymen, and make depositors and financiers equally happy.

AGRICULTURE AND EDUCATION.

IT is almost time for Governments and Parliaments to give up playing fast and loose with abstract Resolutions. They have had sufficient experience of them to be able to make up their minds whether they are good things or bad; though it is past hoping that they will adhere to any conclusion they may reach. It does not much matter whether they agree to say that they are mischievous because they pledge Parliament to too little, or useful because they do not pledge it to too much, but they should say one thing or the other. It is getting wearisome to hear public men opposing Resolutions because they are not Bills, and finding fault with Bills because they are something more than Resolutions. Mr. FAWCETT led off on Tuesday night by proposing a sonorous abstraction; and Mr. PELL capped him by producing something which was neither a Bill nor an abstract Resolution. He did indeed move a Resolution, but it was a Resolution with a concrete element in the shape of eight Inspectors of Factories. But the compromise did not answer its purpose. On the contrary, Mr. CROSS seemed more alarmed at this "army of In-"spectors" than at Mr. FAWCETT'S declaration that agriculture and "other branches of industry" should be assimilated as regards the amount of school attendance. In point of form Mr. CROSS had an unanswerable case against both motion and amendment. The Agricultural Children's Act has only been in operation two months, and Parliament ought to wait and see how it works before undertaking either to supersede or improve it. But Mr. CROSS'S candour supplied one qualification of this theory, while the character of the Act supplied another. The effect of the Act, such as it is, has been felt, not for two months, but for fourteen. For a child to be legally at work on the 1st of January, 1875, it was necessary to conform to the conditions prescribed by the Act during the year preceding the 1st of January, 1875. Consequently it can be pretty well guessed by this time how much or how little the Act is going to do. Mr. PELL, who was one of its authors, declared that it is going to do nothing. Competent evidence, he says, can be produced

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to show that the Act is useless. There is no reason to question Mr. PELL'S estimate of his offspring. The only wonder is that he did not foresee its failure. However, when a legislator confesses that he has been under an hallucination, there is no more to be said; and Mr. PELL'S description of his state of mind at the time the Bill was under discussion pretty well amounts to this:—"He was "enthusiastic enough at one time to think that, if the Act "were left in the hands of clergymen, farmers, and country "squires, things would be placed on a satisfactory footing." It is creditable to his common sense that he should have been so quickly undeceived, and to his courage that he should so frankly acknowledge it.

The Agricultural Children's Bill was something even more unsubstantial than an abstract Resolution. It was a law setting up a prohibition, but providing no means of enforcing it. Mr. PELL says that he thought it would be enforced by amateurs; but who were the amateurs to whom this troublesome task was left? Farmers whose immediate interests are directly injured by the law, clergymen who know better than any other men the reasons why the law should not be enforced in any particular case, and squires who are naturally influenced in a matter which does not personally concern them either by their tenants or by their parson. If all farmers were as enlightened as the farmers of Northumberland, indirect compulsion might be applied to agricultural labour as easily as to any other. But there is as much difference between the farmers of the South of England and those of the North as there is between the labourers. The men who burned Mr. GIRDLESTONE in effigy because he had induced Devonshire labourers to go northwards, and thereby raised wages in his parish a whole shilling per week, are not likely to be impressed by the argument that education will make the labourer a better workman. They know well enough that, as soon as he becomes a better workman, he will either leave their employ or have to be retained in it by higher pay. It is true that in the end they would themselves be gainers by the change, but to appreciate this far-off interest demands an amount of education which even classes higher than tenant-farmers do not always possess. A boy ten years old can be useful in various ways about the farm, and the farmer is not likely to give him up to the schoolmaster merely that he may be able some years hence to earn more wages than he will earn if he is allowed to go untaught. The clergy are anxious to get boys to school early and to keep them at school late; but in each separate case as it arises there may be obstacles which naturally indispose them to come forward as amateur prosecutors of offences committed against the Act. The districts where the law is most likely to be broken are the districts where wages will for the most part be lowest; and where wages are low even the shilling or two that a boy of ten can add to the family income becomes of importance. Sometimes more than this hangs on the decision whether the boy shall go to school or to work. The farmer may make the employment of the father dependent on the employment of the son, and the clergyman is naturally shy of driving a labourer to more distant work, and at the same time making the family poorer by the amount of the boy's wages. These cases may be of very common occurrence in country parishes, and it is not to be wondered at that the clergy should usually decide in favour of the conclusion which is certainly desired by the farmer, probably desired by the boy's relatives, and very possibly desired by the boy himself. In any given case this may clearly be the right decision to come to; it is only on a very large experience of the evils of sacrificing education to early labour that the evils of the system become visible. The Department which has to administer an Act of Parliament can command this experience, but it is useless to expect individuals to do so sufficiently to induce them to take an unpleasant task on themselves. This is the true answer to Mr. CROSS'S plea that the Act has not had a fair trial, just as it was the true answer to Mr. PELL'S former plea that it would come well out of its trial. A law which aims at getting children to school depends mainly on the machinery by which the end is to be secured. The consideration how it is to be done is really of more moment than the determination to do it.

Mr. PELL'S eight Inspectors do not seem a very large force, considering the number of children they would have to look after. Nor, so far as the operation of the Workshops Act is any guide, should we expect them to be very effective supervisors even of the children that did come under their notice. The Report of the Royal Commission which is about to inquire into the whole subject will perhaps convince Mr. PELL that the mere appointment of Inspectors may go but a little way towards carrying out the professed purposes of Parliament. As regards the large factories, which fall under the Factory Act and its earlier extensions, there is probably not much reason to find fault. But as regards workshops, the law will probably be found in a vast number of instances to have left things just where it found them. It would probably be the same with the Agricultural Children's Act if its enforcement depended on the occasional visit of an Inspector. Mr. FAWCETT was more prudent in that he prescribed no machinery for giving effect to his Resolution; but if he had succeeded in pledging the House of Commons to a general declaration that children should have the same amount of education whether their parents live in town or in country, it is improbable that anything would have come of it. Parliament might pass resolutions in favour of compulsion for ever without the application of compulsion being brought appreciably nearer. There are only two ways in which any genuine progress can be made in this direction. One is by the creation in the minds of the people of a resolution that every child in the country shall receive such a measure of education as will enable him to make the best of any chances which may befall him; the other is the demonstration by example that the difficulties apprehended from compulsion are less serious than they appear to be. The first method might carry compulsion with much the same rush as that which carried the Irish Church Bill and the Irish Land Bill, but the present Parliament is not very likely to be swayed by any enthusiasm of the sort. In the meantime, however, something can be done in any parish where the farmers happen to be unusually unprejudiced, or the labourers exceptionally well paid, to make compulsion a little less unpalatable. It ought not, for instance, to be beyond the combined intelligence of clergyman, farmer, and schoolmaster to construct a table of half-time attendance which should be workable in an agricultural district. If children could be got to school at an earlier age, and accustomed not to leave school completely after they had gone to work, a great part of the objections sometimes alleged against compulsion would be in a fair way to be removed.

PARLIAMENTARY MANNERS.

IT cannot be doubted that such scenes as that of Thursday night are not calculated to improve the temper or manners of the House of Commons, or to increase the respect in which it is held; and it is therefore the duty of all members to do what they can to prevent a repetition of them. The first and most obvious way of doing this is for members to keep a check upon their tongues, and to avoid, as far as possible, giving any provocation which may be used as a pretext for importing personal questions into Parliament. On the other hand, the House has undoubtedly a right to interpose for its own protection, and to prevent valuable time from being wasted in idle and unseemly altercations. It may readily be conceived that public business would soon be brought to a standstill if the House were to be called upon night after night, as it has been lately, to sit in judgment on all sorts of petty indiscretions and slips of the tongue committed by members in different parts of the country. It is obviously necessary for the harmony of the proceedings that members should be prevented from making personal attacks upon each other within the walls of the House; but, except when an imputation is made upon a member in regard to something which he is alleged to have done in his Parliamentary capacity, what is said out of doors may be reasonably left to be settled there. It is perhaps fortunate, considering the sort of people who are occasionally returned to it, that the House is not required to take any notice of the personal character of its members. A man loses his personality, and even his name, when he enters Parliament, and is received there simply as the representative of the constituency which has elected him; and it is only in that capacity that the House has anything to do with him or he with the House. It is simply because the House is bound to ignore altogether the private conduct of its members that any allusions to such matters in debate are strictly forbidden;

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but it does not follow that members are to be exempted from personal criticism everywhere else. The rule on this subject has been laid down very distinctly by Sir ERSKINE MAY, in his well-known work. "Libels upon members," he says, "have been constantly published; but to constitute "a breach of privilege they must concern the character or "conduct of members in that capacity; aspersions upon "the conduct of members as magistrates, or as officers of "the army or navy, or in private life, are within the cogni-"zance of the Courts, and are not fit subjects of complaint" —that is, in Parliament. There can be no doubt that this is a sound and judicious principle, and it is satisfactory to find that the House does not mean to abandon so important a security for order and decorum.

It cannot be denied that both Mr. LOPES and Mr. ASHLEY used language which they ought not to have used, and it is a pity that the apologies which they afterwards felt bound to make were not spontaneously offered in the first instance. There is, however, an important distinction between the two cases. Mr. LOPES applied the word "disreputable" to the political conduct of the Home Rulers, and this was a matter of which the gentlemen thus described had a right to complain to the House. Mr. ASHLEY, on the other hand, imputed misconduct to Dr. KENEALY, not as a member of Parliament, but as a private person in the exercise of his profession. The imputation or insinuation that Dr. KENEALY knowingly put a false witness in the box is certainly unwarrantable, although the rest of Mr. ASHLEY'S remarks will probably command general assent. There can be no question whatever that Dr. KENEALY, both as counsel for ORTON, and as editor of a newspaper of the most scandalous kind, has behaved in a disgraceful manner; and it would be monstrous that any one should be debarred from expressing in the strongest language condemnation of such behaviour merely because the object of criticism has since happened to be returned to Parliament. These are questions, however, with which the House of Commons has nothing whatever to do; and, if Dr. KENEALY thinks he is entitled to redress, he must seek it elsewhere. There is one thing which has been brought out very clearly by the incidents which have just occurred; and that is, that the cordial concurrence of members is indispensable to the maintenance of that order and dignity which have hitherto characterized the proceedings of the House of Commons. It is not enough to have rules and a Speaker to interpret and enforce them unless the members themselves bring the right temper and spirit to their work. There is no doubt a somewhat grotesque inconsistency in a protest against offensive language coming from one who has for some months been engaged in a course of the most outrageous and malignant slander and vituperation; and there is certainly no reason to affect any sympathy with Dr. KENEALY. At the same time, it is well to remember that the peace and decency of Parliamentary proceedings are very much at the mercy of an obstinate member who chooses to take advantage of his opportunities, and that it is prudent to make the best of a difficulty which cannot be avoided. A bull in a china-shop, or, as Dr. KENEALY would say, a lion shaking the dew-drops from his mane, is no doubt an extremely uncomfortable animal; but if it cannot be ejected, it is perhaps as well to take as little notice of it as possible.

THE SOURCES OF HISTORY.

A RECENT correspondence about the accuracy of certain statements in Lord Russell's *Recollections* suggests a very uncomfortable feeling of scepticism. If the facts had occurred some centuries ago, we should have thought ourselves most unusually fortunate in having such a witness as Lord Russell. We have, it might be said, for this part of our history testimony of the most unimpeachable kind. One of the chief actors has recorded his own impressions; he was a man of the highest character, one whom his worst enemies would never accuse of wilful inaccuracy, or of the slightest disposition to shirk responsibility. He, if any one, might be trusted to speak the truth like a man, and to err, if at all, on the side of excessive openness. And we should proceed unhesitatingly to distribute the parts in an important historical transaction in accordance with his statements, and congratulate ourselves that for once we had evidence at first hand. And yet we should, as Lord Russell frankly admits, have been entirely misled. His memory has played him false, and the account which he gave inverted the true relations of the persons most concerned. In this case, of course, there is not the very slightest suspicion of any intentional misstatement; and we need not ask how it comes to pass that Lord Russell blundered. There is nothing very mysterious about it; and, indeed, the unpleasant reflection is precisely that such things happen every day. The more often they happen, the more crumbling must be the foundations of our history. Indeed we scarcely need such a case as Lord Russell's error to convince us of the uncertainty of many historical details. The highest degree of evidence obtainable is the direct statement of an eye-witness to the event. Yet, assuming that we have no reason to suspect him of wilful misstatement, it is still almost impossible that he should be perfectly impartial. Any bias may destroy the whole value of his evidence. Ask the candidates at a contested election what were the precise facts of any dispute which arose. We make allowance for the probability that they will give a different colouring to facts and alter their relative importance. But we also find by daily experience that they arrive at some flat contradiction, which may or may not be susceptible of explanation. If a distinguished person is reported to have said a foolish thing in an after-dinner speech, or even on the hustings, we know beforehand that the reporter will turn out to have been mistaken; and that the distinguished person used quite a different form of words, or used them in quite a different sense. We do not ask which is generally right; but it is plain that if there had been no reporter, the honourable gentleman a few years afterwards would have given an entirely different version of his remarks from that which obtained currency at the time; and yet his testimony would have been unimpeachable. Or take two travellers' accounts of some adventure which happened to them in company. Which was it that proposed to go on, and which thought it more prudent to turn back? A direct contradiction upon some such point is not the exception but the rule. This familiar experience does not imply by any means that all men are liars. The fact is that our recollection undergoes an unconscious modification in our minds. Any actor in an event is naturally struck at the time by particular aspects of it which are less impressive to his neighbours. The circumstances which were incompatible with his version of the story drop out, or spontaneously group themselves in a different manner. What we call remembering is looking at a mental picture which for the moment may have had photographic accuracy, but which has since been subject to various chemical actions. Parts of it have faded; others, it may be, have been conjecturally restored; and after a certain time we are unable to distinguish between the original and the touches almost unconsciously added. In certain conditions of the mind this process takes place so rapidly that the most perfect sincerity would be no guarantee for accuracy of statement.

Besides these causes of uncertainty, we must also take into account the quantity of downright lying in the world. It is rather fashionable nowadays to repudiate with indignation the doctrine that anybody ever indulges in downright invention. Scarcely anybody, it is sometimes said, is a hypocrite, in the sense of deliberately affecting religious principles when he knows himself to be utterly devoid of them. In other words, a man always deceives himself before he tries to deceive other people. How far this is true may be a curious psychological question. Undoubtedly it is so much pleasanter to believe in your own virtue, and so much easier to act a part when you have obtained that belief, that a man who is a conscious hypocrite must be a fool. Yet there are fools in the world, and we fear that there are also deliberate liars. Indeed, in a very strict sense, most people lie more or less. Hardly anybody comes up to the Johnsonian standard of veracity, which forbids telling a lie in order to improve a good story. If an anecdote sounds better when its narrator says "I saw," then when he says, "I am told that somebody saw," there are very few talkers who would scruple to make the necessary emendation of the text. There are a number of other lies which are more or less condoned by general opinion; not merely the lies which may be called simply conventional, but the lies which are told in defence of character. There are a good many skeletons in the cupboards of respectable people; and if telling a truth would unlock the door, they think it fair to indulge in a lie, and perhaps even regard the sacrifice of their own conscience as rather a virtuous action than otherwise. This is the most ordinary form of political lying; and nobody can doubt that, whether sheltered under some flimsy pretext of equivocation or otherwise, such lies are exceedingly common. To discover how far the quantity of lies in existence actually affects the credibility of history would be impossible; but we may perhaps assume that the tendency to believe is greater than is justified by facts. We have to rely upon the honesty of other people at every moment of our lives, and in the most important matters; and consequently we get into habits of belief which outrun its logical justification. The dishonesty of a banker or solicitor is often the ruin of hundreds of unsuspecting people. People, that is, trust implicitly in the honour of a man of whom they know nothing but that he is generally thought to be respectable, and would think it an impertinence to take any mode of testing his fidelity. On the same principle, it would be awkward, and indeed impossible, to test the accuracy of every statement made to us; it is better, we feel, to assume that everybody speaks the truth, and to submit to the occasional errors which result; and then we change this convenient practical assumption into the very different logical assertion that, as a matter of fact, everybody does speak the truth. The doubt which is not allowed to influence our conduct is soon dismissed from our minds altogether, and we fall into the convenient but very doubtful conviction, that deliberate lying is a practice which has gone out of fashion in good society as much as drunkenness. And yet it would seem reasonable for people who are constantly suffering from their amiable confidence in the statements of some mining speculator at the

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antipodes, to admit that credulity may be sometimes unreasonable, and that there are some persons in existence unscrupulous enough to turn it to account for the sake of their pocket or their reputation. We guess, in short, that such a thing as a good downright unequivocal falsehood is not yet as great a rarity as the dodo; and we fancy that we have known some people with a morbid propensity for setting such fictions afloat.

A single testimony, then, however direct and however competent the witness, probably requires more careful examination than we are apt to give. But it may be said that in the case of most modern history the statements of one witness may be checked from independent sources. Undoubtedly we may in this way obtain a fair amount of certainty in most matters. But the case of Lord Russell certainly suggests a greater number of difficulties than are often taken into account. If, for example, we had found that a statesman in the reign of Queen Anne had made a demonstrably inaccurate statement as to the causes of the war with France, tending to throw responsibility upon his antagonist, the case would probably have been alleged as a conclusive proof that he was a liar. After such a misrepresentation it would have been said, Can you believe the man on his word? Now we know that this would be entirely erroneous in the opposite direction. We have the most implicit confidence in Lord Russell's honour; but that is because we partake of the impression which he has made upon his countrymen in a thousand different ways during a very long and honourable career. His name has been familiar to us from our childhood; his character is part of the political tradition of the country; we know what impression he has made upon a great many persons of unimpeachable character, whose experience is based upon long and complicated experience not capable of being reduced into the form of logical proof. But evidence of this kind dies out after a generation or two. We cannot tell what was the impression made upon his generation by a Walpole or a Marlborough with anything like the same accuracy and fulness of conviction. If we can make ourselves their contemporaries, it must be by long study and a familiarity with endless piles of State papers, pamphlets, letters, and journals, such as is only possessed by a small number of specially instructed people. Of that small number some are deficient in the imaginative power which can make the past live again; those who are imaginative have generally strong prejudices, which cause them to overlook anything not in accordance with preconceived views. To form any opinion upon a set of modern State papers requires peculiar faculties and special information. When we read a despatch of Prince Bismarck in the *Times*, we have to go through a conjectural process of great complexity; we have to remember his character and that of his opponent; to have them before us in imagination, as a good player sees the pieces on a chessboard, so that we may not only see the moves, but know what intentions they indicate under the circumstances; we must be able to read between the lines, and remember that silence is often more full of meaning than speech; we must make allowance for the possibility of tacit understandings, of verbal messages, and of hints that have been given by manner or by actions instead of in plain black and white.

If posterity will have some advantages over us as being in a position to detect the tendency of forces now in the germ, it will probably lose far more by the want of that vivacity of impression which can only be given by direct knowledge. When we consider how many things go to the formation of any estimate of character of a man who died some generations ago, how much important evidence has perished, what rare qualifications it needs to judge of that which remains, and how difficult it is for those who receive the verdict of historians to know which historians are to be trusted; when to this we add the complete misrepresentations of the most familiar facts which may be made by perfectly honest men, the difficulty of knowing what amount of lying or equivocation exists at any given time, and the equal difficulty of knowing what part of any narrative it affects, we are almost inclined to despair of any accurate judgment of men. There are, indeed, some obvious qualifications to this statement which we need not now consider. It is best to reflect that after all we can get on very well without making up our minds upon most of these questions. Perhaps the problems about the honesty and dishonesty of the statesmen of a given period may never be solved; but we can obtain sufficient information as to what is far more important, the true nature and tendency of the great currents of thought by which society was being moulded.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE inquiries which were addressed to the Home Secretary on Tuesday on the subject of burials in Westminster Abbey were such as he had no difficulty in answering, but they did not touch what is really the essential question with regard to the management of the Abbey. It may be true that down to the present moment the burials which have taken place within the edifice have not been attended with any injurious consequences either to the stability of the fabric or to the health of the worshippers; but it is not so certain that, because there has been no danger in the past, there will be none in the future. Averages are occasionally somewhat delusive; and the statement that in the course of the last twenty-two years the average number of interments in the Abbey has not exceeded one a year does not perhaps convey a strictly accurate impression of the case. There seems to be no doubt that there has been in recent years a steady increase in the number of burials, and it would seem to be the policy of the present Dean to push this branch of business as far as possible. It is conceivable, therefore, that perils may hereafter arise which have hitherto been avoided; and even though it can be shown that this use of the Abbey is not attended with actual injury to the safety of the building or the health of people frequenting it, that is not in itself a sufficient reason for continuing a practice which, as now carried on, is open to strong objections on other grounds. In reply to a second question, the Home Secretary said that a proposal to construct a *Campo Santo* in connexion with the Abbey Church for the interment of the illustrious dead had been brought under the notice of the Government; but there was one formidable obstacle—namely, the enormous expense which would be involved in the purchase of the requisite land and buildings. No doubt this would be a difficulty, but, if it were the only one, it might easily be surmounted in a country of so much wealth and liberality as England. If there were a general conviction that it would be a good thing to have a special place of sepulchre for the bodies of persons to whom it was desired to do public honour, money, it may be believed, would soon be forthcoming. Mr. Cross had, of course, no desire to provoke controversy, and he therefore contented himself with mentioning a single practical objection. Behind this, however, there are more serious objections, which probably did not escape the observation of the Cabinet when the question was brought before them. There can be no doubt that, if anything in the nature of a *Campo Santo* were formally established for what is called the "illustrious dead," the privilege of admission to it would before long be abused in such a way as to create exceedingly unpleasant embarrassments and to cast discredit upon the whole project. At present there is only a limited amount of space in Westminster Abbey, and a request for a grave can always be met by the reply that there is very little room left. If, however, a new and spacious enclosure were to be made, there would be no end to the applications for the honour of interment on behalf of all sorts of persons having no claim whatever to such a distinction. All those influences and intrigues which are now employed for the purpose of obtaining titles of various kinds would at once be brought to bear on those who had the patronage of the national Walhalla, and controversy as to the characters of the deceased and their qualifications for this kind of canonization might find their way even into Parliament. All the arguments against the establishment of an Order of Merit apply with still stronger force to the plan of opening up a similar competition after death.

There is happily no reason to suppose that this fantastic experiment will ever be seriously brought forward, and, if it were, there can be no doubt that it would be promptly rejected by the common sense of the country. The question, however, arises whether it might not be as well that the practice of using the Abbey for a similar purpose should now be quietly allowed to drop. The Abbey is pretty well filled up, and might reasonably be subjected to the same restrictions as other churches within the area where new burials are forbidden. If it were known that it had ceased to be available for mortuary purposes, the friends of deceased persons of real or supposed eminence would be spared the unpleasantness of having their applications refused, and would at once make other provision for the disposal of the remains they desired to honour. As it is, the modern passion for all kinds of marks of distinction is so intense, and the rush of candidates with more or less genuine pretensions so overwhelming, that, as long as any places of honour are kept open in the Abbey, there will every year be an increasingly ugly scramble for them. In any case, if the Abbey is not to be closed entirely for this purpose, the number of interments ought at least to be reduced within the narrowest limits. Nothing can be more indecent than the way in which the bodies of deceased persons who have in any way distinguished themselves are now touted for. An eminent man may be quite indifferent to being laid at Westminster, or he may even have a strong preference for some other place. But this is nothing to the autocrat of the Abbey. He must have the body in order to complete his collection, and the family have to submit to be worried or bullied into parting with their treasure. There can be no doubt, for instance, that Mr. Dickens's wish to be buried in Rochester Cathedral deserved to be respected. If it had been, there would have been a local memorial of much interest in a singularly appropriate spot, while the novelist would equally have retained the love and admiration of his countrymen. The Dean's idea seems to be that burial within his jurisdiction is to be regarded as the indispensable certificate of true greatness. It is true that many distinguished men have been interred there at different times with whom it is an honour to be associated; but then it is no less true that there are also to be found within the same precincts the graves of an infinitely larger number of obscure and undistinguished persons, who never did anything to distinguish themselves, and who were buried there simply by favour or accident. It is of course impossible to turn out of their resting-places all those who may be considered to have no right to be there; but it would at least be reasonable to be content with the historical deposits which have already been accumulated, and to refrain from adding to them. The chief objection to the burial of any more bodies in the Abbey does not concern the bodies themselves so much as the practices and pretensions for which they are supposed to supply a justification.

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There might be little reason to grudge them the space they occupy underground, if it were not that this involves the further disfigurement of a noble pile by the introduction above ground of a monument which is usually execrable as a work of art. If the memorials could only be buried out of sight with the bones of the people whom they are intended to commemorate, it would be a great relief to all persons with any sense of artistic taste or architectural proprieties. Nothing can be more deplorable than the way in which the beauty of a magnificent building has been wantonly and recklessly destroyed by encrustations of hideous and inappropriate mural decorations. The fine aisles now look like the warehouse of a New Road statuary. As long as people do not suffer from pestilential exhalations, it matters very little what is done with the soil underneath the pavement; but it should be remembered that every coffin deposited below fastens another ugly scab on the walls above, and that this monumental scrofula is spreading even without this excuse. The original beauty and dignity of many an old church has been disclosed by scraping off the paint and whitewash of ignorant churchwardens, and it is to be regretted that a clean sweep cannot be made of the equally vulgar and degrading excrescences on a fine old abbey. If this cannot be done, however, it would at least be something that all further disfigurements of the kind should be checked. Everybody will of course agree that Sir Charles Lyell was entitled to the highest honours that could be paid to his memory; but there is an obvious absurdity in the suggestion that nobody is to be considered great unless the Dean of Westminster has officially admitted his claim to a grave in the Abbey. The world's estimate of the great geologist would have remained the same if he had been interred in any public cemetery or obscure churchyard. One of the chief objections to the continuance of burials in Westminster Abbey is the sort of countenance and encouragement which it seems to offer to an affectation of supreme judicial authority in pronouncing on the deserts of public men. The Dean stretches his jurisdiction beyond that of the coroner, and sits on everybody. Even people who do not want to be buried in the Abbey cannot escape the inevitable funeral sermon which makes the Abbey pulpit a rival to the Sunday paper of the week.

There can be no doubt that in recent years the tendency to treat Westminster Abbey as a sort of public show or entertainment has become more conspicuous. It is only accidentally a mausoleum; it is primarily a church, and one of the chief churches of a definite communion. Its ecclesiastical character has, however, been in a great measure subordinated to purposes of popular amusement. It is managed as a great show place, and the Dean competes with Mme. Tussaud in making up his collection of celebrities as they die off, as well as in the cultivation of a Chamber of Horrors of his own. The Abbey is also thrown open to lecturers and musicians as if it were an ordinary Mechanics' Institute or public hall. It may be that this is the best use to which a great historical building can be put; but it is a use which certainly scandalizes people with old-fashioned ideas. And this brings us to the really essential question in regard to the administration of the edifice. As the law stands, the Dean is an autocrat of the most absolute kind, recognizing no superiors, and free from any obligation to consult subordinates. He can do whatever he chooses with the building entrusted to his care; and there is nobody to whom he is bound to answer for any freak or caprice. If the Abbey church is really only an open hall, of which any public performer can have the use with the sanction of the manager, it is difficult to see where the line of admission will be drawn. Bendigo, the prizefighter, or Messrs. Moody and Sankey, have as much right to claim the privilege of the Abbey platform as Mr. Max Müller or Professor Caird. It is hardly expedient that the disposal of an important public edifice should be left to the absolute discretion of a single official, who repudiates all supervision and control, and claims the right to do just what seems proper in his own eyes.

OLD FRIENDS.

WE know all that can be said in laudation of old friends—the people whose worth has been tried and their constancy proved, who have come when you have called and danced when you have piped, been faithful in sunshine and shadow alike, not envious of your prosperity nor deserting you in your adversity; old friends, like old wine, losing the crudity of newness, mellowing by keeping, and blending the ripeness of age with the vigour of youth. It is all true in certain circumstances and under certain conditions; but the old friend of this ideal type is as hard to find as any other ideal, while bad imitations abound, and life is rendered miserable by them.

There are old friends who make the fact of old friendship a basis for every kind of unpleasantness. Their opinion is not asked, but they volunteer it on all occasions, and are sure to give it in the manner which galls you most, and which you can least resent. They snub you before your latest acquaintances—charming people of good status, with whom you especially desire to stand well; and break up your pretensions of present superiority by that sledge-hammer of old friendship which knows you down to the ground and will stand no nonsense. The more formal and fastidious your company, the more they will rasp your nerves by the coarse familiarity of their address; and they know no greater pleasure than to put you in an entirely false position by pretending to keep you in your true place. They run in on you at all times, and you have neither an hour undisturbed nor a pursuit uninterrupted, still less a circumstance of your life kept sacred from them. The strictest orders to your servant are ignored, and they push past any amount of verbal barriers with the irresistible force of old friendship to which nothing can be denied. Whatever you are doing you can just see them, they say, smiling; and they have neither conscience nor compassion when they come and eat up your time, which is your money, for the gratification of hearing themselves talk, and of learning how you are getting on. They do not scruple to ask about your affairs direct questions to which you must perforce give an answer, silence or evasion betraying the truth as much as assent; and they will make you a present of their mind on the matter, which, though highly uncomplimentary, you are expected to accept with becoming gratitude and humility. If you have known them in your early boyhood, when you were all uncivilized hail-fellows together, they refuse to respect your maturer dignity, and will Tom and Dick and Harry you to the end, though you sit in a horsehair wig on the bench, while your class-mate of the country grammar-school, where you both got your rudiments, is only a City clerk, badly paid and married to his landlady's daughter. To women this kind of return from the grave of the past is a dreadful infliction and oftentimes a danger. The playfellows of the romping hoydenish days dash home, bearded and bronzed, from Australia or California; stride into the calm circle of refined matronhood with the old familiar manner and the old familiar terms; asking Fan or Nell if she remembers this or that adventure on the mountain-side, by the lake, in the wood—topping their query by a meaning laugh as if more remained behind than was expedient to declare. They slap the dignified husband on the back, and call him a d—d lucky dog, telling him that they envy him his catch, and would gladly stand in his shoes if they could. It was all that cross-cornered cursed fate of theirs which sent them off to Australia or California; else he, the dignified husband, would never have had the chance—hey, Fan? and they wink when they say it, as if they had good grounds to go on. The wife is on thorns all the time these hateful visits last; she wonders how she could ever have been on romping terms with such a horror, even in her youngest days, and feels that she shall hate her own name for ever after hearing it mouthed and bawled by her old friend with such aggressive familiarity. The husband, if jealous by nature, begins to look sullen and suspicious. Even if he is not jealous, but only reserved and conventional, he does not like what he sees, still less what he hears; and is more than half inclined to think he has made a mistake, and that the Fan or Nell of his bosom would have been better mated with the old friend from the backwoods than with him.

The old friends who turn up in this way at all corners of your life are sure to be needy, and to hold their old friendship as *per se* a claim on your balance at the bank. They stick closer to you than a brother, and you are expected to stick close to them; and, as a sign thereof, to provide for their necessities as so much interest on the old account of affection still running. If you shrink from them and try to shunt them quietly, they go about the world proclaiming your ingratitude, and trumpeting both their claims and their deserts. They deride your present success, which they call stuck-up and mushroom, telling all the minor miseries of your past, when your father found it hard to provide suitably for his large family, and their mother had more than once to give yours a child's frock and pinafore in pity for your rags. They generally contrive to make a division in your circle; and you find some of your new friends look coldly on you because it is said you have been ungrateful to your old. The whole story may be a myth, the mere coinage of vanity and disappointment; but when did the world stop to prove the truth before it condemned?

There is no circumstance so accidental, no kindness so trivial, that it cannot be made to constitute a claim to friendship for life, and all that friendship includes—intimacy before the world, pecuniary help when needed, no denial of time, no family secrets, unvarying inclusion in all your entertainments, personal participation in all your successes, liberty to say unpleasant things without offence, to interfere in your arrangements, and to take at least one corner of your soul, and that not a small one, which is not to be your own but theirs. Have they, by the merest chance, introduced you to your wife the beautiful heiress, to your husband the "good match"?—the world echoes with the news, and the echoes are never suffered to die out. It is told everywhere, and always as if your happy marriage were the object they had had in view from the earliest times, as if they had lived and worked for a consummation which came about by the purest accident. Have they been helpful and friendly when your first child was born, or nursery sickness was in your house?—you are bought for life, you and your offspring; unless you have had the happy thought of making them sponsors, when they learn the knack of disappearing from your immediate circle, and of only turning up on the formal occasions which do not admit of making presents. Did they introduce you to your first employer?—your subsequent success is the work of their hands, and they bear your fame on their shoulders like complacent Atlases balancing the world. They go about cackling to every one who will listen to them how it was they who got your first essay into print; how it was they who mentioned your name to the Commissioners, and how, in consequence, the Commissioners gave you that place whence dates your marvellous rise in life; how it was they who advised your father to send you to sea and so make a man of you, and were the indirect cause of your K.C.B.-ship. But for them you would have been a mere nobody, grubbing in a dingy City office to this day. They

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gave you your start, and you owe all you are to them. And if you fail to honour their draft on your gratitude to the fullest amount, they proclaim you a defaulter to the most sacred claims and the most pious feelings of humanity. You point the moral of the base ingratitude of man, and are a text on which they preach the sermon of non-intervention in the affairs of others. Let drowning men sink; let the weak go to the wall; and on no account let any one trouble himself about the welfare of old friends, if this is to be the reward. Henceforth you are morally branded, and your old friend takes care that the iron shall be hot. There is no service, however trifling, but can be made a yoke to hang round your neck for life; and the more you struggle against it the more it galls you. Your best plan of bearing it is patience, or resolute and decided repudiation, taking all the consequences of evil-speaking without wincing.

To these friends of your own add the friends of the family—those uncomfortable adhesives who cling to you like so many octopods, and are not to be shaken off by any means known to you. They claim you as their own, something in which they have the rights of part-proprietorship, because they knew you when you were in your cradle, and had bored your parents as they want to bore you. It is of no use to say that circumstances are of less weight than character. You and they may stand at opposite poles in thought, in aspiration, in social conditions, and in habits. Nevertheless they insist on it that the bare fact of long-time acquaintance is to be of more value than all these vital discrepancies; and you find yourself saddled with friends who are utterly uncongenial to you in every respect, because your father once lived next door to them in the country town where you were born, and spent one evening a week in their society playing long whist for threepenny points. You inherit your weak chest and your snub nose, gout in your blood, and a handful of ugly skeletons in your cupboard—these are things you cannot get rid of, things that come as part of the tangled yarn of your life, and inalienable misfortunes of inheritance; but it is too bad to add family friends whom of your own accord you would never have known, and to have them seated as old men of the sea on your neck, never to be shaken off while they live.

In fact, this whole question of friendship wants revision. The general tendency is to make it too stringent in its terms, and too indissoluble in its fastenings. If the present should not make one forget the past, neither should the past tyrannize over the present. Old friends may have been pleasant enough in their day, but a day is not for ever, and they are hurtful and unpleasant now, under new conditions and changed circumstances. They disturb the harmony of our surroundings, and no one can feel happy in discord. They themselves, too, change; we all do, as life goes on and experience increases; and it is simply absurd to bring the old fashions of early days into the new relations of later times. We are not the Tom, and Dick, and Harry of our boyhood in any essential save identity of person; neither are they the Bill and Jim they were. We have gone to the right, they to the left, and the gap between us is wider and deeper than that of mere time. Of what use, then, is it to try to galvanize the dead past into the semblance of vitality? Each knows in his heart that it is dead; and the only one who wishes to galvanize it into simulated life is the one who will somehow benefit by the discomfort and abasement of the other. For our own part, we think it one of the most needful things to learn on our way through the world, that the dead are dead, and that silent burial is better than spasmodic galvanism.

THE TRADE IN GHOSTS.

THIS is an age of universal toleration, both of habits and opinions. Acts of excessive cruelty and violence may by some persons be looked upon with disfavour; but as long as the rights of property are respected, there is hardly any employment of time or expression of thought which men are inclined to censure, or even to deem extravagant. Language such as, for instance, Sydney Smith used in his comments on the Methodists in the early days of the *Edinburgh Review* would not be printed now, though we have no reason to suppose that the tenets avowed by that religious body at the present time are less open to ridicule than those of their predecessors. If a man believes that he has governed the moon, or has tenanted a crocodile, or that he is the Emperor of China, public opinion may not agree with him; but, if obliged to dissent, it does so in the most courteous manner, merely expressing regret that it has not shared his experiences. Joanna Southcott lived a little too early to secure permanent fame, and it is to be deplored that she cannot become the lion of this season, attach to herself the skaters at Prince's, and divide with Mr. Wilkinson the affection of Belgravia. As old idols lose their hold upon mankind and fade into the light of common day, many beliefs must have a struggle for existence, and during the coming decade or two it will be interesting to watch the survival of the fittest.

These remarks are suggested by two newspapers now before us, both apparently issued every week, and devoted to the history, philosophy, and teachings of Spiritualism. One of them, perhaps to ingratiate itself with its younger subscribers, has a "picture" on the title-page, representing an old gentleman seated in the open air with his books around him, who, while teaching his daughter the use of the globes, is interrupted by the advent of fourteen young women floating towards him in flowing robes from the rising sun. This is followed by a discourse by a Mrs. Tappan on the most ancient angel, who, it appears, was, or is, Orisses or Osiris. By him the world was built, and Freemasonry founded, and "his followers in these days will be found to contain and possess those atoms of magnetic vital life that connect them directly with the sun's rays." Those who have felt any doubts about the most ancient angel will be pleased to have them solved, and to understand fully his nature and antecedents. Six pounds eleven shillings have been already subscribed towards this lady's orations, as they are called, so that there can be no chance of their intermission during this century at least. Money and Spiritualism have indeed an intimate and necessary connexion, and it may be worth the while of younger sons for whom no heiresses can be supplied to consider whether they should not adopt a new means of making a livelihood. The trade is evidently brisk, to judge by the list of advertisements. There is one from a clairvoyante, who can be consulted on either medical or business affairs connected with the living or dead at the cost of one guinea. We purposely avoid giving the young woman's name, as we have no wish to add to the number of her patients. You can send a lock of hair, well inclosed in oiled paper, for medical diagnosis. "Prescriptions carefully compounded under spirit control of 'Professor Hare' and the Indian Chief 'Blackhawk,'" and the absurdly small sum of 10*s.* 6*d.* is all that is asked. There are public *séances* at 2*s.* 6*d.*, and private ones at a guinea. Sealed letters will be answered for two dollars and three stamps by one gentleman, for five dollars and four stamps by another. These mediums live in New York, and very naturally implore their correspondents to register their letters. One of them in a rash and ungrammatical frame of mind says, "money refunded if not answered." We have looked in vain for Dr. Doboobie's and Dustandevil's names among these advertisements (in the spelling of the latter name we adopt Mr. Ochiltree's rendering), but perhaps the celebrated astrologer who may be consulted on the events of life for the moderate fee of half-a-crown is a reincarnation of one of these gentlemen. A "somnambulist by birth, and very lucid," can be consulted for all diseases, and we learn that spirit mediums have prescribed for several years specific remedies for neuralgia and those other well-known disorders with which the students of advertisements are tolerably familiar. Trance mediumship for family business may be obtained. What is family business? does it include the power of making brethren dwell together in unity, and brother-in-law to lie down with brother-in-law? Of photographers there is no lack, and, judging by the very unattractive, hard-featured appearance of the spirits whose forms have been represented, the art is capable of improvement. There does not appear to be much difference between the manifestations of one spirit and of another. "Katie," "John King," and "Lenore" have no individuality of character, and we must be contented with learning that Spiritualism is in its infancy, that materialization is but a recent phenomenon, that great discoveries will be made shortly, the immortality of the soul revealed, and the circumstances attendant upon the separation of the body and soul fully understood.

No one is rash enough, we suppose, to hold that the domains of knowledge attainable by human beings have been thoroughly explored, or that the limits of discovery have been reached; but a modest readiness to accept new truths is very different from the frame of mind which looks with kindly sympathy upon fanaticism, and repudiates the ordinary laws of evidence in favour of manifestations such as those of a Mrs. Compton, who, we rejoice to say, can only be reached "by steamboat down Seneca Lake to Watkins"—wherever that may be. The proceedings began by Mrs. Compton being completely divested of clothing, with the exception of two under garments, when her lady friends saw her draw on a pair of her husband's pantaloons. The basque of her alpaca dress was then put on, without the skirt, after careful search to render it certain that no extra clothing could be secreted. Then the basque was sewed to the pantaloons, black gloves drawn upon the hands, and sewed tightly round the wrists. Lastly she was tied to the chair. The company then formed a semi-circle and sang for twenty-five minutes, when Katie appeared, passed along the line of spectators touching them, and on reaching the narrator bent over and kissed him twice on his left cheek, also placing her handkerchief to his face, and allowed the delicate lace of her veil to touch his hand. "'Katie,' I asked, 'what material is your veil made of?' 'You need not look for any, for you couldn't find anything like it on earth,' she said. 'Is your dress of the same material?' 'No, no, different.' 'Katie, could you appear with jewelry?'" (We wonder the American did not ask her whether she could appear with a dollar in her mouth.) "'Yes, yes, if there was power enough—power nearly gone.'" Then comes Seneca, whoever he may be, though he shows in the little he says a sense of the difficulties of his position; he speaks broken English, strikes his hand against the wall, issues a command that the pale faces should be told "Medie no humbug," gives a peace-whoop, then a war-whoop, and retires. At the close of the entertainment the medium is found tied as her lady friends had left her, in a fearfully lifeless trance, from which nearly half an hour was required to wake her. Our experiences of Katie are not so interesting. After sitting some twenty minutes round a large table with a hole in the middle of it in a dingy little room in London, where the small stock of air that belonged to it was speedily exhausted by the eight sitters, Katie announced her presence. The writer asked her for a volume missing from a rare set of books, but this she refused to bring; then for a starfish, which with great promptitude she expressed her readiness to obtain. Other objects of the most

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miscellaneous character, from a luminous hand to a lemon, were asked for and promised; but nevertheless nothing came through the hole in the table except a quantity of roses, evidently pulled from the tree some hours before, and, judging from the smell in the room at the beginning of the *séance*, ready on the spot for the manifestation. An enthusiast said that he saw a luminous hand above the writer's head, but he would no doubt have seen anything else which might have been suggested to him. After Katie had retired, another spirit signified her presence, and, in the character of the wife of a well-known savant, gave utterance to a sentence which she certainly never would have been guilty of in her lifetime. We should say that until Katie can be of more use in her spiritual generation, Seneca Lake is the place for her. John King has, we learn, a fine manly bass voice and a spirit lamp; Peter brings hats and places them correctly on their owners' heads, altering them in one instance to the most fashionable position. There was a Peter baptized by the devil in 1658. Can this be the same? He promises to be of more use than any of his fellows. Education and care might transform him into a serviceable household imp, such a one as Cruikshank depicts in his exquisite engraving to the story of the Elves in Grimm's Popular Tales. We refrain from saying a word in disrespect of these sprites, familiars, and inhabitants of tables, but would it not be possible for them to be a little less dull, or at any rate to be the cause of less dulness in their historians?

If there are scientific and cultivated men who are engaged in the study of these so-called phenomena, and believe they are on the track of a new psychic force, no one would wish to cavil at their investigations; but their objects would be greatly facilitated if the extraordinary rubbish from which we have been quoting could be suppressed, and an uneducated and ignorant public not led to believe that there is a class of persons who gain their livelihood by professing to be the channels of communication between a visible and invisible world. Men and women require no help to believe in the supernatural. There is hardly an agricultural village where the grossest superstitions are not current. Elder wood must not be burnt, parsley is not to be transplanted, and not a creature will venture near the churchyard after dusk. Deprive England of its educated classes, and a belief in witchcraft would be as prevalent as ever, and as many old women would levitate in any given district as there are correspondents of the *Daily News*. Nor would the consequences be less serious then in the seventeenth century, when levitation was not a subject for laughter. It was one of the charges made against Jane Brooks that on the 25th of February, 1658, Richard Jones, a sprightly youth of about twelve, was seen to rise up from the ground by Mrs. Isles, and so mounted higher and higher, till he passed in the air over the garden wall, and was carried so above ground thirty years (? yards), falling at last at one Jordan's door at Shepton, where he was taken up as dead for a time, but coming to himself, said that Jane Brooks had taken him up by the arm and carried him in the air as is related. Jane Brooks was condemned and executed on the 26th of March following. The records of that time are full of similar depositions. Chairs walk about the room of themselves, shoes are hurled at and over people's heads, Bibles are hid in the ashes, children's legs are beaten against the bed-posts, and the affirmative answers of spirits are disclosed by three rappings. Two centuries have perhaps contributed something towards dispelling these particular illusions, yet the stock of credulity in the world appears to be much the same at all times. The state of even what is called the educated mind in regard to these subjects is far from satisfactory, when the widespread belief in apparitions is considered. Philosophers apart, the believers in ghosts have, on the whole, the best of it numerically. Some surprise would be excited if the names of all the English families to whom their haunted rooms are realities were published. This is a good substructure to work upon. Granted a Banshee, an old lady in grey, a drummer with a drum, a monk with his head under his arm, evanescent footsteps on the stairs, or spectral carriages at the front door, and it is undoubtedly difficult to contend that a familiar may not be evoked by uneducated persons for the purposes of a livelihood. We are surprised, by the way, at not seeing any offer from the trade to supply the ancestral or family ghost ready made. The retired soapboiler should be able to contract for his own private demon as well as for his coat of arms. Permanent domestication might, it is true, be as difficult a task as the establishment of a rookery, and the real spirit might have to be tempted by the erection of the nests of lying spirits. The opponents of Spiritualism in some cases show just as much credulity as their adversaries. One of their positions is that, whether the investigation is capable of producing any results or not, it is morally wrong. There is a vague expectation of some legs coming down the chimney, followed by an odd arm, and possibly a head, the various members uniting on their arrival in the room, as in the story told in one of the notes to *Marmion*. Yet even if Faust had not authoritatively dispelled the conception of so illiterate and disjointed a devil, it might be plausibly conjectured that in these days he would only honour with his company persons of importance, such as the directors of financial Companies, and that the patient inquiries of obscure private persons would be unattended with risk. The devil of the seventeenth century belonged to a very inferior type. He appeared as a hedgehog, as a black dog, as a man in black, and dealt in the smallest sums. Sixpence seems to have been the amount he usually gave his votaries on receiving what they considered to be their souls, and upon one occasion he only gave fourpence-halfpenny at the conclusion of a bargain. Considering the improvement that has been effected in the condition of the country gentleman and the agricultural labourer, it is not too much to say that experiences of this nature cannot be contemplated by the most sanguine and most eager as likely to occur again; the sums which will change hands will have to be far larger, and villages in Somersetshire cannot hope to be similarly favoured when the rise of populous towns is taken into consideration. When the devil was constantly in the midst of the uninformed and the ignorant, there was nothing for him to do. There would be little difficulty in finding him employment at the present time. Instead of cleaving the Eildon hills in three, or building rickety bridges across country streams, he might be fitly employed in cleansing our rivers, and if his endeavours were attended with success, no one would grudge him a local board or two or a corporation for his pains.

One of the last paragraphs in one of the newspapers from which we have been quoting is devoted to the increase of lunacy. This question is a very pertinent one, and might fitly engage the attention of the editor and his staff. If they were asked how far they were responsible, what would be their answer?

THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS BILL.

IT is not easy to say anything new about the Bill for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments, which is again brought forward by Sir John Lubbock and his allies. But, as the debate on the Bill will not come on for more than a month, that time may be well spent by all who do not wish the oldest memorials of the country to perish before their eyes in bringing every influence to bear on behalf of the Bill. It is, to our mind, very imperfect; but the debates of the last two years have perhaps shown that its imperfection may really be a merit. A measure which went further might only have provoked a still greater amount of unreasoning and obstinate opposition than it provoked in its actual form. The Bill as it stands scarcely differs from the Bill as it was brought in last year. We might make all our old comments over again. We will not complain of its being applied only to some few classes of antiquities, because the great point is to get any class of antiquities at all preserved. That half which is more than the whole will be won if we can get a national acknowledgment of the doctrine that antiquities of any kind are worth preserving, that the monumental history of the country, that its chronicles written, as we may say, by the hands of the earliest doers of that history—the objects which remain for the instruction of thinking men of our own and of all other lands—should no longer be daily destroyed by the caprice of the self-willed, the stupidity of the ignorant, and the selfishness of those who can listen to nothing but one dull cry of "property." It will be something to hinder England from being any longer a byword of the civilized world, from being the only country holding any place among nations which is, as a nation, absolutely reckless about its national antiquities. It will be something to make it impossible any longer to say that Englishmen may go to the very Turks to learn respect for the monuments of the land in which they live. The question which is involved in the motion for the second reading of Sir John Lubbock's Bill really comes to this:—Is England to take its place as a reasonable nation, understanding and valuing its history and the records of its history, or is it to be simply a dull lump of "property" and proprietors?

This, we say, is really the point at issue in the vote on Sir John Lubbock's Bill. Of course, if either the Government or any private member is prepared with a better measure than Sir John Lubbock's for compassing the same ends, let us by all means have that measure brought forward. The machinery proposed by Sir John Lubbock may not be the best possible. If so, let somebody else propose a better machinery. If any means can be found for quieting the idolaters of property, without giving up the principle of the Bill, by all means let them have their sop thrown to them. There is such a thing as Committee, and in Committee any defects in detail may be put right. But to vote against the second reading would be to vote for national barbarism. No country can be called civilized which despises its own history and the records of that history. We are eager enough after the antiquities of other lands. We can spend endless sums on objects from Nineveh or Egypt or Halicarnassus. If we refuse to pass a Bill which need not involve spending anything at all, simply to save the monuments of our own land from destruction, we are in effect voting that our own land is the most worthless of all lands. We are voting that the antiquities of every other land are worthy of our respect and study, but that the antiquities of our own land are not. There is the question. Let the Bill pass into Committee, and all objections, reasonable and unreasonable, to its details, will have a right to be heard. Even the clamourers about property may then ask for a fair field and no favour. It may then be seen whether they really have anything to say, and whether the word "property" is the only word in their dictionary. But let not a House of Commons representing four such historic lands as England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, vote again that the historic monuments of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland are things which are unworthy of the national care.

Having said this, we may in some sort go into Committee ourselves, and again express our wonder and regret at some of the details of the Bill. We must again point out that the monuments

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of Cornwall, than which no part of these islands is richer in primæval remains, are formally excepted from the protection which is to be given to monuments elsewhere. We suppose the reason for this is the difficulty of meddling with Duchy property; but the exception was not found in the earliest form of the Bill in 1873. It came in in 1874, and with it the two or three Cornish and Devonshire monuments which were in the first schedule vanished from the second. Then again, as Roman remains are specially mentioned in the Bill, we must ask once more why there are no Roman remains in the schedule, why even the few which were in the list of 1873 have been left out in the lists of 1874 and 1875? For deliberate omissions of this kind there is doubtless some reason, but we cannot guess what the reason is. But at the mere imperfection of the schedule we still cannot help wondering. Who can have drawn it up? Surely not Sir John Lubbock himself? It reads like the work of some humdrum, old-fashioned, antiquary sitting indoors in London and making a list out of rather old books, and never thinking of going up and down the land to see things for himself. This is certainly not the character of Sir John Lubbock; but it looks as if Sir John Lubbock had got somebody of this character to make his list for him. We ask again, why is there absolutely nothing in all South Wales and Monmouthshire but the one cromlech on Cefn Bryn, the so-called Arthur's quoit? Glamorganshire contains one cromlech which is said to be one of the very biggest in Britain, and which, if we do not greatly err, stands on land belonging to a member of the late Cabinet, a body which at least did something to teach men that property had its duties as well as its rights. And there is one monument which is systematically left out, on behalf of which we have made our protest before. On one of the promontories overhanging the Bristol Channel, on a site like that by the broad Hellespont which Hector promised as a place for the barrow of the Achaian champion who should fall by his hands, looking forth on the British hills on one shore and the English hills on the other, taking in at one glance the battle-fields of successive ages, looking out on the islands where Gildas wrote his book of sorrow and where Gytha sought shelter from the arms of the Conqueror, stands the great hill-fort of Worlebury, the greatest in itself and the richest in historic associations of all monuments of its class, at least in the southern parts of our island. There, wall within wall, ditch within ditch, we may still see the bulwarks of the primæval fortress, the fortress which overlooked land and sea in the days before Cæsar, and which again was called into life when Ceawlin, fresh from the overthrow of the three Kings, first carried the English arms to the hills of Mendip and the stream of Axe. There, within those bulwarks, were found the speaking memorials of the last struggle between Englishman and Briton for the lands between Axe and Avon. There were found, not only the stores treasured up by the besiegers, but the very combatants themselves; the skeleton of the West-Saxon giant, and beneath him the skeletons of the two smaller and more supple Britons who even in death had found means to slay their slayer. Such is the spot; none is more worthy of protection; in none is protection more needed. Every year, every day, the buildings of the growing town at the foot of the hill encroach on the venerable remains. We know not how much may have perished since we last saw it for ourselves. Yet, strange to say, this wonderful and unique monument, the living record of one of the great stages in our national history, a monument of such surpassing interest and threatened with far more than ordinary danger, has found no place in any of the schedules successively attached to the Bill. We could draw out a longer list of objects whose omission is very strange; but Worlebury stands out before all of them. In a Bill for the preservation of "British, Celtic, Roman, or Saxon remains," the omission of Worlebury is as strange as the omission of Anderida.

The schedule of course can be amended in Committee, and the Bill gives power to the Commissioners by a certain process to deal with other monuments besides those which are named in the schedule. But surely on every ground the schedule itself should be made as perfect as possible. Worlebury, Anderida, Silchester, Wroxeter, both Dorchesters, the camp on Uleybury as well as the tumulus, all these are things which ought not to come in as any kind of afterthought; the nation itself ought to declare, by a national act, that such records as these of the early history of the land are objects which the nation itself ought to take under its protection.

THE AMERICAN REVIVALISTS.

IT is known that for about a year and a half a couple of itinerant Americans have been making a sort of missionary tour through different parts of this benighted land with every appearance of success. They are now coming to London, where it is possible that they may not be so triumphant as in the country. The fact is that London is such a big place and has such a various population that it is scarcely possible to rouse it thoroughly on any subject. Here and there groups of people may be stimulated by agitation, but the general world around them is not in the least affected. Moreover London has already so many public entertainments of all kinds that a new one is scarcely noticed. There seems, however, to be no question that, whatever may be the reception which Messrs. Moody and Sankey will meet with here, they have had no reason to complain of any want of enthusiasm in the towns which they have already visited. Vast crowds of people have flocked to hear them, and certain appearances of religious fervour have undoubtedly been produced. It is not perhaps surprising that in a particular state of mind people should prefer the performances of these Americans to the ordinary services of native churches and chapels, in which, for the most part, a quiet decorum is usually observed; but they have also apparently been able to compete successfully with theatres and concert-rooms, and are entitled to boast that they have placed prayer-meetings in the first rank of popular amusements. This must be admitted to be in itself a remarkable feat, and we are quite willing to do justice to the cleverness of those who have achieved it. Yet it is not one altogether without a parallel, nor is it difficult to understand the means by which it has been brought to pass. The truth is that Messrs. Moody and Sankey have simply been playing, not without skill, on certain well-known instincts and susceptibilities of human nature. Dr. Kenealy has done almost as much in his own way. He has found no difficulty in getting together any number of people to listen to his exhilarating denunciations of the Government, the Judges, and the great Jesuit conspiracy, and has even managed to persuade many of them that what he says is true. He hires a hall in a provincial town, makes it cheerful with gas, gets up on a platform, and harangues; and, as he charges nothing for admission, the performance naturally attracts all sorts of people who have nothing better to do, and who gladly snatch at anything that makes a break in the dulness of everyday life.

Apart from being gratis, however, it must be acknowledged that Messrs. Moody and Sankey's entertainment possesses genuine attractions for a particular class. There are times when people get tired of the plain wholesome fare that is served day by day throughout the year, and crave for something new and strange to tickle their palates; and in the same way there is also sometimes a disposition to exchange the monotony of reasonable religion for the fierce excitement of stimulants. "Ef I pays for strong doctrine," says one of the characters in a story by Mrs. Stowe, "why I want to hev good strong doctrine. Ef I pays for hell-fire, I want to hev hell-fire, and hev it hot too. I don't want none of your prophesyin' smooth things. Why, look at Dr. Stern; his folks has the very hair took off their heads 'most every Sunday." And a similar desire for at least an occasional debauch of strong doctrine is by no means uncommon in our own country. There can be no doubt that Mr. Moody supplies the stimulant at its full strength, and accompanied by adjuncts which make it singularly effective. He and his colleague are certainly not ordinary preachers. They have, as one of their admirers expresses it, "broken the neck of Old Formality." Mr. Moody delivers a highly dramatic address, with grotesque alternations from comic to tragic, and an intensity of manner which in some of its touches is said to remind one of Robson. He appeals to his hearers to choose on the instant between hell and heaven, and pictures their eternal fate as hanging on the balance. Mr. Sankey, as the bills say, "sings the Gospel," but not in the old hum-drum Hymn-book way. His melodies are of a striking and romantic turn, with startling changes from lower to higher notes, now sinking so low as scarcely to be heard, and then breaking out into a great peal of sound. The audience also join in the choruses; and what with the heat, the squeezing, the singing, and the sort of nervous excitement which is produced by excited oratory touching on questions which naturally affect the most tender and sensitive elements of our nature, a considerable part of the company is soon worked up into a condition which is certainly not that of strict mental sobriety. Then it is that Mr. Moody redoubles his broadsides, calling upon everybody there who feels troubled to come forward and declare themselves. Here and there one rises, and others are tempted to follow.

It can readily be understood that exercises of this kind have a strong fascination for ignorant and impulsive persons. No attempt is made at reasoning or reflection. There is not the faintest trace of educated thought or spiritual elevation in any of Mr. Moody's speeches, and it is evident that he often does not understand the texts he professes to expound. But then they are not addressed to the intelligence. The methods employed are distinctly sensational, and are intended to produce only a high degree of emotional excitement. This sort of intoxication can be produced as naturally and directly by such means as intoxication of another kind is produced by strong doses of alcohol or sal volatile. "The only stimulant," Mr. Moody is in the habit of saying, "that I require is the Bible," and there can be no doubt that he makes free use of it in this sense. The result is a form of hysteria which can be brought on by a skilful operator almost at pleasure when he has to deal with patients of a particular type. The startling appeals, the stirring music, the sympathetic contagion of the multitude, and the feverishness which comes with a heavy accumulation of tainted breath, all combine to affect the nervous system in a violent manner, and to predispose weak persons to hysterical agitation. Everybody of course is not equally subject to these influences, but in any large gathering there is sure to be a certain proportion who may be expected to succumb to them. It need hardly be pointed out that the frame of mind which is cultivated by such methods is the very opposite of the reverent awe in which the gravest of all questions ought to be approached. Mr. Moody's hearers are encouraged to suppose that their eternal destiny depends on the instantaneous decision they are asked to come to, and that, if they can only bring themselves to believe that they feel in a particular way at the moment when the choice has to be made, they are saved for ever. The result is a perilous self-confidence in those who are able to hold to their faith, while others with

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more scrupulous and humble minds are discouraged by discovering the impossibility of maintaining this exaltation of feeling from day to day, and of resisting the pressure of the temptations which still surround them. It is impossible to imagine a more dangerous delusion than that a temporary outbreak of excited feeling will suffice to atone for years of wickedness and vice. Yet it is significant that it is those who have led the worst lives who are most ready to accept this assurance, and who regard their past misdeeds as somehow reflecting additional lustre on the spiritual crowns which they have so suddenly and easily acquired. We find indeed that it is placarded as a special distinction that such a one has been a thief or a ruffian. It may be admitted that in moral as well as in physical treatment stimulants have occasionally a natural and useful function to perform, but it is obvious that they require to be administered with the greatest caution and moderation. The danger lies in its being supposed that they will supply an efficient substitute for solid food. Instead of repairing, they destroy the tissues, and at the same time they take away the appetite for a healthy diet. It is impossible that the high pitch of excitement produced by artificial means can be permanently maintained, and then follows reaction and despondency. It has been asserted that various cases of insanity have been produced by the American services in the North of England, and, though the report is probably exaggerated, there can be no doubt that experiments of this kind necessarily tend to weaken and disorder the minds of the persons practised upon, especially when, as often happens, these minds are naturally not very strong. What, however, is most to be feared is not so much an insane fanaticism as the licentiousness which is apt to follow the descent from morbid exaltation.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are no doubt sincere, and have an honest faith in the efficacy of their exercises, and they are of course entitled to practise them wherever they can get a chance. Those clergymen and ministers of various denominations who have come forward to give them countenance and support have, however, a very serious question to answer. It is evident that, if the revivalists are in the right, the ordinary course of clerical teaching in this country must be radically and hopelessly wrong. If the wild state of mind into which Mr. Moody's converts are thrown is the only one in which any person has a chance of salvation, it is obvious that the whole theory and practice of Christian life in this country has hitherto been a mistake, and it must, therefore, be expected that those who take this view will lose no time in conforming to the new fashion. If it is good to resort to the most vulgar expedients of the stage and the concert-room in order to produce spasmodic excitement, they will now, we suppose, be introduced as widely as possible. Before our religious habits are Americanized in this fashion, it may perhaps be well to consider what American experience has to suggest on this point; and it happens that there have lately been some exceedingly significant disclosures of the consequences of spiritual intoxication. Apart from the special issue of the trial that is now going on at New York, it is impossible not to be struck by the disclosures which have been made of the depraving consequences of affecting to live at an artificial altitude beyond the ordinary level of human frailties, and of dispensing with ordinary precautions against the temptations of human nature. Nothing can be more revolting than the unnatural state of mind into which the various persons chiefly concerned seem to have worked themselves by arrogant faith in a spiritual perfection beyond the reach of ordinary mortals, and nothing can be more sickening than the erotic slang in which they confound personal affections and heavenly aspirations, to the degradation of both. It is evident that sobriety and humble-mindedness are securities for self-control which cannot safely be dispensed with.

THE *TIMES* ON COLONEL ANSON.

SEVERAL letters have appeared in the *Times* in which Colonel Anson has stated a "general conclusion" which he professes to have derived from what "every officer" says as to the condition of the army. If Colonel Anson had ventured to quote not only every officer, but every non-commissioned officer and private soldier of experience in support of his conclusion, he would have been justified in doing so; for we do not believe that among veteran soldiers of any grade there would be any variety of testimony, but all would concur in declaring that the army is not what it was when they entered it. On this point any reader can partially satisfy himself if he will question any ex-sergeant of Guards, Cavalry, or Line, that he may meet, and will observe the Guards who are now doing duty in London. He will probably consider that the Inspector-General of Recruiting could not do otherwise than admit by his Report a deficiency of recruits of that "exceptional physique and appearance" which is required for the Guards. The Report states that the brigade was lately 305 men below the establishment, and recruits were coming in but slowly. To these statements of the Inspector-General may be added his suggestion that "some additional incentive" to join the Guards should be offered. He adds, indeed, that although the "stature and general physique" of recruits for the Guards have fallen below what they were in former years, yet the class of recruits lately enlisted is satisfactory. We hardly see how that can be "satisfactory" which is confessedly inferior to what used to be, but probably the Inspector-General means to say that these recruits are tolerable considering the difficulty of getting any recruits at all. It must be remembered, however, that in the Guards short or long service is optional, and three-fifths at least of the recruits that are now coming in will go out again in six years. Those recruits whom the Inspector-General finds "satisfactory" will hardly have grown into soldiers before they become entitled to discharge, and thus in future years the Guards are likely to consist in large proportion of very young men, and, looking to the duties they have to perform, this is extremely undesirable. We are quite sure that, if the mischief thus impending were clearly understood, all classes of Londoners would join in urging the Government to maintain at any reasonable cost the efficiency of the Guards. There is already a perceptible depreciation, and it must under present arrangements become more evident in future years. If this be a correct conclusion from all that we see, hear, and read, it is surely very important.

As regards the Artillery and Line, Colonel Anson is justified in remarking on the curious attempts of the Inspector-General to extenuate his own admissions. Colonel Anson takes the statements of the Report and rejects the opinions of its author. Thus, if in the Artillery complaints are made of deficient physical development, want of education, and bad conduct, and if these complaints are allowed to be well founded, it matters little that, according to the Inspector-General, the recruits for the Artillery "may be described as fairly good." Again, in the Line, complaints are said to be made to a degree that is far from satisfactory, and these complaints are admitted to be serious; yet the Inspector-General suggests that some comfort is to be derived from calculating the average age, height, and chest measurement of recruits. It is almost enough to say that the average here given is not of actual age, but of the age which the recruits choose to assume. It is a common practice with recruits, as the Report tells us, to make false statements as to their age, and it is impossible in most instances to verify the declarations they may make. And yet in the same page an average founded on these declarations is produced as "a result that may be considered by no means unsatisfactory." The admissions contained in this Report, when commented on by Colonel Anson, become very unsatisfactory indeed. He rightly says that with long service it mattered comparatively little about the age or physique of the recruits, or the time they took to be fed into able-bodied men, because their proportion to the rest of the army was small. But when one-sixth of the army has to be renewed every year, as it will have to be, according to Colonel Anson's calculation, counting casualties of all kinds, it matters a great deal whether you enlist at nominal 18, taking the unsupported word of the recruit, or at 20 years of age. "It makes a vast difference in our effective strength and in the real cost of that effective." If, he says, we recruited as good a class in every way as we did before short service was introduced, it would still be unsatisfactory; but, in his judgment, the physical power of the recruits has deteriorated and their trustworthiness has not improved. We do not think that Colonel Anson is wrong in the estimate he has formed of the physical and moral quality of recruits, but we will not assume that he is right. It is enough to say that, if our army has no other fault whatever, it is confessedly too young, and cannot under existing arrangements grow older.

This letter of Colonel Anson evoked from the *Times* a rebuke to the writer for what it calls "insulting insinuations" against the Inspector-General. "If," says the *Times*, "that officer reports that the army is in a satisfactory state, he is at once subjected to these attacks." But we are not aware that the Inspector-General has reported that the army is in a satisfactory state. He has reported that the results of the present system of recruiting are likely to be satisfactory, supposing that there is no outbreak of war, which seems to us equivalent to declaring that the army is good for everything except that for which an army is intended. The British army, like the constabulary of Messina, is to show what it can do "when there is no need of such vanity." The "sanguine despondency" which the *Times* imputes to Colonel Anson is at least preferable to the hopeless confidence of the Inspector-General. The *Times* further says—and this is probably true—that every recent Inspector-General "has more or less reported in a satisfactory sense on the state of the army." General Taylor reports in a partially satisfactory sense for last year. The system introduced by Lord Cardwell has in some respects worked perhaps better than might have been expected, and General Taylor states, as he is justified in doing, that this system has "so far worked satisfactorily." But he does not say that it has supplied or can supply an army fit for war, and in fact his Report is "more or less satisfactory" according as we attach importance to what he says or to what he leaves unsaid. The *Times* desires to receive from Mr. Hardy an assurance that these returns are "a simple and uncoloured statement of facts," but Mr. Hardy could scarcely go this length. Colonel Anson accepts the facts, and only rejects the opinions of the Report. Thus in the Guards the number of recruits is deficient, and their stature and general physique have deteriorated. These are facts. But the statement that "the class of recruits is satisfactory" is manifestly an expression of opinion. Colonel Anson accepts it as such, and answers it by observing that this class of recruits might perhaps have been satisfactory, or not very unsatisfactory, under long service, but is dangerous now that recruits form so large a portion of the regiment. He does not say that long service ought to be or should be restored, but he says that the result of short service, combined with youthful enlistment, must be an army unfit for military or even police duty. The Inspector-General, far from supplying any ground for controverting this opinion, supports it, for he says that the system on which he reports "may be found equal to the emergency," sup-

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posing that affairs remain in their present normal condition—or, in other words, supposing that no emergency occurs. Unfortunately, however, the unforeseen does sometimes happen, and we should like to hear Mr. Hardy explain how this country is to meet it. He is Secretary of State for War, and can hardly therefore treat an "outbreak of war," as the Inspector-General of Recruiting does, as a contingency outside his calculations. It was once suggested that, if there was not bread for the poor, they might eat plum-cake; and perhaps if the army cannot fight, we may call out the police.

Officers, says the *Times*, ought to be cautious in asserting that our regiments are composed of "boys," but this is not exactly a fair account of Colonel Anson's letter. He says that "for short service you ought to enlist able-bodied men," and the *Times* would hardly assert that this has been done. A Blue-book lately published shows that on 1st January, 1874, the infantry of the Line were in round numbers 113,000, and of these 49,000 were under twenty-five years of age. We may take it that many recruits overstate, but none understate, their ages, and therefore we should not be very far wrong in assuming that half of the infantry of the Line are under twenty-five years of age, and the proportion is likely to increase. The same assumption may be made as to the Guards, and indeed the actual figures show that very nearly half of them are under twenty-five years of age. Colonel Anson has not objected to short service in itself, but to short service "without its obvious and necessary safeguards." It is true, as the *Times* states, that soldiers may enlist for long service, but they don't. The proportion in the infantry of the Line for 1874 between long and short service enlistments was about one to seven and a half. The proportion in the Guards was about two to three; but this corps only got about two-thirds of the number wanted, so neither for long nor for short service would enough men or boys enter it. It will hardly be denied that our regiments have to the unofficial eye a boyish look. Mr. John Holms, in a little book which he has lately published on the *British Army in* 1875, denounces "the foolhardiness of sending these mere striplings to meet any trained force that might invade our shores." He differs from Colonel Anson in almost everything else, yet he agrees with him, and even goes beyond him, in asserting the unsatisfactory quality of our recruits, both as regards age and strength. The latter must be always open to dispute, but the former ought, within limits, to be correctly ascertained. Let us have either the real or apparent ages of all soldiers now in the army, and also the best calculation that can be made of the probable ages of those who will be soldiers three or five years hence. We believe the result would show a dangerously youthful army. This is asserted by almost all officers outside the War Department, and is not denied even by those who are employed in it. As regards the Artillery and the Guards, the necessity for some change of system is manifest, and we may hope that even the *Times* and Mr. Disraeli combined will not be able to mystify so clear a matter.

CUR MUNDUS MILITAT.

THE great sources of inspiration in modern ballad poetry were denied to the monkish writers of the middle ages. Those writers all but monopolized the poetical utterance of their day. Yet the very subjects which now, and for centuries past, have formed the regular staple of popular song, which have caught the ears and thrilled the hearts of all who sing and listen, were untouched and unmentioned. It cannot be but that even the recluse in his cell had longings for the home life he had left. He must have remembered with tenderness the form of his strong father, the love of his mother, the caresses of his brothers and sisters; and sometimes at least a still more powerful chord must have been awakened in his soul, and yearnings of unutterable feeling have threatened to undermine the vows and resolutions of the cloister. But to him all such thoughts partook of the nature of sin. The world which he had striven to drive out, the affections of the flesh, the ties of kindred and family, all must have appeared to him as direct temptations of the Evil One; and so, hedged in on every side, driven from earth, yet with no clear view of the heaven above him, he was forced to see only wickedness in the world, and sin in all that the later poets hold most lovely, and was obliged, by the very necessities of his situation and his creed, to spend all his aspirations, all his well-springs of hope, and all the strivings of his spirit on indefinite visions conjured up by the ceaseless devotions of his ritual. If his heart burst into melody, he restricted its utterances to longings for the Jerusalem above, and quenched the remembrances of earth with denunciations of its evil doings.

The most common theme, then, for a poem in the middle ages was contempt of the world. Scarcely any other afforded so many opportunities for lashing contemporary vices, for magnifying the life of the cloister, and, if the rhymer had in him the spark of true poetry, or a spirit of genuine devotedness, for extolling, by way of contrast, the joys and glories of Paradise. The great work of Dante was a variation of the subject rather than a new conception. The "Prick of Conscience" and the "Castle of Love" were English examples. There was a French form of both, and indeed most European languages had something of the kind. But it was in the universal language, Latin, that the most typical examples were composed, and whether we turn to the long drawn out hexameters of Bernard de Morlaix; or to the more popular

Eheu! Eheu! mundi vita,
Quare me delectas ita?

attributed to his great namesake; or to the lines more likely to be his which begin

Cum sit omnis homo fœnum,
Et post fœnum fiat cœnum;

or to the beautiful but scarcely sacred *Cygnus expirans*, we find everywhere the same thoughts more or less ably presented, in a variety of metres and rhymes, but all tending to the same result, and all more or less represented in the hymn of which the first three words head this article. The futile struggle with life and death, the inevitable termination of all earthly hopes, the deceit of mankind, the hollowness of mundane glory, and, by way of contrast, the blessedness of good works and the eternity of future joy in heaven—such are the topics with which each is engaged, one giving prominence to one point and another to another. The *Cur Mundus Militat* has two qualities which raise it above most of the others. It is written with an admirably flowing rhythm, and it is concentrated into a moderate number of verses. Instead of the three thousand lines of the Cluniac monk, we have only ten stanzas of four lines each, every verse complete in itself, and almost every line suitable for separate quotation as appealing both to the ear and the understanding.

The question of the authorship of this poem has been needlessly complicated by the inaccuracy of the only English editor who has professed to print it from manuscript sources. In the volume issued by the Camden Society in 1841, *Poems attributed to Walter Mapes*, we find it included by Mr. Wright, who makes a statement regarding it which to many persons seemed to set the matter at rest. Unfortunately, as we shall see, the question is by no means to be so easily disposed of. The state of the case is briefly this. The poem has been attributed to St. Bernard, to Walter Mapes, and to Jacopone. Daniel, who sums up the evidence to a certain point, decides against the claim of the first-named; it does not occur, as he remarks, in the oldest manuscripts of the works of the "Sanctus Doctor," and, he continues, "omnino non verisimilis est opinio, Bernardum in carminibus sacris canendis sæpius fuisse occupatum"—a not very satisfactory reason, considering that St. Bernard certainly did compose in verse, whether often or seldom, and that several better reasons might have been adduced for a conclusion which, however arrived at, seems perfectly sound. St. Bernard died in 1153, so that if he wrote this poem we should expect to find it in manuscripts of the early part of the thirteenth century, and even in those of the later part of the twelfth. But, as a matter of fact, no such early examples are known. The Benedictine edition of his works contains it. So do several French collections, and Mabillon, following De Visch, includes it in his edition. Leyser expresses no opinion of his own, but gives that of Bernard Bauhuse, who in the seventeenth century published several editions of his *Pergula Spiritualis Melodiæ*, in which he remarks that, owing to the custom of Jacopone to quote and sing some of these lines, "versus magis fluidos," he was often accounted their author.

The claim of Walter Mapes is much more serious. As he died early in the thirteenth century, the occurrence of these lines in a thirteenth-century manuscript, especially in a manuscript written in England, would be conclusive against the claim of Jacopone, who was alive during the first years of the fourteenth; indeed there are just four years less than a whole century between the probable date of Mapes's death and that of Jacopone. Could a single copy of the *Cur Mundus* be found, therefore, in an English thirteenth-century book, the claim of our English poet would rest on very secure ground. Mr. Wright offers the evidence needed. Mapes had been already named by Bale and Pits as the author. Bale gives the name *De contemptu Mundi*, and the first line, and makes no further statement on the subject. The hymn was long popular in England, and is to be found in many English manuscripts, so the assertion of Mr. Wright seems to have been received without question. Archbishop Trench, it is true, does not even mention the claim of Mapes, and unhesitatingly ascribes the poem to Jacopone; and Daniel, although he quotes Mr. Wright's decision, yet leaves the question open. It is probable, therefore, that both these learned editors had doubts as to the trustworthiness of Mr. Wright's conclusions. But neither of them expressed the feeling openly.

Mr. Wright (p. 147) gives a goodly list of manuscript authorities. Four are cited in the British Museum, one in the Cambridge University Library, and two in the Bodleian; and he appends this foot-note:—

This poem was printed, in several of the older collections, as a work of St. Bernard of Clairvaux. See Leyser, p. 421. It has also been attributed to Jacobus de Benedictis, an Italian writer of the end of the thirteenth century, who was author of the hymn beginning *Stabat mater dolorosa*. Leyser, p. 2003. *This, however, is certainly incorrect, as our poem is found in English MSS. of the thirteenth century.*

The words we have printed in italics contain a plain statement, and it would seem at first sight likely from it that among the seven manuscripts mentioned as being in English libraries, one or more should be of undoubtedly thirteenth-century work. We may take them in order. The first is in the Cottonian collection (Titus A. xx.) It is in writing of the fourteenth century at the earliest, probably of the fifteenth, and contains various poems relating the wars of Edward II., Edward III., and the Black Prince. Mr. Wright himself (*Political Songs*, p. 262) speaks of it as having been written in the reign of Edward III. We may therefore dismiss it. The second manuscript (Harl. 206) is on paper, which makes it look late, but the writing is possibly contemporary with that of the first-named volume; still it would be safer to attribute it,

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when the contents are taken into the account, to the early part of the fifteenth century. The third is on vellum, but not earlier than the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The fourth is on paper, and contains many curious pieces, written out by John Gysborne, a Premonstratensian Canon of Coverham, in Wensleydale, in the reign of Henry VIII. It is evident therefore that Mr. Wright, though he follows the Cottonian text, even in its errors, does not refer to any of the British Museum manuscripts in this note as proving the authorship of Mapes. Nor does a search at Cambridge reveal his authority there. The book he refers to (Ee. 6, 29) is, we are enabled to say, an English manuscript of the fifteenth century. It is true that the printed catalogue speaks of it as of the fourteenth century. But there can be no question that this date is a century too early. We therefore turn anxiously to the two books cited in the Bodleian. But here again we are doomed to disappointment, though, as we shall see, our labour is not wholly in vain. Both the manuscripts are of the fifteenth century. One of them consists chiefly of a copy of Lydgate's *Life of Our Lady*. The other contains various treatises on physiognomy, jewels, and other miscellaneous subjects. There is no mistaking the date of either, although, strangely enough, several leaves of thirteenth-century writing are bound up with both, but the *Cur Mundus* is not in them. They are, in fact, merely fly-leaves. So far then, Mr. Wright's assertion remains unproved. No English manuscript which he has cited is of the thirteenth, perhaps none is even of the fourteenth century. The oldest copy of this hymn in the British Museum occurs in a volume which was not purchased till after the appearance of Mr. Wright's work. It is an Italian manuscript (Add. 14,100) of, possibly, the fourteenth century, containing a French romance, the verses in question being written, in a contemporary hand, on the fly-leaf.

Mr. Wright might have avoided a textual error if he had consulted the Oxford manuscripts more carefully. In Archbishop Trench's little volume, *Sacred Latin Poetry*, the third verse runs thus:—

> Credendum magis est *viris* fallacibus,
> Quam mundi miseris prosperitatibus,
> Falsis insaniis et vanitatibus,
> Falsisque studiis et voluptatibus.

There is manifestly something odd about the first line. The word in italics does not seem to make sense with the context. All the commentators have been much puzzled to find or invent a better reading. Mr. Wright's is perhaps the worst, but it occurs in several copies. He gives *duris* for *viris*. Mohnike first read *ventis*, and then adopted *vitris*, which was the sense in which Opitz translated the word in his German version:—

> Lieber will ich Glauben fassen
> *Auf ein Glas*, das bald zerfällt.

Tusser, who made an English version of little merit, evidently read it *viris*:—

> To false dissembling men more trust is to be had
> Than to the prosperous state of wretched world so bad.

Daniel judiciously omitted the verse in his second volume, though in the fourth he quoted it from Archbishop Trench with his comments. Leyser, who gives some various readings (p. 422) from a manuscript, makes the word *rebus*, which has at least the merit of vagueness. Thus a choice of five different readings was presented, *viris*, *duris*, *ventis*—which, strange to say, is most nearly correct—*vitris*, and *rebus*. But both the Oxford manuscripts contain a reading which solves the difficulty and adds great beauty and force to the line:—

> Credendum magis est *auris* fallacibus.

This is a very instructive example of the futility of guessing, and may be useful to some recent investigators in other fields.

A good English version has yet to be published. It is incredible that Dr. Neale did not try it. The spirit of the original vanishes if the four double rhymes in every verse are not kept up, and it is doubtful whether English ears could bear the jingle. On the other hand, a paraphrase such as Dr. Neale made of the *Exite Filiæ Syon* and the *Urbs Syon Aurea* would equally miss the concentrated force apparent in every line. Tusser professes to give the "Latin and English, with one note to them both," but his lines are in ordinary sevens.

THE HOUSE OF RAFFAELLE IN URBINO.

THE decayed city of Urbino, rising as an ancient fortress among the wild Apennines, still preserves the birthplace of Raffaelle. In a steep street now called "Contrada Raffaello," the pavement broken into holes and all but impassable, up which in the time of the late vintage we saw a heavily laden wine-cart dragged with difficulty by four oxen, stands "la casa di Raffaello." A Latin inscription recording the artist's birth within enforces the trite moral that mighty spirits have often been housed within narrow walls. Yet this home of Santi the father bespeaks a family, if not absolutely wealthy, at least well-to-do. The brick front next the street shows a handsome stone-wrought door, with twelve corresponding windows disposed in three stories; the brickwork reveals the existence at one time of round arches which, as often happens in the older dwellings of Assisi, Perugia, and neighbouring towns, have been filled in so as to give place to the more utilitarian and prosaic forms of square-headed windows. It is sad to see how throughout central Italy fine examples of domestic architecture have been masked and marred by the vilest of modern masonry. How far the façade here before us is identical with that which was standing in the last quarter of the fifteenth century it is not easy to determine; but certain structural details indicate that fatal habit of intermeddling with old work, that system of destruction and renovation, which has unfortunately falsified many of the most precious historic monuments of Italy.

There is scarcely a house, a street, or a church in Urbino that does not now wear a deserted and desolate aspect; even the grand palace of the Dukes, formerly not to be outshone for brilliancy by any Court in Europe, is tenantless or given up to base uses. Yet there still remain staircases, galleries, doorways, windows, and fireplaces, rich in Raffaellesque ornaments carved with a delicacy belonging less to stone than to ivory. It is by such details—sometimes a mutilated bas-relief, sometimes a broken arch or a defaced picture scattered here and there about the city—that the traveller must be content to spell out the story of a bygone splendour. Even nature appears to have fallen into days of dejection; the vast palace, which seems ready to swallow up the small city, frowns over a landscape of barren grandeur; the mountains throw their jagged crags into the sky savagely, and when the sun sinks beneath the high peaks which tower above Cagli and Gubbio the whole scene becomes inexpressibly solemn. Such was the cradle of the shadowed and sacred school of Umbria. The spirit of the spot must have been almost too sad for Raffaelle; there is nothing joyous now remaining, and we can well understand why the aspiring painter left his birthplace early and returned to it seldom.

Raffaelle's house, which has recently been secured for the municipality, was originally purchased by the painter's grandfather for 240 ducats, a sum more than realized in a business of general huckstering. Giovanni, the father, first merely helped in the concern, but afterwards, coming into possession of the family tenement, he further undertook the making of picture frames and gilt chandeliers, till at length his ambition carried him to painting and poetry. The original uses of trade still attach to the house and to the street; recently small wares were sold beneath the room in which Raffaelle was born, and in September last we purchased grapes and pomegranates at a stall a few doors below. The house witnessed several stirring incidents in the family of Santi. On April 6, 1483, Raffaelle was born; on August 2, 1485, his elder brother died; on October 7, 1491, Raffaelle lost his mother; in 1492 his father married a second time; and on August 1, 1494, the father died, leaving his son Raffaelle an orphan only eleven years old. The future painter, who had already, under his father's careful tuition, been well grounded in the rudiments of art, fell under the guardianship of two uncles, who forthwith placed their ward in the school of Pietro Perugino, then engaged in the Cambio at Perugia on the famous frescoes and woodwork which almost as a matter of course are made, even in the absence of all evidence, to play a part in the opening genius of the pupil.

The interior of the house of Raffaelle, containing some twenty rooms, few of which are large enough for the studio of an artist painting figures life-size, probably preserves pretty much its original conformation. The staircase, the main walls, and the general distribution of the apartments can scarcely have suffered much change. The whole tenement, said to be a double house joined into one, does not seem to us more than sufficient for its multifarious uses—the keeping and the selling of miscellaneous shop stores on the ground floor after the Italian usage, the comfortable habitation of the family, and the reception of guests on the *piano nobile* above—with certainly not more than ample provision for the painting of pictures, the writing of poems, and the studies of the young Raffaelle in the story at the top and the premises behind. The only part of the house which can be said to be now in a habitable state, thanks to the kind efforts of the association of gentlemen who have come to its rescue by purchasing it, is the first floor, consisting of three apartments *en suite*. The middle of these, which in our modern houses would be called the drawing-room, served probably for the reception of guests as well as for the ordinary purposes of a dwelling. It is a spacious, cheerful room, twenty-seven feet square, with a brick floor as usual in those parts, a handsome panelled ceiling, and an outlook of two windows on the street. But the chief interest naturally attaches to the smaller side room in which Raffaelle was born. This, in common with the two adjoining front rooms, is now by virtue of the recent purchase made clean and put in order; a coloured dado rises from the floor, the walls above are decorated with engravings and photographs from Raffaelle's leading pictures and drawings. Altogether the arrangements are congenial with the associations of the spot. But more money, as we may take for granted, is wanted; a subscription book for aid to the good cause lies open in the room wherein Raffaelle was born. The whole house, now insured in the favourite Venetian Fire Office, is committed to the charge of a custode, whom, by the way, we found more illiterate than is common even in Italy; among his other blunders was the statement that Raffaelle died at the age of thirty-three. A few days before we had the privilege of being conducted over the public museum of Spoleto by a custode who could not read. Such are the people who now in Italy kindly undertake to garnish the sepulchres of the prophets. Yet we gladly pay tribute to the patriotism which is aroused for the protection of the art treasures of the country. It is understood that an American speculator was ready to transport the house of Michael Angelo with its contents across the Atlantic. It is no small satisfaction to know that the

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Casa Buonarroti in Florence and the Casa Santi in Urbino are by the generosity and zeal of the citizens placed beyond peril.

Historians are unanimous in the opinion that the place and time of Raffaelle's birth were singularly propitious. In what then lay his good fortune? In the first place, he came not of one of those old stocks decayed at the root and rotten in the branches, but from a family robust in manual labour; under the parental roof he was tried by the extremes of neither prosperity nor adversity, but starting with the best tuition, was thrown upon the world to make his way. Such surroundings are known to be stimulating to talent. The youth indeed from the first found himself in the midst of the implements and the models of his art; here, for instance, in the house is preserved the well-worn stone whereon the colours were ground. Giovanni, the father, was, according to all accounts, qualified to be the art tutor and the intellectual guide of his precocious son. He had made himself the rhyming chronicler of the Ducal Court; in a poem of no less than twenty-four thousand lines he recounted doings in Urbino and neighbouring States, and added "an æsthetic episode on the art and artists of his day." The work bears marks of imperfect education, yet Mr. Dennistoun, in the *Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino*, is able to accord to the performance the following praise:—"The rhythm is smooth and flowing and the style dignified, interspersed with highly poetic episodes and finely expressed moral reflections, as well as apt illustrations from ancient history and mythology." Strangely enough, some contemporaries, unconscious possibly of the noble pictures in Cagli, Fano, and Urbino, preferred Giovanni's poetry to his painting; but that he was not without literary aptitude may be judged from the following lines, which, in dignity and for stern moral teaching, might seem to foreshadow a well-known poem by Michael Angelo:—

> Seeing how brief the pilgrimage and vile,
> Whereby through this false world we wend our way,
> A little earth our only heritage,
> Where day and night, with pain and load of care
> Incalculable, still we seek to soar,
> Yet ever downwards sink: where is the man,
> Potent to-day, to-morrow's life to count,
> So frequent its mishaps and horrible?

Thus, to quote the words of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "we can fully understand how Giovanni Santi should have risen in purpose and in thought above the level of his father's shop, when the atmosphere of the city was redolent with breezes from a higher sphere; how, mixing with a society which so completely eschewed exclusiveness, he should gradually feel the incentives to improvement in the pursuit of arts and letters." Never, indeed, had there been a time so propitious to the birth of a recipient, eclectic, yet creative artist as the close of the fifteenth century; in fact, if history had expressly set herself to prepare the way for Raffaelle's coming, the antecedents could scarcely have pointed more unmistakably to the consummation shortly to be reached through Umbria in Florence and Rome. Not only had Italian art in general approached to a perfection unknown since the disintegration of the Roman Empire; not only had Masaccio, the two Lippi, Ghirlandajo, and Leonardo da Vinci made the fifteenth century the nursery and the school, the seed-bed and indeed well nigh the vintage of Italy, but here in cities among the Apennines such masters as Piero della Francesca and Melozzo da Forlì had laid beforehand the foundations of future and still further progress in the laws of perspective, of geometric proportion, and generally in a systematic study of nature little short of scientific. The engrafting of such positive science into the more spiritual structure of the older Umbrian school is in truth the secret of Raffaelle's successive manners, which here found a beginning in the family home. Piero della Francesca had been a guest in Giovanni's house before Raffaelle was born; he had painted in Urbino the portrait of the Duke Federigo, whose fame Giovanni had sung in *terza rima*, and one of his most characteristic and best accredited pictures we have just seen in the sacristy of the cathedral. And that Giovanni was on terms of warm friendship with Melozzo, who was also here patronized by the reigning Duke, is testified by the lines—

> Melozzo a me si caro,
> Che in prospettiva ha stesso tanto il passo.

The most interesting relic that remains in the family home is a fresco of a Madonna and Child removed from a wall on the ground floor to the room wherein Raffaelle was born. It has suffered almost fatally at the hands of merciless restorers, but the outlines remain tolerably intact; at one time the work was absurdly accredited to Raffaelle; latterly it is ascribed to the father, though the manner has not the severity belonging to the time or to the place. Yet interest attaches to the group, inasmuch as the conjecture obtains credence that here we look upon nothing less than the portrait of the infant Raffaelle and his mother. It has been said that in this fresco we can "fancy Raffaelle the spoilt favourite of a fond mother"; the forms are lovely, as befit the beauty-loving Raffaelle, and the maternal caress of the sleeping, softly-modelled infant is instinct with tenderness. The embracing hands are delicately tapering in the fingers, the profile, especially in the nose, is refined, even attenuated—signs of æsthetic natures—the hair of mother and child is golden, that colour of which Italian poets loved to sing and which Raffaelle loved to paint. It is singular, and yet, all things considered, little else than what might be expected, that we recognize the same or kindred types in sundry pictures both by the father and the son. In fact, this was the time when types the visible signs of inward thoughts and emotions had become fixed and traditional. The type of Raffaelle's face is found imprinted on the art of the period; hence the portraits, true or fictitious, scattered among the towns of central Italy. Sometimes an angel is mistaken for Raffaelle, or Raffaelle for an angel.

We have not space to recount what is further doing to the honour of Raffaelle in his native city. We may briefly mention, however, that on his birthday in each year is held a festival at which, besides illuminations and other signs of rejoicing, papers are read on themes such as "Il Relazione delle Feste a Raffaello." A Society also has been formed under the title "Regia Accademia Raffaello," with a journal bearing the same name. Furthermore, in the rooms of this Academy, in the old ducal palace, is preserved under lock and key a cast of Raffaelle's skull as it is said to have appeared when the tomb in the Pantheon was opened in the presence of Overbeck and others. We looked on this small, compact, and well-developed head with emotion, yet with incredulity; like the fresco already described, it is far too perfect to be wholly trustworthy; nevertheless it is well attested that the skull remained comparatively undecayed when the grave was opened. But it says little for the critical spirit of the "Accademia Raffaello" that on the walls hang merely sensational lithographs of the skeleton lying in the tomb. We should like to see the original sketches.

Urbino, it must be confessed, is now in lamentable decay; her stately structures are in ruin, her rich families in penury, and a once noble race is lost in the last stage of degeneracy. Yet here from the high ramparts we look upon the scene of Raffaelle's early labour; to the west, over the hills, lies Città di Castello, where "The Crucifixion," now in Earl Dudley's collection, was painted; and further away, hid behind the mountains, is the town of Perugia, with the house of Perugino, and streets, gates, fountains, not to mention a multitude of pictures, which became as familiar to Raffaelle in his days of pupilage as the city of his birth. In fact, from these ramparts of Urbino we may be said to take at one wide sweep a bird's-eye view of the school of Umbria. Yet Raffaelle forsook this his dwelling among the Apennines; he returned once—perhaps twice—and that for a brief space only, and then quitted for ever the bleak mountains for the sunny valley of the Arno and the seven hills on the Tiber.

REVIEWS.

HOOK'S LIVES OF THE ARCHBISHOPS.—VOL. X.*

WITH the last volume of Dean Hook's series before us, in which 592 pages are given to the sixteen years' primacy of Parker, we are at first startled at finding that the present volume of 307 pages contains the lives of four Archbishops, and takes in a period of fifty-eight years. It is easy to understand that the peculiar position of Parker, as the Primate in whose time the Church of England was put on its present footing, may fairly claim for him an unusual amount of space; still so great a difference of scale is surprising. We turn to the preface, and we find, with regret, that Dr. Hook has to explain it by a touching reference to age and sickness. Had such an excuse appeared at the beginning of a series, the sternness of truth would have made us answer that one who has to excuse himself on such grounds would act more wisely in not taking up the pen at all. But the case of continuing a work which was begun so long ago, and which has gone on so far, is something wholly different. If we rightly understand Dr. Hook, he has purposely dealt with these lives more slightly than those which have gone before them, in order to gird up his strength for the next volume, which is to contain the life of Laud. Now a life of Laud is no small undertaking. He is not a man whose portrait should be carelessly drawn. A daub either way would be as much out of place as a daub either way of Henry the Eighth or of Charles the First. The tyrant who did his crimes under the cover of the law, the despot who conscientiously believed that God had put him above the law, can be rightly painted only in the finest and most discriminating colours. It is nearly the same with Laud. The fierce contempt of Lord Macaulay is almost as much out of place as the absurd idolatry which makes a saint and martyr of him. The school of theology which Laud represents, the theory of Church and State on which he acted, has, like the system of Henry the Eighth, a perfectly intelligible standing-ground; but, like the system of Henry the Eighth, experience showed that the theory would not work, at least not in England in the seventeenth century. The theory which neither subjects the Church to the State nor the State to the Church, but which sees the Lord's Anointed, the Defender of the Faith, the Supreme Governor of the National Church in the particular King of each nation, is one which would have had a good deal to say for itself in the eyes either of a Hebrew prophet or a Byzantine patriarch. It is as distinct from the mere Erastianism of Cranmer as it is from the Papal, the Presbyterian, or the Independent theory. To work out the results of this theory in a biographical shape is a task on which, we gather from his preface, Dr. Hook is now engaged. The task is a great and a hard one; but we have noticed more than once in his long series of volumes that Dr. Hook has succeeded best where success has been

* *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Chichester. Vol. X. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1875.

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most difficult. We wish him renewed health and strength to grapple with such a subject. If he can deal successfully with Laud, such success will not be dearly purchased at the cost of the present volume being both smaller in bulk and slighter in texture than we should otherwise have had a right to expect it to be.

In the last volume the life of Parker carried us through the earlier years of the reign of Elizabeth; the present volume, containing the lives of Grindal, Whitgift, Bancroft, and Abbot, carries us through the remainder of the reign of Elizabeth, the reign of James, and the first eight years of the reign of Charles. It is a busy time enough, both in Church and State; yet it is a time of comparative quiet, if we set it beside either the time just before it or the time just after it. The past volume, on Parker, the future volume on Laud, both belong to periods of revolution. The present volume contains the more settled times which lay between them. None of the Archbishops in the present volume were called on to act or to suffer in such great changes as those which came just before and just after them. None of them has the same claim as Parker or Laud to a volume all to himself. Still, but for the reasons given in the preface, we should certainly have been surprised at finding four primacies, none of them unimportant, crowded into so small a space as they are here. We sometimes see signs of hurry, signs of weariness, of which, under the circumstances, no one would be inclined to speak harshly. Dr. Hook's favourite distinction between reforming an old Church and founding a new sect—a distinction against which in itself we have nothing to say—is repeated a little too often, and some of the little peculiarities of the writer's manner, with which we are too familiar to quarrel, strike us as showing themselves oftener than they did before. In short, the volume is in every way weaker than those which have gone before it; but if Dr. Hook has husbanded his strength for the greater work that he has before him, we shall have no mind to complain.

The Archbishops in the present volume, looked at theologically, have—the pun makes itself—a party-coloured look. It is like choosing a king alternately from the Romans and the Sabines; or rather, it is not like choosing him alternately, because they do not go alternately, but like some of the rhymes in Tate and Brady, where the first line rhymes with the fourth, and the second with the third. None of the four would, we suspect, be exactly to the taste of any modern ecclesiastical party. But the first and fourth, Grindal and Abbot, have clearly more in common with the Low Church, and the intermediate ones, Whitgift and Bancroft, more in common with the High. None of the four was a man wholly to be despised; the notion of appointing Archbishops simply on the ground of their littleness belongs to the Georgian era. All, it is worth noting, were unmarried men; the series of Archbishops' wives leaps from Parker to Tillotson. All were munificent men, who left some memorial behind them, in the way of schools, hospitals, libraries, or the like; and even in that day, when the royal power stood so high, two of them had the moral courage to withstand, and one of them even to rebuke, the reigning sovereign. Whitgift's letter to Elizabeth on her spoliations of Church property was worthy of Dunstan or Anselm; and Abbot twice withstood James, once in the matter of the Book of Sports, and once, much more to his honour, in the matter of the shameless divorce of the Countess of Essex. Abbot, on the other hand, in a matter which has lately drawn to itself some attention, sullied his character by his eagerness to bring about the burning of Bartholomew Legge. Now the burning in itself must not be judged by the standard of our own time. No party had yet learned religious toleration, and, as Dr. Hook remarks, Puritan writers who had much to say against Kings and Bishops at other times found nothing to say against them now, when, according to our ideas, their crime was so great. Where Abbot as well as James was most deeply to blame in this matter was in the interference with the course of justice, and the underhand dealings to hinder Coke, who was known to be opposed to the burning, from having a voice in the matter. In fact, Abbot himself did in the case of Legge exactly what he protested against doing in the case of Lady Essex. That is to say, when it was a case simply of morals he was clearsighted enough; but when it came to dealings with a blasphemous heretic, theological wrath overcame his sense not only of humanity but of justice. Dr. Hook, whose own theological bias is on the opposite side to that of Abbot, clearly strives, and strives successfully, to deal fairly with him, and to do justice to the better points of his character. But here, where the question is one of simple right, he brands the conduct of Abbot as it deserves. When he gets to the unlucky accident by which Abbot killed the keeper in Lord Zouch's park, Dr. Hook enters into a curious defence of hunting Bishops, a subject on which we must refer him to the canons of King Edgar and the letter of Peter of Blois to Walter Bishop of Rochester. The question suggests another—namely, whether any of the Archbishops in this volume ever took any share in Elizabeth and James's favourite amusement of bear-baiting.

We have said that Dr. Hook's special theological position comes out in this volume, perhaps a little more strongly, certainly rather more amusingly, than in the others. Grindal, like others of his contemporaries, had during his exile under Philip and Mary more or less to do with the disputes among the exiles known as "the Troubles of Frankfort." Here Dr. Hook comments:—

> It is generally stated that in the "Troubles of Frankfort" we may trace the origin of English Dissent; but this could hardly have been the case, for the Dissentients at Frankfort had no desire to leave the Church; they may rather be spoken of as the founders of what has subsequently been called the "Evangelical Party." They wished to retain the offices, emoluments, and honours of the Church, but to force the Church to adopt their own theological views.

No one can deny this as a statement of fact; but it is oddly coloured. In days when toleration is unknown, when "the Church as by law established" means a system to which every man in the country is bound to conform under penal sanctions, no party will have any "desire to leave the Church"; every party will try "to force the Church to adopt their own theological views." That is to say, they will try to have the laws on ecclesiastical matters so framed as to enjoin what they hold to be right and to forbid what they hold to be wrong. All sides agreed that something was to be enjoined and something to be forbidden; no side was ready to allow toleration to any other side. Dr. Hook has the great advantage, in writing the history of this time, that he holds that, in the system which they actually established, Elizabeth and Parker hit very nearly on the right thing. And they certainly did so, in so far as they hit on a system to which a larger number of Englishmen could bring themselves to conform than if the law had gone either nearer Rome or nearer Geneva. But it must be remembered that the refusal to conform, from whichever side it came, exposed the Nonconformist to persecution. We therefore cannot blame either side for trying to make the terms of conformity more acceptable to itself. So long as Dissent is a legal crime, it is no blame to any party, whether the party too near to Rome or the party too near to Geneva, to say of them that they wish to retain the offices, emoluments, and honours of the Church, and to force the Church to adopt their own theological views. The statement is true; but it would be quite as true, and more gentle, to say that they wished to have the ecclesiastical laws altered in such a way that they could obey them with a good will. The case of the ecclesiastical laws then was like the case of any other laws. There have been times in various countries when political strife has run high, when Royalists have persecuted Republicans, or Republicans have persecuted Royalists. In such times we might say of either party that they had no desire to separate from the State, that they wished to keep their lives and properties, or even their honours and offices, but to force the State to adopt their own political views. Now we do not blame any political party simply for trying to reform the constitution of the country in the way which it thinks best; we blame it only when the means by which it tries to compass its end are evil, or when it makes attempts which are so hopeless as to be foolish, or even criminal. But this is because in politics there is no such thing as separating from the State. As every man must obey the law, he has a right to use all justifiable means to get the law altered so as to make it more easy for him to obey it. If we once fully take in the fact that in the sixteenth century separation from the Church was legally as impossible as separation from the State, that the only question was what should be the laws on ecclesiastical matters which the whole country should be called on to obey, we shall better understand the controversies of a time when each party tried to force its own system on others. We hold that our mixed system of government is better for us than pure monarchy, pure aristocracy, or pure democracy; but the man who should try by fair and legal means to set up any of those three, instead of the system which we think better than any of them, is at most a fool and not a rogue, or he is a rogue only because he is so great a fool. But if a large party in the nation were prepared to follow him, however strongly we might oppose his schemes, we could hardly call him either fool or rogue as long as he used only lawful means to carry out his ends. The position of those who, in the early years of Elizabeth, held that the changes in the Church had gone too far, and the position of those who held that the changes had not gone far enough, were really exactly the same. In course of time the extreme members of each of these parties did separate from the Church; that is, they broke the law in one direction or another. But neither party ought to be blamed or sneered at for trying to get the law so altered that they could conscientiously obey it. Sometimes Dr. Hook sees this and puts it forth clearly. Take, for instance, the following passage:—

> At this very time, Grindal was using his influence with the government to obtain the liberation of certain Puritans who had been thrown into prison for holding conventicles. In doing this he was acting a praiseworthy part; for these poor men differed only from Grindal in being more consistent. They acted upon the principle which he admitted. He, under the advice of foreign Protestants, tolerated for a while what he thought to be wrong, under the notion that in process of time he would become sufficiently strong to remove what he thought to be errors of the Church; but here again we find his liberality to be one-sided. The inns of court were suspected of being more inclined to the practice of Popery than to the theories of Puritanism, and we find Grindal, who would be so tolerant to Puritans, urging Secretary Cecil to command the benchers that in calling men to the Bar they should reject the adversaries of "true religion." Who was to decide what "true religion" at that time was? The character was denied to the Church of England by both Puritans and Papists; and in urging his way, Grindal could not fail to receive wounds from either side. As the Puritans had assembled at Plummer's Hall, so those who desired the restoration of certain Popish rites which the Church of England had rejected had a gathering at Bath. They complained of the leniency shown to the Puritans, and Bishop Grindal himself is said to have felt deeply their ingratitude.

But here again we may remark that, as long as the Church of England was the only religious body protected by law, as long as the gatherings either of Papists or Puritans were illegal, Papists and Puritans alike had a right to try to bring the Church of England to the standard of what either of them held to be true religion. Dr. Hook strives hard to be fair; in his main statements of fact we think that he always is fair, but the spirit of partisanship often oozes out at odd corners.

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There are some words and sentences here and there which have an odd sound. Thus, just before the passage which we have quoted, we read of the Queen appointing a president of Corpus "by a *statute* of her prerogative." The "statute" should surely be a *stretch*. When, in p. 33, we read, "to Cecil *Calvin* commended himself by his habits of business," we conceive that for "Calvin" we should read "Grindal." In the account of Grindal's doings in Yorkshire, where the mass of the people, so far from wishing for more change, would gladly have had less, we find him giving his diocese a very bad character. On this Dr. Hook comments:—

> Perhaps his grace would have done better to have waited till he knew more of the character of the Yorkshiremen before he thus addressed Mr. Secretary Cecil. Demesne land being here under less restraint than in London, he was able more effectually to propagate the principles of the Reformation, and apparently with considerable success.

In the first sentence we hear the voice of the former Vicar of Leeds; but we are so puzzled about the "demesne lands" that we cannot even guess what it ought to be. When, in p. 240, Sancroft is incidentally mentioned in the life of Bancroft, but himself appears under the form of Bancroft, we suspect a printer's improvement rather than a printer's mistake. But we must really protest against Dr. Hook's defence of the conduct of the servile judges under James the First:—

> Neal, writing according to modern notions, accuses the judges of their giving to the king despotic power. But, in fact, they only stated the law as the law then was. The will of the king was the law of the land, subject to some undefined power of interference on the part of the three estates of the land—or the Parliament.

We can only answer in the words of Bracton:—"Rex habet superiorem, Deum. Item Legem, per quam factus est Rex. Item Curiam suam."

SHAKESPEARE'S CENTURIE OF PRAYSE.*

DR. INGLEBY'S collection of Shakspearian criticisms, panegyrics, and allusions is a book of luxury; but it is something more than a mere book of luxury. In that character indeed it leaves nothing to desire. Some of the pieces here collected are merely curious or odd, giving evidence of nothing beyond the fact that particular works of Shakspeare were well enough known to the writers to be the subject of passing mention. But the main scope of the book is such as to take it out of the class of mere literary curiosities. The men of Shakspeare's own time and the times next following it tell us here in their own words what they thought of him. We have the judgments of his fellow-poets, sometimes expressed by themselves, sometimes reported at secondhand by collectors of anecdote, the panegyrics of friends, and the sneers of his few enemies. The editor's notes supply concisely but sufficiently such things as are needful for the understanding of the less obvious points. We confess that we should have liked a little more discussion and justification of some extracts which on the face of them are doubtful, but the fault is on the right side. It may be mentioned here that Dr. Ingleby holds to the orthography "Shakespeare" on the authority of the printers of his works and the common usage of the time, not attaching much importance to the poet's own signatures. The general results are summed up in what he calls the "Fore-speech" of his book. We do not stop to quarrel with the coinage. If the accustomed "Preface" is to be disturbed, *Fore-speech* is at least good English, and is infinitely better than the monstrous innovation of *Præscript* which we have seen in one recent book. Dr. Ingleby's conclusion from the evidence is that Shakspeare's own age admired him much, but not adequately. He says that no one during the "Centurie" (that is, the century after Shakspeare began to publish) had any suspicion that the genius of Shakspeare was unique. This is in some measure true, but we think it is over-stated. That Shakspeare had not in his own generation that sort of classical fame which no man can have till after his death, one may of course readily admit; that it was not foreseen by any one then how much he would overshadow his contemporaries in the eyes of posterity, seems also probable enough, if not certain; but that the peculiar qualities of his genius—those, in fact, which make it, as Dr. Ingleby says, unique—were to a considerable extent seen and appreciated from the first, we think is fairly made out by the witnesses here collected. Doubtless one must not be misled by the wording of their praise, although the words are often as strong, and perhaps as apt, as any we could find now that we are supposed to know Shakspeare so much better. In those days the language of both praise and blame was much less guarded than it is at present, and the sort of reserve which modern manners impose on us, even in speaking well of living persons, did not exist. Epithets and flowers of speech must be taken as standing in themselves for less than they would stand for now. But, after allowing for all this, we find evidence of a real discernment and sympathy quite incompatible with the notion of Shakspeare's being, in the eyes of the best wits of his time, only one of a number of more or less respectable poets and playwrights of whom for various reasons it was desirable to speak civilly. Shakspeare was above all things spontaneous and versatile (we say this, not as a text for an æsthetic discourse, or as expecting the reader to find anything new in it, but only to make what follows intelligible), and we find these two fundamental characters amply recognized. The natural abundance of Shakspeare's genius is constantly dwelt upon, sometimes by way of honest praise, and sometimes with a touch of ill-nature and a suggestion that he would have been the better for more art. For the other point, we find Shakspeare praised as "the most excellent in both kinds for the stage," and then introduced by the same writer in the several lists of lyric, tragic, comic, and amatory poets. We do not think anybody has ever ventured to suggest that we enjoy or appreciate Sophocles or Aristophanes more than the Athenians did. But there is a certain satisfaction in claiming by virtue of superior knowledge to have a better right in Shakspeare than the men who saw him act his own plays in the flesh; and this is one of the questions on which there can hardly be such positive evidence but that every man is left free to answer it according to his own temper.

Dr. Ingleby has arranged his extracts in order of time, except some few which turned up too late to be put in their right places, without regard to the nature of their contents. This was obviously the best, if not the only possible plan, and we shall not attempt any departure from it. The first extract is a solitary piece of downright personal enmity. Greene spoke of Shakspeare as an "upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, who is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." In Dr. Ingleby's first period (1592–1616) it seems as if Shakspeare's poems, especially *Venus and Adonis*, had been sooner and better known than the plays. But Gabriel Harvey noted that "his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort"; and Anthony Scoloker (in 1604) goes beyond this, and speaks of Prince Hamlet as pleasing all. We find by some anonymous lines further on that idle young men were wont to read Shakspeare when they ought to have been reading law. The writer's imprecation on some enemy is this:—

> May he
> Be by his father in his study tooke,
> At Shakespeare's Playes instead of the Ld Cooke.

There has probably been no time at which students have not been tolerably apt to devour unprofessional literature in stolen moments. It would be a good thing if they were never led astray by anything worse than Shakspeare's plays. In the next period we get the prefaces and panegyrics of the folio editions, including Ben Jonson's well-known lines, in which, however, Dr. Ingleby has discovered a symmetrical arrangement which had hitherto escaped notice. Here, at any rate, we have complete appreciation. Ben Jonson pointedly dissents from a then recent writer who had called on Spenser, Beaumont, and Chaucer to lie closer to make room for Shakspeare:—

> My *Shakespeare*, rise; I will not lodge thee by
> *Chaucer*, or *Spenser*, or bid *Beaumont* lye
> A little further, to make thee a roome:
> Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,
> And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,
> And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
> * * * *
> Triúmph, my *Britaine*, thou hast one to show,
> To whom all Scenes of *Europe* homage owe.
> He was not of an age, but for all time!
> And all the *Muses* still were in their prime,
> When like *Apollo* he came forth to warme
> Our eares, or like a *Mercury* to charme!
> Nature her self was proud of his designes,
> And joyed to weare the dressing of his lines!

But we do not feel quite so clear as Dr. Ingleby that Ben Jonson meant to say that Shakspeare was out of all proportion greater than Chaucer, Spenser, and Beaumont. The immediate import of the context is not that Shakspeare is too great to be in the tomb with them, but that he does not want a tomb at all. This conceit suggests that the more direct comparison was in the writer's mind, but does not express it, and does not commit him to it. Dr. Ingleby's note is justly severe on the common blunder of misquoting the most celebrated of these lines in the "abominable travesty, He was not *for* an age but for all time." The current of praise is interrupted by *Venus and Adonis* being described as a scurrilous book. The poetical preface to the second folio is one of the worthiest tributes to Shakspeare, though the editor's praise of it seems to us a trifle overstrained. Close upon this comes Prynne's pious indignation at finding that "Shackspeers Plaies are printed in the best crowne paper, far better than most Bibles." He cannot but "with griefe relate it." In 1639 we find Stratford-upon-Avon has become a town "most remarkable for the birth of William Shakespeare." In 1640 Leonard Digges tells us very positively that Shakspeare's plays were more popular than Ben Jonson's. We also find evidence that young women as well as young men were given to read Shakspeare against their elders' will. In the third period, from 1642 to the Restoration, Shakspeare and his contemporaries have become classics. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher thought it necessary to disparage Shakspeare and represent him as old-fashioned and inartificial. Charles I. was reproached among other things for not having studied Scripture nearly so much as Ben Jonson and Shakspeare. Mr. Samuel Sheppard, a prolific writer of epigrams, contributes some very bald panegyrics, and bears witness to the classical fame Shakspeare had attained by gravely informing two forgotten writers that they rivalled him. Presently we find Mr. John Honyman exhorted by Sir Aston Cokaine to "redeem the glory of the stage" by both writing and acting like Shakspeare:—

> He did not onely write but act; And so
> Thou dost not onely act, but writest too:

* *Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse; being Materials for a History of Opinion on Shakespeare and his Works, culled from Writers of the First Century after his Rise.* London: Trübner & Co.

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> Between you there no difference appears
> But what may be made up with equal years.
> This is my Suffrage, and I scorn my Pen
> Should crown the heads of undeserving men.

We are not aware that Mr. John Honyman fulfilled these expectations.

After the Restoration we come to formal and elaborate criticism. Dryden of course fills the most conspicuous place. It is curious to see how much further off Shakspeare was from Dryden than from us. It is almost incredible how Englishmen had succeeded in unlearning their own language since the civil wars. The critics seem to have taken for granted that Shakspeare wanted modernizing to make him not merely acceptable but intelligible to the audiences of the Restoration. Nahum Tate alleges his "zeal for all the remains of Shakespeare" as a reason for mutilating *King Lear*. Dryden had no scruple in doing the same kind of work. But the gem of this period is furnished by the immortal Pepys. His estimates of Shakspeare's plays will so well bear repeating that we make no excuse to those readers who are already familiar with them. Mr. Pepys was pleased to like *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. *Macbeth* was only "a pretty good play" the first time, but the third time he set it down as "a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy." But it fares ill with *Othello*,

> which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play, but having so lately read The Adventures of Five Houres, it seems a mean thing.

Of the comedies and histories Pepys could make nothing at all. The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is "the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." *Twelfth Night* is "but a silly play, and not relating at all to the name or day." The *Merry Wives of Windsor* "did not please me at all, in no part of it." As for the *Tempest*, "the play has no great wit, and yet above ordinary plays." The notice of *Henry IV.* is doubtful, and it seems that Pepys might have liked *Henry V.* but that he sat so high and far off that he missed most of the words, and sat with the wind coming into his back and neck, which did much trouble him. Those who complain of draughts in modern theatres may have the satisfaction of knowing that at least one distinguished playgoer suffered before them. In Pepys's time, however, there was probably nothing to answer to the effects wrought in the atmosphere of our present theatres by the consumption of unchanged air, and still more by the combustion of London gas.

BANCROFT'S NATIVE RACES OF AMERICA.*

MR. BANCROFT has written a book which will be useful for students following in the steps of Mr. Tylor and Sir John Lubbock. The volume now published, which is to be the first of five, contains a detailed account of the manners and customs of the various aboriginal tribes of the Pacific States of America, from Alaska to Darien. Within that space, as Mr. Bancroft reminds us, there were hundreds of tribes, speaking various languages, distinguished by different customs and religious beliefs, and varying from the purest savagery up to a very high level of civilization. The civilization was destroyed by the Spanish invaders; the primæval tribes are rapidly disappearing before the rush of all nations from East and West to the Western States of America; and it is certainly most desirable that some record of the peculiarities of these races should be preserved before all traces of them have disappeared. The four volumes which are to follow will contain an account of the more civilized nations, and of mythology, language, antiquities, and migrations. Mr. Bancroft intends to give in a concise form all the knowledge extant upon these subjects, and when his work is complete, he will have written something more like an encyclopædia than a book. The amount of labour implied in such a task is of course very great, and we are obliged to Mr. Bancroft for explaining to us his materials and his mode of composition. We may smile at the rather arithmetical test which he appears to adopt for measuring the value of a book, but he is straightforward in his explanations, and seems to make no claims which are not sufficiently justified.

Mr. Bancroft, it seems, began to collect his materials in 1859. Having collected everything within his reach in America, he twice visited Europe, and spent two years in researches in England and on the Continent. He had, however, been compelled to lie by for further opportunities, when the sale of a library belonging to the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, and collected during forty years by a publisher in the city of Mexico, enabled him to add three thousand volumes to his collection. In 1869 he had collected some sixteen thousand books, manuscripts, and pamphlets, besides maps and files of newspapers, and he resolved to go to work. He soon found, as might have been expected, that so much trash was mixed with the valuable information that the task of sifting one from the other would require more than a single lifetime. Hereupon he called in his friend Mr. Oak, librarian of the collection. They agreed upon a system of indexing which enabled him to refer at once to the authorities upon any given point. A list of twelve hundred authors quoted in the work is given at the beginning, and may indicate roughly the nature of Mr. Bancroft's materials. To arrange such a quantity of material requires, however, special knowledge as well as mere industry; and accordingly Mr. Bancroft called in the services of a "large corps of assistants," each of whom devoted himself to a special department of inquiry. The result is that the present volume alone, so Mr. Bancroft assures us, has had expended upon it an amount of labour equal to the well-directed efforts of one person for ten years. The limit, we may say, is rather a variable one. If, for example, the one person had been a Gibbon, he might count, at a moderate estimate, for a dozen ordinary men. But the statement is well adapted to give a rough idea of the kind of labour which has been necessary.

We may begin by congratulating Mr. Bancroft on the energy with which he has devoted himself to a laudable object. It is obvious, though Mr. Bancroft of course does not mention the fact, that a very large expense must have been incurred, as well as a great deal of labour. To collect a library of 16,000 volumes in America and Europe during nine years of travel, and to maintain a large corps of assistants, implies a mode of authorship which is not possible for any but a rich man. A rich man who spends his money in this way shows an admirable perception of the best means of turning his opportunities to account. If men of leisure and means would more frequently take up some particular department of inquiry in the same spirit, they would gain a great deal of pleasure, and the world at large would profit by their labours. Our gratitude to Mr. Bancroft for his energy should not make us partial in judging of its results. So far as we can judge, however, Mr. Bancroft has made a solid and valuable contribution to the study of anthropology. The book is rather to be used for purposes of reference than to be read straight through. Its great merits, besides clearness and conciseness, should be those of accuracy and comprehensiveness. His aim has been to extract the relevant matter from a vast mass of inferior material; and those only can judge finally of his merit in this respect who have exposed his book to the test of frequent comparison with the authorities to which it refers. We must be content to say at present that it is written in a brief and business-like style, with abundant references to the authorities; and that, in short, Mr. Bancroft's manner is calculated to give us confidence. He eschews all discussion of theories. We may entertain any doctrine we please as to the origin of the human race in general, and of the Pacific tribes in particular; possibly Lord Kingsborough may be right, who says that the Mexicans must be Jews because, amongst other reasons of a similar kind, beating with a stick was a common punishment amongst both races; or we may believe that the ancestors of each tribe were created in the place which they now occupy; or that they have gradually grown out of monkeys. Mr. Bancroft simply gives us a statement of the facts, and allows us to erect any superstructure of theory that pleases us. The result is, of course, that the book becomes rather dry reading. The numerous tribes which he describes have many points in common, and it is impossible to avoid a good deal of apparent repetition; and information in a highly compressed state is always rather difficult of digestion. Yet, on the whole, so many curious facts turn up in his pages that we have found them more interesting than most works of the kind, and we may add that Mr. Bancroft has a touch of dry humour which, every now and then, adds a touch of quaintness. "Mothers," he says of the Aleuts—a charming people who have no marriage ceremonies, and among whom each husband takes as many wives as he can support, "or rather as he can get to support him"—"mothers plunge their crying babies under water, in order to quiet them. This remedy, performed in winter amid broken ice, is very effectual." Or again, we are told of the Chimoks that they are acute traders, that some travellers have found them at different points harmless and inoffensive, "and in a few instances honesty has been detected." We must say, however, that one's general impression from a course of Mr. Bancroft is that the detection of good qualities amongst the aborigines of this part of America must be a rare pleasure to the observer. The book might almost have been written to dispel the old theory as to the purity and simplicity of the mythical children of nature; or to confirm the celebrated report of the midshipman as to the manners and customs of certain natives. Mr. Bancroft tells us once or twice that he wishes to give a portrait of the inhabitants as they appeared before they were blighted by the arrival of strangers. Perhaps, however, it is a weakness of the book that he does not always discriminate sufficiently between the information given at very different dates; and we are inclined to hope that some of the bad habits which he describes are the result of the temptations which are so often fatal to an aboriginal race brought into sudden contact with the vices of civilization. At times, too, we may doubt the value of his authority. Here, for example, is a pretty story. The Gallinonieros of California, it is said, kill their aged parents. They take them into the woods, throw them upon their backs, and fasten them to the ground. "A stout pole is then placed across the throat, upon either end of which a person sits until life is extinct." For this hideous anecdote we are referred to a manuscript of a Mr. Powers, who makes the statement "upon what he considers to be reliable authority." We, who have not the honour of Mr. Powers's acquaintance, have to take the story on the strength of Mr. Bancroft's opinion of Mr. Powers's estimate of what is, or is not, "reliable authority." A little before this Mr. Bancroft tells us, with his air of sub-humorous gravity, "that the question of beard has been much mooted"; some travellers say that the Central Californians are as bearded as Turks; others, that they are as beardless as women. Mr. Bancroft has come to the conclusion that they have beards, though not strong ones, and that

* *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America.* By Hubert Howe Bancroft. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

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some tribes allow their beards to grow, whilst others pluck them out. If it is impossible to obtain an agreement of evidence upon a point so easily determined as the existence of a beard, one becomes rather suspicious as to the value of a solitary piece of second-hand evidence about a revolting custom.

On many points, however, the evidence is full and conclusive enough, and it is generally calculated to diminish our regret for the disappearance of the native races, were it not that the hostile witnesses are taken from the corruptors and the destroyers. Extirpation and slander are natural companions. Still the virtues of chastity and temperance seem to be singularly rare in any of the races described, although there are often curious variations in this respect between neighbouring tribes. Almost all the tribes, again, seem to be in the habit of torturing their prisoners to death with the most revolting cruelty. Savages have doubtless far coarser nerves than civilized men, and care less for their own sufferings or those of others. It is curious to observe in how many different ways the human body has been mutilated by various races. The first symptom of an advance above the merely animal state is the disposition to distort some part of the body. Some of the tribes are content with elaborately twitching out the hair of their beards, and a great many different races compress the skull into unnatural shapes; others cut off the finger joints by way of expressing grief. Various kinds of torture are practised with a view to testing endurance. The *Nez percés*, for example, used to retire annually for a period of from three to seven days, during which they abstained from food, took a series of hot and cold baths, and thrust willow sticks down their throats into their stomachs. In some of these ceremonies we can see a glimpse of meaning; an absurd distortion of the frame by artificial means is, unluckily, a feature not confined to savages. But how are we to explain such customs as that of the "Couvade," where the man takes to his bed when his wife is in her confinement—a custom which, as Mr. Taylor tells us, prevails in China, amongst the Basques, on the Black Sea, in Borneo, in Surinam, in Kamtchatka and Greenland, and of which Mr. Bancroft finds accounts amongst several of the Pacific tribes. To explain the origin of so apparently arbitrary a custom in so many different quarters of the globe is a puzzle for ethnologists, which is becoming the more difficult of solution as primitive man disappears. Another custom which prevails amongst the Pacific tribes is perhaps less eccentric. When a girl grows up amongst the Koniagans, she is confined for six months in a hut which is so small that she cannot stand upright, and for another six months in a rather larger den; during which time no one is allowed to approach her, except the mother, who brings her food. Most of the customs described in this volume are analogous to those observed amongst other savages, and a detailed comparison would present many interesting problems. We must end, however, by mentioning one quaint custom amongst a Mexican tribe, which is to medical science what the method of roasting pigs practised by Lamb's mythical Chinese was to cooking. When these ingenious persons wish to bleed a patient, the doctor shoots at him with a bow and arrow, the arrow being guarded at a certain distance from the point, until he has the good luck to strike a satisfactory vein. If doctors have not learnt how to cure diseases, we must admit that they are able to inflict wounds with a smaller superfluity of injury.

SAYCE'S COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY.*

As the extension of our knowledge of spoken languages must tend to modify our conception of the origin and nature of any one language or small group of languages, so the extension of our knowledge backwards into the region of languages now obsolete must produce the same result, and with the greater certainty, because in the latter case the subsequent course of the ancient tongues may be traced with more or less certainty. Hence an essay by one of our first Assyrian scholars, especially one who has devoted his attention primarily to the Accadian (Scythic or Turanian) species of cuneiform, cannot but speak with a different voice from that which we are accustomed to hear from the Sanskrit or Semitic specialists. He has their lore at his command, and can add much widely different experience from his own region. It will not be possible henceforth to write about the spread and development of Aryan speech as if that were the model according to which all human speech has formed itself. It may merely be the best spoken—perhaps the largest, and possibly the most perfect—vehicle of human thought; but other very different systems run alongside of it to the present day, which also have their history—a history which cannot be assumed to have acknowledged the same axioms that have been readily applied to the Aryan. Hence the questions, What is a word? what is a sentence? what elements (parts of speech) are necessary to the expression of a thought? may receive different answers according to the nature of the language we are considering, unless our definition has been made wide enough to include all forms of language.

The following extract from the preface exhibits the chief theories against which Mr. Sayce does battle in this treatise:—

> The belief that the Aryan languages are the standard of all others, and that the generalizations gathered from their exceptional phenomena are laws of universal validity; the substitution of the mechanical and the outward for the intellectual and the inward; the confusion between the convenient classifications of science and actual divisions into natural "families"—these are the three assumptions which, though maintained unconsciously, and rejected by most students when presented in their crude form, are yet the real causes of certain fashionable theories which have even been elevated into "the most unquestionable results of modern philology." First and foremost among these is the doctrine of a graduated evolution of speech through an isolating and agglutinative into an inflectional stage—a doctrine which rests upon the second assumption, and explains the forms of grammar by the accidents of phonetic decay. When will it be recognized that the growth of most of our present flections out of independent words indicates, not a primitive agglutination, but a pre-existing inflectional instinct of analogy, which they could not but follow, and that the near approach of certain members of the agglutinative group—the Finnic idioms, for example—to some of the phenomena of inflection, only proves the fixed character of their mental point of view, which remained true to its agglutinative type, although the outward crust of language, the phonetic expression of the inward thought, had done its utmost to bring about a change?
>
> Had it been remembered in what language really consists, we should have heard less of letters and more of sounds, less of outward form and more of inward meaning, less of phonetic decay and more of analogy; the philologist would have betaken himself to the study of living speech rather than of dead literature, and have learned that, instead of starting with the written crystallized word, he should have begun with the only actual whole of which language knows—the sentence. Had the sentence been made the basis of research, little would have been said of an agglutinative background to Aryan speech, or of a time when men talked with one another in roots. But, in fact, the larger part of the strange hypotheses which the discovery of roots has called forth are mostly dependent on the first assumption. I feel confident that the world would never have heard of "pronominal roots" had the Turanian tongues been the primary subject of inquiry, nor would the supposed necessity of finding biliteral radicals have made such wild havoc in the Semitic family.

Mr. Sayce here runs counter to the expressed opinions of some of the coryphæi of philology. After W. von Humboldt's philosophical division of languages into the isolating, agglutinating, and inflecting classes, it was Professor Max Müller who asked and answered in the affirmative the questions, Can an isolating language in course of time glue on to its roots secondary roots, and so pass into the agglutinating class? and, Can an agglutinating language in course of time treat its agglutinated roots as mere inflections, and so pass into the inflectional class? As an instance of the first process, he adduced phenomena in the Shanghai dialect of Chinese; an instance of the latter might perhaps be found in Hungarian, where the appended syllables are sometimes so worn away as to look like mere inflections. In his crusade against pronominal roots Mr. Sayce will find most of the best explorers, whether of Aryan or of Semitic tongues, ranged against him; and when he declares against the connexion of Aryan and Semitic roots, he alienates, not only minor grammarians, but even Ewald. Now the experience which Mr. Sayce's Accadian studies have given him may entitle him to speak of all these ideas as bodiless *idola;* yet, as they are still held by the most learned and far-seeing living comparative philologists, we looked for some more serious attempt at refutation, or at least some notice of the different opinions of those who hold them as realities and not *idola.*

We hold that the warning against applying universally the principles affecting solely the Aryan languages is wise and well timed. Even what is euphony in one class of languages is not so in another; one delights in assimilation, which produces double consonants, another reduces all double to single consonants. When we go to study languages of an unknown family we must not load ourselves with a burden of prejudices which will only have to be cast away. And it is safer to treat the agglutinative as entirely distinct from the inflectional language; even Professor Max Müller would concede this, for he only asserts that an inflectional language may in an earlier stage have been agglutinative, not that this must have been the case in every instance. Thus only the new language we are learning will leave its full and proper impression on the student's mind. We are far less inclined to give up at Mr. Sayce's bidding the pronominal roots, which we had regarded as equally necessary with verbal roots to constitute language. If an act is performed, or a thing stands, it must be *somewhere;* and a *this* or *that*, a *here* or *there*, is required to localize the assertion. The personal pronouns themselves are only demonstratives. Without this combination of the general assertion (verb) and localizing term (pronoun) the simplest language is impossible, though it is conceivable that the latter may be hidden from view, being implicitly contained in some "definite form" or the like. We cannot agree with Mr. Sayce when he says:—

> *Here* implies *there*, this implies *that;* but in the root-period, in the beehive life, all was *here* and all was *this.* This is the essential nature of words with the chaotic vagueness of meaning which we have seen characterized the so-called roots, as well as of a life of the senses, in which man is conscious of the passing moment only.

For language, being only a reflex of thought, could not exist, could not at least assume even the lowest form of human speech, until man had learned to differentiate *this* and *that*—subject and object—actor and action. Connected with this is the assumption frequently made by Mr. Sayce, that *things* are known before *actions*, and in language nouns before verbs. He admits the contrary to be the case in the Aryan languages, but regards that class as quite exceptional:—

> Among the many onesided theories produced by an exclusive regard to the Aryan family, none is so common as that which ascribes to roots a general abstract meaning, as if our ancestors of the Root-period employed nothing except abstract terms in conversing with one another. We have only to state the proposition, however, to see how absurd it is. How could savages, whose vocabulary consisted entirely of such words as "bringing," "shining," "defending," be mutually intelligible? There is no common bond of intelligibility between such universal ideas; language must begin with the objects of sense, if we are to communicate our meaning to others, &c.

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* *The Principles of Comparative Philology.* By A. H. Sayce, Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

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But we are not told how these objects of sense are to be named; and till we see our way to something better we shall certainly hold to the old view, that they were called from some distinctive act or state peculiar to them—*i.e.* from a *verbal* conception—a view which, after all, is allowed in a note in p. 211. In fact, one difficulty which we experience in dealing with Mr. Sayce lies in the fact that he appears sometimes to contradict himself. Thus also in the above extract he speaks of our ancestors of the Root-period; yet elsewhere he ridicules the *discovery of roots*, and the supposition that roots ever had an objective existence, and prefers to regard the Aryan speech as inflectional by instinct from the first. The fact that the languages of savage tribes individualize so much as to have separate words for "red cow," "white cow," "brown cow," but no general term for "cow," is no argument against, but rather an argument for, the derivation of names from observed (*verbal*) peculiarities. A pastoral people will multiply such words to a wonderful extent. Even in our own country those conversant with horses, sheep, oxen, &c., will give us a host of not generally known words for different ages, sexes, and sizes of these animals; and we have not yet succeeded in obtaining a popular generic name for the genus *bos*, but are obliged to say "ox and cow." We have been unable throughout the book to find adequate reason shown for the treatment of the development of the system of inflection in the Aryan class as exceptional. We hear that this class must have been exceptionally civilized, but feel no certainty that the possession of inflectional grammar implies a high civilization; for, as Mr. Sayce well says, "Chinese civilization is the oldest in the world; its origin is lost in myth, and its continuity is unbroken. And yet its founders spoke an isolating language, while their barbarian neighbours on the west were in the more advanced and civilized stage of agglutination"; and in Hungary an agglutinative tongue satisfies all the demands of elegant and scientific literature with both perspicuity and terseness. And we think Mr. Sayce has failed to prove that inflection had not its origin in agglutination, though he has well shown that agglutination ceased after a time to be the moving force of Aryan inflection. When roots like *yā* or *i* "to go," *sthā* "to stand," *as* and *bhū* "to be," and others are found to enter into the inflection, are we to suppose that they got in by some sort of magic, and were not rather wittingly compounded with the verb, so that "I go to see" might express "I shall see," just as in the agglutinative Hungarian *hi-het-em* means "I can believe" (*het* denoting can")?

Mr. Sayce teaches a wise lesson when he insists on the possibility, proved in the Semitic, Turanian, and other languages, of roots of more than one syllable. Although we would cling to the belief that many Semitic roots are originally biliteral, such as the פַּ, עַ, and עָ, yet we are warned that "the so-called biliterals are either the result of phonetic decay, or else, as I think we now have materials for proving, were loan-words. The concave roots were really of triliteral origin, and are primarily used as triliterals in Assyrian, which possesses the inestimable advantage of a syllabary." We would certainly wish to preserve צר as the origin of יצר, נצר, צרר, צור; נח of נחח and נוח; כל of כלל, כול and כלה, and the like. But inferences drawn from a narrow circle of phenomena must give way before new evidence furnished by a wider circle and incompatible with the former; and if this evidence is furnished by the Assyrian Semitic, we can only regret that Mr. Sayce has not found room for it in this treatise. Another new idea is propounded—that the Aryan languages start from the conception of the verb—*i.e.* from *action*; the Semitic from the noun—*i.e.* from observation of *things*; if true, this is of the highest importance. But we fail to find it worked out; and if we are to trust to our own judgment, we see no *à priori* reason why the noun-pronunciation of the triliteral root (*malk*) should be older than the verb-pronunciation (*m'lak*), while the historical reason seems equally doubtful, since, though many nouns exist of which the assumed verbal roots are not found in actual use in languages like Hebrew and Arabic, they are paralleled by perhaps an equal number of verbs to which no nouns correspond. And even nouns which the old Hebrew grammarians asserted to be primitive, such as *ab* and *ben*, are generally clearly proved, by their form before suffixes, &c., to come from verbs of the usual form.

To sum up; we find, as we must in all Mr. Sayce's writings in which his unique knowledge of Assyrian has any part, much that is suggestive and likely to lead to considerable modification of preconceived ideas. We chiefly regret two points—one, that he seems scarcely sensible of the amount of direct evidence or legitimate inference upon which some of these ideas (as that of pronominal roots) rest, and therefore scarcely troubles himself seriously to refute them; and, secondly, that he does not define accurately the limits of the operation of his new laws (whether they are substituted for, or to be regarded as existing side by side of, older ones), so that apparent inconsistencies may be detected which we are convinced are not such in reality. We look for a more elaborate treatise which shall show these "*Principles* of Comparative Philology" in greater detail in their actual working.

A STRANGE WORLD.*

MISS BRADDON has not chosen the name of her story amiss. The world would indeed be a very strange world if it were anything like what she makes it out to be. Crimes of violence are just at present certainly far too common, but the criminals whom the law knows of are very different from those with whom Miss Braddon would seem to be so much at home. Young ladies who know little of the world but what they can learn through these monstrous stories must have a feeling, at once uneasy and delightful, that at every dinner-party they go to there is a murderer or two seated round the table. They must be studying every face, and looking about them to see who is the owner of those light grey eyes with a keen, cold lustre, those sharply-cut features, that sunken mouth and those thin lips, by which your intellectual and gentlemanly murderer is to be recognized. The time once was when we were rather pleased if, on suddenly looking up at dinner, we found that some pleasant-looking girl had her eyes turned towards us. Now we have an uneasy kind of feeling that she is merely considering what is the particular kind of crime to which we are most given. From her knowledge of Miss Braddon and human nature she must know well that a quiet, reserved man is more likely than any one else to have forged, stolen, or murdered. If we should try to dispel her gathering suspicion by an attempt at a joke, she knows equally well that boisterous mirth is too often used as a cloak for the most wicked disposition. There is, however, this consolation for us, that murderers are very different from what they used to be. Miss Braddon, for instance, in the story before us introduces us to as agreeable and cultivated an assassin as we could possibly wish to know. He has a most charming and virtuous wife, who is as devoted to him after she discovers that he had murdered his cousin as she was before. Of course, though she preserved her "queenly bearing"—and, as Miss Braddon rightly asks, "Who more delightful than a queenly woman when she desires to please?"—yet it was not to be expected that her looks would not alter. Though your fashionable murderer escapes hanging, his wife cannot escape a decline more or less rapid. In the present case it was soon observed that "the clear dark complexion had lost its carnation, and the warm golden tinge had faded to an ivory pallor." Close to the end of the third volume she dies off, with her "tender eyes raised to Churchill's face"—Churchill of course is the murderer—"with one long, penetrating look, love ineffable in death." It is a pity that Miss Braddon's murderers and murderesses do not marry among each other. In that case, if only husband and wife would be content to let each other live, they would have every chance of a pleasant and peaceful life. They are not generally troubled by remorse if they are let alone. They will, however, fall in love, and fall in love most foolishly; for they choose people whose eyes have anything but a keen cold lustre, whose features are rounded, whose mouth is far from sunken, and whose lips are the very opposite of being thin and firmly set together. The natural thing, one would have thought, when such a mistaken marriage as this has been made, would be for the husband or wife, as the case might be, to resort to the same expedient that had brought deliverance from an earlier embarrassment, and by the knife, the pistol, or poison, to secure a calm and contented old age. This easy temperament of the modern murderer, so long as he is left alone, is, we suppose, one of the signs of advancing civilization. It would perhaps have been as well if Miss Braddon had not let the world know how happily a man might live after he had won a great estate by murdering his cousin in cold blood. What the *History of Jack Sheppard* and the *Illustrated Police Gazette* do for the vicious and ignorant among the lower classes, it is not impossible that such a tale as *A Strange World* may do for the vicious and ignorant among the upper classes. Perhaps the day may come when some unfortunate gentleman standing in the dock or at the foot of the gallows may declare that he would never have arrived there had not his imagination been poisoned by the writers of these sensational novels, as they are called.

Mr. Churchill Penwyn, the murderer, though not the hero of the tale, was, when the story opens, "a barrister still in the uphill stage of his career. He had contributed hard-headed statistical papers to the *Edinburgh* and the *Westminster*, and knew a good deal about the condition of the operative classes." Whether Miss Braddon means to snub the *Quarterly* or to compliment it by not making the future murderer a contributor to its pages, we cannot pretend to tell. On the whole, we should be inclined, if we were the editor of that eminent journal, to take it as a reproach. Of this Mr. Penwyn we are told "how hard and how honestly he worked," while with all his hard work he was a man "upon whom the stamp of good blood, or good breeding, had been set in a distinct and palpable manner—a man who had no need for self-assertion." Under self-assertion is not included, we suppose, lying behind a hedge, pistol in hand, to shoot a cousin. This young barrister might have lived as innocently as most young barristers—assuming, that is to say, that most young barristers are not given to murder—had he not fallen in love with Madge Bellingham, as beautiful and good as she was penniless. She had to let him know that she could not, for her younger sister's sake, marry a poor man. But Miss Braddon shall tell her own tale:—

"Madge," cried Churchill, passionately, "I will forgive anything if you will only be frank. Were my luck to turn speedily, through some unlooked-for professional success, for instance, would you have me then?"

"If I stood alone in the world, if I had not my sister to consider, I would marry you to-morrow. Yes, though you were a beggar," she answered grandly.

He clasped her to his breast and kissed those proud lips. The first lover's kiss that had ever rested there.

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* *A Strange World.* A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co. 1875.

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"I will be rich for your sake, distinguished for your sake," he said impetuously, "if wealth and fame are within the reach of man's effort."

Unlooked-for success most certainly came within a very few days, though whether it was, strictly speaking, professional success we will not venture to decide. But, to explain what happened, we must say a word about Mr. Penwyn's relations. Old Squire Penwyn had three sons; George, the eldest, who was tortured to death by the Indians, dying, as every one believed, unmarried; James, who died, leaving a son also called James, heir to the estate; and Balfour, the father of Churchill. The old Squire had been gathered to his fathers, and his grandson James held the property. Were he removed to a better world the family estates would come to Churchill, and, with the estates, Madge Bellingham. It happened that when the story opens James was staying at a town in the North of England with his friend and tutor Maurice Clissold, the hero of the story, and "a scion of a good old family." In their walks they fall in with an old strolling actor, Mr. Elgood, and his daughter Justina. So much is said of this young lady's eyes that we saw at once that she was to be the heroine of the novel. We have amused ourselves as we read through the story with noting all the descriptions that we find given of them. They were "dark blue eyes," "greyish-blue eyes," "pensive violet eyes," "innocent blue eyes," "sky-blue eyes," "large dark eyes," "dark blue-grey eyes," and they at times "darkened to a deeper grey." No wonder that James Penwyn quickly fell in love with them and their owner. He invited her and her father to "the hostelry" at which he and his friend, "the scion of a good old family," had put up, and provided them with "a bounteous wealth of provision." A few days later he visits them at their lodgings, proposes to Justina, is accepted, comes away late at night, and is shot dead. No one suspects who the murderer is. Pleasing as the surprise is when we at length discover that it was the contributor to the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster*, still more delightful is it to learn that Justina was the cousin of murdered and murderer alike, the daughter of George, who had been murdered by the Indians, the real heir to the estates. We have never in the course of a somewhat extensive reading come across more interesting coincidences. A young Oxford undergraduate puts up with his tutor in a roadside inn called a hostelry, in a part of England where, for all he knew, he had not a single acquaintance, he falls in love with a girl who turns out to be his cousin, and he gets shot by a man who also turns out to be his cousin. All that was wanted was that the old gipsy who, hidden in a ditch, witnesses the murder, should have turned out to be his long-lost godmother's aunt, and then Miss Braddon might have rested under her well-earned laurels. The old gipsy woman not only saw the murder, she had almost foretold it. A day or two before it took place she had examined James's palm, and had "stared at the palm steadfastly with a scared look," as she pointed to "a short indented line" that was "right across the line of life." Later on she had warned the young lovers against a dark man. "Beware," she said, "of a dark-complexioned man." Churchill Penwyn, we need not say, had a dark complexion. The story, as our readers will allow, soon gets, to use Miss Braddon's own words, "a taint of mystery and suspicion." There is a murderer to discover and an heiress to find. To heighten the mystery for a time, though in the end to help to clear it away, an old farmhouse is introduced with a mad woman who roams about it like a ghost at night, and talks as Ophelia might have been expected to talk if Hamlet had been written by Miss Braddon. She in the end sets her own clothes on fire, and thereby to some extent recovers her senses. If, however, insanity is to be cured by a fire, we shall be having our houses burnt down as were the houses in China at the time when roast pig was first found out. We shall not take the trouble to guide our readers any further through these mysteries. Those who have, to use another of Miss Braddon's favourite expressions, a "subtle sympathy" for such tales as these, will of themselves get to the bottom of them. Others, perhaps, may guess at the end by what she calls "a subtle power of intuition."

Miss Braddon makes one of her characters—a farmer's widow—say, when some one talks to her of a medical man, "You mean a doctor." We should like to ask Miss Braddon in her turn what she means when she describes as "dominating all in sublime and gloomy grandeur the mighty towers of the cathedral, God's temple, rising, like fortalice and sanctuary, above all human habitations, as of old the Acropolis." Fortalice we find defined in the dictionary as "a small outwork of a fortification." She might just as reasonably have likened the cathedral and its towers to "the counterscarp before the gate of St. Nicholas," of which Uncle Toby had so much to tell. By "châtelaine" of course she means the mistress of a household; by "provincial limner," a country painter; by "paraphernalia of the toilet," soap, brushes, combs, sponges, and the rest; by "adjudicators at a flower-show," the judges, and by "chartering a vehicle," hiring a gig. If she would keep to big words and nonsense she would do but little mischief. But what shall we say of a writer who, woman though she is, thus explains what is meant by woman's sprightliness:—

> Justina had a pensiveness that charmed him more than other women's gaiety, and till now sprightliness had been his highest quality in woman—a girl who would light his cigar for him, and take three or four puffs, daintily, before she handed him the weed—a girl who was quick at retort, and could "chaff" him.

There is treason against one's sex as well as against one's country, and we think this is a specimen of it.

KINAHAN'S VALLEYS.*

THE prominence given of late years by geologists to meteoric abrasion, in accounting for the existing configuration of the earth's surface, has had the effect of well-nigh shutting out of sight every other kind of physical agent. Before the time of Hutton it had been very generally believed that the external features of the earth were more or less due to movements in the crust which, elevating some parts and depressing others, opened cracks and fissures, the agency of marine denudation combining with these movements. To that eminent geologist was due the theory which has since extensively prevailed, that the abrading action of water, including ice, has been the means of forming valleys, lake-basins, and the like. A reaction has now become visible, in part at least, towards the earlier view. Many years of careful research in connexion with the geological survey of Ireland brought Mr. G. H. Kinahan and his late colleague Mr. J. L. Warren—prematurely cut off in a career of much promise—to note certain definite relations between fissures or valleys in general and the phenomena of shrinkage. Without absolutely discarding the theories of subaërialists, they came to the conclusion that denudants of various classes must have acted together, each separately being incapable of doing much work. Prior to the operation of meteoric causes, terrestrial changes were, they believed, at work. Through the agency of internal heat or cooling, the rocks underwent a process of drying or contracting. Hence arose a series of cracks, dislocations, and fissures which primarily determined the courses in which the accumulating waters should flow, and in the end were the means of arranging the present distribution and set of valleys. Only in conjunction with these shrinkage fissures can any denudant work with effect. Not that all fault lines form valleys. On the contrary, they may form peaks and ridges, as may be seen in the mountains of West Galway, where the peaked summits of quartz schist are traversed by large dykes of hard "fault-rock," many of the peaks being on a line of dyke, or at the crossing of two lines, while other dykes form the summit of ridges, or stand out as reefs across the hills. Neither are traces of such faults to be seen in all cases on the surface of the ground. Many causes may contribute to obliterate these indications. There may have been simply "slides" of the strata, the associated rocks being so similarly constituted that the denudant, whether sea or ice, carved them evenly away. In other cases the features of the surface due to faults may have been obliterated by subsequent depositions of drift. The experience of miners frequently shows the fault-lines in a drift country, except those which are post-glacial, to be thus covered out of sight. Not that all post-glacial faults left are still apparent, the sea having in many places during the period of submersion modified the surface of the glacial drift. In the effect thus produced by the action of the sea during post-glacial times Mr. Kinahan finds a telling argument against the views of subaërialists of the extreme and exclusive school. If meteoric abrasion, he urges, is the universal denudant which some would have us believe, how is it that it has accomplished in these countries so little work since the Glacial period, while the effect of marine denudation in the rearranged drift is so apparent? Many rocks exposed to meteoric action since the Glacial period have not as yet lost their glacial dressing or striæ; while very little of the drift in the valleys above marine influences has been removed, and in other places no traces of this continuous denudation can be detected.

The object of Mr. Kinahan's work is to bring together facts showing that, in general, valleys originate with faults or breaks in the strata, and that a valley or hollow could seldom have been carved out unless there were cracks, minor joints, or other shrinkage fissures, in which one or other of the different denudants could work. Though the majority of his examples are taken from his own observations in Ireland, reference is also made to what has been observed by geologists in other countries. The most typical example, as well as that on the grandest scale, is seen in the Victoria Falls, discovered by Livingstone, in Africa. Two or more systems of joints are found as a rule to cross each other, more usually at acute than at right angles; the map of the world accordingly showing in general more triangles than any other kind of figure. The tributaries of rivers generally join them at acute angles, seldom at right angles. The water flowing down a slope naturally denudes and wears away the weakest place, which is always found to be a joint-line or some such crack, and eventually forms a channel along it. To this channel it is confined till it meets another channel, cut by a superior stream, into which it flows, instead of continuing any further its original course. Sometimes a stream coming down a joint-line belonging to one system may meet a joint-line belonging to another which is better developed and more easily denuded, in which case it will leave its original course, cutting through the soft strata intervening, and take to the new one. The result with the Victoria Falls, as shown in a diagram, is to flow over into one break, and thence into a second, a third, and a fourth, so that the course of the river assumes a highly serpentine form or figure of S. At home a similar illustration is supplied by the ravines occupied by the lower portion of the Suir, the Barrow, and the Nore, in South-Eastern Ireland. Here the various streams have excavations along different systems of breaks, while in general the breaks along whose line of course those rivers

* *Valleys, and their relation to Fissures, Fractures, and Faults.* By G. H. Kinahan, M.R.I.A., F.R.G.S.I., &c., of H. M. Geological Survey. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

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originally worked are now occupied by tributary streams. The Suir is the larger stream, yet it has left the course which it might have been naturally expected to follow, and now flows in the continuation of the break along which the Barrow came previously to their junction.

In a series of diagrams Mr. Kinahan illustrates the various forms assumed by fissures, according to the different conditions under which shrinkage affects the strata. Whatever their composition, all rocks or deposits are in a greater or less degree traversed by cracks, joints, and faults. Besides observing these, experiments can be made by inducing breaks artificially in substances of various texture. A recent deposit of soft material will at times, in the process of drying or cooling, break into irregular fissures, but more commonly, under known laws of shrinkage, into imperfect squares, tending to the hexagonal form, analogously to the formation of basalt. In strata of various composition, density, or depth, two distinct kinds of cracks are generally developed. There are the minor or local set of joints affecting only the lower stratum, and the master joints which cut through all the layers. The minor joints are in general locally systematic, regulated by the layers within which they are limited. The master joints may be more or less regular towards the surface, but beneath they may be either regular or irregular, as they take advantage of the weakest lines in each successive stratum they pass through. According as two or more master joints cross will there be less or greater vacancy at the intersection, the projecting angles of the intervening masses wearing or crumbling away; and even minor joints may act in the same way, causing a reclaimed bog to return to its original condition, or sandy flats to run or slide through the infiltration of water. Clay will stretch to a considerable extent, remaining unbroken, but mud seems to crack immediately on parting with its moisture. Gravel acts very similarly to bog, as may frequently be seen in the case of railway and other embankments, which subside owing to the ground under them being weak; the peat or gravel, after bending down for a while towards the embankment, finally breaking and forming fissures. These are exemplifications on a minor scale of the processes whereby in the larger operations of nature fissures, under the action of combined or successive denudants, result in valley or lake systems.

An abandoned limestone quarry affords an excellent study of joint-lines thus gradually opening, where sheets of rock have been uncovered and left subject for greater or less periods of time to the action of the atmosphere. In the parts longest exposed it will be found that fissures have been produced along the joint-lines, while in places more recently laid bare the joints remain in their original condition. The fissures are in part due to meteoric abrasion, but that contraction has also partly gone towards making them is no less evident, Mr. Kinahan urges, from the joints having cut in places through layers or nodules of chert, a rock too hard to be much affected by weathering. In such rocks or the harder kind of conglomerates the connexion between contraction and jointing is no less perceptible. Here the surfaces of division will be found to cut through the enclosed pebbles, each section of the pebble exactly fitting its fellow on the opposite side of the joint. The peculiar character of a large proportion of joint-faces seems nevertheless to indicate something more than the mere cracking consequent on shrinkage, as shown in granite even better than in the hard conglomerates. The way in which the joint-plane often cuts smoothly and evenly through the matrix and the quartz pebbles in such conglomerates is a mystery for the solution of which the suggestion has been made of an obscure tendency to cleavage having previously existed in the rocks. Examples are cited by our author from the limestones in the barony of Burren, county Clare, the igneous rocks of the Salisbury Crag, Edinburgh, and elsewhere.

The various denudants or carvers of the earth's surface which follow up the action of contraction or shrinkage include heat—whether that of the sun or internal to the earth—with its opposing cold, the agency of wind, that of water in the form of rain, rivers, glacier and berg ice, and chemical agency. The respective action of each is briefly traced by Mr. Kinahan, who points out how these agencies are modified by the dip or jointing of strata, as well as by the aspect of the cliffs or rock faces towards or away from the sun, with the consequent effects of direct radiation, and of cold or warm currents of air. Too little credit has beyond doubt been given to the sun, beyond that of the power of opening cracks or other surface fissures, which may to some extent be due to heat beneath the surface of the earth :—

> If the sun acts alone, or only in conjunction with wind, it is a destroyer; but when it is joined with cold and rain, the effects are modified; as all combined cause vegetation which eventually clothes the surface of the ground with a protecting envelope. Thus it is evident that the sun ought to accomplish its maximum amount of denudation in tropical regions; yet the amount of work done in the temperate zone must be considerable, if we may judge from what can be observed in Ireland, as the part the sun has taken in forming its present features is conspicuous. All the hills in that island, with very few exceptions, have much longer slopes towards the south than towards the north. These may have gradual slopes southward, while northward the cliffs are more or less precipitous; and with scarcely an exception, all the streams in a mountain group that flow southward have their source and watershed close to the summit of the escarpment that bounds the high lands on the north, so that respectively in all mountain groups the streams that flow southward are much more considerable than the streams that flow northward. This is apparently due to the rays of the sun acting as a denudant on those parts of the land that are most under its influence, the rock alternately expanding and contracting, and thereby disintegrating more rapidly there than in the land that has a northern aspect, where the changes of temperature are less. The different degrees of weathering due to aspect are very apparent during frost; for at mid-day, if a bank or cliff looks south, and there is a strong sun, numerous blocks and fragments will be loosened and drop away, while in a bank or cliff only a few yards distant, but having a northern aspect, not even a fragment will be displaced. This may be studied in artificial cuttings, such as those for roads—the north bank yearly weathering away, while years must elapse before the south side loses the form given it by the workmen. The effects of the sun's rays may also be traced in a bog which, during dry weather, cracks with the heat, as in general the principal cracks are nearly perpendicular to the sun's rays a little before noon.

Wind also is a denudant, the power of which has been scarcely estimated to the full, especially when aided by rain or by the chemical constitution of the rocks. Its effects are to be variously studied in soft sandstone cliffs, such as those of the New Red Sandstone age on the coast of Devonshire, and in the limestones which are worked by the dissolution of lime into "table" and "mushroom" rocks. That wind and heat unaided by water can do similar work is proved by weathered rocks of fantastic shape occurring in rainless regions within the tropics. Rain and rivers seem the least efficient of agents in themselves; but when combined with the other denudants, or with cracks and fissures, their effects are not to be limited. It is their dependence upon these conditions of shrinkage which has been so much ignored by extreme subaërialists, and which Mr. Kinahan sets himself, in the most original part of his book, to work out. The superficial aspect of a country is a frequent source of misapprehension in respect to these phenomena. A stream near Draper's Town, for example, a head water of the Moyola river, has its bed partly in drift, partly in a soft friable conglomerate. It might at first be considered that the upper section in the drift was solely due to river action. But on examination there is found to be a break in the drift immediately to the north, along which in part the ravine has been excavated. This stream during flood carries down innumerable blocks and pebbles, which might be expected rapidly to wear away the conglomerate. Yet during all the ages it has been at work only a few feet, Mr. Kinahan assures us, have been excavated, save in those places where the bed of the stream coincides with a break in the conglomerate. Among the ice-dressed hills of Kerry, Galway, and Cork, he can point to many examples of streams which have for ages run over polished, scratched, and etched surfaces of rock without having been able to obliterate the ice marks. Indirectly, in fact, rain, by giving rise to an envelope of peat, forms a protecting envelope against denudation; and chemical action, although in itself an assistant to other destroyers, may also be in an indirect way a preserver, since it disintegrates rocks in which plants grow, and eventually form a protective envelope. If valleys are not connected with breaks in the underlying rocks, how is it, our author asks, that they occur in regular systems over large tracts of country? A map, more especially a contoured map, of Ireland will show how the outlines—river valleys, lake basins, and bays—occur in systems which, if not caused by breaks in the subjacent rocks, can only be blindly attributed to chance. With the arguments of the late Mr. J. Beete Jukes for subaërial denudation as the principal cause of the physical features of the South of Ireland, Mr. Kinahan grapples one by one. The geology of that district is, he urges, greatly obscured by alluvial deposits rendering the relation of the rocks on one side of any valley or flat to those on the other side all but conjectural, so that on account of the high dips of the strata considerable faults might exist without being observed. And this is the more probable from the fact of rocks sometimes coming down one side of a valley, whilst there are none on the other side. Moreover, all the valleys which extend northward and southward are in more or less parallel systems, in association with ruling faults and master joints. If the connexion is not apparent in the river valleys, an examination of the cliffs will show that there is not one of the fissures extending to the coast-line which is not connected with a break or fault in the underlying rocks. That marine denudation, acting only with a broad horizontal movement, cannot produce ravines or narrow winding valleys, but that these hollows have been excavated either by ice, rain, or river, Mr. Kinahan controverts by pointing to the geological features of the South and West of Ireland. Were the land-level stationary, or gradually rising, the natural tendency of the action of the sea would be to form a plain of denudation; but if the level of the land be lowered, the result will not be a simple plain of denudation, since the marine action fills up with *débris* all the low places, instead of excavating them. There are signs that the relative level of Ireland has been lowered within the historical period, the sea being known to have flowed into Lough Swilly and other low places, and Galway Bay having been of old named Lough Lurgan. Where the rocks were softer, long narrow bays may have been excavated by the action of the sea, eventually elongating into valleys; the marine action which we now see shaping the lower ends of those valleys being but the present continuation of that by which the upper parts of the valleys were formed. The transverse valleys may also have been cut by marine action, finding out the softer places or following breaks and joints in the strata. Cork Harbour is appealed to by the author as showing the process by which the sea is wont to act, as well as the share which the wind has in marine denudation. During the Esker-sea period South-West Cork, if not all Ireland, was relatively about three hundred and fifty feet lower than at present, which is proved by the raised beaches, terraces, and the like, such as those of Derrinkee in the Erriff river valley, in Glenanane, and Inishbarna. The sea would then, by means of tidal waves and currents, do more work than now. Since it retired, the rivers which now occupy the valleys

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have not been able to clear out the great mass of sea-formed detritus.

Passing to the Weald of Kent and Sussex, which has been put forward as one of the great proofs of enormous subaërial denudation, Mr. Kinahan argues that no marine valley or escarpment can be formed in homogeneous chalk or limestone, except where the rock is faulted, jointed, or traversed by some kind of shrinkage fissures which are seized on by the weather. That a horizontal mass of chalk once covered the entire Weald he considers beyond doubt, as also that either the North and South Downs from some cause sank, or the Hastings beds were forced up. A series of breaks would be the result, forming anticlinal and synclinal curves, with fissures, breaks, and lines of weakness, along which denudation would take place—marine denudation if the movement was submarine, meteoric abrasion if it was subaërial. These agents may indeed have acted in combination, neither doing the whole of the work. That breaks and faults of this kind are in fact to be traced our author is convinced by the recent surveys which have been made of the Weald. Such a one in connexion with the transverse valleys may be instanced in that occupied by the River Ouse. The ponds on the Downs also must be connected with subterranean streams like the "turloughs" in the limestone districts of Ireland, indicative of prior movements beneath the surface. The survey of Loch Lomond and other lake valleys of Scotland is made to add much force to the general argument, which is maintained with great ability and industry throughout Mr. Kinahan's little work.

THE LAND OF THE CZAR.*

WE fully agree with Mr. Wahl that very few of the English books about Russia meet "the requirements of a public desirous of obtaining, at a comparatively small sacrifice of time and money, a correct general insight into the conditions of that colossal country." Whether such a public exists in any part of the British dominions is another question. Some authorities aver that a desire to become scientifically acquainted, if not politically linked, with Russia sways the North American mind, but so many strange stories reach us from the United States that it is hard to know how much we may believe. Many a year apparently is destined to roll away before any peaceful tidings from Russia are likely to create in our isles such a sensation as was produced in Norfolk Island, if rumour speaks truly, by the publication of *Lothair*. Warlike news, it is true, may from time to time set up, or keep alive, the "sort of vague, uneasy feeling" which Mr. Wahl attributes to the Khiva expedition. The Emperor of Russia, looked upon merely as a Royal tourist, may be regarded at Madame Tussaud's as a failure, compared with the Shah; but the authorities at the Horse Guards can scarcely fail to appreciate aright the master of so many legions as that military autocrat commands. We quite agree also with Mr. Wahl in believing that "few schools, if any, profess to teach the history of the Russian nation, of its religious and literary life"; but we are by no means sure that he is right in crediting our public with a "numerous class" of readers "anxious to acquire a fair and clear judgment on the affairs of the great Eastern giant." Ecclesiastically, Russia is interesting to churchmen; ethnographically, the numerous races which inhabit the vast Russian Empire now and then occupy the attention of the Anthropological Societies; commercially, Russian securities, as well as such practical Russian products as grain and tallow, are carefully watched wherever merchants congregate. But that in other respects English eyes are directed towards Russia with any but the most languid interest is more than we can at present believe.

Let us turn, however, from the reason for the existence of Mr. Wahl's book to that book itself. Some readers there doubtless are who will be glad to find compressed into a single volume "general statistics of the Russian Empire," information about "the populations of Russia," "a glimpse at the history of the Russian Empire from Rurik to Alexander II.," an account of the Russian Church, "the history of the Russian language," a sketch of "the Caucasian languages," and "the history of the Russian literature." A writer who could condense into so small a bulk the mass of existing information upon these subjects, and whose work might on every point be implicitly trusted, would deserve at our hands the most sincere gratitude. Unfortunately, no such writer has yet appeared, or is likely, so far as we can see, to put in an appearance. In the meantime we must be content with such attempts at performing what are next to impossibilities as are from time to time offered to us. Mr. Wahl has had the great advantage, it appears, of residing several years in Russia, and of travelling through several of its less visited provinces. He has enjoyed, therefore, good opportunities of making personal acquaintance with its different races; and the opinions which he has consequently been able to form with respect to their characters appear to be shrewd and sound. His book seems to be thoroughly honest and fair, as free from the crass ignorance and the vulgar prejudices which disfigure so many Western descriptions of the "Eastern Colossus," as it is devoid of the sickly enthusiasm which has inspired certain rose-coloured sketches of Russian life. It may be doubtful whether it will have much weight in inducing English eyes to look upon Russia "in a kindly and equitable spirit, and not, as hitherto, in the light of the grim European bugbear"; but still it may do good service in effacing some erroneous impressions.

We will confine our remarks upon *The Land of the Czar* to the first part of the book, that which deals with the land and its Slavonic inhabitants. On the various savage races which render fealty to the "White Tsar" English readers will generally bestow just as much attention as they expend upon the uncivilized tribes to be found in our own Indian Empire, and their manners and customs need not greatly affect our views as to the present or the future of the Russian people. The chapters on the history and the literature of Russia do not pretend to do much more than compress into a small space the contents of ordinary books of reference on those subjects, and therefore we need not dwell upon them here. But from the author's sketches of the Russian inhabitants of Russia, and of the land which they occupy, some idea may be gained of the modern Russian as he is in real life, and not in such caricatures as have been published for the benefit of Western observers at various times, and especially during the Crimean War. To them, therefore, we are justified in calling attention.

Classifying roughly, we may divide the Russians of Russia into three principal families—the "White Russians" of the North-West, the "Little Russians" of the South and South-West, and the "Great Russians" of the rest of the European provinces. Of these the "Great Russians," the Russians proper, are by far the most important, so with them we will begin. The Moujik, or ordinary Russian man, is as a general rule a kindly, simple-minded being, utterly devoid of anything like book-learning, exceedingly superstitious, devotedly loyal. To generation after generation of his forefathers the Church was a bulwark against foreign invasion, a refuge in time of trouble. And therefore he feels for his religion a gratitude and a species of affection unknown to the peasantry of many other lands. At the same time the heathenism which prevailed throughout the land a thousand years ago has left behind it an influence which has strangely discoloured and warped the forms under which are embodied the spiritual beings to whom he pays adoration or reverence. To such an extent, indeed, has this influence made itself felt that in some cases it is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish the line of demarcation between the old heathenism and the modern Christianity. In like manner it is often difficult to distinguish between the good and the bad qualities of the Moujik's disposition: to tell where his patient endurance begins to harden into stolid obstinacy, his sympathy with misfortune to expand into alliance with crime, his genial conviviality to deepen into degrading debauchery. Throughout his life he retains a certain childlike spirit; amused by trifles, seldom capable of reflection, he toddles gently towards the grave, seldom stirred by noble passions, troubling himself but little about his personal dignity or freedom. Over him, if he is to be happy, must be preserved a strict but kindly rule. He is seldom quite at his ease if he does not feel the salutary influence of his leading-strings. Such is the Russian Moujik or common man, whether he be a rustic or a dweller in towns, except in so far as a city life exercises upon him its usual power to corrupt. To drink he is too often prone, from honesty he too often falls away. But it is seldom that either as a criminal or a drunkard he plunges into such depths of degradation as are attained by our own dangerous classes. Dark as are the scenes described in the reports of Russian trials, their gloom is as nothing when compared with the utter blackness revealed by our own criminal records.

The whole of Mr. Wahl's description of the "Great Russians" is well worthy of being attentively read, and with the greater part of his remarks we can cordially agree, whether he describes the villager, or the artisan, or the "civilized Russian." About the latter his information is meagre, but so far as it goes it is correct. It is quite true, unfortunately, that though the educated Russian is "highly intelligent and of quick comprehension," yet he is "interested only by fits and starts," he is "often prone to prodigality and to living above his means," and "everything is sacrificed to the moment, and an hour passed in pleasurable excitement is never considered too dearly paid for." Difficult indeed is it to count upon the behaviour or predict the future of a man who, "floating amidst a thousand different interests," is "alternately indulgent and pretentious, or indifferent and zealous, undecided and vacillating, or determined and resolved." A capacity for acquiring foreign languages will not go far to redeem a man's incapacity for speaking the truth in his native tongue; no amount of pliancy and adaptability will compensate him for the want of moral backbone. Now that the evil influence of serfdom is withdrawn, however, it is to be hoped that the nobler elements in the Russian nature may gain a decided mastery over the baser, that the upper classes may rapidly become more energetic and self-reliant, and the lower gradually free themselves from the taint of falseness which has contaminated their whole moral constitution.

Of the condition of the "White Russians" Mr. Wahl justly draws a somewhat gloomy picture. Though miserably poor and possessed of a very small amount of civilization, the inhabitants of those Northern provinces of which the Polish-Lithuanian princes long deprived Russia are "exceedingly good-hearted and inoffensive." But they can rarely boast of "the strong constitutions, the numerous families, the patriarchal and peaceable customs of the peasantry of Greek-Russia"; nor does the traveller encounter among them "the lively Pole, distinguished in feature and form, though perhaps somewhat blustering and vain, with his slender, handsome, bright, and coquettish mate." More like the Poles are their neighbours and whilome subjects the "Little Russians," the most attractive and the most intellectual of the inhabitants of

* *The Land of the Czar.* By O. W. Wahl. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

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Russia. More comely than the "Muscovites," devoted to music and to song, fond of flowers and susceptible to the charms of nature, they supply Russian life in general with the romantic element in which the Northern provinces are often so sadly deficient. Amidst the harsh realities of an Arctic winter there is but small scope for an appreciation of ideal beauties. When a man's life is spent in a ceaseless struggle with the maleficent forces of nature, he has but little leisure for the cultivation of his imagination or his personal appearance. Not that the Russian grows abnormally hirsute or ferocious in all the districts with the names of which English readers generally couple the idea of inhospitable cold. Of Siberia, indeed, the type to ordinary English eyes of all that is harsh and crabbed, every visitor speaks with enthusiasm. There, according to Mr. Wahl, "heart and mind expand and rise above the narrow-minded prose of European life." In the society of its civil and military officers the fleeting hours are passed in "a perfect round of pleasure, enhanced by the exhilarating influence of the beautiful South Siberian climate and of the splendour of a gigantic nature." No wonder that the very name of Siberia, so ominous to Western ears, "produces an electric effect on whosoever has lived in that country, as it is sure to recall sweet reminiscences" of a land in which both the higher and the lower classes possess "the good qualities of the Russian character without so many of its usual faults."

LIFE OF LORD CHANCELLOR BLACKBURNE.*

LORD CHANCELLOR BLACKBURNE is described by his son, who has written his Life, as "thoroughly opposed to sentimental or sensational legislation," and it is difficult not to feel partiality for an Irish lawyer and politician who could justly be thus described. Unluckily, the biographer has spoiled the best passage of his preface by dragging in a metaphor. Blackburne, he says, considered it unnecessary to have recourse to what were styled "healing measures," which might fairly be compared to the Assyrian rivers of old in their inability to stay the leprosy of disaffection and discontent. It might be thought that this illustration, if used at all, should be used differently. The people who require upas-trees to be felled, and other political miracles to be performed, for the pacification of Ireland, are like Naaman, expecting to be bidden to do "some great thing," while Blackburne's measures would have been of the "wash and be clean" sort, or, in other words, everyday work well done. His son says he believed and acted on the principle that the true secret of governing Ireland lay in an unflinching administration of the law, dealt alike to all with a firm and impartial hand, without favour or distinction. Without deciding whether this principle was all-sufficient, we may confidently say that it was salutary as far as it went.

Blackburne was born at Footstown, in Meath, in 1782, "a year rendered memorable in Ireland by the grant of its independence." As a child he gave no promise of excellence. His mother mentions his want of aptitude and slowness in learning when he was very young. He was placed at a "rough and badly-managed" school, under a "stern and unbending" master, whose pupils probably forgave his treatment of them when they heard that he was killed by the rebels of 1798. Blackburne was removed within two years to a school at Dublin, and in due time he entered at Trinity College, where he graduated with the distinction of Gold Medal. After keeping terms at the King's Inn in Dublin he came to London and entered at Lincoln's Inn. He was too poor to become pupil to a special pleader or conveyancer, and he was glad to be assured on high authority that he might, with due application, acquire a thorough knowledge of law from books. He studied Coke on Littleton with the usual deadening and disappointing effect. "There was scarcely a sense of progress," but he probably became aware afterwards that a man who could get up that book could get up anything. It was a test of youthful capacity for law like that of asking a midshipman to eat fat pork in order to try whether he has overcome sea-sickness. To learn the working of the law he attended the Court of King's Bench, of which Lord Ellenborough was then chief. He was called to the Bar in 1805, and soon acquired the reputation of a sound lawyer. A Judge at a circuit-dinner gave the "junior's" health in the formula, "Black strap, Black letter, Blackburne." The same Judge decided a question of precedence between Blackburne and a barrister who bore the sounding name of Paulus Æmilius Singer by citing the text, "The singers go before." Blackburne's practice rapidly increased, and he was called within the bar in 1822. In the same year he was appointed Chairman of the special Sessions held under the Insurrection Act for the county of Limerick, in which office he became known for sagacity, firmness, and freedom from party prejudice. His services to the Crown were rewarded by the appointment of Serjeant in 1826, and from this time his business, large before, rapidly increased. He is said to have had a musical voice and almost perfect diction. If he never used an unnecessary word, he was unlike many of his countrymen who have attained prominence at the Bar and in Parliament, and it is easy to believe that there would have been a fine natural antipathy between him and O'Connell.

Although chiefly employed as an advocate, Blackburne also excelled as a conveyancer. His drafts are said to have been models of brevity, and at the same time of completeness. The biographer, who is a Queen's Counsel, may or may not be practically acquainted with conveyancing. He tells us that his father's style was like that commended by Izaak Walton, who refers to times "when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age." It is possible that Izaak Walton believed "several sheets" of lawyer's parchment to be necessary to a client's title, and he also believed, if we remember rightly, that it was good fun to a worm to be put upon a hook. But the truth is that verbiage is not necessary in conveyancing. It arose partly from the taste of Izaak Walton's age for prolixity in all written style, and partly from the curious practice which obtained in England, and we believe in Ireland, of paying lawyers by the number of words they put on paper. This practice has been frequently ridiculed, but hitherto without any satisfactory substitute being established. All sensible lawyers in both branches of the profession concur in condemning it, as appears from a recent pamphlet on "Solicitors' Remuneration," by Mr. F. Halsey Janson, member of the Council of the Incorporated Law Society, in which a letter of Mr. Edward Karslake, Q.C., written to the Lord Chancellor in 1867, is quoted. "If," says the letter, "clients insisted on deeds being prepared in the most concise form possible, the scale of remuneration remaining unaltered, practitioners must work for nothing." We do not certainly know how conveyancers are paid in Ireland, but we presume that they have copied and exaggerated this, as Irish lawyers have copied and exaggerated all other defects of English law and practice; and, if so, Blackburne's "models of conciseness" must have been admired rather than adopted by his brethren. An imitator would find that by working moderately hard he could earn two or three guineas, and by working very hard he could cut his remuneration down to one guinea, while the profit of the solicitor who employed him would be similarly affected. The example of Blackburne could hardly have more effect than legislation, and Mr. Karslake in his letter says that "the most beneficial enactment can have but very partial success if it interferes with professional emolument." We may suspect, therefore, that if Blackburne's drafts were short, his list of fees for conveyancing business was not very long. Besides, he was better employed in Court. A sketch made of him as Attorney-General, which is quoted by the biographer, conveys high, but, we think, not exaggerated praise. This sketch describes him as one of the most powerful and least flashy men that ever challenged admiration at the Bar of Ireland. He had been outstripped in the race by men who had none of his genuine pretensions to forensic eloquence. "He had nothing of that quick eager temperament, vehement delivery, vividly brilliant manner, and inflated style which are popularly associated with the idea of a celebrated Irish barrister." If he never said more than he thought necessary to produce conviction in an intelligent mind, it is not wonderful that he did not succeed rapidly or greatly at *Nisi Prius*. But we fully believe that he was a perfect model for an Equity barrister, and perhaps the author of the sketch may have been right in comparing him not unfavourably with Mr. Pemberton Leigh.

In 1830 Blackburne became Attorney-General under Earl Grey's Government, and here we enter upon his political career, in which his son is not, we think, happy as a biographer. He estimates more highly than we can do the value of the historical works of Alison; and we scarcely see the utility, although it might be difficult to deny the truth, of the statement that agitation in England, "which took the shape of a cry for Reform," was the necessary result of the Catholic Emancipation Act. Blackburne began political life as a Whig, and finished it as a Conservative, but his son seems to be a Tory of the old thoroughgoing sort. To regard the Emancipation Act and the Reform Act as stages of the progress of the United Kingdom in a career which would be called in individual life "going to the dogs," is, to put it mildly, an anachronism. Practical policy must concern itself with actual facts, and whether Emancipation or Reform were good things or necessary evils matters not much at this time of day. Even this biographer would scarcely venture, we should think, to deny that they were one or the other. But we may accept a measure as inevitable without describing it as "healing." We can however cordially concur with this writer when he keeps to his immediate subject. Blackburne as Attorney-General prosecuted O'Connell under the "Proclamations Act," and convicted him, much to the astonishment of the defendant, who said that "he was going to teach Blackburne law." Mr. Stanley, afterwards Lord Derby, commended Blackburne's "exertions and decision," and added that Lords Grey and Melbourne were "delighted at his victory." The agitation against tithes, which followed Catholic Emancipation, produced outrages which necessitated the issue in 1831 of special commissions for the trial of offenders in Limerick and other counties. Lord Anglesey, the Lord-Lieutenant, considered that a triumph had been achieved "by plain sober law patiently but firmly administered" by Blackburne as prosecutor on these commissions. Mr. Stanley wrote that Blackburne's success "exceeds our most sanguine hopes," and he concurred in Blackburne's view "against the necessity of extraordinary severity." He added "I do not know how we should have got on without you." About this time Mr. Stanley considered the question of tithes most urgent. He was clear that a complete alteration of system was indispensable—"that is, if we wish, as you and I do, to

* *Life of the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, sometime also Master of the Rolls, Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, and Lord Justice of Appeal, chiefly in connexion with his Public and Political Career.* By his Son, Edward Blackburne, one of Her Majesty's Counsel in Ireland. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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save the Established Church." The Government was now endeavouring to conciliate O'Connell, for which task it may be supposed that Mr. Stanley had no great taste. In 1832 Blackburne wrote a characteristic letter to Mr. Stanley, in which he said that he could never act under any Government that allied itself with the extremes of either of the conflicting Irish parties. "I have an habitual aversion to both, and believe that the country never can prosper if its Government be in the hands of the one or the other." Not long afterwards Mr. Stanley exchanged the Irish Office for the Colonies, and O'Connell published a violent attack on Blackburne which curiously contrasts with Blackburne's own measured style. "The prime, the lasting, the continual blunder of the Whigs" was their selection of Blackburne for Attorney-General, which was "the most important office all to nothing" in the government of Ireland. O'Connell assumed that Blackburne had been opposed to Catholic Emancipation, and it may be admitted that he thought, as many others did, that that measure would not prove a panacea for the evils of Ireland. "He knew," says the biographer, "the character of the Roman Catholic religion; that with fresh concessions there would be fresh demands, and that the cry of civil and religious liberty was mere pretence." The question is fairly asked whether the result has shown that Blackburne was wrong? It is possible, however, that Blackburne may have concurred with Sir Robert Peel, who said that the true recommendation of his Emancipation Bill was "that it is scarcely possible we can change for the worse." If this were so, it avails little to quote Alison's vaticinations of the consequences of "throwing open the portals of the Legislature." Blackburne, as we have seen, did not believe in "soothing" measures. He did believe in a firm administration of the law, and his own admitted success as an administrator goes far to justify this belief. His political views, though moderate, were in many respects at variance with those held by the men with whom he was acting; but nevertheless he was maintained in office until the resignation of Lord Melbourne's Administration in 1834. This is sufficient proof that he was useful. Sir Robert Peel requested Blackburne to retain his office, and he consented. But Sir Robert Peel's Administration was short, and when he resigned Blackburne resigned also, and was not re-appointed.

The biographer considers that Lord Melbourne when again in office neglected to fulfil an understanding that Blackburne should be made a Judge. This omission is ascribed to O'Connell's influence. However, Blackburne made more money at the Bar than he would have received as Judge, and when Sir Robert Peel resumed office in 1841 Blackburne again became Attorney-General. In about a year he was made Master of the Rolls, and in 1846 he became Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. Of his high ability as Judge, whether in Equity, at Nisi Prius, or in a criminal court, there can be no question. When a special commission was issued in 1848 for the trial of Smith O'Brien and Meagher, Lord Clarendon, the Lord-Lieutenant, asked Blackburne to preside on it. As a Judge he was "emphatically a listener." Lord Campbell declared by letter his "profound respect" for his Irish brother, and did not write his life. When Lord Derby took office in 1852, he made Blackburne his Irish Chancellor; thus, as he said, evincing his regard for an old friend and doing service to Ireland. The biographer is eloquent in praise of Lord Eglinton, who at the same time became Lord-Lieutenant; but we shall hardly do injustice to that nobleman if we assume that he is principally remembered, at least in England, as the owner of the Flying Dutchman. A Prime Minister gave to a Lord-Lieutenant as his parting injunction "to keep a good cook and consult Blackburne."

When Lord Derby resigned office at the end of the same year, 1852, Blackburne also resigned, and he remained in the enjoyment, or at least in the possession, of well-earned leisure until 1856, when he was appointed Lord Justice of Appeal in Chancery. In 1858 Lord Derby was again called on to form a Government, and he again offered the Great Seal of Ireland to Blackburne, who declined it, "as his advanced age and the state of his health made him reluctant to undertake" the office. Once more, in 1866, Lord Derby returned to office, and he wrote to ask Blackburne "if he would consent again to take (if only for a short time) the duties of Lord Chancellor," and he added, "The whole of our arrangements depend upon your acceptance." Blackburne, who had been up to that time Lord Justice, yielded to this urgency, but the arrangement turned out unfortunately. It was rumoured that the appointment was only temporary, and intrigues were set on foot to make it so. Lord Derby for some time resisted these intrigues, but when Blackburne had a severe illness, and the Lord-Lieutenant complained that, the Attorney- and Solicitor-General being both in London, he had no confidential legal counsellor, Lord Derby yielded to pressure, and accepted from Blackburne a resignation which can hardly be regarded as spontaneous. It is to be lamented that a life so long, honourable, and useful should close under anything like a slur. It is admitted that Blackburne's illness would in any case have compelled his speedy resignation, but nevertheless both he and his son, who writes his life, appear to have felt keenly the treatment he underwent. He resigned the Great Seal of Ireland in March 1867, and he died in September following in the eighty-fifth year of his age. The best testimony to his abilities and character is furnished by the anxiety of successive Governments to retain his services. With the exception of about three years and a half, between his resignation of the Great Seal and his appointment as Lord Justice, he worked hard either at the Bar or on the Bench during the whole of a legal life of sixty-two years. He never sat in Parliament, but he had breadth of political view as well as extensive legal knowledge. He was always moderate in opinion and indefatigable in action.

The life of this distinguished lawyer suggests the remark that the law which he administered was ill adapted to the people among whom he lived. It must indeed be confessed that the defects of English law aggravate themselves in Ireland, while even its merits become defects. Trial by jury is an institution of the highest value, but it became a mockery when servile sheriffs packed juries under the Stuarts. It also became a mockery when Blackburne, as Attorney-General, failed to obtain convictions for the Carrickshock murders in 1832, and on many other occasions in Ireland. It may be reasonably asked why, when juries notoriously fail in their duty "through want of integrity and firmness," there should still be an invincible necessity for employing them? The system works well in quiet England, but it is inapplicable amid the political and religious strife of Ireland. The system of conveyancing does not work well in England, and in Ireland, before the Encumbered Estates Court was established, titles to land had become chaotic. Notwithstanding Blackburne's brevity and precision, his brethren were much addicted to using many words without any clear conception of their meaning. The deeds which they prepared were longer and looser than English deeds, and their practice might not inaptly be described as conveyancing gone mad. When Blackburne became Master of the Rolls the Encumbered Estates Court Act had not been passed, and as the biographer mildly puts it, "many perplexing questions arose" out of the rights and liabilities of tenants. In short, law had become a nuisance.

PRINGLE'S LIVE STOCK OF THE FARM.*

IF the volume before us fails to equal in exhaustiveness and breadth of treatment the "opus magnum" of the late Henry Stephens, and in lively *bonhomie* the *Fields and Cattle* of Mr. Beevor, it has still sufficient recommendations to the amateur or tenant-farmer who desires a book of reference thinner than the *Book of the Farm*, and yet not so thin as the record of the experiences of the reverend breeder and feeder on the banks of the Wye. For our own part we can conceive no book of reference at all approaching that of the recently deceased Edinburgh veteran in fulness of information; and it is some proof of the almost universal acceptance of this nineteenth-century "Stephani Thesaurus" that such Scotch words as "byre," "hammel," and the like are now as familiar to the agriculturist on one side of the Tweed as on the other. It should be said, however, that Mr. Pringle commends himself to the confidence of practical students by his evident anxiety to attain to the same clearness and accuracy as Mr. Stephens. The result is that the reader is never left in the lurch, or allowed to halt between two competing opinions, for lack of an intelligent summing-up and capable decision on the part of the author. It may be added that he is so candid and unbiassed that, where he finds it most needful to speak in terms of disparagement and severity, it is mostly in reference to the farming of the sister kingdom, which, as we gather from his title-page, is the home of his adoption and editorial labours. Those readers who have seen his "Review of Irish Agriculture" in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society (Vol. VII. 1872) will not need to be told that he calculates the annual loss arising from neglect of artificial food and proper shelter for young cattle in Ireland at almost five millions sterling, "owing to the flesh being literally wasted off the bones of the animals"; and, to pass by several other references to the "happy-go-lucky" system of farming, whether dairy or stock, mostly practised in Ireland, we need but cite his chapter on the various breeds of sheep to show that, whereas the Connaught breed known as Roscommons has elsewhere been improved by crossing and selection into large meat-producers, with heavy fleeces of silky wool, they fail in their own country to arrive at the speedy maturity which is their characteristic when well fed, simply because "breeders of sheep in Connaught rarely grow turnips, trusting altogether to grass-feeding."

This reminds us that the aim and end of a large part of Mr. Pringle's volume is to make more clearly understood the complicated science of "meat-manufacture," a science which, in common with that of dairy farming, is daily becoming more important in the face of the ever-rising and never-falling prices of meat, butter, and cheese. It is possible that with many readers a perusal of the chapters on breeding and feeding of cattle, sheep, and pigs may not result in such a clear insight into the whole matter as to qualify them at once for being their own bailiffs; but at any rate they will gain new hints recommended by experience and success, and in some instances they will receive sufficient confirmation of their own hitherto doubtful glimmerings of the right methods to enable them to hold their own against unlettered hinds and cowmen. These last, we suspect, would attach little weight to the author's observations on "breeding," though it is not only reasonable in theory, but established by experience, that selection has a good deal to do with the improvement of stock; and, though lineage and pedigree must not be ignored (goodness in this point being more important than length of pedi-

* *The Live Stock of the Farm.* By Robert Oliphant Pringle, Editor of the "Irish Farmer's Gazette." Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1874.

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gree), it is only when checked by the elimination of defective animals that a herd, however high bred, can be other than mediocre. Lord Rivers, we are reminded, owed the excellence of his famous breed of greyhounds to the rule of "breeding many and hanging many." At the same time it is insisted upon that a bull of high pedigree with fair symmetry and quality should always be preferred to one that is superior in look, though of more doubtful ancestry; and this especially, it would seem, in the case of the first use of them with females of any class of stock, as numberless instances are on record of the sire first used influencing all the dam's future progeny. A cross-bred sire may affect prejudicially the whole after progeny of a pure-bred mother, even though that after progeny be the produce of pure-bred sires.

In discussing "cross-breeding," the distinction between that which properly deserves the name—namely, the union of a pure-bred male of one breed with a pure-bred dam of another, and the simpler plan of a cross between a male of a distinct and improved breed and a female of an inferior breed—is well put by the author, who shows how many now recognized leading breeds we owe to the first process; *e.g.* in sheep, the Hampshire, Oxford, and Shropshire Downs. But it is no less important to remember that, for the increase of the production of meat, it is admissible and even advisable to cross shorthorn bulls and cows of mongrel blood with a view to readier fattening, though the system of mongrel sires, too frequently followed in Ireland, is an undoubted drawback to Irish cattle. The curious anecdotes as to the influence of imagination on cows, which affects their offspring, and of the prevalence of atavism (*e. g.* the cropping up of the "polled Angus" tuft after several generations got by shorthorn sires, and the like), as well as anent the causes and cures of supposed barrenness, render this chapter one of the most curious and interesting in the volume. It might perhaps have been more appropriate to place the chapter on different breeds of cattle before, rather than after, that which treats of foods; but Mr. Pringle can probably justify the order he has adopted. Nothing can be plainer than his way of putting and enforcing the importance of warmth, and a temperature equal to the natural heat of the body, as an essential condition of the proper economy of food. To this end well-constructed and ventilated houses or covered cattle-yards are recommended, and the practice of letting cattle remain out all the winter is justly reprobated. Waste of food is also incurred by undue exercise, which involves a greater consumption of the elements of fat and respiration; so that, in other words, rest and quiet are a saving of food in fattening animals, though growing and breeding beasts require a due amount of exercise. Amongst the array of foods passed in review as of greater or less efficacy and value in cattle-feeding, we find that wheat is too costly to pay, unless in exceptional circumstances, and that, on the whole, perhaps barley (in which we include malt) and linseed among seeds and grain, turnips, cabbage, and beets among roots, and home-made mixtures in preference to more expensive "condimental" concoctions, are best adapted for fattening and feeding cattle. The result of the experiments of Mr. J. B. Lawes appears to have been slightly in favour of unmalted barley as against malt as a fattener of cattle, sheep, and pigs; but we gather from the evidence of other experienced agriculturists epitomized in this volume, that all kinds of farm stock thrive on malt, which assists digestion and perfects an animal's good condition, at the same time that it greatly benefits those which are recovering from illness or are off their feed. If this is so, and if the malt dust, or young sprouts thrown out by the barley in the steeping process, are a prime feeding stuff for milch cows, there is on this score something to be said for the repeal of the Malt-tax. The value of linseed—whether boiled or ground, given in meal in combination with other foods, or in the form of linseed-cake—in developing the growing animal, enriching the milk of the dairy cow, and fattening for the butcher, is also of the utmost importance to the modern stock-farmer; though it is stated that in its pure form linseed is so superior to the cake that 3 lbs. of the one will make 1 lb. of beef or mutton as against 6½ or 7 of the other. In consequence of the obtuseness of Irish flax-growers in declining to separate the ball or seed-capsule from the plant, and so losing the seed and no small revenue therefrom, we are driven to import seed from abroad, and the most rascally frauds are perpetrated in the sale of "genuine linseed as imported" (p. 64). The chief objection to linseed-cake is the oily flavour it gives to meat, which it makes also soft and flabby. Economical mixtures of crushed linseed with barley meal, or inferior wheat meal, in the proportion of 1 bushel of the former to 8 or 9 of the two latter, are a cheaper resource without the risk of adulteration. In reference to the use of turnips and other roots, Mr. Pringle cites Mr. Duckham of Ross as recommending *pulping* instead of *slicing* them for young stock, as more economical, more useful in rendering palatable hay or straw of inferior character, more favourable to digestion, and a surer preventive of such accidents as choking. Mr. Beevor, if we recollect aright, bears testimony in his volumes to the effects of the "magician Thorley"; but Mr. Pringle's language is more qualified. It is a case of "sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura"; and whilst we are assured, on Dr. Voelcker's authority, that a good deal of the so-called "cattle-food" consists of the sweepings of a cake and general grain and seed warehouse, it is also well to know that even in the case of the better sort of it 40*s.* is charged for a condiment which might be compounded for 10*s.* with the help of a recipe furnished in p. 93.

In his survey of the various breeds of cattle Mr. Pringle discusses fairly the respective merits of shorthorns and Herefords. He asserts the claim of the former, when pure bred, to combine beef-making with milk-producing qualities in an eminent degree, and this even on ordinary diet, whereas it is generally considered that the shorthorns are very exacting with regard to keep. He bears witness himself, and cites the testimony of a steward at the Warwick Meeting, to the aptitude for fattening and laying on flesh of the best description—"the greatest amount of flesh in proportion to bone, of any breed"—which characterizes the Herefords. Amongst the points of the latter he rightly enumerates the full and passive eye, which is a certain guarantee of the quietness and good temper so important to the profitable feeding of ruminating animals. Like the Herefords, the Devons are best for grazing; their yield of milk, though rich and superior to the first named, is small and of brief continuance, but they feed well and produce a tender, juicy, well-mixed beef. Here, too, good temper is a security for feeding well, and it is noticeable that the Devons (like the less symmetrical Sussex breed) are adapted and used for farm labour. A cross of Devon and shorthorn makes a hardy fattening beast; but, according to Mr. Pringle, the polled Galloway, an excellent breed for a middling land and wet climate, is worth more by the pound weight, when thoroughly fatted, than any other breed. Angus and Aberdeen breeds, pure or crossed with a shorthorn bull, and mouse-dun coloured Kyloes, represent "successful meat-manufacture" in the East and West of Scotland, and the Shetland cow, also a good milker, is said to produce beef which is "a dainty for an epicure." The true Kerry breed, a fancy Irish cow, resembles it in its twofold produce, whilst, as need scarcely be said, the Ayrshires generally and the Alderneys especially present most points for the dairy. The former convert poor herbage into the best butter and cheese; the latter yield a milk of perfect quality, but unequal quantity, and will fatten fairly, though not so much to the profit of the grazier as of the butcher.

The key to the whole system recommended by Mr. Pringle for the management of cattle and sheep in every stage is liberal treatment, and the application to the feeding of live stock of the principle that "non progredi est regredi." That this is no extravagant theory, but the result of a conviction that it is the cheapest course in the end, is seen in the reason he frequently reiterates for keeping up the animal heat of beasts. "Keep them dry and moderately warm, and they will eat less and lay on more fat." In connexion with this maxim comes the necessity of giving cattle, when fattening, artificial food on grass, and of keeping them, in winter at all events, in hammels, or small yards with covered sheds, or, better still, in single boxes, arranged in a roofed building, with gangways for the cattleman's access between the rows. In these they will more thoroughly tread the manure and make the most of meals regularly given thrice a day, one meal in three being of cooked or steamed food. For milch cows on arable farms the plan of soiling or house-feeding—*i. e.* keeping the cows in always, except for an hour or two of exercise—is recommended as maintaining twice the number of cattle in good condition, as well as benefiting the farm. With a constant succession of green food and roots, a diversity of food averts any ill effects of confinement on the productiveness of the dairy cows, and there is obviously a greater certainty of regular milking, warmth, and attendance. In large part, if not entirely, this plan is adopted by those who farm, and farm successfully, on scientific principles. Soiling, or house-feeding in boxes, or sheds with an open yard, is also, we are assured, preferable to grazing for farm-horses, whose staple fare ought to be hay and oats, though it is admissible to take off their shoes and turn them out for a summer run altogether. Mr. William Torr, a farmer of experience, goes so far as to aver that "one of the big blots of bad farming is the turning out of cart-horses on grass lands." A book of this kind, discussing as it does every point in the management of cattle, sheep, pigs, and farm-horses, cannot fail to be of advantage to those who are capable of believing in improvement and development. The dairy farmer, whose vocation is every year becoming a more scientific one, and whose occupation may some day pass into the Briarean hands of "Associated Dairy and Butter and Cheese Factories" such as are common in America, and partially established in Sweden and in Derbyshire, will here learn how best to go with the times, and adopt the most successful modern inventions for economizing labour and simplifying particular processes. The Capillary Refrigerator for speedily cooling down milk (p. 225), the cheese-making apparatus of Cockey and Sons of Frome (239), the cream-gauge and the lactometer (246-7), are described clearly and minutely enough to convince many even of the elder generation; and the author carries the same distinctness and fulness of detail into the chapters on sheep, swine, &c., on which we have no room to touch. He is briefest perhaps on the topic of farm-horses, and on poultry he does little more than endorse the views of Mr. Tegetmeier. If less genial as a guide than the late Mr. Stephens over fields and farm-buildings, he is not less attentive and observant; and his two or three anecdotes—such as that of the little pigs which on coming into the world sat upright on end like the bear which had astonished their imaginative mother (p. 20), and of the dairymaid who bewitched the churn with what proved to be natural magic explicable on chemical principles—are not the less amusing for being few and far between. And he is surely right in affirming throughout his volume the lesson about "bad luck" in breeding-ewes and their lambs which he quotes from a bucolic rhymester, and of which the burden is as follows:—

> It is so, believe me, in breeding
> Both neat stock and sheep; if by halves
> Your nourish the dams, you must look for
> Poor luck with your lambs and your calves.

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FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE are glad to welcome a new edition of M. Franck's *Dictionnaire des Sciences philosophiques* * ; the first part is just out, and the work when complete will form an important item in the series of dictionaries published by Messrs. Hachette. More than thirty years have elapsed since the appearance of the six handsome octavos of which the *Dictionnaire* originally consisted. In those days the eclectic philosophy still held its ground as the most accredited form of metaphysical speculation, and the compilation so elaborately got up under the direction of M. Franck seemed to occupy, with respect to the school of thought of which M. Cousin was the chief, pretty nearly the same position as the celebrated *Encyclopédie* did to the Freethinkers of the last century. No doubt eclecticism, in France at least, is now a thing of the past; but nevertheless the *Dictionnaire des Sciences philosophiques* possesses many claims to the attention of students, and in its modified shape it deserves a permanent place amongst our best works of reference. M. Franck has explained in his preface the extent of the alterations introduced. A great many of the articles on points of ethics, theodicy, and psychology have been entirely recast; biographical notices of such men as Lamarck, Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Cuvier, and Ampère, are now added, because the systems with which these names are identified have more or less affected the metaphysical doctrines of the day; finally, the leading metaphysicians who have died since the publication of the first edition (Mill, Gioberti, Comte, Donoso Cortès, Schopenhauer, Lamennais, &c.), have their natural places in a gallery from which only the living are excluded. The *Dictionnaire* is elegantly printed in royal octavo in double columns.

It has often been observed that French literature is particularly rich in chronicles and memoirs. What works can be placed on the same level as Joinville's *Histoire de Saint-Louis*, Villehardouin's *Conquête de Constantinople*, and Froissart's brilliant narrative? And, if we leave mediæval times for modern history, where shall we find any compositions to equal the autobiographies of Cardinal de Retz, Mlle. de Montpensier, and Saint-Simon? We must acknowledge, however, that the best historians have often written from erroneous sources of information, and that they are liable to be biassed by their political sympathies; hence the necessity of always having recourse in the last resort to original documents, and of comparing the statements of professed annalists with charters, official despatches, and other evidence of the same kind. Such is the position laid down by M. Félix Rocquain in his new volume †, which consists chiefly of articles published at various times in magazines and reviews. A preliminary question, however, presents itself; where are all these *pièces justificatives* to be found, and what facilities are offered to the public for studying them? M. Rocquain answers this question in his introductory essay on the French Record Office and the Palæographical Museum; then, turning to the main subject of his researches, he studies successively—(1) the political revival of France during the twelfth century; (2) the results of absolute monarchy during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; (3) the financial administration of the country; and (4) the state of the middle and lower classes under Louis XIV. An appendix of four smaller essays terminates the volume. M. Rocquain's fundamental idea is that the history of royalty in France previously to the Revolution of 1789 cannot be taken as meaning anything else but the history of absolutism. All the period included between Charlemagne and Philip the Fair was the most glorious period in the development of the middle ages; its character had been a universal desire for emancipation—a desire which was checked both by the Crown and the Church. Rome banished freedom from the sphere of thought; the King excluded it from the domain of political institutions, and then, turning against the Pope who had zealously abetted him in his despotic schemes, he prepared the anarchy of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, from which France came forth ready to enjoy the blessings of a second Renaissance.

M. Saint-René Taillandier's new and most interesting volume opens with a preface which is quite as interesting as the book itself. ‡ Like the majority of Liberal and well-educated Frenchmen, our author was thirty years ago a great admirer of Germany. Mme. de Staël had discoursed so eloquently about the riches of German literature, its profound criticism, its erudition, and the depth of its metaphysical conceptions, that all those who had read the *De l'Allemagne* looked upon the Fatherland as a kind of Eden where sauerkraut and beer served only as a pleasant foil to the abstractions of Hegelianism. M. Saint-René Taillandier tells us how his travels beyond the Rhine dispelled the illusions under which he was labouring; and his account of Professor Creuzer's Gallophobia is amusing. Only fancy M. Taillandier sent by M. Thiers in company with M. Laboulaye and M. Alexandre Thomas in 1840 for the express purpose of discovering whether the time had come for France to attempt another conquest of Germany. At all events the result of the author's observations during a residence at Heidelberg was, first, that the leading politicians of Germany hated France with an implacable hatred; and, secondly, that the new Hegelian school, then reigning in the domain of metaphysics, was animated by the spirit of destruction. On his return home he wished to publish his views in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but was told that he had formed his impressions of Germany from untrustworthy data, and that he had mistaken the senseless dreams of a few revolutionists for the genuine utterances of national feeling. It is not surprising that M. Taillandier considers his predictions to have been amply justified by later events. In support of his views he now publishes a French translation of the late King of Prussia's correspondence with Baron de Bunsen—a work which must be read in connexion with Bunsen's own letters printed in the Life written seven years ago by his widow. The present volume is completed by a number of essays bearing upon contemporary Germany.

M. Gabriel Monod has collected and republished a series of articles on the late M. Michelet * which originally appeared in the *Bibliothèque universelle*. M. Monod is a decided admirer of the brilliant historian, and he brings out all his best qualities both as a writer and as a man; but we think many serious errors might easily be pointed out in M. Michelet's historical works, arising from his unfortunate disposition to allow too much scope to his fancy. No one would at the present day venture to quote the *Histoire romaine* as an authority, and even the *Histoire de France* cannot be trusted without a perpetual reference to original documents. M. Monod himself says of his hero:—"He should not be taken as a guide. We must often verify his assertions, correct him, sometimes contradict him. He has a wonderful power of sight; but he does not see all, and things appear to him otherwise than as they really are. He does not possess the scientific precision, the method, the unity of design and of ideas necessary to any one who aspires at becoming the leader of an historical school." M. Monod truly says that the extraordinary preface to the seventh volume of the *Histoire de France* (let us add the still more extraordinary preface to the History of the French Revolution) sufficiently proves that an impulsive writer cannot be a sound historian.

Under the title of *Le bonhomme jadis* † M. Esquiros has devoted a volume to an inquiry into the state of the working classes in France before the Revolution. He finds in Mme. de Sévigné's Letters, in Saint-Simon's Memoirs, and in the *Considérations sur le gouvernement de la France* by D'Argenson, the most distressing accounts of the agricultural population. He reads the well-known passage of La Bruyère, "Certains animaux farouches," &c., and he is anxious to know whether all this evidence is strictly true. Did the vassals really spend the night in the moat of a castle to prevent the frogs from disturbing Monseigneur's slumbers? Were all the lords of the manor like that "good Duke de Chaulnes" who caused the Breton peasants to be hanged on the trees by the roadside? In order to verify the truth of such statements M. Esquiros has consulted the famous "Cahiers" of 1789, particularly those of Provence, and he takes them as evidence respecting the social condition of the whole of France, because the feudal *régime* was substantially the same everywhere. His little volume is full of interesting information, and we should like to see a similar summary of the *Cahiers* of every one of the old French provinces.

As a kind of parallel to the present situation of France, its attitude in 1815 after the battle of Waterloo is full of interest and deserves to be attentively studied. Then, as now, the country had been deeply humbled; it had lost a part of its territory, and had to pay an enormous ransom to an unrelenting enemy. M. Creux has thought that the study of the past could not fail to be profitable; and accordingly he gives us in a small volume ‡ a narrative of the events, negotiations, and discussions which issued in the complete evacuation of France by the Allied troops in 1818. He has no new facts to place before us, but the distinguishing feature of his book is that great use has been made of the supplementary volumes of the Duke of Wellington's correspondence. This publication does not seem to be much known yet in France, and M. Creux has turned it to excellent purpose; it shows not only the views of the Duke, and consequently those of the English Government, but the ill will of the Dutch, the bitterness of the Prussians, the sympathy of the Czar, and the scornful indifference of Prince Metternich. M. Creux has translated several extracts from this correspondence, and published them in his appendix.

M. Édouard Laboulaye has already published in two octavo volumes the complete political works of Benjamin Constant. Many of those works, however, had reference only to passing circumstances, and have now lost a great part of their interest; so that there was ample room for a collection, such as M. Ch. Louandre § has given us, of passages devoted to the discussion of general principles. The result is a sort of anthology or handbook of liberal politics. M. Louandre's volume, subdivided into six parts, is remarkably complete; it is preceded by a biographical sketch and a bibliographical list, which will enable the reader to go to the proper sources for further details. Notes are added wherever necessary, and a copious alphabetical index enhances very materially the usefulness of the work. We wish that a trustworthy portrait had been given by way of illustration.

It is amusing to see how public opinion in France has changed during the last few years respecting the policy and government of

* *Dictionnaire des Sciences philosophiques.* Publié par M. Ad. Franck, 2e édition, livraison 1. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Études sur l'ancienne France.* Par M. Félix Rocquain. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Dix ans de l'histoire d'Allemagne.* Par M. Saint-René Taillandier. Paris: Didier.

* *Jules Michelet.* Par Gabriel Monod. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher.

† *Le bonhomme jadis.* Par Alphonse Esquiros. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *La libération du territoire en* 1818. Par J. H. Creux. Paris: Didier.

§ *Œuvres politiques de Benjamin Constant.* Avec introduction, notes et index. Par Charles Louandre. Paris: Charpentier.

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our own country. Historians no longer talk of "la perfide Albion," and of the Machiavellism which was supposed to be the leading principle of all English Ministers, whether Whig or Tory, Liberal or Conservative. Here is a writer who, in a volume * giving the history of England since the days of Queen Anne, emphatically says that during that period "l'Angleterre a toujours vécu au grand jour." Compelled to govern by the power of discussion, her statesmen, says M. Reynald, have necessarily expressed their thoughts on all the topics which engaged the attention of the community; and, if they attempted to dissemble, their adversaries either obliged them to speak out or spoke in their place. What will the shades of Robespierre, Marat, and Michelet think of M. Reynald's panegyric? It is true that there are a few drawbacks which our author freely states; he accuses England of taking too little notice of foreign events; he hints that the working classes have not always shown that respect for the law with which they are generally credited; and he says that France has never shown such examples of unblushing treachery as those displayed by the statesmen who, whilst professing to serve William III. and Queen Anne, were at the same time in the pay of Louis XIV. On the whole M. Reynald's volume seems to us a good summary of the history of England since the accession of the House of Hanover; it is divided into three books, and terminates with the downfall of Mr. Gladstone's Government.

The works of M. Théophile Gautier comprise not only tales and poems, but criticisms which appeared from time to time in various periodicals †, and which are rather curious as illustrating the famous theory of art for art's sake. The volume now before us contains five biographical notices of various dimensions, the one devoted to M. Charles Baudelaire being the longest, and by far the most interesting. We doubt whether many of our readers are acquainted with a volume of poetry entitled *Les fleurs du mal*, which was published in 1857, and which first established the reputation of M. Baudelaire. When we say that six of the pieces contained in that volume were too bad even for the morality of a Paris court, they may judge what the rest was; never was such an amount of real poetical talent lavished upon the description of depravity and corruption of every kind. M. Gautier contends that, so long as the requirements of art are observed, it does not signify in the least what are the subjects which the poet conjures up before us; if a ray of light *à la* Rembrandt or *à la* Velasquez plays upon heaps of dirt, giving them an artificial colouring, criticism has no right to ask anything more. Of course those who are unfortunate enough not to endorse these canons of the new school are set down as idiots and hypocrites. Let us add that M. Théophile Gautier himself was a notable embodiment of the qualities he so admires in M. Baudelaire.

It is impossible for us to judge fairly of M. Amédée Roget's work, for the simple reason that only the second volume has reached us as yet.‡ It is intended to give the history of Geneva from the beginning of the Reformation down to the political revolution usually called *l'escalade;* and the details it contains are interesting therefore as illustrating the history not only of a Swiss town, but also of Protestantism in general. M. Roget has, we think, shown very clearly, and with results somewhat varying from the ideas of most persons, the share which Calvin took in the political government and the legislation of Geneva. He simply collected, compiled, and put in a proper shape, laws and decrees which were of a far older date than the sixteenth century. The reason is not far to seek why the Geneva magistrates consulted Calvin so frequently on extra-ecclesiastical matters. In the first place, they knew that, destined originally for the bar, he was thoroughly conversant with law; in the second place, since the retreat of the Roman Catholic Bishop and his clergy, there was a dearth in Geneva of scholars accustomed to deal with controverted questions.

Amongst recent scientific works there are a few which deserve mention here. One of these is M. Alphand's description of the trees, shrubs, and other plants employed in decorating the parks, gardens, and conservatories of Paris.§ Only the first section of this work has yet been published, but from this specimen we can see at once the character of the whole; it consists of a series of synoptical tables printed in quarto, giving the popular and scientific names, features, use, growth, cultivation, &c., of all the plants trained and propagated in Paris.

Under the title *Commensaux et parasites* ‖, M. Van Beneden treats the life and habits of animals who in one way or another thrive at the expense of others. There is this difference, however, that the *commensal*, besides his lodging, merely requires for his food the superfluities cast away by his companion; the parasite, on the other hand, settles himself down either for a time or permanently in quarters where his presence is most intrusive, and compels his victims to supply him with board and lodging. Such is the company to which M. Van Beneden introduces us, and we must own that neither the beauty of his style nor the wonderful finish of the illustrative woodcuts can reconcile us to certain Hexapods, amongst others, which are described as importations from the United States.

M. Félix Hément's *Simples discours* *, or lectures on science, are an excellent example of what can be done by a clever man to popularize the teachings of meteorology and anthropology. M. Louis Figuier's *Année scientifique* † is the eighteenth volume of a collection which increases yearly in merit. Finally, M. Stanislas Meunier has rendered signal service to agriculturists and gardeners by a handsome little volume ‡ in which he describes the elements of vegetable earth and the various types in which it is subdivided, shows by what natural process it is formed, and enumerates the different kinds of manure, and the ways of improving the soil so as to benefit vegetation. Woodcuts and a good agricultural map of France are added.

Several publications existed already in France devoted to the cultivation of the fine arts. A new one, however, has just been started which, by its dimensions, the variety of its articles, and the beauty of the illustrations, seems likely to prove a formidable competitor to other journals of the same kind. Two *livraisons* of *L'Art* § have recently been forwarded to us. From these we gather that art is to be discussed in all its branches, so that archæology and industry will receive their full share of notice. Foreign as well as French artists appear both as coadjutors and as subjects for study, and the folio size adopted will enable the publishers to give engravings of large pictures without reducing them too much. M. Eugène Véron is the chief editor, and the list of his contributors includes some of the best known literary and artistic names both in France and elsewhere.

M. Tallichet's sketch of France as it is now, and M. Strapfer's paper on Mediæval and Renaissance Civilization, are the two best articles (among other good ones) in the *Bibliothèque universelle* ‖ for February. M. Stapfer shows that the middle ages, far from being a break in the history of progress, marked a decided period of intellectual development, and he quotes a curious extract from Roger Bacon's *Opus Magnum* to prove that Condorcet's favourite theory was known many centuries before the *Encyclopédistes* made their appearance. M. Tallichet's essay is the summary of half-a-dozen volumes, amongst others the one entitled *French Home Life* which was originally contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

M. Bertall, the moralist who describes business as the "money of other people," and politics as the "situations of other people," seems to us to have given excellent definitions of commercial and governmental affairs as viewed through French glasses. His panorama of society, illustrated in almost every page, is extremely amusing ¶; and, although he does not expressly say, by way of a third aphorism, that marriage is "the wives of other people," we are given to understand that such is the impression he has derived from a survey of Parisian life. Most modern French novelists, let us add, apparently take this as an axiom, and therefore it is that so few works of fiction can be recommended for general reading. Compared with some recent exhibitions of vice which we do not wish to advertize by naming them, M. Hector Malot's novels are quite worthy of the Monthyon prize.** It is lamentable to see how steady has been the decay of French imaginative literature within the last twenty years.

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* *Histoire de l'Angleterre depuis la mort de la reine Anne jusqu'à nos jours.* Par H. Reynald. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Portraits et souvenirs littéraires.* Par Théophile Gautier. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Histoire du peuple de Genève depuis la Réforme jusqu'à l'escalade.* Par A. Roget. Vol. 2. Genève: Jullien.

§ *Arboretum et fleuriste de la ville de Paris.* Par A. Alphand. Paris: Rothschild.

‖ *Commensaux et parasites.* Par M. Van Beneden. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

* *Simples discours sur la terre et sur l'homme.* Par Félix Hément. Paris: Didier.

† *L'Année scientifique et industrielle.* Par Louis Figuier. Vol. 18. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *La terre végétale; géographie agricole.* Par Stanislas Meunier. Paris: Rothschild.

§ *L'Art: revue hebdomadaire illustrée.* Paris: Heymann.

‖ *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse.* Février 1875. Lausanne: Bridel.

¶ *La comédie de notre temps.* Deuxième série. Par Bertall. Paris: Plon.

** *La fille de la comédienne.—L'héritage d'Arthur.* Par Hector Malot. Paris: Lévy.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE

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THE ARMY.

THERE is little to complain of in Mr. HARDY'S treatment of what he calls the great question, "What is to "be done with respect to the men who supply the army?" It is a considerable gain to have a clear admission by authority that there is a question as to the sufficiency of this supply which deserves to be treated seriously. There has been so much animated discussion lately as to the officers of the army that the more important subject of the men has fallen into temporary neglect. The latter subject is more important, because it is generally conceded that we have enough, or more than enough, officers, while nobody, except Sir WILFRID LAWSON, asserts that we have enough men. Whatever plan be adopted as to exchanges, and whether it affects in principle or detail the legislation as to purchase, there is a higher principle which must control any arrangement as to officers—namely, the necessity of providing for the training and leading of a much larger body of soldiers than the country now maintains. If it were seriously expected that a body of officers could by their example and efforts remedy in time of need the confessed deficiencies of their men, it would be worth while to concede much to the desires, or, if you will, caprices, of such invaluable public servants. But we do not expect even the officers of the British army to perform impossibilities, and we protest against the further maintenance, "with respect to the men who supply the army," of a system which, whenever it comes to be roughly tested, must result disastrously.

The admissions of Mr. HARDY'S speech suffice to justify the warnings which the press has almost unanimously uttered for many months past. "Patience and very impartial "consideration," says Mr. HARDY, are due from him in dealing with his predecessor's unfinished work. The country will not complain of his proceeding slowly, so long as it is satisfied that he is proceeding in the right direction. He is looking into matters for himself, and if he does this he cannot help reaching results which are obvious to every man of candour and common sense. "It has been generally "supposed," he says, "and indeed there is no doubt, that "there is a general disinclination on the part of the better "classes to enter the army." Surely this admission is sufficiently alarming. Can we be really content to trust national defence to what it is the fashion to call the "re-"siduum" of our population? Germany trains and arms all classes, and shall we rely on a partial organization of an inferior class? "It must be admitted," says Mr. HARDY further, "that the army is not recruited from that class of "men which my predecessor hoped would come, but "practically the recruits remain of the same class as before, "although to a certain extent they are younger than they "used to be." When official caution goes this length it is not wonderful that unofficial speakers should briefly and frankly say that Lord CARDWELL'S plan has broken down. The confessed disease of our military system has been made, by the attempted remedy, considerably worse. Mr. HARDY has, with commendable diligence, endeavoured himself to ascertain what is the position of recruiting in the army. He finds that "very young recruits in the infantry "and the Guards are a very considerable minority, "although of course a growing minority, and they will in "time become a majority." If it were worth while we could quote from our own and other columns to show that this is exactly what has been constantly asserted by various journals during the Parliamentary recess. When the House of Commons met, and a member of it made a similar assertion, Mr. DISRAELI made a futile attempt to treat it as a repetition of mere "floating rumour." But it was evident that the time would speedily come when the subject of the supply of men to the army would demand to be treated seriously. Mr. DISRAELI will probably be content henceforward to leave the part of graceful trifler with this subject to Sir WILFRID LAWSON. Mr. HARDY further says:—"We send all the older men as "reliefs to India, so that the cadres at home are seen in "their very worst condition, and seem to be very much "composed of young men." This, again, is exactly what has appeared to unofficial eyes, and has been described by unofficial pens with an accuracy not altogether pleasing to official or officially inspired minds. "In former days "there was a greater appearance of solidity and age in the "men from the mixture of the older and younger men, "and that is very different now." Thus Mr. HARDY proceeds to draw a picture of unrelieved gloom, and the nearest approach that he makes towards inserting a patch of brightness is to declare his belief that the Militia Reserve is "not by any means so unreal" as some honourable gentleman supposes, and does not deserve to be described as "an expensive toy." Almost in the next breath, however, he confesses that this "not by any means unreal" Reserve can only become real at the expense of another supposed Reserve. "The Militia Reserve would of course "be deducted from the Militia." Mr. HARDY is at liberty to think thrice or oftener before deciding to call the Militia Reserve an "expensive toy." Unhappily, this expression is too manifestly applicable to the main army to which these forces ought to be auxiliary. That army is confessedly unequal to the strain of war, and much of the money spent upon it is wasted. In other words, it is an "ex-"pensive toy." It may be quite true, as many officers assure Mr. HARDY, that "the Militia is becoming a very "serviceable corps"; and if we had three or four such corps the country would be satisfactorily defended. Mr. HARDY expects that about 103,000 Militia will be enrolled this year. The recruits receive more extended training, and the officers are becoming better instructed than they used to be. Here is progress in the right direction, but it must go much further. The best that can be said for our present condition is that there are a great number of men in the country who have had more or less military training, and on an outbreak of war they might be had for soldiers. This, as has been often said by unofficial writers, would have done well enough a century ago; but events move too quickly now. We must have an organization beforehand which will enable these men of military training to fall into their places in regiments, brigades, divisions, and army corps, the moment war is declared. With such an organization we should be invulnerable; without it we may become a helpless prey in the spoiler's hand.

The spirit in which Mr. HARDY speaks may console us for the unsatisfactory character of his admissions. He has been extremely struck lately at finding in many quarters where he should hardly have expected such a feeling a growing inclination to try in some shape the ballot for compulsory service. He cannot say whether the time will come for such compulsion; but he is sure that the time will never come unless public opinion pronounces very generally and strongly in its favour. He wishes to give a fair trial to the existing system till he sees himself obliged, if he should be obliged, to confess that the system is a failure. If he should make that discovery, he will ask Parliament to sanction such changes as will make the army efficient for the purposes for which it is intended. This is perhaps as much as he could be reasonably expected

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to say at present. The full discussion of this subject, in and out of Parliament, will instruct public opinion, and prepare the way for the introduction of a satisfactory system. There are plenty of men in the country to form a thoroughly good army. We see them, as a speaker in Monday night's debate said, in every street and at every railway station, but we do not see many of them in the ranks. As regards at least one-fifth of our present infantry, it is agreed by competent observers that it would be better to discharge them at once, and get rid of a costly encumbrance. Desertion will not be prevented by any other means than making it worth while for a better class of men to enter the service and to remain in it. Above all, the material for making good non-commissioned officers must be supplied more plentifully. In this respect, particularly, the army has greatly deteriorated in recent years. Old soldiers express their wonder at the rapidity with which likely young men become sergeants in the Guards. An officer who described himself as "intimately connected" with that branch of the service expressed his dissent from the "rose-coloured view" which was taken in some quarters of the recruiting for the Guards. There must be, he says, a progressive increase in the pay both of non-commissioned officers and privates. It is not desirable to add much to the present pay of the young soldier, because he is sure to spend his money, and he cannot spend it advantageously either to himself or to the service. But he ought to have more to look forward to in the way of reward for continuous good service. No money could be ill spent in encouraging the class of men who make thoroughly trustworthy non-commissioned officers. The same speaker recommended that the "free ration" which Lord CARDWELL promised should be really provided. In the Guards, although bread and meat are free of cost, 3*d.* per day is deducted from the soldier's pay for groceries and vegetables. The *Times* is fond of contrasting the provision now made for the soldier's support and comfort with what was done for him thirty years ago. At that time the young and growing soldier was often miserably hungry; whereas now, according to Colonel ALEXANDER, the ration of bread is too large, and much of it is wasted. It must be remembered that thirty years ago the wages of an agricultural labourer in the Western counties were only 8*s.* or 9*s.* per week; so that the hardships of home life were greater than those of the barrack, and these counties furnished an unfailing supply of the material for making the best infantry in the world. For the same reason as many men as it was prudent to take could always be obtained in Ireland. Mr. HARDY described an inspection which he lately made of the recruits at Aldershot. He found the majority capable of growing into strong and useful soldiers. The officers told him these recruits were of the same class as they always got, but "to a certain extent they were younger." The danger of having too young an army was emphatically declared by two speakers in this debate who both belonged to the party which devised the existing organization. Colonel MURE reminded the House of the army which went out to the Crimea. It was drawn from the labouring population, and not from the sweepings of the towns. But by degrees, after the Alma and Inkerman and the work of the trenches, those soldiers passed away and were replaced by hastily recruited boys. On the 8th of September, that miserable day, the same divisions, but with the men changed, were employed in the attack on the Redan. When this and other painful but wholesome warnings derived from our military history are adduced, the stock answer is that NAPOLEON won great battles in 1813 with raw recruits. But NAPOLEON did not win on the whole campaign, and besides, we must not assume that we could find, just when we wanted it, a great military genius to command our army. And if recruits could be trusted to fight, they would be certain to yield to the hardships of march and bivouac. We must look not only to numbers, but to quality, and if we do not, we at once waste money and court disaster. Much has been said lately about the grievances of officers, of which the greatest is that they are expected to lead men who could not follow. Let us at all events have a real army, and not an expensive toy.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE JUDICATURE BILL.

THE withdrawal of the Irish and Scotch Judicature Bills, involving almost necessarily the future repeal of the most important provision of the English Act, is a serious political event. For the moment it is useless to discuss the comparative merits of the House of Lords and of the tribunal established by Lord SELBORNE. The display of Parliamentary caprice and of Ministerial disagreement ought to be in the highest degree discouraging to the Conservative party. Even if the Government would have originally done well in maintaining the jurisdiction of the House of Lords, the deliberate legislation of last year and the year before ought not to have been summarily reversed. An ancient institution, once condemned and prospectively abolished, has irrevocably lost the continuity of existence which may before have contributed largely to popular confidence and veneration. Even when a general election has shifted the majority from one party to the other, sound constitutional tradition prescribes scrupulous regard for decisions which have once been adopted. The House of Lords, which is composed of the same elements in 1875 as in 1873, has less excuse for inconsistency than the House of Commons. All the objections which have finally prevailed with the majority were fully known and clearly stated both when Lord SELBORNE carried the Judicature Bill and when Lord CAIRNS provided for the extension to Scotland and Ireland of the powers of the Supreme Court of Appeal. The supposed injury inflicted on the other parts of the United Kingdom by the withdrawal of the appellate jurisdiction from the House of Lords was in a great measure imaginary. If at the time of the Union with Scotland the House of Lords had not been already a Court of Appeal, it would certainly not have been invested with jurisdiction over Scotch causes only. In the debates of last year it was admitted on all sides that it would be impossible to retain the jurisdiction over Scotch and Irish appeals, unless it were restored in its pristine integrity. Although the repugnance to the change had perhaps increased after the time when it was first sanctioned, the House of Lords, in deference to the combined authority of Lord CAIRNS and Lord SELBORNE, practically reaffirmed its former decision. If the unlucky Public Worship Bill had not distracted the attention of Parliament, the supplementary measures would not have been reserved for the risks of the present Session. An attempt to protest against the change of jurisdiction was then made by one or two respectable lawyers, but it was generally understood that the question was settled, and no considerable section of the Bar thought it worth while to take part in the agitation.

The unexpected surrender of the Government can only be explained by internal divisions which seriously menace the preponderance of the Conservative party. It may in one sense be satisfactory to know that Lord CAIRNS and Lord DERBY gravely regret the supposed necessity of concession; but it is evident that, if all their colleagues had shared their opinions, they would have left the responsibility of rejecting the Bill to the House of Lords. It is highly improbable that the majority would have persisted in their opposition if Lord CAIRNS had staked his retention of office on the adoption of his Bill, and if the rest of his Ministers had determined to share the fortunes of the CHANCELLOR. The majority in the House of Lords may be attached to their ancient jurisdiction, but they probably care still more for the continuance of their party in power. The resignation of the Government would have made way, not for another set of Conservative Ministers, but for the Liberal Opposition. A large number of Conservative peers, if an appeal had been made to their fidelity and good sense, would have supported the Government; and although the Duke of RICHMOND believes that the Opposition was divided, not half a dozen Liberal votes would have been given to the Duke of BUCCLEUCH. The irregular Committee or *Caucus* which organized the opposition to the Bill had probably reason to believe that their demonstration would produce the desired result. The singular anomaly of Mr. WALPOLE'S notice of motion in the House of Commons can only be explained on the assumption that a section of the Government desired to be subjected to pressure. The association for the maintenance of the jurisdiction of the House of Lords, which has lately assumed unexpected dimensions, passed a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. WALPOLE, in the apparent belief that he had provided the Government with the requisite excuse for concession. It seems probable that Mr. DISRAELI must have been the principal advocate of a sudden change of policy. He was responsible for postponing the Judicature Bills in the last Session; but the best reason for attributing to the PRIME

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MINISTER a share in the surrender is the certainty that it could not have been effected without his consent. At one time Lord CAIRNS was his most devoted and effective ally; and it is not known that there has since been any rupture. Mr. DISRAELI'S first act when he succeeded Lord DERBY as Prime Minister was to appoint Lord CAIRNS Chancellor; and he found his aid so valuable that, when the party passed into Opposition, Lord CAIRNS became leader in the House of Lords. It was through the agency of Lord CAIRNS that Mr. DISRAELI accomplished the difficult and necessary enterprise of inducing the majority of the House of Lords to assent at the last moment to the destruction of the Irish Church Establishment. No other single colleague adds so much to the weight and authority of the Government.

Although it is convenient to discuss the change of Ministerial policy with reference to the whole question of appellate jurisdiction, the decision of the Government ostensibly relates only to the Scotch and Irish Bill. It will be more embarrassing to propose the repeal of the Judicature Act, or of its principal provisions, than simply to acquiesce in the rejection of a pending Bill. The *Caucus* of the House of Lords, and the Association of Queen's Counsel and members of Parliament, probably cared comparatively little for the retention of appellate jurisdiction over Scotland and Ireland. The official announcement that their demands were conceded must have been understood to involve the principle of the larger measure which at present regulates the law. It will therefore be necessary for the LORD CHANCELLOR himself to move the repeal or organic amendment of a measure which he has repeatedly approved, and which in the present Session he proposed to extend. If the Government had been outvoted on the Scotch and Irish Bills in either House, an excuse would have been furnished for a fundamental change of policy. It will now become necessary to repeat the unsatisfactory statement that the pending Bill could not have been carried, and to add the questionable allegation that the jurisdiction over English appeals must consequently be restored to the House of Lords. Lord CAIRNS will not trouble himself to affect any sympathy with the reaction of which he seems content to be the instrument as well as the victim. Lord DERBY and the Duke of RICHMOND himself disapprove of the change which they must support, nor can any of their colleagues publicly express dissent from their opinions. Mr. DISRAELI enjoys a merited reputation for tact and adroitness; but few Ministers have at any time involved themselves and their party in a more embarrassing and more gratuitous complication. A defeat suffered at the hands of their own party would, even if it had occurred, have been a more tolerable inconvenience.

When the appellate jurisdiction is restored to the House of Lords it is difficult to understand without full consideration how much of the Judicature Act will be left. Lord SELBORNE, against the judgment of a large part of the profession, in the first instance proposed to abolish intermediate appeals. In Lord CAIRNS'S amended version the present practice was partially retained under the name of rehearing; and the First Section of the Court was virtually substituted for the House of Lords as the Supreme Appellate Tribunal. With the function of deciding appeals the necessity for the new Court almost disappears. The Lords Justices decide intermediate appeals in Equity with an efficiency which will not be increased either by altering their title or by transferring their duties to less experienced judges. The machinery of Common Law appeals admits of improvement, though the materials of a new Court must be those which already exist. It seems probable that the maintenance of the jurisdiction of the House of Lords will involve a continuance of the powers of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. The LORD CHANCELLOR, in arranging all these matters, will have an arduous task which will also be conspicuously disagreeable. It is possible that he may adopt the principle of Lord PENZANCE'S proposed amendment to the Duke of BUCCLEUCH'S motion; but a new or revived Court will not be the same with the House of Lords, although it may bear the name. According to Lord PENZANCE, it was the belief of Lord HALE that the King formerly selected the peers who were to exercise judicial functions. If the statement is correct, the King's interference must have been a usurpation of powers which were inherited by the Upper House from the old High Court of Parliament The restoration of an obsolete practice is not a continuance, but an innovation. Lord PENZANCE says truly that the Common Law Judges are summoned by writ to attend the House of Lords; but, when they are there, they can only deliver by express invitation opinions which may be overruled by a single Law Lord sitting alone. In one case, Lord BROUGHAM, sitting alone, expressly refused to consult the Judges, with the result of delivering a judgment so monstrous that it was in another case reversed by the House of Lords, on the pretext of some arbitrary distinction in the facts. It will be difficult to make believe that Lord PENZANCE'S peers and assessors hearing appeals in the recess are the House of Lords, which suspends its other functions after a prorogation. The Government would have consulted the public interest and its own by pursuing a more consistent and more vigorous course. The Opposition will not fail to profit by the blunder which has been perpetrated, though it will not be prudent to try the chances of a division in the House of Commons, because the Scotch and Irish members cannot vote against their party. It is at the next election that the mistakes of the Government will first produce their full effect.

THE MAKING OF A MINISTRY.

AFTER a week of alternate hope and despair, M. BUFFET has formed a Ministry. More than once he gave up the attempt altogether, and once he even reappeared in the chair of the Assembly. Through the whole of this weary interval there seems to have been but one serious obstacle in his way. Marshal MACMAHON, who has of late played many parts in the political theatre at Versailles, came out during the week in a new character. His conception of the function of a Constitutional President resembles GEORGE III.'s conception of the function of a Constitutional King. He must have a finger in every combination, and something more than a voice in the appointment of every member of the Cabinet. When M. BUFFET first received his commission, he and the MARSHAL appear at once to have differed as to the principle upon which it was to be executed. In point of form nothing could have been simpler. The majority of the 25th of February might not be possessed of much staying power. Its fractions might prove to have no real cohesion among themselves. The only policy which it could be induced to support as a whole might be a policy which surmounted difficulties by the simple expedient of never approaching them. All this, and much more of the same kind, could be said with perfect truth; but the one thing that could not be said truly was that it was not, supposing its component parts to hang together, fully large enough to give a Minister all the Parliamentary support he could require. If the Republic had at last been founded by that single vote which served as the signal for so many others, the MARSHAL might fairly have urged that it was impossible in constructing a Cabinet to pass over the minority altogether. As it was, there was no possible plea for doing anything except pass it over. To insist, as the MARSHAL insisted, upon its having one seat in the Ministry was to ignore the change which has come over French politics since the adoption of the WALLON Constitution. So long as France was subject to a merely Provisional Government, one section of the Assembly had as much right to be represented in the Executive as another. The sections which numbered the most votes might have the best chance of getting their own way in the ultimate settlement, but in the meantime they stood on the same level as the rest. Now France is no longer under a Provisional Government. On the contrary, she is having Gallic cocks put on to her coins, and a winged genius is busy engraving the new Constitution on a brass tablet in order to secure for it, at the least, the modified immortality that attaches to a twenty-franc piece. The majority which has achieved all this might, at all events, have been allowed the exclusive right of working its own patent. But Marshal MACMAHON insisted on the minority—the very minority for whose suppression the patent had been devised—supplying one of the Ministers, and M. DUFAURE, who represented the Liberal element in the negotiation, was compelled to give way.

Marshal MACMAHON'S final intervention threatened to be more fatal than his first. After many failures, M. BUFFET did at length furnish him with a complete array of Ministers, and the public once more went to bed in the full belief that the appointment of the new Cabinet would be formally announced in the next day's *Journal Officiel.*

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The next day arrived, and as usual the *Journal Officiel* was silent. Some one had been with the MARSHAL in the interval, and had persuaded him that it was unsafe to give the Ministry of the Interior to so decided an anti-Imperialist as the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER. Unfortunately the nomination of the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER to that particular post was the point upon which the whole combination hinged. The MARSHAL would not see this, and without consulting the DUKE, moved him from the Interior to the office of Public Instruction, and to make room for him there sent M. WALLON about his business. This change had the advantage of pleasing the Clericals as well as the Bonapartists, since M. WALLON, though a Catholic, is thought to be as liberal a Catholic as the royal Saint whose life he has just written; whereas the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER is too completely a politician to trouble himself greatly about either religion or education. The author of this convenient arrangement had forgotten that an eager politician might not choose to be shunted into an office where it was supposed he would have no influence, and that when a man has been allowed to stand godfather to a Constitution, it is only fair that he should have a voice in its bringing up. The Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER flatly refused to take any place but the Ministry of the Interior; the Left Centre, representing on this, as on all other occasions during the controversy, the Entire Left, refused to have anything to do with a Ministry from which M. WALLON was omitted. Upon this latter point the MARSHAL yielded, and proposed to recast the list of the Cabinet by assigning M. BUFFET himself to the Ministry of the Interior, and replacing M. WALLON in the Ministry of Public Instruction. At this point Marshal MACMAHON seems to have grown tired of interfering, but not before others had caught the habit of making difficulties. The Left, who had all along made a double sacrifice—first, in allowing themselves to be represented exclusively by Ministers chosen from the Left Centre; secondly, by being content with the Left Centre getting only three places out of nine —now declared that this latter concession had been prompted by their satisfaction at seeing the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER Minister of the Interior, and that if the special guarantee against the tolerance of Imperialist intrigues afforded by his presence there was to be withdrawn, they must insist on naming a fourth Minister. This demand offended M. BUFFET, as implying that he is not to be trusted to manage the elections as much as the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER, and he refused to take office on such terms. The Left were again appealed to, and rather than obstruct the formation of a Cabinet they again yielded. In the new Ministry M. BUFFET takes the Interior, and becomes at the same time Vice-President of the Council. M. DUFAURE is Minister of Justice, M. LÉON SAY of Finance, and M. WALLON of Public Instruction. These three represent the Left and the Left Centre. Four members of the late Cabinet remain in office, among whom the Duke DECAZES alone is known outside France, or, for that matter, outside the Cabinet itself. M. DE MEAUX is the minority Minister, though in this respect the MARSHAL has consented to a compromise, and the minority is represented by a deputy who on the 25th of February did not vote at all.

The event of most significance in this long course of combination and counter-combination is the successful opposition to the appointment of the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER. It is clear that the Bonapartists attached great importance to his exclusion, and it is clear further that they had sufficient influence with the PRESIDENT to make him risk the failure of all M. BUFFET'S efforts rather than offend the Bonapartists in this particular way. If this implied that Marshal MACMAHON favours Bonapartist intrigues, or that these intrigues will be appreciably advanced by the substitution of M. BUFFET for the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER as Minister of the Interior, the prospects of the new Ministry would be exceedingly gloomy. That Ministry can do real service to France in but one way. It can frankly accept the Republic, and set itself to do its best to make the Republic permanent. The object of the Bonapartists will be to represent the Republic as an unsatisfactory but passing phase in the conflict between order and anarchy. These combinations of the Right and Left Centre mean well, they will say, but they have no real power to give effect to their intentions. They will in the end be carried captive in the train of the Left, and the country will then see who have all along been the true friends of social and financial prosperity. There is a large field, of course, within which these representations are legitimate. So long as the Bonapartists do not bring themselves within the law of treason against the existing Government of France, they have a right to preach the abstract merits of Imperialism, and even to describe the way in which, if they can gain the consent of their countrymen, they would like to give it shape and substance. But among the legacies which the Duke of BROGLIE left to the Ministry that succeeded him was a disproportionate infusion of Bonapartism in the Executive. All over France there are prefects and sub-prefects, mayors and deputy-mayors, who learned their trade under the Empire, and who feel that under no other system can the place of an official be so profitable or so dignified. Education and interest combine to turn these men into so many Bonapartist agents. As such they have necessarily very great opportunities of influencing the more ignorant electors. To their neighbours and subordinates they are the Government. M. BUFFET may preach Republicanism at Versailles, and an anti-Imperialist Assembly may decree that his speech shall be placarded on every vacant wall in France; but some millions of electors will still take the interpretation of it from the mouth of the officials with whom they are familiar, and if these say that, in spite of appearances, M. BUFFET is at heart a good Imperialist, and that all his assurances to the contrary are only meant to deceive the Reds, the Bonapartist candidate may receive a large number of votes which would never have been given to him except on the faith of his representing the powers that be. The Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER would have given these Bonapartist gentry but a short shrift. Their official lives would have come to an end before he had been three months in office, unless they had made friends with their adversary by a conversion which would have been all the more genuine because it need only have extended to their articulate speech. Provided that they talked Republicanism to the electors, they might have said what they liked to themselves. It remains to be seen whether the acquiescence of the MARSHAL'S Bonapartist advisers in the designation of M. BUFFET for the Interior is due to a well-grounded belief that he is not incurably hostile to an Imperialist restoration, or simply to a despairing wish to avoid at all events the avowed ruin which would have been inflicted on them by the appointment of the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER.

THE NAVY.

IT is one of the chief peculiarities of the English system of government that great departments of State, which it would be thought required a large amount of special experience and special knowledge, are placed under the control of persons who start with everything to learn. In practice this system works well. A statesman sent to India who knows nothing about India makes often an excellent Governor-General, and a Secretary for War, or a First Lord of the Admiralty, may manage the army or the navy very well without having been at a review or on board a man-of war in his life. An able, intelligent outsider has the advantage of that impartiality which attends a complete blankness of mind on any subject. He can listen to the suggestions of those who have special knowledge, and he can weigh those suggestions without prejudice or prepossession. He can have the facts put before him and try to make an honest decision. He can often see things as they are, merely because he is not under any warping influence causing him to see them as they are not; and his statements of what he has seen are much more readily accepted than if it could be objected to him that he was a special man, with special knowledge and special crotchets. When Mr. HARDY went down to Aldershot and saw regiments composed of raw and unpromising recruits, he believed his own eyes, and the rest of the world believed that what he said was true. The changes which the civilian adopts and the measures he prescribes are accepted by the service over which he presides as the decisions of an impartial umpire. There is a confidence that he has done his best to do what is right. He has a number of little puzzles to solve, and he solves them as he can; and if he holds office for a considerable time he has of course solved a good many of these puzzles, and gets to learn a good deal about his business. Then a change of Ministry takes place, and very probably he is succeeded by a person on the oppo-

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site side who comes as fresh to the subject as he came a year or two before. This new learner starts on his path of instruction. He goes over the same ground which his predecessor has travelled; he has to solve the same puzzles; he has to hear over again what people with special knowledge and special crotchets have to say. He brings himself to understand what has been done and why it has been done. He checks the work of the Minister who preceded him, and, if he is satisfied, the public reasonably thinks that it may be satisfied too. These Ministers without special knowledge are excellent representatives of the public, for very recently they were part of the public themselves. They know as little about the army or the navy as most people who criticize those two important services. They have been selected almost at random out of the herd of ignorant critics to have the subject-matter of criticism explained to them, to be asked to examine into it thoroughly, and to judge for themselves. Sometimes, of course, they do not agree. The second man comes to persuade himself that the first man was wrong, and he makes changes which he thinks necessary for the service, and likely to be creditable to himself; but when they both think alike, when the second man comes to the conclusions at which the first man arrived, the test that has been applied is not an unsatisfactory one, and the public, having been doubly represented, may feel reasonably at ease.

With regard to the navy this test has been applied in a most striking manner. No two men could have known less about the navy than Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. WARD HUNT when they were first set to preside over it. Their minds were as sheets of the very whitest possible paper on all naval matters. They both set themselves to work as hard as they could at learning, and they learnt as much as civilians can be expected to learn. It appears now that the conclusions at which they arrived were for all practical purposes the same. The public has had its double representation, and may be glad of the result. The details of the Navy Estimates are hard to understand, and most people, if they dared to say so, would own that they were totally incompetent to form a judgment upon them. What we want to know is that we have a first-rate navy, a magnificent navy, an unconquerable navy; but as to details, as to how many men should be employed in the dockyards, how many new ships should be built and of what kind, we must trust in a great measure to the judgment of those who can get at the real facts. It is, indeed, always possible that those on whom we rely may be in error. We are glad, therefore, to have their work checked from time to time by some one who fairly represents the ignorant, apprehensive, and criticizing public. A better representative of this public than Mr. WARD HUNT could not have been found. He was as ignorant, apprehensive, and full of criticism as any one could be. He started to manage the navy with the belief that there was no navy. He thought he had only to walk down to the Admiralty and see the blunders of Mr. GOSCHEN as apparent as the sun at noonday in countries where the sun still shines. His destiny, he felt sure, was to be not so much a reformer as a creator. He was not merely called on to do great things. He was called on to do everything, and he started with a light heart to do it. But then he was honest, zealous, willing to learn, and his honesty and perseverance have been rewarded by his being able to realize that his old criticism was the criticism of mere ignorance. He has been through Mr. GOSCHEN'S puzzles, and has solved them as Mr. GOSCHEN did; he has cast up Mr. GOSCHEN'S sums, and found the totals correct. Mr. GOSCHEN is of course delighted with the result, and it is quite natural and proper that he should be so. Immediately after Mr. WARD HUNT sat down on Thursday night, Mr. GOSCHEN got up in a state of radiant modesty, and enumerated a long list of what he termed buried controversies—that is, of points which used to be disputed until Mr. WARD HUNT had acquired as much knowledge as Mr. GOSCHEN. It is greatly to Mr. GOSCHEN'S credit that he should have arrived at so many conclusions to which Mr. WARD HUNT can find nothing to object. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that Mr. WARD HUNT displayed great good humour and commendable sincerity. He did not mind owning that Mr. GOSCHEN was right, and he did not attempt to save himself by the use of language which would suggest that he was doing a different thing when he was really doing the same thing as Mr. GOSCHEN had done. If we are on the wrong tack, if our navy is not all that it ought to be, if we ought to have more ships, or ships of a different kind, or more men, or men of a different class, it is not easy to see how we are to be made to know this. We have had our test fully applied; we have had the public doubly represented; and our two picked men, our two model ignorant civilians with their gradually acquired knowledge, tell us that they are perfectly satisfied, and that the navy is all right. We cannot choose but to believe them.

It is true that Mr. WARD HUNT stated that he adhered to all he had ever said as to the navy being a phantom, and as to its utter insufficiency for all practical purposes. But this was only the Parliamentary way of putting things. Every one understood him, and he certainly was not difficult to understand. He confessed that he had had a serious notion at one time of making a great spurt and of suddenly increasing the navy; but on reflection he was deterred by two considerations. The first was that the course he proposed to take would do a great deal of harm, and the second was that it was not in the least wanted. There is something touching in frank, manly avowals of this sort. They make us believe in the honesty of those who are called by a very odd process to govern us. And Mr. WARD HUNT lifted the veil of the secrets of the Cabinet so far as to disclose that it was not the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER who stood in his way. He might have had more money to spend if he liked, but he had found that there really was nothing to spend it on. With *carte blanche* given him, he cannot bring himself to propose any serious increase in the Navy Estimates. There is to be an increase of half a million sterling, but then there are payments to be made to India, there is the Arctic Expedition, there is leap year to be taken into consideration, and fifty-three pay days instead of fifty-two. All the extra money that he can conscientiously ask for is to be laid out in a slight and very proper increase in stores, and in engaging 880 additional hands in the dockyards. With these additions to his resources he will be perfectly comfortable, and the navy will be all he could wish, although for Parliamentary and oratorical purposes he still insists that it is a phantom. He is still in a curious state of puzzle and bewilderment as to himself. All he ever said was true, he had got facts and figures to show it; but somehow he is irresistibly impelled to act as if all he used to say was quite wrong. He is like a Protectionist landlord who in the old days proved, with the certainty of Euclid, that Free-trade would ruin all the farmers. As the farmers have since then offered him higher rents, he cannot help taking them. He must act as if the farmers were getting on well; but as a matter of abstract science he is as sure of their ruin as ever. It is evident that Mr. WARD HUNT has been brought to accept facts as facts, although scientifically he is sure of their non-existence, because he has really taken great pains to make himself acquainted with details. He has gone into little things; he has tried to use his own eyes; he has laboured after personal and practical knowledge. He has been to look at Cork Harbour; he has counted the cost of kits to boys joining the service from training ships; he went last autumn to almost all the principal training ships and stations on the coast; he talked to the men themselves, to those who enrolled them, and to those who drilled them. He was thus led to see that there might be some improvements made in the system of the Naval Reserve, and to view with especial favour the proposal for training boys in the mercantile navy so as to be available for the Royal service in time of need; and he has placed the whole Naval Reserve under a new and distinct official. The little changes he has suggested all seem good in their way, and met the approval of Mr. GOSCHEN, who buried controversy about them on the spot by stating that they were mostly what he should have made himself. The system, the men, the ships of the navy are really under Mr. WARD HUNT what they were under Mr. GOSCHEN; and the only appreciable difference is that two or three ships in course of construction will be finished sooner under the Conservative than they would have been under the Liberal Ministry. Not that Mr. GOSCHEN would not have liked to go on as fast as Mr. WARD HUNT, but Mr. LOWE would not let him have the money, whereas Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is much more pleasant to deal with. The difference is a very small one as compared with the changes which Mr. WARD HUNT thought he was going to make; but, such as it is, it deserves to be set to the credit of the present Ministry.

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SPAIN.

IT was perhaps proper that Lord GRANVILLE, as leader of the Opposition and former Foreign Secretary, should ask of Lord DERBY a formal question which he could have as easily answered himself. The Government recognized Marshal SERRANO because his authority was recognized throughout Spain with the exception of the Carlist provinces; and the particular time selected was determined by the action of Germany and of all the other Great Powers with the exception of Russia. It was naturally remarked that immediately after the recognition Marshal SERRANO'S Government disappeared; but, on the whole, it was perhaps a lucky accident that the European Governments anticipated his downfall. As no Power except the United States had recognized any previous Spanish Government since the abdication of King AMADEO, it might have been supposed that the acknowledgment which was afterwards accorded to ALFONSO XII. had been deliberately withheld from a Republic. Russia had, in fact, drawn a distinction between the two forms of government which would not have been consistent with the policy of England; and Germany and Austria deliberately limited their recognition to Marshal SERRANO'S personal tenure of office. If Lord GRANVILLE had remained at the Foreign Office he would have adopted exactly the same course, and Lord DERBY would in that case have perhaps asked the same question, and been satisfied with the same answer. There was, if possible, still less occasion for controversy as to the recognition of King ALFONSO. Although he was placed on the throne by a military revolution, there has not been the smallest opposition to his claims beyond the theatre of the civil war. Even a foreign Government is perhaps entitled to take notice of the advantage which attends the restoration of monarchy and of hereditary succession. There is every reason to suppose that a sufficient interval to justify recognition will elapse before the next revolution. The Republicans have suspended their agitation, and, with the exception of Don CARLOS, there is no competitor for the Throne. SERRANO himself has transferred to the KING any shadow of right which he might have pretended to derive from his temporary possession of power. In the first instance, apparently from a habit acquired in previous revolutions, he thought fit to cross the frontier into France; but he has since returned without molestation to Madrid, and he has been graciously received at Court.

One phrase in Lord DERBY'S explanation was open to criticism. Among his professed reasons for recognizing SERRANO was the impediment which was supposed to be placed by the civil war in the way of a convocation of the Cortes. The Spaniards have excellent reasons for dispensing from time to time with the operation of Parliamentary institutions from which they have derived little benefit. If they choose at any time to be governed by kings or marshals who have not gone through the form of general elections, it is not the business of foreign States to remind them of their oversight. If SERRANO had summoned a Cortes, he would, in accordance with uniform practice, have received its unanimous support. For diplomatic purposes a vote of confidence may fairly be taken as passed. It is one of many odd proofs of the attachment of English statesmen to tradition that they still profess an anxiety for the prevalence of constitutional principles abroad which has not the smallest influence on their policy. Because forty years ago Lord PALMERSTON exerted himself in favour of the so-called Constitutionalists of Spain, Lord DERBY thinks it necessary to express through the English Minister at Madrid a conventional hope that the KING whom he recognizes will administer his power in a constitutional spirit. Mr. LAYARD may be acquitted of any desire to take the opportunity of delivering a political lecture. His address to King ALFONSO was undoubtedly accordant with his instructions, which were copied from the common forms left by Lord PALMERSTON in Downing Street. It may indeed be said in apology that ALFONSO himself on his first accession was profuse of constitutional promises; and perhaps it may be not discourteous to assume that a King means what he says. At the reception of the English Minister the KING, either by chance or by design, took no notice of the edifying counsels which Mr. LAYARD had been instructed to offer. If he only intended to signify that England has no concern with Spanish institutions, he was perfectly in the right. American Presidents and Secretaries of State have often caused a smile by the eagerness with which they acknowledge ephemeral Republics. It is unnecessary for England ostentatiously to proclaim a preference for constitutional freedom.

There is much reason to doubt whether King ALFONSO and his advisers adhere to any constitutional resolutions which they may have formed. On the Continent, and especially in Spain, liberal policy is not identical with devotion to Parliamentary government. There may be sufficient reasons for delay in convoking the Cortes; and it is chiefly from the measures and the language of the Ministers that a judgment is formed of their disposition and purposes. It is unfortunate that the disputes on denominational education which are familiar to Englishmen involve in other countries a far profounder division of opinion. The Roman Catholic Church has contrived to make itself a principal in all political controversies. In Germany, in Italy, and to a great extent in France, its claims have been over-ruled; but in Spain there appears to be for the moment a successful clerical reaction. The Republicans, among many other follies, displayed excessive animosity against the priests, who in their turn attribute to want of orthodoxy all the disorders which have arisen from many complicated causes. The Government has lately issued to all scholastic authorities instructions which imply that the priesthood has obtained a temporary victory. Teachers in schools and colleges are exhorted to take care that nothing is said or done inconsistent with the Catholic faith; or, in other words, that they are in all things to obey the directions of the clergy. It is certain that the religious zeal of the KING or of those who act in his name will not be satisfied with giving the Church exclusive control over education. It is already said that permission to open a building for Protestant worship has been refused to English applicants; and there can be little doubt that the schisms which have been tolerated of late years will be discouraged or suppressed. The existence of Protestantism in the uncongenial climate of Spain is itself a proof of the antipathy produced among intelligent persons by the bigotry of the priesthood. The whole number of dissidents is probably not large, for Continental opponents of the dominant faith follow the teaching rather of VOLTAIRE than of LUTHER; but the Catholic clergy appear not wholly to have succeeded in their efforts to destroy religion except in the form of Popery. If the Protestant communities are deprived of their freedom of worship, it will be certain that the Government intends to restore all the institutions and practices which discredited the reign of ISABELLA. In that case the Republicans may once more have a chance even in the present generation.

The discussion on military affairs which the KING is supposed to have held with SERRANO can scarcely have been satisfactory or reassuring. Some months have now elapsed since the MARSHAL, then at the head of the Government, left Madrid to assume the command in the North; and the relative position of the contending parties has not in the interval been materially altered. The combined attack on the Carlist positions which was made soon after the accession of the KING, ended with the relief of Pampeluna; and it now seems probable that no further movement will be made until the army is largely recruited. If SERRANO expected to win over the Carlist generals, or if the supporters of ALFONSO meditated negotiation with the Pretender himself, the hope has been disappointed. It is not even certain which party enjoys the preference of the POPE, who still exercises in Spain a political influence which is in other countries not openly acknowledged. Between two devoted adherents of the Church it might be difficult for impartial politicians to make a choice, if it were not evident that the civil war can only end with the success of the stronger party. By far the greater part of the Spanish nation acquiesces in the government of Don ALFONSO, and will have nothing to do with Don CARLOS. The old political parties of Progressists, Moderates, and Republicans, if they have no especial attachment to the KING who lately called himself Constitutional, may reasonably hope at some future time to resume their authority under the Government which is established at Madrid. The position of the young KING is perhaps rendered less insecure by the continuance of the civil war, which creates a lull in political agitation. He can only be displaced by some new military revolution, and the chiefs of the army have no alternative for the Government which they have themselves established. None among them, with the exception of MORIONES, who has been removed from his command, possess any considerable military reputation. It is said that Marshal CONCHA will, on his arrival from Cuba, be appointed to the chief

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command of the army. His rank and seniority, and the memory of his brother, may perhaps produce an impression in his favour; but the task of driving the Carlists out of their fastnesses seems to be too difficult for Spanish generals. Twenty years ago it could scarcely have been expected that Spaniards in the present day would look back with regret to the happy times when the public peace was only disturbed by occasional military mutinies.

BISHOPS AND MORE BISHOPS.

THE Bishop season is setting in this year at the usual time. It was heralded in 1874 by the appearance on March 10 of an odd article in the *Times*, which preluded the coming storm. March 8, 1875, is the date of an encyclical of the united Anglican Episcopate, wanting two members, which takes stock of the twelvemonth's disturbance. There is no reason to question the good intentions of its authors, but we have very grave doubts about the wisdom of their proceeding. They are all of them men who ought by this time to have learned the futility of writing round about a subject when they may be called on to act within it. As it is, the document is bursting with exhortations to obedience, while it is absolutely deficient in plain directions upon the points at which that obedience is likely to be tried. The practical upshot is that the Bishops pose themselves as autocrats, and this is about the most unfortunate attitude which they could assume at a critical period. Ecclesiastical, like civil, loyalty is a constitutional duty; and now that the clerical Parliament is discussing the very matters in dispute, no clergyman who respects himself or the institution of which he is an officer can forestall its decisions and place his fealty at the disposal of a self-constituted caucus of his superiors, who are in their station as much bound by law as he himself. The Bishops accordingly exhibit themselves as demanding powers which they are unable to compass, while they very unfairly inflate the suspicion of lawlessness and insubordination against the men for whose protection they exist. The Bishop of SALISBURY puts the case very well in a letter to his Archdeacons, explaining the absence of his signature:—"Nothing, I thought, was more to be deprecated than "any unnecessary revival of complaints already sufficiently "urged, and any enumeration of acts of disobedience and "the like already amply provided for by the Act of Par-"liament which is to come into operation on the 1st of "July." In fact, the superior officers of the Church of England deal with their subordinates in a manner wholly unknown to any other organized department. Let the clergy be as tiresome and insubordinate as even the Archbishop of YORK or the Bishop of DURHAM would have us believe, still there is no reason why they should be terrorized into compliance by appeals to some external influence which is known to be as indifferent, if not hostile, to Bishop as it is to parson. The LORD CHANCELLOR may be considerably vexed with a large portion of the Bar for its action on the Appellate Jurisdiction, but we do not expect that he will confide his complaints to the *Englishman*, nor is it probable that the *Nation* or the *Beehive* will be the chosen recipient of any grievance which the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF may have against any clique of regimental officers. It is idle to say that the Pastoral is addressed to the clergy and laity of the Church of England. It may profess to be so addressed; but in reality it is simply a letter to the newspapers, and it only differs from common letters in being cast in a form which ensures its insertion in every journal. It has been composed to elicit leading articles, and the leading articles have been elicited. In short, while it professes to be an effusion of paternal solicitude, it is really an attempt on the part of the chiefs of a recognized corporation to overawe the inferior members of their own institution by bringing down upon them the outside influence of miscellaneous bystanders.

The paper leads off with a jubilant, and no doubt truthful, picture of churches built, restored, and endowed in forty years, new parishes, vast sums of money voluntarily contributed for religious education, fifty new sees showing the amplitude of Church extension in the colonies—"the "great increase in the number of persons of all classes who, "by prayers and labour spent on the work of converting "souls to Christ, all bear witness to the zeal and earnest-"ness of the clergy and laity of the English Church, an "earnestness and zeal which we rejoice to know is by no "means confined to any section or party." A little further on, a well-managed surprise awaits the student of this remarkable document, for all these happy incidents sum up in "the interruption of the sympathy and "mutual confidence which ought to exist between the "clergy and laity," following, it seems, upon changes in the mode of performing divine service which have "engen-"dered distrust," and on "the refusal to obey legitimate "authority." We can only very respectfully wonder that the patent inconsistency of the two pictures did not strike the venerable conclave in reading over that which is probably a joint production of several authors. Such interruptions may have here and there occurred, but the brilliant picture exhibited in the first paragraph proves, supposing it to be in any way an approximation to fact, that they must be few and far between; otherwise the whole statement would be about as intelligible as a Budget speech by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER proving that a buoyant surplus indicated an interruption of national prosperity. It is clear that the laity could not, and would not, be spending money and praying and labouring with "zeal and earnest-"ness," as the Bishops say they are, if their Church "sympathy" were all the while being "interrupted," their "apprehensions" "excited," and their "suspicions" "aroused." Above all things, they would not go on sinking capital in building and endowing churches if the performances within those churches were not to their liking.

In answer to this injurious figment, picked up at second-hand from the Church Association, we appeal from the Bishops to the Bishop-maker. Mr. DISRAELI, meeting in cooler blood an appeal from that persecuting body which had been provoked by his audacious flourish as to putting down Ritualism, simply denied the statement, and the fanatics of the Association have never yet dared to contradict him. The Archbishop of YORK may no doubt have reasons satisfactory to himself for patronizing this stale accusation, as he did at the recent meeting of the Northern Convocation, but the other Bishops might have reached sufficient experience through the troubles of last year to have at least avoided again falling into the snare. That which so much embittered the feelings of one of the principal Church sections was not that the follies and excesses of its extreme wing were attributed to the entire body. This would have been a comparatively venial act of controversial unfairness. The injustice which they resented was, that the accusation framed against undescribed "Ritualism" in high quarters was so worded that, while all dispassionate observers knew that the unparalleled development of strength and life in the Church during the now belauded "forty years" was chiefly due to the resuscitated High Church party, that party found itself exposed to popular obloquy as the weakness and the misfortune of an Establishment which probably owes its continuous existence to that High Church revival.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY appeared to have grasped the greatness of the blunder when he took the opportunity of his late diocesan Conference to elaborate the defence of the "great historical High Church party." If he had left matters where he placed them on that day, the hopes of ecclesiastical peace would have been brighter than at any moment since the inception of the Public Worship Bill. We fear now that the Pastoral may blow up the expiring embers. Probably its authors intended to protect the position of High Churchmen when they talked of "more "reverent worship in loyal conformity to the rules of "the Book of Common Prayer"; but, as unfortunately the frigid Vaticanism of their phraseology forbade their naming the name, these good intentions are simply worthless. The persons whom they may have meant to befriend will owe them small gratitude for a protectorate which failed to indicate the objects of its benevolence, while the associates of the persecution Society will take the compliment to themselves as the exclusive examples of such "loyal conformity." The High Churchman will only know that the acknowledged shortcomings of parties whose forte is certainly not the improvement of worship are slurred over in a document which professes to be impartial, while the magisterial homily to which he is treated on yielding a "willing obedience to the law of the Church" will very generally be read as an indirect command to subordinate his knowledge and reason to the inconclusive, and, except as against the one man whom it killed, inoperative, PURCHAS judgment. The Pastoral does indeed for once descend from its cloudy platform of intangible generalizations to explain

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that the position to be occupied by the minister during the Prayer of Consecration has never been formally declared by the Church to have any doctrinal significance. But as this was said a good deal better and in more forcible language by Lord CAIRNS, even in the heat of last year's debates, we hardly think it was worth the while of that large gathering of prelates to wrap up one positive statement in so voluminous a padding of ambiguous phrases.

The Anglican Episcopate renders a cheerful deference to Mgr. CAPEL'S instructions by being very emphatic on the "multiplication and assiduous circulation" of "manuals "of doctrine and private devotion" which are characterized as containing matter "wholly incompatible with the "teaching and principles of our Reformed Church." We do not pretend to much familiarity with the vagaries of Ritualistic literature, and we have therefore no reason for demurring to this statement. But, the more true it may be, the more the Bishops convict themselves of meeting the scandal in the most unsatisfactory way. Either they are acquainted with the names and contents of the books so severely condemned or they are not. In the former case, they are bound to produce the list and schedule the obnoxious passages; in the latter, they should have held their tongues. A blank Syllabus can only bring ignorant and unreasonable suspicion down upon a whole class of literature, much of which cannot fail to be harmless and even edifying.

Upon the whole, while we find nothing in the manifesto to show that the conviction which has been ripening that the Episcopate (including at all events one Archbishop) has had its eyes opened to the blunder of last year need be unfounded, it would be as difficult to prove on the face of the document that the Bench has come to a wiser mind. We therefore regret that it should, at a moment when a mistake is a mistake and something more, have spent its energies on an essay which will at best be useless, and may at worst be mischievous. The Bishops had an additional reason for being careful at a moment when Parliament was facing, with more prospect of success than at any preceding period, more than one scheme for enabling the Episcopate to be developed in proportion to the growth of population. The abstract need of an enlarged Episcopate has long been confessed by all who really desire to see the Church strengthened. But the realization of the object was hampered by difficulties from without and from within. Lord SHAFTESBURY'S high-handed obstinacy has long barred the door to the obvious source of endowment, which was still available at the time when the see of Manchester was created, in the episcopal estates now vested in the Ecclesiastical Commission, while more tolerant Churchmen showed a reasonable aversion to the institution of an order of spiritual satraps. Lord LYTTELTON'S Bill wisely meets the two difficulties, for it contemplates more dioceses, and not merely a longer list of Bishops, while it relies for its funds on voluntary contributions, and provides for the simultaneous creation of cathedrals and chapters. So the Bill awaits a third reading, only improved by the facilities afforded to the actual Bishops for aiding in the payment of their new brethren. On Thursday night Mr. CROSS capped this general measure by the Government proposal to create a diocese of St. Albans, including Hertfordshire and Essex, and to transfer the responsibility of South London from Winchester to a reconstructed area of Rochester, the enormous value of one house in St. James's Square forming a sufficient basis for the scheme. One of the Bills, if not both, ought to reach the Statute-book during the present Session, and the English Episcopate will then have entered on a new career. In face of this great opportunity the prelacy might well be careful of dissipating its influence in sterile allocutions. A Pastoral which was unwise with twenty-six names attached to it will not become wiser by mustering thirty or forty, while thirty or forty working Bishops may reach results which would be impossible to a less numerous band of equally laborious men.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

THE supremacy of the Republican party in the United States, after lasting for fourteen years, ended for the time on the 4th of March. The Democrats have not for the present succeeded to the undivided power which had been exercised by their opponents. Although they have a large majority in the House of Representatives, they will not dispose of two-thirds of the votes; in the Senate they are in a minority; and for two years longer the PRESIDENT will, unless he changes his policy, represent the Republican party. Judicious Democrats will not regret the restraints which will secure them against rash experiments, and relieve them from the immediate necessity of framing or of announcing a political system. They could not, if they would, repeal the Constitutional Amendments of their predecessors; and they have the opportunity of showing that they are comparatively exempt from faction and corruption. For some months there will be an interval in legislation, and probably the PRESIDENT will confine himself to his ordinary administrative duties. According to American custom, a Congress only enters on the transaction of business more than a year after it has been elected; and for six months its members have waited while the outgoing Assembly continued to represent an extinct majority. It had been generally thought that, after the result of the election, the expiring Congress would confine itself to routine business; but the Republican managers deemed it expedient to celebrate the defeat of their party by a display of unusual activity. At the beginning of the short Session Congress ostensibly provided for the resumption of cash payments at a distant term. As the measure will be nugatory unless it receives a supplement of further legislation, the object of its framers was either to contrast their own solicitude for the maintenance of public credit with the possible laxity of their successors, or to claim by anticipation the merit of restoring a specie currency. A large section of the party had not long since advocated the opposite plan of increasing the paper circulation; but the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of the TREASURY have for some time past supported a sounder financial doctrine. The Civil Rights Bill was, contrary to expectation, hurried through both branches of Congress, apparently for the purpose of proving the resolution and consistency of the Republican leaders. The unpopularity of the measure is supposed to have contributed largely to the success of the Democrats; and it was known that the PRESIDENT would interpose his veto. The Republicans will have placed on record their claim to be regarded as the friends of the coloured population; and, as their Bill will not be brought into operation, the proposal will not provoke lasting resentment.

The decline in the revenue which has been caused by the late stagnation of trade enabled the Republican majority once more to affirm by a vote the policy of Protection. It was necessary to provide some additional source of income, and it is perhaps not surprising that the House should have revived duties to the amount of ten per cent. on the value on foreign manufactured articles. The tariff had been to that extent reduced two or three years ago, and the manufacturers welcomed the opportunity of obtaining additional protection under the pretext of fiscal necessity. The opposition of the Democrats to the Bill was undecided and ineffective. Instead of boldly advocating freedom of trade, their spokesmen talked vaguely of the possibility of restoring an equilibrium by diminution of expenditure, and they objected as strongly to an increase of the revenue duties on tea and coffee as to the restoration of the ten per cent. charge on manufactures. The Democrats have in general, especially during their close alliance with the South, inclined to a rational tariff; but of late they have wavered in deference to the special interests of some of the constituencies, and none of their leaders are known to have pledged themselves definitely to the cause of Free-trade. The ablest economists in the United States stand aloof from party, and consequently they only exercise an indirect influence on legislation. Some of the new representatives and Senators are themselves affected by the most obsolete prejudices. The ex-President, Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, who has just been appointed Senator by the Legislature of Tennessee, recommended during his term of office open repudiation of the National Debt. Unless the special interests of his own State are obviously opposed to protective duties, it is scarcely probable that Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON will be a supporter of Free-trade. It is not a little remarkable that the party which has lately succeeded to power includes no celebrated name. Mr. KARL SCHURZ, the ablest and most enlightened member of the Senate, has lost his seat, probably because as a Liberal Republican he was not heartily favoured by either party. In the United States it is not considered necessary either in the Senate or in the House that there should be acknowledged leaders, nor are the most active members of the majority candidates, as in England, for office; but in

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all numerous assemblies energy and ability must exercise natural influence, and it is singular that a large party should scarcely contain a single conspicuous member.

Some of the more violent Republicans promoted an extravagant measure which would have enabled the PRESIDENT and his successors to suspend the Habeas Corpus at their discretion. Even if the existence of such a prerogative were consistent with the spirit and letter of the American Constitution, General GRANT has ceased to command the confidence which might formerly have been reposed in his judgment and moderation. In the first instance he approved of General SHERIDAN'S extravagant demand for powers to exercise martial law in Louisiana, although afterwards, under pressure from the sounder portion of his Cabinet, he declined in his Message to Congress responsibility for the acts of his lieutenant. The most definite rebuke which has been inflicted on the policy of the PRESIDENT consists in the refusal of the Senate to admit the Senator appointed by the usurping Legislature. While the PRESIDENT has always affirmed the legal right of KELLOGG and of the Assembly which held power by the same title, the Senate before its adjournment laid on the table a Resolution for admitting PINCHBECK to a seat. The unfitness of the man himself would have constituted no valid objection to his taking his seat, but the validity of his appointment depends on the authority of the Legislature, which again is identified in title with KELLOGG. As the Republicans have a large majority in the Senate, and as they will continue for the present to control it, the rejection of PINCHBECK almost amounts to a censure on the PRESIDENT'S policy. A Committee of Congress which was sent to make inquiries into the condition of Louisiana has reported, apparently by way of compromise, that the Board of Elections had not been guilty of partiality or corruption, but that the Conservatives had a lawful majority in the House. They further state that the coloured electors who were said to have been intimidated have voted in larger numbers than before; and that any intimidation which may have been practised was on the other side. It would therefore seem that General DE TROBRIAND forcibly expelled members who were lawfully elected, though it is true that the claim of a military officer to decide a disputed election can scarcely be rendered more monstrous by the accident of his having formed an erroneous judgment.

If the Democratic party uses its victory with judgment and moderation there is no reason why it should not retain power for a long period. The wavering or neutral part of the community, consisting chiefly of the most intelligent and respectable class, intervened at the last election rather as a protest against Republican misconduct than through any definite predilection for the Democrats. The majority had been discredited by an extraordinary succession of pecuniary scandals; and the Civil Rights Bill and the PRESIDENT'S Southern policy produced just and general irritation. The advocates of a more rational tariff may perhaps feel little confidence in the Democrats, but they had nothing to hope from the Republicans. There can be little doubt that after an interval the composition of the Senate will be altered in favour of the party which has a majority in the House. The Southern States, which have but lately recovered their freedom of political action, will almost without exception return Democratic Senators, as in the days before the war. There is happily no longer a system of slavery to maintain, but the supremacy of the white population, now that it has been resumed, will not be willingly surrendered. Next year will witness a general trial of strength between contending parties in the election of a President. General GRANT'S hope of a third term of office, after inflicting great damage on his party, must by this time have been renounced; and no candidate has hitherto been named on either side to supply his place. In former times the Presidential contest commenced in the middle of a term of office, but now both Democrats and Republicans prudently hesitate to pledge themselves to candidates whose personal pretensions would add nothing to the strength of their respective parties. It is certain that no military candidate will have a chance after the partial failure of General GRANT, and after the audacious disregard for law and justice displayed by General SHERIDAN. BUTLER is fortunately out of the question, having even been excluded from the House of Representatives; and, with the exception of Mr. SCHURZ, who is also thrust aside from public life, no orator or eminent politician is forthcoming. Even Mr. GREELEY was universally known, although in his case notoriety was not an advantage. Until the beginning of the contest, twelve months hence, American politics will probably be tranquil and dull.

OXFORD COMMEMORATION.

IN old days the Commemoration at Oxford was an occasion for a little harmless parade, some innocent amusement, and much gentle gaiety. There is no place in the world which in its way is so pretty as Oxford in early summer. From time immemorial Oxford has been fond of hospitality. It has large revenues, and likes to spend a reasonable portion of them in eating and drinking. Colleges were pleased to show off their fine old halls and their accumulations of plate. The city shone forth for a brief season as a home, unique in its charms, of the ancient and the new, the old and the young. The central gathering was always the assemblage in the Theatre, where prize poems and essays were recited, degrees were conferred on strangers more or less illustrious, and undergraduates indulged in a vein of mild sportiveness, and revelled in the opportunity of forcing the folly of their boyish likes and dislikes on a laughing public. There was a sort of family air about the whole proceeding; and mothers and sisters came to see, with natural delight and curiosity, how their sons and brothers were lodged and amused. A few meals in college, a round of sight-seeing, a picnic or two, and perhaps a dance, formed the sum of the entertainment. But the age of golden simplicity gradually faded away. The change which has come over almost everything else in England stole over Oxford Commemoration. It became something grand, gorgeous, noisy, and expensive. It had that terribly national character stamped on it which has impressed on the boat-race the mark of a wonderful public event. Everything had to be done in a new and sublime way. Grand balls, grand dresses, grand feasts, were made matters of course. A youth who was too modest or too economical to send a shower of guinea tickets to all the ladies he could think of as likely to accept them felt himself degraded in the scale of being. To be duly princely was the prime thought of those who had accepted the task of showing what Oxford could do if it liked. Nor was this all. These fine young bloods who were doing the honours of Oxford to the world were not inclined to see any part of what they considered their own special festival remain out of their grasp. They must modernize the proceedings at the Theatre as they were modernizing everything else. The gathering had been meant in some way for old serious people; dons were great persons at it; there was a notion that a seat of learning was conferring an honour on strangers by giving a degree. The industry and skill of reading men were supposed to be stimulated and rewarded by the publicity of the recitations. The preliminary merriment of undergraduates was treated as a pardonable mode of relieving the dulness of waiting till the Vice-Chancellor appeared. All this seemed intolerably upside down to the new school. The Theatre was to be made to belong to them. They were entitled, they thought, to shape the gathering to its true uses, and rescue it from its perverted association with gravity, learning, and decorum. It was to be made a mere occasion of giving fun, coarse fun, but still such fun as they relished, to boys. They conceived that the only use of the proceedings was to interrupt them; the only good of going to the Theatre was to show their noble contempt for the University authorities; and the only satisfactory, creditable, and spirited thing they could do was to yell, hiss, and hoot without intermission until they had conquered their enemies the dons, and had shown their tutors and the ladies whom they were running into debt to entertain, and their distant parents and the British public generally, what fine-spirited, gallant, and invincible young gentlemen they were.

At last the patience of the University authorities has been exhausted. Unnatural as it may appear to undergraduates, the dons are really masters of the situation. They cannot control Commemoration, but they can abolish it. They can send all these graceful and lavish rioters to their homes. They can wait till the undergraduates are gone, and then hold the gathering in a small building. This is what they have decided to do. Oxford will now imitate Cambridge, where Commemoration, in the Oxford sense, has been long unknown. When they have

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done what they call their work, the holidays of the young men will begin, and they will go home. A blow is also to be struck at youthful extravagance, and balls are to be discouraged. The gravity of the University has asserted itself, and Oxford has gently reminded the world that it still considers itself a place of sobriety and learning. The decision at which the authorities have arrived is one which many of those who have come to it will regret, for their memories will carry them back to the days when Commemoration was as harmless as it was pleasant. But it is a wise decision and an inevitable one if the University is to retain its self-respect. The evil to be contended against is really one of a very serious character. The enormous wealth of England and the terrible publicity of modern life have told on the Universities as on everything else. Every one wants an excuse for spending money and for making a fuss. No one who is not practically acquainted with the subject can conceive the difficulties with which those engaged in conducting education have to contend when the atmosphere of society generally is that of turbulent wealth. There are so very many rich, well-meaning, stupid lads in England, and where are they to go except to a University? They are now in a great measure shut out of the army by competitive examination, and the Civil Service is almost closed to them. With a very moderate amount of knowledge they can enter a University, and with very little more knowledge they can take a degree. It is a gentlemanly thing to do. They are at least kept away from home half the year. They can concentrate their attention on out-of-door amusements. They can lead a very agreeable life until they are old enough to come into the world; and so they flock to the Universities, and the Universities have to do the best they can with them.

There they are, and some existence must be provided for them; and it would be a great national loss if the Universities did not open their arms to them. But how is the sober business of the place to be conducted with such unpromising material to work on? It is quite idle to think that in a country like England, so rich, so revelling in its wealth, so little penetrated with the enthusiasm of education, the mass of students will be reading men. All that can be done is to curb their native insolence, to clip the wings of their extravagance, to make them work as much as their untutored minds will bear. The aims of Oxford tutors have not degenerated. There is a very general desire to do what is right for young men, to uphold learning, to enforce respect, to make young men feel that goodness really means something, and that virtue is a jewel above price. There is a very considerable amount of intellectual activity in the place. The numbers of those who read for honours has very largely increased in recent years. The requirements of modern times have been met by an ample expansion of the field of study. There is even perhaps too much forcing, and those of an older generation cannot help feeling, as to the younger products of Oxford, that they know everything and realize little. But the special means taken at Oxford to combat the dangerous influences of the rampant wealth and feverish pleasure-seeking of the age is one which, if fertile in some good results, is attended with many drawbacks. Colleges are made exclusively of one type. The reading men are in this college, the poor men clinging to the old ways of piety are in another, the athletic men are in a third. Each separate class or section gets what it seeks provided for it. But the wholesome mixture of characters, the influences of one set on another, the correction of exclusive ideas, naturally fade away. The father of a stupid boy, however awake he may be to the consequences of allowing his son to mix only with the idle, the thoughtless, and the extravagant, finds the doors of the best colleges shut on his unhappy offspring. The mania for competitive examination has decided that his son shall not be allowed to read. It is not surprising that one consequence of this forced aggregation of young men all of one type should have shown itself in the disgraceful scenes which have made the discontinuance of Commemoration necessary. The day will come, it may be hoped, when Commemoration and its legitimate pleasures can be safely revived. It was too good a thing to be wiped for ever out of existence. But the revival of Commemoration cannot be wished for until Oxford has done more, and done it more wisely, to combat the adverse influences to which, as a seat of learning and piety, it is exposed.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH BILL.

THE first impression which the new Public Health Bill will convey to the spectator—it is so exceedingly lengthy that it would be unsafe to assume that he will also be the reader—will be one of surprise. Does it really need all this expenditure of paper and print to maintain the community in a state of decent physical health? It is a gain, it is true, to have all the provisions necessary for this purpose brought together within a single Act of Parliament, but might not the result have been a little less like many single Acts of Parliament rolled into one? These inquiries are not made in any carping spirit. Consolidation is something to be thankful for, and, bad as the 156 pages and the 333 clauses of the new Bill are, they are better than the same number of clauses scattered over some seven-and-twenty volumes of the Statute Book. There is reason to fear, however, that the notion that the public health laws are a labyrinth to which none but experts can hope to possess the clue will hardly be dispelled by the simplifications introduced into them by Mr. Sclater Booth. The layman who wants a nuisance abated or a sluggish sanitary authority pricked into activity will hardly be more enlightened as to the possibility of attaining either object than in the præ-consolidation period. The two points of sanitary law which it is most essential to know are what the sanitary authorities are bound to do, and what they may do. Probably very few persons have any clear understanding where the duties of a sanitary authority end, or where its powers begin. They know that an energetic authority can do a great deal, and that a lazy one usually succeeds in doing very little. But upon the really important question how far the lazy authority can be compelled to take example by the energetic one, and by what means such compulsion as is applicable can be brought to bear, they are absolutely ignorant. A model Public Health Act would begin by stating that a rural sanitary authority is bound to do such and such things, and an urban sanitary authority such and such other things. It should then go on to provide machinery by which a sanitary authority making default in any of these duties can be made to do them, or to pay the cost of their being done by some one else. These would be clauses of universal interest to every one, because every one lives within the jurisdiction of some one sanitary authority, and is or ought to be concerned to know what advantages accrue to him from this circumstance. After the duties and the modes of enforcing them had thus been enumerated, the next thing would be to declare that rural sanitary authorities are empowered to do such and such things if they think fit, and urban sanitary authorities such and such other things. By this means, every reader of the Act would know that, if the sanitary authority of his district neglected a duty, his remedy lay in an appeal to the superior authority, while, if it merely omitted to do something which was left to its discretion to do or leave undone, his only remedy lay in bringing the members round to his views, or replacing them at the next election by others who did not need to be brought round. It may be imagined perhaps that the 10th and 11th Clauses of the new Bill do in fact supply what is here suggested. Certainly they are headed in the table of contents, "Powers and Duties of Urban "Authorities," and "Powers and Duties of Rural Authori-"ties," and we can fancy a perplexed inquirer turning to them with a feeling of expectant relief. If so the feeling will not be lasting. All that the 10th Clause will tell him is that "in addition to all the powers, rights, duties, capa-"cities, liabilities, and obligations exerciseable by, or attach-"ing to an urban authority under this Act," every urban authority shall exercise all the powers and duties vested in any local authority under the Bakehouse Regulation Act, the Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings Act, the Bath and Wash-houses Act, and the Labouring Classes' Lodging-houses Acts. The only comfort therefore to be derived from this reference is the knowledge that, besides the 333 clauses of the principal Act, there may be some provision applicable to the inquirer's case contained in one or other of these additional Acts.

There is another fault of our sanitary legislation which, though it has always existed, becomes more apparent now that the law on the subject is to be consolidated. "This "Act," says the 2nd Clause of the Bill, "shall not ex-"tend . . . . to the metropolis." The whole of England outside of London is to be subject to one law, while

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London itself is to be subject to another. This conclusion does not touch any of the questions relating to the municipal government of London. The metropolitan sanitary authorities might exercise all the powers which they now possess, or with which it might be thought expedient to invest them, without the maintenance of this almost ludicrous distinction. It would only be necessary in the clause which says that, "for the purposes of this Act, "England shall consist of districts, to be called respec- "tively urban sanitary districts and rural sanitary dis- "tricts," to insert the words metropolitan sanitary districts before the word urban, and in other clauses to enumerate the special duties or powers, if there are any, which belong to the sanitary authorities of London as distinct from the sanitary authorities of urban districts generally. This separation between London and the rest of the country is more than a mere fault of symmetry. It means that the benefit of this measure of consolidation is to be withheld from the largest population in the kingdom. The Acts of Parliament by which sanitary matters are regulated in London are to remain in their present state of confusion. The law as it affects the public health in Liverpool or Bristol or Leeds is to be brought, however imperfectly, within the four corners of an Act of Parliament. But the law as it affects the public health in a city as big again as Liverpool, Bristol, and Leeds put together, is still to be picked out from the legislation of the last quarter of a century. There is a still more serious disadvantage attendant upon this state of affairs. The central authority in sanitary matters throughout the country is the Local Government Board. But the Local Government Board is a creation of later date than the Acts which regulate the public health in London, and consequently the central sanitary authority for London is still the Home Secretary. This is the explanation of the apparent absurdity of the answers occasionally made by the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD to deputations on sanitary reform. Whenever anything is said that can by possibility refer to London, the Minister has to remind the speaker that the question does not come within his cognizance. It may be objected that the Home Office is a department of greater dignity than the Local Government Board, and consequently that Londoners gain rather than lose by having their health looked after in the last resort by so magnificent a person as a Secretary of State. But what is really of moment in this case is not the dignity of the Court of Appeal so much as its efficiency, and, as a matter of fact, the powers now vested in the President of the Local Government Board were taken from the Home Secretary only a few years since, because it was thought that they would be more effective if they were given to other hands. If the Home Office was not a good central sanitary authority for the whole of England, still less can it be a good central authority for a single city. It cannot have the experience or the traditions which grow up in an office in which half the work done relates to sanitary questions. The HOME SECRETARY will naturally be shy of interfering about drains or nuisances, from the mere fact that these are not the subjects with which he is ordinarily concerned. What is a matter of course to the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD is to him something strange and difficult. The present separation is no more rational than a similar separation would be in matters of education. If the School Board of London were placed under the Board of Trade instead of under the Education Department, the arrangement would be in all respects as defensible as that which places the sanitary authorities of London under a department which has to do with police and justice instead of under the department which is specially charged with the supervision of public health. Want of system in construction, and the total omission of London, are serious faults in a Bill which professes to consolidate and amend "the Acts relating to Public Health in Eng- "land."

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

THE death of Sir Arthur Helps has caused just and general regret. Throughout his life he had been judicious and fortunate in the selection of friends, and neither in his official position nor in private intercourse was he known to have an enemy. It is understood that he enjoyed a large share of the Queen's favour and confidence, though he was probably not consulted on political questions. His own interest in public affairs was almost exclusively confined to topics which are not the subject of party contention. The sanitary administration in which as Clerk of the Privy Council he had some share, and projects of social improvement, possessed for him more attraction than the more exciting matters which occupy the attention of politicians. It would in any case have been his duty to be neutral, and his temper and habits of thought made impartiality easy and pleasant. The only constitutional changes which he desired were suggested by his pardonable preference for his own occupation in life. In common with many other intelligent members of the Civil Service, he failed to appreciate the merits of Parliamentary government and legislation; and he would willingly have transferred the functions of Ministers who were also party leaders to experts who might concentrate all their faculties on the systematic transaction of business. He had a profound belief in the efficacy of organization, though his explanations of the meaning of the term were sometimes vague and unsatisfactory. He held that in a more perfect state of society benevolent philosophers would rule docile communities without any contamination of interested motives. How the philosophers were to be found, or to obtain recognition and obedience, were questions which would probably have seemed to him material, if there had been any chance of accomplishing his object. Projectors of new machinery take the motive power for granted. To less sanguine theorists it seems that the force which is indispensable to government must come either from below by popular impulse, or from the will of a despot. There is reason to believe that Sir Arthur Helps discharged the duties of his office with ability and assiduity; and his opportunities of studying the character of the statesmen with whom he was brought in contact were carefully used. Of all the Ministers under whom he had served, he spoke with the warmest admiration of Lord Palmerston, and especially of his tact, his courage, and his indefatigable industry. He came into office after the death of Sir Robert Peel, who would have approximated more nearly to his ideal type of a Minister; but he may probably have found his conception of a beneficent statesman realized when he became acquainted with the Prince Consort. In all the external circumstances which are proper for public notice, Sir Arthur Helps's life may be esteemed happy and successful. Soon after leaving the University of Cambridge, where he made many acquaintances of value, he became Private Secretary to Mr. Spring Rice, and afterwards to Lord Morpeth, who was then the Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Both his chiefs were men of unusually kind and cordial nature, and both encouraged his characteristic inclination to convert official relations into friendship.

His next official experience was acquired on a Commission for the settlement of certain Danish claims which dated from the siege of Copenhagen. With this trifling exception he was exclusively occupied with literary pursuits until his appointment about twenty years ago to the office of Clerk of the Council. The selection was due to the recommendation of an early friend, who could not have combined more thoroughly recognition of personal claims with regard for the public interest. Sir Arthur Helps liked both the form and the substance of official duty, and he had no difficulty in making himself personally acceptable to those with whom he had to transact business. Neither pushing nor ambitious in manner, he was observant of character, ready and eager to receive instruction, and utterly devoid of shyness. If he liked an equal or superior, he took no pains to disguise his preference; and it was evident that his object in cultivating the regard of others ended with itself, and that it was not prompted by any desire for material advantage. A low voice, and a somewhat quaint and formal demeanour, accorded well with a thoughtful if not profound style in conversation, and with a grave playfulness which might almost pass for humour; but on the whole he had rather the air of a student than of a teacher. The dogmatic and proselytizing part of his character was reserved for his books. In general society he never argued or declaimed. He had not even in youth the physical force or the animal spirits which predispose novices to oral controversy. In mature years all wise men abstain from direct efforts to instruct or to convince by means of conversation. Sometimes a sententious phrase recalled the numerous aphorisms of his writings; but he never affected to be, in earnest or in jest, a brilliant talker. It cost him no effort to be, as became his confidential position, habitually discreet. He may probably have been in the secret of many personal difficulties, and of occasional displays of weakness and caprice; but he never betrayed his knowledge of anything more private than an Order in Council on the cattle plague.

As an author, Sir Arthur Helps cultivated with unequal success two or three distinct forms of literary activity. He wrote one or two forgotten dramas of little merit, and several novels, which had the defects of imperfect construction and of a didactic purpose which is fatal to art. In *Casimir Maremma* he sought to recommend a favourite doctrine, namely, the advantages of organized colonization. His hero necessarily embodied in a more practical form his own aspirations; and it was easy to endow a fictitious character with powers of influence and command. A stronger imagination would have required a more complete demonstration of the possibility of combined colonial enterprise. There are, unfortunately, no unoccupied countries fit for the settlement of Europeans; or, if vacant spaces are to be discovered in the more temperate regions of South America, colonists would find themselves at the same time independent of their leaders, and subject to the sovereignty or interference of some semi-barbarous

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Government. In *Realmah*, where prehistoric chiefs were engaged in philanthropic reforms of lacustrine communities, Sir Arthur Helps found it necessary to diversify his incredible narrative with the comments of the well-known *Friends in Council* converted for the time into a critical chorus. His latest story, which was illustrative of Russian history in the eighteenth century, had no definite object. The moral deduced from incessant palace revolutions, followed by the exile of the defeated faction to Siberia, scarcely admits of general application. The art of writing historical novels perished with Scott, whose audacious anachronisms and sacrifices of external probability to consistent dramatic impersonation would scarcely be tolerated by modern accuracy and minuteness. In history, as in fiction, Sir Arthur Helps suffered under the self-imposed incumbrance of a moral purpose. He was deeply impressed with the horrors of slavery; and he traced its origin and progress in modern times with assiduous and sagacious industry. His failure to attain wide or permanent popularity as an historian probably resulted from the moral earnestness which employed itself chiefly in the exposure of an obnoxious institution. Nations and men, and not a special department of their activity, are the proper subjects of history. The history of commerce, of manners, of religion, or of any separate political function, may belong to moralists, to economists, or to divines, but not to historians. Sectarian biographers who delight to record little changes of opinion or of doctrine only caricature the inherent defect of argumentative and didactic histories. In some of his works on Spanish America Sir Arthur Helps exhibited from time to time a power of narration which might have enabled him to achieve higher success if he had not entangled himself with irrelevant considerations of benevolence and utility. His account of the siege of Mexico is not unequal to the corresponding passages in Robertson and Prescott, although his sympathy with one of the most extraordinary instances of human heroism was, through his hatred of war, comparatively imperfect. His love of method, and his regard for the convenience of readers, were pleasantly exhibited in the care with which he reproduced explanatory maps again and again, as often as passages which required illustration were repeated. It is not too much to say that other authors and all publishers delight in causing the greatest possible trouble to all who have occasion to open maps, which it is generally difficult to open without tearing, or to refold. As a general rule the names of places given in the text are omitted in the plans, or perhaps they are differently spelt. Sir Arthur Helps was aware that the person who saves others trouble is to some extent their benefactor.

The possibility of adding largely to human happiness by petty arrangements and minute thoughtfulness is one of the doctrines which are most constantly and systematically taught in Sir Arthur Helps's long series of essays and dialogues. While he attained but imperfect success in his other literary experiences, he found in the *Friends in Council* his proper and natural mode of utterance. Though he was neither curiously subtle nor profoundly original, he had the gift of observing many things; of thinking independently, and of expressing his conclusions in clear and graceful English. His *Essays Written in the Intervals of Business* soon after his first entrance into official life were perhaps suggested by Sir Henry Taylor's *Statesman*, which was published between thirty and forty years ago. In the form of essays Sir Arthur Helps found it easy to convey the results of early reflection and of an experience which was then limited. Some of his youthful works contain epigrammatic phrases more striking than many of his maturer apophthegms. It was probably in a conscious burst of playful irritation that he declared that the chief advantage of worldly fame was to convince a man's friends that he was not such a fool as they took him for, and to silence the voice of domestic malignity. He would probably not have denied that in modern times many men are chiefly prophets in their own country and their own families. Soon after the publication of his first essays, Sir Arthur Helps created the well-known personages whose discussions on social and moral questions have amused and instructed one or two generations. Philosophic dialogue is almost as old as philosophy itself; and the form is preserved, as it was first adopted, on natural grounds of propriety and convenience. Inspired teachers, with a strong and simple message to deliver, have found no need to balance their convictions, or to distribute the expression of their opinions among different interlocutors. In controversy Plato and his imitators found the advantage of introducing representatives of the doctrines which were to be confuted, as well as of the truths which required to be substituted for error. The form of dialogue also enables authors who have not quite made up their own minds to exhibit impartially the arguments on both sides of the question. The dramatic genius of Plato has never been approached by his imitators; but Sir Arthur Helps's "Friends in Council" are as real and credible as the Marcus or the Cassius of Cicero. It is unavoidable that there should be a certain sameness in the manner and thought of characters which were originally mere mouthpieces of different forms of thought; but the familiar vehicles of Sir Arthur Helps's opinions gradually acquired substance and probability; and at last their creator probably attributed to them a kind of substantive existence. Unlike Socrates and the sophists, the persons of the dialogues divide amongst them the defence or assertion of sound doctrine. Of the two principal characters, Milverton probably represents Sir Arthur Helps as he seemed to himself, while Ellesmere is what he might have become in other circumstances. It was not inconvenient to provide the earnest and impetuous philanthropist of the Essays with a sarcastic critic who might, among other functions, divert or anticipate independent censure. The Essays and Dialogues are generally designed to promote some philanthropic object; but Sir Arthur Helps fortunately possessed a freshness and versatility of thought which immediately led to the most various digressions. His last work, on Crowded Dwellings, contains no practical suggestions for the removal of the evils which he deplores; but on many other topics it is highly suggestive, and, like his other dialogues, it is eminently readable. If in his last moments Sir Arthur Helps had found leisure and inclination to review his life, he would perhaps have scarcely wished that his circumstances and occupations should have been other than they were. He conscientiously, and yet without artificial strain, made the fullest use of the powers with which he was endowed, and, like Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, he may be considered one

> Who in the tasks of real life has wrought
> Upon the plan which pleased his childish thought.

Those who most cherish his memory will recall it without admixture of bitterness or disappointment.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

ONE of Mr. Mill's last essays calls attention to the ambiguities which lurk under our common use of the word "nature." How far do those ambiguities affect the value of one of our good old familiar commonplaces? It is generally assumed as a self-evident proposition that it is right to prefer nature to art; but if the antithesis is of doubtful validity, how is it possible to exert any preference in the matter? The problem is perfectly stated in the familiar passage of Shakspeare which shows how in him the metaphysician is blended with the poet. Perdita says that she does not care for "streak'd gillyflowers," because she has heard that

> There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
> With great creating Nature.

And Polixenes replies, with the most conclusive logic, in the speech beginning

> Say, there be;
> Yet Nature is made no better by no mean,
> But Nature makes that mean.

Perdita replies in a truly feminine manner. She does not meet Polixenes's argument; but she judges the question by her own personal instincts. She says in substance that she would not like to win Florizel's admiration by painting her cheeks. If Shakspeare had been writing a Platonic dialogue instead of a play, he could doubtless have provided Polixenes with a reply to this analogy, which again might have led to a very interesting discussion. As it is, Polixenes is wise enough to drop his logic, and to allow Perdita to make that most wonderful speech about the daffodils and violets which is worth more than many volumes of logic-chopping. It would be rash to endeavour to complete the dialogue in Shakspeare's style, and to fancy what Polixenes and Perdita might have said to each other if they had been keeping an act in the schools instead of talking poetry in a cabbage garden. Perhaps Mr. Browning, with his taste for subtle argument in verse, might be persuaded to write a *vivâ voce* examination scene as a pendant to the speculations of Caliban. We decline the task, but may venture to carry on the argument for a little after our own fashion.

Polixenes, we imagine, would have pressed Perdita to make her distinction a little clearer. Where does art cease, he might have said, and nature begin? You object to painting your face—would you object to washing it? You don't think it right to put on a dab of rouge; but you would not mind wearing some of the articles puffed by the pedlar Autolycus—

> Lawn, as white as driven snow;
> Cyprus, black as e'er was crow—

and other feminine paraphernalia. Is there not as much art in arranging a becoming dress as in actually putting a pigment upon your face? The only costume which can be said to exhibit no art whatever is the costume of Eve in Paradise. To this Perdita might perhaps reply that her objection to painting was that it implied deception. She would not induce Florizel to admire her for a colour which was not really, as he supposed, the sign of perfect health, but an external addition, prejudicial to health. So far, love of nature means hatred of lying; and may be admitted, without further inquiry, to be a desirable quality both morally and æsthetically. But then, Polixenes might argue, this does not apply to your streaked gillyflowers. There is no deception whatever in them. When, according to his own illustration, "we marry a gentler scion to the wildest stock" the improvement in the fruit is real. The gillyflower which has been manipulated by the florist has colours which are just as genuine as the gillyflower in its native wilds. And, on the opposite side, you call it unnatural in a savage woman to wear a ring through her nose, and therefore ugly. Yet certainly, in this case, there is no deception involved. The fact is only too true. It is not, then, the deception, but the interference of man that you dislike. Yet this will not hold. In certain flowers—for we may suppose that Polixenes has read Mr. Darwin—the fertilization is effected by the co-operation of bees; in other cases, by the co-operation of men. Why should you prefer the work of insects to the work of human beings? If man created new matter, there might be something in the prejudice;

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but all that man does, or possibly can do, is to take advantage of certain natural processes; and, as he is himself a natural product, there is, after all, nothing but nature at the bottom of the most complex artificial processes, if only we choose to go far enough back. If Perdita replied in answer to this that human nature was corrupt, and that consequently there was something offensive about all those products in which the conscious operations of man entered as a factor in the final result, she would be driven to an awkward conclusion. The love of nature in this sense is a purely misanthropic sentiment. It must mean the morbid love of a cynic for the wilderness as wilderness; or at least the love of pure barbarism in preference to civilized society. It would compel us to retire with Jaques to the forest, or to prefer Caliban, as the true child of nature, to the courtier Ferdinand. If Perdita, to avoid this conclusion, says that human nature is not entirely corrupt, and brings forth good fruits as well as evil, then her distinction fails. It is not the antithesis between art and nature of which she has been really thinking, but between good and bad art; her criterion has broken down, and she must submit to be confuted or amend her statement. The gillyflowers are objectionable, not because man has been a fellow-worker with "great creating nature," but because he has produced something grotesque rather than beautiful. If he had confined himself to digging his garden and eradicating weeds, he would have been in his proper place; when he undertook to improve nature by an arbitrary combination, he made a mess of his interference. But it is not plain that the process is, strictly speaking, more natural in one case than the other. A garden is necessarily an artificial product, and yet it may produce the most beautiful flowers, as indeed Perdita most eloquently proves.

Would she, then, be thrown back upon some general theory of the beautiful, and admit that nature was not really concerned in the matter at all? She would probably feel vaguely that she had been aiming at a real distinction, though she had not expressed herself with scientific accuracy. There is, she would perhaps say, a certain presumption against the gillyflower founded upon its artificial character, though the presumption may be capable of being rebutted. Without attempting to draw the line between art and nature, she might say that the peculiar colouring of the gillyflower depended upon a very special combination of circumstances. Whether its oddity was produced by the deliberate design of an eccentric gardener or by some accidental collocation in the woods, the objection would be equally well founded. A wild gillyflower represents a certain organization which is the result of the continued play of natural forces. The gillyflower species has had to fight for its life throughout an indefinite series of ages, and has gradually developed a certain constitution which fits it to encounter successfully all the various trials which flowers as well as flesh are heir to. The gardener's gillyflower is in a state of unstable equilibrium; the variety can only be kept alive by help of hot-houses or manures, or some set of special conditions; and if they are absent, the variety would either die out or revert to its primitive state. To avow a preference for nature over art in this case is therefore not to make a nugatory or a self-contradictory statement, but to state a highly important general law. Those objects, it is substantially said, are the most beautiful which have become most thoroughly adapted, by a long course of exposure to many varying conditions, to the medium in which they live. To work out the argument in detail would indeed require a great many qualifications and explanations. But, as a rough approximation to the truth, the statement is at least plausible. We admire animal beauty, it may be said, when we instinctively recognize the fact that the limbs and framework have become perfectly adapted to produce the maximum of speed and strength; that the various organs are packed in the most convenient manner; and that no superfluous excrescences of bone or flesh are left to impede the physical mechanism. We learn, it may be, to read unconsciously the indications given by colouring as well as form. Brightness and harmony in the tints are delightful—in part, at any rate, because they indicate a condition of health, or of the most effective co-operation between the various vital forces. We interpret even the streaks on the gillyflower on this principle, though perhaps unconsciously applied. The colouring of the wild flower is characteristic of the more permanent and vigorous organization. The arbitrary spots on its cultivated relative indicate the fact that it is in a more or less morbid state—that is to say, in a state which makes a smaller disturbance of the conditions lead more easily to disintegration.

The distinction between the natural and the artificial, so far as it is sound, would thus be resolved, in the case of gillyflowers, into the distinction between fitness for a more general and a more special set of conditions. And the assertion comes to be that those qualities are most to be admired which are the outward and visible signs of the strongest vitality, and therefore of the most thorough internal harmony and greatest power of resisting change. This meaning, in fact, seems to suit pretty well with most applications of the rather vague assertions about a love of nature. The great doctrine preached by Wordsworth and his school is the preference of the wild to the streaked gillyflower. It amounts, upon this showing, to saying that the soul is more strengthened by contemplating the permanent and simple forms in which we have a glimpse, so to speak, of the great driving forces of the physical machinery of the universe, than by dwelling upon those complex and unstable combinations which are due to its remotest ramifications, and the number of minute wheels and spindles whose infinite whirring and whizzing confounds our imaginations. The greatest philosopher is he whose mind passes habitually from the furthest corollaries to repose in the first principles of knowledge; and the greatest poet is he who feels most deeply the elementary passions which survive in all classes and all forms of society, instead of being absorbed by the frivolous and infinitely changeable moods to be found only in some special clique or particular eddy of human existence. The error of the school was that the fallacies about nature led them to confuse a distinction of degree for one of kind; and, instead of preaching the advantage of the frequent elevation of the mind above the fever and fret of modern life into the regions of quiet contemplation, of general truths and simple emotions, they adopted the anti-social principle that "nature" was altogether good, and "artificial" life altogether bad. As it is impossible to make such a distinction hold water, it became in practice an excuse for an arbitrary refusal to sympathize with any social or intellectual movement not to their taste. It could always be condemned in the name of nature. The love of nature, however, had a further meaning, which suits well enough with the suggested interpretation. In this sense, it is equivalent to a dislike of the morbid, the affected, or the vulgar. To admire qualities indicative of the strongest vitality is of course to hate disease and disintegration. Now the best definition of affectation or vulgarity, considered from a social point of view, seems to be that they imply a confusion between the living and the decaying parts of the organism. A man is a snob who admires the gold lace of a flunkey when he cannot appreciate the virtues of loyalty and public spirit which the lace was once intended to typify. He admires, that is, the cast-off shell instead of the living growth. Affectation, so far as it is not simple lying, implies obedience to a code of manners or criticism generated not by the strongest feelings and deepest needs of human beings, but by some temporary fashion or effete tradition of what had once a meaning. In these senses a natural man or society is simply a healthy and vigorous one, with the least possible lumber of extinct prejudices, of organs which have survived their functions, and prejudices which do not correspond to any real current of thought. And it might be as well if some new prophet would arise to preach the advantages of nature as taken in this sense.

PROFESSOR WILLIS.

VERY soon after the death of Mr. Finlay we have lost another man of equal eminence in another branch of learning, and that with the same singular lack of acknowledgment on the part of the press in general. A few dry lines, without the least comment on any of his distinguishing merits, were all that the chief daily paper could give in recording the death of Professor Willis. Both these cases show how little the highest intellectual gifts, the highest degree of attainments in lines which require no small gifts, avail to win general reputation for their owners, in comparison with the more showy and popular qualities which make other names familiar to every ear. As in the case of Mr. Finlay, so in the case of Professor Willis, no one would have guessed from the way in which either death was announced how far the one soared over ordinary Correspondents and the other over ordinary Professors. No one would have guessed that each was not only a master in his own branch of knowledge, but absolutely the creator of a branch of knowledge. The neglect was almost more amazing in the case of Mr. Willis than in that of Mr. Finlay. The position of even an average Cambridge Professor is at least higher than that of an average Correspondent of the *Times*, and to those who knew Mr. Finlay only as a Correspondent of the *Times* he might naturally seem a smaller man than Mr. Willis. Mr. Finlay too lived at the other end of Europe; Mr. Willis lived in London and Cambridge, and his peculiar line of eminence made him personally familiar to a large class. Yet both pass away all but unheeded, while columns of biography, memorials, and what not, are the meed of men of not a hundredth part of their true eminence. Which of the two men so unworthily treated within so short a time was in himself the greater, we need not determine, and it would be indeed hard to say. Their merits were of different kinds. Mr. Finlay had the greater subject, one which it needed a kind of heroic daring to begin and to carry out under many disadvantages and under the most chilling neglect. In his work then, great as it is, it is easy to find many and glaring faults. Mr. Willis carried his treatment of his own subject as near to absolute perfection as any man ever carried the treatment of any subject; but his subject was of a narrower range, and he pursued it under every advantage. On the other hand, Mr. Finlay's work, in all its epic vastness, was begun, continued, and ended by his own hand. From Mr. Willis we have as yet only monographs, the histories of the English cathedrals, and the volume on Italian architecture which he published many years ago. If the great work on collegiate architecture which has been so long darkly spoken of and vaguely hoped for is ever given to the world, it must be under the editorship of another. We are glad to believe that among those to whom we should naturally look for the discharge of this office a willing and competent hand may be found.

The official, the strictly professorial, merits of Mr. Willis concern those who had to do with him in his official character in London and Cambridge. But his wider and more general reputation, though not official, was in truth professorial also. It is characteristic that he was always and everywhere known by his professorial title. We have taken the liberty of doffing it for the

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mere sake of shortness; yet it hardly seems natural to write the word Willis without the word Professor. Professor he eminently was, even when addressing non-academical hearers. As a lecturer he was simply perfect. The power, the clearness, the vividness, with which he brought forth every point, left absolutely nothing to be wished for. And in listening to him, his hearers knew that they were listening to one who was pre-eminently trustworthy, to one who, though doubtless not privileged against error, certainly fell into fewer errors than almost any other man. In no other case did an audience so distinctly feel that they were sitting at the feet of a teacher. There was in truth a degree of professorial dignity, and even mystery, about him. Other speakers might be disputed against; at any rate they might be asked questions. In the case of him who was before all men the Professor, it seemed to be silently understood that neither process was to be dared. There was a kind of feeling that it was not so much a man as an oracle that was speaking. Yet, with all this, there was a strong element of liveliness, and even of playfulness, which was thoroughly in character with that striking bodily activity which was so characteristic of the man, and for the display of which his lectures gave so many opportunities. In short, in speaking of Mr. Willis, we are instinctively called back to his personal presence. We think of the air and voice of the living lecturer, and almost forget that, if we have not so much written matter from him as we could wish, we still have enough to be deeply thankful for. It is as the personal expounder of the great churches of England at the successive meetings of the Archæological Institute that Mr. Willis will live in the memories of those who have looked on him and heard him. To them the written record of those memorable discourses seems something secondary. But, for the sake of posterity, we may hope that all that he has left behind him, published and unpublished, may be brought together in as near an approach to connected shape as may be.

Setting aside the strictly official work of which, in the nature of things, little was known to many who knew him well and admired him deeply in other ways, the great business of Professor Willis was to work out the architectural history of a large number of the great churches of England. Beside this, his earlier studies of Continental architecture, important as they were in themselves, seem something secondary. The phrase "architectural history" was, as far as we know, one of his own invention, and it exactly expresses the range of his work. He cared but little—at least, if he cared, he gave no outward signs of caring—for history apart from architecture, or for architecture apart from history. His business in each case was, in the strictest sense, a history of the building. Of the history of a foundation, as a foundation, of any points in its history which did not directly bear on the fabric, he took little or no notice. Of the building itself, as a work of art, as an illustration of the history of architectural style looked at from an æsthetical point, he took perhaps rather more notice, but still not much. A tale, legendary or historical, concerned him only when it threw some light on the fabric. If it did throw any light on the fabric, he was sure to be able to show exactly what that light was. On the other hand, a change in architectural style came home to him, we do not say wholly, but certainly chiefly, in so far as it left its mark in a change of construction. The great point of excellence in his treatment of his subjects was that he was thoroughly and equally versed in two sources of knowledge, each of which is imperfect without the other. Like his neighbour Dr. Guest, he was pre-eminently at once a man of the closet and a man of the open air. A building was to him exactly what a ditch, a mound, a battle-field, is to Dr. Guest. That is, he knew in the very fullest sense, he had thoroughly grasped and mastered and learned how to make use of, every scrap of written information about the buildings which he took in hand. And he also knew every stone of them with his own eye, an eye as keen for every constructive point as that of the best practical architect. In fact, in more than one case, as may be seen at Ely, Mr. Willis acted as a practical architect. Whether he would have succeeded as the designer of an actual building is a point on which it would be rash to say anything either way. He certainly never showed any marked artistic feeling; but it may have been that the artistic point of view did not seem to him to come within the range of his immediate subject. But whether he could himself have designed a building or not, it is certain that nobody knew better how ancient buildings actually were put together, and no one knew better how, when they were in danger, they could be kept together. Modern restorations he hated as heartily as Mr. Petit or Mr. Ruskin, only where Mr. Ruskin gets sad, perhaps wrathful, Mr. Willis got sarcastic. His own notion of a restoration, different indeed from that of either modern architects or modern workmen, may be seen in the little chapel at Ely, where he kept every old stone that could physically be kept, while such new stones as were physically needed he left in the block, that no one might take them for old ones. We remember Mr. Willis once describing Sir Gilbert Scott as "most conservative in theory, most destructive in practice." This of course sets forth one side of the question only, the purely antiquarian side; the more general question is, whether, looking at the matter from all points and weighing one thing against another, we had not rather have our great churches as they are now than as they were when there was neither a Scott to build nor a Willis to lecture.

The great art and power of Mr. Willis was the way in which he brought his two sources of knowledge to bear upon one another. Here was the written record; there were the stones of which the record spoke. Each in his hands explained the other. What he said often sounded startling at first hearing; but he seldom failed to make out his case to the satisfaction of every reasonable hearer. We do not say that he was equally happy in every case. In some cases he had better materials to work upon than in others; thus in his first public exposition at Canterbury he had, in the narrative of Gervase, such a guide as he never found again. Sometimes again, as was but natural, he seemed to take more to some places than others, and to give his mind more thoroughly to them than to others. York, Winchester, Ely, Gloucester, Sherborne, were wonderfully done. We well remember the skill with which he worked out at Gloucester the almost incredibly early date of the south transept. Nobody before him had dreamed that Perpendicular work was anywhere used so soon. At Oxford, we remember, years and years ago, he seemed hardly to be at his best; the subject did not thoroughly suit him, the peculiarities of the building being rather of form than of construction. At Wells the later researches of Mr. Irvine have, to say the least, thrown doubt on some of his views. But the mention of Wells reminds us that, though the Archæological Institute was his chief sphere of action, he did not always refuse his help to local bodies, as both Kent and Somerset can witness.

That for some time past no fresh work could be looked for from Professor Willis has been known to all his friends. But his death not the less leaves a gap. That a man known and admired as he was by a large circle should have gone to his grave almost without notice may perhaps prove many things. It may perhaps prove the capricious way in which reputation is bestowed; it should certainly prove to every circle which seems to itself to be large how very much larger is the space which lies outside its circumference. Of his earlier academical fame as a mechanician of rare ingenuity we have not space to speak; but his proficiency in a branch of study which is partly a science and partly a craft was undoubtedly a most efficient training for the pursuits which he afterwards made peculiarly his own. The long friendship between Professor Willis and Whewell (eleven years his academic senior), who likewise entered upon the investigation of constructional architecture from the mechanical side, no doubt tended to encourage both in their pursuit of studies in which they had a common interest. With Whewell architecture was only one out of the many branches of knowledge which it was his pride to conquer; with Willis it was a chief and absorbing study of life, and of course his supremacy clearly asserted itself. But it is fair that, in acknowledging his unquestioned leadership, the name of his most distinguished coadjutor should not be forgotten. It may in some respects be regretted that the chair which he filled with great ability for so many years at Cambridge was that of "Natural and Experimental Philosophy," for although he fitted his teachings to his peculiar bent of mind, he could not turn his full strength on the questions on which he was incontestably strongest. It is painful now to guess what Cambridge and the world might have gained if there had been a chair of Constructive Architecture, with Willis to hold it. We may note, in passing from Professor Willis, that he was the son of the Mr. Willis once so well known in connexion with George III.'s malady.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

WE desire to call public attention, before it is too late, to the danger of a most grievous wrong being done to one of our most ancient educational foundations, if the proposed scheme for the management of St. Paul's School, recently submitted by the Endowed Schools Commission to the Committee of Council on Education, is allowed to pass unquestioned through its last stages and so to obtain legal force. We understand that schedules of objections to the suggested changes in the constitution of the school have been sent in, not only by the Court of Assistants of the Mercers' Company, who are the trustees of the endowments of the school, but by an influential Committee of Old Paulines, who are naturally deeply interested in the fortunes of the noble foundation to which they owe their education.

We will first briefly state what the claims and deserts of St. Paul's School have been. It was founded in 1509 by John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, the intimate friend of Sir Thomas More, and one of the most enlightened Churchmen of his age. Colet was also on most affectionate terms with Erasmus, whose advice he sought in settling the constitution of his school. The result was that he founded a free day-school for 153 boys, the number of the "great fishes" in the miraculous draught recorded in St. John xxi. 11. There was to be no restriction of nationality, but the school was intended primarily for the benefit of the citizens of London. The special object which Colet had in view was the education of his boys in the Christian faith and in Greek and Latin literature. The famous William Lily was the first High-Master. He had learnt Greek in Italy and in Rhodes, introduced the study of it at Oxford, and taught it at St. Paul's School before it was taught in any other school in England. Eton has adopted Lily's Latin Grammar, and given it its own name. But the original Latin Grammar was the joint composition of Lily and Colet; and the quaint old book remained in use at St. Paul's till a very few years ago. The school was intended by the founder to have a distinctly religious character, although it was not connected with the Cathedral church which it adjoined. Colet scented the Reformation from afar, and took care to commit his foundation to the

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charge of the City Company to which he belonged, lest its endowment should perchance be perilled in the troublous times which he foresaw. Strange irony of fate! Winchester and Westminster still nestle under the stately fanes from which they take their names. But St. Paul's is only too likely, after 365 years of usefulness, to be removed from its ancient site, and even from the neighbourhood of the Cathedral, simply because Colet trusted it to the Mercers' Company instead of to the dignitaries of his own Church. Nothing, however, could be more precise than the founder's directions as to the religious instruction of the boys. The ancient inscription can still be read on the school portico by every one who passes round the eastern end of the cathedral:—"Schola Catechizationis puerorum in Christi Opt. Max. fide et bonis literis." No boy could be admitted till he could say his Catechism. Provision was made for a chaplain, whose special duty it was to undertake the religious teaching of the children and to say mass every morning in the school chapel. On Childermas the scholars went to hear the boy Bishop preach in St. Paul's. But Colet also provided for their instruction an admirable little English manual, which he called *The Institution of a Christian Man*, and which Erasmus translated for him into Latin hexameters. This it was that suggested both the idea and the title of the better known book issued under the same name by the first Reformed Convocation of Henry VIII.'s reign.

Few of our great schools acquired in those early days a European reputation. But Erasmus spread the fame of Colet's school far and wide. He composed for it the inscriptions for its walls, compiled his *De Copia Verborum* for its use, with a special dedication, and wrote a Latin oration in praise of the Child Jesus (in whose honour the school was named), which was recited for many years at the yearly "Apposition" of the school. Again in his *Dialogus de recta Latini Græcique sermonis pronunciatione* he makes Ursus describe the constitution of the *schola puerilis* which *Joannes Coletus, vir æternâ dignus memoriâ*, had added to the *Templum Divi Pauli*. In particular, Ursus commends Colet's choice of a layman for High-Master and his selection of a lay corporation as trustees. *Leo* asks:—

Quid tandem consilii reperit? *Ursus.* Hominem conjugatum et liberis divitem scholæ præfecit. Provisionem delegavit aliquot e civibus laicis, quorum probitatem videre sibi videbatur exploratam, ut ab his in hæredes proximos derivaretur. *Leo.* Num ea providentia securum reddidit? *Ursus.* Minimè. [Let us hope that this prediction will not be fulfilled!] Sed hic aiebat sibi videri minimum esse periculi, ut tum habebant res humanæ.

In another letter, to Justus Jonas, dated 1519, Erasmus gives a succinct history of Colet's Life and an account of St. Paul's School by name. It is evident that great interest was excited in Europe by the description of Colet's foundation. Once more Erasmus evidently refers to St. Paul's School in a well-known passage of the *Pietas Puerilis*, one of his famous Colloquies, the most popular book of its time. Therein the model typical boy, called Gaspar, in contrast to the less liberal education of former days, has been drawn out by the questions of the interlocutor, Erasmus himself, to describe his whole theory and practice of morals and learning. In particular a certain moderation of religious opinion, such as is the distinctive characteristic of Anglican theology, is brought into great prominence. We shall be pardoned the following quotation:—

Erasmus. Quis Thales te docuit istam Philosophiam? *Gaspar.* Fuit mihi admodum puero consuetudo domestica cum integerrimo viro Johanne Coleto. Nostin' hominem? *Er.* Quid ni? tanquam te. *Ga.* Is eam ætatem hujusmodi præceptiunculis imbuit. *Er.* Non invidebis, si me præbeam æmulum instituti tui?

Not to dwell any longer, however, on the archæology of the subject, it will be enough to say that no school has done better service to Church and State than Dean's Colet's foundation for three centuries and a half. In proportion to its small numbers it has contributed a full proportion of honoured names to the catalogue of English worthies. John Milton, the son of a London scrivener, acquired his scholarship at St. Paul's School; Leland and Camden and Strype among antiquaries, Pepys the diarist, Roger Cotes the first Plumian Professor—one of the greatest English names in natural science, and Robert Nelson, of the "Fasts and Festivals," were Paulines. Marlborough again was one of the greatest of Colet's "fishes"; and Sir John Trevor and Spencer Compton, both Speakers of the House of Commons, together with the first Duke of Manchester, and the first Lord North, not to forget Sir Philip Francis, the supposed *Junius*, were political celebrities or founders of ennobled families, who were educated under the same roof. In fact, the school has fulfilled to the letter the wise purposes of its founder. It has provided for more than twelve generations a free education of the very highest class for the children of the citizens of London, and has sent to the learned and liberal professions a succession of distinguished men who would otherwise not have risen above the ranks. The old Paulines of our own day reckon one English Bishop, two English Judges, and the Principal Librarian at the British Museum among their number. We do not deny that much more might have been done; for Colet's estates have increased enormously in value. Indeed, we strongly desire a most liberal expansion of the foundation. But the fault, if any, is that of the Trustees, and not of the school. The school seems to us to deserve not dismemberment and loss of identity, as is now proposed, but generous enlargement on its own lines.

We now come to the recent history of the school and to the singular and altogether exceptional circumstances which have brought it to its present critical condition. When the Public Schools Commission began its labours in 1861, St. Paul's School was, of course, one of the nine *Public* Schools subjected to its inquiries. It is scheduled in the Public Schools Act of 1864, an Act which, by the Expiring Acts Continuance Act of 1874, does not expire till December 31, 1875. So that the school has an existing claim under statute to be considered, as it always has been regarded, one of the great English Public Schools. Why then—it will be asked with amazement—is it now proposed to reduce it to the secondary rank of the foundations regulated by the Endowed Schools Act? The answer to this question involves, we think, considerable blame to more than one party. Of the nine Public Schools embraced in the Public Schools Act, Merchant Taylors' fell out altogether, because it was shown that it possessed no proper endowment. St. Paul's School could not be dealt with by the Commissioners until a suit, in which the Mercers' Company were engaged, had been decided. The Mercers pleaded that the estates left by Colet belonged absolutely to themselves, subject to the burden of supporting Colet's foundation. We believe that they were mainly defeated on this point of law by the scrupulous fidelity with which they had in fact administered the estates for the benefit of the school. Had they succeeded in establishing their plea, St. Paul's School would have been shown to be unendowed and would have suffered the fate of Merchant Taylors'. But the Courts decided in the end that the Mercers were but Trustees of the St. Paul's School endowments. Unfortunately, after this decision, no steps were taken to provide a new scheme for St. Paul's under the Public Schools Act. This was the proper duty of the Mercers' Company, and they cannot be acquitted of blame in the matter. The attention of the old Paulines had not been directed to the condition of affairs. Of course the former scholars of St. Paul's had, and have, no legal *locus standi*. But in the case of so ancient an institution the claims of sentiment are not inconsiderable. And, if the school is now to be saved, it will be due to the exertions of old Paulines alone.

While, however, its proper guardians were asleep, there were others who coveted. Colet's endowments. When it was shown that St. Paul's School possessed an income of about 11,000*l.* a year, and when no steps had been taken to bring it within the operation of the Public Schools Act, it followed that the Endowed Schools Commission took it in hand. It is said that it was not without great misgivings that the Law Officers of the Crown abandoned it to the tender mercies of the Endowed Schools Commission. Be this as it may, the Public Schools Act of 1868 did not contain a scheme for St. Paul's. And the Endowed Schools Act of 1869, while showing in its preamble that it was directed to schools not comprised within the scope of the Letters Patent of 1861 (thereby excluding St. Paul's, which *is* included in those Letters), proceeds in the body of the Act to include all schools that are not dealt with in the Public Schools Act of 1868, thus including St. Paul's.

Accordingly the new scheme for its future management, to which we now wish to call attention, has been lately laid before the Committee of Council on Education by the Endowed Schools Commissioners, through the Charity Commissioners, who succeeded to the responsibilities of that much, and not altogether undeservedly, abused body. There can be no doubt that this new scheme destroys the identity of the old foundation, dismembers it, and degrades it from the rank of a Public School to a lower level. Or rather it annihilates the ancient school, and erects on its ruins three separate and independent establishments, which will have no succession from the original foundation. No one disputes the right or the duty of the Legislature to inquire into the management of ancient endowments, and to take care that trusts are rightly administered *pro bono publico*. But we contend that no cause has been shown why Colet's School should be diverted from the original purpose of its enlightened founder. The new scheme provides for the establishment, "in or near London," of three distinct foundations; a classical school for 500 boys, a modern school for 500 boys, and a high school (or schools) for 400 girls. The general provisions as to courses of instruction, the Conscience Clause, and the like, follow the general requirements of the Act. No provision is made for a chaplain or chaplains, or for the catechetical teaching of the children. Candidates are to be admitted by competition; and entrance and tuition fees are exacted. There are still to be 153 scholarships, tenable for only four years, and entitling the holders to the remission of the tuition fees. These scholarships are to be divided in this way—57 to each boys' school and 39 to the girls'! We do not wonder that the old Paulines resent this ludicrous parody of Colet's *concetto*. Better by far forget the old symbolical number, and give proportionate numbers of scholarships to all the schools, so far as the funds permit, than keep up a limitation which, when it has once lost its continuity, loses all its sentiment, significance, and value. The accomplished scholar, Dr. Kynaston, who has been for nearly forty years High-Master of St. Paul's, has made the mystical number of Colet's fishes the theme of countless graceful poems in every language, metre, and style. We wonder exceedingly that he has not personally protested against this absurd distortion of Colet's fancy, and indeed against many other features of the scheme.

Now it seems to us that there has been a blunder in this scheme, which it is not too late to remedy. We can well understand that the Endowed School Commissioners were very glad to get such large funds as these under their control. We plead, however, that so

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ancient and distinguished a school was not the proper *corpus vile* for an experiment. What is the use of sacrificing the prestige, the incalculable value of the associations—never to be replaced, of an ancient foundation like this? What would not our American cousins give for a school with such a history as that of St. Paul's? If the Commissioners wanted money, they should have offered the school—masters, and 153 scholars and all, with its pedigree of as many years as there are days in the year—to the municipality of New York or Chicago. Seriously, this is a case for different treatment. The school ought to be preserved as a Public School, on its old basis. It ought, of course, to be largely increased; and there might well be 153 free scholars, elected from a greater body. We do not enter here upon the question of its removal. But very much might be said in favour of keeping it under the shadow of the Cathedral for the benefit of those citizens of London, especially the professional classes, who are obliged to live in the eastern half of this great city. Again, it would be most reasonable to add a Modern School—as has been done at Harrow and elsewhere—to the Classical School, *but under the same High-Master*. And, if the funds permit it, no one could object to a lump sum being alienated for the foundation of a Coletine Girls' School, which might start, as from a new beginning, on a career of future usefulness. How this could best be effected, whether by a short Act replacing St. Paul's among the Public Schools, from which it ought never to have been dissociated, or by a fresh adjustment of the proposed scheme, we do not attempt to decide. But we are quite certain that the scheme as it stands can satisfy no one. And we must insist strongly on this special feature of the case; that no inconvenient precedent will be set by a reconsideration of the scheme for St. Paul's School. For its claims are unique; and at this moment it enjoys under Parliamentary sanction the recognition of its character as a Public School, to which no other school, not included in the Public Schools Act, has any pretensions whatever.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

MR. MOODY, it seems, is in the habit of praying strongly against the spirit of criticism, and we are quite ready to admit that there are occasions when criticism is out of place. The manner, however, in which the appearance of this gentleman and his colleague, Mr. Sankey, has been heralded, and the pretensions which have been put forth on their behalf, and which they have themselves adopted, appear to justify a critical examination of their performances of the same kind as that which would be given to any other public entertainment which attracted much attention. Messrs. Moody and Sankey are no doubt sincere, religious men, who honestly think that they are doing good, and they have a perfect right to take their own course. It is a question, however, of some importance whether the sort of treatment which they apply to sacred subjects is worthy of encouragement and imitation, because, if it is, it may be expected to lead to some startling changes. And this, it appears to us, is a question which deserves more serious consideration than has perhaps been bestowed on it. The impression which has been generally produced by these services in London is, we fancy, that they are by no means so exciting as people were led to imagine they would be from the reports which have been published of their effects elsewhere. But of course this may be accounted for in various ways. It is possible that the Revivalists may have had some respectable friends pulling at their coat-tails, and may have accordingly somewhat toned down their eccentricities on coming to London; or it may be that they find themselves confronted with a less impressionable kind of audience, and thus the effect of the action and reaction of the people and the performers on each other is somewhat lost. It may be suspected, too, that to fill adequately the huge area of the Agricultural Hall is too much for a single voice, even of exceptional power. In a certain way, Mr. Moody may no doubt be heard in almost all parts of it; but he can be heard with that distinctness which is necessary to keep his hearers vividly interested only within a comparatively narrow range of the platform. At Exeter Hall there is a better chance, both for the speaking and singing; but the company even here is not of a very responsive kind. As far as the meetings in London have yet gone, the audiences have been quiet and orderly, nor has there been any trace of excitement. Curiosity, stimulated by the wonderful stories that have come up from the country, is no doubt the chief motive which has led many to attend; but there is also a large body of people who go for the sake of hearing the music, and especially of being able to join in it. At the Agricultural Hall the audience, which is of a very mixed class, evidently delights in these musical exercises. The crowd at the doors sing hymns while waiting, and renew them inside in the interval which has to elapse before the regular service begins. The quality of Mr. Sankey's voice, and his style of singing, are questions of taste on which there will be great difference of opinion. There can be no doubt, however, that his art is of a tricky kind, and aims at producing effect by sudden alternations between high and low. His favourite note is one in the back of his throat, with which he pours forth a prolonged and hollow O! O! O! something between a howl and a wail, which makes one think of a melodious costermonger crying his cabbages. Whether it is pure art or not, it appears to be agreeable to the majority of the audience, and it may be thought that that is enough. It is probably the music which is the main attraction, and it is not an irrational form of amusement. As for Mr. Moody, he is simply a ranter of the most vulgar type, such as a few years ago, before the nuisance was put down by the police, might have been heard any Sunday afternoon bawling from a chair in the street. It is possible that his low fun and screechy ejaculations may be found stimulating by the ignorant and foolish; but it is difficult to conceive how any person of the slightest cultivation or refinement can fail to be pained and shocked by such a grotesque and unseemly travesty of sacred things. Mr. Moody's mission appears to be to degrade religion to the level of a "penny gaff."

The truth is that the whole performance, tested by any standard, is a very poor affair, and the wonder is that it should have attracted so much attention. Puffing and placarding have, no doubt, had something to do with it; but the gregarious instinct is also very strong in mankind, and a crowd will gather on a very slight pretext, and feel quite repaid by seeing itself. In fact, this alone would almost fill the Agricultural Hall at any time, and the privilege of taking part in an entertainment is of course an additional attraction. Mr. Moody is listened to attentively, but as far as one can judge from the looks and attitudes of his auditors he does not produce much impression. He is taken as part of the entertainment, and now and then there is a titter when he makes one of his hits; but, on the whole, the people take it very quietly, and there are no signs of anything that can be called excitement except on Mr. Moody's own part. Whether as the services proceed those who attend them will be roused into a more animated condition remains to be seen; but for the present the people at the Agricultural Hall are just as calm and free from agitation as any large audience at a theatre or concert-room. If this is really what is called a Revival, it is certainly in its results a very mild one, and very different from what people were led to expect from the reports of what had taken place elsewhere. It must be remembered, however, that the natural tendency, and indeed the avowed object, of the Revival services is to produce excitement, and that those who conduct them may have been able in smaller towns than London to operate under conditions more favourable to their success. It takes less to make a stir in a little town than in a big one, and there is moreover in most communities of moderate size a kind of concentrated family feeling which makes the people more susceptible to common impulses. An impression permeates the whole mass more quickly in such a case. Moreover, the fact that the people who were prayed for and those who were supposed to be converted were known to many of the audience would also give a deeper interest to the meetings, and tend to spread the contagion of excitement if it began to take hold on any part of an assembly. It has been alleged that in some instances a sort of morbid hysteria seemed to be developed, and there are also stories of people having been driven out of their wits. It is difficult to ascertain precisely what has really happened; but it is not improbable that there has actually been some amount of unhealthy effervescence, and that here and there perhaps a weak-minded person has been further deranged. Still, after our experience of the London meetings, we should not be surprised to hear that there had been a good deal of exaggeration about the country ones.

The conclusion to which we come is that, tested by their apparent effect on the people who go to them, the Revivalist services in London must so far be pronounced to be, as a means of religious excitement, rather a failure. It may be said that there can hardly be a more innocent method of spending an evening than in singing hymns and listening to religious talk; and that, if the thousands of people at the Agricultural Hall are drawn away from the music-halls and theatres, there is no reason to regret it. Only, if this is the whole that is to be got out of these gatherings, they fail to came up to the pretensions put forth by the conductors; and, on the other hand, even from a mere secular point of view, they are calculated to degrade and deprave the public taste. The whole theory and plan of a Revival is to work up the people who come to it into a state of excitement, to make them feel the fearful peril of their souls, and to set before their minds in the most forcible and appalling way the choice which on the instant they are called upon to make of everlasting happiness or damnation. And this is what Mr. Moody sets himself to do, with Mr. Sankey's help. We cannot from our point of view regret that the results at which the Revivalists aim are not forthcoming; but their absence must be a disappointment to those who recommend this mode of religious agitation. It would seem, then, that London, though it is quite willing to have an evening's amusement, is impervious to Mr. Moody's spiritual stimulants; and it may now perhaps be doubted whether the impression in the country has been as marked as has been asserted. There is no reason why a congregation should not be animated by the sound of its own voice, even though the result is not very pleasant to a musical ear, and there is still less reason why professional music of the best kind should not be provided. Mr. Moody's ranting is the blot upon the service, and it is possible that it might be omitted without greatly affecting its popularity.

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CHURCH AND STATE IN PRUSSIA AND SWITZERLAND.

IN England such questions as are raised in Mr. Gladstone's attack on "Vaticanism" can happily be discussed calmly on their merits, and those who are least disposed to ignore the abstract importance of the controversy are not the less ready to acknowledge that no immediate practical issues are involved. On the Continent, however, it is very different; there the ecclesiastical conflict is, or is rapidly becoming, an affair of "blood and iron," and the tension grows daily more intolerable. It is not necessary to have any sympathy with the tactics or principles of what may be called the Vatican party to feel that their action has been made the occasion for inflicting very serious hardship on the great body of their coreligionists both in Germany and Switzerland.

To turn for a moment to the latter country, where the Old Catholic movement, as far as can be judged from appearances, has never been much more than a tolerably hardy exotic, sedulously nursed by foreign influence and vigorous civil support into a kind of precarious and mainly external vitality. We have before now called attention to the evidence of this state of things supplied by what has occurred in the Cantons of Bern and Geneva, and the latest news from both quarters tends very strongly to confirm it. A telegram from Bern the other day informs us that "very few persons attended the Old Catholic service celebrated yesterday [Sunday] in the Catholic church in this city," which has been handed over, like all the other Catholic churches in Bern, to those who repudiate Papal authority, while, on the other hand, "the Catholic service, which was held in a private building" appears to have been largely attended. And this is shown by the testimony of friendly observers to be only a fair sample of the results of the Church policy of the Government throughout the Canton. At Geneva the principal Roman Catholic Church—usually called the cathedral—of Notre Dame, built some twenty years ago entirely by private subscription, the Pope being one of the contributors, was claimed by the Old Catholics, or as they are often styled State Catholics, of the place, against the energetic protest, it is only fair to add, of Father Hyacinthe, who denounced the iniquity of the demand, and eventually broke with the Erastians, as he considered them, altogether. The Liberal Catholics of Geneva were "neither Liberal in politics nor Catholic in belief," and he would have nothing more to do with them. The claim on Notre Dame was too manifestly unjust to be at once conceded, and the subject was referred to a Committee appointed by the town, which has now given its decision, in the shape of a compromise which is not very likely, it is said, to be accepted by the Ultramontanes. They are declared, indeed, to be the owners of the church, as undoubtedly they are, in just the same sense as the English Wesleyans or Baptists are the owners of the places of worship they have respectively erected in this country. But then it is added—without any attempt at reason or explanation being hazarded—that "the inhabitants of the right bank of the Rhone and of the Lake who belong to the creed recognized by the State [*i.e.* the established Old Catholics] may make use of the edifice for ceremonies of baptism, marriage, or burial. At the same time the Committee have the right to extend this privilege in the case of real and legitimate necessity." We can hardly be surprised to learn that the Ultramontanes—which means in this case the Catholics remaining in communion with Rome—are not expected to accept this remarkable ruling, with the very elastic rider tacked on to the end of it. Not only do they regard the use of their churches for Old Catholic ceremonies as so great a profanation that they have preferred at Bern to solicit the joint use of a Protestant church, but moreover the Committee have attached to their verdict a second and still more significant reservation. In case of any preaching or conduct of the clergy which they may consider justly open to complaint, "especially with regard to the public peace, obedience to the laws, and respect to the magistrates"—a pretty comprehensive clause—"they reserve to themselves the right, in accordance with their powers, of taking such measures as they may think expedient." This might obviously be used at any moment as an appropriation clause for transferring the church altogether to the favoured community. The present owners are in fact simply recognized as tenants at will, holding on their good behaviour, and any public defence of their own religious principles or attack on those of the opposite party might at once be made a pretext for ejecting them. They will probably think it better to resign at once property which they are only allowed to retain on sufferance, but the consistency of the Government policy is more obvious than its justice.

From Switzerland we turn to Prussia. The recent Papal Encyclical condemning and affecting to annul the Falk laws has already been noticed in our columns. The wisdom of issuing such a document under existing circumstances may well be questioned, even from the most Ultramontane point of view, nor is the object of the procedure very intelligible. But it does not really alter the situation by one hair's breadth. It was equally notorious before that the German Bishops would not, and indeed could not, obey the Falk laws, and that Rome would inevitably support them in resisting to the last. The practical upshot of the Encyclical is simply to reaffirm what every one knew already. However it makes a formal claim which may fairly be represented as an encroachment on the civil sphere, and the Pope has himself to thank for thus putting a fresh weapon into the hands of his most powerful and most unscrupulous enemy, who is not apt to let the grass grow under his feet. We were told accordingly at once—before the appearance of the Bill to be noticed presently—that, in addition to the test oath contemplated for all Catholics entering the Civil Service (the form of which does not seem to have yet transpired), measures would be taken to compel the Bishops to declare "whether they recognize the Pope's Encyclical calling upon the people of this country to rebel against the law." As yet none of them have ventured formally to publish the Encyclical, but that matters little when even Prince Bismarck's Government cannot quite succeed in keeping it out of the newspapers. It is also said to be intended to re-enact an old law by which all Roman Catholic pastorals and other ecclesiastical documents referring to political affairs require the *imprimatur* of the civil authorities—which is sure under the present *régime* to be refused. To what extent the Catholic laity sympathize with their pastors in this conflict is not easily ascertained in a country governed as Prussia is governed now, where public opinion, in our sense of the word, can hardly be said to exist, and the press is either inspired or rigorously controlled. But when so much has been made of a declaration of ten Roman Catholic members of the Prussian Landtag, which is being extensively circulated throughout the country, one is inclined to suspect that the amount of lay Catholic support accorded to the Government is not large. Ten are a very small fraction of the Catholic deputies, and even the additional fourteen who have since signed leave them quite in a minority, and the document in question reads as if the memorialists, to say the least, sat rather loosely to their professed creed. They have at all events, whether from inadvertence or excess of zeal, fallen into the mistake of saying too much. Their declaration opens with a denial that the "ecclesiastico-political laws of Prussia and the German Empire entirely overturn the divine constitution of the Church and completely destroy the inviolable rights of the Bishops"; and then follows a formal protest against "all the principles laid down in the Papal Encyclical endangering the authority, constitution, and existence of the State, especially the pretension of the Pope to declare invalid laws of the State passed in a constitutional manner." So far their attitude is intelligible enough, and there they would have been wise to pause. But they go on to declare their conviction that "the teaching of the Catholic Church expressly enjoins every Catholic to recognize laws passed in a constitutional manner as valid and legally binding, *and to render them obedience*." Now, if this were merely intended to enunciate a general principle of obedience to the law, it would at once be acknowledged, not only by "every Catholic," however Ultramontane, but by all reasonable men, of whatever creed or party, as an obvious truism. But if it bears the meaning evidently required by the context and general purport of the manifesto, that Catholics are bound by the teaching of their Church to recognize and obey all laws whatsoever of the State constitutionally enacted, it would follow, among other things, that the early Christians were required by the teaching of their Church to offer sacrifice to heathen deities and worship the divine genius of the Emperor. The memorialists indeed go on to declare their "*unreserved* acknowledgment of the competency of the State for decreeing ecclesiastico-political laws and for their constitutional execution." Now the laws of the Roman Empire requiring Christians to conform to the national religion were certainly "ecclesiastico-political," though the Latinity of the period did not contain any such barbarous compound, and they were as certainly enacted and enforced in a perfectly constitutional manner. And we may add that on political grounds there was much more to be said for them than for the Bismarckian Church laws. It has been disputed whether the Christians of the first three centuries were persecuted because their religion was felt in the long run to menace the stability of the Empire, or only because, as Dr. Arnold contends, they disobeyed its existing laws. But the two grounds for suppressing Christianity were inextricably and necessarily combined. The national cult, or medley of coexistent cults, equally false to the philosopher and equally true to the vulgar, feeble as was its moral and religious influence, was part and parcel of the political system of the Empire, and thus found at last its natural expression in the deification of the reigning Emperor. It mattered little what eclectic varieties of polytheism Orontes might pour into the Tiber as long as all the new divinities were content to jostle each other amicably; but a faith which claimed exclusive rights and resolutely declined to accept for its Divine Founder a niche in the promiscuous pantheon was a very different affair. It could not be naturalized in the established system, and an unerring instinct taught the sagacious upholders of that system that the triumph of the one would determine the downfall of the other. The spread of Christianity did really, as the event proved, "endanger the authority, constitution, and existence of the (Roman) State," and its forcible repression was from an Imperial point of view entirely justified. Are the twenty-four memorialists then prepared to vindicate the memory of the primitive apostates and *libellatici* on "the principles of the Catholic Church," and to pronounce sentence of high treason on the martyrs? If not, their protest should be revised. And in any case it would be interesting to know how far they represent their coreligionists.

Meanwhile the Prussian Government has promptly replied to the Encyclical by introducing what was at first not very accurately described by telegram as a Bill for "withdrawing the endowments of the Catholic Bishops and clergy," which it does not directly touch, though such a measure would seem to be a natural sequel, and may not improbably follow. The Bill now proposed withdraws the salaries paid out of the public Treasury to the Bishops and clergy in all dioceses where the Bishop or Episcopal Administrator in office does not sign a written agreement to obey the ecclesiastical laws—an exception being made in the case of priests employed in

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public institutions. Individual priests in dioceses where the Bishop remains recalcitrant, who sign the printed declaration for themselves, are also exempted, and the Government is further empowered to exempt priests who, without actually signing, "manifest by their conduct an intention of obeying the laws." On the other hand, priests who refuse obedience to the laws in a diocese where the Bishop or his Administrator has signed the pledge will be deprived of their salaries. And those Bishops and priests who after signing revoke their signature are not only to be deprived of their offices, but made incapable of exercising any office for the future. This measure, stringent as it is, appears to us more important for what it indicates, and probably foreshadows, than for what it enacts. The entire salaries paid out of the Treasury to the Bishops and clergy are said not to exceed 200,000*l.*, and, as the Government had already secured abundant means for enforcing the Falk laws by fine and imprisonment, and at least a passive resistance has from the first been offered by every Bishop, it was a mere question of time how soon the whole Episcopate would incur the deprivation and banishment which is the *ratio ultima* of the existing ecclesiastical penal code. But this new Bill unquestionably proves the fixed resolution of Prince Bismarck to persevere without flinching in the course he has marked out for himself; and if complete disendowment and disestablishment of the Roman Catholic Church in Prussia is now contemplated, as seems to be generally believed, we may be sure that no corresponding relaxation of the iron grip of the State on the offending ecclesiastics will accompany the withdrawal of all civil countenance and support. And thus, what in our own country, for instance, would put an end to all conflict of Church and State, as in the parallel case of the Free Kirk of Scotland, in Prussia may only serve to intensify an internecine strife. Viewed in this connexion, the present Bill, and the Encyclical which provoked it, look like the beginning of the end. It must not be supposed that the address to be presented to the Pope on behalf of the German Catholics on occasion of the Jubilee was drawn up as a reply to this last move of the Government, for it had appeared in print some time before, although the text only appeared in the *Times* last Wednesday. It is, in fact, directed against Prince Bismarck's despatch on the next Conclave and the withdrawal of the German Ambassador to the Holy See, which the signataries treat as an insult to "the 15,000,000 German Catholics," and another step "on the fatal road to the separation of Church and State, whose union forms the only basis of all political and social order." Possibly some additions may be made to the address in view of recent events before it is presented.

More complicated questions of detail are involved in the Catholic Church Property Bill previously introduced into the Prussian Parliament, which is described as transferring the administration of the local Church property from the Bishops to the parishes. It constitutes apparently something like the "parochial Councils" which Lord Sandon advocated so warmly some little time ago, under the chairmanship of the parish priest, but with this difference, that in Prussia the proposed Board is to have full control over the purse-strings, including apparently the power to impose what we should call Church rates. There seems to be some difference of opinion among both Ultramontanes and their opponents as to the probable working of the system, and it is difficult for outsiders to form any decided opinion about it. And it would be premature to enter on any minute discussion of a Bill which may still undergo considerable modifications, as it has been referred to a Select Committee, as has also another Bill since introduced by Herr Petri for securing Church property to Old Catholic parishes. Meanwhile, two remarks naturally suggest themselves. In the first place, whatever may be the abstract merits or demerits of the proposed legislation, there can be little room for doubt as to the animus of the Government in introducing it. The *Times*' Correspondent can hardly be wrong in observing that, while less directly hostile to the clergy than the Falk laws, the present measure "is intended to pave the way for the future emancipation of the laity from priestly control." In other words, it is a fresh blow struck at "sacerdotalism." At the same time it must be remembered—and here lies its chief interest for lookers-on—that, should the Bill become law, it will go far to test the actual state of feeling among the Catholic population, who will be free to employ the large opportunities of self-government thus awarded to them either to support or to undermine the ascendency of their spiritual superiors. In the former case the Government would find that they had committed the serious error of forging very effective weapons to be used against themselves. Their object is evidently to set clergy and laity by the ears on the principle of *divide et impera*. But the scheme can only escape being suicidal by becoming a success.

SIR HOPE GRANT.

THE death of Sir James Hope Grant has taken away a dashing officer of cavalry, a skilful general, and a leader competent for any service, who had learned war exclusively in India. The Crimean fields, of which the memory has been recently revived, added nothing to the honours of Sir Hope Grant; and, although cavalry were brought from India to these fields, his regiment was not selected for that purpose. But he served with the 9th Lancers in the two Sikh wars and in the Mutiny; and one who had shared in the battles of Sobraon and Goojerat, and in the taking of Lucknow, may be said, in Napier's phrase, to have known war well. Advocates of the purchase system might fairly adduce Grant as an example of an officer good enough for anything who was produced under it. His early years of military life fell within that dullest of all dull times for soldiers which followed the battle of Waterloo. Among the many young men who would be likely to make good officers it was at such a time convenient to choose those who had a few hundred pounds in pocket. The sovereigns of England have always managed their military service on the principle expressed in the ballad of Chevy Chase. They have rightly assumed that they had within their realm many men as good as any particular man whom they selected. The men who could buy commissions were certainly not better than the men who could not buy, nor were they worse. Grant was born in 1808, and at eighteen years of age he bought a cornetcy in the 9th Lancers. He bought his lieutenancy in 1828, and his troop in 1835. He went out to China in 1841 as brigade-major to Lord Saltoun, commanding a brigade of the army under Sir Hugh Gough. The most destructive enemy this army had to contend with was disease. In the first year of the war, before Grant arrived upon the scene, sickness at Chusan caused lamentable gaps in the ranks of the occupying force. The 26th Cameronians, which sailed from Calcutta 900 strong, a pattern for sobriety and good conduct, its average mortality during the previous ten years being barely twenty, was in three months reduced to 291. At the taking of Chin-Keang-Foo, in 1842, where Grant greatly distinguished himself, the total loss in killed and wounded was only 164. It would be vain to discuss the causes of the mortality in the Cameronians at Chusan, or afterwards in the 78th Highlanders at Kurrachee. The prevalent scarcity of good soldiers, and the increased attention consequently paid to sanitary matters, has caused great improvement in the health of troops in the field since Grant's first campaign. In the late expedition to the Gold Coast the deaths amounted to 31·4 per cent., and of these 18 per cent. were killed or died of wounds. It would not perhaps be unjust to say that, with higher education of our officers, there has grown a disposition to listen to the doctor's advice as to encamping and feeding troops, and higher education would not be easily reconcilable with purchase. The mortality at Chusan, and afterwards at Kurrachee, was not like that in the Crimea, caused or aggravated by a difficult position and an overwhelming duty. At both these places troops appear to have been kept unnecessarily and in disregard of medical warnings, and it must be allowed that the officers under whom Grant served his first campaigns do not seem to have been fully sensible of the value of the health and lives of men.

But Grant's mind was receptive of all improvements in his profession of every kind, and it might be interesting to compare the sanitary management of his own campaign as Commander-in-Chief in China in 1860 with that of the campaigns of 1841-2, which he made under Lord Saltoun and Sir Hugh Gough. The last-named gallant officer was a typical product of what may be called the præ-scientific period of our army; and Lord Saltoun, like Grant himself, was probably an example of great natural aptitude for war which developed itself in no other academy than that of actual service before an enemy. The sort of man that Lord Saltoun was may be best explained by recalling an incident of Waterloo, where he served with the Guards. The Duke of Wellington, after the battle had lasted far into the evening, examined the whole French position with his glass, and remarked that he thought "they were pretty well told out." Lord Saltoun, who heard him, observed to a Staff officer that he had seen a body of French troops go into a hollow early in the day and he had not seen them come out. The Duke, after looking carefully again, exclaimed, "By God, Saltoun is right," as he manifestly was; for the body of French troops was the Imperial Guard, which was just then emerging from the hollow and preparing for its grand attack. Such was the general on whose staff Grant served in China, and it may be guessed that congeniality of character had something to do with the selection. An older and more eminent type of the same character was Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, who did not enter the army at all until middle age; but a certain faculty, which was either born in him or developed by field-sports, enabled him to discover exactly what to do and when to do it, either with a regiment, a division, or an army corps. It may be questioned whether either of these three men, Graham, Saltoun, and Grant, would have got high marks at a competitive examination. Graham, if we remember rightly, entered the army by raising a regiment himself, which was purchase under another form; and if such officers came in under the purchase system, it is not wonderful that the defenders of that system could not be brought to understand that anything better could be required or devised. The class that could command money, or money's worth, was sufficiently numerous in England and Scotland to supply as many officers of the pattern of Saltoun and Grant as there was room for in the army, and in what we have called the præ-scientific period it had not even occurred to anybody to suggest that this pattern was not all-sufficient.

While Grant was in China his regiment came out to India, and he returned to it with the rank of major, to which he had succeeded without purchase. In 1845 the first Sikh war broke out, and it was closed on the 10th of February, 1846, by the hard-fought battle of Sobraon, at which Grant was present with his regiment. He did not partake in those earlier and still more severe battles wherein Lords Gough and Hardinge and Sir Harry Smith won such costly and terribly necessary victories. It was another regiment of Lancers, the 16th, that charged the Sikh

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infantry at Aliwal, and rode three times through them before they dispersed. "The ground was more thickly strewn with the bodies of victorious horsemen than of broken infantry." Yet it is not doubted that this charge was wisely planned and bravely made, and at such cost only could these resolute enemies be overcome. The best of their troops defended the entrenchments at Sobraon, and it was fortunate for us that the advice of some European officers who were among them was not taken for the further strengthening of their position. But even as the position stood, the assailants were so exhausted, or, as the Duke of Wellington would have said, "told out," by the time the entrenchments were carried, that a body of cavalry, the 3rd Dragoons, had to be poured into the Sikh camp from the left to form that line of advance which surpassed the strength of the exhausted infantry. This, as a military writer remarks, was much in the style of the Duke of Marlborough. But even after openings were thus effected in the Sikh entrenchments, single batteries still held out, and the interior was filled with courageous men who took advantage of every obstacle and fought fiercely for every spot of ground. Gradually each defensible position was captured, and the Sikhs were pressed towards the scarcely fordable river Sutlej, where the bridge of boats had been broken by one of their own chiefs, hoping thus to compel them to hold the position to the last. An awful slaughter followed of the fugitives, who had excluded themselves from compassion by outrages on our wounded men. Such was the stern contest by which the power of the Sikhs was broken, but not destroyed. Their army became uncontrollable after the death of Runjeet Singh, and there could be no peace in India until it was annihilated.

It is well to be reminded of the dangers to which our Indian Empire has been exposed in order that we may not undervalue the precautions necessary for its security. The first Sikh war was at its outbreak a struggle for existence; and perhaps the night of Moodkee and the grey dawn of Inkerman may be taken as the two occasions when within living memory the most momentous issues were decided by the hardihood of British troops. On both occasions the generals had had great experience of war, and they could find little for themselves or anybody else to do except "to fight it out to the last man." The great strength of the Sikhs in artillery was known to all experienced observers, and it was believed, after the death of Runjeet Singh, that, sooner or later, they would attack us; yet we allowed ourselves to be almost crushed by their superior force in the first battles with them. But before attacking their position at Sobraon we had gathered adequate power, although even then their stubborn resistance was only with extreme difficulty overcome. In the second Sikh war we were, or ought to have been, forewarned; but some of our operations, and notably that of Chillianwallah, bear traces of the præ-scientific age. Grant was employed with his regiment throughout this second war, and he came out of it with the reputation of one of the best officers of the army. It is remarkable that this reputation did not carry him to the Crimea. He spent the years of the Russian war, perhaps not altogether without repining, in the quiet discharge of regimental duty in India. But with the outbreak of the Mutiny his opportunity for distinction fully came. From the placing of the outposts for the siege of Delhi to the taking of Lucknow, Grant was employed and trusted, and on every occasion fully justified the confidence reposed in him. Known first as a leader of brilliant exploits of cavalry, he was found on trial equal to conducting operations of every arm. His selection for chief command in China, in 1860, was approved by his judicious management, and when he returned to England, in 1865, he was clearly indicated by a long and varied career as capable in case of need of the highest post. Although much has been said of late years against aged officers, we question whether, up to the time when his health failed, a general could have been found to inspire fuller confidence than Grant. But more than twenty years' service in India and China can be borne with impunity by few. A disease, of which the seed was sown in some of his arduous campaigns, has deprived the British army of one of its most trusted leaders.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE, says Fuller, referring to a record of King Henry III., "appeareth not as an infant of yesterday, but a grave matron of great age." He quotes from a letter of that King to the Mayor and Bailiffs of Cambridge the words *Secundum consuetudinem Universitatis*, as "showing her gravity and grey hairs at the time of the date thereof." Beatrix, daughter of this King, had a daughter married to Guy Chastillon, Earl of St. Paul, in France; and of this marriage was born a daughter, Mary, who, in the reign of King Edward III., and about the year 1343, founded Pembroke College. She was married to Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, who was killed in a tilting-match on his wedding-day, whereupon "she began altogether to give her mind to a religious life, and applied a considerable part of her possessions to pious uses." Thus this College, which seems, or lately seemed, to us so old, would be in Fuller's view, by comparison with the University in which it was founded, as an infant of yesterday, placed in the arms of an aged matron. Yet, if we had wished to impress an American visitor with a sense of the antiquity of England, we could hardly have done so more effectually than by showing him this College as it stood a few years ago. The Countess of Pembroke, "having lived forty-two years or more after the founding of the College, and at least sixty after her husband's death, and having adorned the Church of St. Alban with a silver image gilt, at length, being of a great age, departed to heaven, and was interred in her Abbey of Denney, near Cambridge, in a marble tomb, between the two choirs of the nuns and seculars." This lady, "maid, wife, and widow all in a day," although she sequestered herself on that sad accident from all worldly delights, was not unfavourable to mirth in others. She left a cup with an inscription exhorting "to be merry and make good cheer," and all histories of Cambridge state that this cup is still preserved and brought out on very high days; but as a spirit of supposed improvement has lately taken possession of this College, we should not be surprised to hear that the cup of Mary de Valence, Countess of Pembroke, has been melted to make a teapot for the existing Society to use when it gives afternoon tea to ladies. A benefactor of this College and a Bishop left to it a piece of plate with the inscription "Qui alienaret anathema sit," and the episcopal malediction ought to light not only on those who sell or spoil, but also on those who needlessly alter or deface any of the well-known and much-loved features of this venerable College. A writer of the year 1803 remarks that "poetry has been greatly improved since the reign of James I.," and doubtless he regarded Pope and Johnson as improvements upon Shakspeare and Spenser. But even this barbarian, as we must deem him, would not have thought of improving Pembroke College. On the contrary, he writes that "there is something altogether very venerable and pleasing in the appearance of this College which made Queen Elizabeth, when she passed through Cambridge, salute it with these words, 'O domus antiqua et religiosa!'" It has been reserved for our own immediate day to commit a worse atrocity than that of improving Elizabethan poetry by undertaking to improve or restore—or perhaps repair and beautify is the proper term—a College which Elizabeth and her subjects were contented to admire. It is, indeed, difficult to enter into the feeling which could suggest any unnecessary meddling with the structure of this ancient and religious house. There were, thirty or more years ago, some well-meaning and busy people who advocated the clearing of forests and planting them with corn. They desired to increase "the food of the people," and cared nothing either for the antique or picturesque. Fortunately, however, before much clearance was effected people began to recollect that you could grow corn to any extent in America, but that oak-trees under which the Plantagenet kings had hunted when once destroyed could never be replaced. Such buildings as those of Pembroke College form part of the common heritage of England and America, and the vast majority of the people of both countries would deplore their unnecessary demolition.

These remarks have been suggested by a report which has reached us that the Governing Body of this College has decided to pull down the greater part of its existing ancient buildings, including the Hall and the whole of the eastern side of the first court. We have heard that this Governing Body possesses considerable wealth, and perhaps it considers itself called upon to have taste. This "noble, renowned, and most precious College," as two kings, Henry VI. and Edward IV., have called it, does not perhaps shine "among all places in the University" with the splendour which those sovereigns ascribed to it. Younger and larger foundations have grown up beside it, and if the ambition of the present Society prompts it to vie with them in external sumptuosity, we must regard such a tendency as disastrous. The group of buildings which is threatened with destruction is picturesque in character, of high architectural value, and of great antiquity, and is endeared not only to Pembroke men, but to all who prize the ancient form and features of the University of Cambridge. We will assume everything that can be assumed in favour of the improvers of this College. Let them be as clever in architecture as any improver of Shakspeare was in poetry, yet we should heartily desire that they might find scope for their talents somewhere else. It would be simply painful to come to Cambridge and not find the buildings of Pembroke College as they used to be. Of course we must acquiesce in inevitable changes, but we may at the same time protest against the notion of bettering antiquity which seems to have occupied some minds. A play or poem which has been altered can be restored when a more pure and reverent taste prevails, but the process of improving old buildings off the face of Cambridge is irrevocable. Let it be assumed that the Governing Body is prepared to erect something costly and imposing in place of that which it would pull down, yet a Pembroke man might be justified in saying of the old buildings of his College, "A poor thing, but mine own." They are part of the possessions of his mind, and probably impressed him when he first saw them with a sense of the immemorial antiquity and immovable stability of the system of which they were part. He and his contemporaries would go, and successive bodies of students would succeed them, and still the ancient edifice would stand, defying time and weather, and superior to all adverse influences except the unsuspected one of a rich Governing Body and an aspiring architect. This College, when improved, can be only one of many edifices equally deserving of praise or blame, whereas, as it is remembered by those who have dwelt within its walls, it was almost unique. The Hall is said to have been erected about the year 1360, and therefore must have been part of the original structure of which the Countess of Pembroke "in a happy moment laid the foundation." It is probably the earliest existing collegiate

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building in the University, and its loss to the University, and to England, and we might add to America, would be irreparable. It is difficult to understand how the existing Society could bring themselves to contemplate such a sacrifice, we do not say with composure, but without sorrow and indignation. What, we may ask, do they expect to get in place of it? They are, or rather ought to be, like the Sieur de Couci who ranked his ancient barony far above modern dukeries and countships:—

Roi ne puis-je être?
Duc ne veux-je être,
Ni comte aussi,
Mais grand Seigneur de Couci.

If the Earl of Derby should get himself made Duke of Birkenhead we should have something like a parallel to the desire of the Governing Body of Pembroke College to pull down their old Hall and build a new one. They might surely be satisfied with the demolition of the interesting and characteristic old Master's Lodge, for which an elegant modern structure has been substituted. We believe that the buildings of this College were selected by Professor Willis when he lectured before the late Prince Consort as a typical example of the form and arrangements of a mediæval college. They are a page of the architectural history of the University which it is now proposed to tear out and destroy, and it is almost incredible that such a proposal should be seriously entertained. Both in this country and abroad time moves quite fast enough. Almost every year the memorials of the past become fewer in the ancient cities of Europe, and it surely is unnecessary to anticipate the progress of decay. We would not insist on the preservation, merely because of their antiquity, of buildings which are either inconvenient or unwholesome. But these faults are not alleged against the Hall of Pembroke College. The most that can be said is that the Governing Body and their architect think they can put in its place a more spacious and splendid building. There is a saying often quoted, that there are many bishops but only one Master of Trinity. It were to be wished that the Governing Body of Pembroke College could imbibe the spirit which dictated this speech. With a strange perversity they are seeking to deprive the country of an invaluable historical monument, and themselves of an indisputable title to distinction.

A modern fabric, even if it were more beautiful, which we by no means assume, would certainly want the interest of the ancient building. The Hall is full of historic memories which would be all doomed to oblivion by its destruction. Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, began his controversial studies as a member of this College, and ended them, as we all know, by being burned along with Cranmer and Latimer at Oxford. Edmund Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury; Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Ely and Winchester; the poets Spenser and Gray, and the statesman William Pitt, were all educated in this College, or have all sat in this Hall. Gray, after migrating from St. Peter's College, lived all the rest of his life here, and his last "longing, lingering look" rested on these buildings. This, perhaps, is now their most widely interesting tradition. The American statesman, Daniel Webster, died with the words of Gray's *Elegy* on his lips, and next to the English Bible perhaps no composition is so widely known among English-speaking people. Therefore we say that the preservation of these buildings concerns New and Old England equally. The Chapel was built from a design of Sir Christopher Wren by his brother, Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely. There ought to be strong reasons for demolishing buildings to which these memories belong, and indeed we understand that until lately in all plans for the reconstruction of the College the Hall was regarded as sacred. But the appetite for improvement grows with what it feeds on. The Governing Body have wiped out the Combination Room, and are preparing to obliterate the Hall. The Danes, as Fuller tells us, had harried all this country, and near Cambridge kept their station. The future historian will record that, after the lapse of eight hundred years, the barbarians once more returned and destroyed the time-honoured and beautiful fabric of the Hall of Pembroke College. The would-be restorers of this College may perhaps complete their design, but certainly they will not be able to disguise its true character. They may, as Fuller says other restorers have done, mistake themselves for founders, and all lovers of antiquity are likely to mistake them for destroyers. But this "domus antiqua et religiosa" is dear to all its members, and the effacing fingers of its Governing Body have not yet swept away all traces of its pristine beauty. If the barbarous work is consummated in spite of warning, it will evoke regret and anger. There should at least be full consideration before a step is taken which is not manifestly necessary and would certainly be irrevocable.

THE EXPLOSIVE SUBSTANCES BILL.

THE Regent's Park explosion confirmed so emphatically the conclusions of the Select Committee on Explosive Substances as to the unsatisfactory character of the existing law upon this subject, and the inadequacy of its provisions for the public safety, that some amendment of the law during the present Session became inevitable. Every one will be glad to see that Mr. Cross has made a really vigorous and comprehensive attempt at such amendment, and that he has not been content with merely patching a number of inconvenient and imperfect Acts, but has introduced a consolidating and repealing Bill, in which the whole law relating to explosives (saving the provisions of certain local Acts) is set forth.

An examination of the Bill will perhaps partially explain why this long-needed amendment of a law which so largely affects the interests of the public has been persistently postponed by successive Administrations; for the subject proves to be one of exceptional complexity, and has a number of ramifications and entanglements which call for the most careful handling, and which must have rendered the preparation of the measure one of no common difficulty. Among the inevitable results of the complexity of the subject is the great length of the Bill. It consists of one hundred and thirteen clauses and four schedules; and it is easy to see that it has only been saved from running to a far greater length by the adoption of the principle of vesting in the Executive large discretionary powers in regard to matters of detail. In fact, it would appear that there were only three courses open:—1st, To endeavour to regulate by statute every minute detail; 2ndly, To regulate nothing by statute, but (as in the present Nitroglycerine Act) to leave everything in the hands of the Secretary of State; 3rdly, To combine, so far as might be practicable, these two principles. To the first of these possible courses two obvious objections present themselves. First, that the Bill would have been a measure of such enormous length and so charged with detail, that there would not have been the slightest prospect of passing it; secondly, that even if passed, it would in a very few years, and perhaps in a few months, have become more or less unworkable, owing to the continued development and fluctuations of the trade. This last objection could of course have been met by giving to the Secretary of State a large dispensing power; but this would practically have been to elaborate a huge legislative house of cards which the Secretary of State could sweep away by a stroke of his pen the day after it had passed. To the second course the trade and those industries into which the use of explosives largely enters would have had fair grounds for objection, on the score of the absolute uncertainty in which everything would be wrapped, and because of a natural unwillingness to be wholly dependent for their very existence upon the will or caprice of successive Secretaries of State. In the third course Mr. Cross appears to have found an equitable and convenient solution of the difficulty. The leading principle of his Bill may be said to be the statutory regulation of details so far as may be practicable and expedient; and, where this is not practicable or expedient, the statutory indication of the directions in which By-laws and Orders in Council as to details may be made, and the statutory definition of the limits of such By-laws and Orders. We thus find that in Part I., which deals exclusively with gunpowder, most of the regulations which are susceptible of precise definition and enactment are set forth. But in Part II., which deals with "other explosives," the Secretary of State is given a large discretion in regard to the laying down regulations. Thus Clause 10 contains thirteen "general rules" which are to be observed in every gunpowder factory and magazine; but, in the case of factories and magazines of dynamite or gun-cotton, or any of the less-known or more complicated explosives, it is proposed that "the prescribed general rules shall be substituted for the general rules in Part I.," and the definition tells us that "prescribed" means prescribed by Order in Council. The same distinction is observed with regard to a variety of other regulations—such as the particulars to be inserted by an applicant in his draft licence, the provisions as to packing and labelling, and as to the quantities to be kept by registered dealers. In the case of gunpowder proper, these matters are laid down; in the case of "other explosives" they are left to be regulated by Orders in Council. The reason of this was pointed out by the Home Secretary when he introduced his Bill. It consists in the fact that gunpowder is a well-known and perfectly definite substance, while the "other explosives" are many of them very little known, and new varieties, each with its special characteristics and special risks, are being daily introduced. Having regard even to the number of "other explosives" at present known, it will be obvious that any attempt to include in an Act of Parliament all regulations requisite for their safe storage and transport would necessarily be almost hopeless. It appears from the Report of the Select Committee on Explosives that not less than six great groups would have to be provided for, these groups including an indefinite number of explosives of different sorts, of which more than fifty were named by the Committee simply by way of examples. Even in the case of gunpowder, it seems to have been found impossible to include all the regulations in the statute. For example, in the case of licences, a considerable discretion as to the conditions to be imposed in all those matters which are properly dependent upon the locality, or upon the nature of the processes of manufacture, is reserved to the licensing authority, and no attempt is made to lay down any hard and fast line in regard to distances and quantities, which obviously should be variable according to the configuration of the ground and other circumstances. Again, in the case of the transport of gunpowder, the Act makes no attempt to define precise regulations, except as to the mode of packing; though even here a certain dispensing or discretionary power is reserved to the Executive. This important branch of the subject, to which the public attention will probably be more closely directed than to any other, is to be dealt with entirely by by-laws. These laws are to be made in the case of harbours by the harbour authorities; in the case of railways and canals by the Companies themselves, subject in all cases to approval and revision by the Board of Trade. It is, we think, unfortunate that the

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control of this part of the subject should have been vested in one department of State, while everything else in the Bill is under the control of another department; but perhaps this is an inevitable result of the general regulation of railways and harbours being at present in the hands of the Board of Trade, and although this part of the scheme is suggestive of a somewhat divided responsibility, it may be that in practice the arrangement will prove convenient.

In order the better to understand the details of the measure, it is necessary to observe the broad lines or divisions adopted. The Bill consists essentially of four distinct parts. Part I. deals with gunpowder only; Part II. deals with other explosives; Part III. contains the provisions for the administration of the law; Part IV. is supplementary, and contains the definitions, rules as to legal proceedings, and the like. The Bill deals with all explosive substances, properly so called, such as gunpowder, nitroglycerine, gun-cotton, dynamite, blasting powders, fulminate of mercury, and every other substance "used or manufactured with a view to produce a practical effect by explosion, or a pyrotechnic effect," and applied forms of such explosives, as fog-signals, fireworks, fuzes, rockets, percussion-caps, cartridges, &c. A power is also reserved to the Queen in Council, under the 102nd Clause, to extend the Act to any other substance of an explosive character which appears to be "specially dangerous"; and "specially dangerous" explosives may even be prohibited altogether. There is also a power to classify and define explosives for the purposes of the Act. It will be observed that petroleum is *not* included in the Bill, being in fact not an explosive substance at all, but only a dangerously inflammable substance, for which a different mode of treatment would have to be prescribed.

Taking gunpowder as a typical explosive, we find that provision is made for the licensing of new factories and magazines. The licensing authority will substantially remain as at present; but the granting of the licence will be varied in this important particular, that the draft licence will have, in the first instance, to be submitted to and approved by the Secretary of State, who will decide whether adequate provision is made for the safety of the workpeople and the public in those matters of technical detail as to which a bench of magistrates can hardly, as a general rule, possess any sufficient knowledge. As, however, the obtaining of licences by this process would entail unnecessary inconvenience and labour if it had to be resorted to in the case of all mine-owners and consumers of gunpowder, who require to store considerable quantities of powder for use in blasting operations, provision is made for these persons obtaining what are called "store licences" (up to two tons of gunpowder) on application and payment of a small fee to the local authority, who will not be entitled to refuse the licence provided the proposed store is constructed and situated as prescribed by an Order in Council made under the Act. For the regulation of these stores "general rules" are, as in the case of factories and large magazines, laid down; and these may be supplemented by "special rules" made by the owner or occupier, with the approval of the Secretary of State. In this part of the scheme, the Mines Acts appears to have been closely followed. There is a third and important class of storage for which provision had to be made—namely, the retail dealer; and we are happy to see that Mr. Cross has taken the decided step of recognizing that all persons carrying on such trade ought to be known, and of enacting that no one shall deal in gunpowder without first registering himself with the local authority. When so registered he may keep to 200 lbs. of gunpowder, according to a sliding scale based upon the suitability of his premises for such storage. Thus, 100 lbs. may be kept in a dwelling-house, if inside a fireproof safe, but only 50 lbs. if there is no safe; if kept outside a dwelling-house, 200 lbs. are allowed. The powder must be either in a building appropriated to the purpose or in a fireproof safe. These provisions will effect a very great improvement on the present lax law relating to retail dealing, under which a man may keep 200 lbs. anywhere and anyhow, without any licence or registration, and will tend to encourage the provision of suitable places of storage. Nor does it appear that the retail dealers will have any grounds for complaint; 1st, because of the increased facilities which will be afforded for the obtaining of store licences (up to two tons), and, 2ndly, because the Bill authorizes the storing of very large quantities of gunpowder in cartridges—namely, five times the amount which may be kept if not in cartridges. This will be an immense relief to the gunmaker, who is also relieved from the obligation to take out a licence to fill cartridges, imposed upon him by the present law. The only persons upon whom this part of the Bill will press heavily are those persons who have hitherto carried on an almost indefinitely large trade in powder in their dwelling-houses and shops without any supervision, and too often without any precautions. But Mr. Cross is probably not singular in thinking that it is quite time that such a dangerous state of things was put an end to, and that people desiring to store large quantities of powder should for that purpose be required to provide themselves with suitably constructed and properly isolated places of storage.

The vested interests of the existing factory and magazine owners appear to have been anxiously considered. They are all to be entitled to a continuing certificate, which is to be granted without prejudice to the question of the legality or otherwise of the existing magazine or store. No owner of an existing factory or magazine is to be required to remove any lawfully existing magazine or work; but, on the other hand, no additions or enlargements are to be made without permission, and these factories will be subjected, like new ones, to the statutory "general rules." Of the rules as to transport of gunpowder we have already spoken, but it should be mentioned that power is given to the occupiers of private wharfs to make rules for the safe carrying on of their business, and that the Secretary of State is vested with the power of making by-laws as to carriage for all roads and places to which other by-laws made under the Bill do not apply.

In Part II. the law of the former part is applied to "other explosives," with certain modifications, and with the reservation of larger discretionary powers before referred to. The nitroglycerine interests will be brought much more into harmony with the gunpowder interests than they are at present under the vexatiously restrictive Nitroglycerine Act, while many explosives which are now practically unregulated will be brought within the scope of the law, and the public safety will in consequence be far more efficiently provided for. When this Bill becomes law it will no longer be possible for a person to store indefinite quantities of gun-cotton or gun-sawdust in his dwelling-house or other unsuitable place; and the transport of these substances will be for the first time brought under proper regulation.

Suitable provisions are included in this part of the Bill in favour of certain trades and processes, by which mine-owners will be permitted to fill their blasting cartridges and prepare their blasting materials, without the licence which is at present necessary; manufacturers will be allowed to experiment with modifications of the explosive which they are licensed to make without going for a new licence; and the making of fireworks on a small scale, but under suitable conditions as to safety, will be facilitated by the provisions which enable a person desiring to establish a small firework factory to obtain a licence as a matter of course, provided his site is lawfully situated.

Part III., which deals with the administration of the law, will be anxiously examined, as one of the chief complaints against the present law has been that it is impossible to enforce it, owing to the absence of sufficient powers of supervision. On the other hand, it was essential that such increased powers as might be taken should be carefully guarded and fenced round, so as to prevent them from assuming an inquisitorial or vexatious character. Two sorts of inspection are provided—Government inspection, which extends to all the large factories and magazines, with powers of entry in the case of stores and registered premises, wharfs and the like; and local inspection, which extends only to the places licensed by the local authority, and to wharfs within their jurisdiction. Thus the large manufacturer will be saved from the visits of a local officer whose want of technical knowledge might make his inspection more hurtful than beneficial; and the Government Inspectors will be in a great measure relieved from the supervision of the smaller places, while undue centralization will be avoided. An important but necessary provision is made for superseding or supplementing the action of a search warrant in cases of suspected illegality, where the delay in obtaining a warrant would be attended with public danger; but whenever advantage is taken of this power a special report is to be made to the Secretary of State, and this machinery is never to be set in motion by any one but a Government or local Inspector, or a superintendent or other superior officer of police, and only in cases of emergency. This provision is in accordance with the recommendations of the House of Commons Committee, with whose Report this Bill appears to be throughout in close agreement. As in the Mines Acts, accidents are to be reported and coroners are to give notice of inquests to the Government Inspector, to enable him to attend; and in serious cases the Secretary of State may order a more formal inquiry. The Bill contains suitable arrangements for enabling the work of inspection to be properly carried on, by authorizing the Inspectors to take samples, and when necessary to seize and detain the explosives. The wharfs and premises of warehousemen and carriers of explosives are for the first time brought under proper supervision, which will probably be a matter of satisfaction to persons who happen to live in the neighbourhood of the Grand Junction Canal. No attempt is made to extinguish lawfully existing magazines and factories, which are left to be dealt with, if at all, under the common law of nuisance; but a place which blows up is not to be re-erected without permission.

Such in its main features is Mr. Cross's Explosive Substances Bill. It may be accepted as a substantial contribution to the public safety; and, on the other hand, it has evidently been framed in a moderate spirit and with a careful regard to the interests and requirements of trade. Independently of the public feeling on the subject, the fact that the Bill is in its essential particulars a practical embodiment of the recommendations of the Committee which sat last Session should secure for it a ready acceptance by the House of Commons; and although perhaps the public, on the one side, might have desired to see larger powers taken for the removal of existing factories and magazines which are supposed to be dangerous or injurious to the localities in which they are situated—while the trade, on the other hand, will probably regret the curtailment of the right which in many instances they now possess of adding to and enlarging their establishments indefinitely—we believe that the middle course adopted by the Government will generally recommend itself, and that this measure will be regarded as a temperate and judicious solution of a very difficult question. It is also to be hoped that the elasticity of the provisions will render the Bill when it becomes law easily adjustable to the varying conditions and requirements of the trades which it will affect.

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REVIEWS.

WALCOTT'S CONSTITUTIONS AND CANONS ECCLESIASTICAL.*

MR. WALCOTT, as our readers have long known, has read a great deal which might be of much use if he only knew what to do with it. We are bound to say that, in the small volume before us, he has come nearer to knowing what to do with it than in any other book of his that we have hitherto seen. If the book were the work of any other man, we should throw it aside as chaotic; as the work of Mr. Walcott, we hail it as a step towards regular order. Hitherto, when Mr. Walcott has been writing on any subject, he has shovelled together things about all manner of subjects, without any principle of order which we could catch. His books read like cross-readings, like the contents of a note-book, or the "Answers to Correspondents" in certain newspapers, printed straight on end as they come. But here we have some approach to arrangement. Now that there is so much dispute on various ecclesiastical points, it was no bad notion to print the Canons of 1603, with references to their origin, their circumstances, and to other legislation on the same points, earlier or later. This is Mr. Walcott's object, and he has carried it out in what, for him, is an orderly manner. That is to say, he has printed the Canons in order, and he has attached to each Canon the illustrative matter which belongs to it. Still Mr. Walcott's way of printing them is very odd. He begins in all form with "Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical," "James, by the grace of God," &c.; and so we go on with the preamble and two Canons, when suddenly we come to a heading, "These Canons are an expansion of Article XXXVII. of the Civil Magistrates." Then come Canons 3, 4, and 5; then comes the heading of the Articles as a body, with "His Majesty's Declaration." Then come Canon 6, followed by a scrap from the preface to the Book of Common Prayer, and so on. Scraps from one quarter and another, here and there falling back into Mr. Walcott's chaotic manner, are, after every two or three Canons, stuck into the text, in the same type and with altogether exactly the same look, as the parts which really come from the high and mighty prince James and the Synod of 1603. Such an arrangement is fairly puzzling to those who know something of the Canons beforehand. It must be altogether baffling to any one who makes his first acquaintance with the Canons through Mr. Walcott's volume. There are foot-notes also, which of course give to those extracts which are stuck into the text still more of the look of being really part of the text. Still we hail all this as in Mr. Walcott's case an improvement. It is something that the matter which illustrates the ninth Canon should be stuck in after the ninth Canon. According to Mr. Walcott's earlier way of doing things, it would have been just as likely to have been stuck in after the nineteenth or the ninetieth.

It must also be owing to an inherent love of doing things in a scrappy way that Mr. Walcott, while printing the Canons in English, ever and anon puts in a bit from the Latin version between brackets. What should have been done was to print both the Latin and the English text in an orderly way in parallel columns, and to have put all the illustrative matter, extracts from the Articles or from the Prayer-Book, from earlier Canons or from any other source, in some way clearly distinguishable from the text, whether as foot-notes, as appendices, or as insertions in the text in a different type. In any one of these ways the due distinction would have been drawn between the British Solomon and the Precentor of Chichester; as it is, the two oracles are to a great extent jumbled up together. At the same time we cannot but allow that the younger oracle shows a due degree of respect to the elder. "His Majesty's Declaration" seems so much to Mr. Walcott's liking that he has printed the greater part of it twice over within six pages. He attributes it to James; yet we had fancied that it was the work of Charles. We dare say we are wrong; but if we are wrong, or if Mr. Walcott is, it is not the fault of either of us, but of the King who forgot to put his name to his Declaration.

Mr. Walcott too has given a full Index, which might however have been better if the references to Canons and to pages had been made clearer, and if the entries in the Index had always had something to do with the matter treated of in the Canons or page. Thus under the article "Churches" in the Index, the order of the numbers goes in this kind of way—86, 19, 23, 65, and again, 90, 18, 19, 111, 64. Nor can we guess why "Holy days" should be put under the heading "Churches," or what can be meant by the reference to the Twenty-third Canon, "students in Universities to attend service in"—that is, we suppose, "in churches"—though the object of the Canon is directly opposite, binding all colleges and halls to have divine service in the colleges and halls themselves. In the Index, though Mr. Walcott seems to have grasped the fact that an Index should have something in it and not nothing, there is a distinct relapse into the old chaotic Adam.

Still, with all this, the book is useful, as having got together, in however confused a way, a good deal of matter which is worth referring to at any time, and which has a special importance when there is so much controversy about this class of subjects. Let us take, for instance, the Tenth Canon, which peeps out in Mr. Walcott's 15th page from among a mass of stray Articles of Religion and other scraps. The Latin text in full would here have been a great gain; but anyhow it is curious to mark the early use of the phrase "established by law" as applied to the Church, a phrase which in modern controversy has got a meaning so different from that with which it set out. "Established by law" at first simply meant "ordained by law." The Church was "established" in the sense in which the courts of law or the kingly office itself was "established"; the notion of an "Established Church" as distinguished from Churches or other religious bodies which are not "established," had not come into any man's head. But in this Canon we get the first glimpse of the state of things out of which the later use of the word arose. Excommunication is denounced against those who affirm—we give the passage with Mr. Walcott's scraps of the Latin text—

> That such Ministers as refuse to subscribe to the form and manner of God's worship (*Divini cultûs*) in the Church of England, prescribed in the Communion (*Publicæ Liturgiæ*) Book, and their adherents (*sectatores*), may truly (*meritò*) take unto them the name (*nomen et titulum*) of another Church not established (*stabilita*) by law, and dare presume to publish (*asseverare*) it, That this their pretended Church hath of long time groaned under the burden of certain grievances imposed upon it, and upon the members thereof before mentioned, by the Church of England, and the Orders and Constitutions therein by law established (*decreta et sanctiones*).

The word "established" is here actually used in the earlier sense. "Orders and constitutions" about the Church are "established by law" just as orders and constitutions about the army might be "established by law." Still we here come face to face with the fact that the existence of a religious body, distinct from the Church established by law, was possible. The non-established Church, that is to say the illegal Church, is of course denounced as "a pretended Church." Still there is the fact which gradually opened men's eyes to the truth that a non-established Church alongside of the established one, however illegal, however theologically erroneous, was not the same absurdity on the face of it as a non-established army or a non-established court of law alongside of the established one. When this point is once gained, the modern confusion naturally comes in—that is, the notion that the Established Church means a Church which the State picked out of several religious bodies to "establish" when it might conceivably have "established" some other.

When we get to the Twenty-fourth Canon, Mr. Walcott has naturally something to tell us about copes, but he takes the opportunity to dash off in the old chaotic vein, because the Canon speaks of "cathedral and collegiate churches." He tells us in a note:—

> Churches were divided into Cathedral, Collegiate, or Parochial; Regular or Secular.—(Lyndw., lib. iii. tit. 16.) The first had a chapter; the Regular, a convent; and the third, a clerical community, (Ib., lib. i. tit. 2. See page 24.)

At page 24 we get a somewhat clearer account of a collegiate church; but we may thank Mr. Walcott for the following distinction; "A canonry is an office of brotherhood with a stall in choir and a voice in Chapter; a prebend is a pecuniary maintenance." We can sympathize with the feelings with which these words must have been written by a Precentor who doubtless has his stall in choir, but who, we are afraid, has neither voice in Chapter nor pecuniary maintenance. Though, by the way, why should the maintenance be "pecuniary"? The *corps* of a prebend commonly consisted of land or tithe. Over the Forty-fourth Canon Mr. Walcott gets angry, saying:—

> This mischievous Canon, which sanctioned non-residence in Canons-residentiaries, had its bitter fruit in the fatal act which cut down their number to its present inefficient condition; and even now, in too many Cathedral Churches, one residentiary resides in turn during three months, and may be absent during three-fourths of a year, a single residentiary's house being provided for their use.

Now we have no more love for the present state of things than Mr. Walcott has, but we really do not see that it can be laid to the charge of this Canon. The Canon assumes the vicious state of things which was then and is now, by which the Canons Residentiary are allowed to hold other benefices. It orders that any Residentiary who also holds a benefice shall, when his term of residence—which it does not fix, but leaves to local statute or custom—is over, go to some or other of his benefices. This we understand as simply meaning that a man who has loaded himself with incongruous duties shall at least divide his time among them, and not make each an excuse for neglecting some other. The canon who has kept his term of residence is to go to his benefice, and not to go and amuse himself in some third place. Granting the existence of Residentiaries holding benefices, we can see no fault in the Canon. What was wanted then and now is something beyond the power of the Canon—namely, a prohibition of Residentiaries holding benefices at all. And when the Canon forbids the non-residentiary canon who holds a benefice to be away from his benefice more than one month under colour of his cathedral duties, we cannot see where the fault lies. But the Canon distinctly requires Residentiaries so to "sort and proportion" residence among them "as that some of them always shall be personally resident there." It does not contemplate the state of things which may sometimes be seen when a Residentiary canon suddenly dies or falls sick, when his fellow-Residentiaries are ruralizing and pluralizing in some other sphere of usefulness, and when it is suddenly found out that a non-residentiary Canon, mere nobody as he is when power is to be exercised or revenues are to be divided, is just as good as a Residentiary when any work is to be done.

Mr. Walcott has naturally a great deal to say on the Eighty-

* *The Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical of the Church of England, referred to their Original Sources, and Illustrated with Explanatory Notes.* By Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, B.D., F.S.A. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1874.

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second Canon, in the heading of which, by the way, the otherwise unknown phrase of "communion-table" is found instead of "Lord's table" or Holy table. Upon all the points connected with this matter Mr. Walcott has brought many extracts together. From them it is perfectly plain that, by the injunctions of Elizabeth in 1559 and 1560, the table was meant to be set "altar-wise." But it is equally plain that the Canon of 1603 at least allows, if it does not order, the table to be moved and set up in Puritan fashion in some other part of the chancel, or even of the church. A still stranger case of Puritan leaning is that, in the Seventieth Canon, the words "diebus Dominicis" in the Latin text, are in the English translated "upon every Sabbath day." How could Bishop Bancroft, or King James either, have let this pass? The Seventy-second Canon points curiously enough to a transitional state of mind with regard to one class of cases of supernatural agency:—

> No Minister or Ministers shall, without the licence and direction (*mandatum*) of the Bishop of the diocese first obtained and had under his hand and seal, ... attempt upon any pretence (*prætextu*) whatsoever, either of possession or obsession, by fasting and prayer, to cast out any Devil or Devils, under pain of the imputation of imposture or cosenage (*impostura imputandæ*), and deposition from the ministry.

Many of the points which are brought out by Mr. Walcott's collections need a stronger hand than his to deal with them. Still industry is at all times praiseworthy; and Mr. Walcott deserves the further praise of having taken at least one step in the direction of an orderly arrangement of the materials which his industry brings together.

DOWDEN'S CRITICAL STUDY OF SHAKSPEARE.*

MR. DOWDEN in the first chapter of his book makes a kind of apology which is hardly necessary for his attempts to become acquainted and to acquaint other people with the method and means employed by Shakspeare in producing his effects. He observes with great truth that a spectator who adds a knowledge of geology or anatomy to a love of beauty will so derive the more pleasure from a fine sculpture or landscape, because he will see more than a man who has no technical knowledge. The analogy, however, between the anatomist or geologist and the commentator on a poet is not perfect; for to the former there is only one road open over which he may pass and lead others, while to the latter there are many, out of which he may or may not choose the right one. The commentator will no doubt "see more" than the ordinary reader of poetry; but while he gains an increase of vision, he will run the risk of producing that increase from his own mind instead of from the poet's. Something from a man's own mind must indeed be always transferred to the work of art, whether poem or picture, which he contemplates; and thus it is that the work which, while it has a defined meaning of its own, contains also the largest number of suggestions for the spectator's or hearer's own fancy to play upon, is ever the most widely accepted. But the spirit in which one man loves to play upon such a suggestion will probably be repugnant to his neighbour; and he would be more than human who succeeded in so following out a suggestion or descanting on a passage as to "please all like Prince Hamlet."

Thus comments are likely to produce the same effects which illustrations often have—that of offending the ideas pre-conceived, whether well or ill, by the reader who is already acquainted with a book. And the advantage which an illustrator sometimes enjoys of putting forward his own work simultaneously with that on which its existence hangs can never be obtained by the commentator. Such risks and dangers as these must of necessity be met by all who desire to impress their particular notion of a poet's meaning upon the general mind, which is made up of countless different particulars. Another and more fatal danger is that the writer whose work is but the offshoot of a greater growth may through conceit of his own performance lose sight of its origin and wander into fruitless endeavours to match it. Shakspeare's work has been encumbered by such parasitical monstrosities ever since it was considered and discussed in writing; and the fact that Mr. Dowden's attempt to trace the course of the poet's mind stands aloof from these, as well as his courage in adventuring on so difficult a task, must be put to his credit.

The author begins by noting the determination to grapple with the facts of life—which he describes as "a rich feeling for positive concrete fact," which is common to the great writers of the Elizabethan age. If his phrase is somewhat clumsy, his appreciation is, however, just; and it is no less just a remark that no writers of former times attempted to present so true and complete an aspect of humanity. The dramas which preceded that age gave, as the author says, "views of human life, and select portions of it for artistic handling." The Greek tragedies, for instance, claimed attention for events and passions narrowed by the special groove in which they ran; and the possibilities of daring and action were ever measured by the fate which waited patient and remorseless behind the struggles of the mortal heroes. No light or graceful phase of life was admitted to vary the intensity of emotions and deeds striving hopelessly with a destined certainty. No comedy was mingled with the darkness of the tragic scene, save that which might be drawn from a bitter irony; and it was by following this grim model that the French tragedians fell far below the scope of the Shakspearian drama, which they would have done better to imitate. For this it was reserved to bring life in its reality and perfection, life as it is in its changes of joy and sorrow, before the eyes of men. From touching upon this theme the author goes on to say that

> to many, at the present time, the sanity and the strength of Shakspere would assuredly be an influence that might well be called religious. The Elizabethan drama is thoroughly free from lassitude, and from that lethargy of heart, which most of us have felt at one time or another. Those whose lot falls in a period of doubt and spiritual alteration, between the ebb and the flow, in the welter and wash of the waves, are,—because they lack the joyous energy of a faith—peculiarly subject to this mood of barren lethargy.

It is a pity that he should have thought it necessary to illustrate this true and good remark by a weak paraphrase of the speech in which Hamlet describes his weariness of the world and its people. And the concluding sentence in which he exclaims, "How poor and shallow a trick of the heart is cynicism!" misses its mark, inasmuch as cynicism, if a trick at all, is one, not of the heart, but of the head. It is somewhat ungracious, however, to call attention to faults which cannot often be discovered in the author's work. A little later on, having spoken of the views which are generally offered of Shakspeare's character, he observes that the poet "not only studies self-control; he could depict, and we cannot doubt that he knew by personal experience absolute abandonment and self-surrender." Now here is either a strange misapprehension or failure in expression. The assumption of his absolute self-surrender is just that one which may best be doubted. It is not the man who abandons himself to be carried away by the flood of passion who can best describe its force. The very fact of his being involved in its fury and whirl deprives him of all capacity for seeing it with clearness or comprehension; and he is unable to gauge its strength, having nothing wherewith to compare it save his own weakness. He who can resist the onset of the stream and stand firm till the flood has passed him may best tell with what a rush it came, and imagine the struggles of one lost in the receding torrent.

Mr. Dowden goes on to point out with care and accuracy how in the earlier period of Shakspeare's writing he was unwilling to venture himself upon dramatic composition without the support of a mechanism whereon to rest his structure. The bodily ordering of the play, so to speak, is considered before the spirit. "He finds," as the author says, "he can bring forward his forces, in turn, one after another, more readily when they are numbered and marshalled in definite order." This is well illustrated in the opening of *Romeo and Juliet*, where the parties of the opposing factions appear in alternate contrast until the entry of the Prince brings the scene into completeness. In the poet's later productions he is conscious of the acquired strength which can stand alone, borne up by no such artifice, and he flings the support no longer needed away. Lesser writers would do well to think of this, and learn that the rules against which they cry out as fetters and trammels to genius are but the aids with which human beings must learn to walk before they can hope to run and get no fall. It is singular that the author, having a clear perception of this fact, should go out of his way more than once to glorify an American writer whose disdain of the ordinary requirements of metre and rhyme cannot be justified by the power of what is called his poetry. In one remarkable passage the reader learns that the "spiritual teachers" of the present century are "Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Newman, Maurice, Carlyle, Browning, Whitman." The author's observation that this is a strange and apparently motley assemblage is certainly not out of place. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Dowden's estimate of modern poetry, there is no doubt that he has an unusual insight into the broader as well as the nicer meanings of Shakspeare. In a manner which may be termed "an honest method as wholesome as sweet," he traces by some certain and some supposed steps the growth of Shakspeare's faculties and the course of their development, taking the plays now singly, now in groups, and assigning to them their place in the order which he has found for their creation. That in the pursuance of this design he should be sometimes led into some of those pitfalls which have been described as besetting the paths of commentators is but natural; and it must be noted that his good taste always saves him from the offence of marring the poet's words by unreasonable interpretations. Sometimes he is over-fanciful, as when in the dialogue between Luciana, Dromio, and Antipholus of Syracuse —

> DRO. S. I am transformèd, master, am I not?
> ANT. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.
> DRO. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
> ANT. S. Thou hast thine own form.
> DRO. S. No, I am an ape.
> LUC. If thou art changed to aught 'tis to an ass—

he finds undoubted proof that when the poet wrote thus he had in his thoughts *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The same kind of straining at a discovery may be observed in the suggestion that the description of Osric as "very spacious in the possession of dirt," is a piece of irony aimed by the poet at his own industry in acquiring land.

It is not possible within a brief space to do justice in detail to the care and skill with which the author has worked out his facts and ideas. Perhaps of the essays on character the best is that concerning Richard III., of whose grim, malignant humour Mr. Dowden gives a brief but fine discussion. Besides that matter which more nearly touches Shakspeare, the book contains many valuable remarks on the drama in general, with one of which,

* *Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art.* By Edward Dowden, LL.D. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

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regarding the nature and origin of comedy, this notice may be concluded:—

> One who is thoroughly in earnest is not afraid to laugh; he knows that he may safely have his laugh out, and that it will not disturb the solid relations of things. It is only when we are half in earnest that we cherish our seriousness, and tremble lest the dignity of our griefs or joys should be impaired. And accordingly when great tragedies can be written, joyous comedies can be written also. But when life grows base or trivial, when great tragedy ceases (as in the period of the Restoration), when false heroics and showy sentimentality take the place of tragic passion, then the laughter of men becomes brutal and joyless—the crackling of thorns under a pot.

CURWEN'S SORROW AND SONG.*

WE have read Mr. Curwen's book with a varying judgment. It has certain decided merits. It is a collection of six biographical sketches of Henry Murger, Novalis, Petöfi, Balzac, Poe, and André Chénier. Mr. Curwen has been a careful and affectionate student of the works of these writers. We may think his admiration rather indiscriminating, and dissent from his very lofty estimate of such a writer as Edgar Poe. But this is, after all, a fault on the right side for a biographer. The sketches are interesting and generally well written. Mr. Curwen indeed is at times loose in his English. A "consequential" story, we may remark, is not the same thing as a consecutive story; and it is rather pleonastic to talk about a man taking a "graduate's degree." We hope that the printers are responsible for describing the author of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* as "Grey." But, putting aside these minutiæ, the sketches are lively and interesting; the anecdotes are judiciously selected; and Mr. Curwen seems to be thoroughly candid. He confesses, though he is sorry to confess, that he can't make a very heroic character out of poor Poe; though one or two of the worst accusations against Poe's honesty have been more or less explained away by Mr. Ingram. The only surprising thing is that anybody should have inferred from Poe's writings that Poe's life was likely to be heroic or respectable. We may therefore recommend his book with confidence as interesting in itself and likely to give some novel information to most English readers. The sketches of Murger, Petöfi, and Balzac appear to us to be the best; but all are worth reading. There is indeed one deduction to be made from the merits of the performance. Mr. Curwen has chosen to give a good many translations of French, German, and Magyar poems. He has very rightly given the originals of the French and German upon the opposite page; and anybody who is capable of reading those tolerably familiar languages may judge for himself as to the merits of the performance. We cannot say that the result is successful. Mr. Curwen seldom attempts to produce the same metrical effects as the original, and frequently dilutes the sense with unnecessary verbiage. He has called in a friend, "of unrivalled ability" as a linguist, to translate Novalis. We cannot say that the result is much better. Here is one stanza, which will be enough. It is certainly a bad specimen:—

> Der Himmel war umzogen,
> Es war so trüb und schwül,
> Heiss kam der Wind geflogen,
> Und trieb sein seltsam Spiel.

The translation runs:—

> The still air was murky and warm,
> And the sky was dark with the clouds,
> For the wind was heaping the storm
> In phantoms of coffins and shrouds.

To say nothing of the unwarranted introduction of "coffins and shrouds," the translator has introduced a discord which destroys the picture. He chooses to make the air "still" in the first line, and in the third talks about wind and storm. Mr. Curwen, by the way, makes a similar error in his description of Hungary. He tells us in one sentence that you travel there for days seeing no signs of life but the stork and the heron. In the next he exclaims, "What melodious voices there are in the midst of all this silence!" and proceeds to enumerate the voices of horses, cows, gipsies, and shepherds, besides talking about the white villages. What becomes of the silence with all this "in the midst" of it?

However, these little slips of language may be forgiven. We have another quarrel with Mr. Curwen which turns upon a more serious matter. He has put a moral into his preface upon which he apparently intends the book to be a continuous comment. So long as the moral is out of sight we can get on very well with Mr. Curwen; but whenever it comes to the surface we feel that he is very much in want of a little plain advice. He says that it has been his object to give the lives of a few representative men, who have insisted upon working out their own ideals in their own way careless of immediate success, who "battled on to the last, and died, if need were—and invariably there was need—in the very struggle itself." He proceeds to dilate upon the miseries of the literary profession, and to protest against the modern sentiment which represents the "aldermanic prize" of a large fortune as the only reward for all virtue and talent. Let us, as he says in what is meant for bitter irony, starve the artist "down to dying-point, but acknowledge the result of his labours without howling at him as 'loafer' and 'anachronism.'" This is doubtless very well intended; but it savours of a silly cant which has lately become popular, and which ought to be reduced to its true value.

Two things are in fact suggested in these lamentations and others in the same vein. The first is, that the profession of literature is inadequately rewarded; the other, that the true artist is unfitted by reason of his genius for the struggle of life. We will take the two points separately, and see how far they are borne out by Mr. Curwen's volume. He tells us, as we have seen, that the artist has died in the struggle, if need were—and "invariably there was need." We cannot guess what Mr. Curwen means by this last statement, unless he means that all artists must die some time or other, which is equally true of others than artists. To say that they "die in the struggle" ought to mean that they die of the wounds received in the struggle. If a man died of apoplexy in a railway carriage, it would not prove that railways were dangerous; and, in like manner, we could not allege the drowning of Shelley as a proof of any fatality in the profession of literature. Now let us take Mr. Curwen's cases. Murger became independent by his pen at the age of twenty-two, and his most popular novel was published three years later. He afterwards lived in comfort, and died of a disease—possibly due in some measure to his early difficulties—at the age of thirty-nine. Novalis, like a sensible man, got a place in a salt-mine, was never in any pecuniary trouble, and died of disease of the lungs at the age of twenty-nine. Petöfi, after some years of celebrity as a national poet, was killed in battle. Balzac had many embarrassments, but they were chiefly due to his foolish speculations as a publisher. He died at the age of fifty of a heart disease, aggravated by his bad habit of drinking coffee to keep off sleep. Poe's misfortunes and early death were chiefly due to drink. Finally, Chénier had no particular struggle of the pecuniary kind, and was guillotined in the Reign of Terror. Not one of these men can be said with any plausibility to have died from the effects of "the struggle." Novalis, Petöfi, and Chénier might have lived, for all that appears, to extreme old age in perfect comfort. Nobody, as far as we are aware, ever thought that writing would save a man from the effects of such habits as Poe's. If he had been a clergyman or a doctor, they would have been at least as ruinous. Balzac and Murger may possibly have injured their constitutions by their early labours; and we will hope that the "coffee" which is supposed to have been specially injurious to both was the worst excess of which they had been guilty. The true state of the case seems to be simple enough. Literature is a bad profession for a young man without money. So is the bar, or the medical profession, or indeed any other profession which implies the need of some noviciate. How many lawyers have come near starvation before they could get a brief, and doctors without hearing of a patient! If Murger's ambition had taken any other line, would he not have had a similar ordeal? and would he not have been marvellously lucky to succeed in any other way before he was twenty-three? Why should a man whine and denounce the world because it does not discover that he is a great writer before he is well out of his boyhood? The truth is that Murger's precedent tells the other way. It shows that in literature a man may win great prizes before he would have even begun his struggle in any other department. Any one of the heroes in Mr. Smiles's *Self-Help* would have laughed this effeminate self-pity to scorn. A man ought to have a struggle before he gets to the top of the tree; he is a coward if he whines, and a fool if he does not see that it does him good. The peculiarity of literature is simply this; that as some people succeed in it without any of the toilsome preparation which is a necessary condition in all other pursuits, other people fancy that they can succeed with equal facility. They assume that they can become good writers because they are quite clear they cannot be anything else. Pen, ink, and paper are sufficient capital for an author, and a power of spelling is a sufficient education. And therefore hundreds of people crowd into the profession on the strength of general incapacity. It is very lamentable that this should be the case, but hardly surprising. On the other hand, literature has the advantage of offering on the whole a fair field and no favour. Men of genius like Murger and Dickens come to the front with surprising rapidity, and their friends then complain that they ever had any struggle at all. When there is a royal road to success anywhere else, or when competitive examination has reached such a point that an author may be recognized infallibly before he has written, it will be time to sigh over the perversity of the world in this respect. We will only add that, if Murger had held the prosaic doctrine that a man's first duty is to pay his bills and to make himself independent before he follows his fancies, he would very likely have been a better author as well as a more respectable citizen. At any rate, as he chose to throw himself on the world at large and trust to his luck, he had no right to complain of getting a few rubs.

But, Mr. Curwen may reply, your true genius is naturally unfitted for this struggle. He is more sensitive than his neighbours, he has keener sensations, stronger passions, and therefore a greater liability to temptation. We do not dispute this doctrine, in which there is doubtless a good deal of truth. A Burns or a Byron is more likely to be misled than a calm Philistine who condemns him. This is true enough; and we do not quite see how it is to be remedied. We fear it will be true for a long time to come that a poet is more prone to certain excesses than another man; though we should add that the truly great poets have been also men of strong character. Dante and Goethe and Milton, to say nothing of Shakspeare, who made money like any shrewd tradesman, belonged to a higher class than the reckless Bohemian poets of the modern diabolic school. But one thing is quite clear. The tendency of men of genius to commit

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* *Sorrow and Song.* By Henry Curwen. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

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irregularities ought not to blind us to the fact that vice is vice; that immorality is not moral because it enslaves clever men; and that indecent and prurient art should be put down even if it is the work of our most brilliant artists. Mr. Curwen, with his admiration for the Poes and Baudelaires, is tempted to overlook this plain fact. The Philistines are here in the right, and he is in danger of talking sheer nonsense as well as questionable morality. "What stale moral verbosities shall we tag on to this pitiful life-story?" he asks, *àpropos* of Poe. Don't tag on any verbosities, we reply, fresh or stale, moral or immoral. Say, if you like it, that Poe was a drunkard, and that drink leads to misery. It is an old saying, but a very true one. Add, if you will, that his love of drink was partly due to the same causes which produced his poems. But don't say that drunkenness is not vicious in men of genius, or that Poe would not have been a better artist if he had kept himself from the bottle. His ghastly nightmares would have been all the better if they had not been flavoured with delirium tremens. Hawthorne was not only a better man but a greater artist than a dozen Poes; and will be read with admiration when Poe has become an object of curiosity to people who want to examine the eccentricities of the nineteenth century. In short, speak the plain truth. Don't confuse virtue and vice; and don't sophisticate your mind by immoral verbosities about "art for art's sake." "Les petites filles! les petites filles!" cries Asselineau, defending Baudelaire; "is there not a whole literature made to order for them?" and Mr. Curwen appears more or less to agree with him. This is a common bit of French logic. The argument in plain English is this:—We ought not to write exclusively for pure-minded schoolgirls; therefore a man is defensible who writes for dirty-minded schoolboys. Excessive prudery is detestable; therefore poring over obscenities, delicately veiled but highly spiced, is a permissible employment. The true answer is that books ought to be written for men; but by men we do not mean worn-out debauchees, or the effeminate and prurient dawdlers on the pavements of capitals, or the sickly sentimentalists who vibrate between a desire for "the roses and raptures of vice" and a maudlin melancholy over their morning's soda-water about the religion and the virtue which they have lost. The man for whom grown-up writers should compose their works should be a masculine and sensible person, with a healthy imagination and a capacity for looking facts in the face. He knows that life is a mixture of happiness and suffering, of good and bad impulses, and he despises both the goody-goody literature which ignores the existence of evil, and the more detestable literature of corruption which gloats over the evil, sneers at the good, and fancies that the only moving forces of the world are lust and selfishness. We must add, to avoid misinterpretation, that we by no means accuse Mr. Curwen of giving into this offensive jargon. On the contrary, he seems to us to recognize the need of some morality in these matters, and does justice to such men as Chénier and Novalis. We only say that, in his admiration for the effeminate school which regards Poe as one of the great poets of the century, he is betrayed into language which savours of these heresies, and that the theory which condones all the vices of a poet or a novelist simply because he has written poems and novels is a very dangerous one.

STAFF COLLEGE RECONNAISSANCES AND OUTPOST RULES.*

OF all the reforms introduced into the British army under the present Commander-in-Chief, none have met with more continued and bitter opposition than the establishment of a Staff College. Yet for the manner in which this was done the Duke of Cambridge deserves the especial credit due to a man who goes in advance of the time in which he labours; as he assuredly does for creating, in the face of strong professional prejudice, an institution which was necessary, as all now acknowledge, for the good of the service he administers. Those who remember what the state of military opinion was when the College was first formed in 1858 are well aware that, among ourselves, as in most other countries, it ran almost entirely in favour of all that was French. The army of the Second Empire, it was thought in those days, was reviving the glories of the First, without falling into that ill-discipline which proved so fatal to the great Napoleon when success once forsook his eagles. All who desired to improve our military institutions were wont to turn admiringly to Paris, or to that Algerian school of warfare which produced so much individual brilliancy at the very time when its loose tone was fatally affecting the whole fibre of the French service. And when the Crimean War called national attention to those defects of our own chance-formed Staff which Mr. Kinglake in his laudatory chapters unconsciously satirizes more powerfully than any hostile critic has ever done, it was natural that the old cry should be raised, They manage these things better in France; let us not be above copying the French. Now the French Staff system is founded on principles of its own, which, though originating in the brains of St. Cyr and other pupils of Napoleon, deviate very widely from the ideas of their great teacher. In theory at least—for his practice in all such matters was loose—that great master of war disapproved of the notion of setting aside an officer permanently to the higher duties and greater honours of the Staff, and giving him permanent interests often opposed to those of the regimental officers, whilst depriving him also of that practical knowledge of men which is one of the most necessary parts of training for high command. Any professional advantage to be gained by such separation was, he thought, more than counterbalanced by its indirect ill effects; and he therefore laid down the general principle that no officer ought to be promoted whilst upon the Staff. To win his step he should return for a time to the humbler practical work of the regiment. But those who followed Napoleon in the direction of military affairs in France seem to have preferred the views of his great rival as a military theorist, the renowned historian and critic General Jomini. According to Jomini, the duties of the Staff are so distinct in their demands from those of other officer, as well as so superior in grade, that those to whom they are to be assigned can hardly be set apart too early, if properly selected, or be trained too long in them when once appointed. Upon such a basis the modern French system is founded. It consists in selecting young officers for the Staff from various sources, some as subalterns, some direct from a cadet's life, and then, after preliminary training, sending them forth to do the Staff duties of the army constantly and exclusively, until their general's rank is gained. Like other French mistakes in military matters, the vices of this plan remained hidden during success. But a single unsuccessful campaign fully revealed them; and there is no Frenchman who has thought upon the subject that is not aware how largely the inefficiency and unpractical conduct of the junior ranks of the Staff contributed to swell the disasters of 1870.

Their adversaries, on the other hand, reaped rich results from the adoption long before of the opposite method. Whether consciously or not, Von Roon and Von Moltke had followed closely in their Staff training the general principles of Napoleon. Competition was indeed resorted to, as the fittest substitute in time of peace for that natural selection of the best men which such continued field service as that of Napoleon's Grand Army can secure without it. But the competition came comparatively late, after the first test of good regimental service. The course of study was at least as high in its aims as that of the French school, and at the same time, as suited the class and age of men for whom it was designed, it was more practical in tone. Lastly, and above all, the principle was adhered to that, to rise in the service, the Staff officer must, before each step, retire for a while to regimental duty. It followed that the Staff in Prussia has not been a permanently separate body. Rather it was and is a selection made of good regimental officers, carefully trained before their first special appointment, but regarded afterwards as interchangeable for all regimental purposes with those of their own grade in the ranks which they have for a time quitted. Hence two direct advantages are gained. No Staff officer can plead ignorance of regimental feelings or wants; and the jealousy with which a distinct branch of the service, better paid, more rapidly promoted, and more directly in honour's way, would be regarded by those who knew themselves to be excluded from it for life, is greatly lessened, if it does not wholly vanish. Added to this, the Prussian system has the further economic excellence, that under it a large number of officers may be trained for the Staff duties which crowd upon an army called suddenly into the field, and may yet be absorbed inexpensively into the regimental cadres in times of peace.

The British army therefore owes much to the Duke of Cambridge and his advisers, who sixteen years ago deliberately chose, when it was yet unproved by the test of war, to follow this method of the Prussians, when many ardent reformers called loudly for a Staff Corps after the French type. What particular considerations led our military chiefs to this decision need not be inquired into here. It is enough to know that the fact is so, and that from the day when the Staff College was established its graduates have had no indefeasible right to constant Staff employment, though their claims to vacancies have been on the whole fairly admitted. Those on whom the choice of plans fell deserve all credit for their wise decision. And if the College had to struggle with much opposition in its early days, the system of which it forms part has not been weighted with the cost which would have been entailed by the creation of an unduly large Staff simply to provide for its graduates, nor with the unpopularity which must have attached to its diploma, had this conferred on each man who held it precisely the same claim to employment without regard to personal considerations.

The institution has fairly outlived the opposition which it at first called forth. No one now seriously proposes to dispense with it, much less to go back to the no-system of præ-Crimean days. A Royal Commission has lately reported highly of its working, and caused the annual number of admissions to the College to be increased. And its natural task henceforward is not only to fulfil its primary purpose, the training of individual officers, but to keep itself in harmony with the national mind by making the public acquainted with the work which it carries on. Captain Baring judged wisely for the interests of the institution when he published the collection of *Staff College Essays* noticed by us on its appearance, and showed in his attractive little volume the sound character and wide scope of the theoretical teaching of the College Lecture-room. In the first of the two works now before us the present Commandant, whose name is a guarantee that the institution will respond to every modern demand, takes us with him into the field to show how the more practical instruction of the students is carried on. To borrow the words of his preface, we believe that "many who have not the

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* *Staff College Exercises*, 1874; *being the more extended Reconnaissances of the final part of the Course.* By Colonel Hamley, Commandant. London: Blackwood. 1875.

On Outposts. By Colonel Hamley. London: Blackwood. 1875.

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opportunity of following out the mechanism of military movements, and who find in military history few traces of them but their results, will be interested" by this unpretending work. Colonel Von Verdy has won high reputation by the *Studies* of a somewhat similar character prepared for the benefit of his German comrades. But his works are far more technical and abstruse than this of Colonel Hamley's, which may at once serve the purpose of professional study and carry the non-professional reader through its pages without difficulty, to close them finally with some wholesome and patriotic thoughts. For no Englishman can trace in these pages the care bestowed on an imaginary campaign of invasion on our own shores without feeling thankful that we are getting beyond the stage when it was held that the way to meet the standing national danger of the age was to shut our eyes to it until it came. There has been something said of late about the growth of our Intelligence Department, which up to the present time might be best described as the Snakes of Iceland in a famous chapter, by simply stating that there was none. The Staff College has, however, already done something towards filling the gap in our military institutions. The annual repetition for a few years of such exercises as the book before us shows to have been performed in 1874 would supply a certain body of officers with the chief elements for usefulness in the possible national emergency.

The system pursued—we must here abbreviate—appears to be as follows:—The students are practised at the College itself under their various professors in the proper methods of making reports and sketches of roads, arraying imaginary columns of troops of all arms on them, reconnoitring rivers, laying out camping-grounds, moving troops by railroad, billeting them (on paper) in given towns, occupying positions tactically, placing outposts, and writing out the necessary orders for all these operations. So much for the preliminaries. Then come the exercises themselves, forming "parts of extended operations, lasting several days, in which the student performs the duties that such movements would, in all particulars, demand from the Staff." The Commandant, assisted by his military professors, selects a fitting district. "An operation such as a given force might perform on such ground, under certain conditions with reference to itself and the enemy, and embracing as many of the items of Staff duty already enumerated as possible, is then planned, sufficient margin" (a most proper and practical reservation, we may remark) "being left for changes which closer acquaintance with the ground may show to be necessary." Its officers are assembled at a fit starting-point, and supplied with general directions, and then receive orders from day to day for the work to be executed in each. The whole is carried out with frequent assemblies of the students, interchange of ideas, comments by the Commandant, and continued examination of the ground. Positions are of course selected for battle, and arrangements made for attack or defence. "The imaginary operations are not assumed as what *must* take place, but what *might* take place; and officers are encouraged to make them the subject of different suppositions, supported by argument." In this way an invading army was landed, happily unknown to the Ministry and the public, near Chichester, in 1874; and a defending force, collected from London, Aldershot, and Chatham, was first concentrated by rail near Horsham, and then moved to check it with far more method than the motley array in which the Volunteers gathered to fight the Battle of Dorking. How each of these operations was conducted, down to the minutest details of duty which would fall to the Staff, is admirably illustrated; and we only regret that we cannot quote at sufficient length to show the thoroughness of the work. In brief, what Count Moltke has been doing on the frontiers of his great neighbours with a view to European contingencies, as well as to the training of his officers, that Colonel Hamley has practised with his students on a more modest scale, but on a plan every whit as suited to our possible exigencies as that of the great Field Marshal is to those of the new Empire which his science has done so much to build up.

Outposts, as we have said, form one special subject of study at the College, as well as of practice in the exercises that conclude its course. And, as the result of several years' study of this particular subject on varied ground, Colonel Hamley presents us with the essay which stands second in the list of works now before us. It would seem as though here the author of the *Operations of War* was resolved to show himself as well versed in the practical exigencies of field duties as he confessedly is in the strategical studies of the closet. For the essay is eminently a practical one. It is founded on the work conducted under the author's eye in the field, where, as he truly observes, "anybody who tries to place a line of outposts with reference to actual ground, and with a reason for all that he does, will find it no simple matter"—a very different one no doubt from carrying out the paper rules which every handbook on tactics gives, often unsupported by reasons for the assumptions made, and not supplemented by instructions how to suit them to circumstances. In brief pregnant chapters written in the luminous style which the author's German rivals have so much reason to envy, he discusses the Functions of Outposts, their Partition within themselves, their Force according to Circumstances, the Limits of their Distance from the Main Body, their Adaptation to Ground, their Conduct when Resisting and Retreating, the use of Cavalry and Artillery with them, their Management by Night, and their proper Organization and Command. Throughout the essay, as it seems to us, there is not one word too many or too few. It forms a striking illustration of the truth that a good teacher is himself always learning. And it appears most fitly in conjunction with the volume of College Exercises—the one showing the process, the other giving results—as though to give fresh proof that practice in time of peace, carefully and deliberately used in able hands, forms the best basis for preparing sound rules for action before an army is hurried into the field amid the confusion which real war will never fail to bring, though skill may minimize it, whilst rash unpreparedness may find it fatal from the first.

THE NEW EDITION OF HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

THE amateur organists and country choir-masters to whom for sixteen years this collection has been little less than an oracle, a book to be trusted whether right or wrong, through good report and evil report, have a hard task before them. The volume is completely transformed. The hymns are all transposed. The harmonies are in many places changed. Where mistakes occurred in the old harmonies, what vain hours have been spent in driving the tenor, against his ear and better natural judgment, to sing the wrong note, and how often has the alto broken down over an impossible discord! The result of finding that after all they were right and the infallible book wrong is one of those inevitable but terrible contingencies which we have all to face now and then. The vicar's daughters will sigh for the old days. The schoolmaster who tyrannizes at the harmonium will have himself to unlearn much that in time past he taught to others. But the reform of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* is an event long looked for, like the reform of Convocation, and until it had actually taken place no one believed in it. The two hundred and seventy hymns on which Mr. Coutier Biggs wrote his *Annotations* in 1867 have had two hundred more added to their number. More than a hundred have been included which were not in the Appendix. Where in the old book there were eight morning hymns and ten for the evening, the new has eleven for the morning and twice that number for the evening. Where there were thirteen for Easter there are now eighteen. The proportion of additions to the old work is much the same all through. The new hymns appeared in many cases in the Appendix already published, and will therefore not be wholly unfamiliar. Twenty-two old hymns have been omitted, in most cases judiciously. But the chief feature of change, to many people, will lie in the corrections, especially those of the musical part of the work. With a consideration which we commend to other editors, the hymns in the new arrangement have a note giving their place in the old; so that, although by degrees the new must supersede the old, there is no reason why the two should not subsist together for a time. The great popularity to which the collection has attained since it was first published in 1861 has been due almost as much to other circumstances as to any intrinsic worth in the book itself. It filled an empty place in our churches. It answered to a demand. Although it had a good many faults, no one of them was very serious. It was only sectarian in as far as it represented the views of the majority of church people. And at a time when every one was weary of the part songs and sacred glees which parish clerks and their assistants provided for us, Sunday by Sunday, the musical editors confined themselves to comparatively simple tunes—some of them indeed so simple as hardly to amount to tunes—and were content without any solos and with only a few repetitions. Many people disliked the book and many dislike it still. It had too High Church a tone for one, too Low for another. The original words of the hymns were often altered for the worse, according to some. The harmonies of many tunes had been tampered with, according to others. But the book earned for itself a place; we meet it everywhere, and in judging of the merit of any other hymn-book, we instinctively compare it with *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, not so much because we think that collection the best, as because it is the best known. There are not wanting people who wish to see the Psalms in a metrical form more extensively used. But in addition to the fact that now the Psalms as given in prose in the Book of Common Prayer are very commonly chanted in our churches, whereas they used to be read by parson and clerk alternately, there is the other fact that in this hymn-book, as in every other which pretends to popularity at the present day, a fair number of the Psalms occur as hymns, and that too, not only in one, but even in two or more, forms or translations. The gradual change in the fashion of what is considered good English has rendered Sternhold and his helpers again intelligible, and a general return to old fashions is well marked in all our books, though we still omit the "Pope and Turk" hymn, and for the most part neglect the "Lamentation of a Sinner."

Before proceeding to examine the hymns in the new edition in any detail we have a few words to say about the music. It has been improved. It needed improvement. Without going so far as a remarkable criticism which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* some eight or nine years ago, it must be allowed that the music was occasionally poor. Whether through ignorance or carelessness, good harmony was sometimes turned into bad, bad into worse, and, in a few cases, there was no harmony at all. Much of this has been mended. For example, one of the best-known and oldest pieces of harmonious composition is Tallis's Canon, usually, as in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, assigned to Ken's Evening Hymn. This exquisite air is so arranged as to be not only perfect

* *Hymns Ancient and Modern; with accompanying Tunes.* Revised and Enlarged Edition. London: Clowes.

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as a work of art, but also, as many country curates know, one of the best tunes to teach a young choir, because of the ease with which the four parts may be learned by beginners. In the former editions it was marred by a most serious error or alteration in the first line. This has been set right, and village choir-masters and mistresses will rejoice at the change. The tune in the new book is set to both the Morning and the Evening Hymn, and is now indexed as "Canon," while Tallis's "Ordinal," another most elaborate example of his skill, is called simply "Tallis." This latter tune is also better set, and is pitched a note higher than before. Without going in order through all the music, we observe a few other alterations. Hymn 59 (42 Orig. Ed.) is now printed with the notes, in an intelligible way. In Hymn 52 the setting is printed in full, and an alteration is made in the harmony which will bring it more into accordance with our old-fashioned ideas as to what Luther's Hymn should be like. Two tunes are now given for the words, "There is a Blessed Home," the time being differently divided in the first, by which its solemnity is much increased. On the other hand, we have still some faults to find. Without noticing evident misprints, one of which seems to occur in the first tune to Bishop Wordsworth's hymn on the Ascension, repeated at Hymn 397, we must regret the omission of the names of the tunes at the head of the page, as in most other hymn-books. So, too, there is something disingenuous in the new names given to old and well-known melodies. Though Mr. Havergal does not note the fact, there can be little doubt that the "Old 100th," so long named "Savoy," was called by that title on account of its early use by the French congregation lodged in the Savoy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. An interesting historical association is lost by the alteration of the old name. So too we recognize with difficulty the subject of a controversy in "St. Flavian," which was previously indexed as "Redhead 29." It is, in fact, the tune known to Sternhold and Hopkins as the "Old 132nd Psalm," and occurs in almost all the metrical Psalters from 1562. In some books it is rather absurdly named "Daye," perhaps after John or Richard Daye, the printers; but there can be no doubt of its identity, which has been repeatedly pointed out by Mr. Hatherley and others. Under its new name it occurs five times in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and is each time attributed to "Barber's Psalm Tunes, 1686," without a word to say that it is more than a century older than the time of Barber. Better to have left it as "Redhead 29," by which name many people had come to know it. If we had room, indeed, we might find fault with the names of many other tunes. They would almost seem too often to have been selected with a view of setting inquiry on a wrong scent; and as this cannot be their object, more care should have been taken to avoid the appearance. One other note on the music, and we proceed to the words. Perhaps nothing could have improved the very objectionable "Unser Herrscher"; but as it is a fact that for years it has been popularly known as "Annie Lyle," a negro melody, it would have been as well to omit it altogether.

We have already indicated the great increase in the size of the new book. In examining the additions and omissions we have found much assistance in a short series of papers by Mr. John Julian, Curate of St. Peter's, Preston, which appeared in the *Churchman's Magazine* during last year. Mr. Julian has been engaged on a comparison of the relative popularity of different hymns with a view to determining the possibility of forming an "authorized" hymnal. His carefully compiled tables afford a hymnologist some interesting and useful statistics. He gives a list of twenty-eight hymnals which together "cover the whole ground of the Anglican Church, both at home and abroad," and, forming with this list what he happily terms a committee, he gives their "verdict," on three classes of hymns. The first contains those hymns which are in at least twenty of the books; the second class those which are in at least fifteen; and the third those which occur in ten. Four hymns only occur in all the twenty-eight books. They are "Awake my Soul," by Bishop Ken; "Hark the Herald Angels," by Wesley and Madan; "Rock of Ages," by Toplady; and, "When I survey," by Watts. The new edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* contains four verses and the ascription of the first; two verses are altered from Lord Selborne's standard text, as given in the *Book of Praise*. The alterations, which can hardly be called improvements, were found also in the former editions. Three verses, and these unquestionably the best, are given of the Christmas Hymn. Of "Rock of Ages" we have all the verses. And to Watts's Hymn, as before, a very poor verse of ascription is added. It would be wearisome to go through all the two hundred and sixteen hymns which rise to Mr. Julian's first class, and we may pass on to the eight which stand at the bottom as being in twenty books only. The volume before us omits three of these. They are, "Before Jehovah's awful Throne," "From all that Dwell beneath the Skies," and "When Gathering Clouds around I view." They are all three well-known hymns; but two of them at least are judiciously omitted as partaking too much of the nature of mere reflections in rhyme. None of the three occurred in the old edition. It will be seen from the above application of Mr. Julian's tests that *Hymns Ancient and Modern* contains a majority of the more popular hymns from every source, and his rules may easily be further applied by inquirers in search of a hymnal.

We now proceed to notice the omissions. It may be a question whether Cowper's lines commencing "There is a Fountain filled with Blood" should find a place in any church collection, though it occurs in nineteen out of the twenty-eight which formed Mr. Julian's committee, and thus narrowly escaped his first class, and it is perhaps wisely omitted from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. But surely Watts's finest hymn should not have been left out. "There is a Land of Pure Delight" commends itself almost everywhere, and is found in twenty-two of the "Julian committee." Yet "God Moves in a Mysterious Way" is inserted, although it is unsuited for congregational singing, and the language is far more pompous and antiquated than that used by Watts. Altogether, however, we cannot quarrel with the omissions, especially of several hymns which stood in former editions. Twenty-two have thus been relegated to obscurity, including the second part of Ken's Morning Hymn, which was seldom sung, and the first hymn for "Holy Innocents," instead of which a good translation of "Salvete Flores Martyrum" has been substituted. Two of the Trinity hymns have also disappeared, and one, Heber's, is moved to a place among those headed "General." Room is only made for two special hymns for this festival, one of them a new acquisition. We shall miss No. 194, "Let every Heart exulting beat," a kind of paraphrase of some of the verses of the long Latin poem beginning "Jesu, dulcis memoria." Instead, however, we have a selection of fifteen verses under "Jesu, the very thought is sweet." For "O wondrous Type," the hymn of the Transfiguration in our ancient Sarum Use, translated by Dr. Neale, we have now two new insertions. The first is also by Dr. Neale, from the Greek, and the second by Mr. Chatfield; but, on the whole, we think the old hymn was better than both. Instead of the two hymns for Schools (229, 230), we have now seventeen "For the Young." Eber's fine verses, "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein," as translated by Miss Winkworth, were among the hymns for "Time of Trouble" in the old edition, and we regret their omission, though they were seldom sung. Mr. Ellerton's "We sing the Glorious Conquest" is a poor substitute for the old hymn for the Conversion of St. Paul, from the Paris Breviary. Among the additions we welcome "Just as I am," unaccountably omitted before, and now inserted without the second verse, "by permission"; it would be hard to say why. On the other hand, the missing verse of "Rock of Ages" has been supplied. Among other novelties we may also mention No. 397, for "The Restoration of a Church"; but as, unfortunately, few churches remain unrestored, and as it is just possible public opinion may prevail so far as to protect those few for the benefit of posterity, it matters the less that, on merely literary grounds, the lines are turgid and poor. Here is Mr. Ellerton's method of describing the restorative processes:—

> When the years had wrought their changes,
> He, our own unchanging God,
> Thought on this, His habitation,
> Looked on His decayed abode;
> Heard our prayers and helped our counsels,
> Blessed the silver and the gold,
> Till once more His house is standing
> Firm and stately as of old.

Why, in thus mentioning the metals of the collections, the copper is omitted we cannot say; it might have been included as the widow's mite. At the end of the volume are some metrical litanies, chiefly by Mr. Benson Pollock.

The words for the most part have been revised and made nearer to the original versions. But alterations, seldom, if ever, for the better, still occur too frequently. For some of them it is impossible to account. The translations also, of which there are upwards of one hundred and forty from the Latin alone, are too exclusively taken from Dr. Neale, who, great as were his capabilities, was yet in many cases inaccurate in rendering the exact meaning of his original, and by far too fond of paraphrase. His most popular work in this line is, no doubt, "Jerusalem the Golden," but a translation of "Urbs Syon aurea" it is not. The "Dies iræ," too, has received less than justice. Dr. Irons has made the most of the double rhymes; but to English ears single rhymes would have conveyed the Latin just as well, and would have led to less apparent shifts. Mr. Caswall, whose translations are often very happy, is hardly at his best in the "Stabat Mater" (117), but he has been most successful in the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" of King Robert.

DEMOSTHENES AT THE BAR.*

WE are afraid to say how many years have elapsed since the late Mr. C. T. Penrose set the example of giving students of Greek oratory a taste of the private and technical orations of Demosthenes. He was acute enough to see that the study of these addresses was something wholly distinct from that of the more famous public and political speeches, of which there are innumerable editions, and which no great school or University excludes from its curriculum. The latter are worth laying to heart as samples of ancient eloquence of the highest order; but the other and less lofty compositions of the great orator of antiquity furnish a large repertory of technical phraseology illustrative of the commercial life of Athens, and valuable alike to the classical student who desires to add to his stock of out-of-the-way words and phrases, and to the young lawyer who has a taste for comparing the procedure of Attic commercial law with that of his own country. Nothing of the

* *Select Private Orations of Demosthenes.* With Introductions and English Notes. By F. A. Paley, M.A., and J. E. Sandys, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's, Cambridge. Cambridge University Press: 1875.

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same character as Mr. Penrose's five select orations, which were much approved and have been long out of print, has appeared in the interval, except indeed Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's Translation, with Notes and Appendices; and of this it may be said that the volume containing the private orations is of the highest value. But this volume from its very nature is mainly for the professional student who would use it as ancillary to the study of English law, and make it an instrument of critical comparison. Mr. Paley and Mr. Sandys, active and experienced tutors, come forward opportunely to meet the want of schoolmasters and schoolboys or University students, and offer them in the volume before us a selection of six private speeches which are intended to illustrate the questions and practices of Attic Law and Law Courts, together with the details of "finance, mercantile transactions, loans, securities, interest on money, banking and mining operations, the laws of citizenship, &c."—in fact, all those things which make up Boeckh's famous work on the Public Economy of Athens. If, as we learn from the preface, no similar work has yet been issued from the *graves officinæ* of Germany, there is the more reason why this work should receive encouragement. The text adopted is that of W. Dindorf in the Teubner Series (third edition), with a careful collation by Mr. Sandys of the text of Baiter and Sauppe, in the Zürich *Oratores Attici;* and in the volume before us the greater part of the notes are due to Mr. Paley, while his colleague interpolates occasional notes for the sake of fulness or clearness, as well as renderings of particular passages borrowed from Professor Kennedy, all of which are distinguished by his own initial. It is not a little remarkable that the introduction as well as the text of each of the six orations making up this volume should owe so much directly and indirectly to the independent, illustrative, and elucidatory labours of two distinguished brothers of the Kennedy family.

The contents of the present issue, which is to be followed by another volume, are the Oration against Phormio on the subject of bottomry, or a loan of money made on sea securities; that against Lacritus, a Sophist and pupil of Isocrates, on the same subject; that in an action against Dionysodorus for damage, relating, like the one against Phormio, to a loan on bottomry; and three other orations, one against Pantænetus (unique as treating of "mining operations" among the extant speeches of Greek orators, and particularly difficult and intricate as to its matter and style), and two very singular speeches turning on a point involving, in two distinct ways, some curious questions on the rights of citizenship. The first, "Against Bœotus, touching the name," discusses the legal right of two sons of the same father by different mothers to bear the same name; and maintains that in Attic law the case of two brothers having the same name is utterly unprecedented, and that the legal title to be called Mantitheus, the son of Mantias of Thoricus, could only rest with one person—namely, him whom his father introduced and enrolled as such. The second of these connected speeches is in an action subsequently brought by Mantitheus, the legitimate son of Mantias beyond all dispute, against Bœotus, the self-styled Mantitheus, for a talent, as his mother's special dower, claimed out of the general property which had been shared between the eldest son and his brothers by adoption. The claim had been made soon after the father's death, but ineffectual attempts at arbitration delayed the matter for eleven years before it was brought into court. Mantitheus claims this one talent over and above his third; and Bœotus, to be even with him, claims a talent in addition to his third part, as due to him from his mother Plango. There is reason to believe that this Bœotus in the first suit had contrived to establish his title to the name of Mantitheus; and altogether the issues are such as could not be paralleled in our day or country. As Mr. Rann Kennedy puts it:—

> The modern reader may be surprised that a complaint of this kind should have been brought before the Athenian Tribunal. In our own times it is easy to designate an individual in such a way that he cannot be mistaken. John Smith is distinguished from numerous others who bear the name of John Smith by being described as "John Smith of No. 100 Cheapside, in the city of London, tailor." But in Athens the custom was to describe a man only by his own name and that of his father and his township. This was his address, his legal title, and his addition; this and nothing further was entered in the public records and documents. It became desirable therefore to avoid the multiplication of names; and there was no great difficulty in avoiding them in a small community such as that of an Athenian township.

The speech against Bœotus respecting his assumed name (which, as it seems, he succeeded in retaining), and that "contra Phormionem" are perhaps the most interesting specimens of the eloquence which Demosthenes could place at the command of private clients—in short, of what he wrote for such clients to speak in the private suits of the Attic Law Courts. We have glanced at the one, and it may not be amiss to give a brief sketch of the other. One Chrysippus lends the trader Phormio twenty minæ for a voyage to the Bosporus, on a contract, when he had there disposed of his freight, to take a return cargo, and from the profits of it, or of both, to repay his loan and interest. Unable to sell his wares in the Bosporus, Phormio sends the skipper Lampis back without himself, promising to follow him to Athens shortly. The ship is wrecked, having however no goods of Phormio on board, and so involving him in no loss; but Phormio evades liability by pleading a clause in the contract which exempted him from payment should his back-cargo be lost at sea. On this point the action turns. It is urged that Phormio's disputing his liability is simply the result of collusion with Lampis; and Chrysippus brings an action (*ἐμπορικὴ δίκη*) to make him pay his claims, Phormio on the other hand pleading a demurrer to show that the action cannot lie, for he has stuck to the terms of his contract. The speech against Phormio represents the answer of Chrysippus and his partner, who takes up the case at a certain point (§ 21), and it exposes the shifts of Phormio in first admitting liability and then suborning Lampis to swear to a payment which, on their showing, would have been excessive, and which moreover was made without witnesses. Chrysippus further argues that a demurrer cannot be maintained, because the transaction did not take place in, or in connexion with, the Attic mart. The action must be tried like other disputes about contracts before Attic Courts, and Phormio's plea of payment is simply a defence in an ordinary action. In connexion with this line of argument certain curious phrases in the text acquire an explanation which is well put before the reader by the editor; *e.g.* in § 4 *οὐ κατηγορεῖν τοῦ διώκοντος*, "not to accuse the plaintiff," has reference to the confusion between the actual plaintiff, Chrysippus, and the defendant Phormio, who in pleading a demurrer gets the first speech, and reverses the positions of the parties to a direct suit. In § 5, where Chrysippus proposes to prove not only that Phormio did not pay, *ἀλλ᾽ ὡς οὐδ᾽ ἐξῆν αὐτῷ ἀποδοῦναι*, "but that he could not have paid," since he could not realize the value of his wares, our editors have seen the sense more clearly than Mr. Kennedy, who translates it "It was not even lawful for him to pay." In the next section also they have rightly taken *ἐπὶ ἑτέρα ὑποθήκη* in connexion with the context to be equivalent to *ἐφ᾽ ἑτέρῳ τοσούτῳ*, "on the security of twice the amount of goods," that being a way of ensuring a margin for a bad market or for actual losses; and they point out on *ἐπιδανείζεται* (*ibid.*) the illegality of raising money by a second or third mortgage on property already mortgaged to the hilt. The shifts of the slippery and impecunious seem to have been similar in 335 B.C. at Athens to those of our nineteenth Christian century.

It is pointed out by the editors with much force that more than one of the arguments relied upon in this speech are negative arguments *ἐκ τῶν εἰκότων*, *i.e.* not from evidentiary facts, but from combining and reasoning upon the probabilities. Thus in § 14 occurs the rhetorical argument from Lampis's silence, when the speaker served Phormio with a summons in his presence. "He never dared to say, as he would have done had the story been true, that Phormio had already paid the money to him." It was not *likely* in that case that he would have been silent. So again in § 23 (which, by the way, is one of the arithmetical nuts-to-crack which make this oration worthy to be commended as an exercise in calculation as well as classical learning) the argument *ἐκ τῶν εἰκότων* is used in reference to the extreme improbability of Phormio having paid Lampis, because the sum he pretends to have paid is more than he owed Chrysippus at Athens. And again the same line of argument is taken, though, as the editors observe, with less fairness, where in § 27 a fraudulent intention is assumed in the argument:—"At Athens where the compact was made (and where you can be sued at law) you don't scruple to defraud the lender, while in the Bosporus, where you are not likely to be sued, you pretend to have paid more than was due." This, indeed, is but one of the indirect methods of the orator to make the jury see the case in a light of complete conviction, the probabilities being pleaded to enforce the evidence. How at other times he plies the weapon of irony may be seen by comparing with the Greek text of §§ 29-30 our editor's translation of the remarks on the lying pretences of Phormio (*προσῆκε γε —— ὥσπερ ἀδικῶν τι*).

> Surely when Phormio was paying back so large a sum of money, and even more than he had borrowed, he ought to have talked about it on the Mart, and to have invited all men to witness the act, and above all the servant and partner of Chrysippus; for men don't get more witnesses than is necessary to see that they borrow, but as many as they can to see that they pay, and that their honesty and respectability in their dealings may be talked about. Had he so acted, no one of the trading marchants would have been more looked up to for honesty. But what was the actual case? You, says the speaker, instead of making many persons witnesses of these acts, did all you could to escape observation. One would almost think you were doing something dishonest.

In such "construes" as these, and in the excellent brief running commentary which accompanies the sections, almost every help that is desirable is rendered to the student. Wherever there is need, technical uses of particular words are distinguished and illustrated; *e.g.* in § 8, *ἐξετάζειν*, "to take stock," is paralleled by Aristoph. *Eccles.* 728, *κἀξετάσω τὴν οὐσίαν*; and nice constructions are made clear, as in § 25, *πλέον τρισί*, "more by three," with which Paley and Sandys compare Thucyd. i. 36 *ad fin.*, and take *ταῖς ἡμετέραις* there as "by," not "than our navy." Pertinent illustrations from Demosthenes himself, from Aristophanes (whose latest plays are thirty years older than that orator's earliest speeches), from Plato, and from Thucydides, are also brought to bear upon the oration "contra Bœotum de nomine," upon which, had we space, we should be fain to linger. Bœotus, it would seem, did not like his name, which perhaps recalled the proverb, *Βοιωτία ὗς* of Pindar (*Ol.* vi. 90), with which we may compare the taunt of "Hampshire Hog" once flung back by a classic Welshman on Dr. Holdsworth, and the line from Horace's Epistle, "Bœotum in crasso jurares aere natum."

This oration abounds with technical terms and distinctions which are clearly explained. Thus *δίκην λαγχάνειν*, "to bring an action," is traced to the leave originally obtained *by lot* to bring on a suit at a certain day. *Εἰς συμμορίαν*, "for a tax-company," is elucidated in a note at § 8 with remarkable brevity and clearness. *Γραφαί, φάσεις, ἐνδείξεις, ἀπαγωγαί* (§ 14), each find appropriate translation; the second and third words being rendered by C. R. Kennedy "presentments" and "informations," and by Dr. Kennedy "fiscal and criminal prosecutions." For the phrase *ζυγομαχεῖν*, "to wrangle," a

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verb of later Attic used by Menander, we are referred to the two rowers on the ζυγὸν of a trireme, or the twin oxen under the yoke, as pictured by Hesiod. The use of the ἐχῖνοι is defined and illustrated in § 18. They were vases for holding documents or affidavits, generally in connexion with appeals against arbitrations, which were sealed up and not allowed to be opened before the day of trial. It would seem probable that this vase or casket got its name from its shape. Mr. Sandys's illustration of the expression τῶν δήμων Θωρίκιος (lit. "of the demi, a member of that called Thoricus"), § 30 by Plato Euthyphro 2. B. τῶν δήμων Πιθεύς, is a sample of the practically helpful character of most of the notes which bear his initial, and which raise our expectations as to the second part of these select private orations, in which his share of the annotational matter will be larger. Generally speaking, these orations throw much light on such topics as the corn-trade at Athens, corn at famine prices, the mines of Attica, and the general question of Attic names. The student who sets himself to master the volume will find it a useful and interesting introduction to the comparison of English with Greek law.

THE LAW AND THE LADY.*

MR. WILKIE COLLINS has the art of telling a secret at greater length than any one else, whether writer or merely speaker, that we have ever happened to come across. He wins his audience, as a clever child draws away her companions from their games, by the promise of telling them a secret; but when they are caught he does not quite so quickly let them go. The secret fills three whole volumes. We doubt, however, if it altogether repays the trouble of getting at it. Mr. Collins has done well in first publishing the story in weekly parts; for we should imagine any reader of common sense, when once he had the story in his hand, would save himself the labour of following the lengthy clue by going to the end by the shortest of all cuts. Mr. Collins perhaps has the same excuse as the sign-painter who, whatever was the name of the inn that he was hired to adorn, painted every sign a red lion, for the good reason that a red lion was all he had learnt to paint. So Mr. Collins tells secrets, for secrets are all that he has learnt to tell. Characters he cannot draw, and manners he cannot sketch. He can tie knots that are almost as ingenious as the knot of Gordius, and can form a puzzle that would be no discredit to a Chinaman. Untying knots and unravelling puzzles is at best but very dull work, though to people of a sluggish mind it would seem to be as pleasant as any other occupation. Mr. Collins begins to tie his knot in the first page of his story; he spends the reader's time by giving him clue after clue, each of which turns out to be a false one; and does not let him unravel the mystery till the last chapter has been reached.

Unlike most stories, *The Law and the Lady* opens with the heroine's marriage. She makes a mistake in signing her name in the church register, to the great alarm of her old aunt, who sees in the error a bad omen. The heroine—and we rather suspect the author too—shares in the old woman's silly fears. "Even then," the heroine says, "in the days of my ignorance and my innocence, that curious outbreak of my aunt's superstition produced a certain uneasy sensation in my mind." We care nothing for omens except when they come in novels, and in novels which we are so unfortunate as to be forced to read. Then indeed, especially when they come so early in the story, we too have a certain uneasy sensation in our minds. The bride knew next to nothing of the family of her husband, Eustace Woodville, as he calls himself. His mother had refused to attend the marriage. There was some mystery in the case, though what even the bride herself did not suspect. For their wedding tour they were to go yachting in the Mediterranean. Unhappily, the night before they were to go on board, the heroine, who herself tells the story, "awoke, suddenly and unaccountably, from a deep and dreamless sleep, with an all-pervading sensation of nervous uneasiness which I had never felt before." She gets up, puts on her dressing-gown and slippers, and looks at the sun rising over the calm grey sea. "For a while, the majestic spectacle before me exercised a tranquillizing influence on the irritable condition of my nerves. But ere long the old restlessness returned upon me." As the majestic spectacle of the sun rising at Ramsgate had lost its tranquillizing influence, she "entered," she says, "my husband's dressing-room to try if the change would relieve me." She begins to rummage in his dressing-case, finds that it had a false bottom, and comes upon a photograph with writing on the back, which showed that it was the likeness of her husband's mother. There was not very much at first sight in this discovery, nor would it seem to be one that altogether justified the "all-pervading sensation of nervous uneasiness" which had roused her from her sleep. Yet, to judge from the photograph, the mother "was a person possessing unusual attractions—a person whom it would be a pleasure and a privilege to know." In fact, if her likeness told a true story, she would seem to have been as "superior a person" as the member for Liskeard himself. "What," the heroine naturally asks, "had made that genial, gentle mother of his so sternly bent on parting us?" She goes out for a walk on the sands, sees an old lady accidentally drop a letter, picks it up and returns it to her, and "stands rooted to the spot," for "there was my husband's mother standing face to face with me." It was altogether a chance meeting—one of those chance meetings which are so uncommon everywhere except in novels. She is not of course recognized, and when in the old lady's hearing she is addressed as Mrs. Woodville, "not the faintest gleam of recognition appeared in the old lady's face. Old Mrs. Woodville went on talking to young Mrs. Woodville just as composedly as if she had never heard her own name before in her life." The explanation was clear enough. Her husband's name, she found out, was not Woodville, but Macallan. He happened to come up as the two were talking on the sands, and introduced them to each other. "The first expression of surprise passed from his mother's face. It was succeeded by the most terrible look of mingled indignation and contempt that I ever saw in woman's eye. 'I pity your wife,' she said."

Here was a pretty mystery in which to involve a young bride. No wonder that she says "the foremost interest of my life was now the interest of penetrating these mysteries." Fortunately for her he found that they must return to London for a day or two. He goes out from their hotel to pay some calls, and she to consult an old friend of her father's, Mr. Benjamin, on the mystery. By "a strange coincidence," as she calls it, as she is driving along she sees her husband just coming out of a house. In that house she gets the clue to the mystery. Her husband, finding out that she is trying to get at his secret, gives her a most solemn warning:—

> "Listen to this," he said. "What I am now going to say to you, I say for the first, and last, time. Valeria! if you ever discover what I am now keeping from your knowledge—from that moment you have a life of torture; your tranquillity is gone. Your days will be days of terror; your nights will be full of horrid dreams—through no fault of mine, mind! through no fault of mine! Every day of your life you will feel some new distrust, some growing fear of me—and you will be doing me the vilest injustice all the time. On my faith as a Christian, on my honour as a man, if you stir a step further in this matter, there is an end of your happiness for the rest of your life! Think seriously of what I have said to you; you will have time to reflect. I am going to tell my friend that our plans for the Mediterranean are given up. I shall not be back before the evening." He sighed, and looked at me with unutterable sadness. "I love you, Valeria," he said. "In spite of all that has passed, as God is my witness, I love you more dearly than ever."

"My husband's terrible warning—all the more terrible in its mystery and vagueness—produced no deterrent effect on my mind," she writes. Is not "deterrent effect," by the way, a term borrowed from the vocabulary of prison philanthropists? Mr. Collins perhaps has dealt so long in criminals and crime that the phrases which are generally to be found in Social Science Reports are not out of place in any story of his. She calls at the house whence she had seen her husband come forth and finds an old friend of her uncle's, Major Fitz-David. He in his turn warns her against pursuing the search, but, finding her obstinate, helps her so far as to say that somewhere in his study is to be found a clue to the mystery. He allows her at the same time to make a thorough search. The story for a long time is not advanced by this search, though certainly the volume is very conveniently filled up, for at first of course the heroine turns out matters of interest indeed, but not of interest to her. She comes at length upon the fragments of a broken jar just as the Major came into the room. A change came over his face; "he looked at me with a sudden suspicion and surprise—looked as if he had caught me with my hand on the clue." At the end of the search, when it had proved successful, he owned, "I felt my first presentiment that you were on the brink of discovery when I found you looking at the fragments." The broken vase had been given to the Major by Mr. Macallan's first wife. But a greater discovery before long was made. She came upon a book containing "A complete report of the trial of Eustace Macallan for the alleged poisoning of his wife." We shall not attempt to do justice to the capitals in which the title-page of this trial is set forth. She fainted away on reading it, or, as Mr. Collins expresses it, "the black blank of a swoon swallowed me up." She recovers only to find that a second black blank is ready to swallow her up once more, for her husband had gone off, refusing even to see her again. By the end, then, of the first volume one great secret had been discovered, but only to open up others still more mysterious. She finds out why her husband had changed his name. He had been tried in Scotland, and escaped only by a verdict of "not proven." She is convinced of his innocence, though the report of the trial is on the whole strongly against him, and resolves to discover who the poisoner was. She refuses to accept the generous allowance which her husband wished to make her, and is modestly content with what she no less modestly calls "my own little fortune, eight hundred a year." There is, by the way, no greater sign of the increased wealth of the country than the advance that has of late years taken place in the incomes enjoyed by heroes and heroines.

A considerable part of the second volume is filled up with the report of the celebrated trial. The Scotch method of procedure, according to Mr. Collins, would seem to differ greatly from that of the English Courts. In the trial before us the evidence on both sides was given before a speech was made on either side. Then the Lord Advocate addressed the jury for the prosecution, the Dean of Faculty replied to his "infamies" in "a grand burst of eloquence," and the judge thereupon summed up. There must, moreover, be a far greater laxity in admitting evidence than we know of south of the Tweed, if, that is to say, the judges generally admit such evidence as the following:—

> Now that the Diary has been produced, I agree with the prisoner's mother in denying that it is fair evidence to bring against him. A Diary (when it extends beyond a bare record of facts and dates) is, in general, nothing but an expression of the weakest side in the character of the person who

* *The Law and the Lady.* A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1875.

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keeps it. It is, in nine cases out of ten, the more or less contemptible outpouring of vanity and conceit which the writer dare not exhibit to any mortal but himself. I am the prisoner's oldest friend. I solemnly declare that I never knew he could write downright nonsense, until I heard his Diary read in this Court!

The whole account of the trial is as absurd as it is dull, nor is it at all improved in one passage by the disagreeable medical details that are given. For two whole volumes the devoted wife pursues her investigations into the murder, unwearied by the prolonged rant of one of the chief of Mr. Collins's characters. Unhappily for the reader it is not till close on the end of the story that this raving madman sinks into an idiocy that is at least silent. We were from the first prepared to find him peculiar, for when the heroine first went to see him, we are told that as she drew near the house, "The ghastly white figures of vagrant ducks gleamed at intervals in the mystic light." No wonder, when the ducks are so ghastly outside the house, that inside she came upon such curiosities "as a frightful little skeleton of a woman" and the "skin of a French marquis tanned in the Revolution of Ninety-three." The madman leads her, and the reader too, to suspect for half a volume or so that the poisoner was a lady with whom Eustace Macallan had been in his early years in love. The proof seems clear, and the heroine is following it up step by step, till at a party where there was a "shrill and strident *prima donna*," she finds out that her suspicions were groundless. We should like to stop to ask how long has this fashionable word "strident" formed part of the English language, and how far in meaning it differs from "shrill." Strong as the suspicions had been against this lady, still stronger do they suddenly become against the madman himself. In one of his ravings he seemed to have betrayed himself. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as he raved, there was a clerk hidden behind his chair who took down what he said, and so was able to reproduce a few pages of such nonsense as the following:—

"What did the Missus say to the Maid?" he repeated. His laugh died away. He went on speaking, more and more vacantly, more and more rapidly. "The Mistress said to the Maid, 'We've got him off. What about the letter? Burn it now. No fire in the grate. No matches in the box. House topsy-turvy. Servants all gone. Tear it up. Shake it up in the basket. Along with the rest. Shake it up. Waste paper. Throw it away. Gone for ever. Oh, Sara, Sara, Sara. Gone for ever.'"

In the end it turns out that neither the husband, as most people believed, nor the lady, as the reader believes in the second volume, nor the madman, as the reader believes in most of the third volume, had committed the murder, for the best of all reasons, that no murder had been committed. The hero's first wife had poisoned herself. The truth is at last arrived at, partly by the ravings of the madman, partly by some fragments of paper which are found in a vast dust-heap. When, two hundred pages or so before it was wanted, this dust-heap was somewhat ostentatiously introduced, and gave occasion to a prophetic utterance, we at once saw that it was destined to play an important part in the development of the plot, and, as we read on, we were not surprised to find that it had a whole chapter to itself. With the dust-heap, and its contents of paper rubbish, we shall take leave of Mr. Collins and his novel of *The Law and the Lady*.

MINOR NOTICES.

WHATEVER may be thought of the soundness of the views which Dr. Schliemann has endeavoured to establish as the result of his researches, there can at least be no doubt as to the value and interest of the researches in themselves. The discoveries are unquestionably genuine, and, even if they fail to support the particular theory which has been associated with them, they are of scarcely less historical importance from other points of view. An English translation of such a work as Dr. Schliemann's would in any case have been justified; but there are special reasons for welcoming the handsome and elaborate edition* which has just been issued under the supervision of Mr. Philip Smith. It is not a mere reproduction of the original work, but a carefully revised and improved edition, containing new materials contributed by Dr. Schliemann, and impartial annotations by the editor. Not only the narrative of the researches, but the account of the controversy to which they have given rise, is thus brought down to the latest date. Nor is this all. The value of a book of this kind, which attempts to give the reader an idea of the shape and markings of the articles discovered, necessarily depends in a great measure on the quality of the drawings which illustrate the text. A few strokes of the pencil are often of more service than many pages of letterpress; and in this respect the woodcuts and lithographs which have been prepared for the present edition are greatly in advance of the somewhat rough photographs of the original. Of the work itself we have already spoken more than once (see *Saturday Review*, March 21st and April 11th, 1874), and it is unnecessary to go back upon what is now familiar ground. Apart from the historical and other questions which are raised, the narrative is an extremely interesting record of personal energy and enthusiasm.

A second edition of Mr. Beresford Hope's work on Worship in the Church of England† having been called for, he has taken the opportunity of carefully revising it, and on one point an error of some importance has been discovered and corrected. In the first edition a passage was quoted from Nicholls's translation of Bishop Cosin's Latin notes on the Prayer-Book (published in Nicholls's folio edition of the Prayer-Book in 1710), in which the Bishop was made to describe the proper dress of the celebrant as a "surplice and hood." This was a statement that rather perplexed Mr. Hope at the time, for it was in contradiction both to what Cosin had himself said elsewhere and also to what was known to be his personal practice. A reference, however, to the original Latin notes has cleared up the difficulty. It appears that Nicholls was guilty of a mistranslation, and that what Bishop Cosin really wrote was "superpelliceo cum casula sive capa," or a surplice with chasuble (vestment) or cope. It is certainly curious, as Mr. Hope remarks, that the Judges in the Purchas case should have spoken of the simultaneous use of the surplice and chasuble as an impossibility, not realizing that the latter might be worn over the former. What they wished to show was, that the "vestment or cope," with the "white albe plain," of the rubric of 1549, and the cope and surplice of the canons of 1604, were not compatible; but, in point of fact, a "white albe plain" and a surplice are really the same dress, and the only difference was that the "vestment" or chasuble had apparently gone out of use, and the other only was mentioned at the latter date. The discovery of Nicholls's blunder has of course tended to strengthen Mr. Hope's position by removing an apparent inconsistency on Cosin's part. This is the chief correction which has had to be made, but one or two minor points have also undergone revision.

It has occurred to some of the English disciples of Comte that the most appropriate method of doing honour to his memory would be to publish a careful and well-considered translation of his *System of Positive Polity**; and we have here the first instalment of the work, translated by Mr. Bridges. The remaining three volumes have been undertaken by Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor Beesly, and Dr. Congreve. When the series is completed the English nation will be provided with an authoritative version of the great Comtist gospel, certified to be accurate by the nearest approach to Priests of Humanity which this barren and benighted country is capable of producing. A wider circle of readers will thus be brought within the range of illumination; but it may be doubted whether the translation will be found as impressive as the original. There are many things which sound very fine in French, but which only make people laugh when expressed in a tongue that affords less cover for absurdities; and there is some reason to fear that this may be to some extent the effect which will be produced upon those who are introduced to Comte in plain English. The selection of the *Polity* as the most important of Comte's works is warranted by an assertion made by Comte himself, and indicates distinctly enough the school of extreme and abject devotees who accept without question not only the rational philosophy with which the man of science began, but the fantastic rhapsodies into which he launched when he started as a prophet and pontiff. There is, as Mr. Lewes has remarked, a wide gulf between those who may call themselves Positivists because they accept the *Positivist Philosophy* with admiration and gratitude, and those out-and-out Comtists who reserve their worship chiefly for the sacerdotal despotism which pervades the *Polity*. It is significant of the courageous faith with which the present volume is put forth that no attempt is made to disguise or explain away the state of mind in which the greater part of it was evidently written. Comte has stated in his own words the essential difference between his two great works. The first involved a process of investigation and discussion; the other allowed of "a nearer approach to a more satisfactory mode of exposition, in which conviction is the result not so much of controversy as of solitary reflection." There can be no doubt as to what this means. It implies a certain consciousness on the part of the writer himself that he had cut the cords which bound him to the earth, and was soaring freely into the region of subjective fancies; and the general tone of the book proves how completely he assumed the position of a spiritual lawgiver enthroned above men. Closely connected with this mental revolution was his connexion with Mme. Clotilde de Vaux, who was, as he tells us, "the source from which he was at last initiated in the highest human emotions." Having driven off his wife and nearly all his friends, he went through "a new birth" under the influence of this "incomparable angel," and the Positive Philosophy soon appeared "in the full dignity of a complete and final religion" in which Comte and his favourite Saint occupied naturally very distinguished positions. The *Polity* is prefaced by a lengthy dedication to her memory, and as the writer proceeds to explain his system he is continually interjecting panegyrics on this paragon of perfection, who, it appears, had the misfortune to be "misunderstood by every one, even by her own family." She seems to have been a weak, hysterical creature, who, because she had been unfortunate in marriage, made the most of herself as an object of interest. Comte reproduces as a part of his gospel a commonplace little fiction, in the shape of a correspondence between two lovers, which she had once published in some newspaper in order to illustrate her unfortunate position as the wife of a convict who wanted very much to marry another man; a scrap of her muse, equally vapid; and also a long letter of his own on social commemorations which he had addressed to her on a birthday, and in which he explains the system of hagiology in which she was to have a prominent niche. There is no doubt much

* *Troy and its Remains.* By Dr. Henry Schliemann. Translated with the Author's sanction. Edited by Philip Smith, B.A. Murray.

† *Worship in the Church of England.* By A. J. B. Beresford Hope, M.P., Author of "The English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century." 2nd Edition. Murray.

* *Comte's System of Positive Polity.* 1st Vol. Containing the General View of Positivism and Introductory Principles. Longmans.

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that is noble and tender in Comte's love-fit, but the way in which it is made the central feature of a new religion sufficiently indicates the character of the inspiration. It is evident that Comte, who had got on very badly with his wife, was encouraged to hope that her successor in his affections represented more truly the enthusiasm of the sex for eloquent philosophers, and women thus became one of the chief elements of his system. The organization of moral force is based, as he explains, on the triple alliance of philosophers, women, and the people. Philosophers, it appears, are to be the supreme directing force, women are to blow the bellows, and the working classes are to supply whatever physical force is required for the immolation of unbelievers. "Exceptional cases will arise where moral force is insufficient; in these it will be necessary for the people to interfere actively"—an admission which perhaps accounts for the extreme sympathy of English Comtists for picketing and other forms of Trade-Union coercion. There is perhaps, however, a warning in Comte's subsequent remark that the application of this sort of force "will impose conditions of great difficulty on its systematic organs"—that is, the philosophic class. The minute detail of ritual and decoration which is given in the 6th chapter is grotesquely characteristic of the spirit in which the new pontiff set to work. The "admirable institution of maritime chivalry" which fell with Catholicism was to be revived in the shape of an Occidental fleet under the command, we suppose, of philosophers, who would no doubt prefer to direct its operations from the shore. The fleet would bear on its flag the Positivist motto. Then there was to be a new Occidental currency consisting of spheres of gold, silver, and platinum, each with a flattened base, and, on the great circle parallel to it, the Positivist motto. At the pole would be the image of Charlemagne, and round it his name, Carolus, which would also be the common appellation of the universal monetary standard. Another of the great wants of the age, without which the enforcement of the fixed rules of universal morality (that is, Comte's ideas of morality) would be incomplete, was a flag suitable to the Western Republic. No Frenchman of course can get on without a flag. The banner for use in religious services was to be painted on canvas, bearing on one side the emblem of Humanity (a woman thirty years of age, with a son in her arms) on a white ground, and on the other the religious formula of Positivism on a green ground, the colour of hope. Green, too, was to be the colour of the political flag. As it was intended to float freely, it did not admit of painting, but the carved image of Humanity was to be placed at the banner-pole. In this case the motto was to be divided into two parts, one for men and the other for women. "This point settled, the question of the various national flags becomes easy." In these the centre might be green with the national colours on the border. These are among the "most immediate of the functions" of the Positive Committee; but the English leaders of the sect have been somehow not very demonstrative in carrying out these momentous precepts of the founder. It may be noted, however, that the present volume is bound in green cloth. Nothing of course could be more unfair than to represent these trivialities as a sample of the whole bulk of the *Polity*, but they serve to indicate the state of mind in which that strange mixture of sense and nonsense was composed. Its more serious defects are the pretensions of the writer, to infallible inspiration and Pontifical absolutism.

One day perhaps Chief Justice Cockburn's summing up in the Tichborne case * will be studied as an important historical document, illustrating not only the elements of an extraordinary imposture, but also many curious and, perhaps in the eyes of our grand-children, startling aspects of life and manners in the reign of Victoria; and it is probably from the latter point of view that it will possess the deepest and most permanent interest. The variety of scenes, characters, and incidents, the wide range of social stratification opened up from top to bottom, and the numerous problems, both physiological and psychological, which are incidentally presented for consideration, make a wonderful study of human nature. Apart from the familiar features of the case, we get strange glimpses of the workings of the human mind, the crude stupidity of the ignorant and vulgar, the vagaries and delusions of more cultivated intelligences, the fanaticism of personal vanity, and the general incapacity of ordinary persons to form, retain, or reproduce correct impressions even of things passing directly and closely under their observation. Interesting questions are also raised as to possible changes of character, manners, and physical appearance, failure of memory, and the like. It is easy to imagine that, had it been possible for Sir Alexander Cockburn's Charge to have been issued as an original work, without having had its freshness taken off by interminable reports and discussions in the newspapers, it would have been seized upon as one of the most fascinating works of the day. It shows a remarkable command over a vast body of minute details, and power of moulding them into a clear, consecutive narrative. The animated and graceful style in which the Charge is written to some extent disguises the laborious industry that must have been involved in its composition, and, in spite of its length, makes it easy reading. Its most important characteristic, however, is the way in which a close microscopic precision in dealing with facts as they are gradually unfolded is combined with intellectual breadth and insight in the general survey of the case. The present edition of the Charge has been reprinted from the official copy taken from the shorthand-writer's notes, and has been corrected by the Chief Justice himself. The question of handwriting, it should be mentioned, is fully illustrated by facsimiles of manuscripts written by Roger, the Claimant, and Orton, and also by an elaborate analysis of the way in which each formed the various letters of the alphabet.

Mr. Charles Grant's *Studies in Verse* * belong to the class of poetry which a cultivated man may take pleasure in writing, and need not be ashamed to print. The versification is marked by graceful ease and unaffected melody; the thought, if not profound, is tender and sympathetic, and though there is not much that is striking in the volume, it leaves on the mind an agreeable and satisfied impression. The general character of the poems is meditative rather than romantic; but there are passages in which Mr. Grant shows his power of portraying both character and passion. Some of the pieces are in the old ballad style; "Mother and Daughter" is a study after Wordsworth, and with much of the master's qualities; and "A Man's Choice" reads somewhat like Browning ironed out smooth. There is a set of verses, very delicate and playful, in which "Little Annie" takes her dolly into confidence on various subjects; and another series of a more ambitious character, in which the writer expresses through various characters the anguish of the Poles at the suppression of their nationality.

Brigadier Frederic † is a story intended to illustrate the sufferings of the Alsacians at the hands of the Germans. It is written in the simple homely style with which readers of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's works are familiar, and may be accepted as a genuine transcript from real life. Without any attempt at impassioned description or straining after effect, it brings before us in a most pathetic and touching manner not merely the hardships and cruelties inseparable from warfare, but the agony of spirit with which the people of the conquered provinces found themselves suddenly placed under foreign domination. The story is supposed to be told by an old forester-brigadier, and shows the complete surprise and helplessness of the population when the Germans swooped down on them. It is suggested, however, that the invaders might have been kept out of Alsace if the roads had been blocked with rocks and trees, as might easily have been done if General Failly would only have given the order. The narrative is necessarily a very painful one, without any gleam of brightness except the simple faith and courage of the foresters, who preferred to submit to persecution rather than be reconciled to the enemy; but it is quite right that this aspect of the war should be fully exhibited. MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, although they do not conceal their bitterness against the Germans, have the candour to admit that the responsibility of the war must be divided between the two nations. Unfortunately, the English translator has taken the liberty of supplying a violent and intemperate preface, in which no notice is taken of the fact, distinctly admitted by the novelists, that the French in a great measure brought their misfortunes on themselves.

Under the title of *The Rights of Women* ‡ an anonymous writer has drawn up "a comparison of the relative legal status of the sexes in the chief countries of Western civilization," the object of which is to show that on the Continent women are much better off than in England and, further, that Englishwomen have no prospect of any improvement in their condition unless they can obtain the franchise. We have perhaps no right to assume that this essay is written by a woman, for men who take this side are apt to adopt some of the peculiarities of the sex whose cause they espouse; but we may at least say that its logic is extremely characteristic of the party at large. In the first place, it is taken for granted that, because the unity of marriage is treated with less respect in certain foreign countries than in our own, the women of those countries are therefore necessarily "much better off." In the next place, the fact that, without being in possession of the franchise, women in foreign countries live under laws which the writer envies, is cited as a reason why women in this country are bound above everything to agitate for votes. Tested by results (but of course this aspect of the question is naturally ignored in treatises of this kind), it may well be doubted whether women abroad have really profited by the degradation of marriage into a commercial partnership, and by the consequent loosening of family ties; and this is of course the main point of the controversy. Most Englishmen, and assuredly most Englishwomen, are by no means disposed to enter upon any rash experiments in the relaxation of what has hitherto been regarded as the essence of a sacred bond, and the best security for domestic happiness and public morality. There is no reason to suppose that, if women in this country had the suffrage, the majority would use their power for the attainment of objects so revolting to their feelings; but it would obviously be absurd for men to bestow the suffrage upon the other sex for the express purpose of facilitating the passing of measures which they themselves distrust and dislike. It is as if one went to a man and said, "I know it is no use asking anything from you in charity, but please give me your keys and let me plunder your house at my own discretion." The writer of this essay appears to imagine that he, or she, has proved the right of women to take a direct and active part in legislation on the strength of the following syllogism:—Laws are made for the benefit of the people who make

* *Charge of the Lord Chief Justice of England in the Case of the Queen v. Thomas Castro, otherwise Arthur Orton, otherwise Sir Roger Tichborne.* 2 vols. Sweet.

* *Studies in Verse.* By Charles Grant. Pearson.

† *Brigadier Frederic: a Story of an Alsacian Exile.* From the French of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. Smith, Elder, & Co.

‡ *The Rights of Women.* Trübner.

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them; laws in England are made by men; hence women are placed in a lower legal position than men. All this is true enough in its way; but as regards married life it is clearly indispensable that supreme authority must be vested in one side or the other, so that differences may be settled without a rupture, and it is only natural and reasonable that, if one side has to give way, it should be that which is in every way the weaker one. It is not known that in domestic morality and family strength England compares unfavourably with other countries, and what the writer of *Rights of Women* should have shown is that where relaxations have been tried they have turned out well for society at large. Continental experience is, we imagine, not very reassuring on that point; but it would seem at least to prove that changes in the law may be obtained by women, without the franchise, by persuading men to agree to them in detail. It is inconceivable that men should deliberately stultify themselves by permitting their hands to be tied in order that something may then be done to which they very much object, and which, if their hands had been free, they would certainly not have allowed.

The Government of New Zealand has just published a series of papers* by experienced colonists giving a very complete and practical account of the actual condition of the colony, and the characteristics of its different settlements. The work is of course intended to encourage immigration, and it is needless to say that it exhibits the colony in an attractive aspect. Indeed the competing enthusiasm of different contributors for the communities with which they are respectively associated appears to have caused some embarrassment to the editor, inasmuch as each wished to exalt his particular district far above the rest. It appears that "there is hardly a province the residents of which do not consider it specially favoured in some respect beyond all other provinces," and the editor thinks that this healthy rivalry is a feature of colonial life which ought not to be suppressed, the more so perhaps because it saves him from the responsibility of having to reconcile conflicting claims to superiority. The editor himself professes his anxiety to keep down immoderate expectations, and to let it be understood that the perfections of New Zealand are after all only on a terrestrial level; but he cannot refrain from pointing out, as a simple matter of fact, that it reproduces many of the best features of English life, only with a much better climate, no pauperism, no social prejudices, more chances of advancement, a great variety of natural resources, and the most magnificent scenery in the universe. On the whole, however, New Zealand, if not exactly a reproduction of Eden, would seem to be making good progress, and to offer substantial advantages to emigrants of the class who are capable of taking advantage of them. Dr. Vogel is emphatic in his protests against sending out idlers and prodigals who have broken down at home. The Handbook is illustrated by maps, woodcuts, and photographs.

Mr. Browne would have produced a more satisfactory work† if he had been content to give a plain, practical, and precise account of the branch of law which he has taken in hand, without attempting an exhibition of his own philosophical profundity. It can hardly be necessary in a treatise on usages and customs to explain that laws "are the result of the enduring sentiments and protests of the good against the ephemeral backslidings of the evil," or that "judges are bound by oath to decide all cases according to the law of the land—that is, according to custom judicially recognized; and hence the fitness of those for the judicial office who have derived extensive knowledge from wide experience and accurate study." Again, a reference to custom as a law modelled in clay before being transferred to marble is followed by a note informing the reader that "the method of sculpture as practised at the present time is to mould the figure in clay, and by means of what may be called a many-jointed pair of compasses," and so on—and all to clear up the point of a commonplace simile. This sort of vapid pretentiousness creates an unfavourable impression, which is not quite removed by an examination of the more practical parts of the work. The summary of cases, however, on which Mr. Browne appears to have bestowed much labour, will be useful to students.

The Civil Code of France‡ has been adapted or imitated in so many parts of the world that some knowledge of it is indispensable to the legal student, and it is also desirable that Englishmen should be acquainted with the laws of a country with which they have now in various ways so much to do. Mr. Aird's translation of the Code, which is dedicated by permission to Chief Justice Cockburn, has the merit of avoiding perplexing technicalities, and of giving English equivalents for French idioms, and it is also illustrated by numerous notes. Even those who have no professional reasons for getting up French law will find it interesting to observe how it differs in many points from that of England.

In these days of unlimited speculation the legal position of contributories must be a matter of personal interest to a great many people, and Mr. Robert Collier's treatise § on the subject deserves attention beyond the limits of his profession. The chapter showing the modes in which liability may be incurred is full of instructive warning.

Mr. Fleming, who is already favourably known by various contributions to veterinary science, has composed a comprehensive treatise * on the epizoötic and contagious diseases of the domesticated animals, in which he describes not only the treatment most suitable for the prevention or cure of disease, but the measures which are necessary for the safety of the public health. Mr. Fleming is somewhat of an enthusiast on his special subject, and the mere cost of the vast system of inspection which he proposes would in itself be a sufficient obstacle to its ever being fully carried out; but there is much in his remarks on the waste of good food, through the spread of contagion among cattle, which deserves serious consideration.

* *The Official Handbook of New Zealand.* Edited by Julius Vogel. Wyman & Sons.

† *The Law of Usages and Customs.* By J. H. Balfour Browne. Stevens & Hayes.

‡ *The Civil Laws of France.* By D. M. Aird. Longmans.

§ *A Treatise on the Law of Contributories in the Winding-up of Joint-Stock Companies.* By Robert Collier. Butterworths.

* *A Manual of Veterinary Sanitary Science and Police.* By George Fleming. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

We have received a letter from Mr. O'Beirne in reference to our article of February 27 on the Canadian Oil Wells case. As Mr. O'Beirne had no opportunity of giving evidence on the trial, we think it fair that he should be allowed to speak for himself. Mr. O'Beirne states that he did not introduce Mr. Longbottom to Mr. Edeveain; that Sir John Hay and Mr. Torrens were not "bagged in the House of Commons" by him; and that he never in any manner vouched either for Mr. Longbottom or for any one else in connexion with the undertaking.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. — Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—FIRST CONCERT, Thursday, March 18, St. James's Hall. Sterndale Bennett's Funeral March (his last composition) and the Orchestral Prelude to his "Ajax" Music; the Sacred Cantata, "The Woman of Samaria"—Miss Edith Wynne, Mme. Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Santley; Herr Joachim will play Mendelssohn's Concerto, Overture, "Ruler of the Spirits," &c. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area or Balcony Tickets, 7s., 5s., and 2s. 6d.—Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co., 84 New Bond Street, usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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THE

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OF

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GERMANY AND ITALY.

THE prisoner of the Vatican has been permitting himself a free indulgence in one of the sweetest solaces that remain to him. He has been insulted, despoiled, shut up in a palace; but he retains unimpaired the privilege of abuse. He can have his say, and let his enemies know what he thinks of them. No one expects a master of pious vituperation to be accurate or just; he is at perfect liberty, and can put on any colours he pleases, when he draws the portraits of those whom he detests. In his Allocution on the nomination of the new Cardinals PIUS IX. poured out the wrath of his soul on Germany and Italy, and he saved himself a world of trouble by making no distinction between them. He drew no line, and it is impossible, except by vague guesses, to understand when he means to speak of one and when of the other. From the secular point of view this seems an uncritical way of speaking, and unfair to Italy; but from the ecclesiastical point of view it is permissible, because, although Italy has not done what it is represented that she has done, still she may do it. She is on the wrong path, and when once the wrong path is taken there is no telling how far it may be pursued; and the POPE thinks the chance is not to be thrown away of touching the national pride of Italy in his favour by representing Italians who oppose him as the mere tools of Germany. The point which grieves the POPE most is that the education of the young has been withdrawn from the exclusive control of the clergy. The youth of Italy is being fast corrupted, the POPE thinks—as, indeed, any right-minded person may see in a moment by merely looking at Sicily, where persevering efforts are being made to pervert into habits of decency and industry the descendants of an untainted population of idle brigands. But then it needs a man to be very right-minded to see things in this light, and the people of Italy are not at all right-minded. The POPE'S Allocutions are to the leading Italians of this generation like the whistling of the wind. They know by painful personal experience what ecclesiastical government and the subjection of education to the priests really mean. They are not to be shaken out of bitter memories by fine words. The difficulties which the Italians feel are, indeed, of a totally different sort. They sincerely wish to respect the liberty of the POPE. They wish him to do and say what he likes in the Vatican. They have told him that in his own sphere he is free, and they wish that this should be quite true; but it is no doubt inconvenient to have so nondescript a sort of personage in the middle of Rome speaking very badly of foreign dignities, controlling the actions of the subjects of foreign sovereigns, blessing, if not guiding, the schemes of those who are endeavouring to upset foreign Governments. But at present the difficulties of Italy are not at their height. It will be when the present POPE has eclipsed the interest of his life by the interest of his death; when a new Pope has to be chosen; when there is a new prisoner in the Vatican; when a new person, invested with none of the claims of age and none of the charms of traditional affection, seeks, under the safe shelter of a Roman palace, to thunder and intrigue against foreign Powers, that the resolution of Italy to have a free Pope in a free Monarchy will be put really to the test.

Germany has already begun to ask Italy whether they cannot take measures in common to put a limit on the POPE'S freedom of action. As to the mere election of a new Pope, Italy will see that the election is made with every opportunity of making it in a free, dignified, and decent manner. The POPE has taken his precautions to determine the choice of his successor. He has created five new Cardinals, whose names are only to be divulged on his death. If this is thought to be the right way of having a Pope elected, secular Powers are not interested in the matter. Germany cannot interfere in the nomination, or control it, or oppose it. On any conception of a State it is ridiculous for a State to say that it recognizes the existence of a religious community entitled to choose its own head, but that it will not allow it to choose the head it likes. But when the new Pope is elected, he will have to take up his line as regards Italy and Germany; and if the line he takes up is a very hostile one, Italy will have to show great courage, skill, and tact, if she is to protect him in doing what he pleases. In anticipation of what may happen before very long, Germany is sounding Italy as to whether what is known as the Papal Guarantees Law may not be conveniently revised. It is probably quite true that Germany is not putting any pressure on Italy which Italy could resent as derogatory to its dignity. Germany is merely asking Italy to consider a question of interest to both Powers. Meanwhile the contest in Germany itself is getting hotter and hotter. Prince BISMARCK has lately made a speech in which he took on his side quite as high ground as the POPE takes on his. The question which Prince BISMARCK invites every German to answer for himself is, whether he is for the POPE or the KING. Prince BISMARCK has asked himself this question, and his reply is that his duty to GOD bids him be for the KING, and not for the POPE. His declaration met with an enthusiastic burst of approval from the majority of the Prussian Chamber. German Liberals are on the side of the KING as heartily as Prince BISMARCK is, and are ready to vote any law he may think likely to hurt the POPE and help the KING. The new law suspending the State payments to the Catholic communities is as welcome to the Liberal majority as water is to the thirsty traveller. To be invited to concur in such a delightful piece of legislation is to them like coming to a green patch in a sultry desert. But Prince BISMARCK is always frankness itself. He is under no illusions, and wishes no one else to be under them. He boldly stated that he expected no results from the new law, and that he considered it wholly immaterial whether it produced any results or not. He does not expect his Catholic adversaries to give in because he strips them of 200,000*l.* a year. What he aims at is to create an impression on men's minds which he thinks it most desirable to create. He wants his countrymen to look the question fairly in the face, and to say that they will not yield to the claims of spiritual supremacy. The law of the land is to be the highest law for them. But he knows that the minds of men are greatly guided by the feeling that there is on the side to which they are inclined a living and active power. They are apt to succumb to the machinery and organization of those with whom they do not really agree. To help these wavering spirits Prince BISMARCK offers a machinery and organization which may not only sustain them in their choice to oppose the POPE, but may determine them to make it. The State is the embodiment of this encouraging, determining, inspiriting force. Prince BISMARCK even thought it worth while to enter on the controversy whether the State, in its opposition to the Vatican, is not a repetition of the Roman Empire in its opposition to Christianity. He even considered it necessary to repudiate the notion that modern Germans look upon the State as divine. Foreigners might suppose that he could have safely left it to historians and philosophers to elaborate a distinction so obvious as that which separates the Roman Empire from a modern State.

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But Prince BISMARCK wished to bring home to his hearers the real character of the work he was engaged in, and in which he invited them to co-operate. He sought to make them understand that men gathered together in a civil society have a force at their command if they venture to use it which enables them to confront the pretensions of spiritual tyranny. The object of Prince BISMARCK'S ecclesiastical laws is not so much to crush Ultramontane priests as to implant ideas opposed to Ultramontane theories, and to nurture the growth of these ideas under the shelter of a display of visible, indisputable, physical force.

In these days the favourite outward sign of nations and Governments working in harmony is a meeting between Sovereigns. That the two Sovereigns who are linked together by being the standing subjects of Papal invectives should come together at the present moment is natural enough; and it has been carefully announced that the German EMPEROR will hasten, as soon as his health permits him, to pay his respects to VICTOR EMMANUEL at Milan. But the King of ITALY is soon to receive a much more interesting visitor. The Emperor of AUSTRIA is going to see him, and Venice is to be the scene of his reception. There is something touching and imposing in the heartiness of the disposition to let the dead past be buried which is indicated by the Emperor of AUSTRIA going to Venice, the last lost of his Italian possessions, as a foreign Sovereign. It will be a curious amusement for the Venetians to hoist the detested black and yellow colours voluntarily and as a matter of compliment to their KING'S good friend and ally FRANCIS JOSEPH. It used to be said that Austria made its fortunes by marriage. It may now be said that Austria makes its fortunes by its graceful way of forgiving its enemies. Modern Austria is the pleasantest of Powers to deal with. It feels no resentment, and never cries over spilt milk. The Italians, on their side, have shown none of the petty rancour which the hatred of oppression is apt to engender even after the oppression is at an end. They, too, forgot the past and were willing to be the best of friends with the Austrians as soon as the Austrians were no longer their masters. There has been much creditable good feeling on both sides, and of this good feeling the meeting of the Sovereigns at Venice will be a striking and triumphant symbol. But it will also be a symbol of something more. Austria used to be the protector, the ally, almost the tool, of the Papacy. It was the home of Ultramontanism, the chosen seat of obedient Catholicism. Now things are changed. Austria keeps on nominally good terms with the Papacy, but entirely declines to allow the POPE to influence its policy. The POPE denounces Italy as the enemy of all that is good, and VICTOR EMMANUEL as the type of all impiety; and the reply of Austria is to send her Sovereign to embrace VICTOR EMMANUEL in an Italian town. The ideas for which PRINCE BISMARCK contends in his violent, impetuous manner are more and more triumphant in the world. All that the POPE can say is that the triumph will not last, and it must be allowed that no one can contradict a prophet. But it is nevertheless true that, so far as the present goes, this visit of the Emperor of AUSTRIA to Venice may reasonably be regarded by Prince BISMARCK with legitimate satisfaction; and he may even flatter himself that such a thing could never have happened unless the conquerors of Sadowa had shown that they were not in the least afraid of the POPE.

MR. GOSCHEN'S BILL.

MR. GOSCHEN'S short Bill for preventing Scotch Banks from carrying on business in London has the unusual merit of expressing its purpose in a humorous form. The draftsman, who had probably never before enjoyed the opportunity of making a professional joke, must have been pleased when he received instructions to legislate for the defence of England against Scotland without ostensible reference to geographical or national distinctions. The figures of an arithmetical statement or calculation may always be converted into equivalent algebraic symbols, with the advantage of imparting an air of universality to a particular proposition. In the same manner Mr. GOSCHEN recites that certain banks both in England and Scotland have the privilege of issuing notes, and that some of the said banks are subject to restrictions as to the places at which the business of banking may be carried on by them. The author of the Bill, and Parliament itself, are supposed not to be aware that the restricted banks are English; and therefore it would seem that no local interest can be endangered by the inference that "all "banks having such special privileges as aforesaid shall "be on an equal footing in respect of such restrictions." By the single enacting clause it is provided that "the "power of any banker to make or issue bank-notes, "whether in England or Scotland, shall be subject to the "condition that such banker shall not (after a day fixed "by the Act) have any house of business or establishment "as a banker in the other of the said parts of Great "Britain." Since the Union Scotland has never received a grosser verbal affront than in being designated as "the "other of the said parts of Great Britain." Mr. GOSCHEN indeed may urge, in excuse of his apparent disrespect, that the phrase, as used in his Bill, applies equally to England; but indignant patriots are well aware that English banks issuing notes have neither the desire nor the opportunity of establishing branches in Scotland. The one-pound notes which form the ordinary currency of Scotland cannot be issued by English banks. The general terms in which the Bill is framed have the advantage of forming an argument in its favour; for the London bankers, as represented by Mr. GOSCHEN, only ask for equality of legislation. On the other side it is contended that the different rights of Scotch and English banks of issue were created or defined fifty years ago, after the panic of 1825. Scotch bankers also argue that the proposed equality might be established as well by the relaxation of the restrictions on English banks of issue as by the extension of their disabilities to their Scotch competitors. It may be remarked that the promoters of the Bill are the London bankers who are not directly affected by the restrictions. One English Joint-stock Bank has already surrendered its right of issue as the condition of establishing itself in London. It is not known whether English banks of issue generally desire a similar privilege, and unless Mr. PERCY WINDHAM represents constituents who are bankers, even the firms south of the border have no ostensible share in the promotion of the Bill. It is said that large amounts of Scotch one-pound notes are paid into banks at Carlisle; but it seems doubtful whether the intrusion is considered a grievance as well as an anomaly.

When Lord LIVERPOOL and Mr. HUSKISSON proposed in 1826 to impose restrictions on the paper currency of Scotland, they had reason to appreciate the propriety of the national motto which shows how no one can touch the thistle without being pricked. Sir WALTER SCOTT, though he was a devoted adherent of the Government, and though he knew nothing about currency or banking, published, probably in imitation of SWIFT'S *Letters on Wood's Halfpence*, the patriotic declamations of MALACHI MALAGROWTHER against the assault on Scotch independence. The circulation of one-pound notes in England was abolished without much difficulty, and there has since been little desire for its restoration; but Sir ROBERT PEEL afterwards found it necessary to tolerate in Scotland the system which had become national; and it may be admitted that, if any population in the world understands its own interests, the Scotch may be trusted to take care of themselves. In 1844 Sir ROBERT PEEL would have been glad to impose the same checks on banks of issue in Scotland which were intended gradually to effect in England the suppression of provincial bank-notes; but he was wise in not provoking a national opposition which he might probably have failed to overcome. At that time the Scotch banks were not likely to compete for business in London, and consequently it was unnecessary to secure the equality of treatment which Mr. GOSCHEN proposes to establish. Since that time the business of banking has fully shared in the rapid and continuous growth of trade and industry, and in Scotland it bears a larger proportion to the entire transactions of the community than in England. Every little Scotch tradesman and farmer keeps an account at a bank, and makes even small payments by means of cheques. The bankers encourage customers who would in England scarcely be welcome, by allowing a moderate rate of interest on current accounts. As English travellers are aware, sovereigns and Bank of England notes are regarded with suspicion or distaste, except at hotels or in trading establishments which are large enough to have attained cosmopolitan tolerance of foreign prejudices. One result of the legislation of 1845 was the establishment of a monopoly in favour of the Scotch banks then existing. Sir ROBERT PEEL at the same time foresaw and deprecated

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the effect of the license which he was compelled to tolerate. As he remarked, the Scotch system was only rendered possible by the existence of the English reserve. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK showed that, after providing the reserve in coin which is required by the Act to secure the convertibility of their notes, the Scotch banks have scarcely any coin to meet liabilities of many millions.

The debate of Wednesday was interesting and instructive; and only strong partisans of one or other of the conflicting theories will feel positively convinced that Mr. GOSCHEN was absolutely right or wrong. Mr. LOWE cleverly taunted Sir S. NORTHCOTE with an uncertainty and hesitation which, as he said, showed that it was the circulation rather of the blood of the Government than of the currency which required attention; but it has been the custom to refer difficult questions of banking and currency to Select Committees, and the exact issue which has now been raised has not been the subject of a separate inquiry. Mr. GLADSTONE's high authority was used in support of Mr. GOSCHEN's Bill; but, as usual, his arguments led to wider conclusions than those which he professedly sought to establish. Mr. GOSCHEN for the present only proposes to affect Scotch bankers with the disabilities which are now confined to their English competitors in the business of issue. Mr. GLADSTONE takes the opportunity of asserting that the right of issue is the prerogative of the State; and that, in accordance with the policy of Sir ROBERT PEEL, every opportunity of resuming or limiting improvident grants ought to be vigilantly watched. The suggestion would perhaps have been more seasonable if the Scotch banks had been plaintiffs in the suit rather than defendants. In answer to any application for additional privileges, they might have been fairly asked whether they were prepared to give up the whole or part of their paper issue. Mr. GOSCHEN assumes that they have at present the right both of issuing notes in Scotland and of carrying on banking business in England. If it is true that the English bankers are unfairly handicapped, the most obvious remedy would be to remove the restrictions to which they are at present subjected. It would not indeed be possible to give them the power of issuing one-pound notes; but they might be allowed to have branches in London.

Mr. GLADSTONE's main proposition, which was adopted by many speakers, including the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, was perhaps too broadly stated. It is not a law of nature, but an opinion derived from the experience and reasoning of modern economists, that the right of issue should belong to the State, because for the public protection it is necessarily subjected to restrictions which practically produce a monopoly. The great majority of those who have considered the subject would agree with Mr. GLADSTONE if the question were new and open. It would be inconvenient to allow all persons at pleasure to issue promissory notes payable to bearer; but, as the Scotch banks are in possession of the lucrative privilege of issuing paper money, it is comparatively useless to affirm that their property ought to have belonged in the first instance to the Crown. No Minister would dream of appropriating the right of issue without full compensation; and in the case of Scotland it would be necessary to consult the feelings of the population as well as of the bankers. As Mr. PLAYFAIR remarked, the way to create a Home Rule party in Scotland would be to meddle either with Presbyterianism or with one-pound notes. There is no doubt that the Scotch banks will be formidable competitors for business in London; but, notwithstanding the plausible arguments of Mr. GOSCHEN and his supporters, it will be difficult to restrain them by prohibitive measures.

M. BUFFET AND THE BONAPARTISTS.

THE Declaration read to the Assembly by the new French Ministry deserves all the censures that have been passed upon it, and all the excuses that have been made for it. It is full of platitudes which seem exactly calculated to provoke the Republicans by whose hands the new Constitution has just been set up; and, though it appeals to the support of a majority "approving its policy "and determined to identify itself with it," it is apparently designed to secure the acquiescence, if not the co-operation, of the disapproving minority. The policy which the majority are asked to make their own is to be "very distinctly Conservative," and M. BUFFET adds, by way of defining what he means by Conservative, that it will be "denuded of every character of provocation as well as "of weakness." It seems hardly necessary that the whole remainder of the Declaration should be devoted to the development of the former characteristic. A Cabinet presided over by M. BUFFET, and in which M. DUFAURE represents the Liberal element, can hardly be in much danger of being thought over-Radical, or over-anxious to take vengeance on the Monarchical parties among which most of its own members were included till a week or two back. This is not the opinion of the authors of the Declaration. The establishment of the Republic, or, as with superfluous caution they prefer to say, the vote on the Constitutional Laws, has given uneasiness to minds which it is important to reassure. Every commune in France must be persuaded that honest, peaceable, and industrious men may reckon upon the Government to protect it against subversive attacks and passions. The country needs to be assured that the present order of things is not incompatible with public security. This is the temper in which the Cabinet will take in hand the work of legislation and administration, and the particular measures promised in the Declaration are quite in accordance with its general spirit. There are but two of them, and in the letter, at all events, both might equally have been promised by M. ROUHER or the Duke of BROGLIE. A new press law is to be introduced which will aim at repressing the excesses which discredit the legitimate use of free discussion. Unfortunately, there never has been a system under which the Government has not been anxious to promote legitimate discussion, so far as this can be done without giving any loophole to illegitimate discussion. The difficulty has been that the authorities whose acts are discussed and the writers who discuss them never seem able to agree upon the limit which divides liberty from license. The Mayors are in future to be chosen from the Municipal Councils, but this concession is fenced with the proviso "as much as possible." The Duke of BROGLIE would have been quite willing to make the same promise on condition that he had been permitted to subject the performance of it to the same qualification. No Minister need mind choosing a Mayor from the Municipal Council if he can get the sort of Mayor he wants without going any further. Of course there will be cases in which he cannot find the sort of Mayor he wants without going further; but then he will have the proviso to fall back upon. It will be a case in which it is not possible to restrict his freedom of selection without sacrificing the public interest.

If the Declaration is viewed in another aspect, this seemingly needless desire to remove doubts which would never have been felt if the Declaration had not suggested them becomes more intelligible. After all it must be remembered that the majority of the Cabinet were Royalists only yesterday, that they overturned M. THIERS because he wanted to do the very thing that they have now done, that ever since his retirement they have been resisting the overtures of the men with whom they have at last allied themselves, and that among the minority which voted against the Constitutional Laws are many with whom some of the present Cabinet must often have taken counsel how to prevent the consummation which they have now had a principal share in bringing about. In the days when secessions from the Church of England to the Church of Rome were more common, or at any rate more talked about, than they are now, the first act of a new convert was usually to write a pamphlet. He could seldom have supposed that he had any fresh arguments with which to convince the friends that he had left behind, but there was something encouraging to his own mind in seeing the arguments which had convinced himself brought together in a formal shape. M. BUFFET's Declaration is the pamphlet of the Royalist seceders, and the exaggerated Conservatism of its tone is perhaps as much meant to reassure the Right Centre members of the Cabinet as to have any similar effect on the Assembly or the country. They need to tell themselves over and over again that the step they have taken is a genuinely Conservative step. It is so strange to them to find themselves guiding the fortunes of a definitive Republic and relying for support on a majority the larger part of which they have been accustomed to regard as enemies, that they may be pardoned if they

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are for a moment tempted to doubt their own identity. They are in the predicament of the old woman in the nursery rhyme, and this Declaration is meant to play the part of the little dog at home. As they hear the old familiar words which they have heard from the Duke of BROGLIE and from General DE CHABAUD-LATOUR their fears grow less by degrees, and they feel that, whatever the Government of France may be called, things cannot have gone far wrong so long as the PRIME MINISTER is able to talk so beautifully about order and social stability. Much surprise has been expressed that the Left Centre members of the Cabinet should have allowed the Declaration to be cast in so Conservative a form. But men who make up their minds to work together with others are doing wisely when they make up their minds to bear all the consequences which this common action involves. Nothing would have been gained by a quarrel between the Right and the Left Centre at the opening Cabinet Council. There is nothing in the Declaration which is not patient of a Republican interpretation, though the whole is obviously the work of men who wish to make this interpretation as little prominent as possible. But it has long been plain that the establishment of the Republic required the help of such men. The substance could only be secured by consenting to make the shadow as unconspicuous as possible. The real problem which lies before the Cabinet is not which section shall govern its words—the whole theory of a Conservative Republic rests upon the assumption that this function will be assigned to the Right Centre—but which section shall determine its acts. For some time to come administration will be more important than legislation. The fate of the Republic turns upon a single question. Does the substitution of M. BUFFET for the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER as Minister of the Interior imply a change of policy or simply a change of persons?

There are some sentences in the Declaration which may suggest uneasiness even on this latter point. Why should the Cabinet go out of its way to praise "the intelligent and de- "voted staff who have known how to maintain order under "the difficult circumstances we have passed through, and "who may rely on our constant support"? The worst enemy the Republic has to fear is the strong Bonapartist element introduced into the administration by the Duke of BROGLIE, and the task which will most test M. BUFFET'S capacity as a ruler will be making these men understand that they must choose between change of tone and loss of office. To a great number of the electors the local representative of the Government is the sole expounder of the wishes of the Government, and if he expounds them wrongly, the election may result in the return of a deputy who, instead of representing the constituency, represents a little knot of conspirators who have contrived to deceive the mass of the voters as to the candidate who best embodied the Ministerial policy. They will have elected a Bonapartist not because they wished to pronounce for the Empire or against the Republic, but because they know the Prefect or the Mayor to be a Bonapartist, and have consequently taken for granted that the Bonapartist must be the candidate to whom the Government really, if secretly, wishes success. If M. BUFFET does not deal decisively with this section of his intelligent and devoted staff, he may find when the general election comes round that the Bonapartist minority in the new Chamber of Deputies has immensely gained in numbers on the same minority in the existing Assembly. It does not require that the Imperialists should be in a majority to constitute them a very formidable enemy. If it should appear that, in spite of the organization of the Republic, the electors have returned some two hundred avowed partisans of NAPOLEON IV., the implied distrust of the power of the new order of things to give France the security she demands will inflict a very serious injury on its prestige. M. BUFFET cannot ensure the defeat of Imperialist candidates. Excited opposition to them on the part of the authorities would probably do them more good than harm. But he can ensure that no vote shall be given to an Imperialist in the belief that he is the candidate whom the Government would best like the electors to send to Versailles. If he is sufficiently active in taking these precautions, the Republican party can afford to condone the extreme Conservatism of his Declaration on taking office.

REGIMENTAL EXCHANGES.

THE Opposition have fought their fight against the Regimental Exchanges Bill with great courage and pertinacity, and they have not fought it altogether in vain, although not one of their many amendments has been adopted. Occasionally some of the speakers on their side seem to have somewhat lost their temper, and no doubt they went over the same ground very often. But they had to encounter an irritating and bewildering element of discussion in the incessant speeches of the military defenders of the Bill, who seem to be possessed with two persistent notions, that the army is entitled to a revenge of some sort on the Liberals, and that the army is one of those things which no "fellow" out of the army can understand. Unluckily, if this latter notion is true, it is also true that the few who understand the army are unable to give any intelligible account of what they understand. The long discussions to which the Bill has given rise have not however been wholly useless. They have made clear what is the principle on which the Bill is founded. This principle is that exchanges are an advantage to officers, and that it is alike for the benefit of the nation and of the service that officers should enjoy this advantage. The advantage may be one of convenience or of money. An officer in a cold climate may wish to exchange with one in a hot climate, and the health of both may be benefited by the exchange. This was the kind of advantage recognized by Lord CARDWELL'S measures. He permitted exchanges to suit the reasonable convenience of officers, and he allowed money to be paid so far as such a payment represented the cost at which this reasonable convenience was consulted. But exchanges may also confer the advantage of a positive gain of money. A poor man may undertake to go on distant and irksome service because he will be paid to do so. He does not merely clear his expenses, but he gets a sum into his pocket for doing something disagreeable. This the Government consider to be a good thing. It is in their opinion a good thing for the nation, because it secures the services, in such places as India, of officers who lead an irksome life with that light-heartedness and content which springs from having asked a price for leading it, and having got this price. It is a good thing for the officers, because it often enables them to pay their debts, because such windfalls are like godsends in the embarrassed existence of family men, and because all officers, those who hope to pay and those who hope to receive, feel happy and at home in the army, as in a sphere in which the tastes of every one may not improbably be gratified. To confer this second advantage was something quite outside Lord CARDWELL'S measures, and has been the pleasing task of the present Government. From the Ministerial point of view, Mr. HARDY was quite right in rejecting Mr. TREVELYAN'S amendment, limiting the operation of the Act to officers who entered the army before 1871. Why should new officers more than old ones be deprived of an advantage which benefits them and hurts no one? Will they never have any debts which they would like to settle? Will they never have an inconvenient number of little boys to educate? Are they incapable of enjoying the thought that, if they are rich they can avoid India, and if they are poor they have a chance of being paid to go there? On the other hand, it must be owned that the conferring of this second advantage is totally inconsistent with the picture of the army of the future as it was drawn by those who persuaded the nation to pay for the abolition of purchase. That picture may have been a fallacious one. Mr. HARDY says that the abolition of purchase has not made any difference in the army. It is no more hard working, nor possessed with higher aims, than it used to be. If so, we have apparently paid a great deal of money for very little. But at any rate we were told that the army was going to be different when purchase was abolished, and the difference that was to be established was one with which none but a good hard-headed, loud-mouthed young Conservative would pronounce Mr. HARDY'S Bill to be compatible.

Although, however, a thing may be very good in itself, yet it may be owned, even by those who think it good, to be liable to abuse. The Government may think that it is very advantageous to the army that some officers should be cheered by the thought that they can stay at home by paying for the privilege, and that other officers should be cheered by the thought that they may pay their debts or help their families by going to India. But there is nothing

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inconsistent with this in acknowledging that precautions must be taken against the advantage thus conferred on the army being turned to wrong ends. Such success as the Opposition has achieved consists in certain possible perversions of the new system of exchanges having been brought to the notice of the Government, and in the Government having pledged itself in a more or less explicit way to guard against them. It was contended by the Opposition that purses might be made up by junior officers to persuade an officer at the top of the list to exchange, and that in this way something very like purchase might be restored. Some of the military disputants insisted that this could not happen, and that at any rate no one outside the army could understand whether it could happen or not. But Mr. HARDY declared that he not only understood how it could happen, but thought it might happen, and announced that he was prepared to take precautions against it. He stated that he would require from officers asking to be permitted to exchange a declaration that they had not been assisted by their junior officers in their pecuniary arrangements. An attempt was made to prohibit by statute the reception or offer of such assistance, but Mr. HARDY preferred, and rightly preferred, to rely on the honour of the officers. It is difficult to make the words of a statutory prohibition fit every possible circumstance, while the form of a declaration upon honour may be varied, if experience shows that a variation is necessary. A difficulty was also suggested as to what was to happen if two regimental field-officers, each holding his position for five years, were to be exchanged at a time when their respective periods of holding their positions were conspicuously unequal. Supposing a man who had still three years before him was to exchange with a man who had only one year, was he to have three years or one year before him? Mr. CAVE tried to solve the problem by recourse to the analogy of a lease. The man having a lease with three years to run chooses to assign this lease and take an assignment of a lease with only one year to run. Evidently he has only one year during which he will hold his new premises. But Mr. HARDY saw that this was no help to him, as the effect would be that, whereas two men had been appointed each for five years, one would hold his appointment for seven years and the other for three, and he consequently cut the knot by saying that in such a case an exchange ought not to be allowed at all.

It was also pointed out that officers in the Guards would have exceptional advantages under the new system. They can get a large sum by exchanging out of their regiment, and can, as the Opposition put it, sell the prestige of their regiment at a high figure. Under the old system they had paid for their enjoyment of this prestige, and they were recouped when they exchanged. But now they will get their position by the mere favour of a commanding officer; and, if they exchange, will put in their pockets a clear bonus. This might conceivably lead to great abuses, and Mr. HARDY found himself in a very difficult position. Officers in the Guards must be allowed to exchange like other officers. There is no reason why, if an officer in the Guards wants to go to India, he should not be allowed to go; and yet it seems strange that by mere favour he should be in a position to ask an extra price for exchanging. Mr. HARDY could not undertake that officers in the Guards should not be allowed to exchange, and take all they could get for exchanging. But the discussion did good. It showed that there was a possible abuse, and it made Mr. HARDY use language recognizing this possibility, and expressing a sense that the general control over all exchanges which the military authorities reserve must be exercised in case there should ever be reason to apprehend that the prestige of a regiment is being sold in an improper manner. There is no help for it. If the Bill is to become law, some danger of abuses creeping in must exist, and to avert them reliance must be placed on the honour of officers, and on such a limited degree of supervision and vigilance as the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of War can be expected to exercise. Mr. GLADSTONE indeed hinted that the army must not expect that the advantages now accorded to them will be always available. A Parliamentary majority now gives them what, if the country proves Liberal, a Parliamentary majority may take away from them. This is a favourite doctrine with Liberals. Whatever is done by Liberals remains for ever as a sacred part of the Constitution. Whatever is done by Conservatives is properly liable to be undone as soon as their accidental majority ceases to exist. It may however, in the particular instance of the treatment of the army, be at least urged by Conservatives that what they do is to be done by Parliament, whereas what their predecessors did was done by a mere high-handed Ministerial act. The triumph of the ideas of the late Cabinet was secured by a defiance of Parliament and an infraction of constitutional rules, and it is not surprising that those who then clutched at this triumph should now have to bear some slight penalty for having sought a good end by bad means. They preach the beauties of theoretical military virtue, but they preach under the disadvantage of having entered their realm of goodness by violence.

RUSSIA.

A RUSSIAN writer seems to have lately published an argument to prove that the social condition of the Empire is not perfect; but if the summary of his statement is accurate, the improvement in Russia during the reign of the present EMPEROR must satisfy all reasonable expectation. The abolition of serfage put an end to a scandal which in the present condition of Western Europe was regarded as intolerable. The judiciary establishment is said to be thoroughly purged of corruption; and the vicious system of protection has produced its intended result in the increase of domestic manufactures. The Minister who at present manages commercial affairs is bent on rendering the country independent of foreign productions, to the enormous injury of the whole community, but with the result of enriching a certain number of capitalists, who will not fail to identify their own interests with national prosperity. Until lately Russian railways were constructed with English rails, which are still cheaper and better than the productions of rival countries. The Government now inserts in railway contracts a condition that home-made rails shall be exclusively used, and consequently it renders the extension of railways unnecessarily expensive. It might have been supposed that for the vast and thinly inhabited provinces of Russia improvement of communication was the first and most indispensable want; but the familiar fallacy that industry can be profitably forced has not yet been extirpated in any country but England. It would be much cheaper to pay the Russian ironmasters a gross sum of money than to give them a monopoly which raises the price of iron in all parts of the Empire. Russia, like the United States, tries the experiment of protection under advantageous conditions because the Empire is of great extent, and has therefore room for internal Free-trade. The derangement of industry which is caused by artificial bounties and privileges must nevertheless check the natural increase of wealth. A more mischievous result of false economic theories is the temptation to foreign aggression which is furnished by the supposed expediency of conquering additional markets. If Russia had attained universal empire, freedom of trade would be coextensive with her dominions.

A more vital and more peculiar interest attaches to the economical and social consequences of the abolition of serfage; and foreign inquirers have great difficulty in ascertaining the facts. The manufactures and the commerce of the Empire are of little importance in comparison with the condition of the rural population. The element of civilization has been weakened by the diminution in the number of resident landed proprietors. The gentry are to a great extent impoverished; and they find the country unattractive, and sometimes insecure, since the withdrawal of the powers which they formerly enjoyed. The peasantry have probably become happier from the change; but according to some accounts, they are also idler and less thrifty. The police, notwithstanding the despotic power which it exercises, is not always equal to the task of protecting life and property. The grievance which has at all times been the greatest that affected the Russian nation, instead of being abated, has of late been greatly aggravated. The conscription, which was always comprehensive, is now to be exchanged for universal compulsory service; and, although the condition of the soldier has been greatly ameliorated, enrolment is still regarded with aversion and alarm. Though the Russians are capable of becoming good soldiers, they have no military propensities, and probably there is no country in which it would be more impracticable to fill the ranks with volunteers. The peasantry are not likely to trouble themselves with ambitious demands for political privileges. The nobility, who might have formed the nucleus of a constitutional Govern-

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ment, have been almost entirely deprived of political power, and the village cultivators would not even understand a proposal that they should usurp any part of the functions of government which are divinely entrusted to the EMPEROR.

Although the Russians have an essentially national creed which influences the foreign policy of the Empire both as a motive and a pretext, scarcely any other great community is so much troubled with religious dissension. The sectaries of various kinds are thoroughly in earnest; and in former times, if not recently, they have suffered severe persecution. It is probable that nearly all the Russian schisms are more or less associated with social discontent or communistic theories; and with the Roman Catholic Church the Government has a chronic feud, which has also a political bearing. In the Polish provinces the conversion of whole parishes and districts to the Orthodox Church is from time to time officially announced; but the proselytes are believed almost always to cling in reality to the communion which is to them a symbol of patriotism. The curious decree by which Russian subjects are forbidden to celebrate the Papal Jubilee may perhaps have been in some degree intended as a proof of friendship to Germany; but it is also a proof that the Latin Church is suspected of political disaffection. The form of the proclamation shows that in some respects Russia is still in the same condition with Western States of two or three centuries ago. The principal argument which is adduced against the observance of the secular festival is that the multiplication of holidays tends to idleness and dissipation. As the Jubilee could in any case only concern the Roman Catholic population, it might have been supposed that their waste of a few days in visiting churches and shrines was hardly worth the notice of the Imperial Government. The paternal care for the steadiness and industry of the working people is probably consistent with Russian habits of thought; but in the present instance the solicitude of the Government is confined to dissidents from the national faith. The notification is in reality addressed to the POPE. It may be assumed that in the future struggle between the Church and the Governments of Germany and Italy Russia will be found on the side of the secular authority. Except in the Polish districts, the Roman Catholic Church can offer little annoyance to the Government; but it seems that Romish missionaries are suspected of having lately brought over to their Church some of the Christian subjects of Turkey.

Some doubts have been thrown on the efficacy of the recent reforms in the Russian Civil Service by the publication of Mr. SCHUYLER'S Report on Russian Turkestan. The American Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg is perhaps the only competent and independent observer who has had a sufficient opportunity of judging of the prospects and position of the Russian conquerors in Central Asia. Mr. SCHUYLER is probably justified in his conclusion that the Russians are too secure in their military superiority to regard with anxiety the inclinations of their native subjects. It would seem that all their expeditions are successful, and that tribes which are still independent are in some instances eager to submit to Russian sovereignty. At the same time Mr. SCHUYLER reports that the functionaries who administer the new territories are generally corrupt and occasionally tyrannical. Their remoteness from the centre of authority must facilitate every kind of irregularity; and the traditions of Russian official services are not calculated to render distant representatives of the Government scrupulous in the discharge of their duties. It seems that, as might have been expected, the Russian Government is seriously offended by revelations which are perhaps scarcely consistent with strict diplomatic propriety. On the other hand, the adversaries of the MINISTER of WAR welcome independent criticisms on any part of his administration. The English Correspondents who were refused permission to attend the expedition to Khiva may perhaps feel a malicious pleasure in the indiscretion which is attributed to the more fortunate American. Those who rely on the accuracy of Mr. SCHUYLER'S statements not unreasonably infer that the corruption which seems to be rife in Turkestan may still survive in some parts of the older provinces. Only a quarter of a century ago the venality of Russian officials was recognized, not only as a fact, but as a standing national joke. The Emperor NICHOLAS allowed plays to be acted at St. Petersburg which caricatured the alleged rogueries of Civil servants, in the vain hope that satire might effect the improvement which his own energy and resolution had failed to secure. If it is true that judicial corruption has been suppressed, it is reasonable to assume that the spirit of the public service must have been on the whole improved; but a moral revolution can seldom be completed in the lifetime of a single generation. On the whole, it is impossible to doubt that there has been a considerable advance; but the progress of the Empire is impeded by some difficulties peculiar to itself. In the meantime the form of the Government is better adapted than any other to the national necessities.

TENANT-RIGHT IN ENGLAND.

THE Duke of RICHMOND'S Bill will not satisfy the Chambers of Agriculture, which regard exclusively the interests rather than the rights of tenant-farmers; but it will afford additional security against an injustice which may at present possibly be inflicted on outgoing occupiers. The provision for enabling landlords or tenants to exclude themselves from the operation of the Bill requires further explanation. It had been well understood that the Government would not adopt the compulsory clause by which Mr. READ and Mr. HOWARD proposed to limit the freedom of private contracts; but it seems strange that, in default of any stipulation in a lease or agreement, landowners should almost be invited to exclude themselves from an arrangement which, if it is sanctioned by Parliament, must be supposed to be beneficial. The Duke of RICHMOND has borrowed from a former Bill the classification of improvements which are supposed respectively to last for three periods of unequal length. It is obviously just that the tenant should be entitled to compensation for useful buildings, for drains, and for similar additions to the value of the estate; but it is made a condition in these cases that the owner should have given his written consent to the expenditure for which he may afterwards become liable. In most parts of England permanent improvements are made by the landlord; nor, where the duty falls on the occupier, is he likely to lay out his capital on drains or buildings unless he has a legal or moral security for the expected return. It is scarcely necessary to require the assent of the landlord to outlay on drainage, which no tenant is likely to undertake capriciously or to carry to excess; but there will be little difficulty in accepting the principle of the proposed clauses. Improvements of the second class, which are supposed to operate for seven years, are more likely to be the subject of litigation; but in this case also the justice of the tenant's claim is indisputable, and it is only necessary to secure him against the unjust appropriation of his outlay, and at the same time to guard against extortion. The value of unexhausted farmyard manure is recognized by the custom of the country in almost every district, and there can be no objection to uniformity of practice. The extensive use of artificial manure and feeding stuffs has probably rendered additional legislation necessary. In highly farmed districts the cost of artificial manure often exceeds the rent; and it is for the interest of both parties that the land should not be stinted of its food when the expiration of a tenancy is approaching. There is little objection to the extension of the period of notices to quit from six months to a year. The adoption of Mr. DISRAELI'S former proposal of a two years' notice would convert yearly tenancies into short leases, and invite the outgoing occupier to do as little justice as possible to the land.

The impediments to the free and beneficial control of land which result from the tenure of real property have been largely diminished by modern legislation; but there is still anomaly and occasional injustice which requires correction. The life tenant ought to be as far as possible recognized as the guardian of the estate and the qualified representative of contingent interests as well as of his own. It is of course necessary to secure the reversioner or remainder-man against corrupt bargains between a limited owner and a tenant, as, for instance, against attempts to grant a beneficial lease in consideration of a premium; but when the covenants in a lease or agreement only relate to the mode of cultivation, there is a strong presumption that the landlord has acted for the benefit of his successor as well as of himself. In some cases which were mentioned by the Duke of RICHMOND the remedy of the outgoing tenant was against the personal representative of his lessor, although it is just that he should have a lien on the land, and that his compensation should be paid by the

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owner who profits by his outlay. The desire of landowners to tie up their property for their descendants is as strong and as universal as at any former time, and a recent instance has shown that the strongest utilitarian opinions are likely to be powerless against the traditional instinct of hereditary succession; but although almost the only opponents of settlements and entails are those who have no land to settle or to leave, respect for a deep-rooted feeling or prejudice ought not to serve as an excuse for conniving at any economical evil which may attend limitation of estates. The mischievous consequences of settlement are in practice comparatively trifling, although indignant writers and orators have no difficulty in proving that they ought to be ruinous. The large estates which are almost always tied up in strict settlement are for the most part well and liberally managed. Landowners, as a class, are not at the same time anxious to enrich their heirs by maintaining the custom of primogeniture and to impoverish them by allowing their estates to deteriorate in value; but in many cases a regard to the interests of younger children may prevent a life tenant from spending money for the exclusive benefit of the eldest son. In all cases an outlay incurred for the improvement of the property ought to be a charge on the land. The question is but slightly touched by the Duke of RICHMOND'S Bill, but it may be hoped that the Government will introduce additional measures for the extension of the powers of tenants for life.

Any opposition which may be offered to the Bill will be directed against its alleged insufficiency rather than against its positive enactments; but it may be hoped that the tenant-farmers will not take the advice of zealous partisans who already urge them to defeat the Bill on the ground that it may possibly stand in the way of a more sweeping measure. If the new law is found to be useful to tenants and not injurious to landlords, it may perhaps hereafter be rendered compulsory, or the application of the principles involved in the Bill may be extended. The advocates of stringent legislation are always in the habit of asserting that ample security for the tenant is at the same time beneficial to the landlord. The proposition is true as long as legislation is confined to its proper object of encouraging high farming by providing compensation to the occupier. It is not surprising that the ominous phrase of tenant-right should alarm landlords by the suggestion of measures of another class. The Irish Land Act is too recent to be forgotten; and although it was vindicated on exceptional grounds which have no application to England, Mr. BRIGHT and other enemies of the landed interest have already acquired the habit of quoting the Irish measure as a precedent for English legislation. It may perhaps have been necessary, for preponderating reasons of public good, to transfer property to the value of many millions from Irish landlords to Irish tenants. There is no excuse for attempting a similar operation in England or Scotland. Compensation for unexhausted improvements is only objectionable because it may be followed by a demand of compensation for disturbance, or, in other words, by the gratuitous enlargement of the tenant's estate at the expense of the landlord. It is well known that actual disturbance is an exception, but the English occupier has as a rule no saleable interest in the land after the expiration of the term. The incoming tenant pays according to the custom of the country for crops and manures, but he is not required to add a bonus which would virtually operate as a deduction from the property of the owner.

The Government has exercised a sound discretion in the choice of the tribunal which is to assess compensation claimed by landlord or tenant. The two arbitrators chosen by the parties are almost certain to differ except in the case of an amicable reference, so that the decision will devolve on the umpire, who is to be appointed by the County Court Judge, with an appeal to the County Court itself. It would perhaps be an improvement in the plan if either party were allowed to bring the case before the County Court in the first instance. In rural districts it will be difficult to find umpires who will decide according to evidence rather than in reliance on their own opinions and prepossessions. Farmers, though they understand the subject, would be invariably biassed in favour of the tenant; and the land surveyors who will probably be appointed umpires will command less confidence than judicial functionaries. It is not to be expected that the Act will effect any considerable change either in the relations of landlords and tenants or in the productiveness of the soil. Lord DERBY, who is not prone to rhetorical exaggeration, once said in an unlucky moment that the produce of England might, if the land were better tilled, be increased by a third. The proposition might perhaps be justified by experience if the whole country were cultivated like a market-garden; but Lord DERBY was entirely mistaken in supposing that the additional produce could be raised at a profit. High farming is, as a general rule, only applicable to land which is either naturally fertile or which is favourably situated with reference to markets. The occupiers who spend a rent and a half on oil-cake and phosphates would, under the existing law, still further increase their outlay if they foresaw a remunerative result. By far the greater number of them are either satisfied with the practical security of their tenure or protected by local custom as well as by the honour and good faith of the landowners. For the remainder a change in the law may be required; but its operation will be limited in extent. There are large districts in which no tenant thinks of making an improvement, not because he fears to be deprived of the results of his expenditure, but because he is neither able nor willing to lay out money on the land.

THE ROOKERIES BILL.

THE Artisans' Dwellings Bill was met on Thursday by two kinds of opposition, the municipal and the scientific. Mr. CAWLEY objects to the principle of the Bill, and to nearly every one of its details; and if he had not been stopped by the SPEAKER, he would have combined in a speech on the motion for going into Committee all that he ought to have said in the debate on the second reading, and all that he had better not say as each successive clause is put to the vote. His main argument against the Bill is that its authors have not borne in mind what can be done under the existing law. Considering that the existing law to which Mr. CAWLEY refers is an Act of Parliament passed in 1868, it is perhaps more to the purpose to bear in mind what has not been done under the existing law. The Act of 1868 may possess every virtue, but they are all neutralized by the presence of a single vice. It does not work. Its object is obviously excellent, and we are willing to take the excellence of its machinery on the testimony of its friends. But there is as good as no means of setting this machinery in motion, and the consequence is that the complaints as to the houses of the poor have been as many and as well founded since the Act was passed as they were before that date. This absence of proper means of setting the machinery in motion is due partly to the want of adequate provisions for making compensation to the owners of the houses destroyed, partly to the want of power to destroy houses over sufficiently large areas, and partly to the too exclusively destructive character of the Bill.

Mr. FAWCETT praised the first of these defects as though it constituted a positive merit in the Act of 1868. He objects to the owner of condemned house property being compensated at the market price. In calculating this market price, he said, the income which the house is yielding at the time of the compulsory purchase is an element which will be taken into account, and the result will be that the ratepayers will see their money lavishly given to owners who have allowed their property to fall into a condition which renders it unfit for human habitation. This is certainly a plausible objection, but there are two answers to it, either of which seems sufficiently to dispose of it. The object which the present Bill has in view is to get a certain class of houses pulled down and a certain other class of houses built in their place. It has been found that the powers already possessed by local authorities to effect this object are not exercised because the authorities cannot bring themselves to destroy property for the public good without giving what they consider proper compensation to the owners. Rather than do this, they oppose a passive resistance to the demands of the statute, and, as every one knows, the passive resistance of a local authority is not a thing to be despised. Parliament has therefore to make its choice between enlarging the power of granting compensation and seeing its efforts to improve the houses of the poor quietly set aside. Mr. FAWCETT may be willing to let the evil remain rather than see it removed in what he considers so unworthy a manner. But the effects of leaving the houses of the poor as they now too often are will be more disastrous than the effects of improving them on

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terms too favourable to the present owner; Mr. CROSS has rightly determined that it is better to buy improvement too dearly than to go without it altogether. In this respect he is only following the precedent of all preceding legislation for the removal of abuses. There can be little doubt that the compensation awarded to the Irish clergy, for example, was calculated on too high a scale; and if Mr. FAWCETT's theory were carried out, Parliament would have risked the defeat of the Irish Disestablishment Bill rather than pay an excessive regard to the vested interests attacked by it. Most of us are agreed that when disestablishment was resolved on it was better to carry it through even at a cost greater than it ought to have been than to allow it to hang on hand in the hope that the price of the benefit might be lowered. It is much the same with the compensation for houses pulled down. Improvements of this sort cannot be made without regard to local circumstances and local prejudices. If the Government could take upon itself to pull down houses all over the country, and to charge the cost to the Imperial Exchequer, they might afford to despise the scruples of Town Councils and Local Boards. But Mr. FAWCETT would rightly object to this that it opened a door to extravagance by withdrawing the check of local supervision. Local supervision is in many respects a very efficient check, but it is subject to the drawback of being usually exercised in a spirit of extreme tenderness to private interests. Consequently, if local supervision is to be retained and made useful, some concession must be made to this spirit. In this particular case there is something to be said for the feeling. The owners of houses unfit for human habitation are not an attractive class of persons, but they may at least plead that they have been allowed to live and grow fat on the produce of their property, with scarcely so much as a hint from the local authorities that they owe any duties to their tenants. If Town Councils had been in earnest, a good deal might have been done to bring these owners to book, and to drive them into abating the worst nuisances existing in their houses. Instead of this, they have been suffered to retain such houses as they have, to buy or build others of the same kind, without so much as a remonstrance from the authorities who will under this Bill be charged with the duty of clearing them away. Long official acquiescence in their ill deeds does give this class of owners some claim to compensation, and though it is a claim which, were it possible, we might see disregarded without regret, the circumstances under which it has arisen serve to temper the irritation which would otherwise be excited by seeing the wrongdoers going off with public money in their pockets.

When the House got into Committee the first amendment of importance related to the limitation of the Bill to towns with 25,000 people. In theory there is a great deal to be said in favour of extending machinery for improving the houses of the poor to every place in which houses needing such improvement are to be found. Nothing would be gained, however, by applying to all such cases machinery which is only suited to a particular variety of them. To object, as Mr. FAWCETT did, to a measure for dealing with the houses of the poor in towns, on the ground that it is not at the same time a measure for dealing with the houses of the poor in villages, may be a good criticism of the policy of the Government in reference to this question, but it is not a good criticism of the particular Bill before the House. If Mr. CROSS had wished to deal with the whole subject in the present Session, he would have been obliged either to introduce two Bills, or else to divide his solitary Bill into two parts so distinct that no good end would have been gained by stitching them together. For the amendment reducing the limit of population to 10,000 there was much more to be said, since in towns of this size there is the same means of putting the Act in execution, and quite as pressing a need for the improvements which it contemplates. Indeed, if the Act remains simply permissive, no good reason can be alleged for maintaining the higher figure, since Mr. CROSS's plea that he wishes to avoid the opposition which the Act would encounter from the ratepayers in small towns is disposed of by the fact that it will rest with the representatives of those ratepayers to put the Act into execution. But we sincerely hope that before the Bill gets through Committee Mr. CROSS will reconsider his determination to leave it thus purely permissive. The cases in which the local authority refuses to act on the report of its Medical Officer of Health will often be those in which action is most imperatively called for; and though in the large towns public opinion may probably be trusted to prevent such a report from being treated with intentional neglect, there is no certainty—we fear there is hardly even a chance—that this will happen in every town possessing 25,000 inhabitants. Not to give the confirming authority the power in the last resort of executing the necessary clearances at the cost of the ratepayers is to go against the principle adopted in the Public Health Bill. Where avowedly sanitary improvements are concerned, the central authority is enabled to effect them on these terms; and as Mr. CROSS has repeatedly and justly said that he regards the clearance of houses unfit for human habitation in the light of a strictly sanitary measure, it is hard to see why the law respecting it should be different from the law respecting other sanitary measures. Mr. CROSS has given notice of an amendment empowering the confirming authority, on the refusal of the local authority to act on the Medical Officer's report, to hold an inquiry as to the correctness of the statements made in that report. We fail to see the advantage of ascertaining that the evil exists if the confirming authority is denied the power of remedying it.

THE WELSH COLLIERS.

THERE is proverbial encouragement to hope that when things are at their worst they will begin to mend, and it would almost seem as if this point had been reached in the case of the colliery districts of South Wales. The pits have now been closed for about a month, and the desperate straits to which not only the colliers, but the whole community, are apparently reduced would appear to indicate that a surrender or a compromise of some kind cannot be much longer deferred. The present state of things is indeed deplorable in the extreme, and in some respects even perilous. The conflict between the colliers and their employers has necessarily paralysed almost the whole industry of a wide region, and the innocent neutral part of the population are being ruined, not only by the cessation of all business and of the flow of money, but by the increasing demands which are made upon their reduced means for the relief of destitution. It is as if a blight had fallen on the land, as if its internal resources had been suddenly exhausted, or its workers stricken with a wasting palsy. And yet all the time the pits are as rich, the colliers as lusty as ever. There is nothing whatever to prevent the immediate resumption of the ordinary prosperity of the district at a word from either side; and yet this word is not spoken. If the consequences of the strike touched only those who are directly engaged in it, they would of course be entitled to enjoy the privilege of fighting out their differences without interference from outside. Masters and men have equally a right to determine for themselves, whether reasonably or unreasonably, on what conditions they will do their work; and if they cannot come to an agreement, there is no external compulsion which can be applied. The rest of the community may suffer too, and from no fault of its own, but it cannot force any set of men to work against their will. The state of the case, however, is obviously very different when, apart from the indirect injury which is done to the community by the suspension of an important industry, a special demand is made upon it for contributions to be applied to the maintenance of the very war which is the source of its misfortunes. The public has then a right to take measures for its own protection, and to reply to those who come for relief, "If you are out of work simply because you will not "take the work offered you, we have nothing for you; "your destitution is purely artificial, and produced by "yourselves, and you have it in your power at once to put "an end to it by going back to work." In an ordinary strike this answer would be decisive, but the peculiarity of the state of things in South Wales is that it is due partly to a strike and partly to a lock-out, and workingmen who are refused work are of course in a different position from those who refuse it. This is the difficulty which has to be solved in South Wales, and there can be no doubt that, unless a compromise can be effected, it may prove a very embarrassing one.

Many years ago, in the infancy of the Poor-law system, Sir G. CORNEWALL LEWIS remarked prophetically that "a "Trade-Union supported by a poor-rate is one of the "prettiest pieces of machinery that can be conceived"; and an excellent opportunity of studying this interesting

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combination is now afforded in South Wales. According to recent returns, almost a sixth of the whole population of the parish of Merthyr is in receipt of extraordinary relief, and the number of applications appears to be steadily increasing. It is of course perfectly well known that the able-bodied colliers who thus claim to be supported out of the rates could obtain work on the instant if they would only, as a body, accept the wages which the masters offer. In point of form, no doubt, the lock-out amounts to a refusal of work by the masters; but it need hardly be said that there would have been no lock-out at all if there had not been a strike; and it is notorious that the strikers have only to return to the pits in order to ensure the immediate suspension of the lock-out. It therefore becomes an important question how far the general public, which has nothing whatever to do with the dispute between the coalowners and miners, is liable to be called upon to support men in idleness who are idle only because they choose to be so. It is unnecessary on this point to go into the question whether masters or men are in the right as to what ought to be the rate of wages. It is enough that the wages which the men have it in their power to earn if they please are at least sufficient for the maintenance of themselves and their families, and that their destitution is the result of a voluntary and deliberate act of their own, which they have at any moment the power to recall. The Guardians, we presume, have no difficulty in dealing with the case of men on strike; the latter have clearly no right to relief, and it can only be through culpable weakness that any is allowed them. The locked-out men, however, occupy a different position. They can allege that they have been driven out of their employment against their will, and that they are quite ready to go back at the reduced wages if the masters will only take them. It may be known to the Guardians that, in point of fact, the lock-out has been forced on the masters as a necessary consequence of the strike, and that the various classes of colliers are playing into each other's hands; but it is difficult to see how responsibility for this corporate action can be brought home to the individuals who come before them for relief. The men say they are willing to work if they can get work, and they are therefore entitled to assistance unless it can be proved that there is really employment open to them which they will not take. It would appear, therefore, that, in enforcing a lock-out, the masters have to some extent given the men an advantage in the contest, in as much as the ratepayers in that case are obliged to supplement the funds of the Trade-Union. A suggestion has, however, been made by Mr. DOYLE, the Poor Law Inspector at Merthyr, which will perhaps open up a way of settlement. It is proposed that the Boards of Guardians should ask the Associated Masters to say whether they can give work to the men now out of employment at wages sufficient to keep them off the rates, and, if so, to what extent the Guardians can reckon on this being done. This will of course reopen the whole question both of the strike and the lock-out; and if the masters reply, as it may be expected they will do, that their pits are open at a reduced wage, the men who decline to accept this offer will be disqualified for receiving relief at the expense of the public.

It will be seen that there are thus two questions which should be kept distinct. There is the question whether the masters are right or wrong in attempting to reduce wages, and with this the public has nothing to do. On the other hand, there is the question to what extent the public is to be compelled to provide for men who can obtain a livelihood if they like, but who are difficult to please as to the terms of employment. It may be believed that there are very few persons in the world who are as well off as they think they ought to be, but it is apparently only working-men who claim a right to be supported at the expense of the community whenever they cannot get a job exactly to their taste. A clerk takes the best terms he can get, and waits till he can secure something better; and, in fact, most people have to do the same. But the working-man seems to think it one of his peculiar privileges that he should be allowed to put his hand in the public purse when he quarrels with his work. In the present instance there can be no doubt that the colliers have been misled by a complete misconception of the state of the market. It may be a question how far it is just or convenient that a mechanical operative, whose work is no better one day than another, should be paid according to the fluctuating profits of a business the prosperity of which is independent of his efforts; but, assuming that the 30 or 40 per cent. of increased pay which the colliers have obtained during the last few years was really due to them in the circumstances of the trade, the present depression fully justifies the reduction which is proposed. Indeed this is almost admitted by the men themselves, and their only ground of resistance has come to be an affectation of doubt as to the accuracy of the masters' calculations. It is not unnatural that employers should decline to expose their private accounts to public scrutiny, but the general state of the market must be sufficiently apparent to every one. The iron market has been for some time declining. It has lost several of its best foreign customers, who are endeavouring to supply their own wants at home, and there is no immediate prospect of trade being opened up in new directions. It follows therefore that, if wages are to depend on the prosperity of trade, a reduction is natural at the present time. It would also appear that the men are suffering from a mistaken policy on another point. In a recent letter to the *Economist*, Mr. CLARK, a Welsh iron-master of twenty years' standing, contrasts the relations which formerly existed between the masters and their men with those of the present time. It was the custom of the older Welsh masters, such as Sir JOHN GUEST and Mr. CRAWSHAY, when the demand for their iron fell to a low ebb, to employ their men in working to stock—that is, in the manufacture of the metal up to the most advanced stage to which it could be carried, and yet be capable of being converted into any form of finished iron which might afterwards be called for. In this way the master employed his capital in preparation for a better state of trade, and the men in return were willing to take a lower rate of wages rather than be thrown out of work. This was a system which worked well for both parties, and prevented those violent fluctuations which are so distressing, especially to the men. But, according to Mr. CLARK, it was the men who broke away from this system, and refused to accept the terms on which alone the masters could afford to invest in stock. The consequence has been that the masters have given up the policy of stocking, and hence the vicissitudes to which the men are now constantly exposed from one year to another. It may be doubted whether the masters have themselves understood their own interest in allowing the old system to pass away; but there can be no doubt that the change has been pressed on them by the men.

THE NEW CARDINALS.

THE first impression likely to be made on most people by the news of Cardinal Manning's elevation to the purple will be one of surprise that it did not take place sooner. No one certainly has more laboriously and obsequiously earned the highest honours which Pius IX. has it in his power to bestow. And accordingly the frequent rumours during the last few years of his approaching promotion, which have been as frequently falsified, had not unnaturally suggested the belief that he was himself unwilling to accept a dignity which could add little to his real influence, and might inconveniently hamper his social position, in a Protestant country, as it certainly did hamper his predecessor, who was the first Cardinal to reside in England since the Reformation. For it must be remembered that the Cardinalate, if it has a mixed character, which is supposed to be symbolized by the official scarlet—"the royal dye of empire and of martyrdom," as Dr. Newman somewhere calls it—is much more a secular than a spiritual dignity. With six exceptions Cardinals need not be bishops, nor need all of them even be priests; any one who has received the first tonsure, which precedes the minor orders and marks off the clerical estate, is eligible, and many Cardinals have before now laid down their dignity and married, as there have indeed been Popes who were never in holy orders. Cardinals are in fact, like the numerous Roman *Monsignori*, who often return to lay life, officials of the Court rather than of the Church of Rome; they are at once the electors and Privy Councillors of the Supreme Pontiff, to "aid in the government of the Universal Church," as Pius IX. expressed it in his Allocution, and by virtue of a tradition which has remained unbroken for three centuries and a half, though it is based on no rule, and is opposed to earlier precedents, they form the body from which he is himself exclusively chosen. Hence they are styled "Princes of the Church," and take rank in Roman Catholic countries, as they did formerly in England, next to the blood royal. Of the twenty English Cardinals before the Reformation, from Robert Pulleyn to Wolsey, only six were Archbishops of Canterbury; but the rest, whether Archbishops of York, like the last two, or Suffragan Bishops, took precedence of the Primate. Cardinal Weld, in later days, applied for

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and received permission from George III. to accept the red Hat, and was offered a residence at Hampton Court, but, like other post-Reformation Cardinals, preferred to live at Rome. Dr. Manning has contrived to obtain a sort of brevet rank which no Roman Catholic ecclesiastic has hitherto enjoyed in this country since the Reformation; his name is gazetted at the Prince of Wales's garden parties after the archbishops but before the bishops of the Established Church; and at the Union Jubilee banquet at Oxford two years ago he was placed before the Anglican Bishop of the diocese, occupying a corresponding position on the left of the chair to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury on the right. But he cannot expect more than this to be conceded to him. As long as there is an Established Church no Cardinal will be permitted to take precedence of its chief pastors, nor will he rank above the secular peers whose dignity is, on the Roman Court theory, inferior to his. To an ambitious man whose ambition is not of the mere vulgar type to which scarlet stockings are in themselves "a thing of beauty" which confers abiding joy, the position might obviously be an awkward one. Nor can we ourselves attach any weight to the reversionary chances of a yet higher position which are sometimes hinted at. For centuries past none but Italians have filled the Papal Chair, and any change in that respect at the next vacancy is under existing circumstances doubly improbable; not to add that, even if a non-Italian was to be chosen, an Englishman and a convert would be about the unlikeliest person for the electors to fix upon. It is possible of course that Cardinal Manning may be able to exercise an important influence on the next Conclave—in what direction can hardly be doubtful—and this may be to him a sufficient ground for desiring the office, but it is beyond all limits of reasonable anticipation that he should himself become a second Nicholas Brakespeare.

It is, by the by, an amusing blunder of the *Daily Telegraph* to speak of "our English Cardinals, who have been eight in number, and have been appointed at the rate of one per century." Probably the writer's sole information was derived from a statement in the *Times* of the day before, which he had misread, that Dr. Manning is the eighth English Cardinal since the Reformation. But the *Times* itself is not much happier in its facts when it observes that he is almost the first genuine Englishman promoted to that dignity. The names of Fisher, Pole, Howard, Allen, Acton, and Weld speak for themselves, and to these may be added the Scotch Cardinal Erskine. Nor is the *Times* quite at home in the biography of Archbishop Manning who is said to have formerly, as Archdeacon of Chichester, "made a good figure in Convocation," whereas the revival of that body for active work dates only from the year after his secession. The real peculiarity of his case is that he is the first English convert who has received the purple. Oxford may count Cardinals among her ancient celebrities, but no Harrovian till now has entered the Sacred College. And the fact of his being a convert helps to account for the jealousy which is said to be felt at Rome towards the new dignitary, and which is alleged among the causes that have barred his earlier promotion. By canon law converts are "irregular" to the third generation, just as by the old Roman law, which perhaps suggested the distinction, the son of a *libertus* was a *libertinus*, and it was only in the third generation that the children became *ingenui*. In strict accordance with this legal tradition one of the ablest of the English Roman Catholic Bishops is known to maintain that "heresy never gets purged out of the blood till the third generation," and the same view is sure to prevail still more strongly at headquarters. Dr. Manning has no doubt done his best, as far as violent assertions, extravagant doctrines, and the adoption of an ultra-Roman policy may serve to purge out the last remnant of Anglican misbelief. But it will always be open to his rivals to insist that, as the cowl does not make the monk, the hidden *virus* has not been thoroughly expelled from the system. There have however been Cardinals, and even Popes, before now, who were something more than Protestants. And the new Cardinal's Vatican orthodoxy ought certainly to be considered beyond impeachment.

The other nominations which took place in the Consistory of Monday last are also in their way noteworthy. But first we may observe that Pius IX. has directed with characteristic audacity that the five Cardinals reserved *in petto*, whose names will be found "in letters annexed to his will," shall, in the event of his death before their promulgation, enjoy the active and passive voice in the next Conclave. Such a claim has invariably been rejected even when it was customary for the Pope to communicate the names of those reserved secretly to the Sacred College. Martin V. alone of former Popes gave a similar injunction to that now given by Pius IX., but nevertheless his secret nominees were not allowed to enter the next Conclave, and this decision was confirmed by a constitution of his successor Eugenius IV. To return to the six Cardinals just appointed. Of the two Italian nominees, Giannelli and Bartolini, there is nothing particular to say. Nor do we know much of Archbishop M'Closky personally, but the appointment of the first American Cardinal recalls a curious inquiry, to which we shall presently advert, as to the future policy of the Holy See. The two remaining names tell their tale plainly enough. Archbishop Deschamps of Malines was, with Archbishop Manning, one of the most strenuous supporters of the infallibilist party at the Council, and it was to him that the late Father Gratry addressed the four masterly Letters, which he afterwards "effaced," but which have never been answered, against the new dogma. He, like his brother of Westminster, has earned his reward. To Archbishop Ledochowski of Posen the Pope was unable to present his red biretta, for the excellent reason that he is not only absent, but in prison. His fate, we may hope, will be less tragical than Cardinal Fisher's, but the dignity is conferred on him under circumstances not very dissimilar. Both prelates had been engaged in a contest with the civil power for the divine authority of Rome. The Archbishop of Posen, like the Bishop of Rochester, was once too in intimate relations with the Government whose hand is now so heavy upon him. And if there is any truth in the rumour, for the accuracy of which we do not vouch, though it comes on high authority, that the German Bishops were last Christmas meditating terms of compromise, and that Ledochowski's influence withheld them from pressing and the Pope from sanctioning such an arrangement, his promotion at this moment is the more readily explained. In any case the Holy Father has thereby set his seal to the recent Encyclical, and solemnly reaffirmed the policy of "no surrender" in his conflict with the German Chancellor, who may now be the more anxious to urge on the Italian Government his apparently unwelcome advice to emulate his own policy.

A very different train of ideas is suggested by the elevation of the Archbishop of New York to the Sacred College. Cardinal M'Closky is said to be a man of ability, but his personal qualifications, whatever they may be, can hardly have been the leading motive, and do not constitute the main interest, of his promotion. Indeed the semi-official *Voce della Verità* intimates as much as this. One world, as the poet says, did not suffice to Alexander, and the Church which addresses herself *urbi et orbi* aspires to include the New World as well as the Old in her universal dominion. As regards the Spanish colonies in America that is a matter of course; but in the United States—the chosen home of democracy and of the most omnigenous sectarianism—there are already, it seems, more than eight million Roman Catholics, and the number is said to be steadily increasing by conversion as well as by the perpetual stream of Irish immigration. Nor can this be wondered at. The same sort of feeling which inspires an almost flunkeyish devotion to titles and decorations among a people who are not themselves permitted to receive them, would in its religious aspect tell in favour of a Church which presents the imposing spectacle of venerable antiquity amid the fleeting forms of modern political organization, and claims to speak with unerring voice amid the Babel of jarring tongues. Nor can there be any doubt that the appearance in such a society of a Prince of the Church, with all the gorgeous trappings of his unfamiliar dignity, will be hailed with satisfaction, and may even exert a definite influence, beyond the pale of his own communion. The strange thing is, not that an American Cardinal should be created now, but that there should have been none created earlier. And these considerations would alone fully suffice to explain the step just taken by Pius IX. But it serves also to illustrate an interesting question which has been mooted of late, but which we cannot do more than briefly glance at here, as to the possible intention of the Holy See to adopt a new line of policy, starting from the separation of Church and State, which, though condemned in the Syllabus as a principle, is becoming more and more recognized as an accomplished fact. The Church of Rome, it has been surmised, may turn away from the monarchies and aristocracies which have betrayed her, and make her appeal directly to the masses; she is hampered by no abstract doctrine of the divine right of kings, and has never committed herself to the exclusive and inherent claims of any form of government but her own. This is perfectly true, and we may add that it would not really be an innovation for the Popes to return to the policy deliberately adopted and pursued with a proud consistency by the ablest and most powerful of their predecessors. Hildebrand publicly appealed to the body of the faithful, not only against the tyranny of Emperors and Kings who had usurped spiritual rights, but even against the resistance of an immoral or simoniacal clergy. He went so far as to forbid the laity to attend masses celebrated by married priests, or to accept the sacraments at their hands. It may well be doubted whether Gregory's bold experiment proved successful in the long run; and there is force in the comment of a modern writer, that the laity who had learnt from him to oppose their clergy learnt in the next century from Arnold of Brescia how to oppose the Pope, and later still from Luther how to throw off their allegiance to him altogether. But the situation is changed since then, and the laity would be called upon now, not to resist their clergy, but to support them against a domineering civil power. Still the attempt would be rather, to use Cardinal Manning's words on receiving his new dignity, "a forlorn hope," and it is by no means clear that it would succeed. In America, however, there is everything to be gained and nothing to be lost by bidding for democratic support, for there is only a democracy to be propitiated, and where the union of Church and State has never existed, it can neither be perpetuated nor dissolved. How far the same programme could be safely carried out in old established Catholic States is quite another question, nor is it at best anything more than a plausible conjecture that Rome seriously contemplates so momentous a change of front. One swallow does not make a summer, and the appointment of an American Cardinal can hardly be taken as a Pontifical announcement that henceforth Catholic society is expected to conform itself to the American type. The discussion is not without interest both on its speculative and its practical side; but it is one which we have no space or occasion to enter into more fully here.

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THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THE time is approaching for the departure of the Arctic expedition, and some papers laid before Parliament contain a few details as to its equipment. Two ships are being fitted up which are now called the *Alert* and the *Discovery*. The *Discovery* was previously known by the more picturesque, if less appropriate, name of the *Bloodhound*. We confess, in passing, that we have a certain weakness for the good old-fashioned and utterly irrational style of naval nomenclature; but we have no reason to suppose that the change of name will materially affect the zeal or efficiency of the adventurers. Each ship will have a crew of about sixty, including naturalists and Esquimaux, but not including dogs. Of these last useful auxiliaries it is proposed to take about sixty, if the number can be obtained. Dogs, however, are scarce, in consequence of the diseases recently prevalent; and dog-drivers seem to be still more difficult to procure. The Danish Minister doubts whether he will be able to discover as many as four competent persons in Greenland. Meanwhile, we presume that, dogs or no dogs, the expedition will sail at the appointed time, which is to be at latest by the middle of June. The instructions given for the general management of the enterprise are in accordance with the plans recently published. The avenue which offers the greatest prospect of success is by common consent that of Smith's Sound. In a chart which accompanies the papers now printed the coasts discovered by English enterprise are distinguished by different colouring from those which have been lately explored by Germans and Americans. A blue line round Baffin's Bay commemorates the gallantry of the old Elizabethan seamen with their comparatively insignificant apparatus. Starting from the base thus daringly explored, the results won by scientific adventurers of the first half of this century and the expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin are recorded by a brown outline connecting Hudson's Bay with Behring's Straits. But two parallel lines of red, striking straight from the North, form a rather provoking appendage to these traces of English adventurers. They are the traces left by the *Polaris*, and seem to mark a direct route to the Pole. Their only rivals upon the chart are the red marks left by German navigators in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and to the North of Nova Zembla, with the exception of one little brown spot, which is still a gratifying sign that, nearly fifty years ago, Parry reached the highest latitude yet attained by human beings, or at least by human beings of the civilized variety.

Fond anthropologists appear to cherish a hope that some stray savages may yet be found in the mysterious regions towards the North Pole, cut off by vast ice-masses from the rest of the habitable world. There they may be preserved as living fossils of greater interest than the celebrated mammoth in the iceberg. We need not ask whether there is much ground for any such expectation, or whether, if found, they would be worth the finding. It is not probable that such a little driblet, sluiced off at some previous epoch from the main current of humanity, would be very different from other savages of our acquaintance. Philosophers have generally placed their imaginary happy valleys, such as that which Rasselas inhabited in Abyssinia, or Candide discovered in South America, in more congenial climates. The legend of St. Brandan, as told by Mr. Matthew Arnold, suggests a more appropriate inhabitant of those Northern regions. Judas Iscariot, if that story deserves credence, is to be found somewhere near the North Pole once a year, thoroughly enjoying the contrast afforded by the frozen seas to the climate of his more habitual place of residence. A modern inhabitant of the Polar regions would not have these exceptional advantages for appreciating the scenery; to him anything like warmth of climate would be a dim tradition inherited from remote ancestors, and generally discredited by the more sensible natives. The story of a country where water was habitually in a fluid condition would be as incredible as an account of solidified water was to the proverbial Indian prince. An Esquimaux is not a very lively being at the best of times, and an Esquimaux with a perpetual and hereditary cold in his head would probably be descending rapidly to the level of the monkey, or, as an Arctic monkey is scarcely conceivable, of the seal. He would not for that reason be the less acceptable for scientific purposes. We are forgetting, however, that some people argue that there is really a place "behind the North wind." There is, for example, Professor Newton's favourite bird, the knot, which appears to be as particular about its climate as the most delicate of invalids. It just picks the best bits out of the year in each zone, as other birds take the choicest parts of our fruit. England is only tolerable for brief spaces in spring and autumn. During our winter the knot goes further South; and in summer it moves to some unknown region in the North, passing over Iceland and Greenland. No one has as yet discovered its breeding-place. Professor Newton argues, however, that it would not be fool enough to pass over Iceland and Greenland if there were not some place further North where it could get better supplies of food. But if the food is better, the climate must be more genial. If therefore a region exists in the far North with such a climate, the causes which produce it must be worth investigation. We would willingly bow to Professor Newton's authority in regard to the peculiar tastes of the knot, but we must confess that this argument appears to us to involve some rather bold hypotheses. If the knot insists upon going North in the summer, we should have supposed that it went in order to get cool. If it is merely on the look-out for a genial climate, it might surely as well save itself the trouble of a flight to Iceland, and at least stay occasionally in the North of Scotland or in Scandinavia. Nor do we imagine that even Professor Newton is sufficiently acquainted with the exact circumstances which contribute to the happiness of a knot to be able to account precisely for its eccentric excursions.

The simple fact seems to be that we know remarkably little about the circumpolar region, and this is the best reason which scientific men can give for going there. It is hardly possible that something worth knowing should not turn up in a region so isolated from the rest of the world, and subject to so peculiar a set of conditions. Dr. Hooker tells us that the existing flora of Greenland is of special interest. By tracing the affinities of the meagre catalogue of plants which pick up a scanty existence between its glaciers, we find dim indications of former changes in the distribution of land and sea which would throw light upon many geological problems. Indeed the traces of forests existing in regions now covered with perpetual ice appear to some observers to indicate greater changes than could be effected by any redistribution of geography, and to imply that the inclination of the earth's axis or the ellipticity of its orbit may have changed. Such speculations, however, may be adjourned till we know a little more of the facts. If we could unravel completely the history of any one series of phenomena, we should throw much light upon many converging lines of inquiry. Any set of observations, therefore, may lead to more results than can be foreseen; but we cannot say beforehand in what quarter the most fruitful observations will be made.

It is more important to remark that, in justice to the explorers, we should not expect too much. The difficulties of the undertaking, after every care has been taken, will obviously be very great. The instructions given to the explorers necessarily leave a wide margin for all manner of unforeseen contingencies. The *Alert* and the *Discovery* are to push up Smith's Sound as far as practicable during the coming season. The *Discovery* is to find winter quarters somewhere within Smith's Sound, and at such a distance from the entrance that it may be within reach of a third ship, which is to sail in 1877, if necessary, and form a depôt somewhere near the mouth of the Sound. The *Alert* is, if possible, to push on to some point further North, but not to winter at a greater distance than 200 miles from her consort. In the spring of 1876 the sledging expedition for the North Pole will be sent out, and subsidiary expeditions be made for the exploration of the coast. Success in the spring of 1876 might enable the expedition to return in the course of that autumn; but a second winter, and even another season of exploration, may become necessary. If it should appear impossible to extricate the ships from the ice in the summer of 1877, one or both would probably be abandoned, and the crews would fall back upon the relief ship to be sent out, as already stated, to the entrance of Smith's Sound. Various precautions are suggested for the purpose of securing communications, such as throwing up cairns upon conspicuous parts of the coast; but everything must in fact depend on the skill and enterprise of the commanders. The public interest will of course centre chiefly on the feat of reaching the North Pole; and it is to be feared that unreasonable expectations may be aroused in consequence. The distance actually to be traversed, if the ships are fortunate enough to reach a high latitude in the course of the summer, is not greater than has previously been accomplished by sledge parties. But then we are in absolute ignorance as to the existence of the necessary conditions. We cannot say whether there is open sea to be crossed; how far the line of Smith's Sound may continue; and, as we can tell nothing of the physical geography, we can of course say as little as to the nature of the season. What is easy under certain conditions of weather may become hopelessly impracticable by a very slight change. Though every possible precaution has been apparently taken which experience can suggest, and the exploring party organized in the most skilful manner, the final effort must be made under the old conditions. A very small number of men will have to start from the furthest base that can be reached, and to cross some hundreds of miles of totally unexplored country. However well they may be provided, they will have to depend mainly on the old qualities of audacity and endurance, and there will probably be trial enough for both. The human being, who is the most important part of the machinery, is not essentially different from what he has been for a good many generations; and, though steam and other modern appliances can take him nearer to his ultimate object, the last part of the work will have chiefly to be done by the old implements, arms and legs. The chance of reaching the Pole depends chiefly, as the Arctic Committee says, upon the existence of a continuous coast-line stretching northwards. It may not exist at all, or the route which appears to be most promising may accidentally be the wrong one. A bad season this year may prevent the ships from pushing far enough to the North, or a bad season next spring may surround the task of exploration with any number of difficulties. In short, there are chances enough against complete success to make anything like confidence unreasonable and very unfair to the adventurers. The precedents show that there is no reason for considering the expedition to be very dangerous when the recognized precautions have been adopted, but there are plenty of reasons for not counting too confidently on an easy or complete success.

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THE BISHOPRIC OF ST. ALBANS.

WE do not like quoting slang if we can help it, but we were strongly reminded of Mr. Matthew Arnold's favourite word "Philistine" when we read the late article in the *Times* on the Bishopric of St. Albans. It is a sort of article which tells. It is wonderful how much may be done in some quarters by a judicious affectation of ignorance. There is nothing by which a large class of hearers and readers is so much flattered. When their oracle stoops to their level, they feel themselves raised to the level of their oracle. They need not be ashamed of not knowing what the oracle itself does not know. They are in truth proud of not knowing what the oracle implies is not worth knowing. When Sir William Harcourt said that he should be ashamed to know anything about canon law, a large class of people at once felt themselves brought nearer to the level of Sir William Harcourt. Only Sir William Harcourt committed the great mistake of not sticking by his ignorance; he broke the charm of the whole thing by going and learning some canon law in time for the next debate. This must have been bitter indeed to his admirers, who must have found it much easier to imitate his old ignorance than his new learning. The *Times*, we feel sure, will never make this mistake; it will never go at once and learn anything which it has declared to be not worth the learning. It has pronounced the History of Bæda to be a "legend"; it has pronounced the "Cathedral Chapter of the future" to be something to which it "does not see its way." Such a declaration at once relieves a crowd of people from any necessity for seeing their way either. The oracle will take care not to disturb them; it will take care not to see its way, unless indeed a day should come when it may be as convenient to see its way as it is now convenient not to see it. It is not unlikely that, when the Chapter of St. Albans is once working, the *Times* will find out that it had seen its way to it all along. But it will not do this so suddenly as Sir William Harcourt. The *Times* knows its business too well to go and learn in a week the History of Bæda, or to become prematurely convinced of the use of a chapter of St. Albans. When the proper time comes, the *Times* will have always believed every word of Bæda; it will always have held that a chapter of St. Albans is an institution of whose usefulness there never could have been any doubt.

The odd thing of all is that the *Times* seems to have taken a spite against St. Albans Abbey. It does not wish that great church to be made safe or decent. It does not like people to spend their money on making it safe and decent, even if they so spend it of their own free will. If there is to be a bishopric of St. Albans, still more if there is to be a chapter of St. Albans, people will be more likely to spend their money on the fabric of the church which will have become cathedral than they are now. This the *Times* wishes to stop; it wishes no more money to be spent on the church, and therefore it wishes that there should be no Bishop or Chapter of St. Albans. Now if people were constrained to give money to St. Albans Abbey against their will, and if the future Bishop or Chapter would be able to put on some further *peine forte et dure* to wring yet more money out of them, the argument of the *Times* would be a perfectly good one. As it is, nobody need give anything if he does not choose, and the Bishop and Chapter will have no power of making anybody give. It is possible—the *Times* no doubt knows best—that circulars signed by a Bishop or Dean would have more effect than the circulars signed by an Earl which have for some time been going about; but if it be so, as long as the object of the circulars is not clearly mischievous, where is the harm? So far, however, as we can make anything out of the meaning of the *Times*, it means that the restoration of St. Albans Abbey is, if possible, to be stopped altogether, and is at any rate not to be further encouraged by placing a Bishop or a Chapter there. We confess that no very clear idea is brought home to our minds—perhaps no very clear idea is meant to be brought home to our minds—by talk of this kind:—

> Last of all, it is that old dream of the Church of England, a Bishopric of St. Albans. What can possibly be said against such a proposition? The only objection that occurs is that it is too good, too felicitous, too picturesque, and that some such misgiving is betrayed by its promoters.

Presently we come to more in the same vein:—

> The proposed name of the See is a great historical name, but, unhappily, something more than a name. There is something very captivating in a See founded on the relics of the first Christian martyr, who was born and died here three centuries before the date of the legend which ascribes to St. Augustine the conversion of this island. There is also a very grand Abbey Church to hand, and seeming to ask why there is no Bishop of St. Albans. This is the romance of the scheme. It is not necessary, but it is there. A perfectly independent calculation of utilities and necessities brings us to St. Albans, which, for aught we know, may be as convenient as Colchester or Chelmsford for the supervision of a diocese comprising Essex and Herts.

We really read the first sentence over more than once under the belief that the writer meant to say that the name of St. Albans was "unhappily *nothing* more than a name." Nor can we presume to guess what is meant by so very dark an oracle as the sentence "It is not necessary, but it is there." The "perfectly independent calculation of utilities and necessities" sounds a little like talk about silences and eternities. But, oddly enough, the *Times* might here, if it had chosen, have hit upon a real blot in the scheme. St. Albans is not a central point for the proposed diocese. It is no more central than Colchester, a name which, we may remind the *Times*, is almost as historical as St. Albans, and it is certainly less central than either Waltham or Chelmsford. It is quite certain that, if St. Albans had not had an historical name and a magnificent minster, no one would have thought of planting a bishopric there. It is certain that a Bishop of Essex in the twelfth century, seeking a place to which to remove his see, looking out perhaps not so much for the most central as for the largest town in his diocese, would not have fixed his chair at St. Albans. Here is a real objection, an objection which we are from saying may not be outweighed by other considerations, but which is an objection so far as it goes. On this objection, oddly enough, the *Times* has not seized; but it goes on to object to St. Albans on the very ground which with other people forms the attraction of St. Albans. The thing which "looms before" the *Times* "at the bare mention at St. Albans" is the fact that there is there the largest ecclesiastical edifice and one of the most interesting in the country. One would have thought that there was nothing unnatural in the wish to keep such a church at least from ruin, if not to raise it to the ecclesiastical rank which it deserves. Not so thinks the *Times*:—

> But there has been spent upon that huge pile in simple repairs as much as would endow a Bishopric, and, what is more, quite as much is wanted now, so say the very enthusiastic admirers of the Abbey. A hundred thousand pounds could easily be spent on that wreck, and make as little show for the money as the like sum has at St. Patrick's, Dublin. The new Bishop would find in his Cathedral a very hungry yokefellow. He could not occupy his throne without finding all the architects and all the antiquaries buzzing about him like flies.

And it goes on to say that

> already the very name of St. Albans means not only doubling the cost of the Bishopric by bringing into activity the claims of the edifice, but actually trebling it by involving a Chapter.

The logic here is beyond us, especially in the last sentence. Why does St. Albans involve a Chapter more than any other place? Mr. Beresford Hope, to whom the *Times* refers, or any one else who holds that a Chapter is needed for the due working of a diocese, would ask for a Chapter just as much if the Bishop's throne were placed in the smallest parish church in his diocese. Now the Chapter is a question to be argued on its own grounds; it has nothing to do with the bigness of the minster of St. Albans. At least it has to do with it only so far as this. There is to be a Bishop of Essex and Hertfordshire. Some think that this implies a Chapter in the church where the seat of that bishopric shall be fixed; most people think that, if there is to be a Bishop and a Chapter, they would be better placed in the minster of St. Albans than in some meaner church. But neither Bishop nor Chapter need, as the *Times* seems to think, cost any more at St. Albans than they would cost at Chelmsford. Only, if they are fixed at St. Albans, the cry will go up yet louder for the restoration of the minster, and this is the very thing which the *Times* wishes to stop. What offence the abbey of St. Albans has given to the *Times* is beyond our power of guessing; but it is plain that, for whatever reason, the *Times* would gladly see that great minster a wreck. Lest the Bishop's coming there should at all help the restoration of the minster, the Bishop is to go elsewhere, or not be called into being at all. This, on the supposition that the article in the *Times* means anything and is not simply made up of words shuffled together at random, is the plain meaning of all this talk. As for the architects and antiquaries, the *Times* has a contempt for them worthy of Mr. Ayrton himself. The Psalmist was at least so civil to his enemies as to compare them to bees; the *Times*, perhaps in a Homeric vein, can liken its enemies to nothing better than flies. And we must bestow a moment of wonder on the passage in which the *Times* declares the conversion of England by Augustine to be a "legend," but has so great faith in St. Alban, perhaps in Amphibalus to boot, that it seems to make him displace St. Stephen as the protomartyr of the whole Church.

As for the Chapter, what the *Times* says as to the working of Chapters just at present is unluckily only too true. But why should this make it impossible to see one's way to the Chapter of the future? Why should not the vices and abuses of existing institutions guide us to the special points to be looked to in founding a new institution? A Chapter of St. Albans would start fair without any corrupt traditions; its statutes might be so drawn up as to rule all the questions which have arisen, in the way in which they ought to be ruled. Where old statutes are doubtful, new ones might be clear. Where old statutes can be construed as favouring modern abuses, new statutes might be carefully so worded as to shut them out. Most certainly, if the Chapter of St. Albans is to be of any use, it must be not like what existing Chapters are, but what they are meant to be, and care must be taken to hinder it from ever becoming what so many of the others are now. A Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, though he talks about the Bishop of Rochester being "clothed with somewhat of metropolitan grandeur"—Gundulf, humble cross-bearer of his Metropolitan, never dreamed of that—seems to understand this matter better than the oracle in the *Times*. He hints that the foundation of a Chapter of St. Albans would be a good opportunity of getting rid of the shameless abuse by which Residentiary Canons hold parochial benefices along with their stalls. This is a practice which no one defends, but which those whose pockets it helps to fill go on practising in defiance of right and reason. They will not stir; in the words of a late well-known member of their order, "they know they ought, but they won't." To give an answer to argument is hard; to keep on a profitable abuse is easy. And so the thing goes on, bringing daily scandal on institutions which are not yet incapable of reform. The establish-

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ment of a new Chapter on a purer footing, if it did not bring shame home to those who have a vested interest in abuses, would at least teach others that what is needed is not to destroy the institutions themselves, but to take away the corruptions which bring scandal upon them, and in truth jeopard their being.

NEW HOUSES.

THERE are several house agents in London who combine the trade of letting houses with that of making coffins. The two employments do not at first sight seem to have any affinity, but in a new suburb where streets are being run up by contract, and inhabited before they are dry, such a combination is natural enough. Indeed in the hands of an intelligent and enterprising man the two employments might be dovetailed with the happiest results. At least one death may reasonably be expected out of every large family settling down in a damp new house. It may only be the baby, but that will be better than none. If the family happens to come from Ireland or the West coast of Scotland, the Darwinian law will have enabled them to acquire some of the properties of india-rubber, so that they would possibly be damp-proof, and therefore not desirable tenants. Such applicants a judicious house agent will naturally refuse. And he may not only hope to profit in his capacity of undertaker by some one taking a fatal cold in the damp cemetery, but in his capacity of house agent he may at every well-conducted funeral inveigle new victims for the handsome-looking streets still in the hands of the builders, and perhaps induce his clients to enter them while the plaster is still wet upon the nine-inch walls. Doctors are, however, still more indebted to new houses than even house agents or undertakers. It is said that when a young medical man of fair ability and pleasing manners wishes to settle down in London, his wisest course is to choose some semi-fashionable district where showy houses with bow windows, pillared porticoes, and thin walls are being run up. If the soil on which the houses are being built is clay, so much the better for the young doctor; if the level of the ground is little above that of the Thames, his prospects are yet more brilliant. He may safely marry for love; for although the fees he will receive may not seem overwhelmingly large, he will be certain of constant employment. He may never become a renowned specialist or physician in ordinary to a member of the Royal Family, but while he is still a young man he will be able to set up his carriage without borrowing money, and he will not find it difficult to insure his life handsomely for his children. But in order to realize this pleasing picture he must secure for his own habitation an old and well-built house. When he is tired of life it will be time enough for him to take a new one. Few people except the Wandering Jew have the constitution of the nobleman who is said to have lived for many years almost rent-free by constantly moving from one new house to another. His friends thought he was suffering from some obscure disease of the brain, but the builders' agents found him a capital decoy duck. As soon as they told a wavering client that Lord So-and-so had taken a house in such a terrace, the houses in the terrace were immediately at a premium, particularly those on each side of his lordship. In fact builders find it an excellent speculation to give a good house cheap to a tenant with a title, and are thankful even for such small mercies as a knight's widow. Our imaginary doctor will find his time much taken up in prescribing for the servants who sleep on the ground-floor of these new houses, and consequently take rheumatism, and for the babies who sleep next the slates, and have bronchitis. Everybody in the families he attends will have at least one severe cold on entering, but the *pièce de résistance* will be neuralgia. It is sure to be prevalent in a new district, and has the merit of being very persistent and difficult to cure. The Shakers who bivouacked a few weeks ago under hedges covered with snow suffered less from illness than did the inhabitants of some of the streets in our Southern suburbs, where the cold cannot be kept out in winter nor the heat in summer, and where the walls are reeking with damp at every change of temperature. Bricks will hold about their own weight of water, and after having been thoroughly soaked they take a long time to become perfectly dry. As nine-inch walls are only the thickness of the length of one brick, they are necessarily not thick enough to prevent the rain which beats on the outside from soaking through to the inside.* They can never be built so as to be really rain-proof, and inside them every change in the weather can always be distinctly felt.

In driving through some of the suburban districts where monotonous terraces and melancholy cabbage plantations have taken the place of green fields and pleasant hedgerows, one cannot fail to be struck with the deplorable manner in which the houses are being built, nor is it possible to help feeling sorry for the unfortunate people destined to inhabit them. It is far from pleasant to watch the different stages, from the dirty puddle in which the foundation walls are built to the ugly parapet which serves to conceal the bad slating. If the soil should happen to be clay, but not sufficiently good for bricks, it is left as it is, and sometimes only very imperfectly drained. If it should turn out to be sand, then it is sure to be carted away and sold as long as it can be dug up with profit. The holes will be filled with any kind of rubbish at hand, and a foundation laid of broken bricks and loose stones much more unstable than the sand that was removed; so unstable that sometimes when the walls settle you can put your finger in the cracks. The open space at the back which is called a garden, apparently because it is so constituted that nothing could possibly grow in it, is often filled up with all sorts of dirt, such as road sweepings, and finished off by a top dressing of broken bricks, old mortar, shoes and boots, and a few kittens and puppies of tender age and repulsive appearance. The combination is not a savoury one, nor is the place an inviting playground for the children of the family. As to the management of the drains and the kind of traps usually supplied, the position of waste-pipes and water cisterns, the bad plumber-work and defective sinks, enough has already been written to prove how badly these things are managed even in the finest and most expensively built mansions, and to show how callous people are about sanitary arrangements, until illness calls their attention to some defect which should never have been allowed to exist. A mere glance at the walls will show that they are often built without a damp-proof course, that the partition walls are under the legal thickness, that the chimneys are too narrow, and the mortar either good and scantily used, or bad and laid on with too much profusion. It would be unfair to lay on the builders alone all the blame of building such houses as those blown down in Kensington a few weeks ago. We know that whenever there is a sufficient demand for any article there will be a corresponding supply to meet it. People with small incomes insist upon having cheap houses in imitation of a style which can only be produced in good materials at a considerable cost. They have their reward, and can rejoice in a tawdry balcony and stucco pilasters at the expense of smoky chimneys and bedrooms without shutters. Workmen's wages and building materials cost so much that the commonest houses are expensive to build in a wholesome and creditable manner; and yet people who know this look calmly on at cities of destruction rising before their eyes, and say nothing can be done to better matters. Perhaps they are right; but there is as much need that the Building Act should be enforced, or made stricter, if necessary, as that grocers should be prevented from selling poisonous tea or red lead in cayenne pepper. The Building Act is so often evaded, particularly in the matter of the thickness of partition walls, that one is led to suspect that the district surveyors are too much overworked and have not time to attend to their business. It is surely not possible that to be a little blind to the faults of builders pays them better and makes their situation a more comfortable one than if they were doing their duty.

When an inexperienced young couple who have hitherto lived in the country take a semi-detached villa in one of our new suburbs, they probably enter in November. Everything delights them at first; the walls are clean, the shutters are freshly painted in delicate colours, the ceilings gleam with whiteness. They have the carpets laid, arrange their furniture to the best advantage, hang the pictures, and set out the blue china. The nursery chimney smokes so that it is uninhabitable, but the agent says it is the particular wind that is blowing. The young wife who is taking lessons in cooking tries to feel a kindly interest in what her next-door neighbour is having for dinner, as it is impossible not to know. She pities the dear teething baby whose shrieks keep her awake half the night, and she wonders what sort of little boys they are whom she so distinctly hears dashing up and down stairs. She is delighted with her new house, it has so many cupboards and pegs for hanging things; and her husband is making plans as to how he will manage the plants in the conservatory so as always to have flowers. This bliss does not last long. First, they are nearly at death's door with influenza, and the baby takes whooping cough. No change of wind has come to prevent the nursery chimney from smoking, and the flue in the drawing-room is so small that three days of good fires choke it with soot. When one is too ill to eat anything, it is objectionable to smell curry from next door. The young wife's pity for the baby has subsided into a wish that it could find peace in another sphere of existence, and the wicked desire that the elder children may at least sprain their ankles and be obliged to go downstairs quietly almost rises to her lips. The cook complains of a smell in the scullery, and, after having tried with little success all the bad-scented compounds called disinfectants, new traps have to be got, and the drain-pipes are found imperfect. Another and quite different smell haunts the dining-room, and after the young couple and their friends have sniffed and discussed its peculiarities for weeks, and the house-agent, the builder, and the carpenter have all declared they cannot smell anything, it is discovered that the gas-pipes leak, and that there is a constant escape of gas. The boards must be taken up, mysterious men come and go, dinner has to be served in the study, which is soon found to be in the same condition as the dining-room, and has to go through the same operations. A pleasant seasonable frost now sets in, but, alas! the plaster begins to crack on the fine pilasters which support the roof of the porch, and a corner is knocked off one of the steps where there is a flaw in the stone. The excitement produced by a thaw in some of the lately built districts of London is very amusing to ill-natured people who are not the frogs of the occasion. Maid-servants hurry to and fro, their caps escaping from the precarious pin which holds them under less exciting circumstances, their aprons floating behind, their feet in carpet-slippers. They cry "Water, water!" as though it were the opposite element against whose ravages they were seeking relief. The water-pipes have of course burst. They are probably very thin, and the walls are no protection against either frost or sun. In the afternoon the ladies of the district pay visits of condolence to each other, and detail the havoc which has been wrought in their dwellings. One lady describes her drawing-room ceiling as in a state of

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pulp, and her new Brussels carpet as completely spoilt. Another says that the paper on her staircase is hanging in festoons, and that she was wakened in the morning by her little boy telling her with great glee that there was a real waterfall going downstairs, and that he had been floating bits of paper on it. A third describes her anguish at finding a beautiful picture which her husband had bought at the Dudley reduced to the state beloved by Turner's disciples, in which it did not matter whether it was hung upside down or not, all form having wholly disappeared from its soaked surface. The cry is now for plumbers, but the supply cannot of course equal the simultaneous demand for them; so all sorts of odd men, the men who are called with such fine irony "handy" because they cannot do anything well, are turned on. The pipes are cobbled up somehow, the builder's charges are regulated by the intensity of the panic, and represent the wages of the most experienced London workmen. Plumbers, like fishermen, make their hay by the aid of water rather than sunshine. After the temporary patching up of the water-pipes comes the invariable procession of paperhangers, whitewashers, and painters, to make work for others in their turn, and be blessed by the ever-ready charwoman who benefits by them all.

When summer comes our young couple find what sort of wood has been used in their house. It is unseasoned and badly joined. If the hall-door faces south the postman is soon able to put the letters through the cracks in the panels, or to slip the newspapers under or over the door, whichever he prefers. The children lose their money in the crevices of the stairs, and missing teaspoons are found in the gashes which open in the pantry slabs. There is always at least one door in a state of insubordination, and the bolts and their holes refuse to have anything to do with each other. If there are any shutters they cannot be fastened, for they do not meet, and the carpets are cut through as if with a knife, owing to the distance between the gaping boards of the floors. The cupboards let in the dust, and smell of return smoke because the flues are not properly plastered, and the rooms are so full of draughts round the surbase that it is impossible to do without fur footstools. The slates will soon begin to blow off, for they are probably put on with galvanized iron nails on which the atmosphere of London tells with fatal effect; and when our young couple have paid for all the repairs which will be absolutely necessary in the first year, they will, if they survive, find that they might as well have given fifty pounds a year more for a better house and saved their time and temper.

RELIGIOUS SENSATIONALISM.

WE have already expressed our opinion of the American Revivalists who are just now exhibiting in London, and as far as they are themselves concerned we should not think it worth while to return to the subject. Nothing can be more natural, after the way in which they have been advertised, than that people should be curious to see and hear them, and it would be absurd to suggest that the indulgence of this vulgar but innocent curiosity is attended with any very serious consequences to the majority of those who yield to it. At the most Messrs. Moody and Sankey are only a nine days' wonder, and when they are gone the wonder will perhaps be what there was to wonder at. There is nothing new either in the nature of the experiment or in its results. Dr. Johnson, speaking of the famous Whitefield, whom he had known as a fellow-student and for whom he had a personal respect, remarked that he never drew as much attention as a mountebank, and that such attention as he secured was obtained, not by his doing anything better than other men, but only by his doing what was strange. "Were Astley," he said, "to preach a sermon standing upon his head on a horse's back, he would collect a multitude to hear him; but no wise man would say that he made a better sermon for that." And so with Whitefield, "He would be followed by crowds if he wore a night-cap in the pulpit or preached from a tree." Dr. Johnson was disposed to believe that possibly in some cases among the lower orders Whitefield did good, but, he added, "when familiarity and noise claim the praise due to knowledge, art, and eloquence, we must put down such pretensions." It may be thought that a similar protest is now required in regard to the very inferior Whitefield whose noise and familiarity are at present in our ears. Once in a way an exhibition of this kind, as a passing show, may do no great harm, but it becomes a much more serious matter if there is any chance of its being generally adopted as a regular practice. It is therefore necessary to point out the logical conclusion of the approval which, in a more or less modified way, has in various quarters been bestowed upon these meretricious and sensational exercises. It is obvious that, if Messrs. Moody and Sankey's way of conveying religious instruction is the right way, the ordinary services of religion in this country are a melancholy delusion, and ought at once to be superseded by something more lively and stimulating in the new style. This is a prospect, however, which is calculated to shock and alarm many old-fashioned people, and it is therefore worth while to examine the grounds upon which a change is called for. The *Times* tells us that something may be learned from Mr. Moody of the "strange upheavings of American thought," and that it is a good thing to have a sort of "moral telegraphy" established between the two sides of the Atlantic. It may be doubted, however, whether the present is altogether an opportune moment for recommending an importation of American theology, and whether those unsavoury disclosures of the state of mind and private habits of pious people in New York with which the American newspapers have for some months been flooded are not more suggestive of warning than encouragement. It is possible that even some of those who are not indisposed to see our political institutions Americanized may find it prudent to hesitate before subjecting the religious habits and traditions of this country to a similar transformation.

The *Times* may perhaps be taken as the type of those respectable persons who would not for the world have it supposed that they themselves have the bad taste to like anything so low and vulgar as the performances of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, but who choose to believe that they must somehow be good for common people. The writer begins by observing that, "if only it be true that Messrs. Moody and Sankey have roused numbers of people to a more moral and more elevated life, mere criticism of their methods is somewhat ungenerous and out of place." But of course the question whether this effect has actually been produced, or is indeed at all likely to be produced, is just the point at issue; and it must strike any one as strange that it should be thought indispensable, in order to elevate the moral life, to begin by degrading the intelligence. No proof whatever has been given of any moral improvement having resulted from services which have evidently been attended more as a form of popular amusement than anything else; and we are therefore obliged to fall back upon criticism of the methods employed, which are thus described by the *Times*. Mr. Moody's preaching, we are told, is "racy, full of American humour, and often a little vulgar." It is admitted that "it is not a pleasant sensation to hear venerable narratives and events, around which a halo of hallowed imagination has gathered, presented as if they were good American stories, picked up the other day in Chicago"; and also it is suggested that "truths of wide and mysterious import are narrowed and hardened." This is a very mild way of describing the gross familiarity and irreverence with which sacred things are treated in the style of the "great comic" of a circus or music hall; but, taking it as it stands, we have it acknowledged that Mr. Moody's preaching is essentially vulgar and indecorous, that it is "not pleasant" for a sensitive mind to listen to, and that it has a tendency to "narrow and harden" religious opinion. Yet it is immediately afterwards asserted that Mr. Moody is preparing a "better material" for the Churches to work upon than they now possess. It may be true that "a strong clear voice, however strange its tones, should attract confidence and win a following," and also that people are thankful to be assured of a means of becoming better than they are; but the value of this stimulus must obviously depend, not upon its popularity at the moment, but on its permanent effects; and we are thus brought back to the question, which the writer evades, whether the rude disturbance of all those ideas of awe and reverence for holy things which have hitherto been part of the nature of the English people is really likely to assist anybody to become better. It cannot be denied that ordinary preachers are occasionally apt to fly rather over the heads of the more ignorant part of their congregations, and that religion requires to be put in a plain, intelligible manner before simple people; but nothing can be simpler or plainer, or at the same time more lofty and in the highest sense refined, than those Scriptural narratives which Mr. Moody degrades and parodies. And even if it be admitted that the unfortunately large section of our population which, as the *Times* says, is living what is little better than a mere animal existence requires to be stirred up by the use of language and illustrations lowered to the level of its undeveloped intelligence and coarse perceptions, this affords no excuse for the excesses of vulgarity and irreverence in which Mr. Moody indulges, inasmuch as he does not attract, and does not apparently seek to attract, that forlorn and miserable class. Mr. Moody has his reserved seats, with a quiet back way, for carriage company, carefully railed off lest it should be supposed that lords and ladies have come to be converted in physical contact with the multitude, or indeed are more than spectators at the latest sensation entertainment—the salvation of the lower orders. The disappointment of the select circle may be conceived when they find themselves confronted, not by the wretched people whom they expected to behold in the agonized contortions of sudden conversion, but by smug, self-satisfied, middle-class respectability, smirkingly confident of its own spiritual security, well up in hymns, and anxious to take part in a ceremony which is flattering to its own vanity and self-sufficiency, and which is to have the effect of converting quite another sort of people. The truth is that the majority of the audience have come out, not to be converted themselves, but to gratify their curiosity by seeing others operated upon. It would no doubt be delightful if a Lord Chancellor or a countess would only give signs of groaning unction, but this is the part reserved for the lower orders, whose attendance, however, has not been secured. In fact, the only class to which, by any license, the appeals of the ranter could be legitimately addressed is just that which is conspicuous by its absence; and, as all missionaries who are more in earnest about the permanent effects of their work than greedy of temporary applause are well aware, this is a class which is never likely to come of its own accord, and which has to be sought out in its own homes and haunts. It is a misconception of the whole spirit and process of Christianity to imagine that its teaching, even in the case of the most uneducated and benighted, requires any intellectual degradation; and there could not be more conclusive proof of this than the book in which its early history is recorded. To suppose

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that its pure and elevated diction requires to be brought down to the level of the lowest type of what is called American humour is to imply that the present generation is infinitely inferior in natural taste and mental capacity to those to whom the Gospel was originally addressed. It is easy to imagine what would be said if it were to be proposed to teach any other grave subject in a similar fashion. Except in the case of the very lowest and most hopeless class of the community, such a style of address as Mr. Moody adopts is depraving both to the intelligence and moral self-respect of those who are subject to its influence. The *Times*, in exalting these blatant orgies of ignorant zeal, is in its own ignorance doing an injustice to the modest and unobtrusive agencies which have already done so much for the moral and spiritual elevation of the masses, and which may be trusted to produce much more permanent and satisfactory results than a momentary burst of hysterical excitement.

The radical fallacy into which the writer in the *Times* falls is expressed in the remark that "it is mainly by great fermentations of faith and zeal that the world itself has been lifted to its present level." Ranters and agitators are no doubt familiar enough in history, and they have at times happened to obtain a place on the crest of some great wave of public feeling and conviction, but they have at the best been, like the fly on the car, only an accidental addition to forces which had a more natural and wholesome origin. In the dark days of geology it used to be supposed that all the great changes of the world were due to the action of tremendous cataclysms; but science has since demonstrated the quiet, gradual, yet momentous action of the rain and the atmosphere. And history, as it becomes more enlightened, also reveals the operation of equally slow and simple forces. The great material and political achievements and revolutions of the world are not the result of sudden and violent convulsions, but of long, tedious, patient, and persevering effort, for the most part performed by undemonstrative and silent persons. And it is the same with spiritual progress. We have an authoritative assurance that the kingdom of Heaven cometh not with observation; not with the parade of puffs and placards, amid the shouting of a crowded meeting called by advertisement, and under many thousand eyes; but quietly and silently, in the steady, sober, unostentatious exercise of that everyday life which is not for one day only, but for a lifetime. Everybody knows that in ordinary affairs there is no more dangerous and mischievous mood than that sort of sentimental fever and exaltation in which a man fancies that a sudden emotional impulse will at once carry him triumphantly through what must necessarily be a protracted and tedious labour, and is encouraged to ignore or underrate the anxieties and disappointments which when they come are all the more paralysing on account of the foolish, gleeful confidence with which they have been assumed at the outset to have been dispersed. In our political life we have had some painful experience of the debilitating influence of stimulants of this kind. It was thought that the contentment of Ireland, the reorganization of the army, and various other great reforms could be effected just by sending a rhetorical message of peace, passing a resolution for the abolition of purchase, or shouting some other shibboleth, and that as soon as a declaratory Act had been passed, the thing would be done. Discouragement has naturally followed wild expectations, and the consequences may be traced in the political doubts and languor which mark the present period. People are disgusted by the discovery that, after great enthusiasm and spasmodic efforts, so little has really been done, and that a long course of obscure and drudging effort still lies before them, and cannot be dispensed with. Mr. Moody is trying in his own way to make people believe that they have only to feel very strongly, and to utter an hysterical declaration of their faith, and their eternal salvation will be secured without any further trouble; but nothing can be more certain that, in spiritual as in worldly affairs, earnestness must be combined with a sober perception of the difficulties to be encountered, and of the duration of the ordeal.

SIR WILLIAM GOMM.

IT is more than eighty years since Sir William Gomm served his first campaign. There is some doubt about the date of his birth, but it is certain that his military life began in 1794. He had the good or bad fortune to take part in all those ill-conceived and generally abortive operations which we undertook before Wellington gave a prudent direction to our military enterprise. We are told that Sir William Gomm, who only died on Monday last, carried the colours of the 9th Regiment of Foot into action against the French Republicans in Holland in 1794, and served also against the same enemy in the same country in 1799. He must have seen during his long career a wonderful deal of blundering. The Duke of York, who commanded the British army in 1794, objected to serve under any Austrian general, so it was arranged that the Emperor Francis should assume supreme command of the allies. The French general Pichegru had an easy bargain in dealing with this organized imbecility. The allies formed an elaborate *plan de destruction*, on the assumption that the French would wait quietly to be surrounded. The French, unfortunately, departed from this programme. They attacked and defeated the allies, and the only consolation was the Emperor's acknowledgment that the British column alone completed the service expected from them, according to the "plan." A few days later Macdonald, who afterwards became one of the most distinguished marshals of the Empire, fought a fifteen hours' battle with the Duke of York near Tournay. As this was merely a prolonged pounding match in which allies did not interfere, the British of course won; but it was an eminently barren victory, and even our own historians have for the most part forgotten it. The allies were gradually pushed back from Tournay all the way to Nimeguen, and they were reduced to hope, and to hope in vain, that the frost of early winter might check the activity of the ragged and hungry Republicans. Yet it is certain that neither by sea nor land were the French of that time equal to the British in a stand-up fight. Lord Howe's victory in this year sufficiently proved this by sea, and it was shown again and again by land that neither elation of spirit nor desperation, neither love of liberty nor fear of the guillotine, could prevail against British obstinacy. In the campaign of 1799 the successes of the British army in the field were more decided, and the result was equally unsatisfactory. The Duke of York with his Anglo-Russian army gained much barren honour in battles near Bergen, but he could not get himself out of "a wretched corner of the land," nor reach Haarlem or Amsterdam. The Russians in that year did great things in Italy and Switzerland, until disaster fell upon them at Zürich. Not even the presence of Suwarrow and the absence of Bonaparte in Egypt could turn the tide of fortune against France; so the Duke of York made terms with General Brune, evacuated the "wretched corner" of Holland which he had conquered, and brought his army home. It would be wrong to say that these campaigns did no good, because many valuable officers first saw service in them. The Duke of Wellington commanded the 33rd Regiment in the campaign of 1794, and no doubt made useful observations in the course of it. These failures were respectable, and possibly useful. But the expedition to France and Spain under Sir James Pulteney in 1800 was simply contemptible. We believe that Gomm was present at "the attempt upon the harbour of Ferrol," where the British fought their way to a height, and, getting thus a good look at the defences of the place, resolved that they were too strong, and re-embarked. Then they made an attempt on Cadiz, which was defeated, not quite so ignominiously for the assailants, by the plague. A military historian pithily describes these operations as exhibiting arrogance at night and flight next morning.

For the next few years the alarm of invasion kept our troops at home, and prevented the repetition of these absurdities. But in 1807 an expedition had been projected by the British Government to "create a diversion," as the phrase was, in favour of Russia and Prussia. Fortunately for us, Napoleon gained the battle of Friedland, and put an end to the campaign before our armament set sail. In those years we were sometimes not quite quick enough to get into a mess, and that was all the luck we had. It is easy to imagine what would have come of our "diversion" in the North of Germany with Napoleon in the neighbourhood. However, after the Peace of Tilsit, our expedition was directed to something feasible—namely, the seizure of the Danish fleet. It must have been an agreeable variety for Gomm to take part in a successful operation. An interesting incident connected with this campaign was the birth of "Copenhagen," the horse which carried the Duke of Wellington at Vittoria and Waterloo, and whose likeness may be seen on the top of the arch at Hyde Park Corner. A mare belonging to General Grosvenor in this campaign proved to be in foal, and after her return to England she produced this celebrated horse. The Danes surrendered their fleet, and we brought it away; so this expedition, although not extravagantly glorious, was successful. Many of the troops engaged in it were sent the next year to Spain, and Gomm went with them. He was present at the battles of Vimeira and Corunna, and returning to England early in 1809, was sent in the same year on the last and greatest and most disastrous of "diversions" which landed at Walcheren. It has been said lately that injustice has been done to the authors of this expedition, who aimed at a worthy object when they attacked Antwerp. But although the plan may have been good, the execution of it was deplorable. The Austrians, for whose benefit this "diversion" was got up, were finally defeated at Wagram a fortnight before our fleet quitted the Douro. Napoleon did not, however, trouble himself to collect much military force against this invasion, as he said that the British might die of fever without assistance from him. This was the third abortive expedition to the same shores in which Gomm bore part, and if it was not, like the two former ones, actually driven out by the enemy, that was only because the enemy did not think it worth his while to make the necessary effort. The failures of the Duke of York look almost like successes after the utter breakdown of Lord Chatham, and we must allow that Gomm was a favourite of fortune, since he served under both these commanders and survived it. He deserved and enjoyed his full share of the more prosperous campaigns which now commenced for the British army. There was hardly a considerable battle or siege in Spain in which he did not take part, and he served in the campaign of 1815 as Quartermaster-General of Sir Thomas Picton's division, on which both at Quatre Bras and Waterloo some of the heaviest fighting fell. Gomm's Peninsular medal had eleven clasps, and we should be within the mark in saying that from 1794 to 1815 he was present at fifteen severe engagements. In recognition of these distinguished services he was made K.C.B., and transferred from the Line to the Guards.

In after years he held successively the commands at Jamaica, at the Mauritius, and in the East Indies. His services after the battle of Waterloo extended over forty years, which, by way of contrast

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to the twenty years preceding it, were singularly uneventful. His command in India occupied part of the period between the second Sikh war and the Mutiny, and probably the most important military event of this period was the despatch of two regiments of cavalry as reinforcements to the Crimean army. The lapse of twenty years has brought Russia and England nearer to each other in Asia, and it would not be necessary now to send our Indian troops quite so far to find a Russian enemy. It was not Sir William Gomm's fortune to be personally employed against the Russians, and we have seen that in certain years he had done much hard fighting in their company. When the Czar visited this country last year he received Sir William Gomm at Buckingham Palace and conferred on him the order of St. Wladimir. This was an appropriate compliment to a veteran who had fought side by side with Russian soldiers three-quarters of a century before. The Duke of York on the 19th September, 1799, came nearer than ever before to a substantial victory, and he had much cause to blame for his disappointment the Russian generals Hermann and Essen, who began their attack before daylight without troubling themselves to ascertain whether the movements with which they ought to have combined had even begun. The Russians were very brave, disorderly, and, to speak plainly, drunk, and they were beaten before the British columns came into action. The changes which passed over the world during Sir William Gomm's long career of service cannot be better exemplified than by remarking that he saw Russian troops brought from the Baltic to the Zuyder Zee in English ships to fight the French, and he sent English troops from India to help the French to fight the Russians in the Crimea. There was something impressive to the imagination in the appearance of Russia on the battle-fields of Europe, and it seemed as if she only could produce enough men of the right sort to check the career of French ambition. Drunk or sober, they would always fight, and when Suwarrow marched his army over the St. Gothard and entered Andermatt on the 25th September, 1799, the Austrians probably repented of having brought such very energetic allies so far from home. Sir William Gomm lived long enough to learn the wisdom of the proverb which bids us treat our enemies as though they may become our friends, and *vice versâ*. He had shared in many victories and some scarcely less honourable defeats. But suppose he had written his observations of mismanagement in the British army. He had been at Walcheren, and he had talked with those who had been in the Crimea. He was deservedly made Field-Marshal, Constable of the Tower, and Colonel of the Coldstream Guards. The regiment of which he carried the colours in 1794 also numbers among its former officers Lord Clyde, who led a detachment of it in the first assault on St. Sebastian in 1813. It would be impossible to compare Sir William Gomm with Lord Clyde or Sir Charles Napier, because it was never his fortune to command an army in the field. But in experience of European war he was unsurpassed, and his special distinction was that he had served his Sovereign more than eighty years.

HIGH PLAY AND HEAVY USURY.

THERE is a great deal more of high play going on than we are apt to imagine, and in quarters where we should scarcely have expected it. For people are apt to forget that the height of the play is not to be measured by the amount of the stakes that change hands, but by the means or prospects of the players. We have all heard the story of the Sioux brave—those Red Indians are among the most inveterate gamesters in the world—who, sitting down to a game with a chance acquaintance whom he met by a fountain in the wilderness, had to part in succession with his horse, his weapons, and his scanty raiment. Finally, in his extreme eagerness for his "revenge," he hazarded his scalp, and lost that. The intrinsic value of the piece of skin was small; but doubtless the loss of it made the owner miserable in the meantime, and thoroughly uncomfortable to the end of his days. No one can have looked on at the games of roulette and rouge-et-noir at the public tables on the Continent without having remarked that the expressions of vexation, or even anguish, were most frequent on the faces of those who were punting with paltry florins or five-franc pieces. And so here at home many young fellows are dropping trifling sums every day which the winners sweep up with the most serene indifference, and no one seems to know or care that the losers may be bleeding themselves to death, slowly but very surely. Gambling is one of the most dangerously seductive of passions, because it tightens its hold on the inexperienced by degrees which are almost insensible, and because its beginnings in many cases are to all appearance so innocent.

Whist, for example, is one of the most beautiful and scientific of games; and if played with intelligence and in rational moderation, it is one of the most profitable of mental exercises. It tasks the intellectual powers without overstraining them; it exercises the memory easily and agreeably; it teaches you to seize upon facts and probabilities, and combine them for the purpose of logical conclusions; it exercises the imagination in forecasting possible hostile moves, and elaborating schemes of brilliant counter-strategy that must be modified or abandoned with changing circumstances; it teaches you the habit of prompt decision after quick but careful reflection. In short, if you play whist as it ought to be played, you practise a variety of valuable lessons that will profit you at every turn in the practical business of life. Then it is supposed to be a thoroughly domestic game, and synonymous with the most steady-going respectability. The schoolboy sees it played by his masters and teachers; the undergraduate knows it to be in favour with the dons of his college; worthy parsons set the example to their parishioners; and even dignitaries of the Church devote themselves to it with serene consciences, while they denounce loo and vingt-et-un, and round games of the sort, as flimsily disguised snares of the Evil One. So that any youth who betakes himself to whist may plead the most unimpeachable examples, and mix in the most profitable company. Things are made very safe for him in the beginning so far as money is concerned. Very probably he sets out by playing "for love"; at all events, the points are extremely moderate whenever he is likely to be asked to take a hand. Helpless victim as he might be, even professional players are shy of having anything to say to him so long as he must limit his ambition to avoiding revokes, and is all abroad in the rudiments of the science. Yet even if he plays where the points are only shillings, with possibly half-a-crown on the rubber, a run of ill luck may make an awkward hole in his limited pocket-money. If he is dense and slow, probably he will never do himself any great harm. He will give up in disgust a game that is beyond him, and no one will take the trouble to overcome his objections to it. But if he is quick and bright, he is almost sure to yield to its fascinations, if regular opportunities for it fall in his way. He goes into the army, and when he joins his regiment he finds the whist-tables set out night after night in the ante-room; the intellectual excitement is an agreeable relief from the monotonous scandal, gossip, and pipe-clay that are droned out nightly over the cigars. Or he gets an appointment in a Government office, comes up to town to settle in solitary lodgings, and is balloted a member of one of the numerous newfangled clubs that throw their doors so hospitably open to all comers. A lively set of men assemble night after night about the whist-tables in the smoking-room; the rubbers are regularly made up at a certain hour. He takes kindly to the game, and amuses himself in the company, and cuts in without much pressing. Having once fallen into the whist-playing set, the rubber probably becomes a habit of his evening; and whatever may be the explanation of it, the proverbial luck of young beginners is undoubtedly founded on very general experience. There is a great deal of luck mixed up with the skill of whist; a novice is very apt to confound his fortune with his play, and to flatter himself unreasonably on his rapid progress. He plays and he wins, and acquisitiveness comes in more or less insensibly to give an additional zest to the amusement. His nightly gains may be small, but they help him to disregard rigid economy. But the most brilliant luck must change in the end, and the better play must tell in the long run. In club or mess-room there are a certain number of veteran hands, possibly with less natural genius than himself, but with infinitely more coolness and experience. In spite of bountiful honours and abundance of trumps, he begins to find that the tables are turning against him. Night after night he seems to be more or less out of pocket. Of course his first easy gains went as lightly as they came, and now that fortune has shaken her swift pinions and deserted him, he is in no mood to support her frowns. He gets despondent, if not desperate. In the reaction after the flush of success, he loses his coolness and the confidence that carried him along, and plays worse as he plays more nervously. He has to pay up, rubber after rubber, and begins to lose patience with the slow prospect of redeeming his position in the regular course of the game. Though the points may be low, there are probably bets flying about, and he takes to betting with shrewd lookers-on who are only too willing to accommodate him. Thus he embarrasses a fixed and narrow income, and, being compelled to provide himself with ready money, or sorely pressed to settle his debts of honour, he is reduced to discounting any expectations he may have. This is really high play, whatever the stakes may be, and high play of the most dangerous kind. When German princes, Russian nobles, and Frankfort millionaires used to stake and lose their rouleaux at Homburg, they might sow the seeds of serious embarrassment, but they had generally a margin of some kind to fall back upon, and a certain credit survived their vanished capital. But the stakes are far deeper and the game more desperate when a young man, at the outset of a promising career, plays fast and loose with the happiness of his future—when he throws safe and steady habits overboard, deliberately inoculating himself with a confirmed taste for a passion which he has neither time nor money to indulge. We have singled out whist as the most forcible illustration of our meaning, because, in the regular way in which it is generally played, it is the most dangerously fascinating of all games to those who are best worth saving. Few young men who are not absolute idiots will sit down frequently to unlimited loo when they have had their lesson and once burned their fingers. Écarté and picquet can scarcely be said to flourish kindly upon English soil, and, as they are games which you play single-handed, their subtleties necessarily involve a certain apprenticeship; while the beautiful simplicity of the fashionable baccarat is chiefly appreciated by travelled *roués*, who look for their evening relaxations in the society of Circes who only associate with spendthrifts.

It is to high play of the kind we have described that we are inclined chiefly to attribute the multiplication and growing prosperity of fashionable West End money-lenders. There have always been plenty of Shylocks and Harpagons since the days when the Hebrew legislator made laws against usury in the code which he promulgated to the wanderers in the wilderness. But, as a rule, in England at least, money-lenders used generally to enrich themselves by business conducted on a broad scale. They laid themselves out for the accommodation of gay men of fashion

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who had considerable property in possession or expectation, or they came to the help of speculative merchants whose engagements were punctually maturing while their argosies were tossing on the seas. They ran heavy risks, but they took ample precautions, and, having comparatively few irons in the fire, they could devote abundant attention to each of their clients. Occasionally they suffered by an excess of misplaced confidence or some untimely death; although they were pretty sure to recoup themselves on the average by foreclosing on once well-to-do victims whom they had thoroughly enveloped in their toils. Now, however, a new and far more pernicious class of the fraternity is springing into a prosperous existence. These newcomers make their appeals to the many instead of the few, and, like the early pioneers of joint-stock banking business, lay themselves out to open a number of small accounts by pushing fresh connexions in humble spheres. They offer facilities for entanglement to the middle classes, and cast a wider net with finer meshes. The system on which they trade is illustrated by frequent disclosures in courts of justice, and by their very promiscuous manner of advertising. They scatter their seductive circulars broadcast, and it is not unnatural that, in the zeal of competition, they should occasionally be guilty of indiscretions which they have reason to regret. Yet we may be sure that experience encourages them to persevere with their system of indiscriminate application, in spite of occasional mishaps. Occasionally their trade circulars may be delivered by mistake to an indignant parent or to a youth of precociously sound principles and habits which place him beyond reach of their lures. From time to time they may obtain an unwelcome publicity in the daily papers. But, after all, necessity leaves them no option. They must bring themselves under the notice of the public, and these periodical disclosures do them but little harm with their predestined victims. A man who is over head and ears in embarrassments learns that Messrs. So-and-so have exacted from 40 to 60 per cent. for the accommodation they have afforded in certain cases. He may betake himself in consequence to a rival firm over the way, or, forewarned of the fleecing that awaits the incautious, he may make a harder fight for more favourable terms; but money he must have somehow, and such security as he has to offer is anything but easily negotiable. The sum he absolutely needs may be the merest trifle in the ideas of the man who dines next to him at his club, and is to cut for partners with him later at the whist-table. Trifling as it is, however, he is bound to obtain it immediately if he means to keep his honour, his position as a gentleman, and his standing in the society with which he plays. He may be one of a large family, and already he may have been assisted more than once with much indignation and many threats. His modest salary rises by 10*l.* a year, and there is a serious deficit in his annual budget, putting losses at play out of the question altogether. Weighing all the circumstances, there seems but one course to be taken, even looking at the situation in the light of worldly wisdom. His follies have made ordinary prudence impossible for him, and any arrangement must be considered to be to his advantage that will stave off the social ruin impending. Something may turn up, if time is gained; stern friends may relent, or the premature death of those who are nearest to him may enable him to convert into cash his small and remote expectations. So he goes in quest of the indispensable accommodation, inwardly resolved that it must be had upon any terms. Considering the character of the security he has to offer, it would be difficult to drive too hard a bargain from the money-lender's point of view, even if the temptation to make the most of his desperation were not irresistible. After many words, he gets the money on terms that would scarcely be too onerous were it not that the lender intends remorselessly to work on his client's fears and the feelings of his connexions. The bargain brings no relief, and barely a reprieve. If the victim found it hard to live and pay his play debts before, now he is likely to find the struggle insupportable. The evil day has only been averted at the cost of unspeakable anxiety and misery; but the usurer generally repays himself in the end, when the time comes for the client to be sold up. Unquestionably these usurers number in their connexion many half-pay officers and needy professional men with large families and small incomes. But we believe that, as a rule, they make the greater part of their profits by dealing with the very young and unwary, who begin by snatching at the offers held out to them when first they are floundering out of their depth. One victim, voluntarily or involuntarily, acts as decoy duck to others, introductions are kindly offered to "confidential financial advisers," and so the evil goes on growing. Nor is it easy to see how the evil may be checked, except by warning those who might be wise in time if they fairly realized whither they were hurrying.

EMIGRATION OF PAUPER CHILDREN.

THE emigration of pauper children to Canada could only be feasible if the children or their guardians were willing that they should go, and Canada were willing to receive them. But if these conditions are fulfilled, and if some check is kept upon possible abuses, the proposal would seem to be unobjectionable, although perhaps it may have been extravagantly applauded. The children placed out in Canada by Miss Macpherson and Miss Rye are of two classes—pauper children, who are sent out at the cost of the rates; and children rescued from the streets, whom those who promote their emigration are pleased to call "gutter children" or "arabs." The former appellation is unexceptionable, but perhaps the genuine Arabs might reasonably complain of their name being given to potential pickpockets. It may be true that many Arabs are robbers, but they rob in a genteel manner, and usually on horseback. However, the association of the terms "vagabond" and "rogue" was made long since in England, and experience goes far to justify it. We may concede to Miss Macpherson that the boys whom she calls "arabs" would, if they remained in London, become militiamen, or thieves, or both. We may concede also that it would be for the benefit of the community that these "gutter children" should be taken out of the gutters, clothed, fed, and trained to earn their living; and if Canada will receive them, and take reasonable care of them, let Canada by all means have them. It may, however, be prudent to warn all employers of labour, both at home and in the colonies, not to expect too much from a class of immigrants who were born with something of a moral taint. It is believed that "gutter children" furnish many of those recruits who, by deserting and re-enlisting, give so much unprofitable trouble to the military authorities. They are not worth having as soldiers, and we should be dubious as to their value as farm-labourers. Nevertheless, as that troublesome child Topsy said of herself, they "have got to be somewhere"; and we may be certain that prevention is better than cure in moral disease, and that we may as well keep in school children whom otherwise we shall have to keep in prison.

These remarks have been suggested by a Report on the Emigration of Pauper Children to Canada made to the Local Government Board by Mr. Andrew Doyle, Local Government Inspector. This Report, although its title mentions "pauper" children only, deals also with "arab" children; and we are not surprised to find it recommending that, if the emigration of the former class is to continue, it should be wholly disconnected with the latter. As regards the former class, Guardians of Unions are invited to consider whether it is desirable to send out children who "are supposed to have been already trained for service." Unless so trained, they will be less fit for service in Canada than they would be in England, and "to send them as emigrants can be regarded, not as a way of improving their position, but simply of getting rid of them at a cheap rate." But, if they are reasonably well prepared for service, it is difficult to understand why they should be sent out of a country where, as we all know and feel, servants are becoming inconveniently scarce. The author of the Report indicates in this passage his own opinion, which is apparently justified by his inquiries; but we by no means assume, as he seems to do, that Guardians of Unions would regard with disfavour "a way of getting rid at a cheap rate" of pauper children. Various means of getting rid cheaply of such children have been proposed at different times, and it may be suspected that the minds of parochial officers, whether overseers or Guardians, have not been acute in discovering objections to such proposals. But any abuse of pauper management at home is tolerably certain to be discovered and exposed. If sending pauper children to Canada means sending them beyond the reach of supervision, then that mode of disposing of them, although convenient, would be wrong. We are not, or at least we ought not to be, able to put our troubles, whether national, parochial, or individual, out of mind by putting them out of sight. But if we are to send to Canada to look after pauper children whom we have placed there, we might almost as well keep them at home. This seems to be the conclusion at which Mr. Doyle expects that Boards of Guardians will arrive. He thinks that "the preliminary service by adoption or apprenticeship of children in Canada, as well as the actual adoption of infants," stands upon the same footing as "boarding out" in England and Scotland, and requires to be guarded by similar precautions. We may form the highest possible estimate of the zeal, energy, and benevolence of the ladies who have conducted these emigrations, but we may also suppose them to be inadequate to deal with all the duties that crowd upon them. And if they fail at any point, abuses are likely to creep in. While stringent regulations are laid down in England and Scotland, no official safeguard is provided for the children who are scattered over Canada. "The necessity of systematic supervision is fully admitted by Miss Rye, who has not provided for it at all, and by Miss Macpherson, who has provided for it very imperfectly." We quote this passage simply in order to show that "the necessity of systematic supervision" is admitted; and, if it be, it almost follows that the best way to supervise these children would be to keep them within the four seas. The object avowed by these ladies in settling children in Canada is to place them, if possible, in farm service. The "adoption" of the children by farmers is usually with a view to their future service. Those who apply for children "from the very highest motives" are thought by Mr. Doyle to be "a very small class indeed." The ladies who have organized this scheme, and many wealthy people who support it, will perhaps be shocked at Mr. Doyle for discounting enthusiasm. But it will hardly be denied that the operations of philanthropy require official supervision. In Canada "it is as easy to feed a child as a chicken," and therefore farmers are ready to adopt, or, in other words, take into their service, children of tender years. Although Mr. Doyle believes that this is generally done as a matter of business, the very young children so adopted by farmers are usually treated with kindness, becoming practically members of the family. "But amongst the whole class there is a disposition to put children to work at a very early age." The author tells us that he has several times driven through miles of forest to find the child of whom

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he was in quest in a remote log-hut or "shanty," the settler's first home, just put up upon the few acres of recently cleared land. Some of the best examples of adoption or service that came under his notice were in homes of that humble character. He thinks that, for a boy at all events, hardly any better kind of service as a preparation for a Canadian life can be found. Except amongst the more wealthy class, the children who have been adopted live with the family and are part of it. "This, however, is the bright side of the picture. Though generally kind and just, the Canadian farmer is often an exacting and unthoughtful master. Bound to make the most of his short season, he works through seedtime and harvest from daylight to dark, and expects every hand that is capable of work to do the same. Many of the children who have been placed out in service at thirteen or fourteen years of age have certainly a hard time of it." If this statement be fairly based on facts, it would suffice to justify Mr. Doyle's recommendation of supervision; and the question would then arise, by what authority that supervision should be undertaken. "If Boards of Guardians in England desire to send children to Canada, and the Provincial Government desire to receive them, it would be easy to settle a plan of emigration that might meet the views of both." When a sufficient number of Boards of Guardians concur in wishing to adopt some systematic plan of emigration, it may be expected that an efficient machinery will be organized in Canada for the reception, training, placing out, and supervision of the young emigrants. "For the most important of these arrangements, the visiting and supervision of the children, the system of local government in Canada seems to afford peculiar facilities." But whatever may be determined as to the future, that which requires immediate attention is the organization of some means of visiting the children who are now in the Dominion.

It is not often that a writer receives such thoroughly confirmatory criticism as has been bestowed on Mr. Doyle. His Report has provoked the wrath of Mr. S. Williamson, "Chairman of the Committee of the Liverpool Sheltering Home," who perhaps "doth protest too much" to gain entire faith. We hope that all the places called "Homes" in Canada and England deserve the name, but when we hear of a "Sheltering Home" we are tempted to remark that it is unnecessary to paint a lily. The dislike which Mr. Williamson in his letter to the *Times* expresses for "cold and official supervision" goes some way to convince us of its necessity. He hopes that Miss Macpherson "will have nothing more to do with pauper children," but will confine herself to "arabs." Mr. Doyle's recommendation that the pauper and "arab" children should be separated comes to the same thing; and whether the paupers or the "arabs" would gain most by the separation we need not inquire. Mr. Doyle thinks that, if Boards of Guardians propose to go further into emigration of children, sentiment had better give place to business in their arrangements. It naturally follows that Mr. Williamson and other sentimental people are very angry with Mr. Doyle. That gentleman does not think that the difficulties arising from great distances, rough roads, and a long winter have been sufficiently estimated by Mr. Doyle. But the gist of the Report is that children had better not be "boarded out" beyond reach of authoritative inspection. Mr. Williamson looks upon the work in which he is engaged as "one of the best efforts of practical Christian philanthropy," and he complains, with only too much truth, of Mr. Doyle for throwing cold water upon this work. In effect, Mr. Williamson proposes that the paupers should be given up to officialism, but that Miss Macpherson should retain the "arabs," and that her "wisdom" and "Christian courage" should be trusted to meet difficulties and miscarriages "without the suggestion or interference of the Local Board, or of any of its members." But he seems to forget that the Canadian Government may expect to be consulted upon this arrangement. If that Government desires the importation of "arabs" to continue, it may also desire to place the proceedings even of "noble ladies" under some sort of supervision. The assurance of Mr. Williamson that Miss Macpherson acts under "a scrupulous sense of responsibility" may be entirely accepted, but, at the same time, a "cold and official supervision" of "her work among the outcast and destitute" can do no harm. Mr. Williamson's own field of labour is Nova Scotia, and he assures us that respectable farmers "undertake to feed, clothe, educate, and religiously train the poor children" whom he sends out. He admits that a few mistakes may be made, and a few changes may be necessary, but he relies "on the local knowledge of our good friends at Halifax." The purport of Mr. Doyle's Report is to suggest that this reliance may be carried too far; and, at the risk of being accused of helping Mr. Doyle to throw cold water on "a noble and good work," we must confess our fear that the efforts of philanthropy may be too sporadic and spasmodic to support unaided a permanent undertaking.

THE PHOTOGRAM OF THE UTRECHT PSALTER.

THE smallness of the number of persons who take an interest in palæography will perhaps account for the little that has been said on the subject of the Utrecht Psalter since the publication of its photogram. As far as we know, there has not appeared, since Sir Thomas Hardy's "Further Report," which we reviewed a few weeks past (see *Saturday Review*, February 6, 1875), any attempt to criticize the style of writing, the spelling, or the formation of the letters, which might throw light on the controversy regarding its probable date. on which such decided and such entirely contradictory opinions have been expressed. Nevertheless the subject has an interest of its own quite beyond the domain of palæography, and in a case where experienced palæographers are at issue, there is room for others—such, for instance, as ordinary scholars—to examine the matter for themselves, and to suggest what may or may not prove useful in solving the difficulty. For instance, it is in the power of any scholar to chronicle or calendar the peculiarities of every kind, whether as regards the handwriting or the drawings, so as to help towards deciding whether one or more scribes and one or more draftsmen, and, if more than one, how many, were employed in the production, whether they worked simultaneously, or whether the artist and the scribe went along *pari passu*, each being sometimes ahead of or behind the other.

In the brief space at our disposal we shall mention but a few of the more prominent points which appear to us worthy of notice, purposely avoiding all points which have been already touched upon. In a previous article we observed, without offering any evidence for the opinion, that it was plain that the drawings neither wholly preceded, nor again were entirely subsequent to, the manuscript part of the composition. The proof of this is absolutely overwhelming, and the history of the getting up of this splendid volume seems to us to have been somewhat as follows.

The work was begun under the joint superintendence of a principal scribe and a principal artist, who either had not agreed upon certain details of arrangement before they began, or, after beginning, made some alterations in this respect. For instance, the first intention seems to have been not to insert the titles of the psalms; or at least, if such had been the intention, it was forgotten in the earlier psalms, and the omission supplied afterwards in the best way that the circumstances admitted. There being no title to either of the first two psalms which could be inserted, the same omission of title was proceeded with till the Fifth Psalm. And it was not till this psalm had been written, and in all probability not till several more had been completed, that it was agreed to insert the heading and number of the psalm between the picture which illustrates it and the psalm itself. From the Fiftieth Psalm onwards, it is plain that the plan of inserting the number and heading in this place had been definitely adopted; but the shifts adopted in the earlier part of the Psalter to get the headings in somewhere, sometimes before sometimes after the drawing, plainly prove, if any such arrangement had been made after the Fifth Psalm had been written, that it was frequently forgotten by the scribe or the artist, or perhaps by both. Of the gold uncials used for the commencing words of the first seventeen psalms, it need only be said that they are an afterthought, and certainly were put on after the volume was bound; as some of them show through on four or five pages of the photogram. And it is simply absurd to suppose that the book was hastily placed in the binder's hands, whilst the gold was still wet, after it had been determined to proceed no further with this style of illumination. The stain which appears on so many pages is owing not to the binder's press, but to the weight of the leaves lying over them, the book having perhaps been carelessly placed so as to lie on its first leaf with the last leaves uppermost. With this variation from the usual type exhibited by the volume we need not concern ourselves further.

As regards the progress of the work, it is certain that several of the psalms were written before either of the pictures which precede or follow them was drawn; and it is equally certain that in some few cases the drawing was on the vellum before the scribe copied the psalm which is on the same page. Most pages of course supply no evidence either way; but where there has been any necessity for crowding the letters together, there is unmistakable evidence that the manuscript part was done after the drawings. There are several instances where they absolutely interfere and overlap each other, and there are others where considerable trouble has been taken to prevent this overlapping.

A single instance which in itself, and unless supported by several others would prove perhaps nothing as regards this point, will serve for an illustration. On folio 2 *b*, which contains part of the Second and the whole of the Third Psalm, it will be observed that there are two pictures, one at the bottom of the page illustrative of the Fourth Psalm, which follows on the next page, and the other referring to the Third Psalm, which appears between it and the next drawing. Now the lower of these drawings might easily have been placed fully an inch lower down, and would have been so placed if the psalm had been written first, in order to avoid running so close upon the text. But the artist apparently thought he had left sufficient space for the insertion of the short Third Psalm, and as he had not done so, the scribe was obliged to utilize the space he had, and has made his third column one line longer than the other two, to accommodate himself to the already drawn picture; and also wrote his letters closer than usual, and used more contractions than he would have done if he had not been compelled by want of room. If the psalm had been written first, the scribe would as a matter of course have made the first two columns longer than the third if he was obliged to have them of unequal length, as he has always done except where some good reason to the contrary occurred. The Utrecht Psalter was not then copied *lineatim* from a previous MS. Neither was it copied *litteratim*, as may be proved by a single sentence, which is as good as many, for many might be produced. At fol. 75 *b*, the last line of the first column of Ps. CXXXI., is written thus—DO QN̄M ELEGI EAM, and the top line of the next column has been obliterated, but not so completely but that it may still be read DO

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QUONIAM ELEGI BAM, the word QUONIAM having a different kind of Q, the one being with a straight tail (Q) and the other with a curled one (Ꝙ), and the word itself being in one case written in full, in the other contracted. The two readings together prove that this was not a servilely executed copy following either the exact letter, lines, or pages of an original. The whole appearance of the manuscript part and the drawings is that of a newly concerted volume, the scribe and the draftsman accommodating themselves to each other, and one or the other frequently somewhat altering his design to make it fit into what had been already executed.

One more, easily intelligible piece, of evidence may be added. On fol. 72 *a*, in the last line of the first column of Ps. CXXII., the word SUORUM—at the end of a verse and in the middle of a line where there could be no reason for such a contraction, which has moreover no parallel to it throughout the whole Psalter—is written SUORŨ. The reason is evident—namely, to avoid writing over the picture which comes into close contact with the word.

The rubricator was evidently very inferior as a scholar to the writer of the text, whose mistakes are very numerous, and almost all of them mistakes of mere carelessness. There are more than two hundred mistakes owing to this cause alone—that is to say, an average of more than three to each leaf, and more than one to each psalm. Many of these have been corrected by himself at the time, the wrong letter having been erased and being now scarcely visible; and a very large proportion of them occur at the end of a line by the omission of one or more letters between it and the beginning of the next line. The great preponderance in the number of these mistakes at the end of a line shows, if evidence of this point were wanted, that the document was not copied line by line. It also supplies an argument in favour of the Deputy Keeper's opinion that the omission of UR so frequent at the end of the third person plural of passive and deponent verbs is in all cases a mistake, and not an intentional contraction. If this could be established, the chief argument against the antiquity of this document is done away with. And though it must be admitted that the contractions at the end of a line are much more numerous than those in the middle, the number of these mistakes, if they are to be called mistakes, bears much the same proportion to those in the middle of the lines as the other ordinary mistakes do. And it is observable that there is at least one other apparent omission of the UR, where the scribe himself or the contemporary corrector of the MS. has supplied the syllable in the same line by adding the letters UR a little beyond the margin; and there is moreover another case where the syllable has been supplied by a comma. One instance occurs on 68 *b*, at the beginning of the Hundred and Eighteenth Psalm, where the original scribe appears to have written OPERANT, and the additional two letters to complete the word OPERANTUR were added by a corrector who extended the line for that purpose beyond the limits of the column; and it is worth while to observe that such an omission as this might easily be made by a scribe not very familiar with Latin in the case of a deponent verb. There are several other very probable instances of mistakes at the end of a line which have been remedied in the same way. Possibly the very next page supplies an instance in the word "confundere," where the RE was perhaps added beyond the margin of the column by the scribe or the corrector. Another on 75 *b* is FRUSTRABIT' written for FRUSTRABITUR. Now, if these two corrections were made at the time of writing, it is rendered probable that the others were done at a subsequent time, when the form of contraction used for it had come into common use.

And now as regards the age of the manuscript. The immense number of mistakes indicates extreme carelessness on the part of the transcriber. But besides all the errors which appear on the surface, there are many instances more where the scribe has made a wrong letter, where traces of its being effaced remain under or beside the letter which has been substituted for it. Nor is it at all likely that one so careless, who was writing in the Roman Rustic character, which was almost obsolete, and who was plainly not copying the exact form of an original either letter by letter or line by line, should never in any single instance have been guilty of substituting the character which he was in the habit of writing for that which, to say the least, was not in common use in his day. Surely very cogent arguments indeed ought to be produced if we are to believe that the Utrecht Psalter is a production of the ninth century, or of any century later than the period when Rustic Roman capitals were in common use for such works.

That the scribe was writing in a hand to which he was accustomed may also be argued from the very poor imitations of the Roman Rustic character which have been here and there added by a later corrector. Instances of this may be seen in the foolish headings of explanations of the Hebrew letters which have been prefixed to the separate divisions of the Hundred and Eighteenth Psalm, and in other places, as, for instance, on 9 *a*, where the DE has been supplied above the line in correction of the mistaken word CIRCUMDERUNT, and again in the same page the addition of CON to complete the word which had been erroneously written ABSDITIS. It is again scarcely possible to imagine that the scribe would not have been tempted to write A with a cross mark sometimes instead of without it, as it appears in Roman Rustics, and as he invariably writes it, unless he had been writing a hand perfectly familiar to him. Again, he uses a semicolon as a mark of contraction for both UE and US, as in USQ;QUAQ, and JUSTIFICATIONIB, for USQUEQUAQUE and JUSTIFICATIONIBUS, whereas a corrector of later date would have used (’), the comma elevated above the letter thus, JUSTIFICATIONIB’. And it has to be observed, moreover, that these semicolons are plainly of the same coloured ink with the rest of the document, whilst those which represent the musical stops are as plainly of fainter colour, and cannot be accounted for by being done by a finer instrument only.

As regards the drawings, the evidence throughout the Psalter goes to show that they are not copied from any previous set of pictures, but were executed specially for the occasion, a superior artist in some few cases having drawn a model at the foot of the page for his subordinate to copy. Wherever material objects are referred to, they seem to represent animals and things familiar in the East; and they in such cases represent minutely both the literal and metaphorical expressions of the psalm; as for instance, in Psalm CXVII., both the enemies and the bees are drawn. In some few cases only, where there is no allusion to material things, is it difficult to trace a connexion between the drawing and the psalm.

We have thus noticed a few particulars which tend to throw some light upon the mode in which this splendid volume was got up. They contain nothing which shakes our opinion that the sixth century is a much more probable date than the ninth as the period of its execution.

A DISGRACEFUL NOVEL.

ALTHOUGH there is a school of English fiction which can hardly be called pure, it is fortunately only very rarely that a story is published which requires to be denounced as flagrantly indecent. In this respect our literature presents a happy contrast to that of some other countries, and the consequence is that an English novel is usually read without suspicion in family circles. It lies on the table, and is open to any one; and hence, if there is poison in it, it may be insidiously and widely disseminated without immediate detection. We feel it therefore to be our duty to give notice in the plainest terms of the appearance of a work which, if not branded with its true character at the outset, may be unsuspectingly taken up by respectable people. It is called *Philip Darrell* (Tinsley Brothers), and contains passages of the most disgustingly indecent and licentious character. It is impossible to acquit the publishers of culpable negligence in allowing such a work to pass through their hands, but we are willing to believe that they cannot have been aware, in the first instance at least, of the foulness of the work to which they supplied the means of publicity. It must be assumed that it will now at once be withdrawn. It is of course unnecessary to criticize in detail a book which by such a fatal blot is placed beyond the pale of readable literature, but it may be added that it is, as might be expected, utterly devoid of literary merit. We should have preferred that it should not have been in any way named in our columns, but it is unfortunately necessary to mention it in order that it may be known and avoided. We cannot doubt that heads of families and schools, and managers of libraries who acknowledge any responsibility for the selection of the books which they put in circulation, will be grateful for the warning.

REVIEWS.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.*

THE successive editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* may be taken to indicate approximately the stages of growth in the scientific culture of England. At its birth, one hundred and four years ago, it formed little more than a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, its three volumes having a meagre look by the side of the French Dictionary of D'Alembert and Diderot, which had preceded it by a few years, and which suggested the idea of its compilation. In the second edition (1778-1783) in ten volumes, both the scope and bulk of the work received a great development, chiefly through the introduction of the subjects of history and biography. Among later issues exceptional importance was added to the sixth by the Preliminary Dissertations of Dugald Stewart, Playfair, and Brande on the history of science. So marked has been the advance during the intervening fifty years in every branch of natural science, which may be said to have given a distinctive tone to the later impressions of the work, that these essays have practically become obsolete, and they have wisely been omitted in the ninth edition, which the enterprising publishers have now taken in hand, and of which the earliest instalment has reached us in one goodly quarto. The amount of space gained by this suppression, together with the general compression to which the work has been subjected throughout, will be found to balance very closely the new or supplementary matter now introduced, which is calculated to amount to considerably more than one-half of the whole; so that the entire encyclopædia will consist of the same number of volumes as the last two editions—namely, twenty-one, three volumes to be issued each year. The volume now before us, closing like its predecessor with "Anatomy," and extending

* *The Encyclopædia Britannica: a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature.* Ninth Edition. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1875.

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to 908 pages (sixty or so more in number than the last), supplies proof throughout of the care and ability which have been brought to bear upon it, and which make it substantially a new work. Many of the more prominent articles have been re-written, and not a few headings are inserted for the first time. The list of contributors, including most of the best known names in every department of knowledge, is a guarantee that the handling of each subject will be thoroughly efficient, and the reputation of the editor, Professor Baynes, of St. Andrews, also inspires a confidence in the distribution and control of the material at command which is amply verified by the first sample of the results.

In his prefatory notice the editor lays down clearly and succinctly the scope and limits of the undertaking. Its distinctive feature from the first, as compared with other encyclopædias, has been that it gave a connected view of the more important subjects under a single heading, instead of breaking them up into a number of shorter articles. Scope was thus afforded for a broader and more systematic treatment of each department of scientific or literary research, and the works became in some measure an instrument as well as a register of intellectual progress in this country. While retaining this fundamental character of its own, the plan of the work has been modified in detail to meet the altered conditions of advancing knowledge. In dealing with vast wholes such as Physics or Biology there must be of necessity a considerable increase in the number of headings, nor can any distribution of a merely alphabetical kind be easily made consistent and complete in all respects. The extensive changes of terminology, which are a sign of progressive grasp of truth and definiteness of insight into nature, involve the dropping of many general headings such as "Animalcule," and the substitution of equivalents more significant and more precise. Not only in substance, but in form, science has of late years undergone important changes. Both in the methods of procedure and in the systems of classification whole subjects, most conspicuously the biological sciences, have shown the effects of this revolution. The point of view has been shifted from the *à priori* or metaphysical ground to that of experiment and physical verification. Larger generalizations have brought wide areas, heretofore far apart, within a single domain. And special research, such as that which has been directed towards the ultimate structure and progressive gradations or changes of organic forms, is for ever carrying on the same work of transition, adding depth to breadth, combining microscopic clearness with telescopic range of sight. In Physics the doctrines of the correlation of forces and the conservation of energy have given a new basis, as well as a new nomenclature, to no less extensive a fabric of ideas. In Anthropology the comparative method has given birth to a science wholly new and immature as yet. If Ethics, Psychology, and Æsthetics have no similar novelty to boast, they may point to a more positive or critical mode of treatment, and to a growing sense of unity one with the other. Our knowledge of the earth's surface has been enlarged within the last fifteen years by geographical advances in more than one line of exploration, whilst in solar and stellar physics perhaps no period equally short has witnessed a progress at once so rapid and so firm. In the more debateable domain of the higher philosophy and of divinity, in which speculation and inquiry have been exceptionally rife, the editor wisely expresses his intention to deal with all topics from the critical and historical rather than the dogmatic side.

An encyclopædia is about the last sort of book of which it is possible to give any adequate notion by means of selection from its contents. No amount of mere samples will do justice to the extent or the variety of the intellectual labour which has gone to the preparation of it. Of the quality, however, if not of the total wealth, of the mine, a specimen or two taken at haphazard may enable the reader in some measure to form a judgment. One improvement which at once catches the eye and calls for our gratitude is the far more copious introduction of references. It has been a flagrant and a provoking defect in almost every encyclopædia, in England at least, that it gave the reader little or no opportunity of filling up for himself the thin and meagre outline to which many an article was of necessity limited. A list of authorities or short *catalogue raisonné* of materials is the easiest thing in the world to the writer of an article while he is about it, and the boon resulting to the student is hardly to be told. Under "Abbreviations," for example, instead of the vague and scanty reference in passing to Locke and Tooke, to the "Jewish authors and copyists," or to the "writings and inscriptions of the Romans," which are all that the eighth edition vouchsafed us, we are directed at once to Grævius's and Mommsen's rich collections, and to the later palæographical works of Natalis de Wailly and Alphonse Chassant. The list of classical and mediæval abbreviations is at the same time extended and corrected in detail. A complete manual of the kind remains, as the writer allows, a desideratum. It would at all events supplement the initials "D. D. D."—besides the odd addition he has himself ventured upon of "Dono dedit dedicavit" to the simple "Datum decreto decurionum" of the last edition—with the more pious as well as the more grammatical ascription "Deo dante dedit." It might have saved him from perpetuating the vulgar misapprehension of the familiar IHS, as "Jesus hominum salvator," and from omitting the scarcely less known or significant "ΙΧΘΥΣ." Would it be too much to expect such a compendium to have informed him that the symbol ℞, which doubtless almost every physician prefixes to his prescriptions in the simple belief that it denotes the Latin "Recipe," is to be seen in Egyptian medical papyri dating some two thousand years B.C. as the symbol of Ra, and means "In the name of Ra," or "O Ra, God of life and health, inspire me"?

"Abbey" and "Abbots" are among the best articles in the volume. They have been written entirely anew, and come up to all we should have expected from an authority in whom the initials appended enable us to recognize Mr. Venables, Canon and Precentor of Lincoln. Reserving for a later article the subject of Monasticism in its historical aspect and its more general bearings, he traces compendiously the growth of the conventual system from the earliest Christian cell upon the type of those of the Therapeutæ and the Essenes—he might have added the Buddhists—through the cœnobitic brotherhood of Pachomius in Egypt and the Lauræ of Greece, to the full development of monastic life in the Eastern Church, of which there still exist the great communities of Mounts Athos and Sinai. In the West the writer distinguishes with clearness the various orders which, from a common centre in the great movement of Benedict, influenced in such widely different directions the religious life of Europe. Of the Benedictine rule we have a description illustrated by the elaborate plan of the great Swiss house of St. Gall, borrowed from the late lamented Professor Willis, showing in the most instructive detail the arrangement of the church, the monastic buildings, and the various offices subsidiary to them. It is somewhat singular that there is here no chapter-house, the north walk of the cloister having served in place of it. But not only do the library and scriptorium show due provision for the mental nurture of the inmates, and the "parlour" for their occasional contact with visitors from the outer world; but the physician's house next to the infirmary, the physic garden at the north-east corner of the monastery, the drug store and the chamber for blood-letting and purging, are there to afford timely relief under all the ills that flesh is heir to. The curious bird's-eye view of Canterbury Cathedral and its annexed conventual buildings, taken about 1165, preserved in the Great Psalter in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and also elucidated by Professor Willis, with the plan of St. Mary's Abbey, York, have been drawn upon as models of Benedictine houses in England, and their points of contrast with the Continental foundations indicated. The reformed system has its representative in the restored plan of Clugny, from Viollet le Duc; and of Cistercian houses there are the noble examples of Clairvaux (a general and a detailed plan), Citeaux (a bird's-eye view), Kirkstall, Fountains, and St. Augustine's, Bristol (the cathedral). Clermont (from Viollet le Duc) sets forth the peculiar Carthusian rule, with its characteristic cell, to which the most perfect parallel among the nine examples in England is found in the Yorkshire Charterhouse of Mount Grace, founded about 1397 by the young Duke of Surrey, Thomas Holland, nephew of Richard II. The office, jurisdiction, and functions of "abbots," their relation to bishops, and the variation in their rule according to conventual order or to local use, will be found clearly defined.

The enhanced interest which intervening events have attached to Abyssinia is reflected in the greater fulness and exactness of the information now brought together under that head. Since the travels of Rüppel and Beke, the history, the language, the political state, and the capacities of the country have been set in a comparatively new and more vivid light, and our knowledge of its geography has been rendered much more definite. The list of authorities appended serves to mark the later as well as the older materials, and the slight sketch chart accompanying the article adds to its value. Under "Africa" a still greater advance in knowledge makes itself emphatically felt. Mr. Keith Johnston has here incorporated in the most compact way what has been done of late years to penetrate the heart of the Continent by Livingstone and his no less deserving fellow-countrymen from the East and South, by Schweinfürth and Rolfs from the North, and both French and English explorers from the West. The multiplicity of the records of African exploration may probably be the reason why no catalogue of the literature relating to this subject accompanies the article. Colonel Yule has, by means of his very full and instructive references, added greatly to the value of his admirably drawn-up account of "Afghanistan." Nowhere, it may be said, is the effect of newly-awakened interest in a subject to be more signally traced than in the growth of "Alps," under the masterly and sympathetic hand of the late President of the Alpine Club, to nearly double the former number of columns, as well as to a degree of fulness and precision which is not so easily to be measured. To the period of time which separates the older and the present articles belong the great physical triumphs of mountaineering, with that concentration and systematizing of local knowledge which have raised Alpine travel to somewhat of the dignity of a science. The lists of peaks and passes, to be counted by hundreds, the catalogue of mountain heights corrected and amplified, the geological features made more full and definite, the theory and illustrative examples of glacial action set in the newest and most authoritative light, the flora and fauna of the Alpine ranges admirably epitomized, with a catalogue of Alpine books, scientific and topographical, such as has never before been put together, winding up with a no less valuable list of the Alpine maps of all nations—these are so many welcome additions for which we have to thank Mr. Ball.

In the case of America, there was not, it might be thought, anything like the same scope or demand for novelty of matter. Yet the reader cannot fail to be struck with the freshness and independence of treatment with which that vast subject has been here handled, the copious statistics with which the writer has fortified his

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views, and in particular the advance which his article exhibits in the study of the indigenous races of America, and the comparative knowledge of their languages. In "American Literature," a totally new heading, Professor John Nichol enriches the volume with an historical and critical summary which must, we should think, be read with equal satisfaction on either side of the Atlantic. A view of the special conditions under which the literature of the New World had its birth and nurture, and which must necessarily influence its latest development, forms a preface to the three periods into which its progress hitherto may be divided—"the colonial, the revolutionary, and that of the nineteenth century." Under the latter head a discriminating review is given of the great prose works which historians, jurists, orators, and statesmen, writers of fiction, sentiment, and humour, speculative or transcendental thinkers, and students of the exact or the physical departments of science, have added to the intellectual store of the world, as well as of the most important aspects of American poetry. In exact science, Professor Kelland of Edinburgh furnishes a paper upon Algebra, which surprises us by the extent and range of mathematical truth to which, within so limited a compass, he contrives to carry on the student, and the clearness with which he unfolds the elementary principles of analysis. Of the handling of such branches of experimental physics as are comprised within this volume we have a brilliant example in Professor Thomson's "Acoustics." In "Amphibia" Professor Huxley puts forth that full and accurate knowledge which no one knows better how to clothe in terse, clear, and expressive language.

The important article "Anatomy" has, with the exception of the historical sketch with which it opens, assumed a wholly new shape under the hands of Professor Turner of Edinburgh. Nowhere do we observe more decisively the influence which nearly a generation of special research has had upon the general conception of living structure. From the anatomical survey of the bony frame of man, with the limbs and muscular appendages, their homologies and functions, the writer passes to the anatomy of the textures or tissues. Without pretending to a definition of life in the abstract, its origin or ultimate laws, the phenomena of life are indicated by him from the primary or simple stage known as cytoblastema or protoplasm, seen at first as an undifferentiated mass, passing thence by grades into the form of the nucleated cell. These cells, not yet distinguishable into what are afterwards called vegetable or animal organisms, are definite anatomical and physiological units, and from the stage which they represent it is possible to trace the development and growth of the organic being in all the variety in which life is known to us. The several tissues having been subjected to analysis and description, the nervous and cerebro-spinal system is next explained by the aid of the most recent researches into the structure and functions of the brain. The organs of sense, and finally the vascular system, are discussed with as much detail as the limits of the work permit, the respiratory, digestive, and other organs being left for future treatment. The whole contents of the first instalment of this great enterprise are indeed such as to inspire confidence in the quality of what is to follow.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND'S FRAGMENTS.*

SIR HENRY HOLLAND has left us these papers as a last legacy of his rich and varied experience. It appears that they are not altogether in the shape in which he meant them to go forth, for on his last journey, and with the last words he wrote, he set before himself the plan of a further revision. He looked on them partly as notes made for his own instruction, and to some extent they have that character, but they must not be mistaken for the rough notes which mark the first stage of a man's collected thoughts. They rather show the final stage when, in Sir Henry Holland's own words, the argument has been concentrated on the conclusion sought for, and all superfluous matter has been cleared away. The title of the book is, in fact, almost misleading; the essays are fragmentary only in the sense of being conceivably parts of some unfinished whole, while each part is finished and complete in itself. But the best proof that we have here nothing hasty or sudden, but the well-considered expression of the writer's mind, is furnished by his own act in incorporating considerable parts of these essays in an article contributed by him to the *Edinburgh Review* so late as 1871. This was entitled "Langel's Problems of Nature and Life," and is also reprinted in this volume; and we think the reader will do well to take it first, as being more continuous and satisfactory in form than the constituent fragments which stand before it in order, although it suppresses occasional details of these which one would be sorry to lose. The range of subjects discussed in these pages is such that few other men could have ventured upon it without being open to the charge of presumption. But in this case it is perhaps the charge from which the work is most entirely free. One often sees a writer able and even exact in his own department led astray by the desire of saying something effective on a matter he does not quite understand. But there is no trace of such a temptation here. The thoughts are always the thoughts of a man who has seen, learnt, and considered the things before him. In his later years Sir Henry Holland seems to have chosen by preference the form of a summary statement of what at the time of writing was known of a particular subject—a task within the competence of few persons to perform well; and also of what was not known, a thing accomplished, or even attempted, by still fewer. No man could have imposed on himself a severer test of real familiarity with the branches of knowledge thus treated, or could have more abundantly satisfied it. The internal evidence of this book, if one knew no more, would tell much of Sir Henry Holland's active and versatile mind; nor would even the incidental allusions fail to tell something of the active and versatile habit of body which was its fitting parallel. Amongst other touches of this kind, he recalls his own sight of the battle-fields of the American civil war and of a burnt Canadian forest, and appeals to the sympathetic experience of those who have known what it is to pass a dozen or twenty hours together on horseback.

The same character of range and variety belongs also to his more special experience as a man of science. Sir Henry Holland was among the first witnesses of more than one of the critical discoveries of modern times, and lived to see their almost incredibly rapid and far-reaching development. He saw Davy's first globules of sodium and potassium, and Faraday's first magnetic spark, and heard Dalton's first exposition of the atomic theory. To the last he never missed an opportunity of being one of the foremost to gather new knowledge; those do not need to be reminded of it who have seen him presiding at the meetings of the Royal Institution, bearing the well-deserved honours of a master, but with the old eagerness of the learner no whit abated.

The volume is appropriately opened by an essay on the Progress of Human Knowledge. Here the truth is insisted upon—and insistence is needful with a truth so much overlooked—that the more we learn the more there remains to be learnt. It has been often said before, but never more tersely or justly than in this sentence:—"It is only in the dark circle of ignorance that knowledge is regarded as certain and complete." Another point well made is, that "it is the better understanding of the nature of *proof*, and the cogent demand for it, which characterize the science of our day," as compared with the misty vagueness of earlier philosophies. There are curious instances, even among those who ought to know better, of reversion to ancestral credulity. But Sir H. Holland's mind was little disturbed by these. He saw that such things must be, and passed them by with exactly the right amount of attention:—

> The phantasms of mesmerism, and the still worse follies or frauds of spirit-rapping, table-turning and clairvoyance, often wrapped in the phraseology of real science, deceive not only the many credulous of the world, but even some men who in other matters can justly appreciate the evidence of truth. Such incongruities of belief belong to every age; but the counterfeit never gets the lasting stamp of the genuine coin. The followers of these fancies are prone to pass from one to another, allured by novelty and more mysterious pretensions. It is a matter of mental temperament; and, after considerable experience in life, I find myself generally able to indicate the persons most liable to be thus deluded. Of these mockeries of science the greater number in my time have been of imported origin; and it may further be said that the most recent are the most preposterous—as offensive to religion as to science and common sense. Happily the progress of true knowledge is little retarded by these vagaries, which speedily efface one another. Each is destroyed in turn by the same credulity which begot it.

The next essay shows how the scientific examination of the universe leads up more and more to a conception of unity; it might be not unprofitable to compare this in detail with the curiously retrograde dualistic speculation half adopted by Mr. J. S. Mill. We come presently to two papers on Matter, Force, and Motion (substantially repeated in the *Edinburgh Review* article already mentioned). Here there is a necessary warning to be given. Force, Energy, and allied words such as Power, Cause, &c., are in constant popular use as a sort of metaphysical symbols of unknown quantities. In themselves they are fit enough to be so used, and there is no harm in so using them so long as one remembers that they are mere symbols. But Force and Energy are likewise technical terms of mathematical physics. In that sense they are not vague symbols but definite ones, and can be made the subject of exact and definite propositions. These propositions will be true and intelligible only so long as the terms are rightly understood in their technical meaning. The danger is of mixing up the two different usages, and thereby talking nonsense. A compiler of popular philosophy learns somewhere that there is a physical doctrine of the Conservation of Energy (which there is, as to Energy in the technical sense, an entirely different thing from Force in the like sense), and thereupon he assures us that science has discovered Energy—meaning Energy in the popular sense, synonymous with Force in the like sense—to be eternal and indestructible. This is a grave danger, and a grave practical reason, we think, why even persons who are above it themselves should in scientific writing abstain from using the terms Force and Energy in the loose popular meaning at all. It is a matter of discretion, however. In these papers Sir H. Holland uses the words in their popular sense, but so as not to confound this with the exact sense, or to forget their merely symbolic character. Keeping this in mind, one sees better the point of his closing remark that we cannot at present find a true and intelligible answer to the question, What is Force in itself? First, the question is not a physical, but a metaphysical, one; next, the truth is that we are not yet agreed on the right way of putting it. Our old judges used to say to a plaintiff who had misconceived his demand, Go home and get you a better writ; and Nature says to us when we come to her with vague demands of this sort, Go back and frame an intelligible question. Sir H. Holland seems, how-

* *Fragmentary Papers on Science and other Subjects.* By the late Sir Henry Holland, Bart. Edited by his Son, Rev. Francis J. Holland. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

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ever, to have doubted of metaphysics altogether. Take this passage:—

> When Mr. Mill says that 'matter may be defined as "the permanent possibility of sensation," we see, though dimly, what he means, but gain little by the definition. For all purposes of reason and research we must be content to deal with its forms and properties, as they reach us through the senses, and convey perceptions to our consciousness.

But he acts on Mr. Mill's definition not the less, for his own statement in the second sentence of our extract is nothing else than the practical application of the definition quoted in the first.

In another paper, dated 1867 (and also worked into the article on Langel's book), Sir H. Holland set down the conjecture that electricity might before long be explained as a function of the light-and-heat-carrying ether without postulating a special element. This conjecture has since been worked out into a high degree of scientific probability by Professor Clerk Maxwell and others. In the interesting piece of the same date on "Mental Operations in Relation to Time" we will mark only one point out of many. One of the most prevalent fallacies of psychology—namely, that of taking mature and elaborated intelligence as the type of all intelligence—is very well exposed:—

> We go but partially to work in analysing the acts of the adult and cultivated intellect. The observation of these needs to be supplemented by a knowledge, much more difficult to obtain, of the conditions of uneducated infancy and childhood—of the intellectual imbecilities of old age—of the deficiencies and aberrations of the idiot and lunatic—of the mind of the rustic or of the factory operative, his life a machine of manual labour. Not only the subjects of thought, but the *power, methods, and rates of thinking* are presumably as diverse in these several cases as are the conditions themselves.

Then come a series of fragments (we use the word subject to the explanation already given), forming a group whose central idea is the origin of species. The writer accepted on the whole the doctrine that all life on the earth, including man's, is continuous; the chapter on Animal Instincts, however, shows that he had no desire to underrate difficulties or to jump at universal explanations. As to the improvement of man, he was sanguine for the future, though for a distant future. Here we find the remark that, whereas some of the lower animals are tamed and educated by man, man himself has no higher animal to educate him. "He alone is submitted to no superior being on the earth capable of thus controlling or perfecting his natural instincts, of cultivating his reason, or of creating new capacities and modes of action." This is strictly true; yet in all organized communities the individual man is submitted to a superior control—namely, that of society, and of social as distinct from individual ends of action; and the education of man in his individual character by man in his corporate or political character is really a far greater and more wonderful thing than the half-human intelligence, wonderful as that is, of a well-bred and well-trained dog.

We pass over much other scientific and speculative matter of no less interest that we may not omit all mention of the literary element in these remains. In the essay on History an excellent suggestion is made for the correction of the estimates of historical time which one forms by reading detached portions of history written on different scales. This may be called the method of equal times:—

> To gain something like a just estimate of historical time it has been my frequent practice to take some well-known period—say, one, two, or three centuries of recent English history—and place them in relation to the same length of time in the history of other ages in other countries; as, for instance, to bring together the three centuries of undisturbed Roman power in Britain, and the equal period from the accession of Elizabeth to the present day. This method, simple as it is, suffices to correct many erroneous impressions, and to explain various seeming anomalies in the history of mankind. History can never be rightly studied without the aid of these comparisons or parallelisms of time.

In the paragraph before this Sir H. Holland mentions, as an instance of the sort of optical delusion to be corrected, the difficulty of realizing that at one place Gibbon puts into a single chapter a period as long as from Edward I. to the present day. We cannot resist adding a parallel somewhat the other way, for it is very common to think that the world has never moved so fast as it does now. From Edward I. to ourselves is roughly about as long as from Alexander the Great to Constantine. It would be difficult to say that the later of these two periods of six centuries has done as much as the earlier to change the political and social face of the earth. There are some pleasant pages on Shakspeare, containing, among other things, a curious anecdote. Sir H. Holland laid a wager with Lord Nugent in support of the position that there must be somewhere in Shakspeare some commendation of the moral qualities of the dog. But in a year's search he failed to find any such passage, and lost the wager. In a short piece on the "Influence of Words and Names" occurs the happy saying that "words become the bladders upon which ancient errors and crude conceptions are floated down the stream of time." And we learn that Sir H. Holland had just been reading—we wish print had some device by which to detain our reader while he guesses the most unlikely thing for a modern scientific physician to read. It was the Epistles of the Patriarch Photius. With this last example of an astonishing versatility we may fitly break off.

The latter part of the volume, of which we have no room to speak, consists of articles which have already been before the public, and will be sufficiently recognized by those who remember them in their original and still recent appearance.

TRADE MALICE, AND THE WANDERING HEIR.*

THIS book, as its title indicates, is a composite production; the first part being a true story of the wrongs and triumphs of Mr. Charles Reade, and the second a fiction founded upon the wrongs and triumphs of James Annesley. The fiction appeared two years ago in the Christmas number of the *Graphic*; and the general outline may be familiar to such of our readers as have dipped into that most amusing of books, the *State Trials*. It is simply the celebrated Annesley case, turned into a novel. Though it is a fair specimen of Mr. Reade's style, we confess that we have been more amused by the preceding narrative. The character which Mr. Reade unconsciously draws of himself in this performance is more original than that of any of his fictitious heroes. He begins by reckoning up the triumphs of the *Wandering Heir*. He tells us that 200,000 copies of the original *Graphic* were sold in Europe; and that in America 150,000 copies were sold of *Harper's Weekly*, in which it first appeared, and 80,000 copies in book form; to say nothing of the sale in the colonies and in piratical editions. Now, says Mr. Reade, such a success can only be achieved by a rare combination of great intellectual qualities. Certain "criticasters," however, soothe their vanity by the explanation that the success can be obtained by simple dishonesty, and accordingly two of them proceeded to accuse Mr. Reade of plagiarism. Before noticing this charge, we may remark that we entirely agree with Mr. Reade's main assertion. Such success as he has won is not to be obtained by mere lucky plagiarism. It requires, as he truly says, a very high degree of skill and genuine ability. A great immediate success does not indeed prove that a writer belongs to the highest order; perhaps it may even suggest a presumption to the contrary; but it shows that he is at least one of the very cleverest of the second order; and we should certainly not dispute Mr. Reade's claim to that position. We may suggest another presumption of a rather similar kind for Mr. Reade's consideration. What are we to infer when a man's successes always bring him into quarrels with his rivals and his critics? Mr. Reade's reply would apparently be that merit always leads to success, that success always produces envy, and envy leads to slander; therefore the more quarrels a man has the greater his merits. We cannot quite agree with this conclusion, because we could mention some very successful writers who have never, so far as we know, got into any quarrels at all. Why should Mr. Reade be singled out for the attacks of the envious? Can it be that he is a gentleman of so mild and benevolent a temper that every ill-conditioned person thinks that he may be insulted with safety?

To return, however, to the present case. Mr. Reade's assailants were, in his language, two "Pseudonymuncules," signing themselves "C. F." and "Cæcilius," who wrote to two papers declaring that Mr. Reade had stolen a passage from Swift's doggrel verses called "The Journal of a Modern Lady." Mr. Reade wrote a very emphatic letter, defending his conduct, reviling the pseudonymuncules, praising himself, and further declaring that "Cæcilius" and "C. F." were one and the same person. To this "C. F." replied that she was a young woman, not connected with letters except as a reader of books, and living in a country village. She mildly complained of being called a trickster, a scurrilous skunk, and a pseudonymuncule, and, on the main point, replied that she had proved her case, and that Mr. Reade differed from such writers as Scott and Shakspeare (to whom he had referred for precedents) in spoiling the goods which he had stolen. Hereupon Mr. Reade replied by "withdrawing every opprobrious epithet" which he had heaped upon this "soft, gentle, modest, kindly, womanly creature." "If," he added, "a man had written her first letter, he would have been a snob and a calumniator. If a man had written her second letter, after reading mine, he would be an incurable liar and shuffler. But as it is only a woman who has written both—why it is only a woman." We will hope that this relieved Mr. Reade's mind. He adds, however, a statement which is certainly rather significant. He tells us that "C. F." and "Cæcilius" were, in fact, husband and wife; Cæcilius being a certain novelist who does not enjoy so wide a popularity as Mr. Reade. This statement is made by Mr. Reade, not as a conjecture, but as matter of knowledge. We need not give the names; but we agree that the story, if true, is discreditable to his assailants. If a novelist wishes to accuse a brother artist of plagiarism, he should take a more direct method; he should not say, or without qualification allow it to be said for him, that two letters are by different writers, when one has been written by himself and the other by his wife; and certainly the lady should not describe herself as the inhabitant of a remote village "not connected with letters." Mr. Reade is very well able to take care of himself, and can use language quite strong enough for the occasion; and it is enough for us to say that if skunk and trickster are rather strong words, "Cæcilius" and "C. F." clearly deserve (on the assumption that he is right in his facts) some part of what they have got. And there we will leave them.

We may, however, add a word or two upon the charge of plagiarism. There is a frequent confusion in these cases between the moral and the æsthetic point of view. A man may be perfectly justified as a moralist in using certain materials, and yet be

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* *Trade Malice: a Personal Narrative; and the Wandering Heir: a Matter-of-fact Romance.* By Charles Reade. London: Samuel French. 1875.

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making an artistic blunder, or *vice versâ*. We should see no dishonesty, for example, in Mr. Reade's using Shakspeare as freely as Shakspeare himself used Plutarch or the English chroniclers. The only condition is, either that a man should avow openly the sources upon which he has drawn, or that the fact that he is writing at second-hand should be too palpable to need any avowal. So long as that is the case, and there is no infringement of copyright laws, a man is perfectly at liberty to use the works of previous writers just as much as seems good to him without exposing his character to the slightest charge. In the present case it seems to us that any such charge is simply silly. Mr. Reade was using one of the best-known writers in the language; he refers explicitly to another writing of Swift to fill up a gap in his description; and it is plain upon the very face of it that he is drawing upon some materials of the kind. There can be no wrong, because there is no deception. To condemn Mr. Reade for using Swift in describing a fine lady of the period would be to condemn every historical novel or drama that ever was written. We know not, though Mr. Reade is quite clear upon the matter, what were the motives which prompted "Cæcilius" and "C. F."; but the charge as they made it was so frivolous that we should have thought that he might have treated it with silent contempt.

In the artistic sense, however, the question cannot be answered quite so easily. Mr. Reade tells us that, when writing his novel, he had recourse to a number of authorities, and he explains very minutely the sources of various incidents and characters. He took the main plot, of course, from the reports of the Annesley case; he invented another plot to bring in a heroine; he selected his Irish curses with great care from an incredible number in Carleton, Banim, and Griffin; other fragments come from old county and town histories, from magazines, from the acts of Colonial Assemblies, and from a variety of other sources of more or less obscurity. Mr. Reade proceeds to tell us that this interweaving of fact and fiction has been his method in his most approved works, and one which he has openly avowed. So far as this goes, Mr. Reade is perfectly right. We admire his industry, and we admire even more the self-restraint which has melted down such a great mass of information into one short volume. One of the worst faults of historical novelists is that they cannot bear to leave out any bit of information which they may have acquired, and that their books become, in consequence, as tiresome as a dictionary of antiquities. Mr. Reade never allows his fuel to put out his fire. He is vigorous and animated enough to account for his wide popularity; though critics may condemn him as melodramatic and sensational. But though he escapes this danger, we are not so clear that he avoids another. Mr. Reade appears to see no alternative between his own method and the opposite plan of pure invention not even founded on fact. He is therefore apt to ignore what appears to us to be a fundamental principle of his art. A novelist ought to acquire information about the period he is describing. That is most true; but it is equally true that the information should not be given to us in its raw state. The information should have been thoroughly assimilated. The writer's mind should be so steeped in the knowledge of the past that he should have no need to copy out bits of his commonplace books and intersperse his fiction with isolated fragments of fact. He should study his authorities till he can at will people his imagination with the figures of a past generation, and then paint from these figures without going again through the process of mechanical construction. Whenever a bit of undigested fact crops up which shows no signs of having passed through this intellectual process, it is apt to jar upon us as not quite in harmony with the rest of the work. We are suddenly transported from history to fiction and back again, and the whole effect is unsatisfactory. Mr. Reade speaks of the "miserable cant about truth being superior to fiction." Each, we should say, is superior in its own place. When we are reading a history, we want truth; and when we are reading a novel, we prefer fiction. The particular case of which Mr. Reade is speaking is the intrusion into his story of a kind of short analysis of the first great trial in the Annesley case. This seems to us to be just a case in point. The actual report of that trial is more amusing than most fictions, but a bit of it dragged into the midst of a novel is rather vexatious than otherwise, because it introduces matter irrelevant to the story itself, and yet it has to be so compressed that it is spoilt as a record of facts. A similar criticism might perhaps be made on the passage from Swift. If Mr. Reade had read Swift's verses and learnt them by heart, and then written a conversation from his own mind, we should have had nothing to say against him, even if a phrase or two had evidently come pretty straight from Swift. As it is, it seems to us that there is a slight effect of incongruity between this fragment and the general texture of the story. Mr. Reade indeed argues that he has improved upon Swift's arrangement of the incident. The whole passage is very short, and, if it were not that Mr. Reade seems to invite minute criticism, we should hardly think it fair to dwell upon a trifling defect. One alteration, however, strikes us. Swift is describing the frivolity of fine ladies, and makes them become intolerably noisy over scandal. Mr. Reade makes them diverge from scandal to politics, and become noisy over this more exciting topic. Swift, we should say, was the truer to nature; and Mr. Reade has so far rather spoilt the picture. Whilst we are on these minor details, we may notice one other point. Mr. Reade describes a Quaker family in Pennsylvania at some length. After all the trouble he has expended in getting his local colouring, it is rather odd to find that he cannot even make a Quaker talk accurately. Father, mother, and daughter, all use the plural at times where every Quaker would use the singular. "I shall find *you* a companion," says the mother, "for *you* are a civil-spoken young man." A sound old Quaker would have said "thee" and "thou," or probably "thee" in both cases. This is of course a trifle, but it is rather significant. Mr. Reade does not seem so much to have a vivid conception of the times which he is describing as to have made a great collection of characteristic facts, which he frames very skilfully into a kind of literary patchwork. The men and women whom he describes are real enough, but are not more typical of that time than of our own. Their external circumstances, their clothes, their language, and mere social details are generally derived from authority, but they drop off at any moment, and the whole effect is somehow more like natives of the nineteenth century masquerading in old clothes than a genuine reproduction of the spirit of the time.

In short, Mr. Reade's imagination seems, if we may use the phrase, to be rather associative than penetrative; he has brought together a great many picturesque bits, but has hardly fused them into a satisfactory whole. The book bears the marks of being the result of cramming for a purpose. We may assume, without much risk of error, that the reason for its composition was the interest felt at the time in another wandering heir, whose claims were less solid than those of James Annesley; and there is unluckily a difference between filling your mind in order to write about a subject and writing upon a subject because your mind is full of it. The *Wandering Heir*—however many copies have been sold—will hardly add to Mr. Reade's reputation, but, considered as a book got up for the occasion, it shows far more care than is generally expended upon such books, and is written with abundance of spirit and energy. If Mr. Reade did not flourish his own merits so much in our faces, he would perhaps be more generally praised by others. Nobody can fairly dispute his vigour or his power of catching our attention. We could only wish that he aimed at a loftier kind of success than that which is indicated by the large sale of a Christmas number.

BAIN'S COMPANION TO THE HIGHER ENGLISH GRAMMAR.*

WHAT has most struck us in Professor Bain's present book is the painful witness which it bears to the difficulty of dealing with English relatives and pronouns. We do not mean that the difficulty is shown in Professor Bain's own style, but in the merciless vivisection which the style of other writers undergoes at his hands. Sometimes the victim is named—when he is not a victim, but is brought in to be spoken well of, he commonly is named—and among the names thus given there is no lack of names of high reputation; but, as a rule, he is, perhaps to spare his feelings, examined in the dark, and his misdoings are commented on as those of a purely abstract being. But when we see the critic in his search for examples to comment on, go through a crowd of the most modern writers, and carefully pick out passages for examination out of different works of the same writer, we see how varied and careful Mr. Bain's reading has been. And perhaps the writers themselves may really be more pleased with this witness to Mr. Bain's careful study of their writings than they will be displeased when he shows that they might often have used an "it" or a "that" so as to give their sentences a better turn. And, after all, no English writer can fairly complain of what may happen to himself when a Scottish Professor gives a whole paragraph to an elaborate showing up of the first question and answer in the Shorter Catechism. The first question runs thus—"What is the chief end of man?" And when a Professor of Logic at Aberdeen holds that the wording of the question leaves the meaning of the compilers uncertain, and is driven to seek for it in "the tenor of the Catechism," it is not for us to venture an opinion on so abstruse a matter. The answer is, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever." According to Mr. Bain, the meaning of the phrase "end of man," uncertain in itself, is made yet more uncertain when in the answer "end of man" is changed into "man's end." We can only comfort ourselves that our own childhood in the less logical South was not perplexed with such high and mighty questions, and that, instead of being asked "What is the chief end of man?" we were simply asked "What is your name?" If any one should maliciously hint that even this is not wholly clear, as "name" might mean either Christian or surname, we answer that a name is a name only, and that what the caviller has in his mind is a "*to*-name."

The mention of names brings us to a point of dispute which we had with Mr. Bain when noticing a former work of his. We were puzzled at his calling proper names "meaningless," and it seems that the word has been found "a stumbling-block to many." Mr. Bain now tells us that he calls proper names meaningless "because the meaning is not taken into account in applying them." They have, he allows, a meaning, "although for the special purpose that meaning has to be trodden under foot." Mr. Bain adds:—"I should be glad to discover a word not open to this objection, but as yet I do not know of any such." Now we deny the universal proposition that the meaning of a proper name is not taken into account in applying it. It very often is not; in some states of society it commonly is not; but in other states of society the rule is the other way, and it is hardly true in

* *A Companion to the Higher English Grammar.* By Alexander Bain, LL.D. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

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any state of society to say that the meaning of a proper name is never thought of at all. As long as the meaning of a name is thoroughly understood, as it was in the old Hebrew, Greek, and Teutonic nomenclatures, the name is given with distinct reference to its meaning. The child receives a name which is specially applicable to the circumstances of his birth, or which describes the character which it is hoped that he may bear in after life. The meaning of the name was constantly borne in mind, and it was constantly referred to, by no means as a joke or a pun, but as a matter of grave significance. So when a seventeenth-century Puritan called his child "Praise-God" or "Accepted," when an African Christian of the fifth century called his child "Deogratias" or the more barbarous "Deusdedit," he certainly did not tread the meaning of the name under foot, but gave the name with a most distinct thought of its meaning. And even in our own day, when, as in the case of some female names, names of virtues, flowers, and the like, the meaning of the name is still obvious, surely people do not give them without having the notion of the virtue or the flower before their eyes. Mr. Bain instances surnames like Black, which may be borne by people who are the exact opposite of their names; but even these are not perfectly meaningless. The first of the family who bore the name bore it because it really described him; so, when Mr. Bain says that a name like Black gives no information respecting the person, we say that it does give us one piece of information, whatever may be its value—namely, that sometime or other he had a swarthy forefather. In fact, we think that Mr. Bain still does not quite take in the main facts of nomenclature. "Many proper names," he tells us, "nearly all, if we knew their history, still have, or once had, meaning." Mr. Bain need not say "many" or "nearly all"; he may be quite certain that every name had a meaning in the language in which it was first given, and he may be quite sure that no name was ever "invented by shaking letters in a hat, or by putting together combinations on no other principle than to get something that is new, and therefore distinctive." And one remark of Mr. Bain's is odd indeed:—

> There may be a few instances of names that have always been confined to a single individual. It would be hazardous to affirm this of ordinary names of persons; it is possible that some names of historical personages, as Charlemagne, have not been given to any second individual.

Does Mr. Bain think that "Charlemagne," the French corruption of "Carolus Magnus," is in such a sense a name that it could have been given to a "second individual"? Men are called "Carolus Magnus" or "Willelmus Magnus," expressly to distinguish them from any "second individual." "Le petit Charlemagne," Thomas of Savoy, can hardly count as a "second individual," though the possibility of a man being spoken of in such a way shows that people had in the thirteenth century forgotten what "Charlemagne" meant. Had "Hue-le-magne" lived on in use, they might have remembered. All this reminds us that a week or two back we saw in a newspaper a description of Ravenna, written in English, but in which the first German Emperor appeared as "Charles-le-grand," a form of words which we do not remember to have seen before, and which reminded us of Hereward the Last of the English.

When we get to "Derivation," it is curious to see how Mr. Bain is gradually feeling his way towards an understanding of the history of the English language. The chief fault in his writings seems to us to be that, as a rule, he puts the history of the language quite out of sight, and talks as if a language were a sort of philosophic creation, instead of a thing which has grown up almost anyhow. When he comes to "derivation," he cannot get rid of the history, and his notions are on the whole fairly correct, and he shows a praiseworthy liking for English as opposed to jargon. He especially points out the havoc which has been made by certain translators of the Bible, Roman Catholic and Protestant, by bringing in Latin words instead of the English of the authorized version. He even wishes that the authorized version itself had in some cases been more truly English (While we are on this subject, we are happy to be able to say, on the personal authority of a reviser, that the first words both of the book of Genesis and of the Gospel of St. John are to stay as they are, and are not to be turned, as some have feared that they might be, either into "In the commencement" or "In the inauguration"). Mr. Bain marks out clearly enough the distinction in origin and use between the Teutonic essence of our language and the Latin infusion. But he still talks about "Saxon and Latin"; and he does not always seem quite to understand the difference between an essence and an infusion, as he sometimes talks of "the Saxon element." Moreover, he does not seem to understand the real objection to the use of the word "Saxon" in this sense. It is not merely that it "implies an untenable theory respecting the origin of the English language," that "it involves a hypothesis as to the special Teutonic dialect that gave origin to the English tongue." The objection lies far deeper than this. The united nation might just as well have been called Saxon as English; that is, we might have spoken of ourselves as our Celtic neighbours have always spoken of us. But as a matter of fact we did not so call ourselves, and, this being so, to talk of "Saxon period," "Saxon element," and the like, puts out of sight the historical continuity of the English nation and its language. In point of fact, modern English is English in the strictest sense, as the dialect which came to the front in the long run was that, not of a Saxon, but of an Anglian district. But the danger is not, as Mr. Bain seems to think, lest people should fancy that modern English comes from Wessex or Essex, and not from Eastern Mercia; the danger is that Mr. Bain's way of talking may lead people to forget the unbroken continuity between what they are pleased to call "Saxon" and what they are pleased to call "English." To talk of a "Saxon element" in English practically denies this unbroken continuity. It makes people think that English is a language made up of two elements, instead of a language which has simply received a large number of foreign words. Mr. Bain talks indeed of "Saxon or native" as opposed to classical; but this does not get rid of the danger. Mr. Bain may, as Mr. Earle does, use this way of speaking without doing any harm to himself, but it is sure to do harm to others.

Mr. Bain does not think it beneath him to criticize the language of the announcements of births, deaths, and marriages. We think that he has not anywhere commented on one most ugly formula which has lately come into use, even in very decent newspapers. "The death is announced of A. B." What is running in the mind of the penny-a-liner seems to be that it would not do to say "The death of A. B. is announced," because that would signify that the death of A. B. was a thing already known, or at least looked for. What the awkward phrase which is used is meant to imply is, "Somebody is dead; that somebody is A. B." But endless ways might be found to express this besides a formula so utterly barbarous as "The death is announced of A. B." Mr. Bain has worked at the sentences of so many writers, great and small, that we are sure that, if he would once stop to think about it, he could give us half-a-dozen better forms.

HOLMS ON ARMY REFORM.*

IF it is pleasant to be absolved when our enemies are our judges, it must certainly be no less disagreeable to find ourselves criticized with severity by our own professed friends. But this is just the fate of the late Ministry, or rather of Lord Cardwell, in the work before us, which contains as thoroughgoing an exposure and condemnation of the manner in which Army Reform has been left unaccomplished as any Conservative could desire to see put in print. Coming as it does from the pen of a staunch Liberal politician, who is still a member for one of the few metropolitan districts which refused to yield to the reactionary wave of last year, its perusal should convince the most sceptical that the ex-Minister of War has managed to throw away a golden opportunity such as no successor may for a very long time to come be blessed with. Four years ago, as Mr. Holms justly points out, the nation, which the then Premier was scolding for having yielded to unreasoning panic, was in fact reasoning seriously with itself as to the wisdom of its military administration, and awakening to the fact, which experts in vain insisted on until the fall of France brought the lesson home, that our whole system of land defence was behind the age. The *Battle of Dorking*, so warmly denounced by Mr. Gladstone in his speech at Whitby as the cause of the public alarm, was in fact no more than the artistic reflection in a concrete shape of thoughts current in the minds of Englishmen generally. The head of the War Office, meeting Parliament after the events of Sedan and Metz, of Orleans and Le Mans, had irrefutable arguments ready at his command in favour of reconstructing an old and tried standing army, and of creating trustworthy reserves that should not rush into the field to meet certain defeat. Thus favoured by the circumstances of the time, had Lord Cardwell possessed but a fraction of the constructive genius of Stein or Hardenberg, he would have found somewhere the Scharnhorst or Clausewitz who would have taught him how to use his opportunity. The time had plainly come when the army which the Duke of Wellington had treated as a cheap reserve of domestic police to be obtruded as little as possible on the public, and which his successors regarded partly as a depôt for colonial garrisons and partly as a national plaything, might have been converted into that genuine defensive force which no great nation that respects its own position can afford, in the present phase of European politics, to dispense with. Mr. Holms, as one of the true Radical wing of the Liberal party, confesses in his preface, with an honesty which deserves special notice, that he should like to see England without any standing army at all; but he is equally honest when he points out that, as things are at present, in the face of "the huge armaments of Europe, and the efforts Russia, France, and Germany are making to increase their fleets," she has positive need of such a force, and that it ought to be not only "in the very best condition possible for its size," but what is hardly, if at all, less important, "capable of easy expansion."

How far did the Liberal Minister go towards performing this great work? The answer is given in the earlier pages of the volume before us; and if Mr. Holms is not complete in his reply, he is at any rate sufficiently plain-spoken and well informed to deserve to be listened to by all who would know what Lord Cardwell had it in his power to do, and how greatly he fell short of his opportunity. Not that Mr. Holms is by any means indisposed to give the late War Minister full credit wherever it seems to him possible. Indeed he goes further than strict justice would carry him in praising the reforms begun in 1870; though in doing this he is evidently misled more by want of technical knowledge than by partiality. For truth compels the statement that of the three reforms which Mr. Holms enumerates as "carried through Parliament with a firm and statesmanlike hand," there was unfortunately not one that was not marred by unstatesmanlike want of finish. As to the first, the abolition of the Purchase system, it would weary our readers to

* *The British Army in 1875, with Suggestions on its Administration and Organization.* By John Holms, M.P. London: Longmans & Co.

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repeat the objections to the manner in which it was accomplished. The condemnation of certain parts of the measure by an independent Royal Commission named by Lord Cardwell himself, and the later appointment of another Commission to consider those questions of retirement and promotion which were evaded when abolition was accomplished, are proofs sufficient that the reform, if rightly aimed, was wrongly managed in execution. As to "the endeavour to get rid of the dual government of the army by removing the Horse Guards to the War Office," we have before now had occasion to show how entirely erroneous is the assumption that we have got rid of dualism; the system being, in fact, developed more strongly than ever at the headquarters of each district, and the civil element inside the War Office being notoriously quite as antagonistic to the military at this moment as when they were separated by the width of St. James's Park. What has been done has been simply to make an outward show of union, any real improvement that followed it simply consisting in this, that the plan of writing from one branch hostile letters to the other is exchanged for the practice of writing critical minutes upon each other's memoranda. Indeed Mr. Holms's own use of the words "the endeavour to get rid of" seems to imply that he is not ignorant of the actual state of the case. On the third point, the transfer of Militia appointments from the Lords-Lieutenant to the Minister, it would be possible to speak more severely. For Lord Cardwell here showed greater weakness than in any other part of his administration. He had no sooner carried his proposal than he was terrified at the prospect of putting it into practice in the face of hostile county interests. In conciliating these he offered a large bribe, in the way of admissions, not into the Militia, but into the army itself, to be scattered among the subalterns of the former service, and obtained by nomination, with an examination so contrived that the slowest and idlest can pass it. And thus it has been made possible for dunces and scapegraces to be transferred by mere interest into the regular service with lieutenant's rank, passing over the heads of those who have entered the line through the regular gates of admission.

So much for the reforms which Mr. Holms approves. There ran through each of these the same vein of weakness; an attempt was made to satisfy the public demand for reforms by doing something in the right direction, but that something was ostensible and political rather than real, and designed for present effect on the public mind rather than for real use in difficult times. And the same may be said of those other reforms announced by Lord Cardwell which have come to nothing, or to worse. Such were the additions to the soldier's pay and comforts, which have left him still under the irritating system of stoppages for parts of his daily rations and necessaries, and have done nothing towards staying the flow of desertion. Such was the introduction of a supposed German system of education for our officers, which was so badly copied from the Berlin type that it had to be abandoned as wholly impracticable after a single year's trial. Such also was the creation of an Intelligence Department, announced with special pomp as though designed to do all for us that a Moltke could conceive possible, but which has turned out to mean that an already numerous Head-quarter Staff has had added to it one or two more well-paid members. These are not achievements to be proud of. And if Lord Cardwell's management is less closely criticized by Mr. Holms than it might be, it is true enough that, as he puts it, soon after the Liberal Minister's work was entered on, the firm and statesmanlike hand "became suddenly paralysed, and temporizing and feebleness marked every step of the future." With this summary of results we fully agree, though we differ as to the cause. There is no real ground for believing that Lord Cardwell changed his mind, and drew back from finishing a congenial business. It is more probable that the Secretary for War shared the optimist opinions of the chief of his party, and looked on the cry for Army Reform as a mere passing fancy which must be soothingly dealt with at the moment, but without involving a change of national policy. Neither Mr. Gladstone nor Lord Cardwell had the clear insight to perceive that Englishmen had actually reached that stage of thought when they were prepared for the time to let schemes of fresh trade and commerce wait until the means were assured them of maintaining unchallenged by the world such trade and commerce as they already had. They still mistook Manchester opinion for public thought, and a corner of Lancashire for the realm at large.

All the middle part of Mr. Holms's volume is directed to an exposure of the shortcomings that ensued on this one mistake. Here he is unanswerable, and we may leave him to speak for himself whilst he gives the proofs of the truth he utters in a few plain words at the opening of these chapters:—"Let us look at the actual results attained. By the light of a few facts, I hope to show what a fool's paradise we have been living in during the past four years." Space forbids our following him through the facts, as we would willingly do, for Mr. Holms is strongest and best in his driest statements. Let but one or two suffice. We give them nearly in the author's words:—

First as to quality. The number of rejections per 1,000 that are made of recruits offering themselves is not only a very fair test of quality, but it shows the great cost of winnowing the weak from the strong, a process which, under a sound system of recruiting, might be almost avoided. The number rejected per 1,000 in 1872 was 442. The average from 1860 to 1867 was 385; and in the ten years from 1841 to 1851 it was 335; and the ten years from 1832 to 1841 only 298. That this increased proportion of rejections was not caused by overfastidiousness will be apparent from testimony worthy of consideration—

which testimony accordingly is given in great detail.

Or, again:—

By the reorganization scheme we were told the Army would be made more attractive. Dissatisfaction was to diminish, if not to cease. In practice, precisely the reverse has proved to be the case. Let the facts speak for themselves. There went out of the Army by purchase in

1870	1,493 men.
1871	2,109 „
1872	2,839 „
1873	2,981 „
1874	2,653 „

But more economical means are adopted by simply deserting, and it is largely approved of, as will be found in the statistics of desertion. In my view the real measure of dissatisfaction in the ranks is the number of men periodically advertised for as deserters; not the net number merely who make good their escape. The men who are captured and retained in the service by force, so to speak, can hardly add to its contentment and satisfaction. The following is a statement of the number of deserters advertised for annually since the reorganization scheme came into operation:—

1870	4,480
1871	6,967
1872	7,653
1873	7,094
1874	6,904

It is a notable fact that the desertions from the Artillery, an arm of the service which it is most important should be maintained in the highest state of efficiency both at home and in India, are proportionately more numerous than from any other branch of the army.

It is natural now to look to the remedies which Mr. Holms suggests. But we do not propose to treat them with the detailed criticism he has bestowed on the abortive schemes of Lord Cardwell. Some of them are not only far from being original, but are also beside the real gist of the question; as, for instance, his indirect encouragement of enlistment by bestowing a large bonus of free commissions on the ranks; or the establishment of Army Corps units—a very unnecessary proceeding in time of peace, since every advantage that the Corps organization would give may be equally well obtained by making the present District, with its Division of troops, an independent unit. What is really important in his treatment of the matter, if not by any means wholly novel, is the proof offered by such examples as the Metropolitan Police and the great Railway Companies, that it is perfectly easy to get and to keep good men in the service, if only the immediate inducements—pensions for length of service Mr. Holms rejects—are made sufficient for the end. The pay should be increased sufficiently; and after three years' service in the ranks, four years should be allowed in the Reserve, with the liberal fee of 20*l.* or even 30*l.* a year if necessary, earned by genuine registry under an employer's guarantee that the man is forthcoming, and a week's duty in the ranks yearly. There is room for plenty of difference as to details; but the movement which Mr. Holms in these proposals rather indicates than pretends to originate is, we are sure, in the right direction. To some such common-sense and practical views we must inevitably come if our army is not to remain, as it now is, the despair of home legislators and the laughing-stock of foreign critics. We are doing positively nothing towards this at present, though we are sinking millions in creating a scattered depôt system to catch the recruits whom our terms are insufficient to keep when found. With Mr. Holms, we would call on the commercial class, who have long neglected this great question, earnestly to bring their strong sense and business powers to its solution. We thank him heartily for his share in helping on this work; and we agree with him that, were the whole people of England acquainted with our present army system, its effete and old-world conditions, and its total inapplicability to modern requirements and the existing state of Europe, "they would be most earnest and hearty in demanding immediate military reform."

STORR ON MACAULAY'S BOSWELL.*

TO judge from the number of text-books that are issuing from the press, the reproach which has been long cast on us, that in our schools we altogether neglect our own language and our own literature, would no longer seem to be deserved. From all quarters we are receiving works on the English language and annotated editions of the English classics. The steady stream that has for the last few years flowed from the Clarendon Press has been of late swelled by smaller rills from Rugby and Marlborough. The younger University men, however, in their ardour for opening up new fields of learning, have too often ventured to set themselves up as teachers before they have served their apprenticeship as learners. A man whose education has been altogether classical thinks that Latin and Greek, like Dogberry's writing and reading, come by nature. When first he wakes up to find how narrow his range of study has been, and how on every side there are subjects of which he knows nothing, he is too apt to think that what is a discovery to him will be a discovery to the world, and that it is his duty to turn round and tell his fellow-men of the fair regions he has opened up. A knot of such enthusiasts get together, and, like the new converts to some faith, begin to lament over the errors of mankind who are still in that dense darkness from which they themselves have some three months or so escaped. Each has the holy zeal of a missionary, and is eager to take a part in lifting the cloud of ignorance which

* *English School Classics. Lord Macaulay's Essay on Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Edited, with Notes, by Francis Storr, B.A., Assistant-Master at Marlborough College. London: Rivingtons. 1875.

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still hangs over the rest of the land. Each is quite indifferent as to the particular task which is given him to do, convinced as he is that he can, to use the cant phrase, "get up" any subject or any author in a long vacation. To edit a classical author however, whether English or Latin, requires a familiarity with the subject which is only got by long years of study. Before an editor can successfully deal with an author, he ought to be thoroughly at home with the general literature of the age. We cannot, indeed, expect to find many men who can bring to their task the learning that Messrs. Clark and Wright brought to Shakspeare, or Mr. Mark Pattison to Pope. In the particular series an instalment of which we are now proposing to notice, we should be content with a degree of knowledge a great deal short of theirs. We have already, on a former occasion, drawn attention to the shortcomings of some of the earlier volumes. We regret to find that in the latest issue there is no sign that the learning of the editor has grown greater, or his want of accuracy less. He has, in the volume with which we shall now deal, taken that part of Macaulay's essay on Boswell's *Life of Johnson* which is of a more permanent interest, and furnished it with 180 notes. When we have said that the conception was a good one, we have come to the end of the praise which we can honestly bestow. The essay certainly not only invited, but also called for, the labours of an editor. Macaulay's range of reading was so wide, and his writings are so full of allusions, that in some respects almost any one of his essays would make an excellent text-book by which a young student might be introduced to general literature. Moreover, the particular essay which Mr. Storr has selected is so full of arguments which admit of discussion, and of statements which can be shown to be incorrect, that, whether it is intended for the young or the old reader, it furnishes abundant matter for the labours of a commentator. Unfortunately Mr. Storr neither knows his subject with the thoroughness which we have a right to expect, nor has any of that painstaking carefulness which is a substitute, though a sorry substitute, for extensive knowledge. His ignorance, perhaps, would be only detected by one who has a familiarity with the subject. But his inaccuracy is so plain that it is a wonder it escaped the notice of the corrector of the press. He twice tries to correct Macaulay in an error; but in one case Macaulay is quite right, and in the other case, though he is, as we hold, wrong, Mr. Storr himself blunders. Macaulay had said of Johnson "that all his books are written in a learned language." Mr. Storr remarks:—

This is hardly true of the *Lives of the Poets*. Some of these are written in as simple and idiomatic language as the *Spectator*. If we compare a paper in the *Rambler* with the *Life of Savage*, we shall see how his style gradually freed itself from pedantry and pompousness.

We have not space here to defend Johnson's style from Macaulay's attack, but we cannot pass over Mr. Storr's blunder, though he is in this case on our side. He has read somewhere or other what has been more than once stated, that Johnson's style as he passed from the middle time of life into old age grew simpler. The *Lives of the Poets* are no doubt more simply written than the *Rambler*. It happens, however, that the *Life of Savage*, which he cites as a proof of this, was written about six years before the first number of the *Rambler* was published, and thirty-five years before the *Lives of the Poets*. In an earlier note he seems to have some kind of a glimmering that the *Life of Savage* did not properly belong to the *Lives of the Poets*, for he says, "Johnson wrote *Lives of the Poets*, *Life of Savage*, *Sir T. Browne*, and many others."

To show Mr. Storr's other error in correcting Macaulay, we must quote a somewhat long passage from the essay:—

Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-eighth year. From that time till he was three or four and fifty, we have little information respecting him; little, we mean, compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings and habits towards the close of his life. He emerged at length from cock-lofts and sixpenny ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him; and he came forth to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen or Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came among them as a companion.

Mr. Storr, in a note on the words "in his early years," &c., says:—

An exaggeration. At the houses of Mr. Walmsley and Dr. Swinfer he had met ladies and gentlemen of good position, and associated with them on equal terms.

Dr. Swinfer is put for Dr. Swinfen, but this mistake is but trifling. There is no exaggeration in Macaulay's statement. By "his early years" he means, of course, Johnson's early years in London, beginning with his twenty-eighth year. Does Mr. Storr think that Macaulay meant to say that Johnson "had seen" Mr. Walmsley and his godfather, Dr. Swinfen, "as a beggar"? Moreover, though Macaulay does too often exaggerate, it is absurd to suppose that he would have described the respectable inhabitants of a small country town as "the great." Johnson might be allowed in his Dictionary to address his native town, "Salve magna parens"; but he would have been amused to find any of his fellow-townsmen ranked among "the great." "Johnson," says Macaulay, "had made himself a name in literature while Reynolds and the Wartons were still boys." Mr. Storr, by way of throwing light on this statement, writes:—"Reynolds. Born 1723. Twenty-four years Johnson's senior." If he had anywhere stated the year of Johnson's birth, as well as that of Reynolds, he might have left it to his readers to discover that Reynolds was thirteen years Johnson's junior. But Reynolds's age is nothing as compared with that of the poet Gay, who, as the youthful reader will learn with delight, was "born 1618, died 1782." No wonder that the lively poet could in his Fables afford to make fun of physicians. A man who is to live 164 years can take liberties with the medical profession on which no one else can venture. Burke, we read in p. 45, was born in 1730, though in p. 38 we had been told that he was born in 1731. "Johnson," we read, "went to France with the Thrales in 1755." In a previous note the reader had been informed that "he was first introduced to Mrs. Thrales in his fifty-seventh year." Now, as Johnson was born in 1709, it would seem to follow that he went with the Thrales to France some ten years before he made their acquaintance. The real date of his visit to France was 1775. This is nothing compared with the statement that "in 1785 he published a *Journey to the Western Islands*." In this he even beats Gay, for if Gay did live to be 164, we are not told that he published a book a year after his death. Johnson died in 1784, nine years after, and not one year before, he published his *Journey*. "*The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was published," we read, "in 1787." Every one familiar with the literature of the time knows that its publication spread over some ten or twelve years. Very curious is Mr. Storr's note on the following passage in Macaulay:—"In his *Lives of the Poets* we find that he is unwilling to give credit to the accounts of Lord Roscommon's early proficiency in his studies." Mr. Storr thus illustrates the passage:—

Accounts of Lord Roscommon's, &c. Young Dillon, who was sent to study under Bochart, and who is represented as having already made great proficiency in literature, could not be more than nine years old. Strafford went to govern Ireland in 1633, and was put to death eight years afterwards. That he was sent to Caen is certain; that he was a great scholar may be doubted.

The reader may well ask who is young Dillon, and what has Strafford to do with Lord Roscommon's early proficiency? There is no mention of Strafford in the essay, nor anything to explain in the slightest degree the introduction of his name. In the *Lives of the Poets*, whence Mr. Storr has taken his note without changing a word, the passage is clear enough. Johnson is showing that, as young Dillon, afterwards Lord Roscommon, was born during the lieutenancy of Strafford, and as he was sent by Strafford to Caen, he could not at the time he went to Caen have been more than nine.

Once or twice Mr. Storr, or his printer, gives what is meant, we suppose, as an amended reading of the authors quoted. Macaulay had written "It was natural that, in the exercise of his power, he should be 'eo immitior, quia toleraverat.'" The Latin is printed in the edition before us "eo immitior, qui toleraverat." In the following quotation from Mrs. Piozzi a word has been inserted which would seem to show that the editor had not understood the passage:—

Many such mortifications arose in the course of their intimacy, to be sure, but few more laughable than when the newspapers had tacked them [Goldsmith and Johnson] together as the pedant and his flatterer in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Dr. Goldsmith came to his friend, fretting and foaming, and vowing vengeance against the printer, &c., till Mr. Johnson, tired of the bustle, and desirous to think of something else, cried out at last, "Why, what wouldst thou have, dear doctor? Who, the plague, is hurt with all this nonsense? and how is a man the worse, I wonder, in his health, purse, or character, for being called *Holofernes?*" "I do not know (replies the other) how you may relish being called *Holofernes*; but I do not like at least to play at *Goodman Dull*."

Mrs. Piozzi had written of course "I do not like at least to play *Goodman Dull*." The editor would seem to think that Goodman Dull was some kind of a game. More than once we come upon a repetition in his notes, as if he had himself forgotten the information he had already given as well as acquired. On the first page he has a short note on Topham Beauclerk. Five pages further on he has another note on the same gentleman, in which he says:—"Beauclerk. A contemporary of Langton at Trinity College, Oxford." As he had not as yet told his reader who Langton was, but had told him who Beauclerk was, it is a case of explaining *notum per ignotum*. In like manner, in p. 38, we read:—"Sir William Jones. The great Orientalist. Born 1746." In p. 46 we have a further note:—"Sir William Jones. Born 1746, died 1794. A famous Orientalist, who," &c. The note on Fielding would seem to contain a severe reflection on Eton College and the University of Leyden. We read:—

Fielding. Born 1707, died 1754. Having been educated at Eton, and afterwards at the University of Leyden, he found himself, on the death of his father, General Fielding, almost penniless, and supported himself by writing for the stage.

It certainly would seem to follow that the natural result of a man's receiving his education at these famous seats of learning is that he finds himself, on the death of his father, penniless. The note on Danton shows that Mr. Storr is not more familiar with the history of France in the last century than with the lives of the great men of his own country. He writes:—

After the 10th of August, and the death of the king, of which Danton was one of the principal agents, he was appointed Minister of Justice, and distinguished himself during the days of September and the Reign of Terror by his sanguinary measures.

It would seem that Mr. Storr believes that both Danton's appointment as Minister of Justice and also the September massacres followed the death of the King. Mr. Storr's language, as his note on Fielding shows, is at times scarcely more correct than his facts. He tells us in another passage that "Steele was the originator, and, next to Addison, the principal contributor to the *Spectator*." But the errors of style are trifling when compared with those we have

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already noted. He would do well to study Boswell's advertisement to his great work, and, when he next edits a classic, to bear in mind how he says "I have sometimes had to run half over London in order to fix a date correctly, which, when I had accomplished, I well knew would obtain me no praise, though a failure would have been to my discredit."

FURLEY'S WEALD OF KENT.—VOL. II.*

MR. FURLEY most assuredly need not fear to be included among those promisers the contents of whose books fall short of the announcements of their title-pages. He has accomplished the task he has undertaken with the amplest liberality of treatment, if not with much painful exertion of self-restraint. In solid works of this description the reader is not apt, as in a three-volume novel, to turn restlessly to the concluding chapters. But in the present case the process may not prove unadvisable, and is indeed recommended by the author himself to "those of his readers to whom the subject is new," so that they may "form a general idea of what is stated more in detail elsewhere." It may, however, be observed that in what precedes Mr. Furley's excellent summary of the history of the Weald, and his sketch of the history of Kent as a kingdom and as a shire, respectively, there is a good deal which hardly needed to be included in an "outline" of the history of the county, even on a very liberal interpretation of that elastic term. In one sense, of course, the annals of a county through which runs the road from London to Canterbury, and thence to Dover, might prove a task beyond the powers of the whole Kentish Archæological Society. We remember a series of stained-glass windows at Dover in which local piety has sought to commemorate the chief historical glories of that loyal Cinque Port. There may be seen the Emperor Sigismund attempting to land, but received less courteously than other Emperors have been in our own days, and King Henry VIII. waving a farewell to the Mayor and Corporation before departing to cover himself with glory and cloth of gold. With ingenuity and space the series might doubtless be considerably prolonged. Thus, too, as Mr. Furley has chosen to include in his "outline" of the history of Kent (in itself, we presume, mainly designed to be illustrative of his more special subject) an account of so many royal visits to and departures from the favoured county, he need not wonder that his pages are many, and we need not pretend that they are uniformly interesting. Because Edward II. "reposed him somewhile" at Bokenfold in the Weald, it was scarcely necessary, in however deprecatory a manner, to summarize the remaining events of his reign. Because Charles II. landed at Dover, it was not absolutely indispensable to contrast Evelyn's and Ludlow's accounts of his entry into London. But though Mr. Furley indulges a little too frequently in the use of the scissors—applying them even to Lord Macaulay's not generally inaccessible work—he cannot upon the whole be charged with discursiveness outside the two concentric circles of his researches, and he has carried out his general scheme with commendable consistency. This book is not a perambulation of Kent like Lambarde's or a perequitation of parts of it like the characteristic passages quoted by Mr. Furley from Cobbett. It is a consecutive history of the Weald, with less detailed chapters on that of the county at large, and occasional reflections on that of the country in general. With these reflections it would be hard to quarrel in the case of so careful and laborious an author, whom no one will grudge such incidental recreations as that of generalizing from the non-residence of a recent successor of Erasmus at Aldington, and of a "worthy and now aged divine" holding an incumbency in the neighbourhood, on the question whether "we have gained by the Reformation all that the advocates for an Established Church, and the friends of religion, might have hoped and expected." Mr. Furley evidently has troubles of his own in the Weald which exercise him too severely to admit of their being absolutely withheld from his readers.

Apart from matters of a more special bearing, the history of Kent, even during the period treated in Mr. Furley's second volume—from the accession of Henry III. downwards—is full of episodes of general national interest. More than one English sovereign may have speculated on the origin of the peculiarities of temper and conduct in the men of Kent which Lord Say sums up so discourteously. That these peculiarities were the result of Scandinavian descent is a view long abandoned by all rational men out of Copenhagen; but the patriotic orthodoxy of Rask and the purely original conjectures of Dr. Latham may have contributed to envelop in a mysterious haze a question which it is quite needless to obscure by more or less ingenious suggestions of possibilities. During the period in question, at all events, there is little reason for going far to seek the causes of Kentish character and conduct. Forty years ago, in the first volume of that History of England which we hope its continuer Dr. Pauli is thinking of completing for the present generation, Lappenberg dwelt on what he rather vaguely calls the "victorious nationality of the Kentishmen." It is not difficult to suggest reasons for the part which, from Henry III. to William III., that "nationality," as Lappenberg is pleased to call it, played in English history. He justifies the term by appealing to the many peculiar legal customs of Kent, and to its proper dialect; but, leaving the question of the former aside for the present, we may confidently describe the appeal to the evidence of language as more than hazardous. General considerations, such as the neighbourhood of the sea and the consequent easy introduction of foreign elements, may go for something. If the Flemings helped to cause one rebellion, this intermixture, after it had assimilated itself, doubtless helped to bring about other movements. But a more direct reason is to be sought in the fact that so vast a proportion of the land in Kent was from an early period in the hands of the Church, and the Church's tenants were, here as elsewhere, the likeliest to prove unruly subjects of the Crown. The comparative freedom of tenure in Kent, which Mr. Furley thinks renders it more difficult to understand the motives of Wat Tyler's rebellion, must in general have encouraged a love of independence. Certain it is that during several centuries the Kentishmen displayed a remarkable tendency to "rising," of which in the end they became unmistakably proud. Nor is it always prudent to judge of the character displayed by districts or by nations on material grounds only. As to the causes of Wat Tyler's rebellion, there is undoubtedly almost as much absence of certainty as there is with regard to his identity or otherwise with John Ball and Jack Straw; at all events, the local hatred of the Flemings helped to stimulate the fury of the rebels. In popular rebellions, moreover, it is not always those who are the worst off that are the first to move. The readiness with which the Kentishmen identified themselves with *aliquid novi* is shown by many instances besides the rebellions of Wat Tyler and of Jack Cade. Mr. Furley, who regretfully records that "the inhabitants of the Weald have been long noted for heterodox opinions," is probably safe in his conjecture that some of them at various times found their way into the "Lollards' Hole" at Wye. The threatened rising in 1528, when the men of Cranbrook and Goudhurst proposed to seize Cardinal Wolsey, put him in a boat, and dispose of him something after the fashion in which Nero attempted to dispose of his mother, seems to have been intended as a revenge for economic distress made specially palpable by the royal demands for a subsidy. Wyatt's rebellion seemed a more formidable undertaking; here again the Kentishmen began the attempt, and alone held out in it. Under Mary more heretics suffered death in Kent than in any other part of the country, except London. In the Civil War, though the Weald at first for the most part sympathized with the Puritans, it is well known how this and other divisions of Kent furnished the Royalists with the means for the rising of 1648. Mr. Furley might, by the by, have noticed the Kentish Petition of 1642, for presenting which Lovelace was imprisoned. The Cavalier poet himself deserved mention among the Worthies of Kent, especially as Bethersden-Lovelace, his estate, is described as "so called from a family of that name," and two inglorious Lovelaces of Byndesdom and Bethersden are mentioned as obtaining pardons for joining Jack Cade. "The most free people of this late flourishing nation," as they had called themselves in 1648, again in 1701 collectively sought to interfere by another and more celebrated "Kentish Petition" in the course of national affairs; and in this instance Kent may claim to have anticipated the decision at which the nation and its Parliament before long arrived.

But it is time to turn from such high imperial themes to the more special subject of these volumes. The Weald of Kent, as is well known, has a history of its own to some extent distinct from that of the county at large, though of that history in one sense the most interesting part, if the paradox be permissible, belongs to its prehistoric period. Too little, however, is known of the early iron-works in this part of the Wealden area to enable us to verify in this way the conclusions at which geologists seem to be arriving with regard to the district. Mr. Boyd Dawkins, *e.g.*, in his interesting paper on the "History of the Wealden Iron-Field," speaks of the entire district from Tunbridge to Hastings as not very long ago the principal iron district in England. But, whatever may have been the case in Sussex, there seems no reason to suppose that the mineral capacities of the "uninhabited district" of Kent were discovered before the Norman Conquest, or put to much use before the thirteenth century. What the future may have in store for a district which is no longer altogether a *terra incognita* even beneath the surface is still a matter of speculation on which we would rather venture no opinion; the assurance of "coal in the Weald" would indeed very naturally affect the future of something more than a district of England.

But, to confine ourselves to the Kentish part of the "woods in Andred," the natural wealth which determined their history for a long series of centuries was emphatically on the surface of the soil:—

> While Kent continued a distinct kingdom [says Mr. Furley] its Sovereign enjoyed a paramount right over such portion of Andred as was within his territories, subject to the right of his freemen to pannage, or, as it was sometimes termed, "the use of the woods in Andred," which, in short, was the folcland or land of the freemen in Kent, who, it may be supposed, participated in it in proportion to their arable holdings, though the Sovereign reserved the timber, and had certain other royalties. . . . In process of time it became necessary to put a limit to the right of pannage, and confine it to certain individuals, and we then find it held by the freemen of the Laths. . . The rights of the community had next to succumb to the Church; for the Sovereign, with the consent sometimes of "the princes and great men," at other times of "the Witan," granted out to the ecclesiastics the greater part of the Sylva Regalis. At this time their most important animal was the pig. Among the earliest charters of our Anglo-Saxon Kings there will be found, as in Ethelbert's charter to St. Augustine's Monastery, a grant ex-

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* *A History of the Weald of Kent, with an Outline of the History of the County to the Present Time.* By Robert Furley, F.S.A. Vol. II. Parts I. and II. Ashford: Henry Igglesden. London: John Russell Smith. 1874.

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tending over the whole forest. Before the close of this century, however the value attached to these feedings, added to the wants of an increasing population, caused the Sovereign to limit his grants to certain defined districts called Denbera and Wealdbera, and subsequently "denes," which are described by Somner as "woody valleys or places yielding both cover and feeding for cattle, especially swine"; they comprised also small, sunny outlying and undulating pastures in the woods, which are at present so attractive a feature in the vicinity of Tunbridge Wells and other parts of the district. So general was the practice of including this right of pannage in the royal grants of land at this time, that there is scarcely a charter which does not contain it.

Thus arose the practice of allotting "denes" in the Weald to various estates scattered over Kent; and in the main the system was here left undisturbed by the Norman Conqueror. Certain portions of the Weald were, indeed, at the Conquest included in the grants to Norman nobles; but long afterwards the Sovereign is found upholding his rights "to forage and timber as lord paramount, as well as in respect to his denes in the Weald," and "the *Charta de Forestis* contains a clause for the protection of pannage." *Pannage*, according to Ducange (whose learning was not long since communicated to the public by Sir William Harcourt in an amusing controversy with a contemporary), with "*pascere, pastio, pastinagium*," comes from some root which means "provision" generally; "and which, therefore, may equally suit the case of hogs, cattle, younger sons, or other inferior animals." Of course *panis* is originally from the same root, so that Sir William Harcourt and the *Pall Mall Gazette* might, after all, if it had pleased them, have shaken hands over their difference.

The denes (of which Mr. Furley has given as perfect a list as possible) were held under very different conditions from manors; but gradually the peculiar customs and services came to an end, and nearly the whole district passed from its original owners or their descendants. At the present day the Weald of Kent numbers among its chief landowners a few descended from old county families; and, according to recent election intelligence, the ancient tradition that

Mersham Hatch
Shall win the match

is likely to be once more verified. The Weald has produced a fair share of distinguished men in our own and in earlier days; and may certainly point with pardonable "pride to the two learned Universities of Oxford and Cambridge," for each of which it has furnished a representative among its principal landowners. But the chief interest of its history attaches to the process—lying beyond the range of Mr. Furley's present volume—by which the wilderness was made habitable and productive, to the system of occupation (admirably developed in this book) which arose and long maintained itself in consequence of the peculiarities of the district and the tenacity of the inhabitants, and to the introduction and assimilation of the Flemish colony. Mr. Furley has taken so liberal a view of the functions of the archæologist that he has tempted us to follow him into observations of a more general character, leaving us little space for comments on his treatment of his more special subject. His remarks on the subject of parishes, and on other points, are however worthy of attention; and the reader need not bore far into these instructive and meritorious volumes to be rewarded by the discovery of valuable ores.

BRINKLEY'S ASTRONOMY.*

IN the days when the future of Trinity College, Dublin, was the subject-matter of the fierce political debates which indirectly led to the downfall of the late Ministry, there was alike on the part of friends and foes a readiness to admit that it had done the work of a University in a creditable manner. It was then that a vast number of Englishmen heard for the first time that Cambridge was by no means without a rival in its special character of a mathematical University. The exceptional position of our two great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge has given them overwhelming advantages over any rival in England or Scotland. The attempt to found a University in London has ended in the formation of a most valuable Examining Board, consisting largely of men belonging to the working staff of the Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and at the higher examinations (in mathematics at least) there are usually few candidates beside a handful of picked men from the same Universities, who pounce down on the scholarships and exhibitions which are offered for success in them. If a man who is at neither of the older Universities should distinguish himself in examinations at the London University, his first idea is to enter himself at one of them, in order to compete for the rich prizes which, in the shape of fellowships, are every year given away to successful students. The same attraction brings to them the pick of the men who have gone through the Scotch Universities, where the early age at which the students commence their course permits its completion before it is too late for them to enter at Oxford or Cambridge. But the same thing does not occur in the Irish Universities. The large revenues of Trinity College, Dublin, enable her to offer prizes to her students which even at the most moderate estimate yield to none in point of value. Thus she does in Ireland what the older Universities do in England; there is a constant gravitation to her of all the most promising students. If this is not so conspicuous in Ireland as it is in England, it arises from the fact that the number of fellowships at Trinity College, Dublin, is so small that men of fair distinction know that it is vain for them to hope for success, whereas the same cannot yet be said of our Colleges. So marked is this, that the men who come to Cambridge after a course at Dublin are not, as in other cases, the best, but the second best—men who know that they would fail of a fellowship there, but who rightly assume that it by no means follows that they will fail here. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that there exists at Dublin a school of no insignificant pretensions in almost every branch of learning. It is in mathematics, however, that it takes the highest place, and here it can fairly challenge comparison with any English University so far as the particular branches that it chiefly favours are concerned.

But there are very marked contrasts between the mathematical work at Dublin and at Cambridge, whether we consider its highest or its lowest developments. We do not here refer to the great predominance assigned to pure mathematics at Dublin, while at Cambridge the superior importance attached to the application of mathematics to physical subjects is becoming every day more evident. The contrasts to which we refer relate rather to the style of the training than to the subjects in which it is given. At Cambridge, for good and for evil, study is special; nothing finds so little favour as general moderate excellence, as may be gathered from the fact that, from being a very usual, it has become a very unusual, thing for a man to take a double degree. Hence the mathematical teaching at Cambridge goes on the hypothesis that the students who receive it are specially devoting themselves to such studies, and no attempt is made to hide or cloak the dry mathematics of a subject, as would be the case were the class supposed to contain intelligent "outsiders." In the higher classes there is much the same peculiarity, though here it arises from a different cause. The competition for fellowships is so keen, and the practice of distributing them according to the results of the examinations at the end of the course is so firmly rooted, that the whole of the training of the higher men is devoted to the object of obtaining a high place in the lists. They therefore scorn to delay over the easier and more interesting parts of their mathematical (and especially their physical) subjects, knowing that the details which constitute as it were the flesh of the subject can easily be read up after the examination, and that in it their places must be decided by their mastery over the hard thought that forms, as it were, the skeleton. Thus the books most in favour, as well in the highest as in the lowest classes, are dry mathematical treatises, which give a minimum amount of information about such phenomena as do not admit of, or do not need, mathematical treatment. But at Dublin, as at London, a much greater amount of culture is required from the men who take the ordinary degrees, and special study is by no means so universal among the intelligent students as it is at Cambridge, and moreover the fellowships are not given by the Degree Examination; so that in the more elementary text-books the whole subject is treated in a much simpler and more interesting manner, and in the higher text-books greater prominence is given to interesting, though perhaps not equally important, developments. To be convinced of this one has but to compare such books as Todhunter's *Treatise on the Differential Calculus* with that by Williamson, or Frost and Wolstenholme's (or, still better, Aldis's) *Solid Geometry* with that by Dr. Salmon. There is between them the difference that there is between the exercise of a walking tour and that by which a pedestrian is trained for a race. Each style of book has its merits; but one thing is certain, and that is that outside the circle of students the text-books in use at Cambridge would be utterly unappreciated, while the Dublin text-books may be of use to the ordinary educated man. And no better example of this could be given than the treatise on Astronomy by Bishop Brinkley, which Dr. Stubbs has just republished in a greatly improved form, at the request of the Provost and Senior Fellows of Trinity College. Compare it with the works such as Godfray's or even Hymer's, that are in general use at Cambridge. Even the more elementary of the last-named treatises would enable a man to effect astronomical calculations of no small difficulty. But he might have studied both attentively and yet be very ignorant of astronomy save for observatory purposes. A knowledge of Brinkley's work might leave him utterly without the special knowledge which he must acquire to become a practical astronomer, but he would be in possession of all the results of astronomical science, and would have familiarized himself with all the great conceptions that it has given us—conceptions which would have been beyond the power of the wildest effort of imagination had they not been presented to our view as sober realities. With every disposition to admit the high educational value of severe special study, we cannot but think that the mental discipline involved in the careful study of such a book as this would be ill replaced by the more laborious task of mastering more difficult and more technical treatises such as those to which we have referred.

The present work appears to hit the right mean between too popular and too technical works. It avoids almost all complicated mathematical investigations; there is no looseness of treatment; all is rigorous and accurate so far as it goes. On the other hand, it is marvellously complete in the information it gives about

* *Brinkley's Astronomy.* Revised and partly re-written by John William Stubbs, D.D., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, and Francis Brünnow, Ph.D., late Astronomer Royal of Ireland and Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

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the history and the latest achievements of astronomical discovery. Much of the text on matters relating to the modern discoveries that have been made by means of the spectroscope is due to Dr. Brünnow, and their excellence will cause no surprise to those who know the high position which he holds among astronomers. Certainly for combined terseness and completeness it would be hard to surpass them, and there are other parts of the book of which the same remark may be made with equal justice. In fact, there is evident throughout a judiciousness in the selection of matter that speaks of the experienced college tutor. The author has got over the difficulty of giving a full and at the same time an intelligible description of the elaborate instruments in use in an observatory by not attempting it, and we think that here too he has acted wisely. It is useless to try to obtain from books a proper conception of the various contrivances for eliminating sources of error; half an hour's examination of the instruments themselves will teach far more than would the most elaborate lectures upon them.

The treatment of eclipses and transits, which is of course of special interest at the present moment, is excellent, though we think the author might have allowed himself to tell his readers a little more about the coming transit, and the preparations for observing it. Perhaps, however, little was known about the latter at the time at which this part of the book was written. The notice of the last transit is, however, quite sufficient for the purposes of the book, and as it is intended for educational purposes, he was perhaps justified in confining himself to what is matter of history. We cannot, however, agree with his remark about Horrox's determination of the solar parallax. To say that "Horrox by a variety of ingenious arguments, evincing his superior knowledge in the science, showed it highly improbable that it was not more than fourteen seconds," is going too far in praise of the happy guess which the young astronomer made. He took a step in the right direction, but it was more by good luck than good guidance. There was not the slightest basis for the hypothesis he made, which was that all the planets are of the same angular magnitude when viewed from the sun. We know now that it is not so, and he had no better reason for assuming it than because he judged it would appear the most agreeable to the Divine Nature; so that the superiority of his result over those of previous astronomers must be regarded as more or less accidental. Such slight inaccuracies, if even they merit that name, will not diminish the educational value of the book, and we are persuaded that the popularity of *Brinkley's Astronomy* as a text-book at Dublin has received a new lease of life through the publication of the present edition.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE.*

MRS. OLIPHANT could scarcely write anything utterly worthless, but we should think it would not be very difficult to do something better than *The Story of Valentine and his Brother*. We are quite disposed to be liberal in the matter of common sense, and do not require that all the shadowy inhabitants of the realm of fiction should bear themselves with the same regard to decency and rationality which is expected from their prototypes in flesh and blood; but we do require a modicum of rationality—just enough to float the story off the shallows and give it as much likeness to real life as shall redeem it from absolute impossibility and foolishness. Now it does not seem to us that Mrs. Oliphant has imbued her *Story of Valentine and his Brother* with even as much common sense as this; for we do not think that any set of people living on the face of the earth, with all their faculties in presumably fair order, unmolested by commissions *de lunatico*, and supposed to be capable of taking care of themselves and their belongings, could have acted with such entire irrationality as is the rule from first to last with each and all of the personages of this book.

It would not have taken away from the interest of the story if Mrs. Oliphant had made it clearer to her readers what kind of tramp she intends "Forest Myra" to represent. Is the woman a real gipsy, a Romany *pur sang*, with a tribe, friends, relations, and traditions? or is she only a vagrant, a tinker-body belonging to no one, selling flowers in spring and summer, and (as she would do if she were this kind of tramp) taking shelter in workhouses in winter? But she is manifestly not a vagrant of this kind; she is a gipsy, with mysterious promptings and noble impulses; though what she does for a living, and why she does not keep with her own people when she flings off the restraints of her brief civilized life and goes back to the road and the tents, are questions to which we cannot find a fitting answer. Also, how was it that Dick lived in ignorance that he was legitimate and the son of a Gorgio swell? "Forest Myra" must have met with some of her own people at times, even if she did not live with them as she naturally would have done; and knowledge of Dick's parentage, betrayed moreover by his complexion, would have been the general property of the tribe. It is neither one thing nor the other; neither gipsy life as Mr. Borrow and Mr. Leland have made us acquainted with it, nor the gipsy life of romance, Eastern, melodramatic, mysterious, and barbarically loyal.

Again, granting that a fastidious gentleman like the Honourable Richard Ross, son and heir to Lord Eskside, should have married a strolling tramp, a kind of dumb beast, ignorant, untamed, and untameable, then that he should have let her escape with his two sons and never be able to put his hand on her again, would the old couple have received so unhesitatingly as their grandson a dirty little beggar-boy thrust inside the door at Rosscraig House, only on the faith of his likeness to his gipsy mother? The language of the heart has its own power, and the testimony of inherited likeness has a certain scientific value; but when it comes to the possession of entailed estates, both the language of the heart and the testimony of inherited likeness are rather slender grounds on which to establish heirship. And surely the police in those days—say twenty years or so ago—could have gained a more definite clue to the truth of things by tracking out the fugitives and getting hold of the marriage certificate and the connecting links, than either affection or likeness could supply. Never were a couple of sons and a wife lost with more facility, or found and recognized with less hesitation when the time for recognition comes. If such games at hide and seek as this of Forest Myra and her boys were possible in the world, what a state of confusion everything would be in! As for Myra herself, or Altamira, as her name is in full, we repeat that we are at a loss to understand her character or life as based on any intelligible theory. Too uncivilized for her husband's family and circumstances, she is evidently far too refined to be in any possibly harmony with her own. If wild and untamed, as Mrs. Oliphant says, but as we do not feel her to be, she is the deadest, dullest, most automatic bit of savagery to be found either in the "green shaws" or the city; not wild at all, only silent, unhappy, and what would be familiarly called "glum." In parting her boys, giving one to her husband's family and keeping the other for herself and the Romany tents, she might have been actuated by a stern principle of justice which it might have nearly broken her heart to carry into execution; but this again has a certain twang of inharmoniousness which makes it wholly unnatural; for, if the mother's instinct remained so passionate and vivid as would appear from her feelings when she first sees Val, how had she kept away all those long years from Rosscraig and never tried to see her boy, if only as a beggar woman tramping the country? The truth is, the story is an impossibility from end to end and does not hang together anyhow, and the characters are as impossible as the story. A gentleman would not have married Myra, to begin with; or, having done so, he would not have lost his children with such supine indifference; he would have been more cautious in accepting the poor little waif flung into the house during a storm no one knew how or by whom, merely because he resembled his vagabond wife; and he would have required a stricter verification of both lads than the Honourable Richard Ross thought necessary. And, if Forest Myra had been as good as she was, she would have been a great deal better. She would not have stopped where she did. To call a woman in one breath an ignorant, uneducated animal, and in the next to show her possessed of the keen sensibilities, the fine honour, the noble self-effacement of true heroism, is to clamp together two incongruous materials the one of which destroys the other. These wonderful superstructures of moral refinement based on social conditions of dirt and mud are always shaky and unnatural; and the long pages of quasi-sentimental, quasi-metaphysical maundering—we cannot call it reasoning—by which Mrs. Oliphant seeks to knead her contradictions into harmony and make her impossibilities assume a reasonable shape, merely weary the reader without effecting her purpose.

We cannot compliment Mrs. Oliphant on the literary strength of *The Story of Valentine;* her style is far below her usual self. She has adopted that silly and detestable method of saying, in her quality of historian and biographer, "I think," and "I imagine," "I do not believe," "to my thinking," and the like, to give a greater appearance of vigour and vitality to her narrative. It is a puerile affectation at the best of times, and always grates on the artistic sense, however sparingly employed; but when it comes four or five times in a page, as it does more than once in this book, it is an annoyance that goes far to obscure the reader's perception of such grace and force as Mrs. Oliphant undoubtedly possesses. What are we the better for it, for instance, in this sentence?—"It was the physical cold, I think—that discomfort which always makes itself doubly felt when the mind is weighed down with trouble—which roused her to the sense that what she had to do must be done quickly"; or here:—"If any one had spoken to her or touched her, I believe the poor distracted creature would have gone mad or fallen into dead unconsciousness"—and so on, wherever this sham personality can be interpolated. This unpleasant trick, and the maddening amount of tall talk with which every feeling and incident is explained and commented on—tall talk which perpetually stops the current of the story till it has had its say and got its windy business transacted—show a certain weakness, or weariness, or both, which should be a warning to the author to take heed in time, and not to overstrain that delicate machinery by which she produces even tall talk, such as it is.

We believe in the doctrine of hereditary transmission of moral and intellectual qualities and the accumulated influence of generations, but we believe also in education and the modifying effects of habit. In the character of Valentine Mrs. Oliphant has dealt very fairly with the effects of education, and has evolved a fine and passable gentleman out of her gipsy-born young hero, the one who naturally would have taken to the tents and horse-chaunting, gambling and petty larceny, as

* *The Story of Valentine and his Brother.* By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," &c. 3 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons.

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easily as young ducks take to the water. But in Dick we have the substratum of hereditary qualities scarcely influenced by daily associations and the habits of a life. Dick, the living image of his father, is Dick the natural gentleman whom ignorance does not brutalize, dirt does not soil, companionship does not fashion, and whose mind and moral sense grow spontaneously, as things needing no care from education. It is the lily on the refuse heap, of which some authors are so fond, but in which we for our own part are not great believers. Mrs. Oliphant takes great pains to impress her readers with the sense of Myra's spotless purity during all her wild and roving life; but in this she reasons like a woman, and draws on her imagination only. Had she known anything practically of the class she depicts, she would have drawn a broader line than she has done, and would have acknowledged, as all men do and must, that real purity does not consist in one thing only, and that such characters as Myra and Dick are simply impossible as the result of the education to be got out of gipsy tents and booths.

We have said before that the one taint running through all the characters alike in this book is irrationality and folly; but, after Myra herself, we think we should single out Mr. Alexander Pringle, heir-at-law to the Eskside estate in default of issue of the Honourable Richard Ross, as the most pronounced fool of all. He is the kind of man who gives himself infinite trouble to lay a trap, and then neglects to leave the mouth of it open. He meanders a good deal about the story, but in a weak, ineffectual kind of way; being an enemy without grip, and more willing than able to do mischief. Most men would have remembered the old saying about half a loaf being better than no bread, and would have made their account out of the youthful attachment between "Val and Vi," as settling that disputed point of the future inheritance in a far neater and more satisfactory manner than by a problematical lawsuit. Instead of encouraging the attachment, as a sensible man would have done, Alexander Pringle does his best to render it impossible; and in so doing acts against his interest and his paternal affection in a manner not specially characteristic of a shrewd Scottish lawyer. But, as all ends well, the little obstructive incident of the election paper goes for nothing in the ultimate relations between Valentine and Violet; it even does good, as leading indirectly to the recognition of Dick and his mother, the Honourable Mrs. Richard Ross, better known as Forest Myra the gipsy, tramp, and vagrant. Much of Mrs. Oliphant's past work has been very satisfactory; but her hand seems to be losing its cunning. She has taken to bad ways, to false models, an inflated style, preachments, and affectations. If even in *The Story of Valentine and his Brother* we come upon passages of delicate perception and touching purpose, such as used to charm us in her earlier work, they only serve to mark the distance she has gone in the wrong direction. What she wants now is to return to nature for her models, and to abandon her later artificial and affected style, for one simpler, terser, and less egotistical. She has all the qualities necessary for thoroughly good work, and it is her own fault if what she turns out is less than thoroughly good in any respect whatever.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE appearance of Dr. Hilgenfeld's Historical and Critical Introduction to the New Testament* is an event in the theological world, not so much from any novelty in the propositions put forward by the writer, as from their being presented as the ultimate result of the labours of a lifetime, and from the authority they derive, not merely from Dr. Hilgenfeld's acknowledged eminence as a Biblical critic, but also from his impartiality and neutral position. He occupies the middle ground between the schools of conservatism and of scepticism, frankly accepting the principle of free inquiry in its fullest extent, but, on the other hand, allowing great weight to the consensus of ecclesiastical tradition, intolerant of mere negation for negation's sake, and not wedded to any such theory of primitive Christianity as to render it necessary for him to detach all its literary monuments from their recognized dates and authors. Each is investigated singly on its own merits, and the author never delivers a decision without substantial, if not absolutely conclusive, reasons. The first section of the work is devoted to the history of the formation of the Canon, from the first rudimentary traces of its existence in Papias and Justin Martyr to its final settlement. The next chapter contains a sketch of the history of New Testament criticism from Luther to our own times, valuable for its condensed characterization of the latest German critics, such as Baur, Ewald, and Volkmar. In the remainder of the work the New Testament writings themselves are examined, and grouped according to the writer's own views of their authorship and period, with a full statement of the reasons for his conclusions, and a notice of the opinions of others. The first group consists of the unquestionably genuine Epistles of St. Paul—the Romans, the two Corinthians, Galatians, First Thessalonians, Philemon, and Philippians. The Epistle to the Hebrews follows, being pronounced to be not Pauline, but still a work of high antiquity and profound significance, written before the destruction of the Temple, and probably by Apollos. The next group includes the remaining works of the Apostles or their companions; the Apocalypse, a genuine work of St. John, whose date is fixed at A.D. 68 by the recent successful decipherment of "the number of the beast"; the Gospel of Matthew, of which we only possess a revised Greek translation, but composed in its original Hebrew form immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem; and Mark, written at Rome in the last quarter of the first century as a contribution to that fusion of Gentile and Hebrew Christianity which we observe in the nearly contemporary Clemens Romanus. The Epistle of James is also treated as a work of the apostolic age. The writings ascribed to Luke form the next group; they are pronounced to embody much valuable material from the pen of Luke himself, but to be in their present form an Eirenicon designed to harmonize the conflicting elements of early Christianity, put forth not much before or much after the beginning of the second century, certainly before the repressive measures of Trajan. The first Epistle of Peter, on the other hand, from its distinct reference to a period of general persecution, cannot, it is argued, have been written before the latter years of that Emperor's reign. This is also the period of the Second Thessalonians. The Epistles of John are by the same writer as the Gospel, the latter representing a more advanced stage of theology. Though not of the apostolical age, its date has, he considers, been put much too low by the Tübingen school; from faint allusions to the Jewish revolt of Barchochebas, Dr. Hilgenfeld thinks that it may be assigned to about A.D. 135. The few remaining constituents of the Canon are pronounced to be later still from their references to highly developed phases of Gnosticism. Such are the conclusions of a writer whose opinion will satisfy neither party, but who is evidently not actuated by a mere spirit of compromise.

"He," says Dr. Volkmar*, "who understands the Epistle to the Romans of A.D. 60, the Apocalypse of A.D. 68, and the Gospel of Mark of A.D. 73, understands the whole New Testament." Having already expounded two of these fundamental documents, the interpreter now turns his attention to the third. As was to be expected, his view of the principal controverted passages is very anti-Augustinian. Whatever judgment may be formed of the soundness of his exegesis, his version and notes undoubtedly deserve the praise of great clearness and precision, and an anxious attention to the minutiæ of grammatical construction and figures of speech, so essential to the comprehension of an abrupt and figurative writer like St. Paul. The text, very closely translated, is divided into paragraphs corresponding with the main divisions of the Apostle's argument as understood by the commentator; a running commentary points out the general scope, and vindicates the logical connexion, of the treatise; questions of textual and grammatical criticism are reserved for the notes. The whole is characterized by a most commendable brevity. An exact reprint of the Vatican text is appended. The genuineness of the greater part of the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters is questioned; the doxology they contain is referred to an Oriental source, the remainder to a Roman. Scarcely any adequate motive is assigned for so insignificant an addition.

A dictionary of Biblical antiquities, edited by Dr. Riehm†, greatly resembles Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, minus the strictly theological parts. This element, at least, is kept as far as possible in the background, and the work is mainly restricted to such historical, geographical, and ethnological information as is absolutely necessary for the understanding of Scripture. This is agreeably conveyed in a clear and condensed style; the illustrations are very well executed, and more numerous than in Smith's Dictionary. Among the best known of the contributors are Delitzsch, and Schrader the Assyriologist.

Wilhelm Mannhardt‡ has already acquired a name as an authority upon popular mythology, and his reputation will be increased by his work on the Worship of Trees, even should some of his conclusions appear somewhat fanciful. In the main they are fairly deducible from the principle with which he starts, a view perfectly in harmony with the theories of Mr. Tylor, Dr. Bastian, and other accepted authorities. It is that primitive man was led to attribute a conscious personality to plants by comparing the phenomena of growth as manifested by vegetation with similar processes of animal life, and thus inferring the substantial identity of the two kingdoms. The principle of vegetable life was then personified as a genius of vegetation; and, on the other hand, every tree being regarded as animated, wood-spirits were conceived either as inhabitants of individual trees, or as general representatives of the forest. Fanciful resemblances of trees to men and women, the sights and noises of the woods, the poetical ideas connected with germination and decay, the vast practical importance of the cereal crops and other esculent vegetables, created a mass of legends and gave birth to a multitude of ceremonies which Herr Mannhardt has diligently sifted out of the collections of European folk-lore. His work will be found a highly acceptable contribution to the science of comparative mythology.

* *Historisch-kritische Einleitung in das Neue Testament.* Von Dr. Adolf Hilgenfeld. Leipzig: Fues. London: Asher & Co.

* *Paulus Römerbrief.* Der älteste Text deutsch und im Zusammenhang erklärt von Gustav Volkmar. Zürich: C. Schmidt. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Handwörterbuch des Biblischen Alterthums für gebildete Bibelleser.* Herausgegeben von Dr. E. Riehm. Bielefeld: Velhager & Klasing. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Der Baumkultus der Germanen und ihrer Nachbarstämme. Mythologische Untersuchungen.* Von W. Mannhardt. Berlin: Borntraeger. London: Williams & Norgate.

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Dr. Wiedemeister attempts the rehabilitation of the immediate successors of Augustus on a plea of *non compos*.* As regards Caligula, the fact is generally admitted. The problem as concerns Tiberius, Claudius, and Nero, is the same that is continually presenting itself in courts of justice, and must be decided on the principles that commend themselves to the judicial rather than to the medical mind. We cannot imagine that any magistrate would have deprived any of these sovereigns of the administration of their property on the grounds put forward by Dr. Wiedemeister, who seems to confound insane proclivities, such as must be admitted to have existed in the Julian line, with insanity itself.

Dr. Emil Schmidt's history of the Russian expedition against Khiva † is reprinted from the *Russian Review*. It is a valuable work from its fulness, and, as must be inferred from its semi-official character, its accuracy of detail. It is also very dry and fatiguing, the most unimportant incidents being described with the most matter-of-fact precision, with no effort whatever after the graces of style. In fact, although the patience of the Russian troops in undergoing hardship is worthy of great admiration, there is little scope for picturesque description in the incidents of a campaign which only cost the victors thirty-four killed and 172 wounded. At the conclusion of his work Herr Schmidt applies himself to vindicate the disinterestedness of Russia, which he considers established by the uselessness of her conquest for aggressive purposes, and its unprofitableness as a source of revenue. He admits, however, that the acquisition of a part of the Khanate may very conceivably be a step towards the acquisition of the whole, and he does not assert that the conquest would in that case be unremunerative. The value of his work is enhanced by a bibliography of books on Turkestan.

A complete lexicon of German biography ‡, the first part of which has just made its appearance, is one of the publications for which literature is indebted to the munificence of the late King of Bavaria. The value of a well-executed work of this kind requires no comment, and the execution so far appears very creditable. The historical articles are decidedly the most elaborate, but the literary are sufficiently copious, and embrace a number of meritorious but forgotten men of learning from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century. Dutchmen and Belgians are included. The names of about three hundred contributors are announced, including Carrière, Döllinger, Dove, Freitag, Friedländer, and other celebrities. The work is to occupy twenty volumes, and to be completed in thirteen years. Both estimates will probably be exceeded.

A work on the military organization and resources of Russia, by C. von Sarauw §, is a recast of a book which has already attracted attention as an anonymous publication. The writer begins exactly as an English author on a corresponding theme might do, by stating that the Crimean war dispelled a vast number of traditional illusions, and demonstrated the need of a thorough reform. It may be feared that the Englishman could not give so satisfactory an account of the progress of this reform as Herr von Sarauw, who considers the Russian organization to be now all but perfect. This regeneration is attributed to the abilities and unlimited powers of General Miliutine, the Minister of War, who has had the direction of the whole. The first section gives a detailed account of the administrative departments, the next of the troops themselves; other chapters deal with recruitment, commissariat, clothing, discipline, artillery, fortresses, reserves, and other essential matters. Peculiarities incident to the Russian army are carefully noted; such as, on the favourable side, the perfect social equality of the officers, whether promoted from the ranks or not; on the other hand, the slenderness of their pay, and the poverty of the married officers, who form an unusually large proportion of the whole. The Control Department is said to be the best organized in Europe, but too dependent for its efficiency on the energy of a single man. The rifle in use is highly commended; it is the American Berdan rifle, a combination of the Chassepôt and Snider systems. On the whole, according to Herr von Sarauw, the Russian army, if not paralysed by administrative or strategic inefficiency, would be a most formidable antagonist to any in the world.

The last volume of the "New Pitaval" ‖ contains two legal cases of unusual interest. One is the trial of Marshal Bazaine, the other is the investigation connected with the disappearance of Anna Böckler, a little girl supposed to have been stolen by gipsies, but who had in fact been murdered within half an hour of her disappearance and interred in a barn close by her own dwelling. The search instituted, though fruitless for upwards of a year, served to bring to light the extent to which the kidnapping of children is carried on by gipsies on the Continent, upwards of a hundred cases having been reported within eight months, ranging over all Central Europe from Antwerp to Odessa. The body having been found, a young man named Schütt was convicted of the murder, on evidence which we fancy would hardly have quite satisfied an English jury.

The object of Herr David Peipers's bulky volume *, the first of a series of volumes which may well prove indefinite, is to combat the theory of Plato's scepticism, and to prove that the apparently conflicting propositions scattered through his writings admit of being reduced to a coherent system. Herr Peipers deals on this occasion solely with the Platonic theory of cognition, and his illustrations are almost exclusively derived from the Theætetus. It must be said to his credit that he has not aggravated the difficulties of an abstruse subject by heaviness or obscurity of style. Dr. Julius Walter's † treatise on the doctrine of practical reason in Greek philosophy is much too technical to appear practical except to the most select circle of readers.

So far back as 1842 Dr. von Eckenbrecher, being at the time in Smyrna, wrote an essay for the *Rheinisches Museum* to demonstrate the identity of the site of Homer's Troy with that of Ilium Novum at the modern Hissarlik.‡ He is naturally highly gratified with the apparent confirmation of his view by the excavations of Dr. Schliemann, and republishes his dissertation in an enlarged and amended form, not, however, referring to Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, but resting his case substantially on his former arguments, which he regards as sufficiently cogent in themselves. He apologizes in his preface for his previous unacquaintance with Maclaren's essay in support of the same theory, published in 1822.

Julius Euting § propounds translations of six Cyprian inscriptions in the British Museum. They are Semitic; four belong, as he considers, to a Phœnician dynasty reigning at Citium in the fourth century B.C.; the other two belong to the era of the Ptolemies, in the following century. The first alone is bilingual. Herr Euting points out the modification of the Cyprian style of inscribed character under Egyptian influences, and enumerates twenty-four additions to the Phœnician vocabulary as the product of the inscriptions interpreted by him.

Dr. E. Schreiber's work on the Reptiles of Europe ‖ is designed as a continuation of Blasius's treatise on European vertebrata. It is written entirely from the scientific point of view, is very copious and very precise in its descriptions and definitions, and appears to be an exceedingly satisfactory account of the subject.

The language of the Brazilian aborigines ¶ is, it appears, the Tupi, an idiom very closely allied to the Guarani language spoken in Paraguay. It is understood, with slight dialectical variations, over the whole of the Brazilian Empire. Like many other languages of uncivilized nations, it possesses a flexibility, a power of forming compounds, and of expressing nice shades of meaning far in advance of that possessed by most cultivated tongues. Herr Platzmann's grammar is based upon Father Anchieta's.

J. J. Honegger's ** history of the tendencies of French culture at home, and its influence abroad during the last two hundred and fifty years, is a sound but rather commonplace disquisition on a subject on which, indeed, it is difficult to be original. The striking contrast of the French civilization of the period—its brilliancy, its urbanity, its humanity, its frivolity, irreverence, and immorality; its diffusion through all polite circles abroad while failing to penetrate the lower strata of society at home; its intensely national character on the one hand, and liberal adoption of English ideas on the other; its personification in a despotic Court, while silently preparing the most sweeping of democratic revolutions—all these have been set forth with every variety of expression, and judged from every point of view. Herr Honegger's originality is chiefly displayed in his choice of illustrations, and his special reference to the phenomena of French civilization as they affect his own country. His judgment upon them in this aspect is more favourable and equitable than might have been expected. The influence of France upon Germany was, he considers, in the main beneficial until the inauguration of the rapacious policy of Louis XIV. Even this was in the main the fault of the German body politic, whose unwieldy infirmities almost solicited aggression. Had the German princes been capable of entering into the ideas of Henry IV., they would have spared their country the Thirty Years' War. French influence has been a fertile source of political disorder and moral corruption, but on the whole the benefits of her great Revolution determine the balance in her favour.

"The Second Wife," by E. Marlitt ††, is an excellent novel, less

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* *Der Cäsarenwahnsinn der Julisch-Claudischen Imperatorenfamilie.* Von Dr. Wiedemeister. Hannover: Rümpler. London: Asher & Co.

† *Die Expedition gegen Chiva im Jahre* 1873 Nach den Quellen bearbeitet von Dr. Emil Schmidt. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie.* Lief. 1. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die russische Heeresmacht, auf Grund offizieller Quellen und eigener Anschauung.* Von Christian von Sarauw. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Der Neue Pitaval.* Neue Serie. Bd. 9. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Untersuchungen über das System Plato's.* Geführt von D. Peipers. Th. 1. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

† *Die Lehre von der praktischen Vernunft in der griechischen Philosophie.* Von Dr. Julius Walter. Jena: Wanke. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Die Lage des Homerischen Troja.* Von Dr. G. von Eckenbrecher. Düsseldorf: Buddeus. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Sechs Phönikische Inschriften aus Idalion.* Von Julius Euting. Strassburg: K. J. Trübner. London: Trübner & Co.

‖ *Herpetologia Europaea.* Von Dr. E. Schreiber. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Grammatik der Brasilianischen Sprache.* Von J. Platzmann. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

** *Kritische Geschichte der französischen Cultureinflüsse in den letzten Jahrhunderten.* Von J. J. Honegger. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Die zweite Frau. Roman.* Von E. Marlitt. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Keil. London: Williams & Norgate.

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pleasing than the authoress's earlier works, from the more tragical nature of the plot and the consequently more strained character of the sentiment; but extremely interesting, clearly and vigorously written, and free from all the characteristic defects of German fiction.

Paul Heyse's last novelettes * all belong to one or other of the types habitual with him. In "A Hungarian Countess," a widow lady of rank brings about a tragic catastrophe by her well-intended attempt to elude the passion of a young tutor, which she has inadvertently encouraged. "Judith Stern" is a story of the same class, but the catastrophe is fortunate. "Nerina" treats an incident in the life of Leopardi. All the tales are distinguished by the writer's habitual skill in the development of incident, and finish of style; but the only really pleasing one is the pretty little comedy-novel called "He Shall be Thy Master," where a young sculptor wins a lady's heart by disobeying her very particular injunctions.

The posthumous works of Fritz Reuter † do not seem to be of very great importance, and are almost entirely in Low German. Herr Wilbrandt's biography, however, is very welcome. Like many other writers of indomitable cheerfulness, the Mecklenburg humourist had a hard life. In his youth he suffered from political persecutions and long imprisonments which ruined his health, and during his days of renown he was barely kept alive by the devotion of his wife. He was long ignorant of his real strength, and made no mark until, in middle life, he discovered the literary capabilities of his native dialect. Notwithstanding all these hardships and obstacles, his character as a man fully corresponds with the robust geniality of his writings.

The last number of the *Rundschau* ‡ contains some valuable articles, the most interesting of which is a further contribution to the biography of Fritz Reuter, consisting of letters addressed by him to his father during his imprisonment, with particulars respecting that period of his life. Herr Brandes's paper on Lassalle is continued; Professor Max Müller's reply to Darwin appears in a German dress; and there is an essay on finance by Herr L. Bamberger, a great authority.

The attention of the students of standard German literature may be advantageously directed to two most acceptable reprints §—one of W. von Humboldt's wise and thoughtful correspondence with a female friend; the other an abridgment of Alexander von Humboldt's South American travels, with an appendix of selections from his *Views of Nature*. The latter is especially adapted for students of the language from the notes with which it has been provided by the editor, Dr. C. A. Buchheim.

* *Neue Novellen.* Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Nachgelassene Schriften von Fritz Reuter.* Th. I. Herausgegeben und mit der Biographie des Dichters eingeleitet, von A. Wilbrandt. Wismar: Hinstorff. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Hft. 6. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Briefe von W. von Humboldt an eine Freundin.* Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate. Humboldt's Natur- und Reisebilder. With a Commentary, &c., by Dr. C. A. Buchheim. London: F. Norgate.

Will "TEGEAN" favour us with his Address?

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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MUSICAL UNION.—FIRST MATINEE of the THIRTY-FIRST SEASON, Tuesday, April 13. Signor Papini, Violin. Tickets for Members sent on Monday. Nominations, Names, and Addresses to be sent to Prof. ELLA, Director.

THE ROLL CALL, by Miss THOMPSON.—LAST WEEK but ONE.—This Picture, together with a Large Collection of Water-Colour Drawings, NOW ON VIEW, at the Gallery of the Society of French Artists, 168 New Bond Street, Ten A.M. to Six P.M. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

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ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of British Artists.
Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.
The SIXTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Wednesday, April 14, 1875.
A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, Esq., M.P., D.C.L., F.S.A., President, in the Chair.
Since the foundation of the Society the sum of £35,953 10s. has been distributed in relieving Widows and Orphans of British Artists, and during the past year Fifty-three Widows and Sixteen Orphans have received Annuities amounting to £1,115. The Institution is entirely supported by the Voluntary Donations and Subscriptions of Artists and Patrons of the Fine Arts. Gentlemen's Tickets, 21s., Ladies', 12s. 6d., may be obtained of the Stewards; at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, L. YOUNG, Esq., 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—The MATRICULATION CLASS at ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL will begin on Monday, April 5, at One P.M.—For particulars apply to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE SESSION TO EASTER.

ALTHOUGH the time between the opening of Parliament and the beginning of the Easter holidays has been shorter than usual this year, it has been long enough to show what the new Ministry is like, how it sets itself to work, and how it performs the tasks it has assigned to itself. We know now tolerably well of what Mr. DISRAELI'S Cabinet is capable, and of what it is not capable. It is an industrious Cabinet, and it is an agreeable Cabinet; but it is the most irresolute Cabinet that has made itself known to the present generation. It said that it would bring in a great many Bills, and it has brought in a great many Bills. After Easter it is going to bring in several more Bills. It tries, and in a certain way it tries hard, to deal with a great variety of questions; and it does its very best not to offend any one. It has carried the second reading of its Irish Coercion Bill in a very polite way; it is more than civil to the Opposition; it instantly expresses regret if it gives pain to any one. The members of the Cabinet in their several departments try hard to do their work well. Mr. HARDY and Mr. WARD HUNT showed in the discussions of the Army and Navy Estimates that they had spared themselves [illegible] to understand the condition and wants of [illegible] them to preside [illegible] what the worst class of our recruits look like [illegible] spring morning, and had the courage to tell what he had seen. Mr. WARD HUNT has gone about the coast picking up information at first hand about the Navy Reserve in a most creditable manner. Mr. CROSS has innumerable Bills under his charge, and he knows what is in his own Bills, which is by no means a common merit. All his Bills bear traces of hard work, and of a sincere desire to understand a matter before he meddles with it. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is willing to let the spending departments have what they ask for, and yet defends the revenue against outsiders with satisfactory firmness. Lord CARNARVON is guiding the Colonial Office through trying difficulties by simply setting himself to do what is right and just. Lord SANDON has educated himself into making improvements in the Educational Code. If there is an exception apparent anywhere to this general industry of the Government, it is perhaps in the CHANCELLOR, who in his unfortunate Judicature Bill omitted the really difficult and laborious part of it, the rules of Procedure, and seemed to shrink in dismay from undertaking any knotty point of law reform when the chaos of the existing Marriage Laws was brought under his notice. And the industry of the Ministry and their good intentions are not more conspicuous than their amiability. In the hot debates on the Regimental Exchanges Bill Mr. HARDY was as cool and pleasant as if he had been listening to eternal compliments from the Opposition. Mr. WARD HUNT was as cheerful as a lark when he announced that, although he was as firmly impressed as ever with the belief that we had no navy worth speaking of, yet he must own that he did not see why we should go out of our way to get one. Even Dr. KENEALY cannot ruffle Mr. DISRAELI; and Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY is penetrated with sincere admiration of the zeal that bids Mr. PLIMSOLL rush from door to door at three o'clock in the morning with telegrams about over-loaded ships. Industry, a desire to do right, courtesy—these are great virtues in a Ministry; and, having them, what can a Ministry want more?

That the Ministry does want something more is evident. It wants backbone. It wants to be less like a better sort of jelly-fish. It wants mind and purpose. It decides on nothing, faces nothing, means nothing. Its Bills benefit no one, and hurt no one. They are like stuffed figures with rusty muskets shamming to be a regiment of soldiers. If any one pushes them, these Bills topple over, and lie in placid impotence on the ground. There is an Adulteration Bill which forbids adulteration, but, unless a vendor knowingly puts poison into what he sells, he is outside the scope of the Act. There is a Friendly Societies Bill which enforces certificates of solvency, but the Societies may get any one out of the streets at a shilling a day to give these certificates. There is a Bill to prevent ships being sent to sea which are not seaworthy; but the owner may send his ship to sea, whether it is seaworthy or not, if he does not see his way to doing better. There is a Bill to regulate the amount of compensation to be given by landlords to tenants; but if any landlord dislikes the Bill, it is not to touch him. There is a Bill for improving the dwellings of the poor, and there is an authority to make reports, and an authority to receive reports, and an authority to receive the received reports; and then, if a feeling springs up that the doubly received reports had better go into a pigeon-hole, there they are to go. There is a Bill for the registration of landed estates, but if people do not care about registering, they may go on to the end [illegible] lives as if the Bill had never existed. The officers [illegible] bewildered army like exchanges. Here, argue the [illegible], are actually people who like something—why not let them have what they like? They will be so content. To upset the abolition of Purchase would be dreadful because it would give Lord CARDWELL pain. That would never do. He is an adversary; he must be treated with the sweetest consideration. He is a dear good man. But it would pain the officers not to have exchanges. So the Ministry says, "Why not be pleasant to every one?" Purchase shall remain abolished, and Lord CARDWELL will be happy. The officers shall give and get what they like for exchanges, and they will be happy. This must be right. The happiness of the greatest number is consulted, for no one is left out. Crotchety people say that this conciliation of both sides is inconsistent and illogical. Let them have their talk. A kind-hearted man need not trouble himself about logic when he is standing a glass of beer all round. On two solemn and formal occasions the Peers have consented to part with their appellate jurisdiction. On third thoughts they now think they would like to keep it, or at least to set up something like it which may be called by the same name. This of course alters the situation. The Ministry is not going to hurt the feelings of respectable Peers. The Peers wish for a sham appellate jurisdiction. "Only give me three weeks," replies the CHANCELLOR, "and I will think of a sham appellate jurisdiction "for you." Mr. HARDY sees some very queer-looking recruits. He smiles in a painful way as he thinks what would happen if these recruits encountered the conquerors of Sedan. But then the system under which these recruits are obtained really suits many people. It would never do to pain the INSPECTOR-GENERAL. After all, Mr. HARDY says to himself good-humouredly, Let us give this system a fair trial. England has no navy, Mr. WARD HUNT protests; but then, if you come to strict argument, why should England have a navy? It would pain Mr. GOSCHEN, and it would pain the ordinary taxpayer, if England had much of a navy. Let us be friends, and have no navy. It will be most interesting to know where this process is to stop. Are we to have a Public Prosecutor who is only to prosecute when he has a fit of indigestion?

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and are the innocent creatures who half-murder their wives to be safe from the cat unless they state in writing that their backs want warming?

The part of the Session which has witnessed this extraordinary Ministerial exhibition, this wholesale asphalting of all sorts of places with big sheets of good resolutions, this overflowing of legislative *bonhomie*, has been diversified by minor incidents not without an interest of their own. Lord HARTINGTON has taken his place as leader of the Opposition. The long controversy as to the superior merits of Mr. FORSTER has been settled, and Lord HARTINGTON has been put on his proof. He has a hard task, for it is his duty to make little party remarks, and rake up little party grievances to which no one pays any attention. One of the most commendable features in the conduct of the present Ministry is that they never go into dead controversies. They have completely buried the past. They quietly assume that they began their political existence in the spring of 1874, and the imperturbable assurance with which they take this for granted never fails to restore the general good-humour of the House. Lord HARTINGTON is also under another disadvantage. He is like a highly respectable moon which the sun will insist on eclipsing at the most unexpected moments. Just as he has got his best thoughts ready, and learnt up what he ought to say, down comes Mr. GLADSTONE from the clouds, and Lord HARTINGTON'S leadership is suspended. All the oratorical feasts of this excellent nobleman are movable, and there is no almanac to tell him when Easter will fall. Under the circumstances he has done very fairly well, and, as he showed in the debate on the Irish Peace Preservation Act, when he has got a decided opinion on a subject with which he is personally acquainted, he can speak with courage and decision. In effectiveness of speaking the Opposition showed during the debates on the Regimental Exchanges Bill how considerable is its superiority except when Mr. DISRAELI represents the Ministry. Mr. LOWE especially has spoken with a vigour, liveliness, and keenness of argument which will explain to new members how it happened that he had so high a reputation before he was made a Minister. The Tipperary Election gave rise to an exciting discussion and a knotty point of Parliamentary law, and for once in a way the Ministry acted promptly, and guided the House to an immediate decision, although they inevitably inflicted on the electors the pain of seeing nullified the choice they had made of a convict who had not served his time. So far as the immediate amusement and instruction of the public goes, nothing that the Ministry has done has been so serviceable as their acquiescence in the appointment of the Committee on Foreign Loans. We cannot help feeling really indebted to a Ministry which has, in this indirect way, afforded us the gratification of reading Captain PIM'S evidence. Indeed, from every point of view, we have a sense of being more or less indebted to the Ministry. They do try so very hard; they are such nice people. Their comical free and easy legislation provokes a smile, but it is a sympathetic smile. They are like some of the schoolboys who are just now coming home for their Easter vacation, and whose reports will inform their anxious parents that they are capital fellows and general favourites, and beautifully conducted, but that they never know whether a Latin verb is in the active or the passive voice, and so they are not very high in their class.

SPAIN.

GENERAL CABRERA'S pacific mission is not yet brought to a close; but it seems probable that it has failed. Some of the Carlist generals have, probably by the authority of the Pretender, denounced him as a traitor, and sentenced him by anticipation to capital punishment. His defence of himself has the tone rather of an apology than of a justification of a hopeful enterprise. He is still, as he declares, devoted to the cause of Royalty and to the Catholic faith; and it is only because both are secured by the accession of ALFONSO XII. that he declines to take part in the civil war. His adversaries may retort upon him his inaction at the commencement of the struggle when Don CARLOS took up arms against the Republic and against the enemies of religion. When CABRERA was the most irreconcilable opponent of Queen ISABELLA, there was a sovereign who afterwards proved herself to be devoted to the Church; and the alleged faults and errors of the present representative of the male line might have been as justly imputed to his grandfather. Years and experience have produced on CABRERA their ordinary effect in curing fanaticism and in checking the disposition to enterprise. In quieter times and countries veteran politicians who have become irreconcilably opposed to change and experiment often prove to their own satisfaction that they have consistently maintained the revolutionary tendencies of their earlier career. The cause, whatever it may have been, for which CABRERA fought in his youth seems to be indistinguishable from the issue raised by the Carlist insurgents of the present day. At that time the partisans of the infant QUEEN were supposed to be supporters of constitutional government, while CARLOS V. represented the absolute prerogative of his recent ancestors. Later experience has shown that liberty thrives imperfectly in Spain even under a dynasty which affects to reign by a Parliamentary title; yet ALFONSO XII. at his accession professed constitutional principles, and it is understood that he will hereafter summon a Cortes when he is assured of the support of a sufficient majority. It matters little whether or not CABRERA'S career is consistent, if only he can persuade his former adherents to discontinue the struggle. He was selected, or he put himself forward, as a comparatively neutral personage whose intervention might possibly be acceptable to the Carlists. It was a matter of course that he should be denounced as a traitor if he failed in his undertaking.

It is not surprising that General CABRERA'S negotiation with the Government of Madrid should provoke allusions from his former political allies to MAROTO and the Convention of Vergara, which at the time he loudly denounced. In both cases a general who had served the Legitimist cause made terms with the enemy; but MAROTO betrayed the trust which he actually held, while CABRERA is a volunteer and a neutral. Since the beginning of the civil war he has held aloof from the Pretender, or, according to some accounts, his services were declined. From time to time CABRERA published explanations of his conduct which were absolutely unintelligible except so far as they indicated his determination to take no part in the contest. He is not known at any time to have displayed the capacity of a great general; but in the former Carlist war he was a spirited and successful leader, and he was accused of cruelty to his enemies. The accident of having survived all or most of his early comrades seemed to designate him as a chief of the party; but his abstinence in advanced years from a repetition of the hazardous exploits of his youth requires little explanation. His title to interfere between the contending parties may reasonably be questioned; but it would be readily admitted if he could succeed in the restoration of peace. It appears that, in CABRERA'S judgment, the first condition of a settlement is a personal provision for the Carlist generals and officers. It is proposed that they should retain their present ranks, while their services are transferred from Don CARLOS to his rival. The Ministerial papers, while they question the authority of CABRERA to negotiate on behalf of the Government of Madrid, acknowledge that the terms which he is supposed to have offered would be readily conceded; and it is stated that orders have been given to receive him when he enters Spain with high military honours. The agreement which has been concluded between the belligerents for an exchange of prisoners may be regarded either as a necessary measure in anticipation of a long war, or as a step preliminary to the establishment of friendly relations. During the former war a similar convention was arranged through the intervention of Lord ELIOT on behalf of the English Government. There can be no difference of opinion on the expediency of putting an end to the barbarous practices which have been the subject of constant and just recrimination. The Carlists have acquired a claim to the recognition of their belligerent character by maintaining for two years a regular war on not unequal terms.

The statement that the population of the Carlist provinces indignantly denounce the treason of CABRERA may possibly be true; but assertions which are certain in any case to be made possess little value. For the present it would seem that Don CARLOS is not prepared to accept an accommodation which the Government of Madrid would willingly conclude. It might be supposed that his adherents were tired of a hopeless war in which even military superiority never enables them to assume the offensive; but it would be rash to speculate on the relaxation of an earnestness which could never have been anticipated. Don

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CARLOS is perhaps entitled to rely on his continued ability to defend the mountain districts from which his troops have so often expelled the enemy. As long as he has an army in the field he will be able, if he thinks fit, to negotiate on advantageous conditions, or he may wait until some new revolution gives him a fresh prospect of success. The levy of 75,000 men which is now proceeding may be regarded by the Carlists with equanimity. One of the main objects of the measure is to provide a revenue by payments for exemption from service; the conscription cannot fail to excite general dissatisfaction; and a large portion of the recruits will be despatched as reinforcements to Cuba. It would appear that for the present the Madrid Government thinks it impossible to make terms with the Pretender, inasmuch as it has demanded from Germany the extradition of his brother, Don ALFONSO, as a criminal. By any other European State the request would have been summarily refused; but Prince BISMARCK, who has not forgotten the outrages committed by the Carlists on German subjects, has admitted the justice of the demand, and expressed his regret for the delays which have enabled Don ALFONSO to escape from German territory. It may be true that the accused Prince has been guilty of excesses beyond the ordinary license of Spanish civil war; but it is difficult to draw the line between military violence and ordinary crime, and the accusations of an enemy must be received with suspicion. The trial of a Spanish Prince for murder or robbery would have been an invidious and embarrassing proceeding.

The most remarkable peculiarity in the agreement for the exchange of prisoners is the declaration that both parties have an equal interest in the suppression of the revolt in Cuba. There have often been three parties to a civil war, as when in the great Irish rebellion the KING and the Parliament were impartially opposed by the chiefs who acted under the directions of Spanish emissaries, and of the Papal Nuncio; but at that time belligerents were too much in earnest to avow joint hostility even to a common enemy. Neither Don ALFONSO nor Don CARLOS can afford to profess indifference to the possible dismemberment of the monarchy. On the necessity of retaining Cuba all parties in Spain are at least ostensibly agreed; yet the chronic colonial insurrection constitutes an effective diversion in favour of the Carlists. The combatant who has the command of the sea, and who also disposes of the greater part of the national forces, is properly charged with the duty of maintaining the interests of the kingdom, and for this purpose successive Governments are compelled to detach to Cuba forces which might otherwise perhaps decide the contest at home. On the other hand, the civil war at home prevents the Government of Madrid from dealing vigorously with the colonial rebellion. Within a few weeks the GOVERNOR-GENERAL has been recalled for the purpose of taking the chief command in the Northern provinces. As it must be supposed that General CONCHA possesses the confidence of the Government, it would seem that an officer of less ability and experience has been appointed to succeed him in Cuba. Although PRIMO DE RIVERA has lately advanced on Olot, it may be presumed that no considerable operation will be attempted before the arrival of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. The interval will perhaps be employed in the continuation of CABRERA'S negotiations with any Carlist generals who may be disposed to listen to his overtures. The presence of the self-appointed mediator in the neighbourhood of the frontier will perhaps of itself produce suspicion among the Carlist officers and in the ranks of the army.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE French Assembly has broken up for the holidays, and the public as usual seems decidedly the happier for its departure. In theory perhaps a nation ought to feel itself better protected against possible dangers when its representatives are daily watching over its destinies from 2 to 7 P.M. In fact, however, the Assembly itself seems to be regarded as the principal cause of fear; and even when, as of late, it has been acting with sense and discretion, a feeling of relief comes over politicians of all schools when it has been safely packed off into the country. Perhaps, indeed, the remarkable sense and discretion that it has shown makes this feeling of relief all the keener. The Assembly has done so much more than any one expected that the leaders of the majority may well have been anxious not to put its newly learned virtues to too prolonged a trial. At all events, the new Cabinet have now breathing time till May. Whatever may be the fate then in store for them, they are safe against damaging divisions for the next five weeks. Considering the composition of the majority which has placed them in power, this is something to be thankful for. An Assembly has other things to do than vote Constitutions, and it is when it sets to work to do them that the want of cohesion in the Ministerial ranks is likely to become visible. It will be no easy matter, for example, to keep the majority together when they come to vote on the new Press Bill. Except in words, there is no agreement on this point even between the Centres, and the gulf which divides the Right Centre from the Extreme Left is of course very much wider. The Bill may be carried, it is true, by the votes of the Right, but this system of legislating by a Conservative, as distinct from a Ministerial, majority is one of the very things to which it was hoped that the adoption of a Constitution, and the consequent closer adherence to Parliamentary traditions, would put a final end. If the new Government shows itself no better in this respect than those that have gone before it the majority may begin to consider how it can make its power felt.

The first question with which the Cabinet has to deal is the determination when the seats now vacant in the Assembly shall be filled up. There are obvious disadvantages attendant on the system of by-elections. A constituency will not always take the same interest in a contest in which it is fighting single-handed as in one in which it has all France arrayed either on the same or on the opposite side. A general election may give complete confirmation to conclusions derived from the by-elections, but it is rarely safe to calculate on its doing so. The knowledge that the fate of a Ministry depends on the result brings many voters to the poll who would not for any less consideration have left their homes or put aside their business. It would seem, therefore, to be the policy of the Cabinet to have as few by-elections as possible during the remainder of the present Assembly's term. There happens to be a means by which they might avoid them altogether. The Left were ready to support a Bill postponing the filling up of the vacant seats to the time of the general election, if the Government would consent that the general election should be held in the autumn. The Assembly separated before a Bill making this provision could be introduced, and the Cabinet have since been debating whether to take all the elections at once or to distribute them over the legal interval of six months from each vacancy. The idea of dissolving the Assembly in the autumn must therefore have been abandoned. M. DUFAURE and M. LÉON SAY are understood to have been favourable to it; but the Conservative majority in the Cabinet has insisted on a further delay. That M. BUFFET should wish to be some months in office before taking so decisive a step as the convocation of a new Chamber is natural and reasonable. The rural electors have scarcely had time to take in the fact that they are living, not merely under a Republic, but under a Republican Constitution; and if they had at once to go to the poll, their very desire to vote for the Government in possession might lead to awkward results. But by November there will have been time enough to make them understand the change that the Government has undergone, and when once this condition has been assured, the cause of the Conservative Republic is not likely to be profited by keeping the Constitution incomplete. If the creation of a Second Chamber was so essential to the tranquillity of the country that rather than dispense with one the Conservatives were prepared to risk the collapse of Parliamentary government, it seems strange that they should be so careless about making their paper Senate a reality. The delay certainly gives some colour to the theory that the Conservatives chiefly value the Senate as a harbour of refuge for eminent Conservative deputies who have no chance of being re-elected to the more popular Chamber.

M. BUFFET has had no opportunity of either accentuating or softening his declaration upon taking office. The dissatisfaction which it has excited among even moderate Liberals has not abated, and, as one Prefect after another adopts its tone and sentiment in his address to the Mayors of his department, the grievance is likely to be kept open for some time. It cannot be said that this discontent is at all unnatural. The Left have made very great sacrifices

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to ensure a thoroughly anti-Bonapartist Administration, and they now see the most important post in the Cabinet in the hands of an ex-Imperial Minister, and have to listen to his praises of the active and devoted staff which, as they think, has mainly shown its activity and devotion in scheming for an Imperialist restoration. It is not strange therefore that the more eager spirits among them should already begin to distrust M. BUFFET, and to regret the concessions which made it possible for him to take office. It must be remembered, however, that nothing that M. BUFFET has said is necessarily inconsistent with the theory that he is as strong, though not as impulsive, in his dislike of the Empire as the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER himself. The circumstances with which he has to deal are these:—He has to manage the elections in such a way as to disabuse the ignorant electors of the belief that the cause of order is still identified with the name of NAPOLEON. There can hardly be a question that the prevalence of this belief is largely due to the efforts of the Bonapartist officials appointed by the Duke of BROGLIE. The electors have once more voted in the presence of the old familiar faces, and they have naturally voted in the old familiar way. This is all the more reason, say the Left, why M. BUFFET should make short work of a staff which is seeking occasion to betray France. But there are one or two things which the Left do not take into account when they talk in this strain. In the first place, M. BUFFET has got the administration of the country on his hands; and though to dismiss the Bonapartist officials would be easy enough, it would not be so easy to replace them. M. GAMBETTA himself was conscious of this difficulty, and kept many men in office during the term of his dictatorship whom he would gladly have got rid of, if he could have found others competent to do their work. The Empire had possession of the administrative field for twenty years, and if none of the men trained under that system are to be employed, the public service must be given over to men who have forgotten, or who have not yet learned, how to do the work assigned to them. This is a serious prospect in a country where so much depends upon administration, and we need not wonder that M. BUFFET prefers to try if the clean sweep which has been pressed upon him cannot, for the present at least, be avoided. He may argue that it was not in appointing these men that the Duke of BROGLIE erred so much as in his method of dealing with them after appointment. He did not make it clear to them that their continuance in office depended on their working honestly for the Government whose servants they were. It would have been difficult doubtless for him to do this, because it had not then been settled what the Government which they served was, but M. BUFFET will not be subjected to any embarrassment on this head. The Republic is now the established Government of France, and the MINISTER of the INTERIOR need have, and indeed ought to have, no hesitation in making his subordinates understand that activity in the cause of the Government means activity in the cause of the Republic. If he fails to make them understand this, he can but dismiss them later on, but it is by no means certain that he will fail. The Bonapartists are at least as much as other men under the influence of an enlightened self-interest; and though this self-interest may teach a Bonapartist Prefect that the Empire is ideally the best Government for officials to be under, it may also teach him that, in practice and for a particular official, the best Government to be under is the Government which pays his salary. This is the philosophy of the bird in the hand, and there is no reason to suppose that Bonapartists will be especially slow to master it. If they find that so long as they support the Republic their places are assured to them, they may perhaps calculate that a Republic which actually employs them is at least as good a Government as an Empire which might possibly replace them by followers who have not been quite so ready to make terms with the existing order of things.

THE IRISH DEBATE.

THE death of MITCHEL immediately after his ostensible re-election for Tipperary is an event of no political importance. If the doubts which have been raised as to the right of his competitor to the seat prove to be well founded, a second odd illustration will have been afforded of the confused condition of Statute-law. It lately appeared that an escaped Irish convict could not be punished after the expiration of the original term of his sentence; and now it is alleged that a candidate who would have been returned if his disqualified opponent had lived may possibly be prevented by his death from prosecuting his petition. The tragical end of the recent agitation will probably be imputed by Irish malcontents to the injustice of Parliament and the cruelty of the Ministers; and it will be useless to argue on the other side that MITCHEL himself, in the last days of his life, publicly boasted of the triumph which he professed to have achieved, and declared that he had never intended to apply for admission to the House of Commons. There is no difficulty in gratifying the feeling of instinctive repugnance to speaking ill of the dead. MITCHEL was an eloquent speaker and writer; and he may perhaps have been partly influenced in the adoption of violent courses by his own remarkable facility in the use of strong language. Englishmen are perhaps not wholly impartial judges of the conduct and character of the professed enemy of their Government and nation. As one of those who precipitated the crazy revolt of 1848, MITCHEL unintentionally diminished for a considerable period the difficulty of governing Ireland. From that time to the beginning of the Fenian conspiracy there was little open display of disaffection. His latest enterprise was embarrassing rather to Mr. BUTT and his followers than to the friends of the English connexion. The advocates of Home Rule pursue, as Mr. BRIGHT lately told them, a more irrational course than the rebels who were represented by MITCHEL. When they affect loyalty to the Crown and friendship to England, they must be disappointed by the proof that a popular constituency prefer to their scheme undisguised separation. O'CONNELL, whom MITCHEL denounced in his youth as a temporizing intriguer, was a far more formidable agitator than his successor who talked blatant treason. The very rabble which had the impudence the other day to denounce the English nation in Hyde Park prefers MITCHEL'S sedition to Mr. BUTT'S conventional allegiance.

The debate on the second reading of the Irish Coercion Bill has been extremely uninstructive. Lord ROBERT MONTAGU'S essay on the disadvantages of exceptional legislation had little or nothing to do with the merits of the question. All parties are agreed, and all parties are eager to publish their agreement, in holding that trial by jury, the Habeas Corpus Act, and other English securities for personal liberty are valuable elements of the Constitution, as long as they are applied to the state of society for which they were contrived. When Westmeath Ribbonmen intimidate and murder their neighbours, it is more necessary to protect the peaceful part of the community than to secure the immunity of assassins. It is but just to the opponents of the Bill to assume that, if they were members of a Home Rule Parliament, they would enact and maintain the laws which are necessary for the repression of crime. At present they have every facility for patriotic declamation which, as they are well assured, can do no harm, because a large majority is willing to undertake the responsibility of coercion. Lord ROBERT MONTAGU himself might almost be suspected of engaging in a conspiracy with Mr. WHALLEY to convince the House that Irish murders and disorders are caused by the Roman Catholic clergy. Although Lord ROBERT MONTAGU attributes his political education to Mr. DISRAELI, he is not known to have been an opponent of Coercion Bills until he thought fit to change his religious communion; and indeed he voted for the very measure of which he now demands the repeal. In Westmeath itself religious zeal may be equally fervent, but the evils of the Ribbon organization are present to the minds of the Roman Catholic magistrates, who unanimously concur with their Protestant colleagues in demanding the maintenance of protective laws. One of the Irish members who opposed the Bill complained with much simplicity that the upper classes, whatever might be their religious creed, had separated themselves from the people, or from the agrarian conspirators. The Government would incur grave responsibility in rejecting the testimony and the appeals of the resident gentry, who are well aware that they risk their popularity by making themselves the champions of the oppressed victims of Ribbonism. The people themselves probably desire to be protected against intimidation and violence, though they have not the courage to resist. Sir M. BEACH quoted instances in which young and active men have allowed their companions to be murdered in their presence without any attempt to arrest the criminals. A

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poor woman refused to give information against the murderer of her sister through fear of the consequences which might befall herself.

Mr. O'Reilly and the O'Conor Don called the attention of their more zealous countrymen to the nature of the Bill, which relaxes many of the existing provisions of the law, and which imposes no new restriction. It is not an unmixed advantage that the restraints on seditious newspapers are to be removed. Liberty of the press is deserving of all respect, but it is not altogether satisfactory that noisy journalists should be allowed with impunity to foment disaffection, and sometimes to recommend rebellion. Other modifications in the law may perhaps be safe, and therefore justifiable; but it may be doubted whether the majority of Westmeath farmers greatly desire that additional facilities should be afforded to the nocturnal perambulation of suspicious strangers or to the sale of arms. Sir M. Beach preaches an orthodox constitutional doctrine when he holds out the hope that gradual diminution of coercive powers may ultimately end in the re-establishment of the ordinary law. Some fictions are so habitually reaffirmed that they seem to acquire an almost sacred character. When a Coercion Bill is passed or re-enacted ten years hence, Sir M. Beach will probably be no longer Irish Secretary. In the remote future it is possible that the habit of conspiracy may at last die out. One of the speakers in the debate showed by statistical returns that agrarian offences were more rife forty years ago than at the present time. In forty years more there may perhaps be still further improvement, especially if the Irish politicians of that day have ceased to clamour for Home Rule or Repeal. Mr. Butt is in a negative sense a great improvement on O'Connell, because his powers of mischief are comparatively small. The Ribbon conspiracy itself has probably shrunk into smaller dimensions, though its objects and character have undergone little change. At present the prospect of the general prevalence of law and order is not encouraging.

Following the example of Lord Hartington, who warmly supported the introduction of the Ministerial Bill, Mr. Dodson answered some of the objections of the Irish members who are almost its only opponents. It was at last urged as a grievance that on the first night of the debate no member of the Government had risen to reply to criticisms which in fact scarcely deserved an answer. Sir M. Beach responded to the appeal in a speech of which the chief defect was professed adoption of the principle that the burden of proof rests exclusively with the Government. It happens that it is impossible to communicate to Parliament and to the world at large all the official information on which the Coercion Bill is founded. It was prudent to say as little as possible of political disaffection which is intimately connected with agrarian disturbances. On a former occasion Sir M. Beach justly remarked that the Tipperary election afforded an argument against the unqualified removal of restrictions. Mr. O'Reilly admitted that it might be proper to impede the purchase of rifles and revolvers, though he oddly founded his concession on the expediency of preventing foolish people from wasting their money on arms and munitions of war. It is not known whether any of the Home Rule members really disapprove of a Bill which they think themselves bound to oppose. The House of Commons in general wisely relies on the statement of the Government that the continuance of some exceptional legislation is necessary to secure the public peace. There have been times in which such measures may have given the Ministers of the day undue facilities for persecuting political opponents. There is not the smallest reason to fear any present danger of the kind; nor indeed do the opponents of the Bill even affect to apprehend any misuse of the powers conferred on Government. If the Irish gentry were more fully represented in Parliament, there would be little opposition to Sir M. Beach's proposal. The actual members would justly resent the imputation that they expressed the sentiments of the criminal classes; yet honest and peaceable men suffer far less inconvenience from Coercion Acts than from the tyranny of local promoters of disorder.

THE COUNT OF JARNAC.

THE Count of Jarnac has passed away, and has left a gap which will not be easily filled up. We cannot expect to have another French Ambassador who knows England so well, who is so at home in English society, who is so animated with the kindly feelings which birth and kinship and long residence inspire. It so happened that during the few months which have elapsed since the Count was appointed to the London Embassy no questions have arisen to tax his powers as a diplomatist, or to give him scope for showing to what beneficial uses he could turn his intimate knowledge of England and Englishmen. It was rather by the confident anticipation entertained as to what he would be if tested, than by anything definite which he has done as a diplomatist, that he must now be judged. For a quarter of a century he was shut out from employment in the service of his country, and that was the time in which alone it was possible that he should have made any real mark among the men of his generation. In his younger days he was placed in a position of accidental distinction. He was left as Secretary in charge of the London Embassy at a time when great things were happening. He had to conduct towards their close the delicate and involved negotiations to which the projects for the marriage of Queen Isabella gave rise. He had, on the one hand, to appreciate such differences as the substitution of Lord Palmerston for Lord Aberdeen introduced into the English mode of dealing with the questions at issue; and, on the other hand, he had to witness, and in some sense to share, the consequences of the bold stroke by which his Sovereign terminated the cordiality of the English alliance by clutching at the chance of a crown for his son. History will perhaps record that Louis Philippe and M. Guizot were innocent of the worst charge imputed to them, and that they did not knowingly sacrifice the domestic happiness of the Queen. But it will also record that without the slightest shadow of excuse they broke a positive engagement to England. To represent, at a Court which can justly complain of such a violation of good faith, the Court which has been guilty of it, is a very unpleasant task, and the Count of Jarnac owed it to the sincere personal respect which he had awakened that his private friendship with the leading statesmen of England was not lessened. He had soon an opportunity of discovering that the King suffered even more in France than in England from what he had done. The ingenuity of his enemies popularized the notion that, while he truckled to Austria in Italy, and tried to impose on Switzerland a policy which Austria dictated, it was only when he could get a private advantage for his family that he was bold. The dwindling reputation of the King and his Prime Minister gave strength to the movement which terminated in the Revolution of February, 1848. Louis Philippe and his family came as exiles to the country which a few months before he had braved and outwitted, and he came under circumstances so melancholy that some leading English statesmen were anxious to know whether help, secretly and delicately extended, would not be acceptable to the Royal fugitive. Their generous offers were conveyed through the Count of Jarnac, and they could not have given a better proof of their sense of the high honour and nice judgment which they had found him to possess.

The era of the Empire arrived, and the Count, as a loyal adherent of the Constitutional Monarchy, could find no home in France. Happening to be owner of a considerable estate in a wild part of Ireland, and attached to English society by marriage as well as by birth, he determined to devote himself to the duties of proprietorship. For twenty years he lived the useful, if unambitious, life of an Irish landlord, teaching his rude dependents the arts of life, introducing improved methods of cultivation, reclaiming wild lands, and making the good he did doubly good by doing it pleasantly. As the nephew of the Duke of Leinster he had advantages which perhaps more than counterbalanced the disadvantages which attach to every foreigner who tries to do anything considerable in the modest sphere of country life. But it needed the union of many good qualities to win the genuine attachment and admiration which was felt in Ireland for the Count of Jarnac. That such a man could not bear the atmosphere of the Empire, and shrank from making France his sphere of labour and usefulness while Louis Napoleon was on the throne, is one of those instructive facts which should be taken into account when the real character of the Empire is estimated. No doubt the Count of Jarnac might have done what the Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier did during the same period, He might have lived in seclusion in the country, meditated on Constitutionalism, and waited for better times. But he could not accept the

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Empire, he could not serve under it. Its policy, its methods of government, its men, were necessarily distasteful to him. Certainly an Imperialist might have had something to say on the other side. Whatever the faults of the Empire may have been, it did not (we pass over the episode of the Republic) displace a good Government. The Constitutional Monarchy in the last years of LOUIS PHILIPPE was, under the guidance of M. GUIZOT, a very poor affair. It was monstrously corrupt, it was mean, narrow, and vexatious. But men like the Count of JARNAC might hope to make it better, whereas they could not hope to make the Empire better. For them there was no possible harmony, no chance of honourable co-operation, with the men who worked the strings of the Imperial Government. This feeling of separation in principles, in aims, in the standard of conduct, is as strong now as it ever was. Its intensity has been at the root of the recent remarkable changes in the French political world. Those Frenchmen of whom the Count of JARNAC was a type have had to choose between the Empire and the Republic, and they have chosen the latter. They are not numerous, but they are men of character, vigour, and standing, and their adhesion has imported perhaps its healthiest element into the trembling frame of the Conservative Republic.

Had the occasion arisen, all persons who are competent to judge are agreed that the Count of JARNAC would have shown that the choice of him as Ambassador here was a wise one. If to understand the country to which he is accredited is a merit in an Ambassador, the COUNT possessed that merit in a remarkable degree. But it would be a very poor way of paying respect to the memory of the COUNT to speak of a French Ambassador in London being animated by good feeling towards this country as of something exceptional. For the last half-century one French Ambassador after another has done his best to promote a good understanding between the two nations. Even when M. THIERS nearly risked a war with England, France was represented in London by M. GUIZOT, who, with all his lamentable faults of domestic policy, did much, and ventured much, on many occasions to preserve peace. The Ambassadors of the Empire were conspicuously friendly to England. The EMPEROR zealously maintained the English alliance, or, as Mr. KINGLAKE would say, traded on it; and his representatives have faithfully reflected the policy of their master. If the Duke of BROGLIE returns here as Ambassador, he will no doubt deserve the welcome he will receive. He will have nothing to put him out of temper here, for if any one in the world is unlike a Republican Mayor it is Lord DERBY. All that can be said is that among friendly Ambassadors the Count of JARNAC was eminently friendly. The truth is, that the two nations have now so many interests in common that it is natural that their representatives should be friendly. There are many good turns which France and England can do each other without the service being at the moment apparent. One of the chief aims, for example, of the French Foreign Office just now is to save France from being dragged into the vortex of those ecclesiastical intrigues which, because they are chiefly directed against Germany, are regarded with a sort of contemptuous sympathy by Frenchmen. Duke DECAZES has done more than any one else to guard his countrymen against letting their feelings determine their political acts, and in the course he has taken he has always been able to rely on the hearty encouragement and support of the English Government. England naturally wants France to take the course it has taken, under the prudent management of Duke DECAZES, and the sense that he is working in harmony with a sincere ally cannot fail to have strengthened his power of action and his resolution to follow the dictates of true wisdom. No man could have been better fitted to represent and carry out the policy of Duke DECAZES than the Count of JARNAC, but there is no reason to suppose that the successor of the Count of JARNAC, whoever he may be, will fail to tread in the path he followed.

LORD ELCHO ON THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

LORD ELCHO'S letter to the LORD MAYOR on the Municipal Bill was received in the Court of Common Council with cheers which to the reporter of the proceedings sounded ironical. The candid confession that the mover had neither a wish nor expectation that the Bill should be carried during the present Session naturally produced both sympathy and satisfaction. Lord ELCHO's profession of a hope that the amended measure would be considered by the Corporation unobjectionable could not be seriously accepted. A part of his letter was devoted to an unnecessary apology for the new clauses which relate to the election of the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, and the Common Serjeant. If the Metropolitan Municipality were created, it would be wholly immaterial whether the assent of the Crown to the election of a Lord Mayor were formally given, in accordance with ancient custom, by the Lord Chancellor. The prerogative of a veto, which has in legislation been long obsolete, has become a mere fiction as it affects the election of the Lord Mayor. GEORGE IV. approved in succession of the elections of Alderman WOOD and Alderman WAITHMAN, although both were in his estimation mischievous demagogues who had assailed both his person and his Crown. The KING felt so strongly on the subject that he was with difficulty dissuaded from fastening a quarrel on Mr. CANNING, who had, when Secretary of State, accepted an invitation from WAITHMAN to dine at the Guildhall. The objection to the provisions for the appointment of judicial officers are not, as Lord ELCHO supposes, directed against the right of the Crown to approve, but against the power of the Council to elect. No one wishes to deprive the respectable Corporation of the City of the anomalous or exceptional privileges which they have exercised for the public advantage under a serious sense of responsibility; but if they had not enjoyed an ancient right of electing the Recorder and the Common Serjeant, the nomination would, as in all similar cases, be reserved to the Crown. It would be highly improper that such a function should be vested in a Council elected by some hundreds of thousands of ratepayers. The principle indeed of cumulative voting has, with the levity which distinguishes the promoters, been introduced into the Bill in its latest edition; but any powers which are given to a Council which may include representatives of the middle class are likely hereafter to survive the inevitable transfer of the right of election to the numerical majority. If the Municipal Corporation Act is to be extended to London, there is no reason why an exception should be made in favour of the metropolis to the general rule of the appointment of judges by the Crown.

Lord ELCHO remarks, with unaffected gravity, that "on "one point only did the Bill as originally drafted appear "open to objection on the part of the City Corporation, "namely, as regards the clause by which the City property "was to become the property of the new Municipality." Corporations or private persons are undoubtedly likely to object to the arbitrary transfer of the whole or nineteen-twentieths of their property from themselves to their neighbours. Less candid than Lord ELCHO, SWIFT was at a loss to understand how he could be accused of inhumanity because he merely proposed to relieve Irish distress by the use of babies as food. A less single-minded projector dimly understands the objection of owners of property to legislative spoliation. Lord ELCHO is willing to conciliate a prejudice which he had apparently not shared or anticipated when, in the course of the autumn, he introduced the deputation to the HOME SECRETARY. Mr. BEAL, from whom Lord ELCHO received his instructions, perfectly understood his own intention of expropriating the Corporation estates; but he has apparently since recognized the expediency of postponing a startling and difficult operation. Lord ELCHO "individually holds strongly to the opinion that corporate "property should not be taken possession of or diverted "from its proper uses without the consent of its represen-"tative owners." Parliament, the Court of Chancery, and the general community go further than Lord ELCHO, and hold that property ought not to be diverted from its proper uses even with the consent of trustees. It is strange that a scrupulous devotee of the rights of property should have undertaken to introduce a Bill which summarily transferred a large property to an entirely new body of owners. Lord ELCHO has, as he says, induced Mr. BEAL and the rest to give the City "an effective veto, should it choose to exer-"cise it, on the expenditure of its funds beyond the limits "of the City boundary." As the choice of the City is not doubtful, it seems invidious to convert its undisputed ownership into a right of veto. An Act of Parliament providing that the estate of A should become the property of B, subject to a right of veto by A, would be at the same time nugatory and perplexing. Lord ELCHO's reference to

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the original provision and the amendment as mere matters of detail was perhaps one of the passages in his letter which were received with ironical cheers by the Common Council.

The clause in its later shape is still described in the marginal note as "Transfer of property to Municipality of "London"; nor is it altered in form, except by the addition of a proviso that "the Municipality of London shall "not, without having first obtained the assent of the Deputy "Mayor and Aldermen of the municipal district comprising "the City of London, expend any property or revenue "which by charter, custom, or otherwise is at the passing of "this Act appropriated for or applied to the Municipal "Government of the City of London other (*sic*) than for "the benefit of the municipal district comprising the City "of London." It is perhaps scarcely to be apprehended that the municipal representatives of the City, hereafter to be called the municipal district comprising the City, should so far violate their duty as to surrender the property of which they are to be constituted the guardians; but Parliament will never approve the monstrous proposal that a few Aldermen should have power to alienate for ever the great estates which are now vested in the Corporation. Lord ELCHO is mistaken when he assumes that he has reserved to the City a right of veto on the transfer of its corporate property. Mr. BEAL and the draftsman have given, not to the City, but to the Aldermen of the district, a power of malfeasance which was never before vested in any set of municipal representatives. Even if the clause were amended by the introduction of additional safeguards, its object would be equally obvious and objectionable. The promoters of the Bill, whose hopes were at one time inflated by the applause of thoughtless newspaper writers, have since discovered that the whole of their purpose can only be accomplished by degrees. As a cumulative vote would prepare the way for simple household suffrage, so an enactment that the property of the City shall be transferred to the Municipality, limited by a proviso that it shall not be transferred without the consent of certain Aldermen, would be hereafter quoted as an interpretation of the policy of Parliament, which had nevertheless been with the aid of the proviso temporarily baffled by the selfishness of a single municipal district.

The Common Council received, according to the report, with enthusiasm Lord ELCHO's expression of a hope that he may elicit such an expression of opinion by the House of Commons as will incline the Government to take up the subject in a future Session. The members of the Common Council probably believe that the opinion which may be expressed will not encourage amateur projectors hereafter to deal hastily with great questions and to menace the security of corporate property. The Metropolitan Board of Works, though it has no estates to lose, has by a unanimous vote disapproved of the Bill. As the mover of the Resolution observed, with the apparent assent of his colleagues, the formation of one municipal Government for a population of four millions is undesirable and impracticable. The House of Commons will certainly not be inclined to establish a gigantic popular municipality by the frivolous little argument that the wards of Bishopsgate Without and Farringdon Without must once, as their names imply, have been outside the City. A small annexation may be assimilated, as France has included Savoy within its frontiers, or as Germany has taken the less digestible morsel of Alsace. The process would have had some analogy to Lord ELCHO's proposal if Savoy had been required to annex France, with an assurance that its own independence would not be affected by the union. It is probable that, when Lord ELCHO introduces his Bill, some members will take the opportunity of uttering commonplaces about the need of municipal government in London; but few will be found to approve of the particular scheme in which the nominal proposer appears to have little faith. The Government will scarcely be so wanting in prudence as to pledge itself to indefinite legislation. It sometimes happens that the expediency of an object is most effectually tested by an examination of the different methods by which it may be attained. A great many plans for the municipal incorporation of London have been rejected, and another step in the exhaustive process will have been taken when Mr. BEAL and his Bill have been eliminated in turn. Only a definite scheme is worth discussing; and if all detailed measures are objectionable, it would seem a fair inference that the metropolis should dispense with government by a single Corporation. It is fortunate that the existence of the powerful City Corporation affords a security against the careless trial of a dangerous experiment.

MR. PLIMSOLL AND THE BOARD OF TRADE.

MR. PLIMSOLL ringing up the Board of Trade in the middle of the night would be a fine subject for a great historical picture, and his admirers could scarcely select a more appropriate form for a testimonial. It is true that only a porter and night-watchman are actually to be found upon the premises at night, but strict historical accuracy might be waived a little, and the PRESIDENT of the BOARD represented in his nightcap rubbing his eyes at a window, while his drowsy subordinates are trying to strike a light. Nothing could be more characteristic of the peculiar genius which Mr. PLIMSOLL has brought to the discharge of his self-imposed task than the extremely practical course on which he has now entered. He has discovered the futility of Parliamentary questions. To tackle the Minister in the House is to fight with a shadow. A cut-and-dry answer is ready to every inquiry, and meanwhile nothing, or almost nothing, is done. Tired of parleying with the figure-head, Mr. PLIMSOLL has made a dash at the crew, and it would appear that, if he perseveres in his discipline, they have a prospect of being most uncomfortably awakened to a sense of their responsibilities. The other night Mr. PLIMSOLL received a telegram announcing that the *International*, laden with telegraph cable, was about to start in a dangerous condition, and he hurried to Whitehall to get the address of the MARINE SECRETARY, whom after some difficulty he found in a remote suburb. He had persuaded the porter to go with him, and the porter also carried three telegrams which had come the same night, and which he thought he might as well deliver while he was about it. The MARINE SECRETARY was duly roused, and at once admitted the urgency of the messages by writing out telegrams to stop the various ships as to which warning was given. Sir C. ADDERLEY has since stated in the House of Commons that the *International* was immediately stopped, and lightened after a searching survey, and that in the other three cases two ships were detained and lightened, but the third had already got away before the order to stop her arrived. It is probable that, if Mr. PLIMSOLL had not sacrificed his night's rest and knocked up the MARINE SECRETARY at three o'clock in the morning, the other vessels which had been denounced as dangerous would also have escaped. It is known at least that this actually happened in the case of the *Thornaby*, which sunk a fortnight ago with twenty-nine men, all of whom were drowned. The officer of the Board of Trade at Cardiff, who reported the vessel, wrote a letter instead of telegraphing, and the delay was fatal to the unfortunate crew.

These incidents would seem to show in a very impressive manner that, if the system of watching suspicious vessels which has been introduced is to be effectually carried out, arrangements must be made for getting ships stopped as quickly as possible. It is not a sufficient answer to say, in stiff official language, as Sir C. ADDERLEY did on the first night on which he was questioned, that it is not advisable that a staff of officers qualified to act immediately at their own discretion on the receipt of telegrams should be kept all night at Whitehall on the chance of an emergency. We have here a case in point in which no fewer than four ships, and many lives, were exposed to imminent peril, which was only averted because a spirited member of Parliament took the trouble to rout the MARINE SECRETARY out of his blankets. No staff of officers, but only a single officer, was required; and it is conceivable that, if that officer had been at Whitehall instead of in a distant suburb, the ship which got off would have been detained and made safe with the rest. When Sir C. ADDERLEY remarks, with solemn obstructiveness, that so serious a step as stopping a ship cannot generally be taken on the strength of a mere telegram, he must have forgotten that in this very instance the MARINE SECRETARY had no difficulty in taking the serious step of giving orders offhand to stop, not one, but four vessels, all of which orders appear to have been perfectly justified. It is well known, of course, that it is part of a sacred system that official hours should range unalterably from ten or eleven o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon. During these hours official people are good enough to give a moderate amount of personal attention to the affairs of the rest of the world; but if the

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rest of the world wants anything done at any other time, it must take the consequences, since official persons cannot possibly attend to anything except their own private affairs in the hallowed interval. In a general way no doubt this principle may be submitted to; but when it comes to be a matter of life and death, it may be thought that even Civil Servants should yield a little. It may perhaps be too much to expect that the MARINE SECRETARY himself should never quit Whitehall; but we fancy that even now when he takes a holiday there is no difficulty in finding somebody to fill his place. It can hardly be said that there is only one man in the whole country who can possibly be entrusted with authority to stop a ship which is reported by a responsible local officer to be very likely to sink if it goes to sea. There must of course necessarily be a risk of error in all such cases, whether the question is decided at noon or at midnight, but then a great public department ought to be prepared to run some risks. After all, stopping a ship is not invariably a matter of very serious consequence; and in any case if the law is strictly and promptly enforced the necessity for putting it in operation may be expected to diminish through the good sense of the shipowners themselves. It is satisfactory to know that a superior class of Superintendents is about to be appointed at the principal ports, who will be authorized to act on their own responsibility without referring to the Board in London; but in the meantime some arrangement ought undoubtedly to be made to prevent ships being lost by an unnecessary delay in stopping them.

To some persons this may seem rather a small question, and it may be thought that it is too much to expect that the State should exercise a literally sleepless vigilance in regard to doubtful or dangerous vessels. But it is really not a small question, but a very serious one; for it goes to the very root of an important preventive system upon which the preservation of a vast number of lives depends. It is not to be supposed, of course, that the arrival of pressing telegrams at the Board of Trade is of nightly occurrence. Still there are times when they do come, and there should certainly be some one to see to them. If it were once known that the Board of Trade was capable of action only during a small part of the day, the sort of shipowners who are in the habit of sending out unsafe vessels would not fail to take advantage of it, and endeavour to give the Board the slip during the hours when it is napping. Moreover, this is one of the tests by which the earnestness and sincerity of the Government in carrying out its powers against unseaworthy ships will be gauged by the country. There has always been some suspicion on this point, and we must say not without foundation; and when it is seen that the officials refuse to put themselves about in any way in order to give the Act a fair chance, the suspicion will be confirmed. It may perhaps be doubted whether the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE is sufficiently aware of the very strong hold which this subject has taken on public opinion. There has been a good deal of wild, extravagant talk, which has been easily answered; but behind this there is a deep popular conviction, based on indisputable facts, that a resolute effort ought to be made to put a stop to those shocking scandals which are admitted by the Royal Commission, and even by the Board of Trade itself; and nothing could be more damaging to the Government at the next elections than to be exposed to the charge that it has been trifling and shuffling with a grave question in which the lives of working-men are at stake. If the new Bill with regard to the merchant navy was not very satisfactory in the form in which it was originally presented, the changes which it is understood the Government intends to make in it are certainly not reassuring. An important feature of the Bill was the withdrawal of the limited liability which the shipowner, alone among all classes of the community, enjoys in regard to any damage caused by his own or his servants' negligent use of his property. It was proposed that his responsibility in this respect should hereafter be made unlimited where loss of life or personal injury is caused by a ship being knowingly sent out in an unseaworthy condition; and though the monstrous suggestion at the end of a clause that the deliberate despatch of an unseaworthy ship might possibly be "reasonable and unavoidable" deprived it of much of its value, still the recognition of the principle was in itself a step. It is now said that, in deference to the opposition of shipowners, this clause is to be amended by the continuance of the old scale of compensation. What is really wanted to make the measure efficient is a sharper application of the criminal law. Mr. STEPHENSON, the late Secretary at LLOYD'S, remarked in a recent letter that a crime which, if perpetrated on land, would lead to penal servitude, can be, and is, committed at sea with impunity. It is true that such things are not done by shipowners generally; but that is the more reason why a special effort should be made to lay hold of the offending minority, so that respectable owners may be spared the disgrace and embarrassment which at present surround the trade.

LESSONS OF THE BENGAL FAMINE.

THE valuable lessons derived from the Report of the Indian Government upon the famine in Bengal deserve careful analysis. As yet, however, we are only in possession of the summary of them given by the Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times*. It is a striking tribute to the completeness of preparations which were long denounced as ludicrously inadequate to the need, that Lord NORTHBROOK is chiefly anxious to explain how it came to pass that these preparations proved to be in excess of the demands actually made on them. It would be a profitable study to compare this Report with the prophecies and warnings of the *Times* during the autumn of 1873. Its conductors refused to believe that the VICEROY could know the real condition of the distressed districts as well as a newspaper Correspondent. They insisted that he under-estimated the danger, that he over-estimated the extent of his own preparations to meet it, and that nothing could save India from a terrible disaster, and England from a terrible disgrace, except the adoption of the stronger measures which they were prepared to specify. One of these stronger measures they cling to even now. "We disputed," they say, "some "measures of his policy, and we still dispute them." It was only "exceptional and unforeseen circumstances" that "confirmed the policy of buying grain in Burmah and of "allowing a drain from Bengal." The contradiction to this theory of exceptional and unforeseen circumstances is indicated a few sentences further. "Nothing was more "curious," says the *Times*, "than to see grain boats or "trains going up and down the rivers, especially the Ganges, "at the same time, some carrying Government rice to feed "the poor, and some carrying away rice for sale at ports "not within the famine districts. The quick instincts of "the Indian merchants had scented a famine." If the boats going up the Ganges had been exclusively laden with Government rice, it would rather have shown that the Indian merchants had failed to scent a famine. But the truth is that boats and trains were carrying in all directions grain belonging to private traders. If the preparations of the Government had been far more extensive than they were, they would have fallen short of the demand, supposing that private trade had been suppressed. The grain trade is the one great trade of India, and it was to this that the Government mainly looked to supply food to those who were able to pay for it. The purchases of rice on behalf of the Government had reference primarily to a different class of persons—those who, in presence of the combined misfortunes of a cessation of work and of an immense rise of prices, were not able to pay for food.

To supply the rice wanted for gratuitous distribution and for sale to the labourers on the relief works the Government had recourse to British Burmah and the North-West provinces. Its objects in doing this were two. First, and mainly, it desired not to derange the grain trade in Bengal. Next, it desired to buy rice in a cheaper though a more distant market. The prohibition of export from Bengal would have interfered with the first of these objects; the purchase of rice on Government account in Bengal itself, which was suggested as a less violent means of attaining the same end, would have interfered with the second. The native dealers have a profound belief in the omnipotence of the Government; and if they had seen any reason to think that the Government meant to enter into direct competition with them, they would have shut up their stores, or at all events added no more to their contents. It was to avoid giving them this impression that Lord NORTHBROOK concealed the full extent of his preparations. He did not wish the grain merchants to imagine that he meant to take the work out of their hands. The prohibition of export would have been tantamount to a proclamation that all the ordinary

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laws of trade were suspended. It may be contended, perhaps, that it would only have been an intimation that the area of trade had been narrowed by circumstances, and that, instead of selling to buyers outside Bengal, the dealers must for the time content themselves with selling to buyers inside Bengal. But the imagination of the native dealers would not have stopped at this point, and moreover they would naturally have reasoned that, if the Government meant them to infer no more than this, it would have trusted to the ordinary influence of the rise in price produced by the prospect of famine. If they were forbidden to send rice out of Bengal, it must be on the assumption that it would still pay them better to send it out than to sell it at home, and from this they would have concluded that, in spite of its protestations, the Government did mean either to fix a maximum price or to undersell them. From either of these opinions the consequences which it was so essential to avoid would have followed as a matter of course. If, on the other hand, the Government had bought all the rice it wanted in Bengal, the dealers would still have exaggerated the extent to which it meant to interfere with them, and the local trade in Bengal would inevitably have grown languid. No assurances on the part of the authorities that their purchases were meant to feed those who had not the money to buy food for themselves would have convinced the dealers that they might safely count upon continuing to supply all who could afford to pay the price asked. There would have been an actual dearth of food for rich as well as poor early in the famine, and to meet this the Government stores would have been utterly insufficient. Besides this, the price which the Government would have had to pay for its purchases would have been higher than that actually paid, partly because the dealers would have raised their terms with the knowledge that if they were refused they could still fall back upon exportation, and partly because the quality of the Bengal rice is very much better than the quality of the Burmese rice. Fears were even expressed that the Bengalees would be unable to eat this imported grain; but as these turned out to be quite groundless, the difference in the quality was so much saved on the Government outlay.

The margin allowed by the VICEROY in calculating the amount of rice to be bought proved to be a little over one-fifth. The purchases amounted to 479,696 tons, and a surplus of about 100,000 tons remained after the relief operations had been suspended. "For this excess," says the *Times*' Correspondent, "the Government of India "accepts the responsibility, urging that the vastness of "the population to be dealt with, and the necessity of being "prepared to meet uncertain contingencies, rendered it "prudent to lay in large supplies." It is hardly to be conceived that the validity of this plea will be disputed. The Government of India had no previous experience by which to regulate its action, for the only parallel within living memory was the Orissa famine, in which the efforts of the Government to deal with the calamity had completely failed. The first thing, therefore, which Lord NORTHBROOK had to consider was how to provide against a recurrence of this failure, and under the influence of this feeling he naturally and rightly made large additions to every estimate submitted to him. If there had been no surplus rice remaining, it would only have gone to show that his provision had been based on a minimum instead of on a maximum estimate of the quantity required; and under the circumstances this would have been very much less to his credit than the fact that, as the result has proved, he had good ground for declaring himself fully satisfied with his preparations. The only contradictory testimony as regards the severity of the famine comes from Sir JOHN STRACHEY, and even this is not really contradictory, inasmuch as it relates to a different part of India. Sir JOHN STRACHEY says that in the North-West Provinces there was no distress that deserved to be called famine. The labourers on the relief works were numerous so long as the work was highly paid, but when the wages were cut down to a subsistence allowance, and a full day's labour was insisted on, the workmen discovered that they could do better for themselves elsewhere. Nothing of this kind came within the observation of Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, and upon the condition of Bengal the evidence of the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR is more to the purpose than the evidence of the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR of the North-West Provinces as to the condition of a district which greatly differs from Bengal. As regards the immediate conflict with the famine the Government of India has just reason to be proud of its victory. It is to be hoped that it will be equally successful in the more difficult work of guarding against the need of such conflicts in the future.

VICISSITUDES OF RITUAL.

THE poet Daniel complained in his day of the extremes and vicissitudes to which religion in all external matters was subjected. "Sacred Religion, mother of form and fear!" At one time she sits gorgeously decked and is made to wear pompous vestures; at another she is left "all plain, all quite threadbare"—

> Thou must have all within and nought without.

Yet, if we look into the subject, we shall find that a feeling for ritual has never been entirely suppressed; there have always existed ideas of duty as to the mode of service apart from its matter; the eye and the ear always have demanded to share with the intellect the pleasures and solemnities of devotion. Every period has found some method of gratifying this demand, and has had its critics and censors when it was not satisfied. There have been times when elocution had the weight and responsibility of satisfying these requirements all to itself; when ritual (that is, solemnly ceremonious) reading—reading distinguished by certain sacred peculiarities of pronunciation—was considered fully equal to the task of keeping a congregation's religious emotions up to a devout pitch, especially when this delivery was supported by an "expressive voice, decent behaviour, and comely erection of body." The Dissenters yielded to the same influences. Their awkward emphasis was criticized indeed—their sudden jumps of voice from low to high; but their aim was the same, and the charm of correctness when it happened to come in their way told upon them with the same exciting and stimulating force. "I once mentioned," says Dr. Johnson, "the reputation which Mr. Foster had gained by his proper delivery to my friend Dr. Hawksworth, who told me that in the art of pronunciation he was far inferior to Dr. Watts. The correctness of his pronunciation and the elegance of his diction are said to have contributed to his uncommon popularity as a preacher." It was on these points that all sides were alike vigilant. Dr. Watts wrote a book to impress on his readers such points as that Sarah was not to be pronounced *Sarey*, nor Esther *Eastur*, nor St. Paul's Church *Poles's*. The Essayists were busy on their side against the inroad of slovenliness threatened by the tribe of young "Sophisters," who said "absolves" instead of "absolveth," and who were caricatured as sliding over the prayer for the Royal Family with glib familiarity—*endue'um*, *enrich'um*, *prosper'um*, and *bring'um*. Cowper, jealous of forms, took a contrary side; he is as severe on fine reading as he would be in these days on a procession—the reading which

> gives to prayer
> The *adagio* and *andante* it demands.

Certain traditions of ecclesiastical reading lingered long into this century; for instance, *could*, *would*, and *should*, all having the *l* fully pronounced, should, would, &c. The last relic of sacred emphasis lingers in the *ed*—the last syllable of the participle—always accented by the older generation.

It was through the medium of fine reading that a good deal of emotional evanescent piety vented itself. A parson who in other respects did little credit to his cloth, as the phrase then was, was regarded indulgently, and regarded himself in the same favourable light, if, like the Rev. Ozias Linley, commemorated by Mr. Sinclair, he delighted to expatiate on the beauty of the Book of Common Prayer, if he repeated verses in the Te Deum "with a solemnity Kemble might have envied," and could periodically break down in the reading of the Lessons as some particularly sounding or touching passage came round in its course. Such emotions—and they always exist—work themselves out in other ways with us. No voice falters over the Lessons now; or at least we may be sure it is a very old one. Such effects require a chord of sympathy between reader and hearer which only existed in a former generation. We have heard of a rector of a town parish so celebrated for his voice and delivery that the more serious commercial travellers used to arrange their circuits so as to spend Sunday within the sound of these good gifts, for the avowed purpose, indeed, of hearing Dr. So and So read the Commandments; more especially of listening for the grand roll of that "Remember" which ushers in the Fourth, and of thrilling under the reverberations which echoed through the vaulted roof.

Perhaps pews were a necessary accompaniment of fine reading. There was a time when they had their ceremonial aspect. Swift, among the inconveniences of rude country life, reckons a church without pews. Crabbe notes the retirement of the pew as an adjunct of devotion:—

> We in comfort prayed;
> Then none molested in the crimson pew
> The worthy ladies whom the vicar knew.

But the true ritual alliance in their case was with a particular school of popular preaching.

> The attitude and stare,
> And start theatric practised at the glass,

could only be appreciated by a select, and, we may add, comfortable audience. The preacher who introduced his sermon by the Lord's Prayer, repeated with so original and striking an emphasis that "you would not know it was the Lord's Prayer," addressed himself to pews full of ladies. This

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natural alliance between a certain school of eloquence on the one side and an appropriate attitude and condition of body in the hearer has always provoked a touch of cynicism where sympathy was wanting. We came the other day upon an illustration at once of our theme and of this temper, in an incident that happened some half-century ago in a town in Yorkshire, newly stirred to its depths by a popular preacher occupying the parish pulpit for a time. The extraordinary sensation caused by his fertile and florid eloquence encouraged him to higher and higher flights of fancy, still daily self-surpassed, till one Sunday he introduced his text with the following succession of tropes:—"If all the ocean were ink, and all the forests pens, and all the men and women writers, and there was a scroll to reach from sky to sky, from eternity to eternity, it would not contain all that might be said on this text." A few days afterwards a pew in the parish church was to be sold by auction; and the auctioneer with dry gravity began:—"If all the ocean were ink, and all the forests pens, and all the men and women writers, and a scroll was to reach from sky to sky, it could not contain all the advantages of the pew I now offer for competition; among which the greatest is the opportunity it affords of listening to the chaplain of Lord Blank, who has left more brilliant scenes for the sake of converting us heathen. There is one convert already"—seeing a Quaker stand up to bid. "What, only 9*l.* for Lord Blank's chaplain?" The joke, the narrative goes on to inform us, was taken extremely well by the gentlemen present, but so ill by the object of it that he was never seen again in that pulpit.

But prominent above all in the ritual of those days was the parish clerk, who may be said never to have failed in realizing his ceremonial character. What a sense of responsibility was there! Nor could he ever lay it aside and subside into common life. He represented Church and State; he personated the congregation; he gave out the rates, proclaimed confirmations, responded for all, chose the Psalms, and set the tunes; and was, besides all this, the parson's privy councillor; and all these parts he played with a will, a visible anxiety to be equal to his position, to sustain the dignity of the Establishment in his own person. So long as all these offices centred in himself there could be no stouter ritualist; he embodied the principle, he kept the flame from dying out. No wonder that a little arrogance crept in. We are told that the first selection of Psalms was compiled to check the insolence of clerks. They might now and then have peculiar notions of what suits a mixed congregation; but one thing may be said of a past institution, that so long as clerks called on the congregation to sing to the Praise and Glory of God, that object was at least the thing aimed at in the verse they chose. We have discontinued the form now, and with the form the subject of our vocal service is changed. No one can say that praise is the design of our more popular hymns in these days.

We have forgotten to enumerate in the clerk's multiform services and offices that of decorator. It was on this point that the passage of arms took place between Mrs. Jenny Simper and Francis Sternhold, so touchingly commemorated in the *Spectator*. She brings her complaint, as some of us might do, of over-decorating, introducing herself as a young woman with her fortune to make, "for which reason I come constantly to church to hear Divine Service"; but the clerk" (we condense her narrative), "who was once a gardener, has quite spoiled my prospect. The church looks like a greenhouse, the aisle is a pretty shady walk, the pews are so many arbours; and, above all, Sir Anthony's pew is so well hedged that all my batteries have no effect. I am obliged to shoot at random among the boughs, without taking any manner of aim." To this the indignant official replies that it is true he is a gardener, but he has not been prompted by love of his art, but by a particular spleen against Mrs. Simper, whose airs bid fair to neutralize all his honest care in the disposition of the greens. "I had one day set the Hundredth Psalm, and was singing the first line in order to put the congregation into the tune, when she curtseyed to Sir Anthony in so affected a manner that the indignation I conceived made me forget myself so far as from the tune of that psalm to wander into Southwell tune, and from thence into Windsor tune, still unable to recover myself, until I had, with the utmost confusion, set a new one." All this was very sad, but at least it *was* the Hundredth Psalm when the right tune was hit upon at last; now it is transmuted into "Hymn 136."

But the Sternholds are all routed, their reign is over, having succumbed to the fate of all institutions which, through thinking themselves indispensable, become intolerable. Happily the ladies behave themselves better now. Certainly square pews—not to speak of their outrage on ecclesiastical propriety—lent themselves to the impulses of giddiness, and especially to that exuberant sense of the ludicrous which is roused in some minds by mere unfitness of time and place. But also we may be sure that Mrs. Simper would nowadays be by no means such an enemy to decorations as we find her in this controversy; or rather she would have zealously offered herself for the service, and probably have succeeded in securing the contributions and personal aid of Sir Anthony in the cause. The clerks had to be put down with a strong hand; but sometimes the parson of this day may wish the order back again, with his too constant opportunities of comparing the tyranny of one man with the tyranny of an innumerable white-robed voluntary choir. The rivalries of church with church, and of decorations with decorations—where the emulation is keen, and the opportunities for comparison easy, and Covent Garden at hand—surely call for some lesson on moderation, and sometimes tempt him to wish for liberty to re-issue that proclamation which once sounded at the command of Moses through the camp of Israel:—"Let neither man nor woman make more work for the offering of the sanctuary"—"for the stuff they had was sufficient and too much."

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THERE are some disadvantages incident to glory. This remark has been made by previous moralists; but we do not at the present moment remember any one who has hit upon one particular inconvenience illustrated by the recent University Boat-race. The disadvantage indeed of which we are thinking is not properly to be set down to glory in general, but to premature glory. Amongst the most delightful of all sensations must be that which was enjoyed by Byron when he woke one morning and found himself famous. To be one day a commonplace person, known chiefly by a failure ridiculed by the ablest critics, and to be next day the author of a poem which thrills the whole world and sets critics at defiance, is a pleasure such as can come to very few men in the whole history of the world, and which may well throw even a strong mind off its balance. If Byron had attained a certain degree of celebrity at an earlier period, if all his performances had been carefully noted and the expectation of the public been constantly on the strain, the crowning pleasure would have been discounted, or perhaps entirely destroyed. It is delightful in a Turkish bath to make a sudden transition from great heat to refreshing coolness; but if the temperature were changed by imperceptible degrees the whole process would probably be uncomfortable. When, as was the case a few years ago, the University crews emerged from academical retirement to find themselves the observed of all observers on the Thames, they could enjoy something of the Byronic shock of sudden celebrity. But now their glory has become too great. Reporters have an eye upon them from the very earliest period. Attentive readers of sporting literature have apparently been speculating since last November upon the chances that Smith of Trinity or Jones of Christchurch will get out of that mischievous habit of feathering under water which spoilt his early form. Loyal subjects a few years ago could hardly follow the symptoms of the Prince of Wales's illness with greater anxiety than that with which a little knot of enthusiasts have traced the gradual process by which one lad has been cured of his pernicious habit of rowing across the boat, and another has been taught to straighten his arms at the beginning of the stroke. However flattering this sympathy may be, it rather spoils the final interest. We knew all about last Saturday's race before it was rowed. The merits and the faults of every oarsman had been criticized as closely as a disputed passage in Shakspeare. The pace of each boat was calculated as carefully as astronomers are calculating the precise positions of Venus and the sun. Unluckily meteorology lags behind the science of rowing; and therefore it was necessary to allow for a certain margin of error due to the caprice of winds and waves on the decisive day. Yet nothing but the stern sense of duty characteristic of their profession could have induced reporters to incur the discomfort of attendance upon the actual race, when they would have been perfectly well able to describe its minutest features by simply substituting the preterite for the future in the prophetic accounts of the performance. The race is not so much a new experiment as a repetition in public of a programme already settled in private, and is as certain to fulfil the prescribed terms as an experiment of Professor Tyndall's to work satisfactorily at the Royal Institution. We must, indeed, confess that on some previous occasions critics of rowing have shown themselves to be not quite free from human fallibility. We fancy that we could even prove that one or two of those who dwelt most emphatically upon the striking fulfilment of their predictions by the present race have by some unlucky chance succeeded in going wrong in almost every previous race for the last seven or eight years. We must make certain allowances in the case of gentlemen whose profession it is to deal in future events. Futurity is a very ticklish subject, and perhaps, if everything could be impartially examined, we ought to blame the crews for not obeying the prophets rather than the prophets for their venial errors. On the present occasion there were no errors; a fact which may perhaps be explained by the circumstance that there was no possible excuse for errors. It was quite clear that the Oxford crew went distinctly faster than the Cambridge crew under all conditions of wind and weather; and, this being so, it was a mere question in the rule of three to say which would precede the other in arriving at Mortlake, and by how much.

The result is that there is absolutely nothing whatever to say about the race itself. There was no interest from first to last, as everybody could see that the temporary advantage of Cambridge at the start was doomed to be temporary. The accident which happened to their boat can, at most, have only added a length or two to their distance from the winners. Nor do we feel inclined to discuss the questions which have been so fully investigated by some of our contemporaries, as to the proper construction of sliding-seats, the distance at which a man should be placed from his work, and the various minutiæ of criticism upon the merits of each particular oarsman. Rather let us congratulate the eighteen gentlemen concerned upon the fame which they have acquired. Though it has not the adventitious charm of sud-

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denness, it is yet delicious in its way. What other fame can fairly be compared to it? There are pleasures about literary or military or political glory, but the pleasure is not unmixed or unequivocal. Hume thought that the pleasure of a "young miss going to her first ball" might be equal to the pleasure of the most successful orator. There is a good deal to be said for his opinion, but even the young miss might envy the young master who is first putting on his raiment of glorious blue. For, in the first place, there is no mistake about his excellence. Athletic power is a thing measurable, demonstrable, and certain. Of all titles to fame the most indisputable is that of a man who can lift from the floor a greater weight than his neighbours. The superior strength of his muscles is as plainly demonstrated as the most indisputable truths of science. In rowing there is more room for difference of opinion; and there is jealousy enough when we have to settle the question whether a particular youth may be said, like one of David's mighty men, to have attained unto the first three, or whether he should be only reckoned amongst the first four or five. Allowing, however, for this trifling discrepancy, the physical prowess of any one of the sixteen oarsmen is unmistakable. They are all indisputably fine stalwart young men. Where else could they receive so clear and so early a recognition? In a century or two the world makes up its mind about its greatest poets or statesmen—subject, that is, to a certain number of qualifications. We are still disputing as to the degree in which the merits of Wordsworth and Byron, or even of Pope and Dryden, are counterbalanced by their faults. We cannot assume as an indisputable fact that Cromwell or Mary Queen of Scots deserves our veneration or our detestation. But no living being of the smallest degree of candour can deny that Mr. Way is an excellent stroke for a University crew. He is secure of that glory in his youth, whilst the great men we have mentioned have had to wait for generations or centuries after their death before it could be finally settled whether their reputation was not factitious, and whether, if solid, it should on the whole be called infamous or glorious. Then, again, the glory of a successful athlete is one which can be appreciated to a certain extent by hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures. Every unit of the great crowds who thronged the banks of the Thames from Putney to Mortlake on Saturday last can understand the conveniences of great physical strength, and would wish to be able to row four miles and a half with indomitable vigour. How many people are there who can appreciate the merits of even the greatest names in our literature? How many writers are there in all ages whose names would be familiar to half a million of their fellow-countrymen? How many of that half-million have ever read a line of the books upon which the reputation rests, and how many of those who have read the books can understand their merits? This consideration shows the immense superiority of the athlete's glory to the kind of glory which is won in the schools. There is a certain magic about the name of Senior Wrangler; and undoubtedly, the gentleman who wins that position has a few pleasant hours whilst he is in the honeymoon of his new glory. But how many of his admirers understand his excellence? The greater his power the further he retires from the range of general applause. As he becomes a first-rate mathematician his audience narrows more and more rapidly, till at last it has to be taken on trust by all except a very select few; and his ambition culminates when his writings can hardly be understood by half-a-dozen men in Europe, and perhaps by one in America. To the ordinary world he is little better than a monomaniac performing magical operations with mysterious symbols, and arriving at truths which are rigidly inconceivable to the vast majority of the human race. And, finally, it may be reckoned as a great advantage to the athlete that his admirers are for the most part the young. He impresses the imagination of those amongst his contemporaries who are at the most impressionable age. His zealous admirers are at the time of life when they can still weep over novels, believe in heroes, and give vent to their admiration without the smallest tinge of jealousy. In a few years they will become cynical. They will be inclined to believe that there is a dark side to most human glory, and they will learn never to praise anybody too heartily for fear of committing themselves. The captain of a University crew has thus a reputation which is specially fascinating to his closest companions; his companions are at the most susceptible age; and the merits which they admire can be established beyond all reach of cavil. What can he want more? Why should he be fool enough to scorn delights and live laborious days in the pursuit of more questionable forms of glory?

It is not our business to find a satisfactory answer to this question. Perhaps it is not the business of the Universities; for they seem to be pretty well content with the system which encourages a vigorous devotion to athletic exercises. Admitting, however, that the glory to be won upon the river is in itself more desirable than purely intellectual glory, we ought to remember that there are some sickly and feeble lads who are yet capable of reaching the inferior kinds of reputation, and that some care might be bestowed upon their interests by not unnecessarily stimulating the athletic tendencies of the time. We are glad, therefore, to observe some symptoms pointing to a change in this direction, and implying that the muscular fever has perhaps reached its height.

MONTHLY CONTRIBUTIONS TO IGNORANCE.

THE periodical literature of the last two months has favoured us with some remarkable lights on the early history of England. We have before us the discoveries of two writers, one of whom puts his name, a name not particularly famous, while the other does not put his name, though it is whispered that he might, if he had chosen, have put a very famous name indeed. But both writers agree in this, that each goes out of his way to display ignorance which, had he simply chosen to stick to his own text, he might have kept hidden. There is however this difference, that the less famous writer blunders in grave and solemn earnest, while the more famous, having made his blunder, chuckles over it as if he were delighted with his own cleverness. The writer who, in a dialect which none can mistake, has taken to reproduce Norwegian Sagas in *Fraser's Magazine*, when he stoops to deal with English matters, deals with them in a way which irresistibly brings home to us the famous derivation, over which so many scholars have had their laugh, of *Cyning* or *King* for the "canning" or "cunning" man. When the oracle comes to speak of England in the tenth century he does speak very much as one might be expected to speak who had read much German, and, it is to be supposed, some English, but who still did not know the form of a Teutonic participle or a Teutonic patronymic. Our author, in his last contribution, has given us the old Norwegian legend of Stamfordbridge, the English cavalry and all the other impossible things, exactly as if there were no authentic history to be had, and as if no critical research had been spent in putting that history together from the genuine authorities. The Chronicles come in for a small sneer; of Henry of Huntingdon, who has preserved the substance of the English song, he seems never to have heard. So a little earlier, when he was dealing with the saga of Olaf Tryggvesson, he could not wholly leave out his doings in England. But it would have been beneath the dignity of any one who takes to the Berserker and Viking line to attend to such small matters as what happened in our own island, or what our own historians affirm to have happened. When Olaf invaded England in 994, he had been already baptized, though the accounts differ as to the place of his baptism. One version makes him baptized by an abbot in the Scilly Islands. But he was not confirmed; so, on his making peace with Æthelred, he was confirmed by Bishop Ælfheah, the future martyr, and the English King acted as his godfather in confirmation. As the story is told in the English Chronicles and in Florence of Worcester, no story can be plainer. But our present teacher tells us that, according to "the English history-books," Olaf was "converted" by Æthelred, and he makes himself merry at the notion of any one being converted by such an evangelist as the Unready King. We allow that, if a man was a conscientious believer in Odin, he was not very likely to be won over to another faith by such a teacher as Æthelred, however willing he may have been to listen to such a teacher as Ælfheah. But this is one of the many cases in which a man first makes a mistake, and then builds up, sometimes an argument, sometimes a joke, on his own mistake. In this case the merriment is wholly out of place, for the picture of Æthelred acting as an evangelist to the heathen is entirely of the writer's own invention. Where he gets his English history, what are the "English history-books" of which he speaks, we are quite at a loss to guess. To give him every chance, we tried him, not by an "English history-book," but by a Scotch fable-book. Even David Hume, though he characteristically jumbles together Olaf Tryggvesson and St. Olaf, and adds some no less characteristic twaddle about saints in general, speaks of "confirmation," not of "conversion." Of course there may be people, and our present instructor may be one of them, who may not know what confirmation is, and who may perhaps fancy it to be the same as conversion. It would be well if all men, even those who fancy that they have a mission to set the whole world right, would be guided by the sound principle laid down, though, it would seem, not acted on, by Lord Randolph Churchill, and would "become acquainted with the simplest facts of history before building theories upon them."

From the laughing philosopher whose laughter is so little to the purpose we may turn to our other less renowned teacher, who by his side may pass for a weeping philosopher. Mr. F. S. Corrance, late, we believe, M.P., who writes in the *Fortnightly Review* about "The Land Question and Landed Tenures of Possession," is perfectly grave; he does not laugh at all. But he has just as little obeyed the wise direction to which Lord Randolph Churchill stands as finger-post. Here is a man writing about the tenure of land in England who, instead of going to the Maurers, Nasse, and Maine, goes first of all to—Blackstone! It is certainly something that the view which the commentator speaks of as a thing "agreed on all hands" should be "confirmed and adopted by Grotius, Puffendorf, Barbeyrac, Titius, and Locke." With all deference to the really great names on this list, one may doubt whether they had fully grasped the notion of a village community; and to those who have grasped that notion it is hardly needful to argue against Mr. Corrance's idea that personal occupancy came first, "national property" next, and communal property seemingly after this. On this last head Mr. Corrance reverentially says that "Sir G. Campbell speaks of its existence in Britain at an early date." Those who have read Sir Henry Maine, still more those who have read the German writers on whom Sir Henry Maine has so largely drawn, will perhaps be ready to believe that communal property existed in Britain at an early date, as it exists still,

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without needing Sir G. Campbell to certify the fact. They might too perhaps indulge in a passing smile at the notion that the feudal phrase of a man being "seized of land" proves anything as to its primitive seizure by personal occupancy. We must however thank Mr. Corrance for stumbling on an accurate distinction when the words "its existence in Britain at an early date" are followed by the words "in England it is not at all certain that this was the case." We fully appreciate the distinction between Britain and England, though the reason which follows is rather funny. "For the traces and evidence of the Brehon customs and tenures common to Ireland are very remote." "Such tenures," Mr. Corrance thinks, "may have existed prior to the Saxon invasion in parts of the island, though at the time of the Norman Conquest they certainly had no place." Mr. Corrance adds, with great truth, that it is not to anything "prior to the Saxon invasion" that we are to look for the origin of our land tenures; but how he would stare if he were told that English, Irish, Welsh, Roman, Russian, and Indian land tenures, though we must not look for the origin of any one of these in any other of them, can all be traced to one common origin. If he had the privilege of being a freeman of the city of Oxford, and as such had his rights in Port Meadow, how amazed he would be to be told that his communal property was of exactly the same nature as the *Ager Publicus* of Rome. What a new light it will be when he finds that there are historical students who do not look on Blackstone as infallible, and that there once was one John Allen who had something to say about *folkland*. Mr. Corrance's notions of chronology must be rather odd when he goes on to speak of "the system the Saxons introduced as early as the year 600 A.D., under such Kings as Alfred and Edward the Confessor, which held its ground up to 1085 A.D." In Mr. Corrance's chronology then the Saxons introduced no system of land tenure from their landing in 477 till 600, about which time it would seem that Alfred and Edward the Confessor were both reigning, and moreover that Alfred and Edward were the same kind of Kings. Sussex then for 123 years, and Wessex and Essex for shorter times, must, till Alfred and Edward came to regulate them in the year 600, have been a kind of no man's land without any tenure at all, a state of things in which the earth must have been something like the air in the supposed case of no weather at all. When in the year 600 the brother-legislators came, they brought in "Udal or Odal" tenures, for the nature of which we are sent to Pontoppidan's History of Norway. Yet there are six volumes of Codex Diplomaticus to tell us something about the tenure of land between 600 and 1085; only there are some minds which will go anywhere, to Blackstone or Pontoppidan or Sir G. Campbell, rather than seek for English history in its authentic records and in the comments of those who have given their lives to expound them.

Mr. Corrance then of course takes us to the Gemót of Salisbury in 1086, confusedly dated 1085, where we get those regulation extracts from Blackstone which so amusingly make out the act of that great assembly to have meant the exact opposite of what it did mean. Mr. Corrance, who has not mastered his Allen or his Kemble, has still less mastered his Stubbs, nor does he seem to have looked to any narrative of the time except the Chronicle as reported by Blackstone. The joke of the whole thing is that Blackstone and his followers fancy that "a feudal system," or something of the kind, some new kind of tenure, some new kind of burden, was brought in at the Salisbury Gemót. They seem to think that for every man to become the man of the King was something before unheard of, and which put him in a worse case than he was before. What William really did, as every scholar knows by this time, was not to introduce a feudal system, but to check the growth of a feudal system. He bound every man in the land, or so many of them as were thought worth binding, by an oath of allegiance to the King. That is to say, he who was the man of some intermediate lord could not plead his faith to the intermediate lord in justification of any act of rebellion against the King. He wished to hinder England from sharing the fate of Gaul. There no man had any scruple as to the duty of the men of the Duke of the Normans to follow their lord against his lord the King of the French. But, convenient as this doctrine was for the Duke of the Normans, it was not at all convenient for the King of the English, and William took care that the men of the Earl of Shrewsbury or the Bishop of Durham should have no excuse for using it against him. Nothing can be clearer to any one who understands the nature of the case and the circumstances of the time. That generation after generation of lawyers should have understood it as meaning the opposite of what it did mean, as being the introduction of feudalism, instead of the deadliest of all blows to feudalism, is really as amazing as the professional belief that there has been an hereditary king from all eternity, and an hereditary lord of the manor from a time just so far short of eternity as to give the king time to make him a grant.

The whole thing is made more amusing by the solemnity with which Mr. Corrance ushers in the antiquated blunder. After some talk about the "iron yoke of the Norman Conqueror," we come to the following introduction to Blackstone's legend:—

> There is, then, no foundation for the theory of national property in land up to that date. Perhaps, however, Sir G. Campbell relies upon the feudal system as *introducing* this; and if the king and the nation are synonymous, it may be admitted to a certain limited extent. To assume it, however, at any time as a general proposition would be a great mistake, for it would rest upon the presumption of a general transfer or grant of land at the Conquest, reserving such rights. This, we know, was not the case; such an idea having no better foundation than the monkish legends of that date. The truth seems to be, that no such general apportionment ever took place, and that, taking the whole kingdom through, comparatively few of the Saxon landholders and yeomen were dispossessed. From these no attempt was ever made to exact service until after the compilation of the Doomsday Book, nineteen years after that date, in 1085 A.D., up to which time the military occupation of the country was incomplete.

Now all this is at least better than the notion of the constitutional historian whom we reviewed the other day, who fancied that the Conquest of England was done all at one stroke on the "plains of Hastings." It is better to make out the Conquest to have been more gradual than it was than wholly to wipe out the fact that it was gradual. But has Mr. Corrance ever looked at Domesday? has he looked at any modern writer who has really made use of Domesday? Taking his words literally and grammatically, they would imply that he looks on Domesday as a monkish legend. Mr. Corrance knows that there was no general transfer or grant of land at the Conquest; he knows better therefore than the great Survey when it speaks of a day "quando redimebant Anglici terras suas." The parallel passage in the Chronicle we will not quote, as that of course is a monkish legend. And we gain little on the old fiction that every Englishman was turned out of house and home, if we are to take in its stead the new fiction that "comparatively few of the Saxon landowners and yeomen were dispossessed."

This performance of Mr. Corrance, like the other performance in *Fraser* which is attributed to a more famous man, all teach one lesson. No man obliged either the one to write about the confirmation of Olaf and the battle of Stamford-bridge, or the other to write about the Gemót of Salisbury. If they had only held their peace about those matters, no one would have thought of asking them, and the fact that they knew nothing about them would have remained hidden from all men. The men who do know about such things may perhaps have as little notion about the nature of oxygen and the formation of a Dolomite mountain as Mr. Corrance has about the Norman Conquest. But then they do not write about oxygen or Dolomite mountains, and Mr. Corrance does write about the Norman Conquest. Much needless sputter of ink and disturbance of type would be saved if all men would follow the preaching, though not the practice, of Lord Randolph Churchill.

FREEMASONRY IN THE CITY.

IT is a common opinion of those who are not Freemasons that if there were anything in Freemasonry it would have been found out long ago. We may go with the holders of this opinion to this extent, that if you do not want to be found out the best way is to have no secret. It is, however, impressive to ordinary minds to talk mysteriously where no mystery exists; and we cannot help remarking that, if Mr. Disraeli is not a Freemason, the Prince of Wales, for the advantage not only of the order, but of society in general, should insist on making him one. He would be far away the best speaker at a Masonic dinner that ever came out, and would discourse on the antagonism between Popery and Freemasonry with that vague eloquence which is his peculiar gift.

An "emergency meeting," or, in other words, a dinner of the Great City Lodge of Freemasons, was held on Saturday last at the City Terminus Hotel, to celebrate the facts that the Lord Mayor is a member of this lodge and a Past Master of the order, that the Prince of Wales is Grand Master of the order, and that Masonry is generally looking up. A speaker who described himself as "father of the Grand Officers of England," assured the meeting that Masonry was making great strides, and he added a caution which strikes us as hardly suitable to the Great City Lodge, that in all their members quality and not quantity should be considered. We would desire to speak with respect of the "quality" of a Lord Mayor, remarking, at the same time, that the "quantity" of him is likely to be more conspicuous. The "Great City Lodge" probably deserves its name by the greatness of its individual members as well as by their number and importance. The same speaker was less intelligible when he warned his hearers against seeking Masonry for "private purposes." The assumption that the order exists for any purpose at all except good fellowship is perhaps difficult for outsiders to realize. Men appear to become Masons because they like it, and if you do a thing to please yourself you may be said, without any unpleasant imputation, to do it for a private purpose. Almost any kind of association may be useful to its members. A man becomes, when he is young, a member of the Grocers' or Fishmongers' Company; and perhaps, when he is middle-aged or old, he rises to be a Governor, sits at well-furnished dinner-tables, and helps to dispose of valuable patronage. A lawyer or man of business may do himself some good and no harm by becoming a "Grocer" or a "Fishmonger," and in the same way it may be useful to become a "Mason." To impute or disclaim "private purposes" in such an act seems to us superfluous. Freemasons meet and dine together, and good dinners promote good feeling, and they may, if it so pleases them, describe themselves as carrying out their "guiding principle" of "peace on earth" and "goodwill amongst men," by holding an "emergency meeting" for dinner and other purposes at the City Terminus Hotel. This style was invented by the author of the lines:—

> The naked every day he clad
> When he put on his clothes.

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Perhaps, however, we come as near to the "guiding principle" of Freemasonry in this way as in any other. It means good dinners, and good dinners mean whatever after-dinner speakers say they mean. If Mr. Disraeli were a Freemason, he would make a speech which nobody could understand, and which everybody would feel to be grand, solemn, mysterious, and suggestive of obscure dangers to the human race, which could only be averted by the potent organization to which the speaker had the happiness to belong. Vague talk about "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," together with "purple," titles, and an appeal to what may be called the "clubable" instinct of man, make up Freemasonry as seen from the outside. The "purple" is rivalled or burlesqued by the "regalia" of the Good Templars, and this and several other associations have indulged in the cheap pleasure of equally sonorous titles. If a retail tradesman finds satisfaction in being called a "W. P. M.," he is not more silly than certain persons of both education and position who have created themselves Knights of the Orders of the Temple and St. John. The love of these distinctions pervades all classes of Englishmen and Americans, and among them the "purple" of Freemasonry is like the "purple" of the Roman Emperors beside the robes of European Kings. The antiquity and utility of the order are unquestionable. Masons in the middle ages were necessarily a wandering craft. They passed from place to place in quest of work, and where they came they needed means to discover themselves to their brethren and claim their hospitality and help. In the middle ages writing was a rarity, and it was always liable to be forged, and hence the utility of some sign of membership known only to the brethren. This account of the order and its use could be embellished by poetical, or religious, or technical language to any desired extent, to the satisfaction of all Masons and without harm to anybody else. The antipathy of the Pope to the order may be sufficiently explained on the principle that two of a trade never agree. The genuine old-established shop for mysteries is kept by the successor of St. Peter, and all other wares claiming to be of the same kind are spurious. But notwithstanding the Pope's hostility, it appears that the Freemasons have established a lodge in Rome, and this fact is regarded as almost equally important with the existence of a Lord Mayor of London who is a member of a lodge and a P.M. Indeed, it seems to be anticipated that with the speedy growth of civilization and enlightenment "emergency meetings," followed by dinners, will be held in Rome. "We shall, I trust," says a speaker, "soon hear of meetings like this, where the chief civic dignitaries of Rome will meet their brethren under the banner of a Great City Lodge." We may hope that when "the chief civic dignitaries of Rome" become Freemasons, their quantity as well as quality will be acceptable to their English brethren. Perhaps by that time turtle-soup and punch will be available upon "emergency" at Rome, and no modern representative of the "lean and hungry" Cassius will then be eligible for "purple."

The present year is likely to be, in a Masonic point of view, eventful. The Prince of Wales will be installed as Grand Master in a large and noble hall, which has been, indeed, erected for other purposes, but will now be sanctified and made honourable by the ceremony. Solomon, as we all know, was a Freemason, but it is thought that Solomon in all his glory would have been nothing to the installation of the Prince of Wales. The Lord Mayor acknowledges that he has been negligent of his own Masonic duties, and perhaps he and others may have been stimulated to perform those duties zealously by the fact of the Prince of Wales being Grand Master. The object of the Prince of Wales and of Masons generally is, according to the Lord Mayor, to insist that "light shall prevail," whereas the Pope goes in for darkness. A society which has the Prince of Wales for its leader and the Pope for its enemy has a double claim on the sympathy of Englishmen, and if it were possible for Englishwomen to become Freemasons, we are sure that under such interesting circumstances they would do so. We believe that there never was a female Freemason, or at least only one, whose picture sometimes serves at village alehouses as the sign of the "Quiet Woman." But although Englishwomen cannot love a society of men which keeps or professes to keep a secret from them, they cannot hate that which the Pope condemns and the Prince of Wales supports. We must own indeed that the desire of the Grand Master that light shall prevail still leaves in some obscurity the principles of the craft. A speaker at the dinner assured his hearers that these principles were made manifest by the working of the Great City Lodge. But this, again, is vague and intangible. To say that the object of Freemasons is that "everything that is good, graceful, honourable, and beneficial, shall stand upward and be put forward," is merely to say that Freemasons are good Christians and good citizens, which we could readily believe without earnest and reiterated assertions.

It is well known that the builders of the Tower of Babel were the first, or among the first, Freemasons, and King Solomon was one of the most distinguished members of the order. The institution has been continued, at least in imagination, down from these remote times in uninterrupted succession to the present day. It is, indeed, objected that this unbroken tradition, if it existed, must have kept alive and handed down much information that has, on the contrary, been utterly lost. But this objection would not be likely to prevail after dinner. It is at any rate as easy to believe that Freemasonry existed under Solomon as to find the origin of chivalry in the Trojan war. Indeed the Freemasonry of the middle ages, in which bishops were associated, resembled the orders of knighthood of which the same ages were prolific. The connexion between the practical masonry which built cathedrals, and the speculative Masonry which forms lodges, is no doubt perceived by the same discerning eyes which can trace the line of official succession from King Solomon to the Prince of Wales. To less acute observation it would appear, however, that Freemasonry declined and almost perished before the Reformation, and only revived in England about the time of the Civil War. Whether it revived or survived, it had wholly lost any practical character at the beginning of the eighteenth century; but from that time onwards, dukes, princes, and other distinguished persons have held its offices in England, and it spread from this country to Continental Europe, where it encountered opposition and persecution, which were not unnaturally provoked by the real or affected mystery of its proceedings. The charge against Freemasonry that it was an organized conspiracy against religion and government is not likely to have been at any time or place well founded. But it is not wonderful that such a charge was made. The probability is that there neither was nor is anything that is good or bad to conceal; that Freemasonry is only an innocent mystification, and that its symbols and instructions, whatever meaning or purpose they may originally have had, are now merely forms retained by the brethren of "free and accepted Masons" for the purpose of conferring peculiar importance on harmless social meetings. When cigars are kindled towards the close of a Masonic dinner, members may assert, and outsiders would be uncivil if they denied, that the great principle "that light shall prevail" is being supported.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC MARRIAGE LAW.

ONE of the points dwelt on by Mr. Gladstone in his criticism of the Syllabus is the Papal doctrine of marriage, which, as we pointed out at the time, he had evidently misunderstood. For he inferred from the declaration that among Christians there can be no valid matrimonial contract apart from the Sacrament, the nullity of all Protestant marriages, which is not at all the meaning of the words. Every marriage between baptized persons, whether Catholics or heretics, is, according to Roman Catholic doctrine, sacramental; the "ministers of the sacrament," as theologians express it, being the parties themselves, not the officiating priest. And hence, for instance, all Protestant marriages in this country, whether solemnized in church or at a registrar's office, are held to be perfectly valid. This is admitted by Mr. Gladstone in his second pamphlet, where he has approached more nearly to a correct appreciation of the state of the case, though his way of putting it is still, to say the least, far from accurate or clear. It is not, however, with his comments that we are concerned just now; but with the question itself, which has a considerable practical interest, especially in view of the often mooted proposal, raised again the other day in the House of Lords, to assimilate the Irish and Scotch marriage law to that of England. For a grievance, and a very real one, there certainly is in the bearing of the Roman Catholic canon law on the subject, as it has been judicially interpreted and applied during the last few years, though we are inclined to think that in its origin the difficulty is mainly due to circumstances which had not been foreseen, and cannot fairly be laid to the charge of the authors or administrators of the law. The actual situation will be most clearly illustrated by reference to one or two cases which have recently occurred, both in this country and elsewhere. The first we shall mention was probably in the mind of a correspondent of *Macmillan's Magazine*, who has been carrying on a sharp controversy with Cardinal Manning in that periodical, and the story was reproduced only a fortnight ago in the German newspapers, in connexion with a somewhat similar occurrence which had taken place at Munich.

It appears that in 1843 a British subject, George Gordon by name, married the daughter of a merchant residing at Rio de Janeiro, both parties being Protestants, and the marriage being celebrated by an English clergyman in the Ambassador's house. After they had lived together for a quarter of a century as man and wife, Gordon, who had meantime become a convert, proceeded to marry a Baroness von Beulwitz, of his adopted faith, in a Roman Catholic church at Manchester, and next year a child of this second marriage was born. On this his first wife appealed to the courts at Edinburgh for restitution of conjugal rights, and her husband fully admitted the alleged facts, but pleaded the law of his Church in defence of his conduct. To cite the words of the *Times* in recording the case:—

> The defendant is a Roman Catholic, and the Baroness von Beulwitz is also a Roman Catholic. The defendant took the advice of the most learned of the clergy of his Church as to the validity of his marriage with the pursuer. . . . The opinions which he received of persons learned in the law of marriage as recognized in the Roman Catholic Church were to the effect that, whatever might be the binding efficacy of the ceremony entered into at Rio de Janeiro, in virtue of the above statute (George IV. c. 91), in any civil court within Her Majesty's dominions, the marriage was null and void according to the law of his Church. It was in these circumstances, he adds, and on the advice of the religious persons whom he consulted, that he went through a marriage ceremony with the Baroness von Beulwitz at Manchester on the 28th of August, 1871, he having explained to the Baroness his position.

The Scotch Vicar Apostolic, to whom Gordon had appealed, being in doubt, referred the matter to the Roman Inquisition, which de-

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cided that the first marriage was null and void, and he was at full liberty therefore to contract the second. The result is obviously monstrous, but the decision, like the similar one pronounced last year in a case at Munich, was based not on the invalidity of Protestant marriages, as such, but on the canonical impediment of "clandestinity" alleged against the first marriage. To this we will return presently. The Munich affair, which appears to have created a considerable sensation, did not involve the same practical hardship. There had been a mixed marriage, celebrated according to the rite of the Evangelical Church, to which the woman belonged, which had been as lately as 1831 solemnly declared by the Bavarian Bishops to be adequate in such cases to constitute a binding and indissoluble union. Now divorce *a vinculo* is in certain cases permitted by the rules of the Evangelical Church, but is regarded by the Church of Rome as, under all circumstances, a violation of the law of God. This being so, the Protestant wife at Munich applied to the Archbishop's court for divorce, with permission to re-marry, apparently on account of her husband's adultery, which would be a sufficient ground from her own point of view; and the court, confirmed subsequently by the Roman Inquisition, decided in her favour, on the ground, as in Gordon's case, of the nullity of the previous marriage, "celebrated only after the Protestant rite." Whether there was actual collusion between the two parties in the suit is not explained, but it is clear that each of them, for different reasons, wished the existing marriage to be dissolved; and the dissolution turned out to be in their case compatible, also on wholly different grounds, with the laws of both the Churches to which they respectively belonged. But although no hardship to either party was involved in this particular decision, it rested on the same monstrous and perilous principles as that in Gordon's case. As the German papers put the matter, "all marriages solemnized only according to the Protestant rite, whether mixed or purely Protestant, are thereby declared to be clandestine and null, in other words, to be mere concubinage." Such a condition of things is of course simply intolerable, and requires to be promptly remedied. But, instead of indulging in abuse which is partly undeserved, and wholly unprofitable, it is important to notice how the difficulty grew up, and where therefore its solution is to be found.

We have already explained that Protestant marriages, as such, are sacramental, and therefore valid, according to Roman Catholic teaching. "Disparity of cult" is indeed what the canon law calls a "diriment" impediment, *i.e.* an impediment which nullifies a marriage already contracted; but disparity of cult means the difference between a baptized Christian and a heathen, which is held to be absolutely incompatible with any matrimonial union, because the heathen party is incapable of receiving a sacrament, and the Christian can enter on no marriage which is not sacramental. A Catholic and a Protestant, being alike baptized, are both capable of receiving the sacrament, and there is nothing therefore to hinder the validity of their marriage. They are indeed forbidden to marry without a dispensation, and marriages so contracted are illicit by canon law, but not invalid; in canonical language the impediment is *impediens* but not *dirimens*. It is necessary to bear this in mind, because Roman Catholic theologians have used very strong language indeed against mixed marriages, declaring them to be scandalous, criminal, sacrilegious, and the like, and sometimes seeming to imply more than this. They are even spoken of in a Brief of Benedict XIV. as *gravissimum scelus*; and more recently Gregory XVI., in a Brief addressed to the Bavarian Bishops, says that they are "strictly prohibited," but nevertheless are in certain cases to be allowed *ad graviora evitanda scandala*. And in fact there is generally little difficulty made about granting such dispensations, at least in Protestant countries, though it is still, we believe, customary to insert a formal condition of *abjuratâ prius hæresi* in the document. Cardinal Soglia in his learned work on canon law expressly lays down that, neither by written nor unwritten law, nor by custom, are marriages between Catholics and heretics invalid, although very censurable, "as long as they are solemnized before the parish priest and witnesses, where the Council of Trent is published." In these last words lies the real root of the difficulty, the origin of which we will now proceed to trace.

By the old canon law, which was also, be it remembered, the acknowledged law of the land throughout Europe, the consent of the parties themselves was sufficient, as it still is by the law of Scotland, not only to constitute a valid marriage, but to legitimate all children previously born. The practical inconveniences of such a rule have been abundantly illustrated in our own day by Scotch experience, and there seem to have been frequent complaints made before the Council of Trent of the clandestine marriage of minors, and a tendency in some quarters to treat such unions as of no binding force. Under these circumstances it was only natural that the question should come under the notice of the Council. Matrimony was an affair which had for centuries been recognized, and was still recognized in most Christian countries, as belonging to the jurisdiction of the Church, and it was her business therefore to provide a remedy for what had become a serious grievance. The Council of Trent accordingly, after reciting the existing law, by which clandestine marriages, although strictly prohibited and deserving the gravest censure, were still valid and binding, first renews an injunction of the fourth Lateran Council for the publication of bans during mass on three Sundays or festivals preceding the marriage, which however may be dispensed with by the ordinary for sufficient cause, and then proceeds to make the following important decree, rendering all clandestine marriages invalid for the future:—

Qui aliter quam præsente parocho, vel alio sacerdote de ipsius parochi seu ordinarii licentiâ, et duobus vel tribus testibus matrimonium contrahere attentabunt, eos Sancta Synodus ad sic contrahendum omnino inhabiles reddit, *et hujusmodi contractus irritos et nullos esse decernit, prout eos præsenti decreto irritos facit et annullat.*

This decree, passed in the twenty-fourth Session of the Council, November 11, 1563, was a most important innovation on the old canon law, but not in itself an unreasonable one nor introduced without sufficient cause. It may be compared with the provisions of our own marriage law requiring the ceremony to be performed between 8 and 12 A.M., and which also within living memory made the intervention of a clergyman of the Established Church necessary for its validity. But it is obvious that what was in its origin and purpose a reasonable and even laudable precaution against a crying evil might produce, under altered social or political conditions, a gross injustice. And that is precisely what has occurred. The Council legislated for an exclusively Roman Catholic society, where the law of the Church is also the law of the land. But this is no longer the case even in all Catholic countries, while in Protestant countries the State makes its own regulations about marriage quite independently of the canon law. Nevertheless, wherever the Council of Trent has been published, that is, wherever its disciplinary decrees have been formally introduced, all marriages celebrated otherwise than it directs—and therefore of necessity all Protestant marriages—are rendered technically invalid. In France the Council was never allowed by the Government to be published, and, for some reason with which we are not acquainted, it has not been published in England, so that English marriages are not affected by it. On the other hand, it is published in Ireland, and, as we have already seen, in Bavaria and Brazil. Whether Irish Protestant marriages are regarded by the Roman courts as invalid, we cannot positively say, but we believe the Tridentine rule is understood in that country to apply only to Roman Catholics. That, however, is evidently not the case everywhere, and it is wholly at the option of the Court of Rome, especially since the Vatican Council, to publish the decrees of Trent wherever and whenever it pleases. And wherever they are published, unless special provision is made to the contrary—as is said to be the case in Ireland—all marriages not celebrated according to the rule there prescribed are declared to be null and void.

Now in all this there is no reasonable cause of complaint, that we can see, so long as it is distinctly understood that the rules of the Council apply to those only who acknowledge its authority. It is no hardship for Roman Catholics to be required to follow the directions of their own Church in contracting the sacrament of matrimony, and if they deliberately neglect the conditions of valid marriage which she has laid down, they may fairly be presumed to be playing fast and loose with the matter, and cannot be surprised if they are taken at their word. But it is a very different affair when it is attempted to subject Protestant or mixed marriages to a rule with which the contracting parties may be unwilling in the one case, and are unable in the other, to comply, and which empowers a Protestant partner, as in Gordon's case, to repudiate his matrimonial obligations by changing his creed. In what countries the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church shall be regulated by the Tridentine canon law appears to us a question for the Roman authorities to decide, and in which outsiders have no interest or concern. Should the Pope choose to introduce it into England to-morrow, the Protestant public, if they happened to become aware of the circumstance, would have no right or disposition to complain. But common sense and common justice alike require that the Pope should so far recognize accomplished facts as to acknowledge the full validity of all marriages outside his own communion legally solemnized, and which are not, like the marriage of divorced persons, invalid according to Roman Catholic belief by the law of God. The Tridentine rule of clandestinity is confessedly an ecclesiastical and not a divine ordinance, and the Church may well be content with making rules for her own members. The State is no doubt fully competent to protect the civil rights of its citizens, but serious inconvenience and suffering may be entailed on individuals by sanctioning such scandalous conduct as that of Gordon towards his wife. And if it is pleaded that the canonical law under which he sheltered himself is in its original intent just and reasonable, the simple answer is that its application, however technically correct—and we see no reason to question its correctness—was most irrational and iniquitous. *Summum jus summa injuria* is a maxim of the old Roman law and a very true one.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE account of the Honduras Loans which has just been given by various witnesses before a Committee of the House of Commons is not only a very pretty story in itself, but opens up some interesting questions as to the general functions and pretensions of the Stock Exchange. It would obviously be improper in the present stage of the investigation to attempt to discuss some of the personal aspects of the case; but, leaving these on one side, it is instructive to observe what is alleged, or rather admitted, to have happened. Honduras, as most people know, is a petty State, with a population equal to that of a second- or third-rate English town,

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and a revenue of some 100,000*l.* a year. In addition to its natural poverty it has for some years been distracted by periodical revolutions; and one of the witnesses, who had visited it on a surveying expedition, assured the Committee that it was the most God-forsaken country he knew. It might have been supposed, therefore, that the Government of such a country would not enter the money-market for the purpose of obtaining loans with very brilliant prospects. To such a low ebb indeed were its affairs reduced at the end of 1867, the year of the first loan, that its chief representative in this country had to confess that it was impossible to clear off a debt of 4,000*l.* except by borrowing. Yet, as it has turned out, this miserable little State has been able in the course of seven years to start loans in England to the amount of over five millions sterling. Of this sum about 690,000*l.* appears to have been invested in the construction of a railway which is at the present moment believed by the contractor who made it to be buried under a new growth of primæval vegetation. Where the rest of the money has gone is a problem which will perhaps never be fully solved. Mr. Gutierrez, the Honduras Minister in London, has replied to an invitation to give evidence that his accounts are of such inexplicable intricacy that he fears they would hardly be intelligible to the Committee; and besides he has grave doubts whether, if he presented himself for examination, it might not compromise the independence of his Government. Mr. Lefevre, another gentleman who had a good deal to do with working the loan, is not to be found. Under these circumstances it may probably never be ascertained how much of the money collected has been applied to public purposes of any kind in Honduras, but it seems to be quite certain at least that the railway which was used as a pretext for the loans got comparatively little of it. That is a question, however, which the people of Honduras may be left to settle with their Government, and their Government with Mr. Gutierrez.

It is more to the purpose to consider the fate of the victims of this remarkable speculation in our own country. The fly with which they were angled for was the prospect of low prices of issue, high rate of interest, and early and profitable drawings, the very attractiveness of which ought to have afforded a sufficient warning of the hook which was baited for them; and it is perhaps unnecessary that much sympathy should be expended on that credulous folly which is so pathetically typified by the country parson who was the financial as well as the spiritual adviser of three old women, and who chose for their eggs, and his own, such a rotten basket. At the same time, however, it would appear that they were also tricked in other ways against which it was impossible for them to be on their guard. It is asserted that an arrangement was secretly made with one Lefevre that he should have a certain number of bonds to dispose of at his convenience, for which he was to account to the trustees at the rate of 75*l.*, and at a later date 68*l.* 12*s.* a piece, without reference to any higher price which he might obtain in the market. What he did with the balance is not exactly known; but Mr. Waring, the railway contractor, said he imagined that Lefevre pocketed most of it himself, and probably the whole. Mr. Davids, the trustee, with whom Lefevre reckoned for the bonds, also said that none of the extra money came to him, and that, as far as he knew, Lefevre kept it. It is possible, however, that Lefevre may have had partners in the transaction who may afterwards be identified. It was also suggested by Mr. McKewan, the manager of the London and County Bank, that allotments of bonds were bought back by the contractors or some one on their behalf, and were then treated as fully paid up and placed again on the market. Whatever ground there may be for these conjectures, it appears at least to be established that, while the bonds were selling in the market at one price, Lefevre was getting them from the trustees at a much lower rate, and that those who purchased at the open price suffered accordingly.

The manner in which the business of the loans was conducted was also remarkable in some other respects. Mr. Gutierrez appears to have been a clerk at Liverpool just before he appeared as Honduras Minister in London. Mr. Davids, one of the trustees of the loan of 1867, was a clerk in the office of Messrs. Bischoffsheim, who were connected with the loan; and Mr. Barnes, his co-trustee, was a clerk of Messrs. Waring, the contractors for the railway. Mr. Barnes died soon after his appointment, and Mr. Davids was then the only trustee, and held meetings by himself, passed minutes, signed cheques, and did whatever he thought proper, including the appropriation, in addition to his own salary, of what was due to his deceased colleague. He was decorated by Mr. Gutierrez with the cross of the Order of the Rose of Honduras, but he modestly said "he did not know what for." It may be thought, however, that it was an appropriate distinction which he had fairly earned. Perhaps the most singular person who is mixed up in this affair, and who has well deserved, not only a cross, but a grand cross, is Captain Bedford Pim. He was formally appointed to "act, and represent the Government of Honduras in all financial matters in Europe," but he assured the Committee that the word "financial" was put in by mistake. It is obvious, however, that its omission would have only rendered his authority still more comprehensive. What indeed Captain Pim seems, from his own account, to have chiefly "acted and represented" was the character, so well known on the stage, of the simple-minded British tar, full of pluck and gallantry but innocent as a baby in regard to all worldly matters. It happens, oddly enough, that the Captain is both a naval officer and a barrister, but it was in the former capacity that he appeared before the Committee, and one can almost fancy his pathetic evidence being emphasized by an occasional twitch of the belly-band or perhaps even a touch of hornpipe. What, he asked, could "an old sailor" be expected to understand about loans and financial matters? It was true that he was specially designated "financial agent" in the deed of appointment, and had received some 4,000*l.* for a year's service in that capacity; but for all that he knew nothing of finance, and had nothing to do with such things. It was true also that he had gone to Paris to issue a loan, but "he did not think that a financial operation." He had further written to the President of Honduras describing himself as having been employed for months in raising money for the State; but was that finance? His own account of his employment was that he had "to push the railway," and "to see the bondholders and allay their apprehensions"; and it must be admitted that he was, in one sense, admirably fitted for the task. He knew nothing of the loans, he said, and did not inquire, which, under the circumstances, was perhaps a prudent reserve. Moreover, he had never been in Honduras at all, and "his experience of it was nil," and as usual "he did not inquire." It would seem, therefore, that a carefully preserved ignorance was this artless seaman's chief qualification for the duty of inspiring confidence in the solvency and integrity of the Government of Honduras and its agents; and it may be conceived that, if he had once allowed himself to ascertain the real state of affairs, it would have been fatal to his efficiency. It is quite consistent with the beautiful traits of such a character that the Captain should also have the most implicit faith in the honesty and straightforwardness of everybody connected with the loan, including the Minister to whom he owed his emoluments. He took all that Mr. Gutierrez told him on trust, and paid out as a trustee whatever that gentleman directed. "It was," he added, "a matter of perfect indifference to him how Honduras paid her debts." He was aware that part of the loan of 1870 had been used to pay the interest on that of 1867; yet he admits that he assured the bondholders that "all the loan had been raised for the sole purpose of building the Inter-Oceanic Railway." Captain Pim also threw some light on the expedients by which the loans were kept floating in the market. "The sum of 721,397*l.* was spent," he said, "in commissions on the loans, and in maintaining the credit of Government"; and he explained that the latter phrase meant "buying the bonds in the market." It may possibly be thought that Captain Pim's ingenuous simplicity is a sufficient explanation of any eccentricities on his part, but his own admissions are certainly compromising. He told the Committee that "no man had less real information as to the loans than he had"; yet he did not hesitate to accept payment for "allaying the apprehensions of the bondholders."

The most important part of the evidence taken by the Committee of the House of Commons was that relating to the rules and practice of the Stock Exchange, as authoritatively expounded by Mr. de Zoete, the Chairman of that body. It is admitted that a settlement on the Stock Exchange, followed as it is by a quotation in the List, is regarded as of great value. The conditions on which it is granted are determined by a Committee consisting of thirty members, many of whom are themselves dealers in foreign loans, and some of whom may happen to be brokers for the very persons who are bringing out the loans. Mr. de Zoete thinks that any brokers who were interested in this way in a speculation would refrain from taking part in a decision upon it; but it does not appear that there is any check upon them in this respect, and it may be assumed that they are not indifferent to the common interests of their trade. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the practice of the Stock Exchange is regulated solely with a view to the convenience of members of that body. They are naturally anxious that as much business should pass through their hands as possible, and hence they are reluctant to impose any conditions which might have the effect of keeping back projects that, in one way or another, yield them a profit. A settlement is usually granted on the application of a broker representing the contractors, who receives, according to Mr. de Zoete, from fifty to a hundred guineas, but, as we believe, often much more, for the use of his name. This application is backed up by other brokers who want to have bargains settled. The Chairman stated that in the case of a loan a settling day would be refused if the power of the agent to raise the loan were not clear; but no account is taken of the reasonableness or otherwise of the amount of the loan, or of the dates when the instalments are to be paid, or whether the interest is high or low; nor is any inquiry made as to the *bona fides* of the allotment, or as to how much of the money is subscribed by the contractor, and how much taken up by others. It is assumed that contractors are necessarily men of "very high and honourable position," and that their representations ought to be taken as a matter of course; and Mr. de Zoete added significantly that the Committee of the Stock Exchange also thought that, if difficulties or restrictions were thrown in the way of loan contractors, loans would be brought out in Paris or elsewhere where restrictions did not exist. This means, in other words, that the great object is to wink at equivocal transactions as much as possible for the sake of encouraging business. The system of the Stock Exchange was very clearly described by the Chairman in the remark that "they had not found fraud in regard to loans, but they had not looked out for it." They begin by taking it for granted that everything is right, make no inquiries of their own, and, in short, scrupulously avoid discovering anything which is not too loud and scandalous to be ignored. Various questions were put to Mr. de Zoete in order to ascertain at what point the Committee would interfere. Suppose, he was asked, one broker were autho-

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rized by the contractors to sell at 1¾ premium, and another to buy at the same, and these transactions were published as genuine active dealings, would that be considered a healthy state of things? and he replied that he could not say that it was. Yet it is notorious that such things are done every day on the Exchange, and that the creation of artificial and illusory prices is systematically practised by means of "pocket orders," of which Mr. de Zoete affects not to know the precise meaning. He was also asked what the Committee would do if they knew that there was an agreement that the contractors were to take back nineteen-twentieths and then sell it at twelve per cent. less than the issue price to a person who would then sell it at a premium, possibly through members of the Stock Exchange; and Mr. de Zoete's answer was that he could hardly imagine such a case, but that "possibly"—only possibly—"they would not grant a settlement." This too is quite a common practice, and in fact is pretty much what is charged against the contractors of the Honduras Loan, and nobody can for a moment doubt that it is not an honest way of doing business. We agree with Mr. de Zoete that it is not exactly misrepresentation in the ordinary sense for a State whose whole revenue is 100,000*l.* to borrow five or six millions; but it is a misrepresentation to publish that the bonds of such a loan are at a premium when in point of fact they are being privately sold for very much less. And this is a form of deceit to which the Stock Exchange practically lends itself, and which could not be carried on without its co-operation.

It is curious how all kinds of roguery tend very much to assume a common form, with modifications of detail. At bottom, the system described by Mr. de Zoete is pretty much the same as that of humble thimble-rigging. The party of players in each case is made up of a sharper and one or more bonnets. It is the rogue who dodges the pea, while the honest, respectable-looking accomplices stand by and induce the dupes to come in and be victimized. If rotten loans and bubble Companies were left in the hands of the sort of people with whom they usually originate, they would never have a chance. What helps them is the countenance of persons of character, and this is the service which the Stock Exchange unblushingly renders. Nothing can be more certain than that the capitalists who support these enterprises would never have anything to do with them if they thought that they were really risking their own money. The game is to put the speculation on such a footing that the silly world outside, which knows nothing of rigs and pocket orders, shall be deluded into buying stock from the people who have got it at a low figure. When the bubble bursts the respectable confederates have secured their premiums, and the deluded public is left to make the best of the ruinous obligations which it has foolishly incurred. It may be quite true that the dupes are not entitled to special sympathy or protection, and yet it does not follow that this sort of business is suitable to honest and honourable men. Any one who is acquainted with the way in which a particular kind of business is done in the City must see that the great object is to provide the means of enabling people of respectable standing to dabble safely in schemes of doubtful honesty. There is scarcely any sort of roguery into which a certain class of capitalists will not go, if they only think they are assured of a screen and a scapegoat. And this is undoubtedly a very sad state of things, of which the system of the Stock Exchange is not so much the cause as the reflection, though its powerful example undoubtedly spreads the evil. It is argued on its behalf that it is impossible for it to prevent frauds, inasmuch as any restrictions which it imposed would be certain to be evaded; but at present it is clear that it not only does not make any attempt, as Mr. de Zoete admits, to seek out fraud, but in reality takes care to keep its eyes shut as closely as possible. If, however, it is agreed that it is hopeless for the Committee of the Stock Exchange to exercise with efficiency the quasi-judicial functions which it has gradually assumed, it becomes an obvious and important question why the Stock Exchange should be allowed to maintain the privileges which have been mistakenly supposed to be bestowed on it for the protection of the public. We can hardly suppose that Mr. de Zoete altogether appreciated the logical consequences of his extremely candid but dangerous avowal. It may be true that, even if the Stock Exchange were in earnest, it would find it difficult to restrain dishonest speculations; but there can be no doubt that it might at least do much more in this direction than it does at present.

GARIBALDI AND THE TIBER.

GARIBALDI has betaken himself with characteristic energy to the national work for which he has volunteered, and his arrival at Rome which was expected with so much uneasiness seems not unlikely to be fruitful of public benefits. It is a triple task that he has undertaken to carry out—the embankment or canalization of the Tiber in the vicinity of Rome, so as to relieve the city from inundations; the improvement of the navigation from the city to the sea, with the construction of a port that shall be a harbour of refuge; and lastly, the purification of the pestilential Agro Romano. We should hesitate to predict that the achievement of all three feats is reserved for the old hero, even were his life in its vigour instead of its decline; and the reclamation of the Campagna offers physical difficulties which any conceivable expenditure may perhaps be powerless to overcome. Still it is possible that something considerable may be effected even in that direction, and if anything is to be done at all, Garibaldi is probably the man to get it done. Whatever may be his capacity for deciding between the competing schemes of rival engineers, he has succeeded in giving the popular impulse which must be the indispensable preliminary condition of even imperfect success. And it would seem that the country and the Chamber have tacitly conceded him *carte blanche* to manage the business in his own way; while even the sorely embarrassed Minister of Finance considers his proposals without protesting against his estimates. The first two branches of the undertaking are apparently in a fair way of being executed. As regards the question of the navigation, experts, English and Italian, have been surveying and taking soundings. Garibaldi's original idea was to begin his new harbour works close to the ancient Ostia, though somewhat to the south of it, but examination speedily showed that this idea was impracticable. Ostia was never much of a port, even when the mouths of the Tiber flowed in deeper channels, and when the fleets of the Mediterranean were of far less tonnage, than at present. Since then the Tiber has been choked, the coast-line has been changing, and the shore silting up. But some miles to the north of the mouth it was found that the spot which had been preferred by the engineers of the great Roman Emperors still retained the advantages that had recommended it to them. At Fiumicino there are about six fathoms of water close inshore, so Fiumicino is to see the revival of its ancient glories, with the modern addition of a sweeping crescent of breakwater. The short canal that connects Fiumicino with the Tiber is to be widened so as to admit the sea; while a few miles of railway will unite it with the present Civita Vecchia line at Ponte Galera, of malarious notoriety. There can be no doubt that bringing commerce once more to the gates of Rome will do much for the prosperity of the Eternal City, whatever may be the effect on Leghorn and Naples; and even should the new works fail to pay directly, they must still bring great indirect gain to the nation. As to the plans for regulating the river where it flows through the city, or immediately above it, they are in embryo, or not yet decided upon. There is a daring suggestion for diverting the Tiber altogether, which we fancy must be summarily set aside for reasons financial and sentimental. It is more probable that the projectors will begin by straightening the lower course of the river where it winds as the Forth does in the Carse of Sterling. It is clear that cutting channels through a succession of narrow necks, and removing impediments of ruined masonry, must promote the rush of superabundant water from above, and tend to free the city from the back eddies that swamp its low-lying quarters in the spring; while, by letting the water below run off more quickly, something may be done to improve the health of some of the worst of the plague-stricken neighbourhoods. Yet when the new harbour has been made, and Rome has been relieved in some measure from inundations, the Romans will still find themselves confronted by the most necessary and formidable task of all.

Every one who is interested in the matter is familiar enough with the present condition of Rome and the Campagna. Every sanitary reason was against pitching on the venerable city for a modern capital. But sentimental considerations asserted their supremacy, and Northern statesmen felt themselves constrained to succumb to the irresistible influence of time-honoured associations. We know that they yielded with much reluctance. It was all very well for Italians in the provinces to insist on their King, his Ministers, and the deputies settling in the Session among the ruins on the Seven Hills. But it was no light sacrifice that was demanded of duty or ambition. It has been the very charm of Rome to its visitors that they were reminded at each step that they were treading in a graveyard, and breathing the air of mouldering cloisters. *Débris* had gathered deeply in each depression of the ground; the columns of ancient temples had disappeared almost to their capitals. The slopes of the hills would have seemed like so many stone or slate quarries had it not been for the venerable mortar adhering everywhere to the fragments. Whenever the soil was stirred volumes of noxious gases were disengaged. It was difficult to drive drains through crumbling foundations of this kind, so that drainage was very generally neglected. The close masses of houses and the pavements of the streets shut in the latent miasma. The healthiest parts of the town were those that were most thickly inhabited, and the dense population of the grimy Ghetto or Jewish quarter enjoyed a comparative immunity from sickness. The least encumbered spaces were the most dangerous to tamper with. When Rome was transferred from the Pontiff to the King, there was a great influx of working-men from the North, and temporary accommodation had to be found for them somehow. The artisans who came to do the rebuilding ran up hovels on the Aventine and elsewhere, and they and their families suffered forthwith from an excessive mortality. Not that the deputies, who looked out for more fashionable habitations, were much better off. Probably in their own provincial towns they had been used to no great luxury of cleanliness, yet they changed greatly for the worse when they took high-rented apartments in the Eternal City. The Roman citizens, from the princes and Church dignitaries downwards, had gone through a certain process of acclimatization. The very castles and country villas where the wealthier aristocracy passed the *villeggiatura* were often built in pestilential woodlands. The new comers enjoyed no such advantages. They suffered from indifferent sewerage, close apartments, uncleansed streets, and filthy staircases. The atmosphere they breathed was depressing, and predisposed them to illness. Raw

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and damp in the winter, it was oppressively hot in summer. The Tiber, too, when it came down in flood, regularly overflowed its banks, laying the great street of the Ripetta under water, besides filling the cellarage of whole quarters with melted snow and clay in solution. Anywhere else the sufferers might have hoped to find fresh air on the heights or beyond the walls. And nothing can be more delightful than the immediate environs of Rome; nowhere are there parks or gardens more beautiful than those of the Borghese or Doria Pamphila Villas. But going to these in the summer evenings is only exchanging the frying-pan for the fire. Those delightful residences, with their airy situations and magnificent views, are abandoned altogether by their owners to superannuated care-takers or sickly gardeners. You may see the deadly grey vapours rising from the lawns, and stealing out from the scented shrubberies, if you are imprudent enough to linger to watch the sunset on the Alban Hills. Nor is there health or safety in going further afield. Rome and its suburban gardens are wholesome compared to the picturesque wastes of the surrounding Campagna. Beyond the walls the malaria has everything its own way. It is certain fever for a stranger to be belated beyond the gates, and to all intents and purposes the Campagna is a most effectual barrier between Rome and the surrounding country which nature locks nightly at sunset. In the unhealthy season every one who can so arrange it has taken his departure for the neighbouring hills. If you are tied to the city and have been visiting a friend in the country, you must under pain of death time your return for a certain very early hour. It seems out of the question that the inhabitants of the capital of a growing kingdom can go on and flourish under such conditions. Either familiarity with death and fever will breed a rash disregard of them, and then valuable lives will be sacrificed and useful health impaired, or else Italians will be forced to the conclusion that, having once taken formal possession of their country by the solemn occupation of its ancient capital, their wisest policy will be to abandon it for ever, and secede to some Ravenna in the provinces.

As yet neither Italians nor Romans care to look this alternative seriously in the face. We are glad to see that they have some reason to congratulate themselves on the latest sanitary statistics, which show that the death-rate in Rome is relatively lower than might have been expected, although we suspect that these returns are in some degree illusory. Most of the well-to-do residents get out of the city in the unhealthy season, and a good many people stricken with malaria seek change of air, and die elsewhere. Still we see no reason why Rome itself should not be made much more healthy than it is, although at a considerable preliminary expenditure of life. It may be possible to construct a thorough system of subterranean drainage, although any wholesale disturbance of the soil must be most perilous. Sanitary regulations may be laid down and enforced; lanes may be straightened and streets widened; the Tiber may be brought within natural bounds, and its superfluous waters stored for washing the people. But even if Rome should be rebuilt and purified, there remains the vast extent of the Campagna. Probably no city in the world of similar size and pretensions is encircled by such an extent of insalubrious country. And the worst of it is that there is no use in nibbling at the edges of that plague-stricken wilderness with partial and tentative improvements. The most stupendous system of drainage works can do very little for its dead level. The evil mainly lies in the nature of its chalky subsoil, which holds the water everywhere in stagnation, promoting corruption and decay. Each valley, depression, and patch of copsewood or undergrowth is a centre whence contagion radiates. If individual efforts had been able to do anything considerable, the work of reclamation would have begun long ago. Prince Tortonia, for instance, who is now going heart and hand with Garibaldi, is equally rich and enterprising. He has drained lakes elsewhere on his own account and reaped rich harvests. But, although he has purchased great estates in the hilly districts of the Campagna, he has felt it to be idle to attempt to reclaim his newly acquired properties. Of course the condition of the Agro Romano has engaged the attention of the new Government, and we have formerly taken occasion to advert to their last Report, which was very far indeed from encouraging. One thing it makes clear—that, if anything profitable is to be accomplished, it can only be effected by an extraordinary expenditure of funds and a great and sustained national effort. It is just one of those magnificent schemes which are most likely to be helped by enthusiasts, and Garibaldi may undertake it with unexpected chances in his favour, now that he appears to have forgotten old political animosities and to be tempering zeal with praiseworthy discretion.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

MR. JUSTICE DENMAN, who the other day sentenced a man to a year's imprisonment for what he called a gross contempt of court, has admitted that he did so under a misapprehension, and it appears that the man is to be released. Under these circumstances it may perhaps be thought that, as the error has been acknowledged and corrected, there is no need to say anything more about it. The case, however, presents so conspicuous an example of the abuse of what, within reasonable limits, may be a useful and necessary authority, and illustrates in such a striking manner the dangers of the present system, that it ought not to be lost sight of, especially as the question of the legal power of the Judges in this respect is to be discussed in the House of Commons. Two men, Craddock, an elderly man, and Kent, a young one, were indicted for uttering base coin. Craddock had two previous convictions against him, but the jury, though they saw reason for suspicion, did not think there was evidence enough to convict him, and he was accordingly acquitted. It is evident that the Judge had formed a strong conviction of Craddock's guilt, apparently founded chiefly on his disreputable antecedents, and did not conceal his dissatisfaction that the man had been let off. The following dialogue ensued between the Judge and the prisoner:—

The Judge (to the prisoner). You are a very bad old man. You have been twice previously convicted, and if you had been found guilty of this offence, I should have sentenced you to a long term of penal servitude.

Prisoner. Believe me, my Lord, upon my honour, on this occasion I am not so black as I am painted.

The Judge. I do not think enough of your honour to accept that statement, with two previous convictions against you for the same offence.

Prisoner. I was earning 2*l.* 10*s.* a week at the time I was taken.

His Lordship. Try to get your living more honestly than by passing bad coin; you have had a narrow escape.

Craddock then left the court.

It can hardly be doubted that this was an unseemly altercation, and that the Judge had no right to assume the man's guilt, as he did, in the teeth of the verdict of the jury. There is all the difference in the world between moral conviction and conclusive legal evidence; and a Judge is the last person who should neglect the distinction. Kent, Craddock's companion, had, by the advice of his counsel, pleaded guilty, and when he stood up for sentence, the Governor of the gaol gave him a good character. Here again the Judge broke out against Craddock:—

His Lordship (to the Governor). Have you reason to believe that this young fellow has been tempted by the old scoundrel?

The Governor. Certainly, my Lord, I think he has been led astray.

At this point the Judge recollected that he had seen Craddock say something to his companion in the dock, and questioned the Governor, who stated that Craddock had whispered to Kent, "I will give it to you for splitting on me." After this, the Judge ordered Craddock to be brought back, and sentenced him to a year's imprisonment for contempt of court. The question of course arises in what this contempt of court consisted. At the time, Mr. Justice Denman appears to have imagined that Craddock spoke to Kent just when the jury were being sworn to try his own case, and that he meant to intimidate Kent. He has since, however, discovered that it was not until the jury retired to consider their verdict that Craddock addressed his companion, and hence "the contempt of court was not such as he thought it was." On the later version of the affair, which must be supposed to be the true one, it would certainly be impossible to show how anything that could be called contempt of court could have arisen. The intimidation of a witness might indeed be treated as contempt, but in this instance the person threatened had not given evidence, and had ceased to have an opportunity of doing so.

It may be admitted that, if Craddock had really attempted to intimidate Kent from giving evidence, he would have laid himself open to punishment, and that a year's imprisonment would not have been at all too severe. It is indispensable that Judges should have the power of compelling witnesses to give evidence, and of punishing those who attempt to obstruct the free course of judicial inquiry. But what happened in this instance, and what is very apt to happen in all cases of hasty action in the heat of the moment, is that a man was erroneously assumed to have committed an offence which he did not commit. It would seem that the Judge, disapproving of Craddock's acquittal, took the opportunity furnished by the supposed contempt of court for doing what he considered substantial justice. The Governor's casual remark that Kent had been led astray was not evidence that could be received, and when he was put in the box an important point was lost sight of—namely, the time at which Craddock turned to speak to his fellow-prisoner. Assuming that the Judge's impression of the incident had been correct, he would have been justified in dealing sharply with the offender; but it was because he used his power of dealing summarily with the case that he committed what he has since confessed to be a serious error. It requires only a moment's reflection to see that, if it is deemed essential that a verdict should be given by a jury on the question whether a man has been passing false money, it is at least equally essential that a Judge should not be left entirely to himself in deciding whether a prisoner has committed contempt of court. Indeed there is a still stronger reason in such a case for the intervention of a jury, inasmuch as the Judge is dealing with a matter in which he is himself personally concerned, and where his indignation is very likely to mislead his judgment.

There are thus two questions to be considered—whether certain things should be punishable as contempt of court, and next, whether a Judge should, as a matter of course, have the power to punish as contempt whatever he may consider to be such. On the first question there will probably be very little difference of opinion. It is indispensable to the efficient administration of the law that a Judge should be provided with the means of maintaining order in court, compelling the appearance of witnesses, and enforcing such commands as may be necessary for the purposes of justice. Whether this should be left, however, as at present, absolutely to the discretion of the Judges themselves, without any indication of the limits within which they are at liberty to exercise summary authority, may reasonably be doubted. We must confess that, for our own part, we have much sympathy with the efforts which have been occasionally made, and particularly in the Tichborne case, to prevent

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the loose popular discussion of questions which have been taken before a tribunal acting on strict rules of evidence, and provided with special means of ascertaining the truth. It is easy to say that Judges and jurymen ought to keep their ears closed against the din from outside, and not allow themselves to be affected by it; but the experience of other countries, if not of our own, certainly seems to suggest that it is prudent to protect the courts as far as possible from the intrusion of influences of a disturbing character. At the same time there are instances in which there has been a pedantic straining of a useful rule; and it would be well, in the interest of the Judges themselves, that they should be relieved from any appearance of personal absolutism.

And this brings us to the second question, as to the best means of dealing with persons charged with contempt of court, which is the more important of the two. The first consideration which suggests itself on this point is that, as everybody will allow, a man is always a bad judge in a case in which his own feelings or passions are likely to be involved. Even if he is able to restrain his personal prejudices or prepossessions, he does not get credit for it, and there is always a tendency to suspect the impartiality of his decisions. It is true that in endeavouring to maintain the dignity and decorum of their courts, and in enforcing submission to such orders as they deem necessary to issue, the Judges are acting, not for their own private interest, but for the good of the public; but at the same time they are exposed to personal influences which may possibly lead them astray. There is moreover another ground on which objection may be taken to the present system; and that is the inconsistency of dispensing in the case of an alleged contempt with the ordinary precautions of a trial before a superior court. In the instance to which we have already referred, Craddock had just as much right to all the securities for a careful and impartial trial when brought back on a charge of contempt of court as when he was originally placed in the dock on an indictment for passing bad money. In the one case he had the help of counsel, while the Judge had the assistance of the jury. In the other, he was surprised on the instant by an accusation of which he had had no notice, and had no one to advise him, and no opportunity of calling witnesses. Yet the one question was in every way just as serious as the other, and as much entitled to calm and patient investigation. The truth is—and it is a truth which is perhaps not sufficiently remembered, Judges themselves occasionally forgetting it—that the grave persons on the bench, august and solemn as they look, are after all only men like the people about them, and subject to like impulses, and even, if we may be permitted to say it without contempt of court, like passions, with the rest of us. In London the dignity of justice is usually pretty well combined with the common sense of men of the world. The Judges are surrounded by people who have known them all their lives, who are well aware that they have not undergone any supernatural transformation since they were at the Bar, and who are in the habit of calling them when out of court by names which identify them with the ordinary race of mortals. But there is some reason to fear that on circuit the javelin men and the trumpeters have a good deal to answer for, and that even the most sedate of Judges is apt at times to feel as if he had just come from the clouds. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that Judges do not require, like other creatures of clay, to be protected against the weaknesses of humanity. As a rule English Judges usually do their work very well, with scrupulous conscientiousness and virile intelligence; but all Judges are not exactly of the same stamp, nor always in the same mood, and it is for their own interest as well as for the interest of the community that too wide a margin should not be allowed for exceptional impulses. On every ground it is desirable that the power of inflicting punishment for contempt should be regulated on precise and settled principles, and it is to be hoped that the House of Commons will not shrink from the responsibility of dealing with the subject. It is enough that a Judge should have power to order a person into custody, without proceeding to try and sentence him on the instant.

SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

THE Dudley Gallery deserves our first notice; it claims sympathy as an exhibition conducted by and in the interests of artists; and it thus takes an artistic position superior to the commercial Galleries managed by dealers. One criterion by which the trading character of exhibitions may be tested is the removal or the non-removal from the walls of pictures when sold. If a work is handed to a purchaser on the payment of his money, the transaction is equivalent to the passing to a customer of goods across a shop counter. The Dudley Gallery has done well to resist the temptation of immediate money returns; like the Royal Academy, its collection and catalogue do not change during the progress of the exhibition either for better or for worse. And the management, whatever may be its partialities or infirmities, inspires such confidence that the Committee usually receive about three times as many contributions as they can find room for; thus the number of pictures this year sent in was over seventeen hundred, of which, though the walls are crowded to excess, it was only possible to hang six hundred. We have, indeed, heard it complained that the selection made is not above suspicion of favouritism; friends, it is said, are welcomed with open arms, while strangers receive the cold shoulder. It is supposed that an artist when once within the charmed circle obtains ready admission for four or even five contributions, while the unknown aspirant finds his single hope consigned to the care of the porter at the door. This, however, is perhaps so much the way of the world as scarcely to be worth mention.

The Dudley Gallery once more gives signs of that good, steady work which becomes more and more the habit among young and rising men; absolute genius is unfortunately not a plentiful product of the present period, but patient and painstaking study of nature comes as not a bad substitute. In this Gallery the landscapes, as a rule, are, as might be expected, superior to the figure pictures. "A Winter Sunset on the Tiber" (20), by Mr. Aston, is as true as it is poetic; not a breath of air ruffles the tranquil waters, or agitates the wintry trees; the purple horizon, clad with stone pines and crowned by the dome of St. Peter's, rises solemnly against the golden sky of sunset. This often repeated scene never wearies the spectator. The prose of landscape-painting is favourably represented by close studies of a "Deserted Heath" (108), by Mr. Hanhart; of the "Castle Bridge" (296), by Mr. Frank Walton; of "Cheyne Walk" (330), by Mr. Arthur Severn; and of "Hampstead" (242), by Mr. Walter Field. And nothing could be more truthful than Mr. Henry Moore's transcript of a windy, rainy sky in "Cardigan Bay" (38). Mr. Hamilton Macallum produces, as we are taught to expect, an almost too brilliant drawing, "Wind off Shore" (249); he pitches his colours in a high key; clever, even to excess, he oversteps with bold bound the modesty of nature. Professor Poynter of London might almost be mistaken for a professor in the Celestial Empire of China, so near are his bird's-eye views to the famous willow pattern plate. He has with most praiseworthy persistency mapped out a "Farm near Hartlebury Common" (279). One thing strikes us very favourably; Mr. Poynter, though a professed teacher, preserves the mental attitude of a student; he goes to nature with perfect simplicity of mind; he does not force up his materials into an artificial picture, but is content to jot down facts just as he finds them.

The figure compositions in the Dudley are, as we have said, inferior to the landscapes. We fail to see any art in so trite a theme and so common a model as that of the young person whom Mr. Arthur Hill makes exclaim "He loves me—he loves me not" (72). Kindred in motive is "The Course of True Love never did Run Smooth" (51), as interpreted, not without care, in the drawing by Mr. John Scott. Commendable also is Mr. Earle's "Silk-winding on the Lake of Como" (59). But we gladly welcome drawings distinguished by more deliberate and delicate art treatment, such as the graceful figure by Miss Constance Phillott; and a head by Miss Edith Martineau, answering to the line "There is a garden in her face" (542), is likewise well deserving of notice. To a still higher range belongs "St. Sebastian" (559), by Miss Helen Thornycroft; the firm will which conquers agony is here expressed studiously, after the manner of the old masters. The great want in the English school is such generic treatment of the individual model.

The Dudley Gallery abounds in nondescripts and *genre* generally; the number of ready experts who are able to turn their hands to anything is marvellously on the increase. Clever, yet eccentric, are the vultures placed by Mr. Heywood Hardy on a high promontory overlooking a battle-field. These fiend-like birds are seeking whom they may devour. Hungry, with stealthy eye and a beak keen as a sword, they scent the blood of the battle-field from afar. The literal truth, the individual character of these bird-portraits, have more worth than the fancy and sentimental animal paintings which Mr. Briton Riviere has from time to time exhibited in the Academy. Also of exceptional merit is a sketchy, free, yet firm-handed drawing, "Cattle and Landscape, Normandy" (101), by Mr. Mark Fisher. The style is, as the locality, foreign; next in the Catalogue comes "Sheep Asleep" (102), by Mr. Bottomley, thoroughly English, and accordingly over-neat and trim. Foreign artists affect negligence in what may be termed the "toilet of animals"; our native painters, on the other hand, never introduce even a sheep into polite society till it has been washed, curled, and trimmed. We must not forget to mention Mr. Dillon's most conscientious transcript of "The Harem of a Wealthy Arab, Cairo" (272). Sundry studies of flowers by Miss Helen Coleman are also of great excellence.

A set of artists who have been aptly dubbed "the Peculiar People" always make themselves prominent in the Dudley Gallery. We congratulate Mr. Edward Clifford on his escape from high art. The portrait of "The Earl of Tankerville" (175) is much to be preferred to a certain archaic nude of a former year. Indeed we have seldom met with a likeness more refined in sentiment or delicate in the line of profile than that of "Lady Ida Bennett" (189). The child portraits and nursery pictures of Mr. J. C. Moore are also much out of the common. "The Marquis of Downshire" (289) appears as a boy with a hoop. The artist always seeks to animate his sitters with a motive. The backgrounds are also well considered as to accessory design and colour. Assuredly portraiture is finding year by year new developments. Amongst the most peculiar of "Peculiar People" is Mr. Walter Crane. The mannerism with which this hopeful artist started becomes more and more mannered. We have had the pleasure of appreciating his poetic conceptions, but after all a picture cannot be regarded exclusively as a thought. Mr. Crane has a colour systematically crude; he also has a habit, as in "Earth and Spring" (456), of throwing an antique statue bodily on the ground immobile as marble. We are called upon to witness the life-giving presence of "Spring," but it is only too obvious that life has been extinct

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for many centuries. Mr. Jopling errs in a directly opposite direction. "Sophia Western" (414) is "loud" in the worst sense of the word.

Little or nothing need be said of "The Society of Lady Artists." It may seem a singular, yet it is not an inexplicable, fact that lady artists never care to be at their best except when they come into immediate competition with the opposite sex. Female artistic talent, every year proving itself more sensitive, sympathetic, and beauty-seeking, stands systematically aloof from female management. We do not presume to explain even the pictorial mysteries which seem to inhere to "the rights of women." Drawings and paintings by Mr. Elijah Walton, again on view, are so much after the well-known manner of the master as not to call for distinctive notice. "The New British Institution" opens the Eleventh Spring Exhibition. It again happens to be less "British" than foreign. And we notice on the picture frames, as a novelty in London exhibitions, the word "replaced"; the attendant kindly explains that the works when sold are removed and "replaced"; the purpose, he says, is to sell.

Sixteen landscapes by the octogenarian Mr. John Linnell make an interesting and suggestive rather than an exhaustive and satisfying exhibition. This venerable artist was born in 1792, and as early as 1807 he exhibited in the Royal Academy; his instructors were Benjamin West, from whom he may be supposed to have learnt "the figure," and John Varley, who doubtless prompted him to landscape. He was first known as a portrait-painter, but by future generations he will be remembered as the Titian or the Rubens of English landscape-painting—"English" always, and emphatically. He has lived to see the rise and the fall not of individual artists only, but of schools; "historic" and "heroic" landscape was an idolatry in his youth, "Præ-Raffaellitism" has been an infatuation and a foible in the years of his prime. When this exceptional career comes to be recorded in a biography, it will be found to have been marked by singular independence; even in the fragmentary collection before us we read unmistakably the character of the artist and his art. In such landscapes as "The Barley Harvest" (date 1874), "The Woodcutters," and "A Storm in Harvest," severally seen in the Royal Academy and in the International Exhibition of last year, we distinguish the large and comprehensive manner of the older masters of landscape—a manner which finds a total reversal in the minute naturalistic studies of Mr. Poynter, already noticed in the Dudley Gallery. Mr. Linnell has never cared to define outlines sharply, to carve hills sculpturesquely, to count leaves on a tree, or to number the blades of grass in the foreground; and yet in a vague indicative way, somewhat after the manner of David Cox, he suggests the infinity of nature. Nevertheless his execution in these and other examples verges on mannerism; it is monotonous; one unvaried touch serves for trees, rocks, and foreground alike. In short, Mr. Linnell, though a "naturalist," belongs to a "præscientific" period; even his famous skies, true in the general, are false in the particular; the clouds lack drawing and perspective; one has only to compare such chaos in the elements with the careful studies of complex skies by Mr. Henry Moore in the Dudley Gallery. Yet long-cherished respect for Mr. Linnell leads to the hope that the present exhibition may be followed by a collection more fully representative of an earnest artistic life.

"The Linnell Forgeries," as they are called, have doubtless provoked this exhibition of genuine works. The facts with regard to this subject, if we may believe current report, assume a serious aspect, as indeed may be inferred from certain public advertisements. It is said that in London there are manufactories where the works of Mr. Linnell and other leading painters, within and without the Academy, are systematically counterfeited. It is further alleged that in this trade the best available talent is employed, and that, in order to perfect the forgeries, several artists are sometimes engaged on the same replica—one for landscape and another for figures. Also it is asserted that there are middle men, capitalists, with well-organized business arrangements, whose office it is to float these products in London and the country. If these allegations are well founded, we need not be surprised to hear it added that America comes in for generous consignments. The purchasing public, it would appear, are not so much to be pitied as might be supposed; buying at least thirty per cent. under market price, they rejoice to the very last in the belief that they have got a good bargain. Indeed so skilfully are these forgeries said to be executed that Mr. Linnell himself on a certain occasion pronounced as genuine a counterfeit from one of his pictures. But we abstain from saying more on the subject until the allegations in question are either authenticated or contradicted.

THE THEATRES.

THE surprising and inexplicable success of some theatrical speculations encourages others which terminate disastrously. We might think, after witnessing the grand spectacular drama *Round the World in Eighty Days*, that a public who could stand that could stand anything. Nevertheless this play seems to be succeeding, and the managers of the Princess's Theatre have apparently judged wisely in avoiding any demand upon the intellectual faculty of their audience. There is a view of the Rocky Mountains peopled with Pawnees, and a view of the Eccentric Club peopled with its members, and we should make a highly favourable assumption if we supposed that the one set of actors are as much like savages as the other set of actors are like gentlemen. If we compared this play with the "great Parisian success" from which it is derived, we should probably observe in the French play a marked superiority in this respect, that on the French stage the members of the Club would look like gentlemen, whereas on the English stage they look like the third-rate actors which they really are. This, however, only applies to the first scene and the last, and when we get away from London we cannot, without going round the world ourselves, know whether the things and persons represented are at all like reality. It may be thought, however, that Miss Helen Barry in a costume by a particular artist mentioned in the playbill is as unlike as possible to the widow of an Indian Rajah recently delivered by English and American manhood from death by fire. But we are aware that this is a trifle. The important question is whether the lady who has been selected to wear several handsome dresses has a suitable face and figure for the purpose. Indeed it appears that the female characters, or rather figures, are introduced simply to advertise the makers of their clothes. The burden of the piece rests entirely on the men, and we must allow that it was a clever contrivance to make an Englishman and an American fellow-travellers round the world, and to involve them in a series of adventures in which the Yankee plays invariably second fiddle to John Bull. At last the *Alabama* damages are recouped. An American, however, might remind us of the fable of the lion and the man; and perhaps this piece may be produced in New York with a transposition of the parts, and thus the privilege of Yankees to whip all creation may be reasserted. There are, in the early part of the play, three duels, of which two are supposed to be fought with revolvers, and one with knives. The American, having been wounded and disabled three times successively, becomes the admirer and friend of his conqueror, and the two combine their forces during the remainder of the play as champions of beauty in distress, avengers of oppression and cruelty, and utterers of the most stupendous claptrap that ever was heard on any stage. We seem to have got back to the glorious days when the British sailor adorned our theatres not less by his courage and personal grace and activity than by the chivalrous sentiments that were ever on his lips. With exciting adventures and the tallest kind of talk these two travellers proceed through a series of magnificent tableaux. The widow of the deceased Rajah and another "native" lady are so good as to accompany them from India during the remainder of their journey. These ladies wear fashionable dresses, which produce no effect whatever on the minds of Californian savages. It seems hardly worth while to have escaped "the barbarous rite of Suttee" merely to be sacrificed on "the giant slopes of the Rocky Mountains" to the Pawnee idol. But of course the English and American gentlemen are "all there" with their revolvers, and the servant of the former justifies his name of "Ready," while a detachment of United States troops surrounds the savages and fires a volley which lays them all flat upon the floor. We ought to have mentioned an earlier scene in which an incapable locomotive and cranky carriages represent a train of the Pacific Railway, which is attacked by the Pawnees. Afterwards there is a shipwreck within sight of Liverpool, and the cloth representing the sea rises and swells and advances in an imposing manner towards the footlights, while the principal characters are seen clinging to a mast and sinking beneath the waves. But in the next scene, in an hotel in Liverpool, we are happy to find that the ladies' dresses have not suffered by immersion in salt water. If any lady desires to know the names of the makers of this indestructible finery, she had better go to the Princess's Theatre and buy a playbill. Another element of the travelling party is a detective, who seeks a convenient opportunity to arrest the American on a charge of stealing 100,000*l.* from the Bank of England. This detective disguises himself as a negro waiter at San Francisco, and the English servant "Ready" comes slily behind him and wipes off the black from his face with a napkin, remarking that he thought he (the nigger) never performed out of London. This, so far as we remember, is the only joke that this long play contains. There are some dismal attempts at fun by "Ready," who laments at every leisure moment that he left the gas burning at his master's chambers in London; and perhaps we cannot more fairly describe this play than by saying that it is as tedious as a pantomime and longer. We believe that either in France or England credit has been claimed for this play as combining instruction with amusement, and it is difficult to say whether the people who could be instructed by it would be intellectually more or less contemptible than the people who could be amused.

The dramatic version of *Nicholas Nickleby* which has been produced at the Adelphi Theatre has almost an antiquarian interest now that so many years have elapsed since coaches ceased to run from London to York. The admirers of "realism" ought to support this play, for it shows us not only a real coach and horses, but real boys dosed by Mrs. Squeers with real treacle, which we will venture to hope does not contain brimstone. The canings of the boys by Mr. Squeers are, we must allow, unsatisfactory, and Miss Lydia Foote, who performs Smike, is open to the censure, if it be censure, that she wholly fails to disguise the fact that she is not a boy, but a pretty and clever woman. We think that Mr. Halliday, the adapter, might have made a better play out of the abundant materials at his disposal, but the play is strongly cast, and likely to rival in popularity some other recent adaptations of the works of Dickens. Mr. J. Clarke as Squeers is hardly as successful as he was in Quilp, and, comparing that performance with this, we feel some slight disappointment. He seems to know that he has a number of good things to say, and to be intent on saying them effectively, and he does so; but it is not Squeers who is saying them, but Mr. J. Clarke. Mr. Belmore as Newman Noggs and Mr. Emery

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as John Browdie leave nothing to be desired, and it is a pleasure to see a play so well cast throughout as this is. The "get up" of Mr. Fernandez as Ralph Nickleby and that of Mr. Shore as Brooker are excellent, and if there are any shortcomings in the accessories a critical eye would be needed to detect them. We may remark, however, that the stage-coach journey was made in winter, and it is absurd to bring Nicholas to the coach office in a swallow-tailed coat buttoned over a white waistcoat. The boys, too, in their round jackets and trousers, would simply have died of cold, and disappointed Mr. Squeers of twenty pounds per head per annum, paid quarterly in advance. The coach is a cross between a mail and a stage-coach, and the horses are as good as those which have adorned other recent adaptations of novels by Mr. Halliday. The incident of Mr. Squeers stopping to look for a stray boy and being left or nearly left behind has been introduced by the adapter, who, if he thinks he can improve on Dickens, will probably find himself mistaken. Judicious selection with little or no addition would, we think, produce a better play than this.

The opening of the Court Theatre by Mr. Hare is a less important event than might be inferred from the quantity that has been written about it. A palpable imitation of the style of the late Mr. Robertson would be unobjectionable as a "new and original comedy" if it were successful, but it hardly is. The life of *Lady Flora* cannot be long, and when it dies and is buried, some other equally new and original comedy will be ready to take its place. It is almost pathetic to observe this vast metropolis, and in fact the whole country, trying to find amusement at its theatres. The success of *Round the World in Eighty Days* is an eloquent testimony to the dearth of dramatic talent among our writers. Why, we may ask, does not nature or art produce a Trollope of the stage? There is a writer who can go on for ever manipulating the same characters in nearly the same way, yet the worst of his novels is more tolerable to read than an average play is to see. Perhaps, if Robertson had lived, he might have become a sort of dramatic Trollope. He might have produced a succession of plays closely resembling each other, which by careful acting could have been made nearly as interesting as a succession of novels produced by the same hand at the rate of one or two in twelve months. It is difficult to say why, if Robertson would have succeeded, an imitator of Robertson should not succeed. But it can hardly be said that Mr. Coghlan has been distinctly successful at the Court Theatre, although cleverness is shown in some of his dialogue. The incident which occurs in the first act, of the effigy of a monkey clinging to the portly person of a butler, may perhaps excite prejudice against a "new and original comedy" which partakes so strongly of the nature of farce, and we venture to think that this incident might be omitted without causing disappointment. We should be glad to speak in more sanguine terms of the success of this aspirant in dramatic literature, and perhaps, if Mr. Coghlan will avoid imitation as far as possible, he may succeed better. An efficient company does all that can be done for the play, and the new manager of the Court Theatre will be helped by general goodwill in his undertaking.

The drama has suffered a severe loss in the death of Mr. Bateman, manager of the Lyceum Theatre. We might perhaps question the accuracy of some accounts that have been given of the means by which he attained success, but there can be no difference of opinion as to the excellence of the use he made of it. We have an unpleasant recollection of some boastful playbills which used to proclaim the triumph of Mr. Irving in the *Bells*, but for some time past Mr. Bateman neither used nor needed any but perfectly legitimate means to recommend his theatre to public notice. We might compare him to an actor and manager of eminent skill on another stage, who attained success by means less laudable than the use he makes of it. When the life of Mr. Disraeli comes to be written, it will be impossible by dwelling on his successful leadership to obliterate all memory of the steps by which he became leader. We might carry the parallel further by remarking that the death of Mr. Bateman raises a question difficult to answer as to who will succeed him. Of course a new manager of the Lyceum Theatre or of the House of Commons could be found, but where would be the skill and knowledge of histrionic and other business which made management successful? Mr. Bateman served the stage, not only by his own administrative talent, but also by the dramatic talent of his daughters. Besides Miss Bateman so well known in *Leah*, and Miss Isabel Bateman, who has been acting with Mr. Irving, we believe there is a third daughter who acts under another name. The prosperity and popularity of Mr. Bateman and his family in England are a gratifying set-off to the many successes of English actors in America. To a native of Maryland belongs the credit of having really and truly revived Shakspeare in London.

REVIEWS.

DODSLEY'S OLD PLAYS.*

AMONG all the shadows of our old booksellers there is none so pleasant to our thinking as that of Robert Dodsley. Jacob Tonson was a greater publisher, but then he appears to have had no literature beyond his ledger; and, although we must always regard with something more than mere respect the tradesman whom such a body as the Kit Cat Club held in esteem and confidence, we cannot help at the same time thinking of his two left legs, his freckled forehead, and his Judas-coloured hair. On the other hand, Samuel Richardson and Allan Ramsay, and, in later days, William Godwin, were much more eminent as men of letters; but the first two can hardly be called publishers, and the last, although he issued a few little books which are now worth their weight in silver—we may almost say gold—at Messrs. Sotheby's, was of so little mark as a tradesman that his shop was less thought of for the volumes that came out of it than for the impassioned poet who made love to the bookseller's daughter in the queer-shaped drawing-room overhead. But Dodsley was not only a very respectable poet, but might fairly lay claim to be considered accomplished in other branches of letters, while as a publisher he had the singular merit of hitting off the taste, not only of his own generation, but of generations then unborn. His *Annual Register* continues to make its appearance with as much regularity as the new Lord Mayor, and the volume for 1875 is as much of a necessity in every tolerable library as the rest of the long series from 1758, the first year of its publication. In the same way his *Select Collection of Old Plays*, which dates from a still earlier period, has not yet lost the grip which it at once obtained upon the public mind, and as edition after edition has taken its place in the honourable rank of rare and high-priced volumes, it has been succeeded by another preserving the form of the original with such few modifications as increasing intimacy with our ancient literature has rendered necessary.

The original idea of Dodsley was to give the public an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the principal dramatic works which were written by the contemporaries of Shakspeare and his immediate predecessors and successors; and nothing can show the ignorance then prevailing on the subject in a stronger light than the fact that in 1744, the year in which Pope died, the projector was justified in assuming, as the basis of his work, that Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher were the only others of the illustrious group whose writings were within the reach of any but antiquarian readers. On this principle, to which nobody was able to object, the field of selection was wide indeed; and although a few names of note, such as Peele and Greene and Nash and Lodge, escaped Dodsley's research, the use he made of his materials was enlightened and judicious, and far in advance of the age in which he laboured. Five plays of Philip Massinger were included in the series—*The City Madam*, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *The Guardian*, *The Unnatural Combat*, and *The Picture*. A few years earlier this great writer had fallen so utterly into oblivion that Nicholas Rowe had appropriated bodily the plot and characters of his *Fatal Dowry*, and built up a reputation, which still lingers among us, as the creator of a *Gay Lothario* on the "lines" of the far nobler and poetical *Charalois*. But although Goldsmith still continued to describe him as a writer of whom it might safely be taken for granted that most of his readers were ignorant, and that "had he possessed more merit he would have been better known," Dodsley had done all that was needful for his resuscitation; and when the time arrived for a new edition of the "Selections," the great success which had attended the publication of his entire dramatic works justified the editor in omitting the five plays which had now taken their place among the classics of the land. This was in 1780, and in the same manner in 1826, when yet another issue was called for, two additional writers were added to those who were considered to have made good their claim to a separate existence. In this way that fine play of Ford's "which it is painful to read and scarcely decent to name" was lost to the Collection, as were also some of the sprightliest productions of the too prolific muse of James Shirley. But a host of productions from the pens of eminent men still remained, and others were added which the growing taste of the age, fostered by the exquisite criticism of Charles Lamb, had rescued from the limbo of forgotten things. In this way the English gentleman who, to the edition of Shakspeare which pleased him best, or displeased him least, had added Gifford's Jonson, Massinger, Shirley and Ford, and Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe and Webster, as also the Collier "Dodsley" of 1826, might hug himself on possessing a sufficiently complete set of the dramatists of the great age, carefully edited by the persons most competent for the duty. And here, in our opinion, the process of elimination should have ended, and the editor of the "new Dodsley," the coming of which was inevitable, should have contented himself with a searching revision of the text, a considerable increase of the biographical and bibliographical matter, and the addition of a few plays such as *Ralph Roister Doister*, and the *Return from Parnassus*, the whole of which would hardly have taken up more space than the specimens of Marlowe and Webster, the propriety of removing which we are not inclined to dispute. But Mr. Hazlitt, on whom the duty has fallen, is of an altogether different opinion; for not only does he exclude the two great writers we have mentioned, but he has added thirteen others to the list, being every one whose dramatic writings, under whatever form of publication, have been brought together in a collected series. It is as well to set down the names of those who are cut out in this summary process. We give them in the order in which they occur in the old edition:—1. Sackville, 2. Lyly, 3. Marlowe, 4. Greene, 5. Peele, 6. Heywood, 7. Middleton, 8. Marston, 9. Chapman 10. Dekker. 11. Webster, 12. Davenant,

* *A Select Collection of Old English Plays.* Originally published by Robert Dodsley in the year 1744. Fourth Edition, now first Chronologically Arranged, with the Notes of all the Commentators and New Notes by W. Carew Hazlitt. Vols. 1 to 10. London: Reeves & Turner.

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13. Brome, 14. Suckling, and 15. Randolf. It will be admitted that the list is a formidable one, and almost suggests the question whether much that is worth having can be left behind.

In the course followed by Mr. Hazlitt we think he has fallen into two errors. He evidently believed that in the former "Dodsleys" the old element of what we may call the præ-Raffaellite class was too feebly represented, and he also believed that whoever cared about possessing old plays at all had at once made himself the owner of six volumes of Heywood, five of Davenant, two of Glapthorne, and some fifty other volumes of writers of the same uninviting stamp, each of whom has written a play or two, and some of them three or four, of great interest and merit, but weighed down by a mass of others which are intolerable alike to gods and men. He has therefore, by availing himself of the labours of the Percy Society, the Shakspeare Society, the Roxburghe Club, and similar harmless associations, presented us with a mass of Mysteries or Quasi-Mysteries, of Interludes or Quasi-Interludes, which are no doubt of the highest antiquarian value, and will delight the heart of many students to whom some of them have been hitherto inaccessible, but which the general reader, for whom surely the original "Dodsley" was intended, would gladly see replaced by the select plays of the class of writers of whose works no ordinary man would ask for more than a selection. Mr. Hazlitt ought also to have reflected that, while the dramas which he has thus eliminated were all more or less "edited" by competent men, the collected editions on which the public is now forced to fall back have in too many instances been seized upon by men who have either utterly neglected their duty, or performed it in such a way as to lead us to wish that they had followed the less injurious example of the others. The reprints of Mr. Pearson are instances of the one kind, and the more ambitious *Dramatists of the Restoration* are still more flagrant instances of the other. The readers of the *Saturday Review* will perhaps remember that several months ago (June 13) we called attention to the somewhat peculiar manner in which the works of Sir William Davenant had been edited for an adventurous firm in Edinburgh. We return to the subject now because we find that the persons interested are by no means satisfied with our verdict, and have issued a circular, in which indeed they make no direct reference to our criticism, but boldly request that "any volume of Davenant's works may be selected" in order to bear out their confident assertion that "to ensure accuracy" they were resolved to sacrifice every other consideration; and they unhesitatingly repeat that "every care has been taken to ensure correctness of the text, while the biographies, introductions, and notes will give some idea of the labour and research bestowed by the editors to make the series worthy of a prominent place in the libraries of all collectors of dramatic literature." The extraordinary confidence of these assertions was slightly staggering, and we were led to ask ourselves if it was possible that we had been hasty in forming so extremely unfavourable an estimate of the editorial labours of Messrs. Maidment and Logan. We therefore turned to the work again, and, opening the third volume at the play of *Love and Honour*, we at once alighted upon a string of "improvements" so exceedingly funny that our critical conscience felt immediate relief. In the notice above referred to, we speculated on the possible effects which might ensue in the event of a difference of opinion in the editorial copartnership; but we were not then aware that such a divergence had actually occurred in this present instance, and been got over in a manner which reflected the highest credit on the amiability of the respective parties. The wide difference between the manners of the times of Charles I. and of his son was accompanied by many changes in fashionable conversation, and, in particular, by the substitution of *you* and *yours* for the *thee* and *thine* which formerly prevailed. This is made curiously manifest in the editions of Davenant's plays which were issued before and after the Restoration; and as the taste of Mr. Maidment was evidently all for the one form, and that of Mr. Logan all for the other, we can fancy that a split in the firm must at one time have appeared inevitable. But they were equal to the emergency, as will be seen in the following examples. In the præ-Restoration quarto of 1649 we find the couplet:—

> Whilst darkened we *thy* beauteous absence mourn,
> And every flower doth weep till *thy* return;

but the post-Restoration folio of 1672 reads:—

> Whilst darkened we *your* beauteous absence mourn,
> And every flower doth weep till *your* return.

There was here one plan, and one plan only, which could please both parties, and this was unhesitatingly adopted. The first line was to be given up to the one and the second to the other, and we read accordingly, in the edition of 1874:—

> Whilst darkened we *thy* beauteous absence mourn,
> And every flower doth weep till *your* return!—Vol. iii. p. 125.

So, again, in a passage which occurs only in the folio, and which without a word of notice they have adopted into their text, we find them pursuing the same conciliatory course:—

> Then *thou wilt* give me leave to make free use
> Of every happy opportunity
> That may invite me to attend *you* here.—Vol. iii. p. 123.

The original, we need scarcely say, employs the plural in both lines. We must give yet another instance, because in this case their marvellous amiability has led them to still more exquisite torture of Her Majesty's English. In Act iii. sc. 1 the quarto 1649 has—

> That *thou mayest* live here safe, till Prospero
> Restore *thee* unto liberty and light,

and the folio 1672 prints:—

> That *you may* live here safe till Prospero shall
> Restore *you* to wisht liberty and light.

The 1874 editors, with glorious magnanimity, agree to square their differences by reading:—

> That *you* MAYST live here safe till Prospero
> Restore *thee* unto liberty and light.—Vol. iii. p. 145.

Can it be wondered at after this that our critical conscience felt thoroughly relieved? We should not however have returned to the subject, in spite of the provocation, if we had not been anxious to point out to Mr. Hazlitt a conspicuous example of the sort of editorial care which he considers sufficiently good to relieve him from the necessity of giving any specimen of the works of a very remarkable poet.

We must reserve for another article what we may have to remark on the subject of Mr. Hazlitt's own labours, and content ourselves in the meantime by saying that the appearance of the book is most creditable to the liberality of the publishers, and that the sixth volume alone contains matter which could not previously have been obtained for much less than the price of the whole series.

HUTTON'S CENTRAL ASIA.*

THOUGH the author of this work claims for it only the merit of a compilation, we could wish that he had chosen a more appropriate designation. The rage for sensational, extravagant, or enigmatical titles may fairly be abandoned to novelists. The words "From the Aryan to the Cossack" suggest ethnological disquisitions and comparisons; but what the author has tried to do is simply to give a compendium or bird's-eye view of the history of Central Asia, from the invasion of Alexander down to the recent expedition of General Kaufmann. From Arrian to Lord Granville is a considerable stretch. The result, however, is that, spread over less than five hundred pages, we have a succession of notices of ambitious leaders of countless hordes, enterprising discoverers, and bigoted and treacherous Khans. Incidentally there are accounts of lakes, rivers, and steppes, taken from the most recent publications of men who have combined geographical research with political speculation; and a great deal of information is not unskilfully grouped together which otherwise would have to be hunted for in two score of authors, including Vambéry and Gibbon, Jonas Hanway and Captain Wood. The praise of diligence in research, accuracy in statement, and clearness in narration, Mr. Hutton has fairly earned. But he is neither a traveller nor an Orientalist. His dependence on forgotten translations of some ancient classics for the earlier pages of his volume would disarm the hatred of Mr. Lowe for the originals. He has never slept in a Serai, nor made wearisome journeys on the back of a camel, nor crossed a rapid current on an inflated skin. He relies on the labours of men who have either risked their persons or exhausted their energies in the acquisition of correct knowledge of Central Asia; and, on the whole, he has produced a work which may be very useful as a book of easy reference, though it is not set off by keen political insight or breadth and originality of view. We cannot, of course, find fault with Mr. Hutton for not giving us what he never professes to do, and even distinctly disavows; but it is a reasonable objection that he makes too much of books recently published and not yet relegated to the book-shelves, while he omits others altogether from his list. For instance, it is very natural that he should refer to Colonel Yule's splendid edition of Marco Polo, and that he should make brief extracts from Gibbon; while it is also allowable for him to quote a descriptive passage or two in which Mr. Matthew Arnold has laboured, not unsuccessfully, to imitate the majestic flow of Milton's verse. But it was unnecessary to draw so much on the re-publication of Captain Wood's *Journey to the Sources of the Oxus*, and, on the other hand, we might have looked for some reference to the *Campaigning* on that river, as described by the Correspondent of the *New York Herald*. Perhaps he thought it needless to draw attention to rival editors, who differ from him in having themselves caught a glimpse of the majestic savage or trodden the eternal desert. It is not easy otherwise to account for his omission to mention, in his list of the chief authorities whom he consulted, the names of Mr. McGahan and of Mr. D. Kerr, both of whom from personal experience have certainly contributed something to the stock of materials on which we are to base an opinion as to what Russian advances portend, and our own national credit and honour dictate.

With greater reason, however, may we take exception to Mr. Hutton's concluding remarks, in which, dropping the character of the compiler or annalist, he assumes the attitude of a public censor and a political critic. He has employed due diligence in getting up his brief as an advocate, but he is unequal to the task of summing up effectively as a judge. His own opinions are somewhat disjointed, slightly superficial, and, in some places, absolutely contradictory. Then he has fallen into a vicious practice, not uncommon with censorious journalists and members of a well-known Indian Association

**Central Asia: from the Aryan to the Cossack.* By James Hutton, Author of "A Hundred Years Ago," "Missionary Life in the Southern Seas," &c., &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1875.

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which watches over injured or neglected princes. Whenever they wish to decry a policy or to denounce a Government, they have a happy knack of pressing into their service all the warnings or the dicta uttered, at various intervals far removed from each other, by eminent Indian administrators, without paying the slightest regard to revolutions in feeling or improvements in policy, which such legacies actually produced. For instance, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Thomas Munro, and Lord William Bentinck are all quoted to condemn our levelling rule, our capricious innovations, and our monopoly of power to the exclusion of the natives. This is just as if an agitator were to tell the working classes that Lord Grey advocated Reform, and should omit all mention of the great measure of 1832. Lord William Bentinck, it is well known, was himself the first to throw down the barriers which excluded natives from offices of trust, and to promote education; and places in the Revenue, Executive, and other departments have been so multiplied since his day, while salaries have been raised in proportion, that every young Hindu who can write B.A. after his name is aggrieved if he cannot begin his career under Government on two or three hundred per annum. Indeed the author appears to be conscious that matters are not quite where they were left, as regards native advancement, after the first Burmese war and before the Afghan campaign. For a little further on he talks of Bengali Baboos as parrots and not patriots; and, admitting that much has been "done to enlarge the sphere of native usefulness," he says that "Indian gentlemen administer laws, sit on the Bench, and govern large tracts of country." We must further strongly protest against the language used to decry the conduct and qualifications of Political Agents accredited to native chiefs and princes. We are told that these officials are "not unfrequently subalterns, and almost invariably military officers, trained only to command soldiers"; and that they exhibit towards "the oldest and noblest families of Hindostan" "the insolence and suspicion" shown to the "Saxons of England under the Plantagenets." If Mr. Hutton means that many Agents and Residents were taken from Bengal regiments, at an early age, for their linguistic attainments and signal abilities, and that they have risen gradually to high posts where they must alternately advise, check, stimulate, and guide Nawabs and Rajas anxious or averse to stem the tide of palatial intrigue or national corruption, he is perfectly correct. But if he implies or asserts that picked men of the Staff and the Diplomatic Corps in India habitually treat Rajpoots, Mahrattas, and Mussulman princes with contempt and hauteur, he is either discreditably ignorant or perversely prejudiced. There never was a time when such men as Tod, Malcolm, Sutherland, Henry Lawrence, and Low, had not their schools and successors; nor is there any period of Indian history more signalized than the present by successful influence gained over proud and sensitive chiefs. Colonel Meade at Mysore, General Daly at Indore, and Sir Lewis Pelly at this very moment at Baroda, are all signal instances of what can be done by a due mixture of firmness and conciliation.

Oddly enough, Mr. Hutton, while evoking phantoms of military arrogance, has fallen into a train of thought which is admirably calculated to foster the hectoring spirit of which he complains. We are Saxons and not Normans, he intimates, in our dealings with Nepaul. That kingdom is "an unknown land." Our Resident might "as well be stationed at Timbuctoo." The Nepaulese authorities are suspicious and adverse, while the Indian Government tamely submits "to a degree of exclusiveness that was not so patiently endured in the case of Japan and China." Now the astute and able Minister who has long been paramount at Katmandhu is, we have every reason to believe, from motives of self-interest as well as from a just estimate of our national resources, thoroughly convinced of the necessity of a good understanding with the Viceroy and the British Resident. If he entertains suspicions at all, they relate to the unofficial, independent, and commercial element in the East which is apt to put the consumption of mule twist and cotton amongst the cardinal virtues. Jung Bahadoor has some little knowledge of the history of the past fifty or sixty years, and even of anterior traditions. He knows how quickly factories can be metamorphosed into forts, how the pen may be exchanged for the sword, how mercantile speculation is succeeded by Imperial or political supremacy; and he naturally entertains a decided reluctance to admit into Nepaul a swarm of those inquisitive and irrepressible gentlemen who are perpetually deploring the existence of hidden resources "that ought to be developed," and of fertile valleys that "require to be opened up." This is no doubt very defiant, uncivilized, and opposed to the true spirit of the nineteenth century. But we apprehend that Mr. Hutton would not wish to employ subalterns imbued with the Norman spirit of contempt for the inferior race, and so make Nepaul accessible to surveyors, engineers, great Companies, and prosperous associations. The sound policy, for the present, is to let the Maharaja remain as isolated and "uninterviewed" as he likes. For profitable investment and civilizing enterprise there is an abundant field in other parts of India, either wholly under our rule or identified and connected with us by a variety of links. The accident which has unfortunately led the Maharaja to abandon his intention of revisiting England is to be regretted. A deputation headed by the President of some Chamber of Commerce would have infallibly waited on the illustrious visitor with a polite request that he should make roads, survey the Thibetan frontier, and allow English merchants to acquire land and erect bungalows in the country round Katmandhu. Mr. Hutton might then have joined the deputation and have convinced the Maharaja that his fears of the British pickaxe and the Manchester merchant were unreasonable and absurd. In one remark of the author we, however, gladly concur. He says that England's danger and England's safety in India lie within and not beyond her own frontiers. To make that extraordinary congregation of castes, creeds, and races, as cheerful, contented, and loyal as is possible under an alien rule is to rear up a bulwark against Russian intrigue and aggression stronger than the Pamir platform or the Khyber Pass. We trust that other writers may adopt this practical and sensible view.

The tract of country which has invited the author's researches has been the battle-field of Oriental conquerors, who, except during one or two marked epochs, have exercised no perceptible influence on European politics. Alexander the Great, semi-mythical Persian heroes, Khalifs with the sword and the Koran, Chenghiz, Timur, Nadir Shah, have each in turn swept a vast region with disciplined forces and predatory hordes, and have contributed something to its evanescent greatness as well as to its permanent decay. Mr. Hutton's epitome reminds us that the scene of the debauch so well described by Grote in his last volume, where the Macedonian slew his foster-brother Clitus, is the very capital where Timur, to use the words of Gibbon, "displayed, in a short repose, his magnificence and his power; listened to the complaints of the people; distributed a just measure of rewards and punishments; employed his riches in the architecture of palaces and temples; and gave audience to the ambassadors of Egypt, Arabia, India, Tartary, Russia, and Spain, the last of whom presented a suit of tapestry which eclipsed the pencil of the Oriental artists." In spite of the vast additions to our knowledge of the geography and customs of the country which have been made by scholars and explorers since the days of Gibbon, it may be doubted whether any more complete narrative will ever throw his condensed and animated pages into the cold shade. It is easy to pick holes in the style of the Roman historian, as Lord Brougham has done, and as Mr. Hutton wishes to do in regard to one passage; but, for a wonderful sketch of capitals which the writer never visited, and of despots of whose Memoirs and Institutes he could not read a syllable, commend us to a chapter of the *Decline and Fall*. Mr. Hutton, quoting apparently from a translation of the Memoirs of Timur, derives the name of the Lame conqueror from an Arabic word, *tumarru*, which means "a trembling," or, he says, "it shall shake." The epithet of Ἐννοσίγαιος is certainly not misapplied to a warrior who carried everything before him "from the Irtish and the Volga to the Persian Gulf, and from the Ganges to Damascus and the Archipelago." Richardson's huge Persian and Arabic Dictionary, however, gives no warrant for this etymology, which may have been a happy afterthought. What might have been the result of a collision between Chenghiz, Timur's predecessor by a century and a half, and the kingdoms of Western Europe, may be a subject for fanciful speculation. There is an interesting passage, well known to classical scholars, in which Livy discusses the probable results of an encounter between the Macedonian Phalanx and the Roman Legion; and we may fairly try to imagine what other decisive battles of the world might have been chronicled had Batou, the grandnephew of Chenghiz, not been forced to retreat from a petty town in Austria when defended by "fifty knights and twenty crossbows." What, however, is not matter of speculation is that, if conquests which Gibbon compares to the primitive convulsions of nature seriously alarmed Christendom, they inflicted deadly wounds on a large portion of Asia. Cities abandoned or decaying; mosques and palaces in ruins; pasture prevailing over agriculture, and predatory habits over both; general insecurity, treachery, lawlessness, decrepitude, decay—these are the features of which recent and well-informed travellers speak in no measured phrase. More has been done for a true knowledge of Central Asia in the last twenty or thirty years than in two centuries before. Indeed our knowledge of the Oxus and its adjacent countries was for a long period mainly derived from two British merchants of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries respectively, a Spanish knight of Madrid, and an Italian of a noble Venetian family. Mr. Hutton brings out with distinctness the pertinacity with which commerce has claimed for its own those sterile, remote, unfriendly, and unremunerative tracts. There is a trying climate. There are sandy plains swept by piercing northern blasts, or whirled about in stifling dust. The want of water is fatal to enterprise on a large scale. Caravans of small size are liable to be cut off by the pirates of the desert. Bigots and tyrants, supreme in authority and secure in distance, have done what they liked to life and property. Certain well-known places enjoy a limited area of great natural fertility, which amply ministers to the ordinary needs of existence. Yet merchants and adventurers, from the East and the West, have at intervals triumphed over the obstacles created by nature and man. More may be henceforth done, but we are somewhat sceptical as to the vastness of the proportions which any interchange of commodities between Russia and the Khanates is likely to assume. Hitherto the most valuable article of trade in some of those regions appears to have been human flesh. A slave from Meshed was worth half the melons of Khiva. We admit that certain select spots not only manage to support their own population, but also send away wool and silk, horses, grapes, and dried apricots; and there is a fair demand for tea and coffee, cutlery, sugar, and indigo at Khiva, Bokhara, Samarcand, and Khokand. Aryans and Cossacks may possibly meet in these capitals on neutral ground. But commercial rivalry is calculated to provoke political "misconceptions," and, in any case, the character, and even the climate,

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of those regions have in all probability undergone such lasting changes that it would be vain to expect the restoration of that primitive force and energy which from the dawn of history have swayed the destinies of a vast portion of the human race.

LIFE OF ROWLAND WILLIAMS.*

THE career of Dr. Rowland Williams, a principal contributor to the too famous *Essays and Reviews*, must be regarded on the whole as a troubled and unprosperous one; but his lot was alleviated by the rare felicity of finding, in the young wife whom he married when he was himself well advanced in middle life, a partner of some of his severer studies, and an apt disciple in his theological speculations. Mrs. Williams has thrown her whole heart into the work of making known to the world the character of her husband; and as her affectionate partiality can discern no grave defects in him, she is under no temptation to keep in the background certain feelings and expressions to which his impatient spirit gave vent when he was deeply moved, and which may enable dispassionate judges to form a truer estimate of the man and his capacity than she herself could be expected to form. It is no mean advantage that a biographer should sympathize thoroughly with the aims and sentiments of the person whose memory is sought to be preserved, and this we take to be the source of the power which these volumes have to rivet the attention of a reader who may have taken them up idly or by chance. The general impression indeed is painful enough, but the interest of the story never flags, and those who have once fairly begun to listen will be sure to listen to the end. The author shall describe her design and aspirations in her own enthusiastic language:—

> In the great army of witnesses for the Truth Rowland Williams held his place. He did good service in the Church of God by advocating an open Bible, and free reverential Biblical criticism; and by maintaining this to be consistent with the standard of the Anglican Church—of which he was a divine—he helped much to vindicate for her the wide boundary which was her lawful inheritance.

It may be said, in explanation of this statement, that "an open Bible" was pleaded for and won by great English divines centuries before Dr. Williams was born, and that the opposition encountered by the Biblical school in which he was a foremost teacher mainly had its origin in the belief, not that its style of criticism was "free," but that, being free, it was also lacking in the essential qualities of reverence and exactness. Mrs. Williams shall now resume her prefatory address, as we have nothing more to urge in the way of caution or modification:—

> I would that my pen had been worthier of its task, and am conscious that in many respects the result is but an imperfect likeness. I can but add a hope that the reader may, nevertheless, be interested in the story, and enabled to gain an insight into the true nature of a life, the ideal of which was very lofty, and the effects of which have been practical.

Rowland, second son of Rowland and Jane Wynne Williams, was born August 16th, 1817, at Halkyn, in Flintshire. The Church endowments in that part of Wales have happily escaped the hands of the spoiler, and the Bishop of St. Asaph has in his gift many a piece of perferment which, though of moderate value, is acceptable to a scholar and a gentleman. Such a person was Rowland the elder, who, after serving as examining chaplain to two bishops in succession, held one after the other three livings in their patronage, besides enjoying from 1809 until his death in 1854 the more barren dignity of Canon in the Cathedral. *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;* and no happier home than such a father's house could be imagined for a boy of promising parts and eager curiosity. The Canon at that time took pupils, and up to the completion of his tenth year Rowland was one of them. He used in after life to say that he never remembered the time when he could not read Latin; and the freedom of a country life and the love of country sports seem to have kept in check the effects of undue forcing. When he went to Eton in 1828, first as an Oppidan, and then ere long on the Foundation, he soon found himself "asked by great big boys to help them in their lessons, which I of course do." Here, under the nickname of Taffy, which he carried with him from Eton to Cambridge, and perhaps never quite parted with, he fought his way upwards in more senses than one to the head of that great school, his letters home presenting all the while a lively picture of his hopes and fears, his earnest studies, and his generous rivalries. At one time he comes in only as a good second for English Essay, and cannot help feeling that he is "beaten on his strong point—namely, prose composition and sapping." Now, again, he has his revenge by overpowering his competitor and friend for the Newcastle medal; next year the medal passes to the candidate he had before defeated; and so the strife went on, Rowland all the while being constant in his prayer "that he may never feel the accursed gnawings of envy and malice." Late in 1836 he left Eton to be scholar of King's College, Cambridge, and was still fired with the same ambition to gain distinction by hard work. Thither, too, he was followed by his old school rivals, and settled the question of superiority with them in the new and wider field, entirely to his own satisfaction. On this point we dwell the rather inasmuch as his widow hardly seems to understand the nature and extent of his success. At that period King's set a high value on the privilege which it has since been wise enough to abandon, of sending up its Foundation members to take their first degree without submitting to any other examination than that prescribed by the College itself. Hence it followed that an alumnus of King's, being excluded from the honour class lists, could measure himself with men of other Colleges only in the rare opportunities afforded by University scholarships and prize composition. In the latter accomplishment we fancy that Rowland Williams was not pre-eminent; but he had not been at Cambridge more than one term before he sat for the Craven, the blue riband of classical scholarship. This time he was defeated by an exceptionally good versifier, the present Lord Lyttelton, who, gracefully resigning at the end of a year, left two University scholarships to be contended for in the place of the usual one. The first, the Craven, fell to Philip Freeman, the late Archdeacon of Exeter; the second, the Battie, to Rowland Williams. This was his highest and most sufficient victory, for, Freeman being of the year above him, he must have proved in this, the only competition open to him in his Cambridge course, so far the best classic of his year. He tells his father, in reply to a natural question, that "F—— comes from some small school in Suffolk." One who had improved to the full all the benefits placed within his reach at Eton could hardly estimate how much that circumstance enhanced the merits of the conqueror.

For some years the promise of our hero's youth seemed likely to be abundantly fulfilled. That he did not set too high a value on what he had already done appears from the following extract from his commonplace-book, just as he was made an actual Fellow of King's (1839):—

> So you have got prizes, and been highly distinguished at College? Do you suppose that these stripling ovations will win you the garland in the forum and arena of men? On the contrary, all they confer upon you is simply the right of speaking first, or being jealously watched when first you wrestle. If you speak badly, or get a fall, the charm is broken; you have had your turn—away with you. Some stronger-sinewed and better-winded athlete is standing behind you to try his luck in the game of strength.

His first effort to gain the public ear was made at Liverpool, where, as a native Welshman, he took a leading part at the "Eisteddfodd," which about that time began to attract attention. The Principality never produced a more ardent patriot than Rowland Williams, who continued all his days a zealous student of the literature of the Cymri, even when a long residence in England had rendered him less able to use the vernacular speech. But ill-health, which sorely tried him in after years, now forced him to undertake a Continental tour (1840), with but a slender purse, and a mind as yet ill furnished with knowledge that could be useful to him abroad. The modern languages were then in ill repute at Eton, so that our young traveller's entire stock consisted of a few French words picked up on the way from four Frenchmen in the railway carriage. He employed a whole pleasant year in wandering, usually alone and on foot, through France, Italy, and Germany; and his diary, as quoted at rather too great length by his biographer, describes his voyage from Lyons to Nismes on the "very beautiful" Rhine (a feat for which the printer is hardly responsible, Vol. I. p. 65); his experiences of a Sardinian prison, which clean sheets made almost welcome to him; and his interview at Rome with the illustrious Mezzofanti, whose Welsh pronunciation by no means satisfied Rowland Williams's nice ear. His own linguistic attainments resembled by this time, in quality, if not in quantity, those of the polyglot Cardinal. His French vocabulary had necessarily grown as he went forward, and, receiving at Nice some modification from Italian terminology, it gradually glided into what seemed to himself to bear some resemblance to the liquid Tuscan. This strange jargon, set off by his native Cambrian accent, was enough to lead the Englishmen whom he met and addressed in it to make sure that he was a foreigner, probably a Pole; but perseverance and the Latin grammar carried him on fairly well until he entered Germany, where the tougher Teutonic brought him to a standstill, and struck him dumb for weeks. It was at Rome, on Good Friday, 1841, that he conceived the noble dream—as so many young scholars have done before and since—of a comprehensive course of study to be spread over five-and-twenty years (one year for Hebrew, *two* years for Welsh, and so on) which should bring him up to fifty, when, as he truly adds, "it would be time to look about me."

It had always been the wish of his father that Rowland should go back to Eton for a few years as an assistant master, and when Dr. Hawtrey offered him the post soon after he returned home, the dutiful son so far overcame his long-cherished repugnance as not to refuse a proposal at once flattering and advantageous. A few months spent in this uncongenial drudgery brought on him serious illness. He then resumed residence at Cambridge, took Orders in 1842, and for the next six years was Classical Tutor of King's, throwing his best strength into his lectures on Aristotle, devoting himself to the study of theology, and filling with credit several honourable offices to which his College or the University called him. It was late in 1849, when his reputation stood high, and his prospects were very bright, that his love of Wales led him to become a candidate for the Vice-Principalship of St. David's College, Lampeter, which had been founded in 1822 by good Bishop Burgess, in the hope of providing for the impoverished Church in South Wales a native and educated body of clergy. The post was a difficult and unthankful one, but it had been filled before him by two of the most learned divines now on the Episcopal bench, and to follow them could be a disparagement to no man. His election was hailed with joy by the whole Welsh people, and it was fondly anticipated that, after a few years of

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* *The Life and Letters of Rowland Williams, D.D., with Extracts from his Note-Books.* Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

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useful labour bestowed in that humbler capacity, his compatriots would once more see a Welsh-speaking Bishop enthroned in one of their modest cathedrals.

But the star of Rowland Williams's fortunes had already culminated, and was now to sink enveloped by mists and clouds. Lampeter had trials of its own in store for him, and those many and sharp. The students were few, and for the most part wretchedly prepared; they could neither write Welsh nor speak English, yet they had to be made fit for deacon's orders in three years—a period which, in practice, had often to be reduced to two. There were also other and more preventable evils to encounter, about which we know enough to appreciate Mrs. Williams's merciful reserve. But a man's worst enemy is always himself, and, though the Vice-Principal's nature was sensitive, and even affectionate, he possessed too large a share of the irascible temper we sometimes hear imputed to his countrymen, and a pen which, when wielded in the heat of controversy, could throw off bitter and contemptuous words. Yet, beyond a doubt, the main cause which rendered his later years so unhappy were those opinions on the nature and degree of the inspiration of Holy Scripture which had been gradually gaining power over his mind, even before he left Cambridge, and to which he now gave, we cannot say distinct, but certainly very unguarded, utterance. In whatever shape they might have been presented to the world, they must have grieved the friends who had known him in his youth as a religious and moderate High Churchman, of the school of Keble rather than that of Froude or Newman; but they were put forth in a tone which, if it did not overbear opposition, could not fail to envenom it.

We have neither space nor inclination to examine in detail the various theories which form the staple of the latter part of Mrs. Williams's first volume and the whole of her second; and we shall therefore confine ourselves to a few general remarks. It should be observed, in the first place, that, with whatever logical inconsistency, Rowland Williams retained to the last his hold upon the leading principles of the Christian faith. Nothing did he resent so deeply as the charge that he deemed miracles to be impossible, for such a belief, as he well knew, must involve the denial of any real revelation from God to man; but he preferred to regard the miracles of the Gospel rather as manifestations of goodness than of power, and he much undervalued both these and all other external evidences of revealed religion. The master mind of Butler never ceased to keep him in subjection, but on Paley and the Hulsean apologists he is never tired of pouring out the vials of unsparing ridicule and contempt. The internal witness, "the verifying faculty," as he was pleased to call it, sufficed for his own conviction, and in his rash haste he cared for no other. The distinctive doctrines of orthodox Christianity also he held and taught in his own peculiar way. His view of the Trinity, in particular, he thought he had derived pure from Justin Martyr and Athanasius, though, when he attempts to give his notion formal expression, very much in the style of his favourite Coleridge, the result looks perilously like the Sabellian doctrine of a plurality of functions rather than of natures (Vol. I. pp. 322, 370). His theory of inspiration, as applied to Holy Scripture, we have tried in vain to comprehend. It is not merely that he judged the writings to be inspired because the writers were, for this opinion would carry him but a little way on his road, and has been held ere now by many a sound theologian. Hence we are driven, through the fear of misrepresenting him, to employ his own strange language used as early as in 1856:—

> Slowly and by sad steps, I have been pushed where I am, and am more likely to go forward than backward.
> More parable, less circumstance.
> More poetry, less prose.
> More truth, less incident.
> More humanity, less heaven-dropt image.
> More providence, less *formal* miracle.
> More predication, less prediction.
> More the living God, less the dead Book.
> More unveiling life, less "revealing" fact, are the sort of tendencies on which my own mind, and probably that of others in our generation, is bent.—Vol. I. p. 283.

"More predication, less prediction," came ultimately to mean all preaching and no prophecy whatever. He ceased to believe that the Old Testament contained any distinct foreshadowing of the Messiah, and doubted, if he did not more than doubt, whether the gift of prophecy was in its essence anything higher than a spiritual insight into the future, such as good and wise men may attain to by the exercise of their ordinary faculties. "The living power the Prophets possess," he wrote, in his latest and unfinished book, the *Hebrew Prophets*, "lies not in prediction, but in the strong religious sentiment which enables them to awake a kindred sense in the reader" (Vol. II. p. 223). Hence, in his judgment, such a purely prophetic book as Daniel was of necessity composed after the events it seemed to foretell; nor from this point of view could it possibly be otherwise regarded, even after his subsidiary objections to its genuineness had been disposed of in Dr. Pusey's *Lectures*, whose fair and solid treatment of the subject could not but be acknowledged by his opponent as "the solitary serious attempt on the traditional side to place the question in an argumentative phase."

It would have been a marvel indeed if a man occupying the office of a Theological Tutor in the English Church had been allowed to scatter such opinions broad-cast with impunity. The Bishop of Llandaff, as we said, was the first to disclaim him. His own Diocesan, the acute and learned Thirlwall, kept aloof from the strife as long as he could, and then limited his interference to gentle suggestions that, in the interest of Lampeter, whereof he was Visitor, the suspected Vice-Principal ought to resign his post; and, that device failing, he devoted a part of his next Charge to an incisive and telling criticism of sundry loose and incoherent Propositions in which the novel teaching had been embodied by its author for popular acceptance. Meanwhile, Rowland Williams's thoughts had been diverted into another channel. In the summer of 1857 he had met his future wife at Heidelberg, at the house of Baron Bunsen, whose erratic genius was much akin to his own, though better tempered by courtesy and knowledge of the world. Pressed hard at Lampeter, and with a view to marriage, he claimed in 1858 the Vicarage of Broadchalke, on the Wiltshire downs, one of the poorest livings in the gift of King's College. He brought his bride to Lampeter first, where his bright domestic joy soon became dashed by the troubles incident on the position he had made for himself; yet his heart was still in the work and the place, which he did not finally yield up as untenable till 1862, and then withdrew with the words on his lips ascribed by tradition to Gregory VII.:—"I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore I die an exile." We must now hasten to the untimely end. As Vicar of Broadchalke he had been prosecuted for his share in the *Essays and Reviews* by a prelate never to be remembered but with reverence, the brave and single-minded Walter Kerr Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury, of whom Mrs. Williams, in these pages, allows her husband to speak in terms which on reflection he would have been sure to regret. The sentence of the Court of Arches which condemned him to one year's suspension was reversed by the Privy Council, in a judgment prompted by that incomparable theologian Lord Westbury. After a few years spent in the obscurity of his country village, where he conscientiously discharged his duty, he died in his fifty-third year, January 18, 1870; the last entry in his diary having relation to the unseen state, his last request being that his wife would publish a little manual of devotions he had carefully prepared; his last words were "Our Father ——."

"It is no small source of comfort and cause of thankfulness now," writes his bereaved partner, "to know that for eleven years it was given me to lighten the cares and increase the happiness of such an one as he was." In truth he needed sorely all the support that her entire sympathy in all things could bestow on his weary soul, for it is hard to think that his habitual wish was realized even in his own imagination:—"Let me not die till I have wrought some deliverance upon the earth. In my work let there be some refreshment to poor mankind."

THE COUNTESS OF CHINCHON.*

IF Mr. Markham can conceive a class of people who are fully prepared to follow him in the Life of Fairfax and in the Battle of Nieuport, but who are not minutely versed in Spanish geography and genealogy, and who know absolutely nothing of South American botany, he will perhaps understand that to such readers his present title-page seems a little puzzling. Fairfax and Vere, Marston Moor and Nieuport, the wars of England and the wars of Flanders, are intelligible enough. But who is the Countess of Chinchon? what is the Chinchona genus? No doubt there are, in other lines of study, those to whom Chinchona is more familiar than Fairfax and Vere; the odd thing is the sudden leap from Fairfax and Vere to Chinchona. We may be ready to hearken to a plea for the correct spelling of anything, and we can believe that the names of Fairfax and Vere have been spelled in very odd ways; and those who have never seen the name Chinchona before are at least not prejudiced in favour of any wrong way of spelling it. It turns out that Chinchon is a town of Spain, that a Count of Chinchon in the seventeenth century was Viceroy of Peru, that his wife introduced the Jesuit's bark into Europe, that in her honour the plant has taken its botanical name, but that Linnæus unluckily wrote the word *Cinchona* instead of *Chinchona*, and that most botanists, saving those of Spain, have followed him in this mistake. Of all men in the world, Mr. Markham, who has done for Asia more than the Countess Ana did for Europe, has the most right to talk about the Peruvian bark. Few most likely of his former readers, few who have studied his beautiful maps of the campaigns of Fairfax in Yorkshire and Somerset, will share Mr. Markham's zeal even for the Countess herself, still less for the spelling of the plant called after her. Some may perhaps be amazed at a book, especially a book so splendidly illustrated, gathering around what they may be tempted to think so small a subject. But Mr. Markham's inborn geographical instinct follows him everywhere. He does not talk about Chinchon or its Countess without going to see what Chinchon itself is like. He gives us a map of the district; he corrects some common mistakes as to the geography of that part of Spain; he gives a topographical account of the town and its castle, and brings out several points which illustrate the manner of life in those parts both now and in former times. Chinchon lies south-east of Madrid. Mr. Markham complains that most tourists give altogether a false description of that country. "Those who go to Spain generally announce in a sprightly, offhand way that Madrid is surrounded by an arid desert. This," Mr. Markham

* *A Memoir of the Lady Ana de Osorio, Countess of Chinchon and Vice-Queen of Peru, with a Plea for the Correct Spelling of the Chinchona genus.* By Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

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adds, "is not the truth, nor anything at all near it." The province of Madrid, in which Chinchon lies, is "a table-land intersected by deep valleys, and the height above the sea varies from 1,500 to 8,500 feet." Then Mr. Markham gives us the botany of the district, and a description of Chinchon, which itself stands on very high ground, though it appears in the view as itself surrounded by hills. He remarks that, in the distance of twenty-four miles from Madrid to Chinchon, no such thing as a country house or a detached cottage is to be seen. This he attributes to the necessities of the old times, when this district was a border-land of Christians and Saracens, and when no one was safe except within some kind of fortification. Hence all the inhabitants of all classes were driven to live in towns or strong villages, and the custom has been handed on to our own time. The peasants live in the towns and villages, and ride forth each morning on mules to their work in the fields. Thus too, in the town of Chinchon, besides the great castle of the Counts, Mr. Markham finds many houses with coats of arms, showing them to have been the dwelling-places of owners of knightly rank, who formed the immediate following of the greater lord of the castle. "The estates," Mr. Markham tells us, "are large, and generally belong to some grandee or rich proprietor, and the cultivators rent their own land, nominally as tenants at will, but really handing it down from father to son for generations." The low ground is unhealthy, which is a further reason for the people living in the villages on the higher ground. The castle, of which Mr. Markham has diligently studied the ruins, was built in the reign of Philip the Second, an earlier castle on a higher site having been destroyed in the War of the Communes in the time of Charles the First—so we must say here; he is Charles the Fifth in other places. It was ruined along with the neighbouring parish church by the French in 1810, when "the townspeople were ruthlessly massacred for having shown some slight intention of resisting a French advanced guard." Before that time the line of the Counts of Chinchon had become extinct, and the title had been sold and granted out to various younger and illegitimate branches of the royal family, and passed at one time into the hands of Godoy. Thus the Castle of Chinchon has no longer a Count, and the knightly houses in the town have no longer knightly inhabitants. "Their descendants," Mr. Markham adds, "are probably loafing at Madrid, and idling away their time in the Puerto del Sol, while their houses are occupied by ordinary *paisanos*." Mr. Markham has also studied the modern manners and customs of Chinchon, and finds out that its inhabitants, among other things, practise a form of bull-fighting which seems to be less brutal than that which is usual in Madrid and in the other great towns.

All these details of topography and local history have to us more interest than the pedigree and heraldry of the Counts and the spelling of the genus Chinchona. On this latter point it came more home to us when we saw that Mr. Markham, who is anxious to restore the historical spelling of the name *Chinchona*, is also careful to keep the historical spelling of a tree nearer home, namely the *chestnut*. The local details, like all local details when rationally handled, have their value. We get a picture of one form of that inveterate distinction between Northern and Southern Europe, according to which the men of the South have in all ages been drawn to the life of cities, or to as near an approach to it as was to be had. In the district of which Mr. Markham speaks, special causes have tended to keep up and to strengthen the ancient habit. In our own country, owing to our comparatively greater security at most times, the opposite Teutonic feeling, which looks on a town as a prison, has had the fullest play. Take for instance the flat districts of Somerset, lying between the great range of Mendip and the smaller ranges. In the actual flat there is hardly a house, any more than there is in the Roman *Campagna* or in the *vega* by Chinchon. But then the inhabitants by no means confine themselves to the towns and villages; the road along the hill-side runs through what might almost be called a continuous village; the traveller cannot go a mile without passing several detached houses of various sizes. The village community is the point from which all European society everywhere starts; but the village community takes very different forms in different countries, and in the South of Europe it grew into the city far more easily than it did in the North. In this way Chinchon itself has a greater interest than its Counts and Countesses; yet the Counts and Countesses are worth some notice also. The Countess Ana, who is Mr. Markham's special heroine, was twice married, her second husband being Don Luis Geronimo Fernandez de Cabrera y Bobadilla, fourth Count of Chinchon, who was Viceroy of Peru from 1628 to 1639. It was in this character that she brought into Europe the healing bark which among botanists bears her name, and whose virtues had been experienced by herself during a dangerous sickness. In no one's hands could such a gift have been more fittingly placed than in those of a Countess of Chinchon, as the bark was just the thing that was wanted by her neighbours, who had to work in the unhealthy *vegas*, and among whom she liberally distributed it. According to Mr. Markham, the district would be much better off now, if there were still a Countess Ana there to give it forth to her neighbours. When we read all this, we certainly feel with Mr. Markham that it is a little hard that the plant which is named after her should so often be written, not *Chinchona*, after her name, but *Cinchona*, which, it seems, if it means anything, means, not a bountiful Countess, but a policeman's belt. At the same time, Mr. Markham might comfort himself by remembering how very few, even among professed botanists, are likely to stop and draw the distinction.

The recovery of the Countess Ana was made the subject of a romance by Madame de Genlis, called Zuma. But, according to Mr. Markham, every detail of the romantic story is inaccurate, or rather utterly false. Mr. Markham, who of all men ought to know, is convinced that the virtues of the bark were at least not commonly known in Peru in the time of the Yncas. "It is mentioned neither by the Ynca Garcilasso nor by Acosta in their list of English medicines, nor is it to be found in the wallets of the itinerant native doctors, whose *Materia Medica* has been handed down from father to son for centuries." Yet it was known to the Indians round Loxa. In 1636 it was revealed to the Corregidor Cañizares, who, two years later, sent it to the Vice-Queen, whose recovery it wrought. But, though the Countess Ana brought the use of the bark into Europe, Mr. Markham can still tell us that "fifteen years ago the Chinchona trees were only found wild in the forests on the slopes of the Cordilleras of the Andes." Now, he can add, "they are carefully cultivated in British India and Ceylon, in Java and Jamaica." No man has so good a right to be the chronicler of this fact as Mr. Markham himself; we might almost say that he has a right either to give the plant a new name or to spell the old name in any way that he thinks good. But as he calls upon us, in a somewhat impassioned pleading, to spell the name in such a way that the Countess may always be remembered whenever the name is written or spoken, we trust that no man, botanist or other, will be for the future so obstinate as to refuse to the Lady Ana her proper allowance of aspirates, and to remember, in speaking the word, that the Spanish *ch* has the same sound as our own.

LADY HETTY.*

MICHELET has drawn a lively picture of the social uses of cathedrals in the thirteenth century. The sacred building, he says, was in a sense the home of the people, who were not only instructed and edified, but amused within its walls. The clergy did not disdain the aid of dramatic representations of Mysteries, and the grotesque element in human nature found expression in the Feast of Asses, or the Feast of Fools. The Kirk has been to the middle and lower classes in Scotland all that the cathedral was to the burgesses of the middle ages. Kirk politics are the interest nearest the hearts of farmers and tradesmen, and parishes are convulsed by discussions about the doctrine, the prayer, the oratorical style of the minister. More frivolous natures are equally absorbed in the merits of his personal appearance, and in the minor defects of his character, while the well-known dry humour of Scotland is almost entirely confined to anecdotes about ministers, village idiots, and drunken men. The author of *Lady Hetty* was acting therefore in conformity with the classical traditions of Scotch art when he made the interest of his Scotch novel almost entirely ecclesiastical. The book is taken up with the doings and sayings of the minister, and with the criticisms and the gossip of his flock. But the newest school of Broad Church Presbyterianism is brought into contact with old-world surroundings in an odd and, we think, impossible way, which is likely to give false ideas of the relations at present existing between Kirk and people north of the Tweed. This would be a fault of minor importance in the ordinary novel of the day, for no one is very likely to take his ideas of manners and customs from the works of Miss Braddon or of Mr. Wilkie Collins. But *Lady Hetty*, though dull and lifeless as a story, contains some vigorous and careful sketches of the character of the lower classes in Scotland, which might persuade the Southern reader that the whole work was a truthful study of Scotch life.

The tale opens, in what proves to be the author's best manner, with a very bold and effective study of a Presbyterian beadle, and of a Presbyterian assistant minister or curate. John Peters, who speaks of the minister as "oor man," or "oor ane," and whose high duty it is to watch beside "the plate" where the charitable offer their arms and oblations at the church door, is a person who only speaks the prologue of the piece, but we should have been glad to see more of him. As he stands at his post, some half-hour before the congregation meets, an old man enters the empty kirk, and deposits one penny in the plate:—

"Deil ane o' oor folk that I ken o'," said John, "deil ane o' them wad hae pit in as muckle or the half o't. He maun be a char'ater, that auld man, for it canna be his son that's to preach the day, and he has na that reason for being sae liberal wi' his coppers. I widna won'er," continued he, lost in thought, and still moralizing over the empty penny in the plate, "but may be he's a dissenter, for they gie mair to the Kirk nor us. I weel believe it, because their elders are suner at the door nor oors."

The solemn occasion which produced this unusual gift to the Kirk was the preaching of a trial sermon by a young probationer, or unplaced minister. This exercise gives the author an opportunity for bringing into contrast the old and new schools of Scotch preaching and Scotch theology, his own sympathies being obviously with the new. There are two candidates for the living of Illtafend in the gift of Lord Layton. One is the Rev. Mr. Garsegreen:—

It was in prayer he was great. People came from the adjoining parishes, and even the adjoining county, to hear him pray. The stream of his devo-

Lady Hetty: a Story of Scottish and Australian Life. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1875.

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tional eloquence roared along, carrying everything before it. Antediluvian scenes and personages, the Israelites in Egypt and the wilderness, the dim types and shadows of the law, Noah's ark, the ark of the covenant, the brazen sea, and the Red Sea, and the mercy seat, were bowled along in the resistless torrent, mixed up with huge blocks of Galatians and Romans, masses of psalms, and floating islands of Shorter Catechism, and ancient puritan divinity.

As *Lady Hetty* was first published in *Good Words*, it may be presumed that this not very reverent way of treating the old Presbyterian style of prayer is not unpopular in Scotland. Probably people are beginning to like the more "braid" doctrine and refined manner of the Rev. Henry Francis, the successful preacher, and the hero of this tale. Mr. Francis, we are told, "had a way of making light, sometimes in a serious, but more often in a playful and humorous way, of isolated bits of Scripture, and difficulties arising out of the letter of the Bible, and of swearing by a few plain truths." We must remodel our conceptions of the Scotch character if the playful and humorous style of biblical criticism is really prevalent there. We are treated to a sermon of Mr. Francis's, probably because it can do a Sunday periodical no harm to insert a sermon now and then just as a humorous paper is all the better for an occasional joke. From the sermon it may be gathered that Mr. Francis had come under the influence of Dean Stanley, for he calls Jacob an Arab, and speaks of Esau as "the sailor boy of the desert," obviously with reference to the camel, that Ship of the Desert. His sermon pleased Lord Layton, at all events, and he was appointed to the parish of Illtafend, where his difficulties, and the reader's, soon gather thick around him.

Most people who know Scotland will be surprised at the picture of Illtafend. It does not appear to have contained any Free Church, or any members of the mystic sect of United Presbyterians. The old abuse which Burns satirized as the "Holy Fair," the unseemly revelry which was wont to accompany the administration of the Sacrament, still flourished there. But, what was still more curious, the "county families" of this peculiar district were entirely given up to chatter about parish politics and parish intrigues. The gentry of Scotland have always seemed very much of the opinion that Presbyterianism is "no religion for a gentleman." In districts where there is no chapel of the Scotch Episcopal Church, they sometimes attend the Kirk, though they generally prefer to read the English service at home. The minister occasionally dines with the laird on a well-understood footing of anything but equality. This may not be a very desirable state of social relations, but it is that which prevails in Scotland. In Illtafend, however, the gentry were, as the native idiom has it, "very much taken up" with the new minister. Mrs. Hope and her two lovely stepdaughters received him literally with open arms. It was not long before a semi-theological flirtation began between "Lady Hetty," the elder Miss Hope, and Mr. Francis. Lady Hetty was a charming creature, with a winning way of "throwing herself back from the waist," which gymnastic performance is spoken of with praise by her cousin, Lady Best. But the public opinion of the neighbourhood had assigned her to Mr. Richard Argall, the son of a neighbouring M.P., and a *nouveau riche*. Her relative, Mr. George Fox, discusses this arrangement in a light and sportive manner with the minister and the parish schoolmaster, and it is obvious that the minister's wooing is to be made a difficult one. Now, as a Presbyterian clergyman, Mr. Francis knew his place much too well to expect the course of his love to run smooth, but there were difficulties he was not aware of, and which it is very hard for the reader clearly to understand. This is the fault of the author, who has written the story without much notion of composition or care for probability, so that it is almost as difficult to make out as the meaning of one of his sentences, which extends its Thucydidean constructions over more than a page.

It must be known, then, that Mr. Francis was the son of an Australian squatter, described by one of the characters as "a mild, melancholy, book-thumbing soul." The squatter's daughter was sought in marriage by a Major McSumph, with whom her elder brother had mysterious dealings. This brother, Hubert, is a character of some importance, whom we only see for a moment, and who mysteriously disappears out of the story altogether. So unpleasant were the Major's attentions that Miss Francis fled to Tasmania, pursued by a spy of her lover's—a highly probable incident. From Tasmania she sailed to Scotland, and went to live with her brother, who was enjoying himself at Illtafend, and keeping Lady Hetty in "roars of laughter till the tears streamed down her face" by the light and sportive character of his biblical criticism. But he was becoming alive to the fact that he would not be an acceptable wooer in the eyes of the Hope family, and he had conscientious scruples which interfered with his happiness. Nevertheless, for some weeks he and his sister, with David Groats, a humorous old lodge-keeper, the parish schoolmaster, and Lady Hetty with her sister, make a very pleasant party, and Miss Francis finds a lover in the Hon. Charles Romain. But there are parish cabals against the minister, cabals in which the local gentry are mysteriously leagued with a "Bible woman," Rachel Carvie, who is an admirably drawn specimen of a hypocrite. News comes from Australia that the minister's father is ill and unhappy, the aged David Groats goes off to China—another very likely incident—to look after a legacy which has been left him, and Lady Hetty goes to stay at Tintral Castle, to be betrothed, as every one supposes, to her rich admirer, Mr. Argall. Dejected and disappointed, the minister and his sister return to Australia, where they find their father dead and his property greatly encumbered. By a natural accident David Groats, the lodge-keeper, on his way home from China meets them in their retreat in the bush, and by a singularly probable series of events discovers that he is their father's brother. This is only the beginning of painful discoveries. It turns out that the mild, melancholy, book-thumbing soul was a convict escaped from the penal settlement in Tasmania. He and Groats—their real name was Morton—had been partners with one Murdoch in a printing concern in Scotland. The partners quarrelled about love as well as money, and the melancholy soul threw Murdoch over a precipice, for which offence he was condemned to transportation for life. He managed to escape, and even in some mysterious way to amass a large fortune in flocks and herds, but Major McSumph, his daughter's rejected suitor, found out his secret, and ruined him. These facts gave a death-blow to his son's hopes of marrying Lady Hetty, though they did not prevent the more courageous Mr. Charles Romain from wedding the sister, Miss Bessy Francis. We are left to suppose that Lady Hetty devoted herself to good works, and that the minister sought and found consolation in literature.

This is as accurate a sketch as we have been able to make of a plot which is rendered extremely confusing by the casual way in which the characters drop in and out of view. Thus Mr. Richard Argall, the wealthy lover of Lady Hetty, is a mere shadow; we only see him offering his heart and a geranium flower to the scornful fair, and have no idea whether he had made any previous efforts to win her heart. It is impossible to understand how the published report of their engagement came to be left uncontradicted, and how it could please Mrs. Hope to receive shoals of letters of congratulation on an event which she knew was not to happen. Equally hard it is to explain how the parents of the minister's mother happened to be, as we are told, "both of them men—stern, religious men." This fact, no doubt, would greatly influence their children, and perhaps might account for some features in their character. But so peculiar an ancestry ought to have received more prominence, and should have been more clearly elucidated than in the mere casual reference which we have quoted. Though nothing in the history of the other persons is quite so mysterious as this, they are all very vague and shadowy. Mr. George Fox is a favourite with the author; but, except that he wore a light grey suit of tweed, and was always falling in love, at an age when most men dress and behave more soberly, we scarcely gather anything definite about him. The author has devoted all his strength to rather humorous descriptions of Scotch sermons and of Scotch peasantry. In theology he seems to wish to substitute the vagueness which Principal Tulloch esteems so highly for "the abstruse scholastic theology and pompous scholastic terms" of Calvinism. Scotch "probationers" who share his views must make up for want of scholasticism by abundance of flowery rhetoric, or they will fail to be appointed to parishes like Illtafend.

The real merit of *Lady Hetty*, and it is a considerable one, is the cleverness of the rural characters, with the exception of David Groats, who is too elaborately humorous and too learned. We should like to quote a passage on the subject of sickness among the poor, which comes on them "as a visitor no less distinguished than grievous":—

> A neighbour who has a turn for prayer drops in of an evening, and asks, as he rises to leave, whether a word or two would not be acceptable, and before he can receive a reply, shuts his eyes firmly, and gives the sufferer the benefit of as much incoherent Scripture as he can call to mind at the moment, and as if speaking to the Almighty. There are visits too of benevolent ladies, who glide in, bringing wonderful scents with them, and whisper and read in an anxious and mysterious manner, as if it were their nearest and dearest relative who was lying ill. All this among the poor . . . . is felt to heighten for the time being the social position of the family, and in the midst of distress to afford some appreciable comfort.

Lady Hetty shows plenty of cleverness and observation, but no power of keeping the persons distinctly before the reader's eye, no skill in construction, no clearness of conception, and in fact scarcely any of the qualities of a novelist. This is especially obvious in the character of the heroine. Most storytellers can make a nice girl interesting, but Lady Hetty, though intended to be a very nice girl indeed, fails to win our sympathy or admiration.

CHINTREUIL.*

THE publication before us is a sumptuous catalogue of a painter's labours, including not only his painted pictures, but also his studies and drawings; and this catalogue, besides being profusely illustrated with etchings, is accompanied by three different biographical notices by writers who knew the artist and appreciated his labours. We are led to imagine that this publication has been undertaken chiefly as a labour of love, that it is in fact a monument raised by literary and artistic friends, working harmoniously together, to the memory of one who is no more. The editor of the whole, as we should say in English, appears to be M. Jean Desbrosses, who dedicates the work to M. Maurice Richard, the former Minister of Fine Arts. The form is a fine quarto, with a substantial luxury of strong *papier vergé*, and the well-cut, elegant typography, revived from that of the seventeenth century, for which M. Claye is famous.

One of the principal reasons why we notice this catalogue at all is because it suggests the question why the labours of other artists

* *La vie et l'œuvre de Chintreuil.* Par A. de La Fizelière, Champfleury, F. Henriet. Avec 40 eauxfortes par Martial, Beauverie, Taiée, Ad. Lalauze, Saffray, Selle, Paul Roux. Paris: Cadart.

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should not be catalogued in the same manner. The idea is excellent. All persons who care about art matters remember Turner's great anxiety to keep his works together—his feeling that the separate works of an artist are like pages taken from a book, and that it is only by their union that their deepest meaning can ever be revealed. Now a catalogue of this kind does not give colour, and it does not even give the actual touch of the artist, but we have no hesitation in saying that, in a certain sense which Turner would have at once understood, it enables you to get better at the whole mind of an artist than would any four of his most perfectly finished pictures. The pages here are together, and you can read them consecutively if you like; at any rate you can readily grasp their meaning as a connected whole. We should be delighted to possess such a catalogue as this of the works of any eminent English artist, but it could not be produced without great resolution and devotion; perhaps even, in this country, where the copyright of popular pictures is so valuable and so strictly guarded, a fully illustrated catalogue of any popular painter would be found an impracticable enterprise. The one before us is illustrated by forty plates, which sometimes, in the case of the most important pictures, contain only a single subject; but much more frequently several subjects—from four to twelve—are engraved together on the same copper. Here we have two little complaints to make. In our opinion the usefulness of the whole publication is much diminished by the microscopic size of many of these illustrations. Some of them are no bigger than a postage-stamp, whilst many others are not more than two inches long. It is obviously impossible to give a good idea of a picture in an etching the size of a postage-stamp, and if any purchaser of this catalogue happens to have defective eyesight, he is likely to complain, with much reason, that these miniatures are of no use to him. We are the more dissatisfied about this, because there is such a luxury of paper and margin in the whole publication; and, not to speak of the margin outside the coppers, there is often a provoking quantity of lost space even on the coppers themselves, round about the postage-stamp etchings, which space M. Martial, the etcher, has often been at the pains to fill up with sketchings from fragments by Chintreuil, often on an intrusive scale. For example, in Plate V. the copper measures 10 in. by 8 in., and the etching measures 4¾ in. by 3½ in., the rest of the space on the copper being filled up with a river-scene all round the subject with a landscape-painter and easel and parasol reflected in the water, and a big willow to the right. Now, considering that the etching is from one of Chintreuil's important pictures, which was exhibited in the Salon of 1859 and the Universal Exhibition of 1867 ("La Pluie; clairière de bois"), it is evident, we think, that it would have been better to engrave the picture itself on a larger scale, and do without the very superfluous accompaniment. In another plate two of the etchings are only an inch and a half long, and M. Martial gives us an inferior etching on the margin of the same copper not less than six and a half inches long. But the worst instance is Plate XVII. Here we have four etchings after Chintreuil, all under two inches long, and on the margin of the same copper a heavily-bitten study of massive tree-trunks, measuring about seven inches by five. Having disburdened ourselves of this piece of criticism, we will at once observe with reference to M. Martial that the quality of his etchings after Chintreuil is in the highest degree satisfactory, and his complete mastery of the art of etching is proved by the fact that, although he does not hesitate to undertake several subjects on one copper, they are sure to be all equally well done. Indeed, although seven etchers have contributed to this publication, their work is more equal throughout than might have been expected. Nearly every plate is well executed, and there is but one notable failure, an attempt to render an excessively difficult effect, which hardly anybody living could manage without having recourse to the frankest conventionalism.

The purpose of the catalogue before us is, however, not to display the talents of several living etchers, but to give an adequate idea of the life-work of a painter who is believed by many certainly not incompetent judges to have possessed the gift of genius. The biographical notices of Chintreuil are amongst the most interesting things we ever met with in their peculiar kind, and we cannot too highly praise the simplicity of purpose and admirable candour of the writers. They never attempt to represent their hero as other than he was, and the consequence is that their narratives leave a deeper impression than the most brilliant exaggerations of studied eulogium. The life they have recorded had none of the interest of action, and little of the interest of thought. Chintreuil was not adventurous, and he was not what is called intellectual; but his career is well worth recording for its inward and beautiful unity. It would be extremely difficult to find a more pure example of a landscape-painter. One passion possessed him, the love of landscape, and he followed one object with the most perfect singleness of purpose through many long years of poverty, of neglect, of deficient yet gradually increasing manual skill, all the while struggling too with the hindrances of delicate health—and that one object was the adequate interpretation of nature. It was late in life when the full manual power came to him at last, with public recognition, and the envied ribbon of honour; and the chief interest of this biography is the patient fidelity of the artist during so many years of poverty and obscurity. In a word, the interest here is very much of the sort that would belong to the lives of the unsuccessful, if ever their lives were written, which most unfortunately for the world they are not, and never will be. It is easy enough to work hard when you are handsomely rewarded and pleasantly encouraged; the difficulty is to do so when you are not.

Antoine Chintreuil was born at Pont-de-Vaux in the department of the Ain, in 1814, of a family that had been rich, but was then completely ruined. His mother, happily for the little household, was a well-educated and courageous woman; so she opened a girls' school and succeeded in earning a living for the family, including the artist's father, who does not appear to have been able to do anything himself. Young Antoine, their only child, was educated at first by his mother along with the young ladies, which is thought to have had a permanent effect in giving him a certain timidity of character—a timidity which his biographer tells us was excessive, even in his maturity. When the boy was old enough for higher work he was sent to the college at Pont-de-Vaux. From his boyhood he took that mysterious interest in nature which has always marked the temperament of born landscape-painters, and we are told that whenever there were great atmospheric commotions he always wanted to be out in the fields watching the effects. His artistic purpose, later in life, was nothing else than the expression in painting of those transient phenomena which he had observed with curiosity from infancy. He was about fifteen years old when the first serious interest in practical art developed itself within him, and just at the same period of life he unhappily lost his mother. M. de La Fizelière, his principal biographer, suggests that the pain and grief he felt in consequence of so great a loss may have brought on an intellectual crisis also, for at this time the great art passion took complete possession of his being. Had Madame Chintreuil still lived, her son's occupation might have been at once decided according to his wishes, and he would probably have become, according to French custom in such cases, a pensioner of his native town during his years of studentship; but now that the bread-winner of the little household was taken away, it became urgently necessary that Antoine, young as he was, should earn his living immediately. Thanks to the efforts of some friends, he remained at the college as drawing-master, notwithstanding his youth, and he became also a monitor in another school. In this way he earned his own living for two years and helped his old father at the same time. Next we find him under-master at the college of Macon. Then his maternal grandmother died, leaving a small income entirely for her grandson's use. This would have kept him in independence whilst he pursued his artistic studies; but the young man gave up the whole of it to his father, reserving for himself only two or three hundred francs, with which he set off for Paris, where he arrived about the month of October 1838. His possessions were an old wooden trunk with half-a-dozen shirts and the threadbare black coat which every under-master in France possesses, a box of colours, a little painted study, and a letter of recommendation for M. Boitard, who was a distinguished botanist, and came from the same neighbourhood. M. Boitard was a very careful natural-history draughtsman, and fancied himself an artist. He treated poor Chintreuil's studies with perfect disdain; no doubt they must have been very immature, and wholly opposed in tendency to the precision of a scientific naturalist. However, M. Boitard offered his young friend a chance of gaining a living. Could he manage to colour engravings of insects and flowers? Chintreuil did his best, but his hand was awkward, it lacked facility, and he could not lay a flat wash neatly enough within the fixed limits. Therefore M. Boitard decided that he could never be an artist, and got him into a bookseller's shop. Here Chintreuil found himself a fellow-labourer with a youth called Champfleury, who afterwards became celebrated in literature. Champfleury had some acquaintances amongst the young artists of that day, and by his help Chintreuil became introduced into a little artistic world where his own early aspirations were speedily rekindled, if indeed they had ever entirely gone out in the gloom of the bookseller's shop. These new friends got our hero to accompany them on a little sketching excursion towards the mountains of Dauphiné, and when he came back the bookseller dismissed him with the remark that he "did not care for tourist clerks."

In the quarter of *Cherche-midi*, where Chintreuil then lived, there was a little world of young "painters, poets, sculptors, musicians, engravers, novelists," and Chintreuil soon belonged to it in a peculiar sort of way, leading his own regular and quiet life amidst the noise and license of this turbulent and undisciplined society. Perched up in his garret, he tried to learn to paint, still painfully yearning for the country. "Il faudrait vivre dans la nature," he said, with the feeling of a thorough landscape-painter. Up in his garret, his Forest of Fontainebleau was a forest of chimneys and stove-pipes. However, the young student knew very well that he had no chance as yet of earning a living by the sort of art he was aiming at; so he tried to get a commission to copy something for the Government, a sort of encouragement accorded to young artists. For this it was desirable to get the support of the great man of Pont-de-Vaux, the deputy, who answered in a letter given by the biographer, which is a model of insulting coldness, and contains two glaring faults in French. After this, another personage appears suddenly in the narrative, namely, Béranger. M. de La Fizelière had heard that, in consequence of Béranger's recommendation, a painter of *genre*, called Dulong, had got a commission from the "Direction des Beaux-arts;" so he told this piece of news to Chintreuil, and the latter immediately made up his mind to go and ask Béranger to do something for him, although he was entirely unknown to the poet. Nothing more charming in its simplicity could be invented by any novelist than this visit of

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Chintreuil to Béranger. The young painter goes with a little picture under his arm; the poet receives him with the greatest kindness, listens to his story, sees at once the modesty and resignation of the artist's nature, buys the little picture for sixty francs, asks whether it is expensive to practise art on account of the materials, and then accompanies Chintreuil to M. Giroux the colourman, and pledges his own credit for everything the painter may want. After that, Béranger did all he could to help Chintreuil by recommending him to influential friends, and besides that, he went on buying little landscapes of him, which the poet sincerely enjoyed for their freshness and truth to nature. These aids helped the artist greatly, and permitted him to paint pictures of some importance, which were exhibited, and also to go and live in the country. He went to Igny and stayed there more than six years, from 1850 to 1857, during which he painted studies from nature whenever he could, going out in all weathers. At Igny there was a river, La Bièvre, and naturally Chintreuil was often at work near it. Study of this kind, pursued as a hard-working, enthusiastic artist pursues it, is often most dangerous to health. Chintreuil worked from morning till night in damp places, without taking sufficient precautions in the way of clothing, and without having a comfortable wooden hut as Troyon had, so he caught a pleurisy. M. Jean Desbrosses, a pupil and friend of Chintreuil, to whom we owe the volume before us, watched him in his malady, and with the help of good doctors brought him through it alive, after six months of suffering. After his recovery his medical advisers ordered a change of residence. It was evident that he would always study from nature, so they selected for him a dry and airy country at La Tournelle-Septeuil, near Mantes. Here he settled definitively and worked incessantly for sixteen years, the pleasantest of his life, saddened, however, by the death of Béranger, for whom he had the warmest affection. From the year 1862 Chintreuil was an artist of reputation, and gradually became famous. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1870, only three years before his death. This distinction is of enormous pecuniary importance to a French painter, just as the letters R.A. are to an English one, and if it had come to Chintreuil a few years earlier he would have died a rich man. The cause of his death was consumption, probably of very long standing, for he coughed a great deal when quite a young man, and was never really well. The nearest approach that he made to health was what his biographer calls an "état pathologique qui était presque pour lui la santé." It seems likely that his malady may have gradually developed from the time when he caught the pleurisy in the valley of La Bièvre.

The above is merely the skeleton of Chintreuil's biography. The true interest of the life is not in external events, of which there are scarcely any to record, but in the quiet perseverance and resignation to adversity which could continue to work with the steadiness of Chintreuil, and to wait so long for the reward. Very many painters are quite as unsuccessful as he was before reputation came to him, but few unsuccessful painters have been able, in the face of discouragement and neglect, to maintain habits of persistent industry. In poverty, in obscurity, in solitude, in delicate health, and for many years with a painful consciousness of inadequate manual dexterity, Chintreuil maintained the perfect sweetness of his character and the pure flame of the ideal within him, working on without any diminution of that early love for nature which constituted the main happiness of his life. It is evident that, notwithstanding the extreme gentleness and resignation of his nature, he had extraordinary force of will. And in one most important respect his life was a completely successful life—that which he most desired to do in youth he lived to do in manhood. With the exception of that little interval in the bookseller's shop, which was really a great help to him by procuring him the acquaintance of Champfleury and Champfleury's artistic friends, his time was always employed in the direction of his natural gift and vocation. In this respect few lives are so successful as his was; most men are turned aside from the path by the seductions of other opportunities, or else forced out of it for ever by necessity, but Chintreuil developed his own nature as completely as Constable did.

From the studies engraved in this catalogue, as well as from his pictures, it is evident that this artist had a pure delight in simple landscape, the landscape whose elements may be found almost anywhere by those who are intelligent enough to discover it. In England such a painter would certainly be told that he chose very uninteresting subjects, and perhaps in France he might have been sooner recognized by the public if there had been more of human interest in his pictures. We see at once that these are the works of a man accustomed to solitude, and who even loved solitude, provided only that he was free to explore and enjoy the fairy-land of nature. We could not mention a landscape-painter in whose works, taken as a whole, figures and buildings, and evidences of human labour, are so rare. This was not from misanthropy, for we know how much Chintreuil loved his friends and was beloved by them in return; it was simply from the extreme purity of the landscape sentiment within him, which needed no other interest. A tree or two, or a bit of rising ground, was quite enough to occupy his attention, and his artistic perception of the availableness of simple things became ultimately so delicate that he could discover, and make perceptible to others when he had drawn them, elements of beautiful arrangement in the most unpromising material. It is well known to all cultivated critics that this faculty is one of the surest signs of the true genius for landscape; our own Crome and Constable had it to a remarkable degree, and so had some of the best of the old masters. Everything in Chintreuil is subordinated to the rendering of sentiment and impression, and his sincerity is absolute. Still one cannot help regretting that an artist who lived in a country where the noblest material is so easily accessible as it is in France should have willingly spent so much time in the study of things that may be seen almost anywhere. Like everything else, this question has two sides. On the one hand it may be argued that an artist like Chintreuil employs his time to good purpose in making us all feel more acutely the beauty of the common bits of landscape that lie everywhere around us; and on the other hand it may be said that his powers would have been better employed in perpetuating for us, as Turner did, the highest and noblest forms of landscape beauty, which abounded at a very moderate distance from the place where Chintreuil was born. Regrets are useless, yet the wonder remains how an artist can neglect noble for inferior material; but to this perhaps the artist himself would answer that the material he selects is best for what he intends to do with it, just as the characters in George Eliot's novels are best for her purpose, though inferior in social rank to those generally preferred by Mr. Disraeli. It is worth observing that the French, who are generally credited by other nations with an inherent passion for display of all kinds, should in their landscape art have generally shown such a strong preference for very humble and unpretending subjects. All that surprises us is that landscape-painters whose subject is "nothing but the art," as Constable said, should obtain, even though late in life, the limited celebrity which rewards genius and perseverance in their branch of the artistic profession.

NUTT'S SAMARITAN HISTORY.*

MR. NUTT'S volume is certainly not light reading, but its subject has an interest and value which he has measured rightly. The scanty and waning community which still maintains its tenacious existence at Nablus possesses a history, such as it is, extending over at least three-and-twenty centuries, while Jewish records give some glimpses of its fortunes for three or four centuries still more remote. Thrust seemingly into a position which at first they had no thought of taking up, the Samaritans soon saw the advantages to be derived from the isolation to which Jewish prejudice or narrowness sought to condemn them as aliens from the Hebrew commonwealth. For many generations they possessed on Mount Gerizim a Temple which rivalled that at Jerusalem, while they have acquired an almost mysterious reputation as preservers of a Pentateuch more ancient perhaps than the version belonging to their neighbours and enemies, the Jews. The circumstances which thrust them into this position, the date of their rival Temple, the antiquity and authority of their sacred books, are points of importance, even if we have no curiosity to gain a closer knowledge of their dogmas, their religious practices, their habits, their learning, and their notions respecting their own origin and destiny. On all these points Mr. Nutt's volume gives sufficient information, leaving the reader perhaps with the impression that in Samaritan history as in some other things there is more cry than wool. It is marked, as he tells us, by the almost total absence of any trustworthy knowledge "derivable from the Samaritans themselves as to the circumstances of their origin and early condition." The Samaritan population, he adds, consisted "of the poorest Israelites who had been left behind by their conquerors as politically too insignificant to be worth the trouble of removing from their lands." Thus left to themselves, they sank into a state of stupid and contented ignorance, from which they were in some measure, although only partially, roused by the contempt of their neighbours rather than by any design of their own. Yet this strange people has had, as Mr. Nutt remarks, an inner life and an intellectual activity which have hitherto remained almost unknown; and thus every fragment of their literature, poor though it be, has a value for the historical scholar, as possibly throwing light on some questions of high importance.

Their fortunes down to the fifth century before the Christian era may to a certain extent be gathered from the later historical books of the Old Testament. But these narratives contain difficulties some of which at least are not easily solved; and of these one relates to the building of the Temple on Gerizim—an important event in its bearing on the origin of the Samaritan Pentateuch. For the date of this building our only authority is Josephus, the precision of whose account should have been more fully acknowledged by Mr. Nutt. The date itself, he tells us, is doubtful:—"Josephus, *Ant.* xi. 8. 4, seems to place it in the reign of Darius Codomannus, the last King of Persia; but if the Sanballat he mentions be the same as in Nehemiah xiii. 28, the event should be placed under Darius Nothus." It is, however, impossible for any writer to give a date with more particular care than that with which Josephus marks the erection of the Temple on Gerizim; and if it be a perilous thing to question the authority of the only account from which we gain any knowledge of it at all, it follows that after all the Sanballat of Josephus cannot be the Sanballat mentioned by Nehemiah. The points of likeness between the two accounts are very slight, the points of disagreement very strong; and it is altogether more likely that there were two Sanballats

* *A Sketch of Samaritan History, Dogma, and Literature.* Published as an Introduction to "Fragments of a Samaritan Targum, edited from a Bodleian MS." By John W. Nutt, M.A., Fellow of All Souls College, Grinfield Reader on the LXX., Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

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than that Josephus was wrong in the date of an event preceding his own birth by not more than four centuries.

The first high-priest of this Temple, appointed by the Governor Sanballat, was Manasseh, his son-in-law, the brother of Jaddua, the high-priest at Jerusalem. His refusal to dissolve a marriage condemned as irregular was naturally rewarded by Sanballat with the highest office of the priesthood; and the promotion of Manasseh brought with it the learning of the more cultivated society of the Jews, and the cold and forbidding theories of the Sadducees. Possibly also through him they may have obtained the transcript of the Law to which by subsequent changes they gave the peculiar character which marks the Samaritan Pentateuch. At the least, their poverty of invention is a noteworthy fact. Their rites and their dogmas, in spite of the antagonistic position which they had assumed, are all borrowed—those points only, in Mr. Nutt's words, "being rejected which did not square with their own prepossessions"; and hence the fact of their acceptance of the Pentateuch from their neighbours ceases to be antecedently improbable. It is, on the other hand, scarcely likely that they should have received it much earlier. If the expulsion of Manasseh took place in the days of Nehemiah, and if this measure was carried out strictly on the authority of the Pentateuch, these circumstances, it would seem, would be a reason for rejecting its authority altogether and for refusing it admittance. But during the three generations which intervened between the time of Nehemiah and that of Alexander the Great, the Pentateuch, first laid before the people in its integrity perhaps by Ezra, would be acquiring a deeper veneration, and would come with a stronger claim on the acceptance of the Samaritans.

If Mr. Nutt here speaks with more than necessary hesitation, he has left nothing wanting in his discussion of the theories relating to the comparative antiquity and value of the Jewish and Samaritan versions of the books bearing the name of Moses. Dealing first with the critics who assign to the Samaritan an authority and correctness far beyond those of the Hebrew Pentateuch, and showing that their conclusions are untenable, he goes on to examine the arguments adduced to prove that the Samaritan version was the text on which the Septuagint translators did their work. Of these the most plausible is the assertion that the Samaritans had already brought out for their own use a Greek translation, of which the Seventy, with their imperfect knowledge of Hebrew, gladly and eagerly availed themselves. Unfortunately, there is no trace of the existence of such a version for four or five centuries later; and, apart from this, Mr. Nutt well insists on the extreme unlikelihood "that a people who had on all other occasions shown themselves powerless to invent, only capable of feeble imitation, should in this one instance have distanced their rivals in the production of so great a literary work." Not less unlikely would be the reception of a translation so made by the Jews whether of Palestine or of Alexandria. But the Samaritan Pentateuch and the Greek version of the Seventy beyond doubt agree on some points in which they differ from the modern Hebrew Pentateuch; and the only adequate explanation of this fact, in Mr. Nutt's belief, is to be found in the theory of Gesenius, which looks upon the Septuagint and the Samaritan Pentateuch as derived from Jewish MSS. "which bore a great resemblance to each other, but contained a text varying from that of our Hebrew Pentateuch." The extent of the variations introduced into both shows that integrity of the text was not among the conditions needed to raise a book to the rank of sacred writings.

The Samaritan version, long spoken of with respect, quoted by Origen, who gives its various readings in the margin of his *Hexapla*, and highly praised by Georgius Syncellus, the chronologist of the eighth century, vanished at last from the knowledge of Eastern or Western scholars, and was apparently lost altogether. Mr. Nutt gives an interesting account of the MSS. which have been found during the last few centuries, the first having been discovered at Damascus in 1616 by Pietro della Valle, who had in vain sought to discharge at Cairo, Gaza, and Nablus the commission given to him by De Sancy, then French Ambassador at Constantinople. This MS. was presented by De Sancy to the library of the Oratory at Paris; but it soon ceased to be the only one known to European scholars. Copies are now to be found in most of the great public libraries, all of them, however, being written on separate leaves, none in the shape of rolls. The rolls are apparently confined to Nablus, which boasts of one copy written by the hand of the great-grandson of Aaron himself, thirteen years after the settlement of the Israelites in Canaan, on the skins of some twenty rams slain as thank-offerings. Another copy is asserted to be the one which formed the subject of debate between Zerubbabel and Sanballat in the presence of the Babylonish king. The mark is still pointed out where Zerubbabel spat on it to break its charm. "It had twice sprung unhurt from the fire into which he had thrown it; the third time it came out again undamaged, only the spot was scorched." Although so greatly venerated that the priest's blessing in Num. vi. 22 has become black from the kisses of the worshippers, this MS. still has its price. It was offered a few years ago to the Bodleian for the modest sum of 500*l.*; but the offer was not accepted.

Apart from the Pentateuch, the literature of the Samaritans is not much more abundant than snakes in Ireland; nor, if the books to which they give the name of Chronicles had been more numerous, would they have much value. The historical sense was not strong in the members of this isolated community; in fact, as Mr. Nutt puts it, "Nothing was further from the mind of a Samaritan chronicler than to give an exact relation of past events." Thus the chronicle of Joshua is designed to glorify the Temple on Gerizim, and to anathematize all who followed the evil example of the apostate priest Eli, who set up an opposition Temple at Shiloh. In this series of disjointed narratives Nebuchadnezzar takes captive, not Judah, but Israel, of whom he allows three hundred thousand to return to their homes. But, although the chronicler can travesty history, he has no originality. The wonders which mark the visit of Alexander are all borrowed from Jewish tradition, and slightly altered to suit the tastes and the wishes of the Samaritans.

The Masseketh Kuthim, a Talmudical tract on the Kuthim, as the Samaritans were termed in contempt, given by Mr. Nutt in the appendix, forms not the least interesting part of his volume. It was written probably in the second century, and it curiously exhibits the precise measure of the aversion which the Jew felt for the Samaritan. It sets forth the things in which the former may have dealings with the latter, and marks off all dealings which are forbidden. Some of these seem to be shrewdly arranged in the interest of the more powerful people. The Jew may not sell them large cattle, though wounded, nor goats, nor calves, but he may let them have cattle wounded beyond the possibility of cure. The Jews may not give or take wives from them, but they may lend and borrow on usury with them. Although they may put little faith in the word of Samaritans, there are certain points on which it may be believed:—

> A Samaritan may be trusted to say whether there is or is not a sepulchre in a field, or of an animal whether it is firstborn or not, of a tree whether it is four years old or still impure, and also is credible with regard to gravestones, but not with regard to spreading trees nor stones projecting from walls, nor with regard to the land of the Gentiles.

If the distinctions are wonderful to the Western mind, they attest a sufficiently real dislike; but the Jew is as ready to be reconciled with his erring brother as the Vicar of St. Peter is to restore the Eastern Church to his communion:—

> When shall we receive them? When they give up their faith in Mount Garizim, and acknowledge Jerusalem and the resurrection of the dead; thenceforth he who robs a Samaritan will be as one who robs an Israelite.

SOME STEPPING-STONES TO SCHOLARSHIP.*

IT is a trite saying that there is no royal road to learning, and it may perhaps be thought wrong to dream of an enchanter whose wand shall dissipate the obstacles to the easy acquirement of Greek and Latin, and bid the knots and obscurities of the "pestilent" Primer vanish under a rule of simplification and intelligibility. In seats of learning high in the repute of their scholars and teachers it is still deemed expedient to cherish those grammars and helps to learning which especially set themselves to explain *ignotum per ignotius*, probably because of the admirable discipline in patience and perseverance thus provided for the British schoolboy. And yet it is obvious that, in widening the curriculum as we have done of late, provision must be made for expediting tedious rudimentary processes, not, indeed, by foregoing the indispensable reiteration of the first principles of grammar, but by studying to make these clear, concise, and compendious. Hopeful signs that this view is making progress have recently appeared in various quarters; and, in the interest both of parents and pupils, we think it right to draw attention to two or three succinct and well-considered aids to the attainment of classical knowledge, in the way of grammar, composition, and collateral matters, which now lie on our table.

Of these we place in the first rank two volumes differing in grade and scope, yet of the same practical character, excellently fitted, the one for grounding the merest tiro, the other for giving him, when grounded, an insight into the principles and philosophy of the grammar he has laid in by rote. The first is *A Short and Easy Greek Book*, by Mr. Edmund Fowle; the other an annotated Greek Accidence, by Mr. Evelyn Abbott, now a tutor, we believe, at Balliol; and it has seldom been our fortune to light upon Greek grammars in which economy and retrenchment of space went so thoroughly along with lucidity and solidity of information. Mr. Fowle's book indeed, combining grammar, exercises, and vocabulary in the space of one hundred and forty pages, distinctly aims not only at being, but also (which is a harder task, though it may appear paradoxical to say so) at seeming to the learner's eye, as easy as possible. To this end each subject has been confined to one, or at most two, pages, and a vast amount of thought and pains has been bestowed upon such arrangements of declensions, divisions of a declension, tenses, and tables of verbs as obviate wearisome repetition, and establish a sequence readily appreciable by the learner. A further recommendation is that Mr. Fowle's

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* *A Short and Easy Greek Book.* By the Rev. Edmund Fowle. Longmans. 1874.

The Elements of the Greek Accidence, with Philological Notes. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford. Rivingtons. 1874.

A Short and Easy Latin Book. Fourth Edition. 1873. *A First Easy Latin Reading Book.* Second Edition. 1874. *A Second Easy Latin Reading Book.* 1873. By the Rev. Edmund Fowle. Longmans.

Materials and Models for Latin Prose Composition. By J. Y. Sargent, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford; and T. F. Dallin, M.A., Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford. Rivingtons.

Crusius's Homeric Lexicon. Translated by Henry Smith. Revised and Edited by T. K. Arnold. Rivingtons. 1871.

Story of the Trojan War: an Epitome from Classic Writers. London: James Blackwood & Sons. 1875.

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book runs in the lines of Wordsworth's Greek Grammar, and, in a less degree, in those of Mr. St. John Parry's, one or other of which is in use at most of our larger schools. And, though the nature of the *Short and Easy Greek Book* peremptorily excludes philological and philosophical explanations which the pupils for whom it is designed would be certain to ignore, it is remarkable how seldom we have been able to trace the slightest omission of essential matter, and how often an impression is produced that the author has weighed with nicety the claims of this or that detail to be included as of vital elementary importance. Rightly, for instance, has he concluded that the stem theory, which gives older pupils such an insight into the structure and philosophy of the language, is better left until the rudiments have been digested; hence that which is an inseparable feature of Mr. Abbott's more advanced manual barely peeps out at p. 60 of Mr. Fowle's volume, where he recognizes it in defining the root of a verb, *àpropos* of the formation of the second aorist, ἔτυπον. Yet Mr. Abbott's aim and object is also simplification, and his argument for adding another to the already numerous grammars is that most of these seek to impress on the learner forms that are rare and remarkable, while few have attempted to simplify apparent diversity by reference to a few general laws. For his higher task he has naturally sat at the feet of Professor George Curtius, and incurred likewise a certain amount of indirect debt to Bopp's Comparative Grammar; and so well has he profited by his draughts upon these authorities that the intelligent upper-form boy who masters Abbott's *Greek Accidence* need not fear to have to return blank answers to a stiffish grammar paper of the latest manufacture. Such a boy will find food for thought in the preliminary chapters on letters, sounds, and accents, which are certainly in their proper place in the order of analysis, though practically the matter of them may have to be taught later; and, whereas, at the point of time when Mr. Fowle's book would have been most useful to him, he would have gathered from his section on Hiatus (p. 4) all necessary data as to the changes undergone by vowels at the end of a word when meeting another at the beginning of the next, in Mr. Abbott's he would enlarge his knowledge by the rule that ν is never and ε seldom elided, and by others for the *crasis* of final with initial vowels according to the breathings. When we come to the declensions of substantives, both writers are found practically limiting these to three, with a division of the third into five classes, and Mr. Fowle has laudably simplified the intricacies of the vocative singular and dative plural of this last by a few simple rules. Mr. Abbott naturally goes much deeper, and brings into play the theory of suffixes (originally pronouns) added to the end of the stems. There is a peculiar simplicity about his distinction between common and uncommon forms of declension of nouns in ης and υ, *e.g.* σῦς and ὄακρυ, as distinct from πῆχυς and ἄστυ (pp. 28-9). In the latter, as in other varieties of form and quantity, he discerns the incidence of the digamma in the change of υ into ϝ in other cases than the nominative, accusative, and vocative singular.

In a note to his compendious account of the comparison of adjectives, Mr. Fowle makes a reservation that "this formation of comparatives and superlatives is only given for the sake of learning the language, and that it is not to be supposed that it represents the original growth of the words"; and so elsewhere he distinguishes between the easy way for beginners, and the more philosophical way, as regards forming the tenses. What we desire to point out is that Mr. Abbott's work is calculated to supply the stages and processes which Mr. Fowle's purposely omits; as, for example, whilst we find both simplifying the task of learners by grouping the declension of participles with that of adjectives, it is to Mr. Abbott that we refer for an explanation of such feminine forms as τετυ νῖα—namely the change of the ο in the stem τετυφοτ into υ, and the τ into σ, which is eventually dropped (τετυφοσία, τετυφοσία, τετυ νῖα). In like manner it is neither to be expected nor desired that Mr. Fowle, in dealing with the Greek prepositions, should notice the philological fact, stated by Mr. Abbott at p. 71, that they are isolated cases of substantives or pronouns which have otherwise disappeared; nor would it greatly interest or concern his young clients to know that in all verbs, and notably in those in μι, the terminations of the various persons were formed by adding pronouns (μι, σι, τό) to the stem of the verb. Perhaps, however, it would be well for him to adopt into a new edition of his *Short and Easy Greek Book* the inclusion of the infinitive, not amongst moods, but as one of the three verbal nouns, the others being the participle and the verbal adjective (see Abbott, p. 72). The value of this distinction is sufficiently patent. We may add that a great enhancement of the usefulness of Mr. Fowle's manual is that it contains within its two covers a series of simple and progressive exercises upon the steps of grammar as the pupil masters them, thus superseding the necessity of a "Delectus," and ensuring the pupil's safe footing as he goes forward. Similar praise may be bestowed on his *Short and Easy Latin Book* and his two graduated Latin Readers, leading the pupil up to selected passages of Cæsar, Ovid, and Virgil. His constant attention to the abridgment of labour, and the acquirement of aptness in translation by progressive vocabularies and pertinent foot-notes, shows a clear sense of his mission as an instructor, and we may reasonably hope that those who are grounded according to his plans will in due course take kindly to translation and composition of a more advanced character. There can be no doubt that a free use of translation and retranslation, on paper or by rote, grafted on the system of these "stepping-stones," would bring the tiro almost imperceptibly to the point at which he might creditably attempt more important undertakings in the way of Latin prose or verse composition.

Indeed too great stress cannot possibly be laid on this valuable exercise. For a pupil who has laid in a fair stock of Latin words, acquired a clear idea of syntax, and gained from such helps as we have been noticing the foundations of a good Latin style, there is now within reach a practising-ground such as classical students of thirty years ago might have sought in vain. The *Materials and Models for Latin Prose Composition*, by Messrs. Sargent and Dallin, two experienced Oxford tutors, are superior to any manual of the kind with which we are acquainted in the selection and classification of passages for translation, and in the suggestive hints, parallels, and comparisons which enhance appreciably the helpfulness of the book. The first draft of this excellent volume was put forth in 1870; but whereas it then included Greek as well as Latin passages, it now devotes its whole space to the latter, and this with considerable advantage in the way of concentration of object. The principle which guides the whole is a grouping of passages according to similarity of subject in sections and sub-sections, the latter of which are rather discovered by use than formally distinguished. The main heads of division are fivefold—*i.e.* historical, characters, oratorical, philosophical, and epistolary; but the tacit subdivision of the first of these into sieges, land engagements, sea fights, single combats, &c., is imitated in the classification of diverse matter in the other sections. What makes the book especially valuable is the table of general references, also sectionally divided, which is prefixed to the selections. Not only has each passage in the body of the work its appropriate heading to denote the topic, and its pertinent references at the foot to Latin parallels deserving of comparison—*e.g.* where the material for translation is Bentivoglio's *Siege of Leyden* a footnote suggests parallels in the third book of Cæsar's *Gallic War*, and the second book of the *Annals of Tacitus*, as well as in three books of Livy—but, more than this, a copious preliminary table of references enlarges the stock of models for the whole book, at the same time that it suggests variety of style, and enables the pupil to practise himself in the manner of this or that ancient author, according to taste or prescription. This prefatory table covers some thirty or forty pages, is very carefully drawn up, and is susceptible, it strikes us, of yet further use by tutors, who may well set for translation into English some of the passages indicated, and then have them read off into Latin, at such times as the pupil is employed on particular parts of the "materials and models." We cannot yet forget the loss of time which occurred to the scantily furnished and ill-helped schoolboy of our early days in cudgelling his brains for models which he could but hazily recall. Truly with modern helps there ought to be no falling off in the quality of Latin writing. Never till now was there so large a field for happy imitation of classic diction in translating passages of standard English authors, and in adapting the appropriate Latin style to the native prose most nearly resembling it. The concluding words of Messrs. Dallin and Sargent's preface are worthy of being written in golden characters:—

> Oral rules and cautions in the use of his tools are indispensable to the young artist, and the fittest place for such instruction is the workshop. Collections of empirical formulæ without oral interpretation are generally useless and often misleading. But the reading of Latin is always useful to the most accomplished master of composition no less than to the beginner. He who wishes to write Latin must, above all things, read Latin. That his attention should be drawn to the Latin most suitable for his special purpose is the main object of this book.

Whilst glancing above at Mr. Abbott's *Greek Accidence*, we omitted to mention one feature in it of considerable importance—namely, a supplement of Homeric forms condensed into ten or eleven closely-printed pages. We can hardly imagine a more helpful service to the pupil on the threshold of his Homer, though we must not forget a debt we have long owed to the same publishers who have given us Mr. Abbott's grammar for the excellent translation of Crusius's *Homeric Lexicon*, originally edited by the late Mr. Kerchever Arnold, but reprinted in 1871. The Lexicon Homericum, now in course of publication in *fasciculi* by Teubners of Leipsic, and edited by H. Ebeling, is doubtless a far more copious work, and one which combines the features of an exposition and a concordance in one; but we should have no fear in setting the lad who had mastered Mr. Abbott's supplement, and who was armed with Messrs. Rivington's English "Crusius," face to face with an almost noteless Homer, to pick out the construing and syntax for himself.

To such a beginner we may commend another help, of an unscholastic kind, in a well-compacted *Story of the Trojan War*. The author, whether a classical scholar or, as we should suspect, an outsider, has managed to put together a well-sustained narrative. Much of what he has collected might doubtless be hunted up by a diligent student in the dictionaries of Greek and Roman mythology and biography; but here we have a connected account of the whole story, from the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis and the apple of contention down to the return of Ulysses to Ithaca and the slaughter of the suitors. In an interstitial chapter we find ourselves following the adventures of Æneas and his household on the night of the sack of the city, and become aware that the Second Book of the Æneid has been pressed into the service. The prose narrative is varied by extracts from the translations of Pope, Lord Derby, Professor Conington, &c., and an appendix gives a brief glance at the recent excavations of Dr. Schliemann in the Troad. As a first book on the story of Homer as distinct from his language and literature, this volume is entitled

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to a welcome from those who desire to abridge the labour of young scholars, its chief drawback being defective correction of the press, for which a word of blame is certainly due somewhere.

THE LION IN THE PATH.*

WHEN the Frenchman made the plum-pudding he had all the ingredients right; fruit and flour, sugar and sweets, in due proportion; in fact, everything that was required for the manufacture of a first-rate Christmas pudding. But the result was unsatisfactory. Instead of the firm, rich, well-sustained compound known to us as the fitting follower of the succulent sirloin, he turned out a nondescript soup, like nothing else in the repertory of the kitchen, which those who tasted once took care not to taste again, and which gained more objurgations than encomiums from the subjects of the experiment. The Frenchman's plum-soup may stand as the type of more failures than in puddings; and especially may we take it as the type of the novel lying before us. Counted up as raw material, *The Lion in the Path* contains every ingredient necessary for making a stirring novel of the good old kind; historical, therefore full of the politics and personages of the period, introducing us to well-known incidents, clothing with flesh and making vivid and pictorial certain popular movements or diplomatic manœuvres; pleasantly tempering the severities of history with poetic fancies and imaginative flights, and diversifying the facts, which are the cardinal points of the story, with delightful little interludes of maiden's love and knightly constancy, hairbreadth escapes, moonlight adventures, whispered conferences, spies, conspirators, traitors, and the like. But the plum-soup served out to the exasperated and expatriated Britons on that memorable Christmas Day was of an intelligible consistence compared to the unannealed mass of this same *Lion in the Path*, though why lion, and in whose path, remains a mystery to the end. The one was as much like plum-pudding, as we know it, as this is like an historical novel with a clearly defined goal and an interesting roadway thereto. And of the two we confess that we would rather have swallowed the soup than read the novel.

The date of this story is somewhere at the end of the seventeenth century, when James II. was in exile and his loyal Jacobites at home were plotting for his return. We find, by an incidental remark made by the exiled King, that Mary had just died, and that therefore "in the tears of the nation is a new rainbow of hope for our troubled country," as "the death of Mary has assuredly set free the hearts and hands of thousands of loyal English gentlemen, who, while she lived, were disposed to submit to the usurper for her sake." Fourteen years before the King makes this remark, occasioned by the intention of one of his faithful friends in exile, General Langton, to go to England at the risk of his life on private business, there had been a secret marriage between two children—namely, this identical General Langton, then a boy of fourteen, the only son of Viscount Langton, for the one part, and the Lady Hermia, of the ripe age of eleven, the only daughter of the Earl of Bridgeminster, for the other. And here we come upon one of the Gordian knots which we confess we have been unable to untie. Why were the children married only to be separated, and in after years kept asunder? What end did the union answer anyhow? and what were the "dreams of aggrandizement" of the bride's father, the author of this precious scheme—"a man yet imperfectly known, but who was soon to prove the wiliest and most unscrupulous of intriguers"—when he married his little daughter to the Honourable James and secured nothing by the move? Viscount Langton, it would seem, changed sides, and went over to the Jacobites, and in doing so "betrayed the friend who had trusted him." We presume it is Viscount Langton who is here meant; though the personality is not more clearly defined than by the vague term "the politician," which may mean the Earl quite as well as the Viscount. But as this marriage is solemnized in a Protestant chapel, and by a Protestant chaplain, while the Honourable James is a Roman Catholic, we think it more likely that the Viscount was the turncoat rather than the Earl. But indeed the whole book is in such a muddle from first to last that it is difficult to draw out a clear thread anywhere. We should say that a lawyer's brief constructed on this novel would be about the toughest bit of head-work possible, and that the most accomplished *précis*-writer would have to abandon the task of bringing the lion out of the jungle, and setting him on a well-defined path to be seen and understood of men, as one beyond the powers of ordinary intelligence.

As the two children loved each other while children, they love each other when grown up, though they have not met for fourteen years. Still they moon a good deal about each other, and soliloquize sweetly, each to that half of the broken coin belonging, the one to him, the other to her. The Lady Hermia, who by this time has "large queenly arms and great eyes that seem always to look beyond the boundaries of these fair lands for something they can never find," who wears round her neck "a cord of plaited silks, doubtless the work of her own fingers, to which hangs the half of a tiny gold coin," is introduced to us in this wise. We give the scene, as it has more in it than most of the very slight amount of colour with which the book has been endued, and because it has the characteristic silliness of which there is infinitely more than of artistic skill all through:—

> To-night the cord is twisted round those fingers, the coin is in her hand, and her eyes gaze on it with a passionate intensity, as though they strive to read in it the story of the hidden years.
>
> Ripe fruits fall in the fragrant darkness, and she shudders at the sound.
>
> The odours of dying roses steal up towards her, and her face sickens of their smell.
>
> The seething of the rich corn is heard on the breeze, and the white grand arms are stretched forth yearningly in the darkness, as if to catch at the robes of summer, thus rustling and preparing to depart.
>
> Year after year have they been thus stretched forth, as if to hold back Time—wrestling with him in soul as Jacob wrestled with the angel—demanding by way of blessing that the desire of that solitary heart shall be gratified.
>
> But still year after year the fruit has rotted and dropped, the roses told the same sickening tale, the corn been bound into sheaves, and borne away.
>
> Year after year has she sunk down upon the wall, and cried, in unendurable anguish of soul, as she cries now,—
>
> "Father of Mercies! when will this end? My husband! Must I live, must I die like this! Oh, no! You *will* come! But when—when?"

This passionate longing of a young lady of twenty-five for the boy husband to whom she was married in her early childhood is matched by the husband's distracted desires. When the Lady Hermia is trying to read the story of the hidden years in her half of the tiny gold coin, "the other half is at the same moment in Rome," at St. Peter's; where, instead of saying his prayers as a devout Catholic should, General Langton is dreaming of his boyish wedding-day; part of which we also extract:—

> The scene lives before him. The scent of the new-mown hay comes through the painted windows of the dream-chapel. The white silk of the little wedding robe glimmers. The dimpled hands flush faintly like blush roses in the early morning light. The wondering, sweet, infantine looks bewilder him, and draw his sorrowful lips into smiles; while hers, the baby lips, lifted solemnly for his kiss, pout before him.
>
> "Is it all a dream?" he asks himself, as his hand glides under the coverings of his breast to feel for the half of that broken coin, where it ever lies, against his heart.
>
> "Was that my wife? Is it possible that I have never seen her since? That, if we met, we might not even know each other. My God! where will all this end?"
>
> As the words burst from him on voiceless breath, his half-unconscious but most profound pity and sympathy for his wife's position (so much more hopeless even than his own) affected him very strangely. It seemed to call forth from the very deepest recesses of his being an instinct that she, too, might at that moment be crying, with still greater despair, "When? When?" He could even half fancy he really heard his own sad words echoed by her.
>
> It was at that moment the resolve came.
>
> He had risen in the tumult of his thoughts, while all about him continued to kneel. Now he bent again to his knees, when all else were rising, and he said almost audibly,—
>
> "When—sayest thou, Hermia, my soul's darling—when? *Now?* Though death confront me on the English shore, though there be a raging lion in every path that leads to my own dear home and to thee, I tell thee, Hermia, it shall be now—now! Let thy father and brother do their worst, if they discover me, and give me up to my enemies: I will dare all—ay, all for thy sake!"

After these impassioned preludes we come to the theme. And here we give up in despair. Vague creatures flit to and fro in the pages with shadowy functions and confused objects. Traitress and spy, the villain-in-chief of the whole imbroglio, is one Mistress Maria Modena Preston, who follows General Langton to England, dogs his movements, gets into the confidence of his friends to pass on to the enemy what she gets, disguises herself as a boy and is taken into his service, is here and there and everywhere like a will-o'-the-wisp, and is about as conscienceless a little rascal as ever betrayed man to his ruin and woman to her sorrow. But Mistress Maria Modena Preston, apparently the wife of a certain Gervase Noel—one of the vague creatures who flit and maunder and do harm in an objectless, cloudy way—has, in spite of all her villany, a something that does duty for a heart. She does seem to be really fond of Mr. George Osborne; but it may be all a cheat, a mere appearance; for indeed we have not been able to give so much time and brain-power as would have been required to unravel all the intricacies, reconcile the contradictions, and make out a fair table of what was and what was not in this chaotic novel. All that we know of the story is that General Langton comes to England, disguised as a diamond or jewel merchant, partly to see his wife, the Lady Hermia, partly to sound the Jacobites and assist in replacing King James on the throne; that he is nearly drowned on the first landing, then nearly murdered by a wrecker, who was a most unbusiness-like person and ought to have had some lessons from the Cornishmen of the period; that he makes himself known to friend and foe with surprising facility and want of caution; that he sees the Lady Hermia, still disguised as a dark-skinned diamond merchant, by whom he is suspected to be what he is, and discovered before the interview is over; by her maid betrayed to the Earl; and that then there is a wonderful ride—the General escaping, the Earl pursuing, the Lady Hermia, hooded and habited as the Dark Lady of the Grange (seemingly the local ghost), doing something in the *mêlée*—one scarcely knows what—while mounted on her "gallant grey" Bonny Bell, for whom she has made "a thin black gauzy kind of covering, which effectually removed all idea of the true colour of the horse." After this come sundry unconnected adventures, like a box of bricks tumbled out on the ground, or an artist's palette set with dabs of crude colour; but, as all's well that ends well, the closing scene shows us the husband and wife in prison, freed by Lady Russell, who does a little bit of pantomime

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* *The Lion in the Path: an Historical Romance.* By the Authors of "Abel Drake's Wife" and "Gideon's Rock." 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

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in striking General Langton two or three times on his side. Then she asks Hermia, "with a wonderful smile," "My child, does this remind thee of nothing?" To which conundrum the poor distracted wife at first finds no answer, but presently, in "an almost breathless whisper," she murmurs faintly into Lady Russell's ear, "The angel of the Lord smote Peter on the side."

Low as was the whisper, it raised Langton's prostrate form to its knees, and brought his wildly searching eyes close to Lady Russell's face.

Tears rolled down her cheeks—her lips quivered and broke into a lovelier smile than lives on that bright picture in Hampton Court.

"Ay Peter," she said, "arise up quickly, gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals!"

She laughed with sweeter music than the laughter of her girlhood, as the strong young hands on each side grasped hers, and the passionate young eyes, burning with desire for life, fed on the meaning of her face.

"Providence guided me to change my purpose of coming first to you. I went to the king. I come from him now. I learned with horror, he had despatched orders for instant execution. My good people almost flew here with me. The lieutenant heard my message, received my credentials, and then told me what he had done. Yes, my children, that man's humanity in giving you those few minutes, has saved you both; has saved me from a new calamity—for I had a power the king could not resist; and saved our dear country from a murder only less cruel than my husband's. You are banished—but you go together. I came in fearing lest my very mission should destroy this dear lady: you, my dear lord, saved her from that. I have no more to say."

"Come," she added, after a pause, seeing how they gazed on her in boundless wonder, gratitude, and reverence. "Come, cast thy garment about thee and follow me! We must hasten through the streets before the news can become known. Otherwise *your* departure, my friend, may hardly be as quiet as Peter's, for half London will be waiting to give you, and this dear lady, joy."

With which words *The Lion in the Path* ends; and all that we can say for it is, that for the work of two reasonable beings, two minds mutually helping and correcting each other, it is a spell of the dreariest confusion and silliest nonsense with which it has ever been our ill luck to meet. We would also intimate that it is scarcely fair on Andrew Marvel's fame to rechristen him for posterity Andrew Maxwell.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE third volume of the *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams** has an historic value as important for English as for American readers. It covers the years from 1814 to 1817, during which Mr. Adams was employed in diplomatic business of extreme moment and of the gravest interest. He was one of the Commissioners who negotiated at Ghent the Treaty which terminated the war between England and the United States; he was in Paris during part of the Hundred Days; and he was Minister at the Court of St. James's at the time of the battle of Waterloo, and for two years afterwards. Most of the later controversies which have arisen between the two countries (the *Alabama* dispute of course excepted) have arisen out of points variously interpreted in, or purposely left untouched by, the Treaty of Ghent; and in discussing the exorbitant territorial claims subsequently put forward by the Federal Government, and deciding how far they were advanced in *bonâ fide* belief in their justice, and how far they were based upon the mere arrogance of local superiority of force, and on confidence in the reluctance of English statesmen to maintain their Sovereign's right at the sword's point, the full and minute account which the chief of the American negotiators of that Convention has left on record, not only of all that passed in discussion between the respective Commissions, but of the private conversations of the representatives of the United States among themselves, and of his own personal views, will have to be carefully considered, and may go far to govern the conclusion. Regarded as material *pour servir*, nothing could be more valuable, or to the serious student of history more interesting, than the very elaborate journal of Mr. Adams; one which it is not a little surprising that a statesman so deeply and so constantly engaged in the most anxious and laborious duties should have found leisure to keep. In many cases it would seem as if he must have taken notes at the moment; otherwise we can scarcely understand how he could venture to report so closely, speech by speech, the purport, if not the very words, of long debates on matters sometimes of exciting interest, sometimes of tedious detail. But of course the long-continued habit of entering in a diary at night the events and conversations of the day exercises and strengthens the memory to a degree which seems incredible to those who have never been trained in any such practice, at the same time that it calls forth a power of attention, not merely to the general substance, but to every important point and phrase of a discussion, which ordinary men do not acquire or exert. The peculiar merits, however, which this journal possesses as a record constitute its defects as the principal part of a biography offered to the general public. If a reader would gather the substance of any part of this history, he must follow the writer page by page, and almost line by line; for there is neither summary to save his labour nor page or side headings to guide and abridge; and to read through several large volumes of this minute type, occupied with the life of a single man—eventful as that life was, and great as was the part played by the narrator in the events he describes—requires more leisure and more energy than are likely to be brought to the task by any but professional students of the period on which the book casts so much light. Moreover, the labour of the cursory reader is not very richly rewarded, except so far as the tedious details of diplomacy are concerned. Of the tremendous public events that were passing around the diarist, the course of campaigns that changed the face of the world, and of Congresses that decided the fate of nations, we hear only in a stray paragraph or so, while page on page is given to the minutiæ of territorial or commercial negotiations affecting only savage tribes or unsettled provinces. The battle of Waterloo occupies not one-fifth of the space that is given to the trivial question of the order in which the names of the parties and the signatures of their representatives were to be placed in a secondary Convention. And, indeed, Mr. Adams gives us the impression of a man little alive to the comparative importance of different matters, and governed in the space he allots to them in his thoughts and writings rather by the degree in which they excited his own feelings and temper than by their relative magnitude. The most readable part of this volume is that which relates to Paris after the return from Elba. Here Mr. Adams was less occupied with diplomatic detail, and had more leisure to note events and appreciate character. In the latter art, indeed, he shows no striking proficiency; but some of his entries throw much light on the quality of men who filled some space in the world's eye, and others illustrate vividly the temper of the recorder. Thus, though Mr. Adams himself imperfectly realizes it, nothing can be more characteristic of the virtuous vanity and fateful weakness of Lafayette than the manner in which we see him speculating on the possibility of using Napoleon to conquer the foreign foes of France, and then turning the victory to the profit of Liberalism; as if the triumph of the Emperor in the field would not have restored the Empire in all its tyrannical autocracy, or as if the doctrinaire survivors of the Revolution could have coped with the practical capacity of the man who made the Revolution his footstool. Thus, too, Mr. Adams exhibits his own nature in his virulent attack on Wilberforce and "the Saints" who gathered under his leadership, when he, the Abolitionist representative of New England, imputes to the Abolitionists of England a purely selfish desire to aggrandize their country's naval power as the sole motive for their demand of that right of search which alone could have suppressed the slave trade on the coast of Africa; of which trade, while slavery existed in the States, the merchants of New England and New York were the chief supporters, and the Stars and Stripes the one effective protection.

Mr. Myers's *Remains of Lost Empires** is altogether a disappointing book. Its title is deceptive; for, instead of giving a general view of a subject which, so regarded, would afford room for some novelty of treatment, and could hardly fail to be interesting, it touches on the ruins only of one particular region, and those among the most familiar of ruins. It is disappointing, because, even on the limited ground to which so ambitious a title really applies, it has very little to tell us that is new, contains few results of original research, and does not throw into a readable and coherent form the knowledge acquired by more diligent investigators. The book is not a scientific thesis on the relics of primæval empires as found in every part of the world (except perhaps Africa, and certainly Australasia), no matter how completely civilization had subsequently disappeared thence. It is not even an unscientific speculation on this most attractive theme. It is simply an account of a somewhat hasty journey to the principal ruins of Asiatic Turkey, and thence through Persia and Cashmere to India. The descriptions of some of the more remarkable incidents and scenes of a journey not yet hackneyed are the best and liveliest part of the volume; next to these come the illustrations, and next the descriptions of the ruins as they now appear. Other merits it has few or none; but these might have been enough to secure it a favourable consideration had it not provoked expectation and prepared disappointment by a title absurdly disproportioned to its real pretensions.

Many Lands and Many People† is a nondescript, almost indescribable, congeries of incongruous materials. It is not a geographical or ethnological treatise, though it contains here and there a good deal of information respecting the geography, ethnology, physical character, human, animal, and vegetable inhabitants of out-of-the-way lands. It is not a book of travel, though it contains some traveller's narratives, and embodies the results of a good many more. It is not a fiction into which incidents of travel and descriptions of foreign life and scenery are interwoven; though it begins with a fiction of this kind on a subject at first sight most unpromising. It is a mixture of any and all of these; a collection of papers that have no common character and no common link, except the single quality of relating to foreign, and generally to little visited, countries, though the ruins of Athens find a place in the volume beside those of Peru and Palestine. It is printed in poor and vulgar style, and the illustrations, though often superior to the letterpress, are not of a high order. It seems as if a number of rejected magazine contributions had been gathered from the waste-basket of years, brightened by a quantity of woodcuts adapted to them as best might be, and flavoured with certain fragments from European

* *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams; comprising Portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1848.* Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vol. III. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

* *Remains of Lost Empires: Sketches of the Ruins of Palmyra, Nineveh, Babylon, and Persepolis; with some Notes on India and the Cashmerian Himalayas.* By P. V. N. Myers, A.M., Associate Author with H. M. Myers of "Life and Nature under the Tropics." New York: Harper Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *Many Lands and Many People.* With 147 Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lippincott. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

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literature of a better quality; the whole set up in the style and published in the company of the cheaper sort of reprinted American novels. A list of the contents alone would suffice to bewilder the reader, who would probably fancy he had come across some "Traveller's Magazine"; and we can fairly say that the incongruity of the fragments themselves is much more complete than the incoherence suggested by their titles.

The Life of Dr. John Warren *, by his son, would hardly possess much interest as a purely professional biography. The subject of it, though a man of credit and distinction, was not one of those really great physicians whose history is of interest, as their names are known, to all civilized countries and to succeeding generations. But John Warren served as Chief Surgeon during the Revolutionary war, and his story contains a few amusing reminiscences and lively illustrations of the conditions under which Washington and his coadjutors had to keep up sometimes the form and sometimes the reality of war against the regular forces of England, until the intervention of France changed the fortunes of the contest. His after professional life also throws some light on the social and political ideas and habits of his time. He lived to witness the second war with England and the Peace of 1815. His attachment to Masonry is noted by his son as a peculiar feature of his character, in terms which show how the strange prejudices awakened by the anti-Masonic delusion of a quarter of a century ago still affect American opinion; but Dr. Warren's Masonic utterances are no more important or instructive than Masonic speeches addressed to a miscellaneous audience are wont to be.

Mr. Nordhoff's *Politics for Young Americans* † is really in its way a useful and instructive book. It does not deal much with facts, even where facts alone could make the lessons of real service—that is, where the writer is dealing with matters of party controversy, and where his mere authority is not likely to carry much weight with the reader. This is perhaps as well; since, when he does trespass on the domain of concrete history, he ventures on such extraordinary statements as that the Southern leaders—Free-traders greatly aggrieved by the iniquitous tariff which taxed them for the benefit of New England and Pennsylvania—were mainly actuated by the hope of establishing and maintaining by protective duties cotton factories in Georgia and the Carolinas. The thing was done during the war, under pressure of necessity, and it has since endured from the force of natural advantages; but every one knows that the commercial idea of the South was not protection against Northern, but free access to English, manufactures. Nor does Mr. Nordhoff describe minutely the political institutions of his country. His chief object is to lay down, defend, and work out certain general principles of political and economic science. His views are mostly sound and sensible, though disfigured now and then by the rooted superstition of Americans that American democracy is the only natural order of human affairs, the only state of stable equilibrium in government, and by the national tendency to regard the United States as the central and original substance of the universe, and other countries, worlds, and systems as accidental excrescences or insignificant appendages. A skilful teacher might make this small volume the text-book of a very useful course.

Mr. A Bolles's *Chapters in Political Economy*‡, though more learned, elaborate, and pretentious, are much less sound. The writer has not been possessed by the common delusions of his countrymen, and knows that greenbacks are not wealth, nor Protection the nurse of healthy industries; but he has taken up some of the crudities of Socialism, and has fallen into others of his own, which make his book entirely unfit for the use of unguarded students. For instance, we are told that there is a reasonable rate of wages, which ought not to vary with the condition of trade or the number of labourers—that is, that neither capitalist nor labourer ought to take advantage of competition. So again he drifts through a long dissertation on Value, the whole of which would be needless if he had caught the one definition about which he is constantly groping, that value to the economist means value in exchange; he denounces speculation, as if speculation were not the only modern method of effecting that adjustment of prices and storage of surplus supplies which he commends, and demands a law against the payment by banks of interest on deposits, while pretending to the name of a Free-trader.

Another volume of the series "American Pioneers and Patriots" § gives the story of the one naval hero whose exploits fill the imagination of youthful Americans as those of a hundred men of far nobler fame and higher achievements occupy that of adventurous English lads—Paul Jones, the half-corsair, half-patriot of the Revolutionary war. It is a little strange that those with whom the said Paul is the type of naval glory should have been so furious against the *Alabama*, for the story of Captain Semmes recalls not unfrequently the memory of his predecessor in the same field of destructive enterprise. At any rate, Paul Jones's story is worth reading, though it might be better told, and made much more attractive, especially to youthful taste, than in the present volume.

Colonel Jones's account of the operations in Georgia * in the winter of 1864–5, ending with the surrender or rather evacuation of Savannah, is less a contribution to the general history of the war than a correction of a single misconceived episode therein. General Sherman's march is supposed to have been an achievement of peculiar brilliancy, while the amount of resistance offered to it, though probably exaggerated in the imagination of the military student, does not win their fair share of honour for the Confederates opposed to him. For no one realizes how utterly defenceless was the country in Sherman's front, and yet how gallant was the defence made. A few hundreds of cavalry, a brigade or two of infantry, and some score of light field guns faced the advance of a vast army, repulsed its march at several points, till turned by its enormous superiority of force and its abundant engineering resources, finally held against it the outworks of Savannah, kept open their own line of retreat, and at last escaped when defence had become impossible. The honour of the campaign was all with the Georgians. Sherman deserves credit, however, for having divined the utter hollowness of the shell whose hard outside was the Confederate army. He knew that there was nothing behind it, and, having got through that outside, he marched through the rest as he might have marched through Pennsylvania. The perception of the fact showed great insight; of the use made of it we say nothing now. Those who wish to understand what Sherman really did, and what the Northern method of warfare was, cannot do better than glance at a few of Colonel Jones's pages; while those who take pleasure in the modest records of martial heroism will enjoy the whole of his little volume.

The New Hyperion † is a semi-comic story of travel in France and on the Rhine—using the word "comic" in the sense it derives from the higher type of modern comedy, not in that more generally given to the adjective, and derived rather from farce or burlesque. The illustrations are well worth studying, and the letterpress is not quite unworthy of the association.

Mr. Steiger's American "Periodical Literature"‡ is a mere guide or index to the newspapers and journals of the States.

We have this month a list of fiction larger even than usual, among which we may mention Miss Harland's *From My Youth Up* §, a tale whose character the title and the well-known reputation of the author sufficiently explain; *Our New Crusade* ‖, whose moral of course is the so strangely miscalled temperance of those who, not being capable of temperance, become total abstainers from liquor, and dram-drinkers in sensational oratory and feverish invective; *Caleb Krinkle* ¶ and *Honest John Vane* ** regular American novels, and finally, as the children's share, *What a Boy!* †† not perhaps exactly wholesome for boys, the *Child of the Tide* ‡‡, and the *Dorcas Club*.§§ The last is a tale for girls of the strong-minded school, warranted to be interesting, and erring in its moral on the side on which female education is not apt to err, either in America or in England, that of vigorous physical exercise.

We fail to discern the nature of the ties or opinions that unite in one species the various Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith |||, or the exact character of the "Church" described by an adjective so rarely connected with it; and we are equally unable to detect either rhyme or reason in Mr. Walt Whitman's last volume of so-called poems.¶¶

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* *The Life of John Warren, M.D., Surgeon-General during the War of the Revolution, &c.* By Edward Warren, M.D. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

† *Politics for Young Americans.* By Charles Nordhoff, Author of "The Communistic Societies of the United States," &c. &c. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

‡ *Chapters in Political Economy.* By Albert S. Bolles. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

§ *Life of Rear-Admiral John Paul Jones.* By J. S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

* *The Siege of Savannah in December* 1864, *and the Confederate Operations in Georgia and the Third Military District in South Carolina, during General Sherman's March from Atlanta to the Sea.* By Charles C. Jones, jun., late Lieut.-Col. Artillery, C.S.A., and Chief of Artillery during the Siege. Printed for the Author. Albany, New York: Joel Munsell. 1874.

† *The New Hyperion. From Paris to Marly by way of the Rhine.* By Edward Strahan. With over 300 Illustrations from designs by Gustave Doré and others. Philadelphia: Lippincott. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

‡ *The Periodical Literature of the United States, with Index and Appendices.* By E. Steiger. New York: Steiger. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *From My Youth Up.* By Marion Harland, Author of "Alone," &c. New York: Carleton. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

‖ *Our New Crusade: a Temperance Tale.* By E. E. Hale, Author of "In His Name," &c. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

¶ *Caleb Krinkle: a Story of American Life.* By Charles Carleton Coffin ("Carleton"), Author of "Winning His Way," &c. Boston: Lee & Shephard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

** *Honest John Vane.* A Story. By J. W. de Forest, Author of "Kate Beaumont," &c. New Haven, Connecticut: Richmond & Patten. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

†† *What a Boy! What shall we Do with Him? What is He likely to Do with Himself? Who is to Blame for the Consequences?* By Julia A. Willis. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

‡‡ *The Child of the Tide.* By Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Author of "Sally Williams," &c. &c. Boston: Lee and Shephard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

§§ *The Yacht Club Series. The Dorcas Club; or, Our Girls Afloat.* By Oliver Optic, Author of "Young America Abroad," &c. &c. Boston: Lee & Shephard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

||| *Songs and Singers of the Liberal Faith.* Being Selections of Hymns and other Sacred Poems of the Liberal Church in America, with Biographical Sketches of the Writers, and with Historical and Illustrative Notes. By Alfred E. Putnam. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

¶¶ *As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free; and other Poems.* Washington: D. C. London: Trübner & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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In order to mark the Fiftieth Year of the existence of the BRITISH and FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, it is desirable that a special effort be made to enlarge the sphere of its operations, and for this purpose that a sum of £20,000 should be raised by special Subscription within the next five years. Contributors shall have the option of paying their whole Subscription at once or by equal instalments extending over five years, and in the latter case all liability for unpaid instalments shall cease upon the death of the Subscriber. The fund to be called "The Jubilee Fund."

The special objects to be attained shall be as follows, viz.:

1. The promotion of Unitarian Christianity in localities in which no Unitarian Church now exists, by Grants in aid of the cost of building new Churches, and by contributing for a certain period towards the stipends of the Ministers of such Churches.
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Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.

The SIXTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Wednesday, April 14, 1875.

A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, Esq., M.P., D.C.L., F.S.A., President, in the Chair.

Since the foundation of the Society the sum of £35,952 10s. has been distributed in relieving Widows and Orphans of British Artists, and during the past year Fifty-three Widows and Sixteen Orphans have received Annuities amounting to £1,115. The Institution is entirely supported by the Voluntary Donations and Subscriptions of Artists and Patrons of the Fine Arts.

Gentlemen's Tickets, 21s., Ladies', 12s. 6d., may be obtained of the Stewards; at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, L. YOUNG, Esq., 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—LOGIC.—Professor CROOM ROBERTSON, M.A., will deliver a COURSE of LECTURES on LOGIC, Deductive and Inductive, in the Summer Term, beginning on Thursday, April 1, and ending on June 9.

The hour of Lecture on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays will be from One to Two P.M.; and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from Two to Three P.M. Fee, £3 3s.

March 1875. JOHN ROBSON, B.A., *Secretary.*

CLASSES for the PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION for MEMBERSHIP of the ROYAL COLLEGE of SURGEONS.—A GRADUATE of OXFORD, who has had several years' official experience of the requirements of the above Examination, desires to form CLASSES of STUDENTS preparing to enter as Candidates in June next. Each Class will consist of Four Students only.—For particulars, apply to M.A., New University Club, St. James's Street.

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The JUNIOR TERM begins April 14.
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HIGHER EDUCATION of GIRLS.—A BOARDING HOUSE has been OPENED for PUPILS from a distance attending the HIGH SCHOOL for GIRLS recently established at CROYDON by the Girls' Public Day School Company. The house is within five minutes' walk of the School.—For terms and references, apply to Mrs. C. L. ATKINS, Ashton Lodge, Bedford Park, Croydon, S.

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For further information, apply to the Rev. ARTHUR FABER, M.A., Head-Master, late Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford.

The Next Term commences on Monday, the 3rd of May next.

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The ensuing Term will commence on Thursday, May 6. All particulars can be obtained on application to the HEAD-MASTER, or to THOMAS HOLMAN, Secretary, Hurlingham, Eastbourne.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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THE BARODA COMMISSION.

SERJEANT BALLANTINE is very well known to the English public; and when he goes out express to India and receives a dazzling fee—to say nothing of being crowned with flowers by admiring natives— in order to show how a real master in the art can conduct a cross-examination, it is natural that his proceedings should attract a large amount of attention. It is only by a stretch of language that the investigation into the crime imputed to the Serjeant's client is called a trial. This investigation has been made by a special Commission, which has been directed to hear evidence and report to the Indian Government, in order that the VICEROY may be guided to a proper decision. The final action taken by the VICEROY will belong to the domain of politics. Lord NORTHBROOK will have to decide, not only whether the GAIKWAR is or is not guilty of attempted assassination, but what is to be done with him. Every circumstance is therefore favourable to an indulgence in sensational writing. Serjeant BALLANTINE'S cross-examination of Colonel PHAYRE can be reprinted in full, and the highest tribute paid to the skill with which it was conducted; the conduct of Colonel PHAYRE can be severely criticized; the worthlessness of all the evidence adduced against the GAIKWAR can be exposed; and hints can be given that it is certain that, if one of the Commissioners is specially acute, he must be dissatisfied with this evidence. If it were a trial all this would be considered grossly unfair. While the jury are considering their verdict it is allowed to be unwarrantable to inform them that the clever ones among them can come to but one verdict, that the cross-examination has been smashing, and the chief witness shown to be a fool, and, although not a coward, an extremely tiresome person. But this is not a trial, and members of a Commission may be properly guided by the majestic and impartial wisdom of the English press. They can be given to understand that the enlightened British public expects that its master in cross-examination shall not have been sent out for nothing. But this is not all. As the action of the Indian Government is political as well as judicial, it is open to the freest criticism. The VICEROY can be asked to observe that he is in a regular fix, and that whatever he does he will be held to be doing wrong. To have appointed a Commission at all was very foolish, and now the VICEROY is only reaping the fruits of the silly seeds he sowed. If he thinks the GAIKWAR guilty, his judgment will carry no weight, for he will be acting in opposition to the opinion of the cleverest of the Commissioners, whoever they may be. If he thinks the GAIKWAR innocent, he will appear in the light of a person who has tried to hunt a poor harmless Prince to death, and has ignominiously failed in the attempt. And then, unless he is prepared to say that the guilt of the GAIKWAR is established, Lord NORTHBROOK must allow him to resume the government of Baroda during at least the remainder of his probationary term. But Lord NORTHBROOK must not suppose he is going to feel happy if he does this. The GAIKWAR will be restored, but not in a perfectly creditable manner. In the opinion of some of the members of the Commission he will have been held guilty of an attempt at assassination; and although it will be evident to the keen scrutiny of accomplished English critics that it will only be the less able and intelligent members of the Commission who can have come to such an absurd conclusion, and remained unaffected by a masterpiece of cross-examination "such as perhaps had never been known before in "an Indian court," yet the rude creatures who live under the rule of the GAIKWAR may fail to catch this nice distinction, and may feel an unreasonable nervousness about the habits and propensities of their restored sovereign. If Lord NORTHBROOK reflects a little, he cannot fail to see that he really is in a fix, and that the eagle eyes which have traced and exposed his blunders before he has made them will have no difficulty in showing that the consequences of these blunders, when he has made them, are even more disastrous than could have been anticipated.

Although the investigation of the Commission is not, technically speaking, a trial, it has so much superficial resemblance to one that the consideration of the value of the evidence against the GAIKWAR and of the success of Serjeant BALLANTINE'S cross-examination may be conveniently postponed. Nor has the time arrived for discussing the propriety of the decision at which Lord NORTHBROOK may hereafter arrive. But one step the Indian Government has indisputably taken, which, being an accomplished fact, is within the legitimate sphere of criticism. It did appoint the Commission, and to have appointed a Commission at all is said to have been a mistake. We may assume that there was a *primâ facie* case against the GAIKWAR, a case that called for a regular investigation of some sort. The Government did not act on Colonel PHAYRE'S statements. It ordered a preliminary inquiry to be made by an independent and competent authority, and it was advised that the evidence against the GAIKWAR was sufficient to call on him to answer it. After the evidence has been sifted, some members of the Commission—the stupider members possibly, but still persons charged with an official duty, and supposed to be impartial and fit to come to a decision—hold that the guilt of the GAIKWAR has been established. This does not show that the GAIKWAR was guilty, but it shows that there was good reason for inquiring into his guilt. If an inquiry was to be made, how was it to be made? It is suggested that the Indian Government would have done much better to have made its inquiry quietly and in its own way, to have kept its secret, to have avoided controversy, and to have ultimately announced that the guilt of the GAIKWAR was established to its satisfaction, and that it was going to punish him; or that his guilt was not established, and that no further notice of the matter would be taken. The great advantage of this method would have been that no one would ever have been able to say whether the Government was right or wrong. It would have reposed serenely on its prerogative. It would have been exposed to no criticism. It would have afforded no opening for a masterly cross-examination. If it had made a mistake, it would never have been found out, and so its invaluable prestige would have been kept up in the eyes of the natives and of the world. There is some foundation for these suggestions. The particular way in which the Government ought to act in case crimes are imputed to native princes must vary according to circumstances. If, for example, a native prince were discovered to have mixed himself up with treasonable practices, if he had been forming a league hostile to us, or attempting to corrupt our native troops, or taking subsidies from any of our Asiatic enemies, it might be wise to arrest him and say nothing about the precise reasons for his arrest. It might be extremely dangerous to let every one know through what perils we had been passing. The mere fact that the arrest was a political one would justify to every one in India the secresy with which it had been carried out.

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But when a native prince is charged with an ordinary crime, one that would be subjected to the examination of a court of law if he were not a prince, the Indian Government may reasonably think that it ought to proceed in a different way. As it is not itself attacked, as its political supremacy is not in question, it may prefer to let every one know what it is doing. The GAIKWAR is accused of poisoning, and the Indian Government decides that the inquiry into his guilt shall be a public one, that the evidence against him shall be given publicly, and that he shall be allowed the assistance of a masterly cross-examiner. It has had some experience of what happens when this is not allowed. Some years ago a native chief was deposed because he was held to be privy to a plot, the end of which was that a number of his enemies were invited to a banquet and murdered. He bitterly complained that the evidence against him was worthless. The Government ordered a fresh inquiry, and was confirmed in the opinion of his guilt. But he never held his peace, and was constantly complaining of the injustice that had been done him. The rulers of other native States may have thought that they too were liable to be deposed for complicity in alleged crimes established only to the satisfaction of a secret Commission. The occasion presented by the crime imputed to the GAIKWAR may have seemed, therefore, to the Indian Government one not to be lost, and it may have wisely decided that in this case publicity and deliberateness in action were preferable to secresy and a use of the high hand.

To have only appointed the Commission if the guilt of the GAIKWAR had been established beforehand so conclusively that any six men, not absolutely dishonest, must have concurred to report him guilty, would have been doing nothing at all. Let us suppose that three British officers had seen the GAIKWAR put arsenic into Colonel PHAYRE'S sherbet. No doubt their testimony would have been conclusive; but the appointment of a Commission to receive such evidence, while in all cases where the testimony was that of natives, and there was doubt as to its value, the Government acted secretly and in virtue of its prerogative, would have been as foolish a course as could have been taken. It would have inspired many more doubts of the justice of the Government than it would have allayed. It could only be in cases where some possibility of doubt existed that the institution of a public inquiry could show the justice and strength of the Government. If the case is open to doubt, there is naturally a chance that all the members of the Commission may not be impressed by the evidence in the same way. They are not, however, to decide; they are merely to lay before the Government the evidence they have collected, and to state what they think of this evidence. It follows that, if the Government decides that guilt is established, it may be adopting the opinion not of a unanimous Commission, but of a majority of the Commissioners. But it does not at all follow that, if it adopts the opinion of a majority, it is doing wrong. Last year an Englishman was accused by a native of violence, and was sentenced by a magistrate to imprisonment. He appealed, and of the two judges of the Court of Appeal one believed the native prosecutor, the other thought that his story was a tissue of lies. As there was this conflict of opinion, Lord NORTHBROOK was appealed to, and he was asked to release the prisoner. He refused, and the ground of his refusal was that two out of three persons who had examined into the facts had come to the conclusion that the alleged act of violence had been really committed. The course taken by Lord NORTHBROOK was held up by the native press as the triumph of justice and good sense. If natives tell a story, and yet justice is not to take its course because a minority of the judges disbelieve the evidence, English rule would, as these critics urged, be a mere reign of oppression. They might say exactly the same thing if a majority of the Commission believed the native witnesses against the GAIKWAR, and yet Lord NORTHBROOK let the GAIKWAR off because a minority of the Commission thought the native witnesses were liars. The fix in which he is said to be may appear quite imaginary to Lord NORTHBROOK. He has only to receive the report and act as he thinks right; and, whichever way he decides, he may entertain a comfortable conviction that the English Government will be strong enough to deal with the affairs of Baroda.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S FINANCE.

THE want of vigour and originality which is displayed in the entire policy of the Government extends to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S financial administration. He has been saved from the discredit and inconvenience of an adverse balance by mere accident or luck. The Excise returns fail to correspond with the estimate by nearly half a million; and the Stamp duties, and the Post Office returns, including the receipts from the Telegraph service, both fall short of the estimates and exhibit an actual decline. On the other hand, the reduction of a penny of Income-tax has been to some extent compensated by higher assessments and fuller returns; and the sum received from the Sugar duties before they were abolished is somewhat larger than had been anticipated. There is a small increase in the assessment of lands and houses to Income-tax; and the low rate of duty appears to have faintly stimulated the conscience of traders; yet it is unsatisfactory to observe that, while trades and professions have increased their returns by 11 per cent., public Companies, which are taxed on their full income, have been charged on an additional revenue of 14 per cent., mines on 27 per cent., and ironworks on more than 80 per cent. In all these cases the income for the past year, having been estimated on the returns of one or more previous years, indicated a condition of prosperity which has already disappeared. The profits of iron-works are at present lower than at any recent time, and public Companies and trades and professions are certainly not unusually prosperous. In the current year the Income-tax will be subject to a large reduction, nor is there any prospect of elasticity in any branch of the revenue, unless the free admission of sugar tends still further to increase the consumption of tea. On the whole, notwithstanding temporary variations, the Income-tax is perhaps the least unsatisfactory source of revenue. When it was first imposed, a penny in the pound of the income of Great Britain produced about three-quarters of a million. In 1868 the amount on each penny levied throughout the United Kingdom was 1,450,000*l.*, and in the last year it was 1,757,000*l.* In the present year it will probably yield a million and a half, and if commercial prosperity hereafter revives, the produce may perhaps in time reach two millions. The preservation of so considerable a revenue is a compensation for the loss of Mr. GLADSTONE'S services as Minister. He has lately declined to explain the nature of the substitute which he would have provided for the Income-tax if his premature Budget of 1874 had been approved by the constituencies. When the offer was first made it was carelessly repeated by Mr. DISRAELI, and Sir S. NORTHCOTE himself intimated his readiness to consider at some future time the question of abolition.

The absence of a surplus will perhaps not be an unmixed disadvantage. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will have a conclusive answer both to claims for reduction of taxes, and to demands of Imperial contribution to local rates; nor is it possible that he should now commit the blunder of abolishing or further reducing the Income-tax. A year ago, in defiance of warning, he insisted on assuming that the revenue would continue to expand at the average rate of increase; and Mr. GLADSTONE, with official enthusiasm, asserted that it would be culpable to rely on judgment or reason in opposition to statistics. It now appears that it would have been prudent to retain a threepenny Income-tax, even if it were thought necessary to complete Mr. LOWE'S enterprise by the abolition of the residue of the Sugar duty. It is possible that Sir S. NORTHCOTE may have preferred a narrow margin of revenue to a surplus which would have produced many competitors for a share in the proceeds. Immediately after the election it was thought necessary to reward the representatives of the ratepayers for their support by contributions which were not unreasonable, in aid of the cost of police and of lunatic asylums. The Chambers of Agriculture, and the more zealous county members, have always since professed to regard the measure of last year as a mere instalment of a debt; but they will acknowledge that no further dividend on their claims can be expected at present. The railway shareholders will despair of relief from the grievance of the passenger-tax, which is probably as permanent as other imposts which are exclusively levied on a particular class. Even if the justice of their claim were as evident to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER as it seems demonstrable to themselves, they must admit that it is for the present impossible to spare any considerable

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amount of revenue. The association of shopkeepers which formerly maintained a recurring agitation against the Income-tax has of late been prudently silent.

But for the traditional necessity of introducing the most unpretending Budget in an elaborate speech, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER might this year compress his financial statement within the limit of half an hour. The revenue has by a small amount exceeded the estimate and the expenditure; there is no surplus to distribute in relief of taxation, and there is no absolute necessity for new taxes. Though Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is in finance a disciple of Mr. GLADSTONE, he has no pretension to the versatile boldness of his master, nor to his copious eloquence. Fifteen years ago there was, as at present, an equilibrium, and it was supposed that Mr. GLADSTONE would be content to wait for a more convenient opportunity of making fiscal changes. Instead of acquiescing in the supposed necessity of inaction, he startled the House of Commons both by his rhetorical exaggerations and by his daring fiscal policy. Having announced a deficiency of several millions, by which he meant that the Income-tax would expire if it were not as of course renewed, the Chancellor of the Exchequer then proposed to increase the rate of Income-tax, and to abolish the Paper-duty, and, in compliance with the stipulations of the French Treaty of Commerce, to reduce the duty on wine. The controversies which ensued are recorded in Sir S. NORTHCOTE's history of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Budgets; but his heroic achievements are not likely to be repeated by his pupil and successor. It will rather be necessary to satisfy the House of Commons that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will be able to insure even a small surplus without additional taxation. The receipts of the last year include some months of Income-tax at the rate of threepence in the pound; and, for reasons which have been already stated, there is a probability of a decline in the assessments. The stagnation of many great branches of industry will inevitably affect the produce of the Excise; and it may be supposed that the heads of the revenue departments will not in the present year add the ordinary percentage of increase to their estimates of probable receipts. While the national income is stationary or declining, the expenditure both on the army and the navy is increased to an amount about equal to the realized surplus of the past year. It will probably be more desirable to leave a narrow margin of income over expenditure than to replace the penny of Income-tax which ought not to have been surrendered; but the equilibrium will be liable to disturbance if there should be either a bad harvest or a further depression of trade.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has undoubtedly been disappointed by the result of his last year's calculation. In the autumn the Ministers exulted openly in the prospect of a considerable surplus. Mr. DISRAELI himself stated at the LORD MAYOR'S dinner that the revenue up to that time exceeded the estimates; and he was probably not aware that the increase had been casual and unforeseen. The million and a half of Income-tax which was thrown away in deference to Mr. GLADSTONE'S example would have secured an abundant surplus which would again have perceptibly reduced the Debt. It is but a small matter that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will have little reason to fear the criticism of the Opposition. Mr. LOWE had almost imposed upon him the obligation of repealing the Sugar duty; and Mr. GLADSTONE'S political Budget outbid Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S concession to the payers of Income-tax. Even the grant in aid of the rates was consistent with the professed intentions of the former Ministry; and the estimates which have since been falsified by the result would have been adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE if he had remained in office. No judicious Liberal will repeat in the House of Commons the invidious statement which has been occasionally made out of doors, that the surplus created by the Liberal Government has been exhausted by their successors. Neither Sir S. NORTHCOTE nor Mr. GLADSTONE contributed either to the inflated prosperity of two years ago or to the present depression. The Conservatives were lucky in the first good harvest of three or four years, as their predecessors had profited by the activity of the iron and coal trades, and by the consequent consumption of tobacco, spirits, and beer. Both parties have at different times urged the necessity of reducing the National Debt, and both emulously applied the surplus which might have been employed for the purpose in conciliating taxpayers. The experience of a year of office will perhaps cultivate in Sir S. NORTHCOTE the originality and self-reliance in which he has hitherto been deficient. He has deferred too much to the authority of Mr. GLADSTONE, who is a great financier, though he somewhat compromised his reputation by an electioneering Budget. A political opponent is seldom a safe adviser.

FRANCE.

M. BUFFET'S Ministry must be admitted to be an excellent representation of the majority to which it owes its existence. The uncertainty and dissatisfaction which reign in the larger body are accurately reproduced in the smaller. No one section of the Ministerial party is altogether easy about the remaining section, and no one member of the Cabinet quite likes the way in which some of his colleagues are behaving themselves. M. BUFFET'S declaration on taking office found a hostile, though decorous, critic in the journal which is supposed to be specially associated with M. LÉON SAY, and this week there has been a scarcely concealed quarrel over the contents of M. DUFAURE'S Circular to his subordinates. For some days it was doubtful whether it would not be considered too bad to be published in the Official Journal; and though this last and worst condemnation has been spared it, the delay in publishing it has equally had the effect of making the whole country a partaker of what are usually supposed to be Ministerial secrets. Under any circumstances it would have been difficult to prevent the dispute from becoming known, because each section of the Cabinet is closely connected with politicians outside the Ministry. But a quarrel which rests only on rumour, however accredited, makes much less impression on the public than one which has been substantiated by the non-appearance in the Official Journal of a Ministerial Circular which is known to have been distributed to all the officials whom it concerns. The delay is all the more extraordinary that it was not at once ended even by the publication of the erring document in the *Times*. There are some members of the Cabinet, perhaps, who regard publication in the *Journal Officiel* as a certificate of merit which is not to be bestowed even upon a Minister if he has proved himself unworthy of it.

The character of M. DUFAURE'S Circular makes this withholding of it all the more significant. It begins by the statement that the National Assembly has established the Republic in France, and that for six years this Republic will be presided over by Marshal MACMAHON. It next says that the satisfaction which this change ought to produce cannot be expected to show itself at once. Allowance must be made for "cherished recollections, pious inviolable "attachment to former convictions." Still, the *procureurs-généraux* must not make these amiable emotions an excuse for weakness in the exercise of their functions. Above all, they must tell the MINISTER of JUSTICE nothing but the truth. M. DUFAURE is especially anxious to know whether the Jury Bill passed in 1872 has answered the expectations formed of it. If it has done so as regards ordinary offences, has it been equally successful as regards offences committed by means of the press? Next he asks to be told how the press itself has been treated within the several jurisdictions of the officials he is addressing. They are to furnish him with particulars of all the suppressions, suspensions, or prohibitions to sell in the streets which have occurred during the last two years. Newspapers are not the only weapon which has been used against the Government. A deluge of photographic drawings and emblems, "in which historical truth is not less belied than "patriotism and good sense," has been poured upon the country. Has the distribution of these things been authorized? and if not, what measures have been taken to suppress it? Those who are really responsible for this offence have escaped punishment through a defect in the penal laws, and as this defect must be cured by fresh legislation, M. DUFAURE wishes to know the opinions of his subordinates as to the form which such fresh legislation ought to take. As the Circular was ultimately printed in the Official Journal, the part relating to the suppression and suspension of newspapers is omitted, and the *procureurs-généraux* are asked, not simply what form the new law about *colportage* ought to take, but also whether, in their opinion, there is any need for a new law. In themselves these modifications are not important. It may be true that the cognizance of administrative proceedings against newspapers properly belongs to the MINISTER of the INTERIOR, and the change in

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the form of the inquiry will not much affect the answers which M. DUFAURE will receive. But that it should have been thought necessary to make these alterations after the original text of the Circular had appeared in an English newspaper, and that the supposed need for such an alteration should at one time have threatened to lead to the suppression of the Circular as regards the unofficial public, are facts of real moment. They show that the Cabinet as a whole is not willing to disown all complicity in the policy and acts of its predecessors. Why do some of the Ministers object to M. DUFAURE's being furnished with the particulars of all the suppressions or suspensions of newspapers which have taken place during the last two years? Only, so far as can be guessed, because they do not wish the arbitrary action of the Duke of BROGLIE's Government and of General DE CISSEY's Government to become known to the Liberal section of the Cabinet. Why do some of the Ministers dislike M. DUFAURE's assumption that the organized circulation of portraits of the PRINCE IMPERIAL and other Bonapartist symbols must be put down by law? Only, so far as can be guessed, because they still feel that the Bonapartists are, or may become, nearer to them in spirit than their own Republican colleagues. The future of the Cabinet depends on the part which this section is able to play in influencing its conduct of affairs. If the administration of the country is to be carried on in the old spirit of antagonism to the Republic and of covert sympathy with every form of reaction, taking at times the form of a special leaning towards Bonapartist reaction, it is impossible that either the Ministry or the majority which created it can long hold together. If, on the other hand, these apparent concessions to the anti-Republican section of the Cabinet are only designed to soothe the feelings of particular Ministers, or to prevent Marshal MACMAHON from taking alarm at imaginary dangers to public order, no great harm need come of them. The essential consideration is what line M. BUFFET is taking with his subordinates. If the Circulars that issue from the Ministry of the Interior say in substance what the Circulars that issue from the Ministry of Justice say, M. BUFFET may be allowed to be a little over-conciliatory in his dealings with the more timid spirits in the Cabinet.

How timid it is possible for a French Conservative to be has been shown by the alarm caused by M. GAMBETTA's speech at the funeral of M. EDGAR QUINET. Even the *Times*' Correspondent was a sharer in this terror, and wrote as though M. GAMBETTA had bidden farewell to all his newly-found moderation, because he spoke respectfully of civil burial, and said that the Government of the Republic must be in the hands of the Republican majority. Prudent as M. GAMBETTA has lately shown himself, it is hardly reasonable to expect him to talk like an archbishop, or to proclaim that a system under which the Republic is governed by a minority of converted Royalists satisfies his highest political aspirations. What was really remarkable in M. GAMBETTA's speech was his renewed declaration that the success of the Republic depends on the union of all classes of Frenchmen. Under his leadership the Republican party have for the time put aside their hopeless theories of a permanent triumph of the great towns over the country, or of the working class over the middle class. The alliance of the *bourgeoisie* and the *proletariat* which M. GAMBETTA wishes to see inscribed on the Republican banner may prove to have no more connexion with the policy of the party than mottoes on flags usually have with the acts of those who march under them. But it is at all events a better ideal than the triumph of labour over capital, or the proscription of religion, or any other of those mischievous theories which have generally been associated with Continental Republicanism. Those who are discontented with M. GAMBETTA because he did not make M. QUINET's funeral the occasion for a profession of faith in M. BUFFET's Ministry as the best of all possible Governments, forget that it is not the conversion of a single Radical leader to Conservatism that is needed to give a better turn to French politics, but the permanent dissociation of the Radical party from the Red Republicans. If M. GAMBETTA succeeds in educating his followers to his mind, there will be no more connexion between the two than there is between the International and an English Trade Union. If any one thinks that this is but a small result of the moderation he has heard so much praised, it only proves that he has not rightly read the lesson of the Revolution of 1848. It was because the leaders of that Revolution failed to dissociate the Radical party from the Reds that it created universal distrust and landed the country in the Empire.

RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.

THE South-Eastern and London and Chatham Railway Companies have, not unexpectedly, agreed on an alliance, which, as long as it lasts, will be almost equivalent to amalgamation. A similar arrangement between the two Companies has been often contemplated, and seven years ago it was almost completed. A Parliamentary Committee had sanctioned the principle of a union which was also to include the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, on condition that the South-Eastern Company should submit to a reduction of its authorized tariff. At the last moment the South-Eastern Board refused its assent to the terms of union; and since that time the two Kentish Companies have continued their competition, not without a consciousness on both sides that every advantage which was obtained on either part would be chiefly operative in affecting the conditions of an ultimate settlement. In the course of last winter an informal truce was concluded for three years, during which no competitive lines were to be promoted; but the South-Eastern Company immediately began to fill up vacant portions of the district, and on the other side more than one anonymous undertaking was projected, in the hope perhaps that it might be ultimately adopted by the London, Chatham, and Dover Company. It is not yet officially stated that the competing lines have been abandoned, but some or all of them are likely to disappear with the hostile policy which they represented. If the published statements are correct, the two Boards have agreed on the principle of a common purse, which is, in other words, a partnership. There can be little doubt of the unanimous support of their constituents, unless there should be dissatisfaction with the proportion in which the receipts are to be divided. Both Companies will be in a great measure relieved from the duty of providing additional lines to accommodate the district; and they will probably reduce their working expenses by diminishing the speed and number of trains. On their southern frontier only they will be exposed to the competition of the Brighton Company as long as it stands aloof from the combination. If the tripartite partnership of 1868 is revived, and sanctioned by the Legislature, there will be practically only one Railway Company in the South-Eastern counties. It is possible that a share in the local monopoly may at some distant time enable the Chatham Company to pay a dividend on its ordinary stock.

It will not be forgotten that Railway Companies are prohibited from amalgamation without the consent of Parliament. Three or four years ago the union of the two great systems of the London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire was announced with some ostentation; yet at the present moment the scheme of amalgamation has been, at least temporarily, abandoned, and even the voluntary partnership which was maintained for a time has been almost necessarily dissolved. There is a wide practical difference between complete amalgamation and the adoption of a common purse, or division of profits in agreed proportions. As long as it is possible that an alliance may be dissolved either by external circumstances or by domestic dissension, both parties to the compact diligently guard not only their independence, but the several resources of which they may avail themselves in the event of a rupture. The South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover have for many years shared between them the Continental traffic; and they have from time to time jointly engaged in negotiations with the French Government and with the Companies on the other side of the Channel; yet neither Board has neglected an opportunity of strengthening its own position or of impairing the power of its competitor to insist on favourable terms in a contingent bargain. It is to avoid the necessity of securing peace by constant preparation for war that Companies which have settled terms of partnership between themselves are generally anxious to render the compact irrevocable by obtaining the approval of Parliament to a complete or partial amalgamation. In some instances clauses for the division of receipts have been smuggled into Acts passed for an ostensibly different purpose. In one case, where provisions for virtual fusion had been inadvertently passed, the contracting Companies were required in a subsequent

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Session to repeal the obnoxious clauses, as the condition of obtaining powers which were sought for other purposes. If the alliance of the South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover produces satisfactory results, the Companies will almost certainly apply for amalgamation in some future Session. If they can induce the Brighton Company to join them, they will present a plausible case to Parliament. In the meantime the district will enjoy the advantage of potential, though not of actual, competition.

There was much reason for a proposition affirmed by Mr. CARDWELL'S Committee in 1853, that amalgamations of continuous lines should be regarded with favour, and amalgamations of parallel lines with suspicion. The distinction is indeed virtually recognized by law, for the owners of a continuous route may lawfully divide among themselves the proceeds of the through traffic, while the division of receipts of competing lines is, in default of express Parliamentary authority, so far illegal that it may be questioned in a Court of Equity on the application of a shareholder in either Company. It is perfectly evident that the respective owners of different parts of a through route have a common interest in promoting the efficiency of the service, especially if they are at the same time exposed to external competition. Simultaneously with the alliance between the London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the Midland Company revived a project of amalgamation with the Glasgow and South-Western. The two proposed schemes were typical instances of the different kinds of amalgamation. The Midland competes nowhere with the Glasgow and South-Western, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire competes almost everywhere with the London and North-Western. The House of Commons had in 1867 approved of the Midland scheme, but it was rejected by a majority of the Committee in the House of Lords, on the reasonable ground that the gap of sixty miles between the two systems was still open, inasmuch as the Settle and Carlisle line, which is even now not completed, had then not been commenced. When the London and North-Western and the Midland respectively announced their intentions, the attention of Parliament was called to a policy which seemed likely to end in the division of the entire railway system of Great Britain among a few great Companies. The Bills were accordingly suspended during the Session of 1872, and a Joint Committee of Lords and Commons undertook a laborious inquiry into nearly all questions of railway enterprise and management. After examining the principal managers and other railway experts, the Committee recommended the appointment of the Railway Commission which is now struggling for an extension of its original powers. They also made the feeble suggestion that all amalgamations should in future be submitted to a Joint Committee of both Houses, which should, if possible, have a permanent character. A Joint Committee is in no respect stronger than a Committee of either House, and the effect of the recommendation was to prevent a second trial in cases which were assumed to possess exceptional importance. If amalgamation Bills required extraordinary attention, it was a strange arrangement to substitute a single inquiry for the double ordeal to which ordinary measures are exposed.

As it happened, the inconvenience which might have been apprehended was obviated by the summary rejection of both the great amalgamation Bills. The Joint Committee of 1872 had visibly inclined to amalgamation. The Joint Committee of 1873 threw out both Bills, evidently in accordance with some general theory, after hearing only the arguments and evidence of the promoters. It is impossible to foresee the reception which may await a Bill for the amalgamation of the South-Eastern with the London, Chatham, and Dover. When the measure was discussed in 1868, Parliament was, in fresh recollection of the crisis of two years before, inclined to make every concession which might be desired by Railway Companies. In 1866 the London, Chatham, and Dover had disclosed a condition of utter insolvency, and the Brighton Company had reduced its dividend from 7 per cent. to a trifling amount. In more prosperous times appeals to Parliamentary compassion are likely to be less effective; but the three Companies which occupy the South-East of England would be liable to no railway opposition if they agreed to form a partnership, and the traders and travellers who might be interested in the question would have neither facilities for combination nor resources adequate to a Parliamentary contest. Passengers especially are altogether helpless, inasmuch as none of them have a large pecuniary interest in the cheapness and efficiency of railways. There are no manufactures in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, nor is there any commerce at the ports. The towns are for the most part small, and their trade is confined to the importation of coal for household purposes, and of commodities for the supply of the respective districts. The interest of those who use the lines would probably be best consulted by an alliance not amounting to an amalgamation; but if the question is submitted to Parliament, the evidence will be exclusively supplied by the Companies which promote the union.

THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH WAR.

TWO more volumes have lately been published containing the deposition of witnesses before the French Commission of Inquiry into the origin and history of the war with Germany. That such an inquiry should have been made was natural and proper; and it was perhaps inevitable, considering the composition of the present Assembly and the temper of its majority in 1871, when these depositions were taken, that the members of the Commission should have approached their task with a very distinct set of prejudices and prepossessions. They, or at least many of them, were burning with hatred of the Government of the Fourth of September; they believed that the defence of the country had been made the mask of a Republican intrigue; they were confident that the most reckless mismanagement would be brought home to the insolent GAMBETTA and his accomplices. They were, however, just enough to let witnesses of all parties speak for themselves, and there is scarcely any one whose testimony could have been of any value who does not figure in the four bulky volumes already published. When they got hold of a witness they treated him in a very different way according as they liked him or not. A distinguished General of acceptable political principles was politely thanked for being kind enough to tell what he wished to reveal. A Republican upstart was exposed to a running fire of snorting comments, and was perpetually being asked if he was not aware that something or other was indisputably true, to assume which to be true was to hurt his feelings. But still the witnesses told their stories in their own way, and the result was not what the more violent members of the Commission expected and wished. It is also to be observed that the members of the Commission who made themselves prominent as political partisans were not numerous. The same names are always recurring in connexion with one-sided remarks and questions, and it is not at all certain how far they reflected the opinions or fulfilled the wishes of the political party with whom they were accustomed to act. From some of the questions put, it might be gathered that, in order to injure the reputation of the Government of September, the inquirer was anxious to show that France might have got better terms if the war had not been protracted after the catastrophe of Sedan. But, although this question may have come from a Legitimist, it does not follow that the Legitimists generally at all repent of the part they took in helping their country to continue the war. On the contrary, we find that when M. TESTELIN, who acted in the autumn of 1870 as Prefect, and subsequently as Commissary-General, in one of the Northern departments, was examined, some of the members of the Commission who were connected with that part of the country were anxious to have it established by the mouth of a somewhat hostile witness that the Conservative party in the North placed themselves without hesitation at the disposal of those who were organizing the defence of the country. It may be added that the witnesses seem, as a rule, to have given their evidence fully and fairly. Possibly some of them had almost too good a story to give of what they themselves had done. But when it came to judging of the conduct of others they were, if men of any mark and standing, steadfast in their adherence to what they thought just. Very leading questions, for example, were put to General BOURBAKI and General FAIDHERBE as to the conduct of M. GAMBETTA; but they answered with a quiet accuracy which must have had a damping effect on the ardour of their questioners.

The publication of these two volumes has been long delayed; and if any explanation of the delay is needed beyond that which official procrastination suggests, it is perhaps to be found in the evidence of M. DE CHAUDORDY. Having already given evidence as to the negotiations

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between France and other Powers subsequently to the installation of the September Government, he was invited to attend again to state what he knew as to such negotiations as had belonged to the period of the Empire. He had a long story to tell as to the HOHENZOLLERN candidature, the inte view between the KING and M. BENEDETTI at Ems, and the engagements of Austria and Italy to help France. Now these revelations can do no harm, but two years ago it might have been indiscreet to publish them. The general result is that immediately after the grand time of the Paris Exhibition of 1867, when the King of PRUSSIA was invited to come to the capital of civilization and fraternize with his brother sovereign, the Emperor NAPOLEON went to Salzburg, and there met the Emperor of AUSTRIA. Both agreed that war with Prussia was inevitable, and in a general way they agreed that, when it did come, they would act in concert. No more special agreement was framed, and Austria was constant in her advice to France to hold back as long as possible. Austria was not ready for war, and could not be unless time was given her. It is very probable that Prince BISMARCK knew what was going on, and preferred that, if war was to come, it should come quickly. But nothing in M. DE CHAUDORDY'S revelations is calculated to dispel the impression that the Emperor NAPOLEON not only embarked on war very rashly, but that he embarked on it without any pretext at all sufficient to warrant a recourse to arms. The HOHENZOLLERN candidature was formally withdrawn in deference to the wishes of France, and there the matter ought to have ended. And so, according to M. DE CHAUDORDY, it would have ended, had not Prince BISMARCK inserted a paragraph in a German newspaper giving a wrong account of the interview at Ems. It might or might not have been worth while for the French Government to notice a newspaper paragraph, and have corrected it in its own way and time, but to go to war about it was simply to show that war was determined on anyhow. After war was declared France applied to Austria and Italy to come under some positive promise of assistance, and, according to M. DE CHAUDORDY, Austria and Italy entered into a treaty binding themselves to take the side of France if the French sustained no defeat before the 15th of September. As events turned out, no engagement could have been safer. As to what happened later on—the pressure exercised by Russia on Austria, the inability of the King of ITALY to induce his Cabinet to encounter the danger of giving active help to France, the efforts of England to secure an armistice on terms favourable to France, and the isolation in which England found herself owing to Russia being willing to do exactly what Prussia pleased if she got her own way as to the Black Sea—M. DE CHAUDORDY, though he told his story well, had nothing very new to tell. The only point of importance on which he dwelt with much effect was the possibility of France having made better terms than she ultimately did, if she had been represented at the London Conference, and had then announced a wish for peace.

This point deserves some consideration. There was no moment after Sedan, in the opinion of M. DE CHAUDORDY, in which the loss of Metz and Strasburg could have been averted. Covered by Russia from attacks in the rear, Prussia was perfectly determined to have these two great fortresses, and would have had them anyhow. All beyond was a question of money, and Prussia would have asked for less money the earlier peace had been made. The indemnity might have been trifling if peace had been made in September; it might have been much less than it was if peace had been made in the beginning of December. That France should have made peace immediately after Sedan, and surrendered Metz and Strasburg; that Paris should have shown itself afraid of a siege; and that the campaign of the Loire should not have been fought, are ideas which almost every Frenchman would repudiate with scorn, as M. DE CHAUDORDY repudiated them. But after the honour of the country had been saved, after Paris had made its great sorties on the side of the Marne, after the Bavarians had been made to feel how even raw levies of Frenchmen could fight, peace might have been concluded honourably, and then not only would France have had to pay less, but the dreadful disasters that marked the close of the war, and especially the fatal march of BOURBAKI to the East, might have been averted. Theoretically this seems quite true. No doubt if M. JULES FAVRE had gone to London and there stated that France was willing to give up Strasburg and Metz and to pay a moderate sum of money, and had appealed to the neutral Powers to interpose their good offices, so that the sum demanded should not be excessive, Prussia would have been willing, and in a sense compelled, to take much less than two hundred millions, and no one could have said that France succumbed without having shown an amount of courage and spirit that did much to retrieve the disgrace of Sedan. But how was this practically possible? If M. JULES FAVRE had gone to London and proposed such a peace, Paris would have disowned him, and M. GAMBETTA would have disowned him. It may be true that both Paris and M. GAMBETTA would have been wiser to acquiesce in making peace in December; but it is indisputable that, if this was wisdom, neither Paris nor M. GAMBETTA possessed it. The plain fact is, that the only agencies which would have enabled France to fight at all after Sedan were agencies which necessarily made her fight after fighting was, in the eyes of prudent people, utterly useless. Outside Paris M. GAMBETTA was the soul of the defence. He made thousands of mistakes, but it was he who pushed every one forward. The Commission of Inquiry on one occasion started the interesting question, What, in the opinion of those who blamed M. GAMBETTA, would have been preferable to his fervid rule? The only suggestion that was made was highly instructive. It was that the conduct of the war ought to have been confided to a Council of Generals. If history is good for anything, it is good to teach that a Council of Generals means inevitable paralysis. That a Council of War never fights is a faith as old and as firmly fixed as the hills. The warmest admirers of M. GAMBETTA may possibly agree that, if General CHANZY had from the outset been invested with the sole control of all operations outside Paris, the military successes of the French would have been much greater than they were. But this is only an afterthought. General CHANZY had not at the outset the position or the reputation which would have warranted his being put above all his colleagues. It was M. GAMBETTA or nobody; and after the evidence of Generals FAIDHERBE and BOURBAKI, it is impossible to believe that the military commanders who were up to their work found much to complain of in the treatment they received from the improvised Dictator. Paris, again, could never have been got to do what it did unless it had been allowed to act for itself, and had been inspired with an overweening belief in its resources and its heroism. Both Paris and M. GAMBETTA had the defects of their qualities. They did many rash and foolish things, and sent thousands of human beings to certain death on mad expeditions. But it was Paris and M. GAMBETTA that did that of which Frenchmen are justly proud, and if France has had to pay for their mistakes, it is also indebted to them for the greatness of the effort made to retrieve the honour of the country.

AN AMATEUR WATER SUPPLY BILL.

WATER and gas are favourite subjects for the speculations of ill-informed theorists, and the large capital invested in both kinds of undertakings exercises a strong attraction on predatory projectors. During the present year the Metropolitan Board of Works has wasted many thousands of pounds on the preparation of Bills for the compulsory purchase of the property of the Gas Companies, with no intelligible object except to frighten the shareholders into a surrender of their property for an inadequate price. Having been disappointed in their hope of intimidation, the Board of Works coolly dropped their Bills for compulsory purchase and for the establishment of competitive sources of supply; but they still hope to depreciate the value of the shares by a third Bill for imposing new conditions on the Companies although they have conformed to the existing law. Sir JAMES HOGG lately stated in the House of Commons that he still proposed to ask powers from Parliament for the regulation and the purchase of the undertakings of the Gas Companies. In other words, the Board of Works still threaten to prosecute in a future Session the measures which they recently abandoned as hopeless; and in the meantime Parliament is asked to lower the value of the property which is hereafter to be the subject of compulsory purchase. The acquisition by the Board of the less profitable right of supplying water is for the present deferred; and the ground which has been left vacant by the Board of Works is already occupied by unauthorized volunteers. The Metropolis Water Supply and Fire Prevention Bill, introduced by Colonel BERESFORD, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL,

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Mr. FORSYTH, and Mr. RITCHIE, is the silliest project of legislation which has yet been devised even in relation to the tempting subject of water. The title is inapplicable to the provisions of the Bill, and the recitals of the preamble are not justified by corresponding clauses. It is hardly probable that Colonel BERESFORD and his associates will seriously ask the House of Commons to consider their childish proposal; nor is it easy to understand how three or four respectable members can have lent their names to a useless and absurd project. In the second paragraph of the preamble the promoters allege that "larger powers "and greater freedom of action may be properly entrusted "and allowed to a public Commission than to Companies "carrying on undertakings for their own benefit." It has not hitherto been thought desirable to entrust large and indefinite powers to Boards and Commissions nominated by the Government of the day. The Crown or the Minister is to regulate by Order in Council the constitution of the Commission, the remuneration of its members, and all other matters of the same kind. To this anomalous body is to be transferred the whole property of the Metropolitan Water Companies, on terms specified in the Bill.

The description of the measure as a "Bill for making "more effectual provision for a constant supply of water, "and for the protection of life and property against fire in "the metropolis," has already misled hasty and credulous critics. The Commission will neither provide additional facilities for obtaining a constant supply of water, nor will it directly or indirectly increase the existing protection for life and property. It was stated in an article in the *Times* that the Commission is to have power to provide at its own cost the domestic fittings which are necessary for constant supply. It may perhaps have seemed probable that the Bill should contain enactments in some degree corresponding to the sonorous recitals of the preamble; but, on the other hand, the commentator might have remembered that not even the authors of the Metropolis Water Bill would have asked Parliament to confer on a paid Commission an unlimited power of taxing the consumers for the benefit of a portion of their number. There is, in fact, no provision whatever for the supply of domestic fittings beyond the enactments of the existing law. The writer in the *Times*, being little familiar with the subject, was perhaps misled by a provision that the Commission is authorized "to put the works into a condition for main- "tenance of constant supply at high pressure." Inquiry from competent interpreters would have satisfied him that works are not fittings, but that they are the machinery by which water is supplied. The mistake is more excusable than the assumption made by the framers of the Bill that their Commission would need any powers of the kind. The Companies are by the Water Act of 1871 not only authorized, but compelled, to adapt their works to the maintenance of constant pressure; and some of the Companies have already introduced constant service in the greater part of their respective districts. The delay in the universal adoption of constant supply is exclusively caused by the difficulty of inducing owners and occupiers of houses to provide the necessary fittings. The Commissioners would have no additional means of overcoming their repugnance or indolence; and the authors of the Bill have not thought proper to introduce into the body of the measure the "larger powers and greater freedom of action" which they claim in the preamble for their Commission as contrasted with private Companies. No clause in the Bill confers any additional facilities for "securing a constant "supply of water to all classes of houses." The Commission is empowered to fix hydrants for security against fire; but the duty of providing hydrants is at present imposed on the local authorities, who can, after discharging their own duty, compel the Companies to provide them with a constant supply of water. The insufficient provision of water for the extinction of fire is exclusively due to the negligence of the Metropolitan Board of Works. It is certain that Parliament will never transfer from elected bodies to an irresponsible Commission the duty and the right of providing securities against fire.

The first in order of the powers to be conferred on the Commission is, in the slipshod language of the Bill, "to "combine, as far as physical conditions admit, the sources "of supply and works of the several Companies." According to the *Times*, the Commission is to have special powers to extend and improve the present supply; but, as in the case of domestic fittings, the writer has imagined enactments which are not to be found in the Bill. It would be interesting to ascertain whether the promoters have had the curiosity to make themselves acquainted with the present sources of the metropolitan water supply. On inquiry they will learn that one half of the metropolis, omitting the district of the Kent Company in the south-east, is supplied from the Lea and the New River, both issuing from the chalk hills in Hertfordshire; and that the western part of London receives its water from nearly the same reaches of the Thames immediately above Teddington. If the provisions of the Bill have any practical meaning, the Commission will be authorized to turn the Lea and the New River into the Thames; for the converse operation would scarcely occur even to an idle legislative projector. Physical conditions would perhaps be more favourable to the union of the natural flow of the Lea with the waters of the artificial channel of the New River; but the youngest student in an engineer's office could inform the promoters that any experiment of the kind would be an absurd and useless waste of money. The combination of the sources of supply and of the works of the Companies which take water from the Thames would be not less purposeless, even if it were practicable. The sources of supply are already so far combined that they are almost identical; and the pumping machinery and distributive apparatus are adapted to the demands of each district, and must be maintained in their present condition even if the ownership were transferred to a public body or if the Companies were already connected. The ignorance and carelessness of amateur legislators are not merely negative faults.

It must be supposed, in default of any other explanation, that the projected combination of sources of supply is contemplated in the whimsical language of the preamble. No other clause in the Bill seems to "tend to economy, and "the consequent provision of funds by means whereof the "poorer class of houses may be supplied with fittings for "receiving a constant supply." Even if the union of the Lea and the New River were effected, and if money were saved by the costly and unprofitable operation, there is no clause in the Bill which would authorize the Commissioners to apply the proceeds to the supply of fittings for the poorer class of houses. The promoters probably contemplated some arrangement of the kind when they framed the preamble; but counsellors wiser than themselves have apparently convinced them that Parliament would not allow a Commission to tax the mass of consumers for the benefit, not of the poor, but of the possibly wealthy owners of houses with poor occupiers. Although it is hardly worth while to examine in further detail the provisions of a scheme which is only not injurious because it is destined to be abortive, a certain interest attaches to the provision which is made for compensation to the shareholders of Water Companies. The promoters propose to buy the property by compulsion on the basis of the average revenue for five years, without inquiring into the financial prospects or proprietary rights of which the Companies are to be summarily dispossessed. Any Company which might have received for five years its maximum dividend would probably be compensated in full; but it might well happen that another Company, having expended a large capital in the hope of future profit, would lose half its property under the provisions of the Bill. The House of Commons will be culpably careless if it fails to reject the Metropolis Water Bill on the second reading. It would be extremely unfair to compel the Companies to waste their money, in which the consumers have a contingent interest, in resisting a measure which is too ridiculous to pass.

THE NEW EDUCATION CODE.

THE new Education Code, even with the modifications which, in deference to the complaints of school managers, Lord SANDON has consented to make in it, is a genuine improvement on the old one. The essential articles in such a code are those which relate to the terms on which grants may be earned; and in this respect there is a decided advance in the requirements of the Education Department. Until now the ordinary grant made for each child depended on his passing an examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic, the sum of 4*s.* being paid for a pass in each subject. Two improvements have been made in this article. No grant will eventually be paid for any scholar who passes in only one of these three subjects,

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and even when a child has passed in all three, he will only earn 9*s*., instead of 12*s*. The public money will no longer be wasted on giving children such a smattering of instruction as can be comprised in one of the three R's, when unaccompanied by either of the other two. If school managers wish to get their full grant out of the Government, they must contrive to teach something more than the bare rudiments. Appended to each of the standards after the first there appear certain paragraphs in italics, which set out what must be done to earn a grant of 4*s*. per scholar, according to the average number of children above seven years of age in attendance throughout the year. This grant is earned by classes, not by individual scholars—that is to say, the 4*s*. per head will be paid if one-half of the children examined pass a creditable examination in these additional subjects. This change has obviously been made to meet the objection so often urged against the Revised Code, that under it the teacher had no inducement to teach the children anything except what was absolutely necessary to enable them to pass in their respective standards. It was generally admitted that the Revised Code had answered the purpose for which it was originally framed, inasmuch as a larger number of children did learn to read, write, and cipher, in a rudimentary sort of way. But then it was said, and said with reason, that in order to ensure good teaching there must be a motive given to the teacher to carry some at least of the children beyond this stage. Such a motive is supplied by this new provision. The teacher will still have to give his best attention to securing the largest possible number of passes, for without these the 9*s*. per scholar which will continue to make the bulk of the grant will not be gained; but if he brings half the children in the school to the point of passing a creditable examination in something more than reading, writing, and arithmetic, he will secure an additional 4*s*., calculated, not on the number that pass, but on the number that attend.

In future, therefore, it may be assumed that a fair proportion of every teacher's time and care will be given to bringing his classes on in grammar, history, and geography. In grammar the proficiency demanded will vary, according to the standard, from ability to point out the nouns in a passage read to a fair acquaintance with parsing and analysis of sentences. In geography it begins with the points of the compass and ends with the geography of Asia, Africa, and America. History, which is only studied in the two highest standards, stands for the history of England, which is taken from the Norman Conquest to the accession of HENRY VII. in the Fifth Standard, and thence to the death of GEORGE III. in the Sixth Standard. Exceptions may be made to the arrangement of both these latter subjects. As regards geography, it seems somewhat of an anti-climax to take the more advanced scholar through the less interesting, and, except from the point of view of an emigrant, less important, geography of Asia and Africa, after he has gone through the geography of Europe in the previous standard. It would be better if the distinction between the earlier and the more advanced class consisted in the greater amount of detail taught to the latter. Even without going beyond the limits of Great Britain, there would be ample room to teach an amount of industrial and commercial geography which might be often of use to boys in later life, and any journeys beyond this boundary might take the direction of countries with which we have business relations. As regards history again, considering that the great majority of children leave school without going beyond the Fifth Standard, it seems undesirable to leave them without some means of bridging over the interval that divides RICHARD III. from Queen VICTORIA. If the whole history of England were taught in outline in the Fifth Standard, this outline might be filled in by a more detailed account of certain prominent periods or events in the Sixth Standard. In that case it might not be considered necessary to begin the history at the Norman Conquest. The children's previous study of grammar will have taught them that invade being a transitive verb the sense passes on to an objective case following. How can a child supply the objective case in the sentence "WILLIAM the Norman invaded," if the Norman invasion is the first event in English history of which he is allowed to have any knowledge?

Much dissatisfaction was expressed by school managers at the restriction which, as the new code was first published, reduced this grant of 4*s*. per scholar by one-half unless 40 per cent. of the scholars examined in reading, writing, and arithmetic were presented in Standard IV. and upwards. It was said, even by Mr. FORSTER, that the effect of this provision would really be to reduce the grant to 2*s*. in the great majority of cases, inasmuch as it was useless to expect that 40 per cent. of the children examined would have reached the point represented by the Fourth Standard except in a few unusually good schools. It is to be regretted that Lord SANDON should have thought himself obliged to yield to these remonstrances. It may be true that 60 or 80 per cent. of the children examined are presented in the Third or some lower Standard, but, if it is true, it must be confessed that a large part of the Parliamentary grant is little better than wasted. It is of no avail to preach this to school managers unless the sermon is driven home by the sanction to which they are naturally most alive, the loss of their share in the grant. We do not mean that the teachers and managers of elementary schools are not honourably anxious to get their scholars on. They do not think, any more than we do, that a state of things under which not 40 per cent. of the children presented to the Inspectors can read with intelligence a few lines of poetry, say fifty lines of poetry by heart, write eight lines slowly dictated, and work sums in common weights and measures, is in any respects satisfactory. But they plead that it is not their fault, and that it is not just to punish them for the sins of the children in not profiting better by the time spent at school, or of their parents in not sending them to school more regularly. The answer to this plea is that, if it were not admitted, the state of things in question would somehow be changed. The more that is demanded of school managers, the more they contrive to give. Nine times out of ten the difference between a good school and a bad one is simply due to the greater or less energy and diligence of the respective teachers; and the more pressure that is put upon managers in the way of increased requirements, the greater will be the inducement to choose a thoroughly good teacher. If the provision had remained unaltered, there might have been cases of individual hardship, but the number of children presented under Standard IV. and upwards would have greatly increased. There is another reason for maintaining the original form of the article in the fact that, for the first time since the introduction of the Revised Code, the State is to pay money without insisting on the production of individual results. The 4*s*. per scholar is given not for each child who passes the examination creditably, but for each child in attendance, provided that the classes pass the examination creditably. It will be more attractive work to teach children history and geography than to teach them reading and writing, and it would have been well that a teacher should have been constantly reminded that the latter is his main business by the knowledge that, if he neglected it, he would not gain even the full grant for the additional subjects. Lord SANDON has consented to reduce from 40 to 30 the percentage of children who must pass the examination in the rudiments in order to qualify their class for earning the extra grant, and even this reduced number will not be demanded till 1878. He has also postponed till the same date the introduction of the requirement that every scholar in order to claim a grant must pass in at least two subjects out of the three prescribed by the standards. The general objection to all delays of this kind is that the persons affected by the postponed provision are rarely any better prepared to meet it on the more distant day. It is the knowledge that they have to come up to a certain standard at once, and not by and by, that drives them into effective action. We have very little belief that three years hence the number of schools in which children are only able to pass in reading, or in which not 30 per cent. of the children examined are presented in Standard IV. and upwards, will be materially lessened. At least, if it is so, the change will be due to other improving influences which have been at work. Still, notwithstanding the changes in the wrong direction which have been introduced into it since it was laid on the table, the new Code does, as has been said, mark a real advance in elementary education. Even though nothing should be done for some Sessions to come in the direction of compelling all children to attend school, we shall be brought nearer to this result by every real gain in the quality of the education given. One great cause of the indifference of parents to the education of their children is the absence of any appreciable improvement in the instructed as compared with the uninstructed child. In so

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far as the new Code differs from its predecessors, it will tend to diffuse education by making it better worth the having.

THE ORTON MANIA.

THE curious state of anarchy to which the Royal Parks have at last been reduced by the pusillanimous trifling of successive Administrations was strikingly illustrated on Easter Monday. On that day Hyde Park was occupied by a vast mob which had assembled, as is supposed, to express sympathy with the impostor ORTON, and, as a natural consequence, all quiet respectable people were on an important holiday debarred from the safe and peaceful enjoyment of a favourite place of recreation. It might be supposed that a public Park was a place where all sorts of people were entitled to enjoy themselves in common, and that any kind of sport or other exercise which interfered with the general convenience would be strictly prohibited. It appears, however, that this is a delusion, and that public rights must give way whenever any rowdy agitator chooses to summon his followers to meet him at the Reformers' Tree, whose torn and shattered remains present a ghastly emblem of the destructive habits of the class with which it is identified. On this occasion the mob was, for a mob, not particularly disorderly. There was of course plenty of the usual horse-play, wild rushes were made through the thickest of the crowd by gangs of roughs, hats knocked off, pockets picked, women and children frightened and bruised; but happily no exceptional brutalities are recorded, and nobody seems to have been actually killed. It was so far fortunate that most of the people who had come together were pretty much of one mind; so that, though here and there an excited person was heard vowing vengeance on any one who ventured to doubt the identity of the Claimant with ROGER TICHBORNE, there was apparently no one who cared to be demonstrative on the other side. It may be supposed that those who are in favour of leaving disputed questions to be settled by judicial arbitration would hardly think it necessary to uphold their opinion by going to Hyde Park and offering to fight anybody who did not happen to agree with them. Although, however, on this particular day there was from the peculiar nature of the case only one party on the ground, it is easy to conceive that other questions may be similarly brought up for discussion, on which different parties may entertain and desire to express different opinions; and there will then be some likelihood of the controversy assuming an animated character. It is difficult to ascertain the precise rules by which the police are guided in regard to such matters, but, judging from their complete absence from Hyde Park on Monday, it may perhaps be inferred that they would think it the best course to leave the contending factions to take care of each other. Whatever may be said in favour of this policy, it is evident that it is a departure from the ordinary system of police supervision, and rather leaves out of account that large and not unimportant part of the population which has a right to make use of a public Park in a natural way, and does not desire to be mixed up with any agitation. The promoters of the meeting appear to have taken no precautions whatever for the maintenance of order or the safety of the people. The mob was simply left to itself, to push and squeeze and sway to and fro in all directions. And, as it happened, no harm was done. But those who know anything of the nature of such a body, and the slight accidents which may suddenly change its temper and lead to the most frightful results, will understand the elements of danger which were thus collected. A casual fight in the heart of the throng, or a touch of panic, might at any moment have spread through the dense mass and produced a fatal confusion. When the Park was invaded in 1866, there was probably no deliberate intention to commit any outrage, but the accidental giving way of a weak part of the railings precipitated a disgraceful and dangerous riot.

It is impossible to conceive anything more consistent and complete in its utter folly than such a meeting as that of Monday. Resolutions which nobody could hear were declared to be passed as the result of speeches which were equally inaudible. The spectacle of a tribunal of this kind exercising an appellate jurisdiction over the courts of criminal justice conveys in itself a sufficient warning. It can readily be imagined that there would be few scoundrels left in gaol if their cases could be submitted to a friendly mob which would be exclusively advised by the prisoner's friends and counsel without reference to the evidence on the other side. It would perhaps be idle to speculate as to how many in the crowd were actuated by mere curiosity to see Dr. KENEALY shake the dew-drops from his mane, and how many came to attest a genuine sympathy for Dr. KENEALY'S client. There can be no doubt, however, of the fact that not only in London, but in other towns, there is a considerable number of people who still apparently hold to the belief that the Claimant is really ROGER, and that he has fallen a victim to a wicked conspiracy in which the Judges who tried him took a prominent part. There is of course no reason to suppose that this opinion is held in a clear, distinct, and coherent form, and indeed the sort of people who hold it are evidently quite incapable of anything in the nature of sober and logical reflection. They have only caught up a vague, general impression that in some way or other there has not been fair play, and the indulgence of this suspicion is encouraged by certain vulgar traditional antipathies. There can be no doubt that a large share of the interest in ORTON may be traced to his close personal affinities to a low class of the population. A distinction must of course be drawn between those who are simply not satisfied that ORTON'S imposture has been fully proved and those who profess to believe that his conviction was obtained by corrupt influences. Cases will happen from time to time in which there is a difference of opinion as to the soundness of a verdict; but people who can believe that, not one, but two sets of Judges and two separate juries, would deliberately set themselves to crush an innocent man, are capable of believing anything. It is possible, indeed, that this part of the agitation has been taken up as a mere flourish without an adequate appreciation of its very grave meaning. It would of course be perfectly useless to attempt to argue with the people who have adopted, or, to speak more properly, have been taken possession of by, these ideas, nor is there any method of compulsory education that can be resorted to. However melancholy and deplorable may be the discovery that, in the midst of a nation which prides itself upon its intellectual progress, there is such a large proportion of "fools and fanatics," not exclusively of the lowest grade, there is nothing for it but to accept the fact with appropriate humiliation, and trust to the next generation being a little less benighted. What to do with the fools of a community has always been one of the difficulties of wise men. There is in every society a certain proportion of crass and hopeless stupidity, which it is never safe to leave out of account, and the vagaries of which can never exactly be foreseen. There is a well-known story of a great lawyer who used always to keep his eye on the most idiotic-looking face in the jury box, as a test of the progress he was making; and it is perhaps just as well that such an exhibition as that which has been presented by the ORTON agitation should supply a useful warning of the sort of forces with which a Government has from time to time to contend. Political cant, as well as wisdom, is justified of its children, and it is impossible not to connect the melancholy spectacle of Monday with those other "demonstrations" a few years ago on the same spot, when it was declared that the country could be saved only by handing it over to the instinctive wisdom and innate morality of the working-man. It would complete the picture if we could imagine Dr. KENEALY gaining judicial distinction in the wake of Mr. BEALES, and by the same methods.

As far as this agitation is confined to expressions of sympathy with ORTON, and petitions to Parliament for a new trial, there is no reason for interfering with it in any way. A big meeting in Hyde Park must necessarily be a great nuisance; but if meetings are to be held there at all, they must be allowed a free range of discussion. The question raised by the petitions will no doubt in due time come before Parliament, and in the meanwhile those who take this side have a perfect right to make known their peculiar views. There is, however, one branch of the agitation which cannot altogether be ignored, and which may possibly produce some embarrassment, and that is the slander and vilification of public and private characters which is systematically carried on not only in Dr. KENEALY'S paper, but apparently also in the speeches which are delivered at some of his meetings. There is a very natural desire not to give an artificial importance to such ravings by making them the subject of serious proceedings, and the contemptuous amusement with which Dr. KENEALY'S fulminations are generally regarded might perhaps be cited

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as a proof of their harmlessness. At the same time public decency cannot be continuously outraged without producing demoralizing results; and it may possibly become a question how far any set of men should be permitted to indulge in a strain of personal abuse and malignant denunciation which is happily foreign to the tastes and instincts of ordinary Englishmen.

TRANSLATIONS.

IT was, we think, Dryden, it certainly was some famous poet who was also a translator of other poets, who answered some criticism from an episcopal mouth with the saying that "everything suffered by translation, except a Bishop." The poet most likely referred to the translation of living Bishops only, and not to those translations after death by which many Bishops, Kings, virgins, saints and martyrs of various kinds, themselves gained greatly in honour, and those whom we may call their keepers gained greatly in worldly wealth. But we wish now to speak of that class of translations of which the poet himself was a maker, not of that class to which the Bishop probably looked forward in this life, nor of that other class with which some of his predecessors may have been honoured after death. One might however ask how the word "translation" came to be applied to the literary process which bears the name, and whether its use is connected by any kind of strange metaphor with either of the other kinds of translation. It is certain that, as early as Chapman's Homer, the verb to translate was applied to the work which Chapman did to Homer, for his title-page announced that the "Iliads of Homer" had been "never before in any language truly translated." Yet, long after Chapman's day, such plainer forms as "Englished," "made English," "done into English," were more usual, just as in German there is the good verb *verteutschen*. Moreover, neither in Latin nor French is the process of "doing into" either of those languages expressed by the word "translation." Nor must we forget that Shakspeare applies the word "translated" to a process not exactly applicable to either Bishops or poets. However, by some means the word translation has come to be the received name for the process of "doing into English," and as translations of dead Bishops have gone quite out of use, and those of living ones, as Dr. Proudie says, occur less frequently than formerly, it has even become the most familiar meaning in the world.

Translations of books from one language into another fall into several classes. There are translations which are helps to the original, and translations which are substitutes for the original. Both of these imply that those who make use of them have no knowledge, or only an imperfect knowledge, of the original language, or at all events that they prefer the easier process of reading the author's matter in their own language. To one or other of these classes belongs the great mass of prose translations at all times. But there is a third class of translation which is meant neither as a help nor as a substitute, which does not appeal to those who are ignorant of the original, but to those whose knowledge of the original is of the minutest kind. These translations may doubtless be read by others, but they can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have no kind of need of them as helps or as substitutes. In fact, while the other classes are what may be called business translations, this third class are rather elegant literary exercises, which the author takes a pleasure in writing, and which, if they are well done, those who know the original take a pleasure in reading. In fact, if a man is a special votary of some ancient poet, if he has enrolled himself as his man, it has almost become part of his service to his lord to do his lord into English. Homer and Dante would hardly acknowledge as part of their following—they would hardly honour with the name of *ἑρίηρες ἑταῖροι*—those professed votaries who have not done suit and service by clothing at least some fragment of the master in an English dress. Men translate Latin or Greek poets into English as they translate English verses into Latin or Greek, as a literary and scholar-like exercise, as a specimen of some theory of translation, not wholly or mainly to bring the matter of the author within the reach of those who are ignorant of his language. As a rule, poetical translations are the work of scholars rather than of poets. In several cases the translation has brought to light real poetic power in the translator. But modern translations, as a rule, are not the work of men who were already famous as poets. Sometimes the translator's only claim to reputation is his translation. Sometimes he is already well known in some other line, as scholar or statesman or man of science; but as a poet very seldom. We have specimens and fragments of Homeric translation from some of our acknowledged poets; but the complete translations of Iliad and Odyssey come from men whose translations are their chief or only ground for poetical fame. It was not so in earlier times. In the days of Dryden and Pope it seemed to be thought essential to the reputation of a modern poet that he should be the translator of some ancient poet. And he wrote, not as an exercise, but as a matter of business; he wrote far more for those who did not understand the original than for those who did. From a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty years back the number of readers who did not understand Latin or Greek, but who wished to know the matter—and in the case of the poets, we may suppose also to know something of the manner—of Greek and Latin writers, must have been far greater than it is now. One reason doubtless was that there were not nearly so many books in English and other modern languages as there are now; but we suspect that another reason is that reading was then more of a serious business than it is now. No doubt far more people read now, but those who then read at all read with a more distinct purpose of learning something from what they read.

Prose translations naturally fall into the two classes of helps and substitutes. There seems to be in the case of prose no room for translations answering to the class of poetical translations of which we have just been speaking, those which are chiefly meant for readers who are familiar with the original, and which cannot be fully appreciated by those who are not. Perhaps an exception might be made in favour of Herodotus. One would really enjoy a version of Herodotus in the style of Sir John Mandeville, but then such a translation would be fully appreciated only by those who were familiar at once with the Greek of Herodotus and the English of Mandeville. We are not sure however that this is the kind of translation which would best go down with those who, because Herodotus undoubtedly speaks of Babylon, and perhaps speaks of Jerusalem, think that he is, like an Assyrian inscription, good for their soul's health. At all events this is not the type of translation with which Professor and Canon Rawlinson has provided them. Setting aside this view of him, Herodotus, if not a poet in prose, at least belongs to that early state of prose which has a strictly linguistic as well as a literary value. Neither Herodotus nor Mandeville meant to be quaint, but to us both of them are so. But surely no one ever translated Thucydides with any other view than as a grave matter of business. Setting aside idle undergraduates, who get up their books by a crib, we cannot fancy any one reading a translation of Thucydides except with the honest purpose of getting up the matter of Thucydides. A man wants to know the facts of the history; more than this, he wishes to know how a contemporary writer reports those facts, and not to be wholly at the mercy of even the best modern expounder. But either he does not know Greek at all, or he does not know Greek enough to master so difficult a writer; or he may wish to save the little additional expenditure of time and trouble which most people find in reading anything in a foreign language. This last cause will not often apply to readers who have received what is called a classical education in the case of strictly classical writers; but it is certain that many who know Greek and Latin very well would prefer a translation of a work written in mediæval Latin or Byzantine Greek. And of course, in the case both of ancient and modern languages, there will always be readers who, for one cause or another, will wish to get up the matter of a book the language of which they do not understand at all, or understand so little that the reading of it is a toil. Some German writers, for instance, write in so involved a way that a reader by no means ignorant of the language may think it worth his while to save time and trouble by using a trustworthy translation. There are German writers who can be read with perfect ease, and in their case every one who knows the language will prefer the original. There are others whose style is so confused that the matter is well nigh forgotten in the sheer difficulty of groping through the author's sentences. From all these causes, there must always be a demand for translations which are meant to act strictly as substitutes for the originals. It would be interesting if some statistics could be had as to the number and class of readers by whom translations of different kinds are made use of. One may suspect that translations of Greek and Latin writers, especially of those who lie a little out of the school and college range, are much less read now than they were in some past generations. But the translations of works on special subjects in modern languages are surely much more read than they used to be. But guesses of this kind must largely be guesses. One thing however is certain, that a man who undertakes any very wide range of study of any kind will ever and anon have to make use of translations, because he will ever and anon have to read or refer to books in languages which he is not likely to understand. The Western scholar is constantly led to touch on Eastern matters, but he seldom understands Eastern languages. He is therefore, like Gibbon, thankful to those who have turned Arabic and Persian writings into Latin, English, or French.

But there is a third kind of translation which is neither a literary or poetical exercise nor a substitute for the original, but in the strictest sense a help to the original. A man wishes to use an original authority; he knows something of the language of his authority, but not enough to understand it freely without help. A translation will often give him the help he needs; with the original and the translation side by side, he understands the original, which otherwise he would not. He does, in short, the same thing as the boy who gets up his Latin lesson from a crib; the only difference is in the object. He does not make his translation a substitute for the original, but he really understands the original by the help of the translation. For many purposes this kind of knowledge of an original is quite enough. The accomplished philologer would, for his own purpose, rightly scorn it. But it is often enough when a man wishes to know the matter of the original, and also to know something about its language. A man who knows modern English, modern German, modern French, may in this way use older forms of those languages which he could hardly master without such help. He really uses the original, but he uses it by the help of the translation. And he may also learn so much of the language of the original as may be enough for historical, though not for philological, purposes. This use of transla-

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tions is recognized in a curious way in the Chronicles and Memorials published by the Master of the Rolls. When the text is in Latin, no translation is added; it is assumed that everybody understands Latin. But when the text is in English or French, a translation is added. It is assumed that the earlier forms of those languages will not be equally well known. But, as we believe we have said in reviewing some of the volumes, to make the thing useful as a lesson in language, the translation of the old French should be, not in English, but in modern French. In fact, it is now assumed that men are with regard to the elder forms of the existing European languages in the same state in which it was once assumed that they would be with regard to Greek. For a long time after the revival of classical learning a Greek text was commonly printed with the Latin translation. Such a fashion surely implied that the reader would have some knowledge of Greek, but so much more knowledge of Latin that he would understand his Greek by the help of his Latin.

Lastly, there is a vulgar error on the subject of translation which a new Sir Thomas Browne is greatly needed to root out. Most people seem to think that anybody can make a translation, as they seem to think that anybody can make an index. Now it happens that to make a translation and to make an index are two of the hardest things that any man can be set to do. They are commonly badly done, because the only people who can do them well will not stoop to do them. A translator must have a thorough knowledge both of the language out of which he translates and of that into which he translates, and he must also have no small knowledge of the subject of the book. We do not say that he need know so much about it as the author of the book; but he must know enough to be able to understand and appreciate all that the author says. He must be at about the same point at which the author was before he began the special research needed for writing the book. On the other hand, it is possible that he may know too much of one of the languages with which he has to deal; at least it is possible that he may be translating from A into B when he is better fitted to translate from B into A. Translations from foreign languages into English have been known to fail, because the translator was really more at home with the foreign language than with his own. And a translator really must translate; he must keep the technical language of his author, and his author's age. Thus an English reader of Sale's Koran finds the famous chapter about the victories of Heraclius headed "The Greeks." He is surprised to find people spoken of as Greeks whom he would have expected to find called Romans. He looks in a note, and he finds "The original word is *al Rum*, by which the later Greeks, or subjects of the Constantinopolitan Empire, are here meant, though the Arabs give the same name also to the Romans and other Europeans." But for the note, the English reader might go away with an utterly wrong impression as to Mahomet's way of speaking. So when "Franci et Angli" are translated "Normans and Saxons," when a Greek or a German writer carefully distinguishes *βασιλεύς* and *τύραννος*, or *Kaiser* and *König*, and his English or French translator carefully confounds them. An author who is translated in this fashion suffers as much as when Archbishop Alexander Neville was translated from York to St. Andrews by a Pope whom Scotland did not acknowledge.

THE RULES OF PAPAL CONCLAVES.

THE question of the next Conclave, and of the preparations made, or supposed to be made, for it by Pius IX. on the one hand and Prince Bismarck on the other, is again coming to the front. As regards the latter point, there is no longer any doubt, in spite of official or semi-official denials, that the German Chancellor has been attempting in some way to influence the action of the Italian Government towards the Papacy, and to induce other European States to join him in imposing conditions of their own on the future Papal election. That he is likely to succeed, or ought to succeed, in either case it would be difficult to show. The only political influence which the Pope can exert in Germany is of the same kind as that exercised by any religious or political agitator—say Dr. Kenealy—in England, though it may have a wider range. His injunctions, promises, and threats can only take effect through the consciences of those to whom they are addressed, and have no more legal or coercive force than the words of a revivalist preacher who assures his hearers that, unless they pass through a process of hysterical conversion, they will certainly be damned. And it is therefore just as much a violation of the principle of liberty of conscience to interfere with the one as with the other. Then, as to the future Conclave, although the *Times* thinks—for reasons on which a word shall be said presently—that there is ample cause for Prince Bismarck to interpose, if he can do so effectually, his right to a voice in the matter is, to say the least, not obvious. There is something almost grotesque in the notion, which has rather been hinted at than avowed, that the new German Empire inherits the mediæval prerogatives of the extinct Holy Roman Empire; and still less has it any claim to participate in the veto conceded by custom during the last two or three centuries to certain Catholic States. Neither indeed would that limited veto, which can only be exercised once, and only before the election of the candidate, at all satisfy the aspirations of the Prince Chancellor. Nor would it be very wonderful if this right of veto, which rests on no wriiten law, should be disputed at the next election in view of the changed attitude of European Governments towards the Church, and the downfall of the Temporal Power, which even the Jesuit Father Curci appears ready to accept as an accomplished fact. We have always doubted whether the deprivation of his temporal sovereignty, however just or necessary a measure for the political interests of Italy, would by any means produce the effect contemplated by Protestant enthusiasts on the spiritual powers of the Papacy. For the moment at all events it might be expected to have a directly opposite result, and an amusing evidence of this is afforded by the appearance of Saul among the prophets in the person of M. Edmond About. To find the author of *Tolla* and *La Question romaine* coming forward as a champion of the Holy See against its persecutors indicates how completely the situation is changed since the triple tiara has ceased to represent any but a spiritual autocracy. Such phenomena do not augur well for the scheme of forming a European coalition against the independence of the approaching Conclave.

Meanwhile the popular ignorance, whether real or assumed, as to the possible arrangements of the coming Conclave, is something exceeding even the ordinary license of British Philistinism. In the first place we have the intelligent comment of the *Times* on the proposal of Pius IX. to give votes at the next election to the five Cardinals whose names are reserved *in petto;* which does indeed happen to be—though the *Times* writer probably did not know it—a stretch of prerogative inadmissible according to all former precedent. He observes that, as the Pope has avowedly reserved five, he may not improbably have secretly reserved fifty, or even any indefinite number of Cardinals *in petto*, whose names—together, it is hinted, with that of the Pontiff they are to elect—are confided to some trustworthy person, to be produced when the critical moment arrives. To this preposterous suggestion there are two conclusive replies. No Pope has ever yet affected to nominate his successor, and no such nomination could have the slightest effect, except by the voluntary agreement of the Cardinals after his death to accept it. Gregory VII. was asked by his friends on his deathbed to name a successor, and he suggested four candidates, of whom two were actually called in succession to the Chair of Peter; but they were freely elected, and moreover Gregory is a wholly exceptional figure in the long line of Pontiffs. In the next place, by a rule in force since 1585, the Sacred College is limited to seventy members—six Cardinal Bishops, fifty Cardinal Priests, and fourteen Cardinal Deacons; and though it may fall short of the prescribed number, it cannot exceed it. There are now fifty-seven Cardinals, without including the five reserved *in petto*, and it was only open to the Pope therefore to reserve thirteen at most, and he would have had to announce the fact, though not the names, of his candidates in Consistory. But while the *Times* blunders, as it is apt to do in such matters, on a gigantic scale, the *Tablet*, which might be expected to be better informed, betrays or affects an ignorance hardly less fundamental in an opposite direction. That our Ultramontane contemporary should be displeased at our comments on the arbitrary nature of the Pope's recent announcement about the rights of the five Cardinals reserved *in petto* was natural enough, but silence under the circumstances would have been its truest wisdom. Instead of this, by a dexterous misconstruction of one article and careful ignoring of another, which the writer had evidently consulted, he first charges us with asserting absolutely that the names of those five are not to be divulged till the death of the present Pope; whereas we said that Pius IX. had directed that they should, "in the event of his death before their promulgation, enjoy the active and passive voice in the next Conclave." And then we are taken to task for saying that this is "a stretch of prerogative," which was not our phrase, but would have been a perfectly correct one. We said that such a claim as that now asserted by Pius IX. "had invariably been rejected, even when it was customary for the Pope to communicate the names of those reserved (*in petto*) secretly to the Sacred College," as used to be done; the *Tablet*, on the contrary, maintains that, as long as the regular number of seventy is not exceeded, the Pope may reserve as many as he chooses *in petto* with the right of voting in the next Conclave. Now what are the facts? The Popes used at one time to name Cardinals in private when there was supposed to be some reason for secresy, announcing their names however to the Cardinals in Consistory. Martin V. made two such nominations, and shortly before his death held a Consistory wherein he enjoined the Cardinals to admit those secretly named to all the privileges of their office. But when, on his death in 1431, these prelates claimed the right of voting in Conclave, the Cardinals refused to admit this, and their decision was confirmed by a constitution of the next Pope, Eugenius IV. Again, on the death of Paul III. in 1550, Bernardino della Croce, who had been named, but not promulgated, Cardinal by him, claimed the right to vote, which was absolutely repudiated; and since that time the practice of secret nomination has been abandoned, and the Pope has merely announced in Consistory the fact of his having mentally resolved on so many promotions, the only effect of the announcement being to limit the possible number of his future creations, as those named *in petto* are counted among the seventy. It is customary also for him to leave in sealed papers the names of those reserved *in petto*, and for his successor to carry out his intentions; but there is no obligation to do so, and there are well-known precedents of Cardinals reserved *in petto* who have never been promoted. Pius IX. has been the first, since this custom of reserving *in petto*, without naming, came into use more than three centuries ago, to direct that his secret nominees should take their seats, with full rights, in the ensuing Conclave. As such a claim was never

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admitted even when the names were privately announced in Consistory, it is *à fortiori* a stretch of prerogative to assert it now, and should the occasion for a Conclave occur before the names are promulgated, the Cardinals will be simply acting in the teeth of all precedent if they admit the claim.

While, however, there are fundamental principles which a Pope cannot meddle with, many of the detailed regulations of Conclaves come within his jurisdiction. There are three great statutes which fix the powers and obligations of the Sacred College. Nicolas II., in 1059, issued the Bull which has been called the Magna Charta of that body, creating it an ecclesiastical senate invested with the exclusive right of choosing the Head of the Church. A century later, Alexander III. decreed in the Third Lateran Council that no election should be valid without a majority of two-thirds at least of those present in Conclave. From that day to this these two fundamental enactments have regulated every Papal election but one, with the solitary and significant exception of that of Martin V., who was appointed by the Council of Constance in the place of John XXIII., whom the Council had previously deposed. But the same cannot be said of the third great enactment on the subject, laid down by Gregory X. at the Second Council of Lyons, in 1274, for regulating in detail the proceedings and ceremonial of Papal elections, wherein the ten days' interval before the assemblage of the Conclave, the immuring of the Cardinals during its continuance, and other minutiæ of the process, are prescribed. As regards these regulations, a certain discretionary power is assumed to be vested in the reigning Pontiff, and has been actually exercised in cases of grave emergency. Adrian V. actually abrogated the famous Bull of his predecessor Gregory X., and this repeal remained in force through six elections, till the scandalous consequences of the absence of disciplinary provisions led Celestine V. to revive the law. With better reason Gregory XI., on the return of the Holy See from Avignon, authorized a still more radical change, absolving the Cardinals for the next occasion from the observance of all existing regulations, and authorizing them to elect by *simple majority*. This is the only instance on record of the rule of Alexander III., making a majority of two-thirds essential for a valid election, being suspended, and it was held to be justified by the imperative necessity of securing the Conclave against the predominant influence of the French Court. Yet, necessary as it might be, a disputed election and the forty years' schism of the anti-Popes was the result. To come nearer our own days, Pius VI., by the Bull *Christi Ecclesiæ Regendæ* of December 30, 1797, authorized the Cardinals who might be on the spot at his death to meet at once and decide either to hold an immediate election or to postpone it indefinitely as they might judge most expedient; and this dispensation was to hold good for all similar occasions of grave peril to the interests of the Church. The difficulties of the times, however, rapidly increased, and a year later Pius VI. issued from his prison in a Carthusian monastery near Florence a second and still more sweeping Bull, *Cum nos superiori anno*, suspending for the next Conclave, and for every other that might occur under equally adverse circumstances, all existing regulations except the requirement of a majority of two-thirds of those present in the election, and the prohibition to canvass for any particular candidate during the Pope's lifetime. It may be added that Gregory XVI. left behind him a document under his own hand, empowering the Cardinals to proceed to an immediate election on his decease, if the free action of the Conclave was likely to be endangered by the observance of the prescribed formalities. This document, which is mentioned in Emil Ruth's *Geschichte von Italien vom Jahre* 1815 *bis* 1850, was drawn up during the insurrectionary movements at the beginning of Gregory's reign, and was always afterwards kept by him in a drawer of his writing-table, where it was found after his death. That some similar document has been prepared by Pius IX. is in itself eminently probable, and he would be, as we have seen, fully borne out in such a procedure by precedents which cannot be disputed. It is, indeed, true that he has in some notorious cases, as for instance in his dealings with Rosmini and with Cardinal Andrea, shown a disposition to ignore all precedent, and it is of course always possible that he may have been so ill advised as to attempt some revolutionary measure, the validity of which would be called in question after his death. His prospective claim of the franchise for the five Cardinals reserved *in petto* looks that way, seeing that in the few cases where such an injunction has been given, many centuries ago, it has never been allowed to take effect. What is simply incredible, in spite of the reiterated assertions or insinuations of English and other newspapers, is that Pius IX. has taken upon himself to reserve *in petto*, not only the members, but the nominee of the next Conclave. And it is quite certain that, even if he had done so, the Conclave would not permit a posthumous usurpation, for which no semblance of precedent could be pleaded, to supersede its liberty of action.

THE COST OF LIVING.

IT is beyond question that there has been of late years a steady and continuous rise in the ordinary rate of household expenses, and there are few families which have not felt, even if they have not exactly suffered from, the consequent pressure. But it is curious to observe that, though there has been plenty of grumbling, most people seem to have settled down into a sort of sulky resignation, just as if the increased outlay was, like the east wind, quite inevitable and beyond human control. This is no doubt an easy way of repudiating responsibility, and it is possible that some persons will rather resent the attack which has been made in the *Cornhill Magazine* on a favourite illusion. There is nothing, as a rule, which people dislike so much as to have it demonstrated to them that the troubles of which they are in the habit of complaining are really caused by their own acts, and that they have the remedy at any moment in their own hands. The writer in question challenges the assumption that increased expenditure is mainly due to the increased dearness of household commodities, and argues that, in point of fact, most things are now cheaper as well as better than they used to be, and that the chief reason why expenditure has risen is because people indulge themselves more freely than formerly. In some respects the article is, indeed, of rather an optimist character, especially in regard to the alleged superiority in quality of modern wares. There has no doubt been an improvement in many articles; but there has also been a gradual decline in conscientiousness, thoroughness, and solidity of work. It is, for example, impossible to purchase, except at quite a fancy price, a chest of drawers of modern manufacture which will work as smoothly, and resist tear and wear as stoutly, as an old one. Moreover, there is a grotesque extravagance in the assertion that "any labourer can now procure for a shilling a more perfect likeness of a relation than the richest man could have purchased a generation ago." Still, on the whole, there can be no doubt that a plausible case is made out in favour of the view that, if people spend more nowadays than they did in former generations, they get more for their money.

The plan of the writer is to compare some tolerably full and accurate household books of from forty to fifty years ago which are in his possession with the equally genuine accounts of a similar family a generation later on. The householders are called father and son, and we are told that they occupied the same social position in the upper, or, as it is sometimes called, upper middle, class, each having about 1,000*l.* a year. As neither of them lived either in London or in the heart of the country, but for the most part in country towns, one element of uncertainty in comparing prices—that produced by increased facilities of transit—is to a certain extent avoided. The result of the examination of these accounts is to show that there has been a rise, and even a considerable rise, in all the more important articles of food. Butchers' meat is about double what it was, and the same may be said of game, fowls, rabbits, &c. Butter is much more than double, and eggs and milk are also dearer. Bread has shown no sign of any permanent fall since the repeal of the Corn-laws. On the other side of the list there are articles which have become cheaper, such as sugar and coffee, tea (to the extent of between half and one-third of its former price), and the lighter kinds of wine. The writer makes out that coals are, on the whole, cheaper even at their present rate than they were forty years ago. In the son's case the aggregate of these household expenses runs up to more than a fourth of his income, meat alone costing some 75*l.* out of the 250*l.*, and it is calculated that the son in this department pays from 30*l.* to 40*l.* a year more than his father. House-rent has also risen a good deal. The father paid 80*l.* a year for his house in the neighbourhood of London, while the son, for a larger and more convenient house, with a smaller garden, paid 125*l.* The former, however, was thought rather a low, and the latter rather a high, rent for its neighbourhood, and it is suggested that the difference as regards rent alone would perhaps have been more like 30*l.* Rates and taxes have certainly risen, but then there is a good return for the money. Another item in which there has been an increase is that of servants' wages, but there is a difficulty in saying exactly how much, on account of variations in respect of what they are expected to find for themselves. The nearest calculation that is offered is that housemaids have risen from about 20*l.* to 25*l.*, and cooks from 10*l.* or 12*l.* to 18*l.*, and that the increase on this score does not exceed from 35*l.* to 40*l.* a year. Horses are perhaps not so much wanted for private use as they were in other days, but now they cost more. The father in this case could get a sufficiently good horse for 20*l.* or 25*l.*, and one that satisfied his taste at 30*l.*, while the son has no chance of one that would answer his purpose under from 40*l.* to 60*l.* When the father was at Cambridge a saddle-horse could be had for the day for 3*s.*, while the charge would now be at least from 7*s.* to 10*s.* Against those items in which there has been an increase must be set other things in which there has been a reduction. The direct charges for education are not much more than they were, while the return for the money is vastly more. In regard to books, newspapers, stationery, &c., the saving is immense. Travelling is also greatly cheaper, both directly and indirectly, since a slow journey involves many charges. According to these accounts, the price of an outside place on a coach corresponded to that of a first-class railway ticket. As to dress, it is remarked that prices appear to have varied very little. As far as cost goes, there has been a great cheapening of furniture; but we cannot agree with the writer that this is a genuine economy, since the cheap goods shake to pieces very soon, while the dearer, but more substantial, furniture lasted for generations, as may be seen in many a country house. It is stated that a mirror which would now cost ten pounds formerly cost thirty pounds; that fire-grates and other articles are nearly half their old price, and that carpets are also cheaper. The general conclusion is drawn that the three main classes of universal necessities—namely, food, house accommodation, and servants' wages—have all risen considerably, while the fourth—clothes—has altered little. In other things there has been, speaking generally, a decrease.

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There can be no doubt, we think, that this is, in the main, a fair statement of the case. As far as prices go, setting one thing against another, there is not very much of a rise; and if sons and daughters would in these days be content to live just as their fathers and mothers did, they might perhaps do so for very nearly the same money. It is the change in the ways of life which is chiefly responsible for the general increase of expenditure. In some cases the greater cheapness and convenience of modern accommodation have been the cause of an enlarged outlay. This is especially true of literature and railway travelling, people being tempted to spend more on such things on account of the facilities for enjoying them. Where, however, expenses have especially risen is in the cost of eating, drinking, and servants; and the reason of the rise is mainly increased demand. There can be no doubt that the consumption of butchers' meat has enormously extended in the course of the last quarter of a century, and keeps on increasing. And it is the same with beer. At the present moment women-servants in Scotland and in the country districts of the North of England eat little meat, and scarcely ever drink anything but water at their meals; and it used to be, not long since, the same with the lower classes generally, and even with the lower middle class, throughout the country. The rise in wages which took place a year or two back has naturally tended to increase the consumption of meat and liquor, and the habit survives even when the wages have fallen. In so far as this is a proof of national prosperity, it is of course a good thing; but it can hardly be doubted that there is a vast amount of waste. In estimating the rise in the expense of service, not only the pay, but maintenance, has to be taken into account, and the total outlay is further swollen by the increasing number of servants who have to be kept. In large towns "general servants" are almost an extinct species; and where two, or perhaps three, women did the work in the last generation, there are now four or five. Thus, though there may not be much of a rise in actual wages per head, there is a very serious rise in the aggregate cost of the service of the household. A cook requires one or more helpers; the housemaid must have an under-housemaid, the nurse an under-nurse, and so on. Scarcely any washing —not even the servants' own washing—is done at home, and laundry bills are now the most formidable things which young persons about to marry have to consider, or, if they have, as usual, married without considering, to dread. This is, in fact, one of the heaviest of household expenses, especially when the wear and tear of clothes through reckless washing, or the use of corrosive acids "to make the things look white," is included. Add to the cost of more servants, and of extras to be paid for out of doors, the cost of modern diet, and it is easy to see how large must be the increase in the whole charge for service. An English soldier's rations are a pound of bread and three-quarters of a pound of meat a day, and it certainly cannot be said that he looks ill-fed; yet in a vast number of private families, where one-half of the members at least are women and children, this is not found to be anything like enough. A medical man in the western suburbs finds himself frequently called upon to prescribe for a stout lad or young woman who is suffering severely from five meals a day, with probably meat at each of them; and what goes on in upper-class houses is of course more or less imitated lower down. To the actual consumption must also be added the waste. The English fashion of buying meat in great pieces, of which a large part is thrown aside, necessarily tends to extravagance. In France people buy what they want, cutlets or filets ready for the *casserole*, and not joints of fat meat which have to be cut down to be fit for the table. There is no reason why every joint should not be properly trimmed before it leaves the shop, and though this would naturally lead to an increase of price per pound, there would be a saving in the long run, not only in the weekly bills, but in the waste which the present practice covers and encourages. Moreover, there are probably very few persons in London who know what weight of meat really comes into their houses, and the cook has usually her own reasons for being on good terms with the butcher. Nor must another important item of expense which is ordinarily connected with the number of servants be forgotten, and that is the breakages, to which may be added the waste of coals and gas.

The writer in the *Cornhill* seems to think that people nowadays are extravagant in the way of giving champagne at dinner, but the truth is that champagne is not a particularly expensive beverage at the present market rates, if we except the special brands; and it is not in this way that people are ruined. As far as wines are concerned, the outlay of our grandfathers was probably higher than that of the ordinary householder at the present time. In short, any one who looks carefully into the matter cannot fail to see that it is not the cost of exceptional hospitalities, but the regular everyday drain of family maintenance, which is now the great burden of domestic life; and it is in this direction that a change is chiefly to be hoped for. What is wanted is not so much a reduction in servants' wages as a reduction in the number of servants, and of the extra payments to casual helps to do the work which servants ought to do, as well as a sharper check on kitchen extravagance generally. It is idle of course to suppose that there will be any voluntary surrender on the part of servants, or that their employers can expect to avoid some sacrifices in order to secure greater comfort and economy. People must simply make up their minds to do with less service in various ways, and to adapt their dwellings accordingly. Much labour might be saved by the substitution of speaking-tubes for bells, and of tiles that need only to be slushed instead of stones that must be whitened, and by the introduction of lifts, additional cupboards, water-taps, &c., &c. A house provided with such conveniences and with as few stairs as possible might cost more in rent, but the money would be fully repaid in other ways.

ASSIZE TOWNS.

IN the question of the transfer of the Sussex Assizes from Lewes to Brighton the sentimental argument will naturally have a good deal of weight with people who might otherwise be indifferent in the matter. If it can be shown that public convenience requires the change, there is no help for it; but we may regret it not the less. Modern improvements are making ruthless work of ancient associations, and in particular the administration of justice is steadily tending to the prosaic. We do not suppose that the most enthusiastic amateur of the past would care to go back to those early days when the Seigneur held his bed of justice under the umbrageous boughs of the biggest oak in his forests; although law proceedings in those days were summary enough to spare the parties both money and anxiety. The penalty of crime, or even of vexatious litigation, followed perhaps somewhat too promptly on the offence, when a convenient branch in the neighbouring wood made capital punishment so invitingly simple. And, to pass at a bound from the middle ages to the present, American sessions in the back settlements may be thought rather too rough and ready when contempt of court may take the form of a shot at the sitting judge, and the opposing counsel may back up their briefs with their bowie-knives. Still we confess to feeling some regret for the changes which have come over English assize towns in the course of the last forty years or so. Steam has been playing into the hands of enterprise, and both have been busy in obliterating and restoring. Many of our quiet county capitals have grown into great and thriving commercial centres. Every one of their inhabitants is so full of his own affairs that he has little time or thought to spare for the business of his neighbours. Their leading thoroughfares are always so full that the presence of a few hundred strangers makes little perceptible difference. The chief hotels (inns no longer) of these industrial centres are worked by joint-stock companies, and they can pick and choose among crowds of customers who are known to the managers merely by the numbers of their rooms. In towns like these the Court-house is but a single building among scores of the sort. It is dwarfed by the mechanics' institute over the way, and its composite façade is considerably humbler than the "front elevation" of the pagodas of the advertising wine merchants. When the sessions are on they are matter of indifference to every one except the unlucky culprits or litigants, or the solicitors who lay themselves out for assize business. Eminent counsel may come and go as they please, and nobody troubles his head about them. It is this state of things, together with the invention of stipendiary magistrates and other similar changes, that makes modern law business so prosaically unpicturesque to outsiders. Happily, however, for the lighter interests of humanity, all the world does not as yet spin cotton, or hackle wool, or dig up coal. There are still hilly districts that are not richly metalliferous; there are tracts of land but partially reclaimed from primæval forest which are still cultivated on a system of leisurely compromise with modern improvement; and the town of Lewes is the capital of one of these.

The surrounding country is dear to admirers of nature. The town lies embosomed in those Sussex Downs which are described by the enthusiastic Gilbert White as "that magnificent range of mountains." The downs may scarcely look like mountains to experienced travellers who have "adored the Alp and loved the Apennine," to say nothing of having tried the storm-swept passes on the "Roof of the World," or investigated the smouldering volcanoes of the Andes; but unquestionably they are extremely attractive and salubrious to the citizen whose dwelling is in the flats of London, and who usually limits his mountaineering to the airy heights of Hampstead. They have nothing in them to promote a dense growth of population. Here and there you come upon a cheerful little hamlet clustered round its ancient church and yew-shaded churchyard; but for the most part the downs are given over to flocks of sheep listlessly tended by isolated shepherds, and if you descend from them to the surrounding weald, you find yourself among outlying farmhouses, situated among fields which are not extraordinarily fertile. The soil is scarcely valuable enough to make it worth while to grub the copses in the vicinity. The copse-wood cut down at fixed intervals leaves sunny open places, covered thickly with primroses and spring flowers, and vocal with nightingales and all the early warblers. There are deep-rutted lanes, and dense, straggling hedgerows, and vast barn and stack-yards covering inordinate space. Lewes is the fitting capital of such a country; a quiet, easy-going old English town, with the more significant marks of being well-to-do, in that it accumulates its money slowly and surely. We should imagine the local capitalists to be eminently respectable and prudent men, not at all given to burning their fingers in the speculations that engender panics. We know nothing of its municipality or Board of Health, but the streets at least are sufficiently broad and beautifully clean, with a fine natural fall to carry off the sewage water. They grow wonderfully lively of a fine market-day; but ordinarily there is no great traffic to dirty them. No one ever appears to be in a bustle, and there are neither collisions

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at the corners nor people run over at crossings. The houses are roomy and not too lofty, as if building sites had never gone to fancy prices. There are big, rambling, old-fashioned inns, which look for their profits to occasional "spurts" of business; where, as a rule, you must make your choice between steaks and chops, though they prepare themselves carefully for special occasions by replenishing their roomy larders and engaging an extra staff of attendants. When the county militia comes out for its annual training, when the races are run upon the downs behind, but, above all, when the Judges come in to hold the assizes, then a town like Lewes is in its glory. It is then that you may see a phase of old English life which is far too rarely met with elsewhere. There is a strong muster of the local magnates; the neighbouring farmers for many miles round, even if they have not been summoned as jurymen, find that most urgent business calls them to their county town. Their wives and daughters insist on accompanying them, for at that time the local linendrapers and milliners have filled their shops with the gayest fashions of the season. The townsfolk keep open house for country friends, and renew old-standing acquaintances. They can the better afford to do it as their guest chambers are in great demand, and the gentlemen from the various Inns of Court are scattering money among them freely. Lewes, in fact, puts on the garments of gladness at these solemn ceremonial seasons, just as scores of other English towns used to do before they were carried off their legs in the rush of progress and prosperity.

Transfer the Sussex Assizes to Brighton, and what happens? Lewes is condemned to a living death, like some of the capitals of the once famous Italian Republics, where the grass nowadays grows thickly in the streets; or like those thriving towns of the Holland of the sixteenth century which have been long ago stranded behind their barren sandbanks by the receding waters of the Zuider Zee. As for Brighton, it would gain nothing in the eyes of the general public, whatever might be the profit of the Bench and Bar, who after all are but public servants. Even supposing the Sussex folk continued to come up there as they came to Lewes, they would be lost in the crowds of pleasure-seekers, who would have but slight sympathy with the worthy rustics. An intelligent foreigner like M. Taine or M. Esquiros, travelling to observe characteristic English customs, would gather nothing for his note-book, even if he succeeded in making his way to the new Court-house. And English writers will be equally losers if the interests of centralization are to be everywhere in the ascendant, and if all ancient landmarks are to be promiscuously obliterated. The treatment of elections is already tabooed to novelists. The backdoor bribery whose results were patent on the polling-day, to its promoters at least; the purchase of so many pounds' worth of drunken mob to make vociferous demonstration on the day of nomination; the lively scenes on the hustings and in front of them, when rival candidates made their appearance before their constituencies—all this has passed into the domain of ancient history. It is long since exciting love-chases to the Scotch frontier ceased to supply us with exciting and legitimate sensation. What is to be the fate of the manufacturers of ingenious fiction if they are to go on turning out bricks faster than ever, while their supply of straw is to be steadily diminished? It would be a tedious and a melancholy retrospect were we to venture on a flying trip back through those famous novels where the fortunes of heroes and heroines were finally settled during assize weeks. Soul-stirring episodes could be produced with a profusion of appropriate properties. Excitement was wrought up artistically till it stood upon tiptoe on the eve of the Judges' arrival. The High Sheriff went forth in sublime state with javelin-men and blazoned carriages and a glittering retinue, and the solemn entry came off in an outburst of intoxicating enthusiasm. The local populace was swelled by gangs of yokels from the country, who shouted in sheer sympathy with all the strength of their stentorian lungs. The noise and the general exhilaration were contagious, and many hearts in the best rooms in the inns were beating violently with suppressed hopes and fears. The houses in the neighbourhood were filled to overflowing with parties assembled for the occasion, and so were the hotels. Young aspirants to the silk gown and to the woolsack, hoping for briefs from discreditable clients, came rattling into the place in their postchaises. They looked forward to renewing former flirtations, and a brilliant forensic success might make or mar them. The assize balls and other social gatherings were regular features of these merry meetings. Perhaps it might not seem the best taste in the world to celebrate the capital condemnation of a batch of unhappy fellow-creatures by gay dances and suppers in assembly-rooms next door to the gaol. But such contrasts come inevitably in the chequered course of life, and experience told that many a county beauty had owed her happy settlement to love-whispers breathed in her ear on similar occasions. Then in those olden times the joviality of the Bar mess was very different from what it is now. The counsel of the circuit were thrown more closely together in their slow progress, and they came in great measure from a different class of men from that which nowadays recruits the profession, and could afford to take life less earnestly. We can never hope to see those jovial days again. Men cannot possibly be convivial on pints of Gladstone claret as they used to be on those batches of the old-fashioned port which their host had laid down in his cellars for the purpose. Fashionable young women who are brought for the season to town, even if they stayed at home for the county assizes, would scorn to take flying shots at such game as would now be most likely to come flying across them. Yet we feel that old-world county capitals like Lewes keep alive some memories of these merry traditions, and, though of course the question must be decided not by sentiment but by practical considerations of public convenience, we own that it would be with no small regret that we should see the last of them merged in our swarming hives of industry and our modern vanity-fairs.

WORK FOR WOMEN.

THERE is no need any longer to argue the question whether or not women whose social position is that of gentlewomen shall be allowed freely to enter the labour market. Necessity has taken the matter beyond the reach of controversy. Thousands of ladies are to be found without any male relations who can support them. They have to choose between starvation, dependence upon charity, and honourable work. Surely the last is not so very much to be dreaded. Charity is too often accepted as if it were the rightful reward of laziness and incompetence. Too often it is given on those terms. There are several reasons why the number of women who ought to make money is daily increasing. The same income which enabled a middle-class family to live in comfort twenty years ago will not do so now. This is partly because of the rise in prices, but chiefly because many things which used to come under the head of the luxuries of life have now become its necessaries. Professional men, except those in the first rank, can generally do little more than make ends meet. They cannot lay by fortunes for their daughters, or pay very heavy insurance premiums. Then, too, business has assumed a more speculative character, so that the merchant, rich to-day, may be ruined to-morrow, and his luxuriously brought-up children find themselves left penniless. Young men do not marry so early as they did fifty years ago. A greater number of them seek their fortune away from home, whilst few single women above the rank of servants emigrate. All these causes combined leave many thousands of women who are known as ladies in a position which obliges them to become self-supporting. There is plenty of room for them all if they will consent to give a good day's work for a good day's wages, but not otherwise. They must take the same position as men in the labour market, and be able to offer market value in the shape of skilled work before they ask to be paid for it. There is, however, a growing and most encouraging desire amongst young girls to be taught to earn their own livelihood. They begin to understand that there is no degradation in being paid for work, provided the work done is worth the money, but that there is degradation in being dependent on relations or friends, and that the life of busy idleness which most girls lead is simply beneath contempt. Some ambitions besides those of being fashionably dressed or getting a pair of new earrings are arising in their breasts. Those who have no home duties want their share in the world's work and in the prosperity which they see earned by hard-working men. Even in a family where the parent's income is sufficient to provide necessary things for the children, the girls may like to be able to earn some pocket-money. The love of art and of pretty things which is becoming so universal makes them wish for a picture to hang in their own room, or perhaps a pair of new curtains or a cover for their writing-table. They want an expensive book on some special subject or a rare plant for their flower-garden. They feel that they cannot ask their parents for these unnecessary things, and long to earn money to buy them. Every girl might be so brought up as to acquire sufficient proficiency in some one thing to be able to make money by it. There are other cases where the power of adding a little to a small income would enable two young people to marry instead of being engaged for years.

When women suddenly find themselves obliged to do something for a livelihood, the difficulty of course arises as to what they can do. The first thing that naturally occurs to them is to turn governesses or companions. They are told at all the agencies that the market is overstocked. This is only true in a sense. The market is undoubtedly overstocked with people who think teaching is a sort of thing which comes by nature, but who in fact know nothing whatever about it, as they have had no proper training, and probably have not mastered one single subject sufficiently well to teach it intelligibly. But there are more applications for certificated governesses than all the agencies can possibly meet. The School Boards do not know where to turn for competent female teachers. The new education code already demands something like fifteen thousand schoolmistresses. Women have only begun to learn that there is no market for unskilled labour, so they are not ready to fill these vacancies. In needlework, again, an employment which naturally belongs to the weaker sex, the same want of proper training as in every other branch of ladies' work will be found to exist. It is becoming every day more rare to find a girl who can darn and mend neatly, who can cut out and cleverly fit chintz covers for furniture, who can rearrange the breadths of a carpet and mend it so as to escape detection. Not long ago a lady much interested in the subject of employment for poor ladies was allowed to give an order for a large and costly trousseau. She bought patterns of embroidered under-clothing in Paris, and took them to one of the London Societies for the sale of poor ladies' work. The manager rather ruefully explained to her that she had only one person on her books who could execute satin stitch embroidery similar to the patterns, and only a very few who could make up the garments

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after they were embroidered. Some simpler articles were taken to another establishment, but with a similar result, so the end was that nearly all the trousseau, which these Work Societies might have had, was procured from the shops in the usual way. The head of another of these establishments said a few days ago that she had only three good plain sewers amongst her numerous applicants for employment. Dressmaking too does not seem to have been tried by ladies with any signal success. This is strange, as enormous fortunes are made by fashionable milliners. Mrs. Crawshay boasts that her late "lady" maid, who has left her to become a companion, could make dresses which were mistaken for those of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove. Now this is precisely the sort of dressmaking from which we might have hoped ladies would save us. Dresses made in imitation of some ungraceful, inconvenient, third-rate French fashion can be bought by the hundred at all shops for ready-made articles. What ladies of taste profess that they look for, and never can find, are designers who at a moderate cost will make up materials into simple, individual, and suitable costumes, or who could with intelligence carry out a design from a drawing or picture. At present it is necessary to go either to a tailor or to a ruinously expensive court milliner to have a plain dress really well fitted. The most advanced representatives of "Woman's Rights" do not have their riding-habits made by one of their own sex, nor their jackets if they can help it. Women are brought up with such habits of inexactness that they cannot be trusted where eighths of an inch make any difference. There is nothing of which mothers complain so bitterly as the impossibility of getting simple well-cut dresses for their children, except from two or three shops where the price, as compared with the cost of the material, is so disproportionate as to be only possible to people to whom a few pounds more or less makes no difference. The only place where elegantly made prints for ladies' morning wear are to be had is a French establishment. They are imported from Paris, and cost as much as a rich silk. Surely this is absurd whilst there are so many ladies who say they want work. An appeal has been made for funds to establish a school for young ladies who wish to learn scientifically, but the school has not yet been started.

Nursing has long been talked of as a sphere of women's work. The profession has not been at all developed in the way it might have been. It has infinite ramifications and new fields still to be conquered. Middle-aged ladies might go out as monthly nurses, for which six months of proper training would fit them. Many ladies would prefer an attendant who could be an intellectual companion as well as a nurse. Dispensing medicine seems to have been tried with success, and there is no reason why women should not make good chemists. The Government Telegraph Offices and the Post Office clerkships supply a good deal of work, but it is most suitable to the same class of young girls who would otherwise go behind the counter. In America women are found very useful in banks, as they are invaluable detectors of forged notes; their sense of touch and sight seeming to be keener than that of the young men clerks. They have also been employed as Treasury clerks ever since the war. The profession of house-decorating seems one likely to develop itself, and is apparently very well suited to ladies of taste and education. Here, however, an apprenticeship of several years is required, as a knowledge of architecture and drawing to scale is absolutely indispensable. Good health, business faculties, and energy would be necessary to ensure success. With this occupation might be combined art needle-work and glass-painting. China-painting, too, comes under this head, as tiles and plaques are now so much used in house decoration. Of literature, the general refuge for the distressed, we need scarcely here speak, except to say that it might be made a remunerative profession even by women without the talent of a George Eliot, did they but learn to write their own language correctly, or were they willing to work up a subject in the way that an antiquary or historian is compelled to do. Nor is it necessary to speak of painting, wood-engraving, photography, printing, music-teaching, or the other employments which are being resorted to with a fair measure of success; but a few modes of employment whose suitability has still to be tested by experiment are suggested in *The Year-Book of Woman's Work* which has been lately compiled by Miss Hubbard. Amongst other things, lady couriers are proposed. This seems sensible enough, as in an ordinary Continental tour the fine gentleman courier does nothing for the ladies whose pockets he bleeds so profusely, in reward for his small attentions, which a lady could not do quite as well, and more agreeably if she were well-read and intelligent. She would probably travel in the same carriage with the people she was attending, and would be a pleasant and useful companion. Such companions would be invaluable to the rich young Americans who come to rush through Europe and cram all the information they can in a hurried tour. It is also suggested that artificial fly-making and the preparation of microscopic objects is pleasant and remunerative work which can be done at home, and work which can be done at home is always eagerly sought after.

There are many occupations which seem to us strangely neglected, and gardening is one. To a person with a small garden in a sheltered situation, it would be possible by care and good management to supply flowers to the London market at times when they are scarce and costly. This could be done with very fair remuneration if the business did not go through too many hands. The rearing of fowls can also be made a very fair speculation by any one who will rise at five o'clock throughout the summer mornings and treat the poultry judiciously. So also a nice little income might be made by the sale of eggs by any one living in a suitable soil in the South of England. But in no employment will ladies succeed until they cease to be merely amateurs. What they can and cannot do is a very small matter compared with the question whether there is anything which they are willing to learn to do well. So long as they look upon work as only a sad necessity, and consider those employments degrading which they describe by the term menial, so long shall we have starving gentlewomen. Miss Hubbard says, "I trust it may soon be considered as honourable for a woman to earn her bread as to eat it unearned." She considers that when false ideas of gentility shall have been buried and put out of sight, women will gain much by the business habits they must necessarily learn if they wish to make a position for themselves which shall have no flavour of charity about it. Several employments which promised well do not seem so satisfactory when tried. Piano-tuning requires great strength of wrist, and must be learnt in very hot rooms whilst the pianos are in course of construction. Dentistry also requires more strength both of wrist and nerve than women generally possess; so too, we need hardly say, would surgery. The Telegraph Offices are rather disappointing; the pay is poor and the work fatiguing. But there is one thing which has hitherto only been tried on a very small scale by women, and that is commerce. There does not seem the slightest reason why they might not succeed here. We have seen a well-known novelist attending to her husband's business with amazing cleverness and discretion when he was laid up with illness. We have heard of a young lady having been taken into partnership by her father, who was a maltster. We have known in America of the widow of a banker carrying on the business; and in some Census statistics of London we find women described as shipowners, manufacturing chemists, owners of factories, and engaged in all sorts of trades which are supposed exclusively to belong to men. In France women are considered competent to undertake almost any commercial business. But whatever profession women take up, whatever trade they practise, whatever things they teach, let them feel assured that only good work will find a ready market at market prices, and that bad work will be a drug refused by all but those who are inclined to give charity pay for it.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHTS.

CANADA, we regret to say, has for some purposes been already annexed to the United States. So far as English writers are concerned, our fellow-subjects across the Atlantic might just as well be inhabitants of New York or Massachusetts. Of late years it has been possible for our better-known authors to obtain a respectable addition to their profits by dealing with American publishers for advance sheets of their works; and the same system is of course applicable to Canada. But the fact that Canada is counted as part of the British Empire goes for nothing in this respect. According to the law passed in 1842, indeed, Canada was included within the literary frontier. To pirate the works of an English author was as much forbidden in the colonies as in Dublin. Unluckily Canadian flesh is weak, and the facility of smuggling from America is enormous. It is a melancholy fact, moreover, that few people can ever be got to understand that smuggling is a form of stealing, or that the individual citizen is not in a natural state of war with the Custom-house officer. Everybody who brings home a foreign edition of a book in which there is an English copyright is of course helping to defraud the proprietor, and more or less directly to injure the author. And yet the charm of a ragged little Tauchnitz copy of some book by Mr. Carlyle or George Eliot, which has made itself at home in the pocket of a travelling coat and solaced tiresome hours of railway journeys, is often able to overcome the scruples even of the virtuous. We fear that an investigation of many respectable libraries would reveal cheap and convenient copies of expensive books which ought properly to have been committed to the Channel or left on the other side. Indeed it seems to be an opinion prevalent amongst many otherwise estimable persons that books, like umbrellas, are to be regarded as beyond the sphere of moral obligation. Still the copies which dribble into England by such means are not sufficiently numerous to inflict any substantial injury upon the proprietors of copyright. There can be no wholesale importation. In Canada, however, the facilities were enormously greater, and, in practice, American reprints seem to have flooded the Canadian market. As prohibition was impossible, it was agreed to try a more moderate measure of protection. A duty was imposed upon these American reprints for the benefit of the English authors. This plan, it now appears, has completely broken down. The duty, it seems, is small, and is systematically evaded; and the result has been that a distinguished English novelist has received the munificent royalty of eighteenpence from the sale of his works in Canada. Another attempt has now been made in the Canadian Legislature to improve this state of things in the interest of Canadian publishers, and incidentally of English authors. There seems to be a certain ambiguity in some provisions of the Act. The most important regulation, however, appears to be tolerably clear. Instead of the present system of protection, there is to be a return to the system of absolute prohibition, but a prohibition granted only under certain conditions. Any book registered in Canada will receive an "interim" copyright for a period of one month, reckoned from the time of publication elsewhere. If by the end of that time the book has been published in Canada, copyright will be granted for the usual period. Thus, by registering a new book

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and bringing it out at once, a complete protection will be granted. Further, it seems that copyright may be obtained at any subsequent period by publication in Canada. After such publication, it appears, the importation of reprints from America or the reproduction of the book by Canadian pirates will be forbidden. This, however, would apply in comparatively few cases. The great advantage offered to the English author is that, by registering his book in time, he will be able to acquire a perfect copyright, instead of being confined, as now, to such profits as result from the competition for advance sheets.

The general conclusion seems to be that the English author will be, on the whole, in a rather better position than at present. The old system of absolute prohibition was inadequate because nobody had a sufficient interest in maintaining its efficiency. To forbid the importation of American reprints in all cases was, it seems, in practice to forbid it in none. The duty on importation, again, could not be properly enforced, because when a book was once in Canada there was nothing to show whether it had or had not paid the duty; and thus, when the frontier was once passed, it was in safety. A Canadian publisher, on the other hand, will have a sufficient interest in the books which he has published to render him anxious to enforce the law; and, the bare existence of such books in Canada being illegal, there will be no pretext for keeping them under any circumstances. Thus it is hoped that the absolute prohibition of reprints in those cases alone where the native publisher is concerned may be rendered effective where a wider system of prohibition or a protective duty completely breaks down. The law, it is plain, is designed rather for the benefit of the Canadian publisher than of the English author, though the author, too, will profit incidentally. Another clause, if it be rightly interpreted by the Secretary of the Copyright Association, shows this tendency more unpleasantly. According to him, this clause enables any publisher in Canada to take out copyright for a work if the English author has neglected to do so. The publisher would thus be protected, not only against the American pirate, but against the English proprietor; and, as the law stands, books which have thus been judiciously appropriated might even be imported into England. We hope that there is some misinterpretation of a clause which does not seem to be clearly expressed, and that it will at any rate be carefully examined before the Act is approved by the home Government.

Leaving this out of the question, the English author may reflect that half a loaf is better than no bread. So far indeed as the operation of the law goes, he cannot possibly be in a worse position than he actually is. The competition between publishers, however, is sufficiently strong to enable him to make something out of his power of giving a first start to one of them. He will hereafter enjoy this advantage in a higher degree. By registering a forthcoming book and bringing it out at once, the publisher will obtain complete security, and should therefore be able to pay more than for the precarious privilege. He can bring out the book in the form likely to be most profitable, instead of having the fear of cheap editions before his eyes. If indeed the author lets the precious time slip from excessive modesty or laziness, it is possible that American reprints may fill the market before he acquires a copyright; and, except in the rare case of a standard book which sells after the first period of popularity is passed, his right will be of little value. But, on the whole, the change, so far as it goes, seems to be clearly in his favour. The amount of advantage depends, indeed, entirely upon the power of the Canadian publishers to enforce their rights. When we hear that the preceding systems broke down so completely, we cannot feel so certain as we could wish that Canadians will be weaned from their taste for American reprints. The difficulty arising from the length of the frontier and the imperfect moral sense of humanity is likely to remain unaltered. If, however, the Englishman gets thirteenpence where he now gets a shilling, he will probably be content to abandon his purely theoretical right to half-a-crown.

It may be weak to look forward to the bare possibility of some day coming when the really serious injury will be removed, and English authors be enabled to acquire rights, not only in the colony, but throughout the American continent. Poor Mr. Dickens gained nothing but some degree of unpopularity for protesting many years ago against the American practice of plundering—so he was pleased to call it—British brains. Unluckily, there are two classes which have a strong interest in resisting any concession. The American reader gets his books cheaper, and the American publisher can have a larger business, by not recognizing the rights of a foreigner. To appeal to abstract right in face of such obvious interests is not a very hopeful task. When American literature is sufficiently developed to produce a desire for reciprocity, the case may be altered. At present the obvious and palpable advantages are too much on one side, and yet one would hope that American authors are already sufficiently numerous and intelligent to see that they too are directly interested in the matter. They are practically the victims of a discriminative duty. The broomseller explained the philosophy of the case in answer to the complaints of his comrade. He could undersell his rival who stole the sticks and stole the heath and stole the binds, because he stole his brooms ready-made. In like manner, a publisher who appropriates a book ready-made has a plain advantage over the publisher who has to pay an author for putting his information together. The trade of authorship can hardly be flourishing in America when equally good books can be obtained from English authors who need not be paid at all. The protection of English brains is therefore equivalent to protecting American brains; and the argument may be valid with minds which reject considerations founded upon mere justice. However, it will probably take a few generations before such reflections obtain a hearing; and by that time perhaps the English coal-mines may be exhausted, and English literature may have disappeared along with other luxuries. Meanwhile, it is some satisfaction that the mere force of competition has developed a kind of property outside the law, and produced a certain honour amongst publishers which enables the modern author to get something from those who appropriate his labours. Let us hope that Americans and Canadians, reflecting upon these things, will gradually improve their laws as well as their customs.

TEA.

"A TEA-DRINKER'S" complaint in the columns of the *Times* has produced a correspondence from which some useful information may be derived. One writer thinks that, if the tea trade—meaning the trade in cups of tea—were properly developed, it would become the most powerful rival of the gin-palace, as perhaps it would. In London little has been done to secure for tea a fair chance in the competition. The confectioners' shops where tea is sold for drinking are largely kept by foreigners of dirty habits, and although the tea may be tolerably good, you may be sure that the lump of sugar which you put into it has passed through the greasy fingers of the shopkeeper. The "coffee-houses," which are tolerably numerous, scarcely affect to entertain customers above the class of clerks and superior artisans, and the tea which they supply has a formidably dark colour, and the best that could be said for it would be that it is preferable to their coffee. The "Tea-drinker," although he says many hard things of the trade, yet ascribes to it a kind of conscience; for he says that tea is sold in bond as low as threepence per pound, and is bought for grocers who do a cheap trade. We might have thought that some native leaf would answer as well as an imported article at threepence per pound, but the line of conscience must be drawn somewhere, and the cheap grocer is supposed to insist that the herb he sells, although worthless, shall be foreign. However, we are assured by a tea-dealer that the trade know of no such article as tea at 3*d.* per lb., and that more than 80 per cent. of the tea imported costs the importer over 1*s.* per lb. The weight of tea consumed annually in the three kingdoms is put roundly at 150,000,000 lbs., and the duty, even on the reduced tariff of 6*d.* per lb., amounts to between 3,000,000*l.* and 4,000,000*l.* The "Tea-drinker" is probably right in saying that consumers in general have little power of discrimination. Some take their tea so hot that its flavour, if it had any, would be lost upon them, and many take it so weak that it can have no flavour in particular. We have also heard of "husband's tea," which sufficiently explains itself. People value themselves on their wine, or fruit, or cookery, but we seldom hear nowadays of any special excellence being sought in or ascribed to tea. Among all the scenes that have been made by novelists out of afternoon tea, it would be difficult to find one in which any stress is laid upon the quality of the drink. Miss Braddon would exult in an opportunity of describing sumptuous plate and delicate china, but there are hardly any superlatives that can be applied to tea. It may be true, therefore, as the "Tea-drinker" says, that the great majority of the public have never tasted a cup of good tea in their lives. Very little tea, probably, is so bad as we sometimes hastily assume, and, on the other hand, very little tea is of first-rate quality. Russia is popularly supposed to absorb all the best tea, and yet the Russian plan of stewing the leaves and making a kind of essence of tea, which is diluted with hot water, seems likely to destroy all delicacy of flavour. The "Tea-drinker's" assumption that there is a large and wealthy class in England who desire fine tea, but cannot get it, is improbable. We could not easily be persuaded that it is the interest of importers or wholesale dealers to exclude fine, and give the preference to common, tea. The more likely supposition is that wealthy people are not in general more curious than others about tea. Those who really are fastidious about quality would probably insist on making their tea themselves in the room where they drink it, whereas in large houses tea-making is very much left to servants. Grocers seem to desire to impress on their customers the fact that they sell cheap tea, and we hear comparatively little about quality, except that all cheap tea, like all other cheap articles, is declared by the seller to be "fine," "superior," and so on. But nobody attaches any importance to mere epithets.

This view of the subject is confirmed by a dealer, who asserts that there is little or no demand in this country for tea at the price which the Russians are willing to pay. The same dealer denies that enormous profits are, or can be, made in this trade. Competition, he says, is too keen for that. Another dealer is angry with the "Tea-drinker" for saying that consumers do not know good tea from bad, and he asserts, on the contrary, that "there is scarcely a man, woman, or child in the kingdom but who knows a good cup of tea from a bad one." Of course in one sense this is true; but we believe that the majority of tea-drinkers would be satisfied with the article which grocers sell at 2*s.* or 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb. If an article at double that price were perceptibly better, people who could afford to buy it would be able to congratulate themselves on getting something for their money. But we fear that an educated palate is necessary to distinguish that

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exaltation of quality which accompanies a rise in price. In England, as a writer in the *Times* remarks, strong and heavy wines form the leading consumption, and delicate Turkish tobacco is not much favoured. "So also body and strength combined with flavour are the great desideratum of the English tea-consumer." The Russian has a positive aversion to the dark-looking decoction called tea in England. He makes his tea as already described, dilutes it to the colour of very light sherry, and adds to it sugar and lemon. Englishmen, it must be owned, if they like tea at all, do not like it of a pale straw colour. In Australia tea is the universal drink, and when it is made by gallons at a time, by throwing a handful of tea into a boiler, delicacy of flavour is not likely to be studied. That the bulk of English people have not in these matters very refined taste is shown by the extent to which chicory is used to flavour, as we suppose it would be called, coffee, and still more by the patience with which abominable preparations are accepted under the name of coffee. A people of more sensitive palate would surely have long since reformed their coffee-making, and, without adopting all that has been said against publicans' beer, we may feel surprise that respectable consumers do not insist on some improvement in it. A writer who seems to be well acquainted with the whole subject divides the responsibility of so small a consumption as there is of fine tea in this country between the dealers and the consumers, "who are singularly unacquainted with the nature of the article under discussion." This writer asserts that the bulk of the finest China Congou finds its way to Russia, and that, "under the mixing system of our retailers," consumption runs on medium teas to which an artificial flavour is imparted by the use of some Indian tea, green tea, and Oolong or scented tea, according to the taste of different localities. It is remarkable that in tea, and also in tobacco, every dealer professes to have his "mixture," and many customers believe that nature requires to be thus assisted. In wine public taste has lately altered, but for several generations the favourite after-dinner drink was port specially manufactured for the English market. Perhaps the finest Congou that goes to Russia would meet, if it came here, no warmer reception than would have been accorded thirty years ago to unbrandied port. The writer already quoted asserts that the grocer's profit on tea is, notwithstanding competition, higher than other correspondents are willing to admit, and that he owes this profit largely to mixing. The experiment of obtaining "genuine unmixed tea" in the original package as imported can be tried by any housekeeper who has a friend in the wholesale trade and is willing to lay in a few months' stock at once. This writer seems to think that this experiment would have almost a moral value, and he assures us that a cup of artificially flavoured tea does not possess the cheering property of the genuine article. But he does not state, nor do we understand him to imply, that grocers in their mixing use habitually any ingredients that may not be called, with some liberality perhaps of language, tea. We entirely agree with him that the teapot is, or ought to be, a powerful rival of the gin-palace, and consequently an antagonist to vice and crime. But we regard it as a secondary question whether that teapot contains mixed tea or finest Congou. The mischievous manufacture of green tea has, we believe, been checked, and there can hardly be any other process in tea-making that can be compared with the concoction of "sherry" for sale at refreshment bars. However, if there is any moral improvement to be derived from selling genuine unmixed tea, the country can well bear it.

It is delightful to hear that the Russians still retain some respect for "chop," although we are assured thatthat feeling has departed long ago from England. Messrs. Rowley and Davies inform the *Times* that "it is erroneous to suppose that these fancy-priced teas (which go to Russia) are in reality superior to many sold at much lower rates." The Russians still believe to some extent that an article is better because they pay more money for it, but that belief is rapidly yielding as commercial information spreads among them. "A few years ago they could not imagine the possibility of getting fine tea otherwise than at a high price." When tea first reached them by sea, they did not perceive that it ought to cost less than by caravan, and so they continued—alas! for too short a time—to pay what we should call a fancy price. "The feeling still affects them to some extent, but they will doubtless know better in course of time." We have no doubt they will. Competition thrusts itself into all the quiet nooks of trade, and we should think that an old-fashioned tea-importer might question the utility of the boasted connexion between commerce and education. The wealthy Russian who found in high-priced tea a peculiarly grateful flavour will learn in time to think that that flavour was metallic. There are perhaps wealthy Englishmen who would be driven to confess, if closely questioned, that their wine tastes strongly of ten shillings per bottle. The influence of imagination upon the palate has not perhaps been estimated so closely as it deserves to be. When we hear of one importer marking tea as "grown in the garden of the Emperor," and the same or a rival importer marking his as "grown in the garden of the Empress," we are reminded of certain distinguished names which are connected with the produce, or supposed produce, of particular vineyards. It is easy to say that the retailer is proof against such allurements, but how about the customer? We believe that, if tea were steadily advertised as the genuine produce of the Emperor's garden, the advertiser would make a fortune. If it were possible to advertise milk from the Queen's dairy we should not have the slightest doubt of great success. But unfortunately the most simple-minded customer could not accept a fiction which would be immediately and flatly contradicted.

More than one writer complains of the "pernicious practice" of advertising "best" or "finest" tea at prices below the cost of tea of moderate quality. But we believe that this practice is nearly harmless, because it is applied indiscriminately to every article in a grocer's shop. If you make up a strange-looking package with a mysterious mark, and offer it confidently as "tea from the garden of the Brother to the Sun," customers will believe in that. But if "best" tea is sold at 2*s.* per lb., it would surprise nobody in England to hear that there is better tea at 3*s.* 6*d.* per lb. Some persons might perhaps doubt whether the higher priced tea is really better, but several respectable dealers assure us that it is. "It is generally admitted that teas of Indian growth are superior to Chinese, and it is certain they realize much higher prices." The import of this tea is now very considerable, and the whole of it is retained for home consumption. It seems to follow that there must be people in England who are more curious in tea than we had supposed. We can only say, however, that nothing comes under common observation at all approaching the critical attention that is bestowed on wine. Nobody probably ever heard of two or three varieties of tea being served at the same house on the same night. The novelists, when they take in hand a tea-party, dwell upon the quality, not of the liquor, but of the talk. In short, as a poet said of another vegetable, tea is tea and nothing more to the great majority of English people. Illusions are being rapidly dispelled. Russians are ceasing to believe in the superiority of high-priced tea, and we are warned not to believe in the superiority of the Russian palate. However, let us hold fast to truth when we find it. There appears to be no doubt that tea finer than the "finest" can be bought at 3*s.* 6*d.* per lb.

THE COLONY OF ASSUNGUY.

IT is difficult to say why an able-bodied labourer who might go to Canada or Australia should allow himself to be persuaded to go to the colony of Assunguy. In order to ascertain where that colony is, we had better follow the route of Consul Hunt, who visited it six months ago. He left Rio de Janeiro on the 6th of September last in a steamship which, steering south-west along the coast of Brazil, brought him to Paranaguá on the 8th. He went thence to Antonina, a small town on the bay of Paranaguá, and thence in two long days' travelling over a good macadamized road he reached Curitiba, the capital of a province, on the 10th. The town of Curitiba contains about four thousand inhabitants, and within a radius of ten miles there are as many more. Of the rural population about two thousand five hundred are Germans, and there are also some Polish and French colonists. The Germans are doing well. As long as an immigrant can earn something to help him he may get on fairly, more especially in such a good climate as that of the table-lands of Paraná; but further in the interior, on a much lower level, with an absence of roads and markets, the exclusive reliance on the produce of the soil is a struggle for existence of the severest kind. The colony of Assunguy, where this struggle has been for some time proceeding, is seventy miles from Curitiba. It is in a tropical valley where the heat all the year round is great, and in the summer intense. The road from Curitiba to Assunguy is for long distances nothing but a mountain track. The buildings which form the nucleus of the colony are ranged round an open quadrangle of about an acre and a half in extent. None of the colonists have been permitted to establish themselves near the colonial centre. All the neighbouring lands, which are remarkably good, have been granted to influential persons in the province, who do not cultivate them. The colonists are placed at distances of eight, twelve, thirteen, or even twenty-three miles from the centre of the colony. A great deal of unnecessary hardship and labour was thus inflicted on them. They were isolated in a wilderness, unable to exchange their produce or find a market for it, and deprived of the assistance they might otherwise have rendered to each other. It is estimated that one thousand British colonists in all arrived at Assunguy, and of this number there remain 293. Mr. Hunt received from the remaining colonists statements which he has appended to his Report, and the hardships and disappointments therein described are such as might have been expected. The usual picture of plenty and fertility was drawn by agents for whom the Brazilian Government now disclaims responsibility. Promises were made, and, as generally happens in such cases, unavoidable circumstances prevented their fulfilment. John Pugsley, shipwright, who has a wife and six children, came from Gloucestershire to the colony about two years ago. Perhaps he might apply to himself the remark "The more fool I! When I was at home I was in a better place." It passes comprehension that John Pugsley, not understanding Portuguese, nor having much capacity for learning it, should have chosen to settle in the Brazilian Empire. Surely an empire on which, as we are fond of boasting, the sun never sets, could find a place for John Pugsley and his wife and children. But if he preferred a Brazilian colony to our own because of the attractions offered by the former, we may usefully inquire what these attractions were.

We find annexed to Mr. Hunt's Report a handbill circulated by Mr. Yeats, "District Secretary of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union," inviting emigration to the "English colony of Cananea, South America," by which is meant a colony to which

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the Brazilian Government invites "good agricultural immigrants" from England. Mr. Yeats, dating from Gloucester, informs his neighbours and the country generally that willing and useful labourers will find this a golden opportunity, as the numbers are limited and every facility will be given. One is reminded of the recruiting sergeant of old days who always wanted "a few fine young men," and assured his rustic hearers that they might become kings, emperors, or even justices of the peace. But perhaps Mr. Yeats is more like Captain Plume who tells Costar Pearmain and Thomas Appletree that he was a volunteer and carried a musket, and now commands a company, and asks them what they think of a purse full of French gold out of a monsieur's pocket after dashing out his brains with the butt of a firelock. This in more genteel, but less definite, language might be called a "golden opportunity." If the Agricultural Labourers' Union cannot do better than this for the Pearmain and Appletree of our time, it may be thought that union is not in this instance strength. We of course assume that Mr. Yeats believed his own handbill, and we infer that he must be an exceedingly simple-minded person. It may be hoped that, if John Pugsley had asked some clergyman or magistrate of his neighbourhood what was meant by a "golden opportunity," he would have been told that nothing was meant. However, John Pugsley went to Assunguy and tested the meaning of this phrase for himself. He worked on the Curitiba road, earned about two pounds, made repeated applications for the money, but cannot get paid, although the debt is admitted by the authorities. He is, however, more fortunate than others, for his land is only three and a half miles from the centre of the colony, and he has about four acres cleared. He states that he suffered a great deal on first coming. The food issued from the Government stores was uneatable, and he had to wait twelve months for land. This is pretty much what we should have expected, but it could hardly have been what John Pugsley expected, because Mr. Yeats's handbill announces that each member of the emigrant's family will receive two pounds on arrival and two shillings per day, together with tools, seeds, and necessaries until their first crop is gathered. This indeed refers specially to Cananea, but we can hardly doubt that nearly the same representations were made as to Assunguy. The Brazilian Consul-General at Liverpool issued a notice stating that this colony possesses diamond, gold, and lead-mines, natural pastures and bituminous earth, produces nearly all the fruits of temperate climates and all the grains of tropical climates, and "commands a good port." This is a more precise and official mode of announcing Mr. Yeats's "golden opportunity." It suggests a possibility of prosperity about as likely to be attained by the individual emigrant as a purse of French gold was by Pearmain or Appletree. We do not doubt that the colony possesses mines which are at least good enough to get up Companies about. Perhaps the less said about "bituminous earth" just now the better. Mr. Hunt remarks that any of the cereals mentioned in the notice, if planted, would infallibly run to grass, and the port which is said to be commanded can only be reached in a week by a loaded mule if the rivers are not flooded. The notice proceeds to set out certain "wise and able regulations" which had been issued by the Ministry of Agriculture of Brazil. These regulations promised a gratuitous donation of 3*l.* not only to the head of the family, but also to each member of it above ten years of age. It is also promised that, "if there are works to be done in the colony," the colonists will be employed in them if they desire it during the first six months. The official programme, therefore, does not differ widely from that of Mr. Yeats. He promised 2*l.* per head on arrival, and 2*s.* per day until the first harvest, without introducing the qualification "if there are works to be done." But an intending emigrant, if he thought at all, might think that there always would be such work on hand as road-making, clearing frontages, and building temporary houses, and he would fairly infer that work was promised enough to keep him until his own crops should ripen.

This expectation, indeed, has been fulfilled. Work has actually been provided for immigrants, and the only difficulty has been to get paid for it. The reply to their requests for payment was a reference to Curitiba, seventy miles distant. They could only approach the officials there by means of a "requerimento," or written request on stamped paper. They were unable to write Portuguese, being perhaps no great "scollards," as they would say, even in English. They had to pay 2*s.* 2*d.* to an amanuensis for this work, and 5*d.* for the stamp. The Brazilian financier who conceived the idea of making the creditors of Government pay a tax on dunning it commands our admiration. There is less novelty in the "requerimento," and one perceives that the English notion that you can have your money by asking for it is unsuitable to the country lying between 20° and 25° Lat. S. In old Spain or Portugal nobody would have expected any such thing, and why should it be expected in Brazil? Some colonists addressed various "requerimentos" without success and without reply. Many colonists walked hundreds of miles to the colonial centre and to Curitiba in vain, in order to obtain payment of small sums of money admitted to be due. It is a pity that nobody could explain to John Pugsley and his associates before they started that this is how they do things in Portugal and Spain, and probably in Brazil. The Consul-General made no misrepresentation, for he only meant to say that the colonists would have 2*s.* a day when they got it. Indeed this meaning is clearly shown by a note appended to the regulations. After stating the price of labour, it is added, "The living consists of beef, mutton, veal, lamb, pork, fowls, ducks, potatoes, and various vegetables, &c. Beef costs 2½*d.* to 4½*d.* per lb." The colony of Assunguy seems to resemble that part of Ireland where, as a native stated, a fowl could be bought for 6*d.*; but, being asked why he left a place where fowls were so cheap, he answered that he could never get 6*d.* to buy one. We might state without risk of contradiction that in England "the living consists" of beef, mutton, potatoes, and pudding, for those who can afford to buy them, and we do not doubt that there are parts of Brazil where beef can be bought for 2½*d.* to 4½*d.* per lb.; only these parts do not happen to be contiguous to the colony of Assunguy. The five hundred colonists who arrived in 1872 found, according to their own account, that they were half-starved, that the promised work on roads could not be obtained, that no land was to be had within reasonable distance of the colonial centre, and that colonists who had been there for years could not obtain payment for work actually done; so these five hundred colonists resolved to leave, and did so. These persons on their return "taxed severely the generosity of the British mercantile community at Rio de Janeiro;" which means, we suppose, that they arrived at that port destitute and nearly starved.

Having read Mr. Hunt's Report, it occurred to us to ask whether there are not means by which John Pugsley, or at any rate his educated neighbours, might obtain trustworthy information as to one or more colonies that would suit him. The answer to this question seems to be supplied by the *Colonization Circular*, issued by the Emigration Commissioners in September last, and sold for a shilling. This volume opens accidentally at page 41, which contains the following "general advice":—

> Outdoor labourers from this country should, as a rule, avoid tropical countries, and the South American States, where the climate, the employments afforded by the staple productions, the want of easy access to markets, the language, the laws, and the habits and customs of the natives, present serious drawbacks.

It is remarkable how thoroughly this advice is confirmed by Mr. Hunt's Report, although the Commissioners did not need such information, as we find that in July 1872 they issued a "cautionary notice" against the emigration of British labourers to Brazil. It appears that the Brazilian Government spent a good deal of money on this emigration, and we may give this Government credit for intending to execute the "wise and able regulations" which it had framed, and for believing them to be sufficient. But the benevolent intentions of Governments are often disappointed. Any Brazilian colony would have been unsuitable for John Pugsley, and Assunguy was the most unsuitable of all. If they had put him high and dry on the tableland he might not have got much beef or mutton, but he might have lived. But they put him into a hole where a negro might have enjoyed life, but an Englishman could do no more than painfully exist. It is to be hoped that agricultural labourers, whether by "union" among themselves or by the old-fashioned method of consulting the parson and the squire, may be warned to avoid Brazil, at least until the Portuguese language is commonly taught in our village schools. In the meantime they may perhaps be content with Canada, where, as the Commissioners remark:—

> The inducements to emigrate are not simply good wages and cheap living among kindred people in a naturally rich country, possessing a pleasant and healthy climate, but the confident prospect which the poorest may have of becoming a possessor of the soil, earning a comparative competence for himself, and comfortably settling his children.

We mention Canada because it is easily accessible; but any "good agricultural emigrant," such as the Brazilian Consul-General invited, may find his way to Australia or New Zealand, and do well there.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TEMPLE BAR.

THERE could hardly be a more striking illustration of the chances which are reserved for old and rickety institutions in this country than the history of Temple Bar. It has been repeatedly condemned as a dangerous nuisance, and yet it holds up its head, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, has its head held up for it, as proudly as ever. Swathed in splints and bandages, it bears itself with a self-complacent dignity that promises long life. It is true that some time ago things began to look rather black for it. It was not only that the rumours of its shakiness had revived with a new force—for after all, it was pretty well used to such stories, and had not found them do it much harm—but there really was an appearance of something being intended in the way of action by the City authorities. The Lord Mayor and the Corporation themselves were afraid to go through the arch as it stood, and it was almost a question whether it should be pulled down or buttressed up for Lord Mayor's Day. The more tender counsel prevailed. Temple Bar has been set up on crutches, and has probably entered upon the enjoyment of a long new lease of life. At a meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers the other day at Guildhall, a rash member called attention to the state of the Bar. He declared that the structure was evidently a very dangerous one, and that in the opinion of scientific men it stood upon so fragile and shifty a foundation that it was not unlikely that the whole thing—Bar and supports—might some day come down together. He added that the obstruction to the traffic was patent to every one, and that by removing it from seven to eight feet of space would be thrown into the public way at a place where additional space was greatly wanted. He wound up by moving that "Temple Bar was a dangerous obstruction to the public traffic" and "an eyesore," and that it should be suggested to the Corporation that it ought

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to be removed without delay. But nobody would second his motion, and so it fell to the ground. Meanwhile the Corporation is understood to have the subject under consideration, and it seems to be agreed that not a stone of the Bar is to be touched until it has been finally decided what is to be substituted for it. It may be said that before anything can be substituted the Bar itself must be taken away; but this is not the sort of logic that has much effect in the City. Now that Temple Bar has obtained a respite, it has many chances in its favour. In the first place, it may be supposed that now that it has been patched and propped up there is no risk of its tumbling on the people below, and consequently no reason for present alarm. By and by it will perhaps be found that the timber framework is rather an embellishment than otherwise, and that it adds, if not exactly to the beauty of the structure, at least to the general quaintness of effect.

There is a well-known story of the people of Cologne, who, pending the long-delayed completion of their cathedral, had become so accustomed to the rusty old crane, so familiar to the eyes of tourists, on the top of one of the towers, that when it happened to be blown down one evening in a gale they raised a public subscription to replace it, although it had been idle for an untold number of years, and there was no immediate prospect of making any use of it. They missed the familiar object, and could not make up their minds to part with it. It had, in fact, become part of the cathedral, and many old folks no doubt must have deeply regretted when, the building fund becoming more prosperous, the reconstruction of the edifice was gone on with, and no place left for the crane. In a similar way people in London will perhaps get in time so used to Temple Bar in its dilapidated condition that, if it happened to be burnt or shaken down, steps would be at once taken to rebuild it, not in its earliest, but in its latest, style. For ourselves we have no particular ill-will to the old Bar. Though never at its best a very lovely object, it gives a certain character to what would be otherwise a mean and shabby street, and any variation from the ordinary commonplace of street architecture in London may be welcomed. At the same time even persons of the most sentimental order do not care to run the risk of being crushed by a falling arch. In fact, a sense of safety has a good deal to do with an appreciation of the picturesque, as Lord Macaulay has pointed out in the case of Highland landscapes, the beauty of which is much more obvious now that the traveller has not to keep a sharp look-out for a falling crag or a marauder in ambush. Moreover, though there might be some excuse for the original ugliness of the structure, there can be none for the elaborately hideous aspect which has now been given to it. It is wonderful how people can go through Temple Bar day after day, and not be struck by its extreme dirtiness and squalor, splashed thick with mud, and bolstered up with rough timber. Yet this has already been its condition for some months, and there is at present no prospect of any change. It is curious that the chief Radical of the day should be responsible for the saying about driving omnibuses through Temple Bar, which has been of so much service to Conservative statesmen. It is possible that Mr. Bright's remark may have had its effect in prolonging the existence of an obstruction which offers so happy an excuse for convenient procrastination. It is evident, however, that if there were no Bar, the difficulty about the omnibuses would be at an end, and some people may think that the natural course would be to remove the block and let the traffic through. It is no doubt a sound rule to let old things alone unless they are really mischievously in the way; but any one can see for himself how much Temple Bar in its present shape does stand in the way, and except as a barrier it has no use to justify its preservation.

It would appear that the great security for any old institution or custom lies in the familiarity of the criticisms and attacks which are made on it. When it is said, for instance, that Temple Bar is ugly and rather rickety, it strikes most people as rather a stale and commonplace remark. It is like telling a man he has a nose on his face. Consequently attention is not arrested on the subject, and a busy man may pass under the Bar every day of his life without thinking in the least of its peculiarities. The fact is that these peculiarities are part of the thing itself, and people get accustomed to them as such. In one sense, this sort of tolerance is no doubt reasonable enough. When anything has lasted for a very long time, and people have got used to it, it may be presumed that, whatever its defects, they are not of a very aggravated character, and that it is just possible that more harm may be done by touching it than by letting it alone. The fool in the fable would not take the nail out of his shoe because he had got accustomed to it, but perhaps he was not such a fool as the philosopher thought him. If it was not a very troublesome nail, it might be better to bear it than to endure the torture of brand-new shoes that pinched all round. There is often a sort of spurious comfort in an old worry which it would be a poor bargain to exchange for the fret and strain of an unfamiliar exasperation. Like other forms of prudence, however, this reluctance to meddle with old things may be carried too far. Whether Temple Bar stands or falls is not perhaps a very important matter; but there are some other less respectable institutions which prolong a noxious existence on similar grounds. This is the case, for example, with the rookeries, which a partial attempt is now being made to put down. The rookeries have been denounced so often and so persistently that everybody knows all about them by heart, and fresh denunciations produce hardly any effect. Nothing is better for an old-standing abuse than to be well attacked, if it can only get over it; afterwards all the evil that is said of it goes by like a tale that is told. This is one of the chronic perils which attend well-meant efforts at Parliamentary legislation. In order to get the question to the front, it is necessary to make a good deal of talk about it; the newspapers are full of it; there are debates in Parliament about it, and the whole subject is pretty well exhausted. After this a kind of lull sets in; little difficulties crop up; the Bill perhaps is lost in the massacre of innocents at the end of the Session; and when it turns up again in another year, all the freshness has passed from it, people are intent on something else, and the old stories of abuses are treated as if they had already been discounted and were done with. It is astonishing, as well as discouraging, to reflect how long an old-standing scandal will sometimes survive in this way, simply through people exhausting their stock of surprise and indignation and getting used to the black side of the matter. The moral for an assailant in such a case would seem to be to avoid harping too much on the subject when there is no prospect of anything being done; but, when once an impression has been produced, to follow it up closely and persistently, so as to leave no time for the usual reaction.

REVIEWS

BOSSUET AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

WE are always glad to welcome a fresh work from the graceful pen of the author of *A Dominican Artist*. And the fact that not only is there no popular Life of Bossuet to be found in France, as we are told in the preface, but, so far as we are aware, no Life of him at all in English, gives an additional interest to the present volume. Bossuet, if not the most attractive or saintly, is indubitably one of the grandest figures in later ecclesiastical history, and his long career is so indissolubly connected with the grandest period of that Gallican Church which is now unfortunately a thing of the past, that the one can never be handled apart from the other. He has even been styled, by a permissible anachronism, "the last of the Fathers," though this description is apt to be misleading; for, with all his greatness, he was pre-eminently the product and teacher of his own age and country. If he may be called in one sense the creator and prophet of Gallicanism, it is at least equally true that the historical and national conditions to which Gallicanism owed its peculiar character made him what he was. He lived, as his biographer observes, in an atmosphere of controversy, as the champion of Catholicism against the Protestants, of the national Church against the Papacy, and of what he considered the orthodox doctrine against dissentients within his own communion. Nor can it be denied that the circumstances which helped to develop his genius were not without an injurious effect on his moral and spiritual character, as was only too abundantly illustrated in one critical transaction of his life. But he may well claim a generous consideration for faults which sprang rather from excess of zeal and defective power of sympathy—for there was a certain hardness about his nature—than from any selfish source, and against which he does seem to have struggled. It is always an ungracious task to "rake up the relics of the sinful dust" of the world's greatest men, and posterity has generally been content in dealing with Bossuet to follow the noble example set by Fénelon in his lifetime.

Manifold as were his capacities, Bossuet's reputation rests chiefly on his oratorical power and his vast range of learning, which appears to have included almost the entire circle of contemporary knowledge, with one significant exception. For mathematics he always had a distaste, though no disrespect, and he considered it an unprofitable study for ecclesiastics. For the classics, and especially for Homer, he had an enthusiastic admiration, and he could repeat most of the Iliad and Odyssey by heart. His genius, as is generally the case, manifested itself at a very early age. He was but a youth of sixteen at the Collége de Navarre when the Marquis de Feuquières sent for him one night to the Hôtel de Rambouillet and bade him pronounce a discourse on a topic selected for him, which he did, after a short interval for collecting his thoughts, with such a flow of eloquence as completely took his brilliant auditory by storm. Not long afterwards the Bishop of Lisieux made him preach before a select audience of bishops and learned persons, and De Rancé, who was present, used to tell how the Bishop observed, as Bossuet left the room:—"That young fellow will be one of the greatest lights of the Church hereafter." At the age of twenty he delivered his thesis for the Bachelor's degree on the Existence and Attributes of God and the Immortality of the Soul, in the presence of Condé, who became thenceforth one of his dearest friends. From that time his vocation as an orator was decided, and his numerous friends and admirers lost no opportunity of pushing him to the front. At twenty-four, just before receiving priest's orders, he was appointed Archdeacon of Metz, and three years later appeared his first work, the *Refutation of the Catechism of Ferry*, a Protestant minister in that city, with whom it is pleasant to be able to add that he lived both before and afterwards on terms of friendship and mutual respect. In this early work he already lays down the doctrine which he so strenuously

* *Bossuet and his Contemporaries.* By the Author of "A Dominican Artist," &c. &c. London: Rivingtons.

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maintained in after life of the infallibility of the Church but not of the Pope, whose "authority" is however recognized within certain limits. We will not enter here on the Jansenist controversy further than to say that Bossuet's conduct, so far as he had to deal with it, contrasts very favourably with that of other leading men in the French hierarchy. One of the Port Royal nuns, who had consented to sign the obnoxious formulary and afterwards retracted her subscription, was brought before Archbishop Péréfixe, their bitter persecutor, who addressed her angrily:—

"Monseigneur," Sœur Thérèse immediately answered, "such troubles cause the heart to bleed;" and then, catching an expression of tenderness and sympathy on Bossuet's countenance, she added, "If not sanguinary marks, they are at all events very painful and hard to bear. We have been as good as dead to one another for the last ten months, and God only knows all that we have suffered."

"It is true, quite true," burst from Bossuet's lips, whose upright spirit of justice and fairness had evidently suffered under his Archbishop's line of action. This apparently was Bossuet's last appearance among them. He was too independent in character and too generous in heart to be an efficient supporter of Archbishop's Péréfixe's tyranny, and later on, when we consider his own dealings, as one in authority, with rebellious Religious, we shall find a very different course adopted. In 1661, the opening discourse of the Synod of Paris, the first held there since 1620, was committed to the well-known preacher.

The chapter on Bossuet's life as preceptor of the Dauphin is a very interesting one, chiefly from the light it throws on his personal character, as contrasted, *e.g.*, with Fénelon's, who at a subsequent period held a similar position. He was an excellent and most conscientious teacher, but it is clear that he failed to interest his royal pupil or win his affections. It was during this period that the famous *Discourse on Universal History* was mainly composed, though, as Sainte-Beuve remarks, it was "addressed more to posterity than to his indolent and inattentive pupil." In a summary of French history which he also compiled for the Dauphin's use it is worth noting that "a zealous Huguenot could scarcely speak of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew with never emphatic abhorrence, or with less mind to justify in any degree that atrocious wickedness." Bossuet however found himself in a more congenial sphere as Bishop of Meaux than as tutor to the young prince, and it was here, in the strict and energetic discharge of his pastoral duties, that he exhibited most strikingly his lofty qualities of head and heart. Literary avocations were never with him made an excuse for neglecting practical work, nor had he any of that contempt for little things which is sometimes absurdly thought a sign of greatness of mind, but is usually a mere form of affectation. And, considering the intolerance and coarse inhumanity of the age, when ladies like Mme. de Sévigné could joke over the hideous details of a public execution by burning, it is certainly to Bossuet's credit that no military execution took place during his episcopate in the town or diocese of Meaux. Persecution of Protestants was the order of the day, but Bossuet, notwithstanding his stern character and somewhat rigid views, did his utmost to secure them as much liberty as was possible under the existing law, and more than once interfered for the protection of those who had incurred severe penalties by their violation of it. The following passage gives an interesting account of his ordinary manner of life:—

Some of his personal habits were peculiar. From the time he left the Court, Bossuet made it a habit to get up during the night for devotion and study. He always kept a lamp burning in his room for this purpose, even when travelling; and after a few hours' sleep on first going to bed, he used to get up, alike in summer and winter, however sharp the cold might be. Two dressing-gowns, and a sort of bag made of bearskin, into which he used to get and draw round his waist, met this difficulty; and thus armed, the Bishop of Meaux used to say Matins and Lauds amid the stillness of night, and that done, he went to his literary work. Everything was put ready over-night, and so he betook himself to his books and papers for as long a time as his brain worked clearly and vigorously. When he began to feel that exhausted, he used to lie down again, and would fall asleep at once. This continued to be his daily custom until, towards the close of his life, Bossuet's physicians insisted on his giving up the work, and thenceforth he went back to bed after he had finished his devotions. These active habits account in some measure for the enormous quantity of work he was able to get through; moreover, he never lost a moment voluntarily, and he used to excuse himself from all the ordinary visits and formalities which so greatly hinder a busy man. Time was not, however, retrenched from prayer. His family was always gathered together for household prayer, and he was diligent in saying Office, though he did not make it a rule to attend all the Cathedral offices, except on Saturdays, when he generally went to Vespers, and he was always there on Sundays, both at High Mass, Vespers, and Sermon.

The two principal controversies in which Bossuet was engaged were that with Rome on the Gallican Liberties, and the Quietist controversy with Fénelon and Mme. Guyon. The main points contended for in the former dispute were the independence of the royal authority, the jurisdiction of bishops as held direct from Christ, and the supreme authority of Councils over Popes. We cannot enter into the history of the matter here, but it may be worth while, in view of questions raised in our own day, to cite from these pages the text of the famous Four Articles of 1682, accepted by the French Assembly of Clergy and the Parliament, which were drawn up by Bossuet. They are of course in direct contradiction to the Vatican Decrees:—

I.

That St. Peter and his successors, Vicars of Jesus Christ, and the whole Church herself, have only received power of God in things spiritual, and pertaining to eternal salvation, not in things civil or temporal, the Lord Himself having said, "My Kingdom is not of this world," and also "Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's;" as also firmly declareth the Apostle, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers: for there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God: whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God." Therefore kings and princes are in nowise subjected by God's appointment to any ecclesiastical power in temporal things; neither can the authority of the Keys of the Church directly or indirectly depose them, or their subjects be dispensed from the obedience and fidelity of their oaths to the same; and this doctrine we affirm to be necessary for the maintenance of public peace, no less profitable to the Church than to the State, and to be everywhere and every way observed as agreeable to the Word of God, to the tradition of the Fathers, and the example of the Saints.

II.

That the full powers held by the Holy Apostolic See and the successors of St. Peter, as Vicars of Christ, in spiritual things, are the same as the decrees of the holy Œcumenical Council of Constance, put forth in its IV. and V. Sessions, which were approved by the Holy Apostolic See, confirmed by the practice of all the Church and of the Roman Pontiffs, and religiously observed at all times by the Gallican Church; that they abide in full force, and that the Gallican Church does not uphold those who would impugn their authority, or say that they were only adopted by the Council at a time of schism.

III.

That thus the use of the Apostolic power is to be moderated according to the canons inspired of God's Holy Spirit, and consecrated by the whole world's reverence; so that the rules, uses, and institutions generally received in the kingdom and the Gallican Church be maintained, and the boundaries fixed by our fathers remain unaltered; inasmuch as it pertains to the dignity of the Holy Apostolic See that the laws and customs confirmed by the consent of that See and of the Churches should be established firmly.

IV.

And that although the Pope has a chief voice in matters of faith, and his decrees concern all Churches, nevertheless his judgment is not unalterable, except with the consent of the Church.

We send these maxims received of our Fathers to all the Churches of France, and to the Bishops who preside over them, as commissioned by the Holy Ghost, in order that we may all decree and say the same thing, and hold the like doctrine in the like sense.

In the correspondence on Reunion which took place at a later period between Bossuet and Leibnitz, the latter observes that "we are indebted to France for having preserved the liberty of the Church against the infallibility of the Popes, without which I believe the greater part of the West would be already under their yoke." The result of the subsequent collapse of the Gallican Church has gone far to justify his discernment.

Over the other great controversy of Bossuet's life we would gladly, for his own sake, draw a veil. The subject itself indeed is one which will only be intelligible to a select few, but the entire Church and Court of France were involved in the conflict, and the fierce animosities it evoked contrast strangely enough with the obscurity of the questions at issue. The historical interest is almost wholly concentrated on the personal incidents of the long struggle, and Bossuet's personal behaviour throughout, whatever may be thought of his theological attitude, was not only violent, but conspicuously ungenerous and unjust. That his nephew, the Abbé Bossuet, who managed matters at Rome, behaved much worse than he did is true; but then the Abbé was a mere selfish parasite and place-hunter, with no character to lose, "the petty nephew of a great uncle," as De Maistre calls him; and of the uncle we might have expected better things. Fénelon, on the other hand, conducted himself from first to last with the unaffected meekness and charity of a saint. We must leave our readers to study the ugly but instructive details of the controversy in these pages, but one aspect of the affair cannot be altogether passed over. It illustrates in a manner more remarkable than edifying the practical working—we will not say of Papal infallibility, for possibly the decision may be held by "minimizers" to be short of infallible—but anyhow of the Court of Rome. Innocent XII. was a good man, and was personally favourable to Fénelon's views, but the King of France was resolved on Fénelon's condemnation, and condemned accordingly he was, though not till after a wearisome tissue of delays and intrigues. When the Censors appointed to examine the *Maxims of the Saints* had held sixty-five sittings, half their number pronounced it deserving of no censure whatever, but the Pope, who fully agreed with their opinion, was obliged, under pressure from France, to refer back the final decision to the Holy Office. Louis XIV. was getting impatient by this time, and sent a letter to the Pope—too probably composed by Bossuet—in which he "demanded" the prompt condemnation of the book in terms more stringent than deferential. At length a brief was prepared condemning the Quietist doctrine, but avoiding any direct censure of Fénelon, whereupon another and still more peremptory royal missive was despatched from the eldest son of the Church, who instructed the infallible Pontiff on his duties in the following trenchant fashion; the dispute, be it remembered, was on strictly theological subjects:—

"His Majesty has heard with astonishment and grief" (so it says) "that after all his urgency, and after the many promises of His Holiness, repeated through his Nuncio, that a precise decision should cut vigorously at the root of the evil caused throughout his kingdom by the Archbishop of Cambrai's book—now when everything seemed to be concluded, and when this book is acknowledged to be full of errors by all the Cardinals and by the Pope himself, its partisans should bring forward a fresh project which would render all past deliberations useless, and renew the whole dispute." The document goes on to dissect and demolish the proposal,—winding up with a threat that if the Pontiff should actually fall into "such grievous weakness," His Majesty would "neither receive nor authorise in his kingdom anything but what he had asked, and what had been promised him,—namely, a clear and precise judgment" (*i.e.* condemnation) "of the book which has thrown his kingdom into a state of combustion." The letter winds up with the significant threat: "If His Majesty sees the matter, which he believed at an end, prolonged by wiles which he does not understand, he will know

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what it beseems him to do, and will take *des résolutions convenables*, although meanwhile he hopes that His Holiness will not reduce him to such grievous extremities."

Innocent obeyed, though greatly annoyed, and a brief was issued condemning Fénelon, whom yet the Pope spoke of in private as "piissimo, santissimo, dottissimo." After Fénelon's submission—which it is easier to admire than to explain—the Pope commissioned Cardinal Albani to draw up a brief expressing his respect and esteem for him, but this again he was compelled, under dictation from the French Court, to suppress. It is a pitiful story all through, and reflects small credit on any of those concerned, with one brilliant exception. Into the question which has since been raised by Lord Acton as to Fénelon's real sentiments the author does not enter here, but we are glad to see that she promises a separate Life of the Archbishop of Cambrai, where it will of course be discussed. It may perhaps be pleaded in excuse for Bossuet that there was something antipathetic in the intellectual and moral nature of the two prelates which made it impossible for them to understand each other. Yet this had not prevented their being friends originally, and did not prevent Fénelon's entertaining and expressing to the last a sincere appreciation of the lofty qualities of his successful rival.

Where there is so much to praise it seems almost ungracious to add a word of blame, but in this, as in earlier works from the same hand, there is a carelessness of writing, or more probably of correcting the press, especially as regards Latin quotations, to which it is only fair to call the author's attention, as a serious blemish. To note but a few instances hastily collected, we have in one place "Louis XVI." for Louis XIV.; in another we read "Maria Theresa of Austria, *who* we shall soon find becoming," &c., while in a later page the Abbé Bossuet is angry with his friends, "*whom* he thought played him false," the nominative and accusative changing places unaccountably in the two passages. Elsewhere we read of "the *four* Jansenist propositions," meaning of course the five; while the document by which Fénelon was condemned is called alternately a "brief" and a "bull" through many successive pages, as though the terms were synonymous, although we had been reminded at the outset of the fundamental difference between the two, and of the Pope's determination to adopt the less solemn form out of regard for the illustrious victim. And, to give but two examples of Latin extracts, we have "consanguin*em*" for "consanguineos" in one place, and "ecclesiastic*um* reunionem" in another. There are other signs in this volume occasionally of hurried composition, which in justice both to herself and her readers a writer usually so graceful as well as accurate would do well to guard against for the future. We shall look with much interest for the Life of Fénelon, in which she will probably find a more entirely congenial theme.

BELL AND SKEAT'S CHATTERTON.*

NOT long ago we had before us an extravagant and ill-judged panegyric of Chatterton, and it was impossible to deal out the needful measure of justice upon that performance and at the same time to do justice to Chatterton himself. The present edition of his works comes conveniently after this to afford a far more satisfactory occasion. The memoir prefixed to these volumes is concise and reasonable, and Mr. Skeat's work removes the difficulty which we indicated as chiefly standing in the way of readers who desire to form a fair judgment of Chatterton's poetry. The acknowledged poems may be dismissed as inferior productions, though showing plenty of fluency and readiness. With very few exceptions, they merely represent the tone and taste of the current light writing of the time, which were about as bad as could be; and, but for critical purposes, one would think them hardly worth re-editing. The interest of the works and the fame of the writer spring from the forged antiques known as the Rowley Poems. A certain amount of ethical discussion, on which we do not propose to enter, has been expended on Chatterton's conduct in this respect. The forgeries might well seem innocent enough on the simple ground of being too manifest to deceive anybody, were it not for the fact that they did at the time deceive a great many persons who were supposed to be competent judges. The poems were, in fact, written in a unique dialect of Chatterton's own invention, arrived at in a manner which Mr. Skeat has for the first time fairly worked out. It consists of a certain proportion of old words rightly used (Mr. Skeat says these are not more than seven per cent.), a great number of old words and forms wrongly used, and a considerable number of imaginary words, which last are partly due to traceable blunders, and partly, for all that appears, to pure invention. These elements are further disguised by a pseudo-antique spelling of the wildest kind, wholly unlike the genuine spelling of any period of old English, but to which some sort of parallel may be found by turning to the Revised Statutes for the time of Henry VIII. The disguise stops at this point; the words are put together so as to express modern thoughts in sentences of perfectly modern construction and verses of perfectly modern rhythm and metre. Quite apart from any matters of verbal or grammatical criticism, the eighteenth-century tone and structure of the whole thing are unmistakable, and, without any recourse to English scholarship or philology, it now seems incredible that people who had even read Shakspeare with any attention could be persuaded that these poems belonged to an earlier century. To a person who knows nothing of early English this artificial dialect is hopelessly puzzling; to a person who does know anything of it it is distracting and irritating, and indeed has something of the effect of a profane parody. We formerly remarked on this as being a very serious obstacle to the reading of Chatterton with an even mind, so as to consider him fairly on his own merits. Mr. Skeat has been fully sensible of this difficulty, and has met it by what are under the circumstances the only possible means, though the remedy is a somewhat heroic one. He first summarily points out why no other method would do. The poems might have been printed in the original form with full critical notes, but that would have been beyond human patience. It would have been still simpler of course to have followed old editors in reprinting the text with merely compiled notes, but "there has been far too much of this already." Another way would have been to reduce the poems to the genuine spelling of the fifteenth century, which, if the poems were genuine, would be the right way, but, as they are not genuine, is impracticable. The only way which remains is to reduce the spelling and also the words as far as possible to modern English, and this is what Mr. Skeat has done. In spite of the precautions Chatterton took against leaving marks of his work in its earlier stages, there are ample indications that, as a rule, he composed the Rowley poems in modern English and turned them afterwards into Rowleian, as Mr. Skeat conveniently calls it, at his leisure; and where Chatterton himself has explained words in footnotes, it may fairly be supposed that the word in the note is the original. The modernizing of real old poems is a thing which can hardly ever be justified, and, for the most part, can hardly be too much condemned; but the same process applied to the false Rowley is not only an improvement, but is, in truth, a restoration. We extract two of the most striking stanzas of *Ælla* as now edited in English:—

> When Autumn sere and sunburnt doth appear,
> With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
> Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
> Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf,
> When all the hills with woody seed are white,
> When lightning-fires and gleams do meet from far the sight;
>
> When the fair apples, red as evening sky,
> Do bend the tree unto the fruitful ground,
> When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,
> Do dance in air, and call the eyes around;
> Then, be the evening foul, or be it fair,
> Methinks my heart's delight is mingled with some care.

One can see without difficulty that these are really fine lines, and for a boy of Chatterton's age quite astonishing. And here is a passage of blank verse. (The use of blank verse, by the way, would of itself be conclusive as to the modern authorship):—

> *Enter a* Messenger.
>
> *Mes.* Cease your contentions, chiefs; for, as I stood
> Upon my watch, I spied an army coming,
> Not like a handful of a frighted foe,
> But black with armour, moving terribly,
> Like a black full cloud, that doth go along
> To drop in hail, and hides the thunder-storm.
> *Mag.* Are there many of them?
> *Mes.* Thick as the ant-flies in a summer's noon,
> Seeming as though they sting as sharply too.

These again are unquestionably fine lines, and show a vigour and energy which must have borne considerable fruit if the writer had lived, though it would be hazardous to conjecture what might have been the precise direction and amount of his poetical development. The reader who cares to see from what form this has been transmuted will not have much difficulty in seeing it in any other edition. It is enough to say that he will find the passage to begin "Blynne your contekions." A few lines above there is a brilliantly coined adjective which Mr. Skeat has judiciously suppressed:—"Thou beest a worm so *groffile* and so small" ("so grovelling and small" in the present edition). Mr. Skeat suggests, and probably with truth, that the Rowley poems, although much discussed and talked about, have, in consequence of these extraordinary disguises, been really very little read as poetry.

Mr. Skeat has not confined his work to substituting modern English for the existing (for reasons above given we do not say original) Rowleian. It had been abundantly shown that the dialect was an artificial farrago quite unlike the real English of any time; but no one had been at the pains to make out systematically how Chatterton in fact produced it. Mr. Skeat has done this, and the result is a critical study of considerable interest. He runs through the leading indications of spuriousness—wrong metres, wrong rimes (so Mr. Skeat writes it with laudable courage), wrong prosody, wrongly coined words, anachronisms, and obvious imitations of modern poets. Touching this last point, he shows that the stanza in which *Ælla* is written is simply the Spenserian stanza with a change of structure designed to save rhymes and trouble. He then proceeds to show that, although Chatterton had Speght's Chaucer in his possession for some time, he knew next to nothing of Chaucer at first hand; and as for that Saxon language which Walpole, in his first highly respectful answer to Chatterton's communication, "had not the happiness of understanding," Chatterton's knowledge of it consisted of a bare dozen of words taken hastily, it seems, from the beginning of a glossary, for, with very few exceptions, they belong to the early part of A. After these preliminaries, we come to Mr. Skeat's actual result, which is that Chatterton's Rowleian is constructed

* *The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton.* With an Essay on the Rowley Poems by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A., and a Memoir by Edward Bell, M.A. 2 vols. London: Bell & Sons. 1875.

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wholly by means of Kersey's and Bailey's Dictionaries. The evidence appears to be perfectly conclusive. We have an acknowledged letter of Chatterton's full of long words such as *ætiologia* and *mycterismus*, all of which, even to a mis-spelling, are taken from Kersey. The same is found to be true of the Rowley poems. Many of the eccentricities of Rowley are explained by Chatterton's having followed the mistakes or misprints of these Dictionaries. Thus *heck* means a *rack* for hay; Kersey, in explaining the word, misprints *rack* as *rock;* Chatterton takes this as he finds it, and thereupon *heck* stands for *rock* in the Rowley dialect. Mr. Skeat's conjecture as to Chatterton's actual method is best given in his own words:—

As might be expected, mistakes abound. Chatterton's probable method of proceeding was this. He obtained a copy of Kersey, ticketed off all the words marked *O.* (old) that took his fancy, and then entered them, for convenience, in *reverse order* in a note-book; thus, "*Comfort*, cherisaunei," and so on. The great weakness of this system is that haste or forgetfulness may lead to curious results. For example, Kersey has "To *gare* (O.), to cause." If this be hastily entered as "*Cause*, gare," it is not quite easy to tell whether *cause* is a verb or a substantive. This accounts for a mistake which Chatterton actually made, and that not once only; see p. 21, note, and p. 61, note 5. One more example of this may be instructive. Kersey has "*Lissed* (O.), bounded;" by which he means bounded or encircled by a list. But suppose this entered as "*Bounded*, lissed." It is then left ambiguous; for to *bound* might mean to leap or jump about. Accordingly, Chatterton so uses it more than once.

Besides the words literally copied in this way from the glossaries, we have words with the spelling or terminations capriciously altered, and some words which seem to be mere invention. *Demasing* (=considering) is a fair specimen of these. Sometimes Chatterton made curious grammatical mistakes in using his authorities. Finding the infinitive *kepen* in the Dictionary, he took it for a variant stem, and formed upon it a new past-participle *kepened=kept*. Still more curious is *tere*, on which Mr. Skeat notes as follows:—

Muscle. This is a most ingenious coinage. Bailey gives "*Teres major*, a round smooth *muscle* of the arm," &c. Hence Chatterton forms a singular noun *tere* as if from a plural *teres*.

Some of the things mentioned in the Rowley poems are nearly, if not quite, as fictitious as the words. Besides those instanced by Mr. Skeat, there occur in a poem called "The Tournament" an "iron-woven bow," and in the "Battle of Hastings" a "brazen cross-bow," both mere impossibilities. And there are some other sufficiently doubtful weapons and pieces of armour. But the reader can find any number of these curiosities for himself.

The principal claim which this edition puts forward, and which we think is fully justified, is that of making Chatterton really accessible to those who have not the means or the leisure to study him critically. In reading the Rowley poems it is somewhat difficult to bear in mind Chatterton's extreme youth when he wrote them; but of course much allowance ought to be made for this and for other drawbacks. We do not think the poems deserve in themselves the extreme praise which has sometimes been bestowed upon them; they are diffuse, unequal, and mostly careless; in short, they have the faults one would expect them to have under the circumstances. We must regard them as a curious episode in the history of literature rather than as literature itself, as the evidence of unfulfilled promise rather than as performances; and as such they will always retain an interest of a peculiar, and for some tempers a fascinating, kind.

SIME'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF GERMANY.*

"WHAT is the German's Fatherland?" asks the poet, and the names of half-a-dozen different States and districts are enumerated before he gets the comprehensive reply which satisfies him. The task of compressing into a school epitome the history of these various States, which have little to connect them beyond the common name of German, the feeble bond of the Holy Roman Empire or of the Confederation, and the popular yearning for unity, is certainly no enviable one; but, difficult as the undertaking is, Mr. Sime has in great measure succeeded in it. The student who may read through this little book will at any rate leave off with a distinct idea of German history, and this alone is high praise. The volume not only bears the name of Mr. Freeman as editor, but has also, as he informs us, had the further advantage of revision by Mr. A. W. Ward, "than whom England can supply no one better fitted to deal with matters of German History of all dates"; and thus Mr. Sime's work comes before the world with a double guarantee for its general accuracy. As an outline of the political history and condition of the country it is clear, definite, and simple, more particularly in the earlier parts, which, to our thinking, are the best in the book, as they certainly are the most interesting. The sketch of the ancient Germans—the fierce, free-spirited, truthful race of warriors, inclined to be indolent when there was nothing to call out their dormant energies, and addicted to drinking and gambling, in whose virtues and vices alike we trace the groundwork of the English character rather than of the modern German—is well drawn. Their social condition—the village communities, the Meetings of the people; the class divisions of nobles, freemen, *Liti*, and slaves; the prince with his devoted Comitatus or Gefolge, the King sprung from the line of the Gods, yet owing his authority to the election of the people—is clearly brought before the student. The period of the Salic Code follows, with its great increase, due perhaps to the influence of Roman ideas, of the Royal power; the King "already become the central element in the constitution"; the old noble class replaced by the new nobles who hold office of the King or form part of his Comitatus. Thence the reader passes on to the combination of Roman and Teutonic ideas from which sprang the system of feudal tenures, to the effacement of the mighty Merowingian Kings by the fief-holders of their own creation, and the rise of the Mayor of the Palace. Then comes the Empire, whose fortunes for a thousand years are fully and clearly traced, from the coronation of Charles the Great in St. Peter's down to the beginning of the present century, when it ended with the resignation of Francis II. How the connexion between the German Kingdom and the Roman Empire worked, how it roused the feeling of German nationality among the disunited German tribes which hitherto had hardly thought of themselves as one people, and yet how at the same time it prevented Germany from being welded into a firm monarchy like France and England, is well brought out. The scholar is cautioned against confounding this defunct Empire with the new one of our own days, which "is the restoration of the old German Kingdom rather than of the Holy Roman Empire"; and the author, leaving the province of the historian for that of the prophet, looks into the future and declares that Germany is in no danger of being Prussianized:—

Some fear lest Prussia should become too powerful, and the various German States be moulded too much after one pattern. But influences remain to prevent such a result. All the States are united under one head for great national ends; but each has a certain individuality of its own, whose roots are in some cases to be found in the distant past. Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Saxony, and the other minor States have each a history as distinct, although not so important, as that of Prussia. Unity, which patriots so long strove to win, has been obtained; but it will always be unity in variety.

The account of the League of the Eidgenossen—in later phrase the Swiss League—and its relations with the Empire, the Dukes of Austria, and Charles of Burgundy, may be recommended to the attention of that large class of people whose knowledge of Swiss history consists in some vague ideas of Gessler, William Tell, Anne of Geierstein, and generally of a set of simple and unsophisticated mountaineers who held their own against tyrannical Emperors and Dukes. That a good deal of the book is dry reading must be admitted. Even the author himself confesses frankly that after the Peace of Westphalia the history of the States of Germany "is for a long time very uninteresting." It is not in human power to make any one, save a German, take an interest in the Confederation or the Frankfort Diet; neither will the Schleswig-Holstein question, however well explained, ever be an attractive subject. Almost the only period in which ordinary people feel any strong interest is the Reformation, and with this Mr. Sime has dealt as well as his circumstances would allow. Obliged to adopt a cold and cautious tone, and to ignore as much as possible every spiritual element in the controversy, the writer of a book intended for general use in schools cannot but fail to give a really adequate and vivid idea of a great religious movement. The attitude of Charles V. towards the Reformation is well conceived and expressed, though perhaps Ultramontanes would hardly let the assumption that a man may have no love for the Papacy as a secular power, and yet be a sincere Catholic, pass unreproved:—

Meanwhile, Charles V. had been elected King of the Romans. Luther's party waited anxiously to see on which side he would declare himself. Luther even sent him a letter, urging him to see to the reformation of the Church. Had Charles joined the reforming party, the whole future history of Germany would have been different; but it was hardly possible that he should do so. He had no love for the Papacy as a secular power, as he repeatedly proved during his long reign. But he was a sincere Catholic. Besides, he had more of the old Imperial feeling than had been displayed by any Emperor or King of the Romans for a long time. He looked on himself as raised far above all other earthly rulers, and wished to bring back the Empire to its old grandeur. But if he were to be an Emperor in the sense that Charles the Great, Otto I., and Henry III. were Emperors, he was bound to support the Church, for the Church and the Empire rested on the same foundations, and it was the highest duty and privilege of the secular ruler of the world to defend the spiritual ruler against all his enemies. Charles, therefore, did not hesitate as to which side he should take in the great struggle which had now begun, and which threatened to divide Germany into two parties far more widely separated from each other than *Welfs* and *Waiblings* in the old days. He would uphold the Church, and make it great and strong as he intended to make the Empire.

The best piece of narrative in the later part of the book is the account of the Seven Years' War, in which the writer's appreciation of the Great Frederick's skill and tenacity has given more spirit than usual to his style; but, on the whole, the modern part of the History is hardly up to the standard of the earlier portion. The chapters headed "The Fall of the Empire" and "The Struggle with Buonaparte" would in many places be barely intelligible without an independent knowledge of history. For instance, in the notices of Napoleon Buonaparte, when "the French Emperor" first appears in the narrative, there is nothing to show who he was, or how he got there. In proof of Buonaparte's contempt for the rights of other nations, we are told that "the territory of the Empire was violated in 1804 by the seizure of the Duke of Enghien, but the Diet adjourned to avoid interference in the matter." Who the Duke of Enghien was, and how, and where, and why he was seized, and how this seizure violated the territory of the Empire, are all left unexplained. Nay, there is nothing in the text, except the chronological improba-

* *Historical Course for Schools.* Edited by Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L. *History of Germany.* By James Sime, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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bility, to show distinctly that the person called "Buonaparte" and "the French Emperor," who was overthrown at Waterloo, was not identical with "the Emperor Napoleon," who drank a yet deeper draught of the cup of humiliation at Sedan. "Mediatised free cities," a term which nobody can be expected to understand by the light of nature, are mentioned without any explanation. It would be desirable also to have a clearer account of the Landwehr and Landsturm, and some interpretation of the party names of Right, Left, and Centre. Every child in England has some more or less rude notion of a Conservative or a Radical; but the statement that the Frankfort Assembly of 1848 "was divided into two parties, the Right and the Left," will by itself convey no more idea to him than if he had been told it was divided into Oranges and Lemons.

The political aspect of the recent wars of Prussia with Austria and France is well shown; but the actual fighting is treated on a disproportioned scale, and with a dryness and needless profusion of petty details which make the narrative read like notes out of a blue-book or official history. Where is the good of filling the scanty space of a primary history with military minutiæ like these?—"The Prussian forces were divided into three armies. The first, made up of about 100,000 men, was stationed, under Prince Frederick Charles, in Lower Silesia. The Crown Prince commanded the second, which numbered about 116,000 men, and occupied Upper Silesia. The third, amounting to about 40,000 men, acted as the right wing of the first." This is in the Seven Weeks' War; and similar details are even more plentiful in the account of the War of 1870. We have the First German Army, and the Second German Army, and the South German Army, and the formation of the army of the Maes "from corps which had hitherto belonged to the Second Army"—so precise and accurate is the author. We are told what Marshal Bazaine "apparently wished" to do, and what it was concluded that Marshal MacMahon was intending to do; and a dreary chronicle of unimportant engagements is inflicted upon the reader. "Meanwhile two distinct efforts to break through the German lines had been made, one by General Ducrot on September 19, another by General Vinoy on September 30; but both times the French were driven back. On October 13 and October 21 similar attempts were made," and so on. Military students can obtain this sort of information much better from regular military histories; and as for the schoolboys and schoolgirls for whom the book is designed, all that they want is the slightest sketch of the general course of a war, and the names of the chief actions, with, if possible, a few Homeric details, such as even modern warfare can still supply, thrown in to enliven the narrative. One would gladly exchange some of the statistics about First and Second Armies for a few more touches of human and personal interest, in which this work is deficient almost beyond the ordinary deficiency of epitomes. Arminius, Luther, and Frederick the Great—three good specimens of German heroes of different ages—are among the few figures which stand out with any distinctness in its pages. Ariovistus, "the first German name that appears in history," is a name, and nothing more. Had the young reader been told how Ariovistus dared Cæsar to come and prove the valour of the unconquered Germans, "qui inter annos xiv tectum non subissent," he would at once have had some definite idea of an ancient German King and his warriors. Wallenstein, than whom a more picturesque and striking figure could hardly be found, might be a chess-knight for aught that is here told of him; there are his moves on the board, and that is all. He was murdered, and "the Emperor rewarded the murderers"; who or what they were is not thought worth mentioning.

The sections on Literature are well done, though towards the end the author's desire to prove his statement that "no other country has an intellectual life so rich and many-sided" as Germany has led him to give an over-long catalogue of modern writers. Music, the special art of Germany, and painting are so meagrely treated that they might as well have been omitted altogether. There is little use in burdening a child's memory with the names of painters or musical composers if he is told nothing whatever about them or their works. To learn some few facts about Albert Dürer or Mozart would perhaps be no less profitable, and certainly would be more pleasant, than to know about a scheme of Count Bismarck's, which never was carried out, for the reconstitution of the Confederation.

In the matter of nomenclature, always a troublesome point in writing foreign history, we should like to know on what principle Mr. Sime Anglicizes Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia as Frederick William, while he Germanizes Ernest Augustus, the Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover of Tory memory, as Ernst August. One could understand it if all the names were given in English, or all in German, or even if the inconsistencies of ordinary usage were followed. Why, too, as Mr. Sime is not constant to German forms, will he not call Köln Cologne? Of course Cologne is a French form, and we know that the tongue of a true German sympathizer would cleave to the roof of his mouth rather than utter aught that is French; but, however the word came to us, it is by this time good English, and has acquired an English pronunciation.

But these minor matters will not affect the general value of the book as a careful and distinct outline, which will doubtless be welcome to many who are past the age for which school-books are intended. Now that Germany has become the leading Power in Europe, and occupies so large a share of the world's attention, many who have hitherto been content with very hazy ideas as to her past history begin to think it necessary to improve their education. We must, however, warn all those who are at present exciting themselves over the ecclesiastical legislation of Prussia, and are either reviling Prince Bismarck as a second Diocletian or lauding him as the Protestant champion, that Mr. Sime judiciously ends with the Peace of Frankfort, and will therefore supply them with no arguments on either side of the controversy. When Rome and Prussia have fought their duel out, Mr. Sime will have material for an additional chapter.

DODSLEY'S OLD PLAYS.*

(*Second Notice.*)

MR. HAZLITT assures us in his preface that he has taken extraordinary pains in the preparation of this edition of Dodsley. "Not a word, nor even part of a word, has suffered alteration; and, wherever there was a doubt, as there might be in preparing for the press once more such an extensive collection of pieces, it was thought better to err on the side of caution." These are proper and assuring words, and we only wish they had been acted up to; but after selecting a play here and there for a somewhat close examination, and reading the rest with more or less attention, we are constrained to say that, with a few exceptions, the dramas for the most part appear to be left very much in the state in which he found them. This is the more surprising on Mr. Hazlitt's part as we find him proclaiming that "the first and second editions of Dodsley's collection appear, notwithstanding what is asserted to the contrary in Reed's preface, to have been superintended with no very high degree of care, and the late Mr. Dyce used to observe that the same criticism was applicable to the edition of 1825." This was Mr. Collier's edition, and an unfavourable report of it is frequently repeated by Mr. Hazlitt as the result of his own observation; as, for instance, in a note to the introduction of *Ram Alley*, where the former gentleman affirms that two copies of the play have been now for the first time accurately collated, and the latter adds:—"A few trifling corrections were introduced by Mr. Collier, but the most serious corruptions and errors were overlooked, and all the faulty pointing retained. *Such is the case with all the plays.*"

The first drama we took up was the earliest regular comedy in our language, and, as we cannot help considering it, the most interesting, if not the most important, of Mr. Hazlitt's additions to *Dodsley*. This is the *Ralph Roister Doister* of Nicholas Udall, as merry a piece as has ever proceeded from the press. And here we must at once begin by finding fault with the new editor for the brief and unsatisfactory "notice" by which he introduces it. We are told nothing more than that "the only copy known of this admirable comedy, and that deficient of the title, was discovered in 1818, and is at present in the library of Eton College." Not a word is said about the finder of this unique treasure, or about the singularly happy chance which led him to present it to the library of Eton College, which turned out to be the most appropriate place of deposit. Perfect silence too is preserved as to the fact of the author's name being altogether unknown till after the work had been twice reprinted, when its discovery was announced by Mr. Collier, in a passage in the 1825 *Dodsley* which has been omitted by Mr. Hazlitt, for the curiously insufficient reason that he had found a fresh introduction among some collections made by his father (not his grandfather) "about twenty years ago for a similar purpose, and, as it was much fuller than that previously printed, it has been substituted." He here admits the principle that "full" notices of each play should be given in cases where really nothing is to be told that was not perfectly well known a hundred years ago, while in the instance of *Roister Doister* he proceeds as if no such aid were required. He does not even say when Nicholas Udall was born, or when he died, or that he was head-master of Eton College, for the boys of which it is believed that the play was written; nor does he point out that it is manifestly formed upon the *Eunuchus* of Terence, an author for whom Udall is known to have felt peculiar fondness, having indeed published a volume called *Flowres for Latine Spekynge*, the whole contents of which are taken from the writings of the "dimidiate Menander." In the list of previous editions, too, he omits any mention of Mr. Arber's reprint, the most valuable of all, a careful comparison of which would have saved him from many errors. For instance, in the first speech of the first scene of the first act, he would not have printed such stuff as:—

> For know ye that, for all this merry note of mine,
> He might *oppose* me now, that should ask where I dine—(iii. 57)

had he permitted Mr. Arber's version to show him that the word was not *oppose*, but *appose*—a change which at once makes sense of the passage, the latter word having, according to Dr. Johnson, been shortened into the "pose" of the present day. Nor would he, five lines lower down, have printed

> *Maketh* revel-rout as long as it will last,

instead of the far more expressive "*keepeth* revel-rout" of the original. In the only known copy we find a couplet—

> He that beateth me by his armes shall well fynde,
> That I will not be farre from him nor runne behinde—

the first line of which Mr. Hazlitt thinks proper to print

> He that beateth me, *by His arms*, shall well find, &c.

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* *A Select Collection of Old English Plays.* Originally published by Robert Dodsley in the year 1744. Fourth Edition, now first Chronologically Arranged, with the Notes of all the Commentators, and New Notes by W. Carew Hazlitt. Vols. 1 to 10. London: Reeves & Turner.

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with a note appended, informing us that "by His arms" means "by God's arms"; a most unusual oath in such a place, for which neither text nor context gives any authority, and involving a change which we cannot reconcile with the editor's declaration that wherever there was a doubt he would err on the side of caution. Nor, when there actually is a printer's error in the original text, does the editor's conjectural emendation commend itself to us by its felicity. In the fourth scene of the first act, Mathew Merygreeke is bewildering Margerie Mumblecrust by describing his master as a fearful being of gigantic powers, who, among other things, when he saw an elephant approaching him—

> As the beast passed by, he start out of a buske,
> And e'en with pure strength of armes pluckt out his great tuske,

which had such a wonderful effect on another elephant

> That he crept in a hole, and not a word to say.

He is also described as a terrific warrior:—

> He conquered in one day from Rome to Naples,
> And woonne Townes, nourse, as fast as thou canst make Apples;

on which the poor terrified Nurse Mumblecrust exclaims:—

> O Lord, my heart quaketh for feare: he is *to fore*.

There is evidently a difficulty at the end of the line, and the editor gets over it by printing:—

> O Lord! my heart quaketh for fear, he is so sore,

which may *possibly* be right in spite of its inelegance, and of the much more natural fear of the nurse that the dreadful being is *to fore*—*i.e.* to the front, or actually present. In the same page the following dialogue takes place between Mathew Merygreeke and Ralph Doister:—

> R. D. What is that? a moate?
> M. M. No, it was a *fooles feather* had light on your coate.
> R. D. I was nigh no feathers since I came from my bed.
> M. M. No sir, it was a haire that was fall from your head.

Will it be believed that Mr. Hazlitt thinks it necessary to change "fool's feather" into "fowl's feather?" No doubt a play on the two words was intended, but this was more obvious before the change than after it. There is an expression which we have always cherished since in early boyhood we read that admirable scene in *Old Mortality* where Henry Morton, returning to his home from foreign parts, inquires for "one Alison Wilson," and is told in reply, "Ye might hae had *an M under your belt for Mistress* Wilson, of Milnwood." In *Roister Doister*, when the hero is spoken of in a similar unadorned fashion, he at once exclaims, "Ne'er an M by your girdle?" which we are sorry to find that the editor has had the tastelessness to alter into "Ne'er *a master* by your girdle?" One who has had so much to do with our old writers should surely have known that the phrase is of constant recurrence in their works, and even if he was not aware that the expression was, and apparently still is, a proverbial one, the article *an*, and the rhythm of the line, should have sufficed to warn him that the form was intentional in the present instance. Gifford seemed to have a dislike to the letter M when used in this way, and substituted *master* for it whenever it was possible; but when it occurs in the polished and musical lines of Massinger, he was obliged to give in and admit that "most of our old writers assumed to themselves the privilege of abridging the word *master*, and pronouncing only the initial letter (em). Without some license of this sort many lines could not be spoken as verse." Indeed, if Mr. Hazlitt turns to vol. x. p. 531 of his own work, he will find an excellent note on the subject, which he appears to have borrowed from the editor of the *Old English Drama*—whose name surely might have been ascertained by a very little inquiry.

We have gone the more minutely into this particular play, not only on account of its own intrinsic value, but because it appears for the first time in *Dodsley*, and because there is only one existing original on which its text can by any possibility be founded. It is thus peculiarly adapted for a test as to how far Mr. Hazlitt has carried out his engagement that "not a word, nor even part of a word, should suffer alteration." Our readers will perhaps be of opinion that we have already given enough to show how ill this promise has been fulfilled in this special instance, and although we have marked a long list of other passages, we shall only ask whether anything can justify an editor who makes such a proclamation in deciding that the following passage is not sufficiently intelligible. The heroine, Christian Custance, is answering the hero, Roister Doister, who says,

> R. D. Let all this pass, sister, and accept this service,

meaning this offer to become her accepted lover; on which she rejoins:—

> I will not be served with a foole in no wise,
> When I choose an husband I hope to take a man;

and is answered by the "parasite" Mathew Merygreeke:—

> And where will ye finde one which can doe that he can?
> Now, thys man towarde you being so kinde,
> *You not to make him* an answer somewhat to his minde!

The meaning of the last line is surely sufficiently clear, and, to our thinking, expressed in a manner much more dramatic than the one which Mr. Hazlitt considers it necessary to substitute for it:—

> *Why not make him* an answer somewhat to his mind?

It must be noted that this and all the other changes are made without the slightest warning to the reader that he has not before him the exact words of the original at Eton. In the way of illustration next to nothing is done. "Shotanchor," indeed, is explained to be "sheet-anchor"; but there is no note whatever to the second line of the following couplet:—

> Ye are such a calf, such an ass, such a block,
> *Such a lilburn, such a hobil, such a lobcock.*—iii. 103.

Nor is an unusual phrase explained in

> But ye *roile abroade* in the street everywhere.

We were reduced to hunt for the meaning elsewhere, and found in Peter Levins's "Rhyming Dictionary" of A.D. 1587 that *divagari* was the Latin equivalent for *to royle abroade*.

We have left ourselves no space to discuss any of the other plays, and in fact can do no more than mention two blunders which have struck us as peculiarly glaring. In the famous old comedy of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, we find the following four lines:—

> Tom Tankard's cow (by Gog's bones) she set me up her sail,
> And flinging about his *halse aker* frisking with her tail,
> As though there had been [under it] a swarm of bees,
> And chad not cried tphrow, whore, she'd leapt out of his lees.—iii. 178.

Now Mr. Hazlitt, failing to see what surely ought to be obvious enough to every man, woman, and child who is not a professed "commentator," that "halse aker" is a misprint for "halfe aker," the old f, as in a previous instance, being substituted for the old f, is pleased to father the following preposterous note by George Steevens:—"I believe we should read *halse anchor* or *anker*, as it was anciently spelt, a naval phrase. The *halse* or *halser* was a particular kind of cable. Shakspeare, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, has an image similar to this:—

> The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
> Hoists sail and flies!"

Some question was asked about this in a contemporary, and Mr. Skeat at once settled the matter by proving that half-acre was the ordinary and accepted word for a small piece of ground. The last error we shall mention has arisen from neglect of the context, and from want of observation as to the ordinary forms of expression of the time. In Vol. X., at p. 75, we find a young man, who wishes to appear rude and uncourteous, addressing a duke's son:—

> Ven. How don you? *gi' you good den.*
> Lus. We thank thee.
> How strangely such a coarse homely salute
> Shows in the palace, where we greet in fire—
> Nimble and desperate tongues: should we *name*
> *God in a salutation*, 'twould ne'er be stood on, heaven!

Now in the original editions the first line stands:—

> How don you? *God you good den;*

and Mr. Hazlitt should never have sanctioned any alteration, for not only is the word necessary for the understanding of the next speech, but it was the accepted form of greeting of the period. In *Bartholomew Fair*, Ben Jonson, the most accurate of all our dramatists, makes *Waspe* say "God you good morrow, gentlemen," and in *Romeo and Juliet* the Nurse accosts the Montagues with "God ye good morrow, gentlemen," to which Mercutio replies, "God ye good den, fair gentlewoman!" The above passage is from the *Revenger's Tragedy* of Cyril Tourneur, a writer of such singular force of expression and intensity of feeling that Charles Lamb says it occasionally made his ears tingle and a hot blush spread over his cheek to read him. Only one other of his plays has come down to us, and we feel both regret and surprise that Mr. Hazlitt has not made room for it in this collection. Before quitting the ungracious duty of fault-finding, we must mention that the editor, excusably thinking that every reader must have been a purchaser of the whole of his multitudinous publications, too often inserts (instead of the usual "list of editions" which the old Dodsley was so careful to give) some such notice as the following:—"Editions. For the titles of the two old copies, see Hazlitt's Handbook, p. 177."

Perhaps, after all, we have not made sufficient allowance for the difficulties of Mr. Hazlitt's task. We well remember the late Mr. Dyce saying that, when he entered upon his one-volume edition of Webster, he found he had 200,000 errors to correct which through his youth and ignorance had crept into the former one, which now commands so high a price. The number of corrections was of course humorously exaggerated; but the remark suffices to show that the editing an old play is no light undertaking, and, after working through the ten volumes already printed, we cheerfully admit that we are under great obligations to the editor and the publishers for placing before us so vast a body of valuable matter at a tolerably moderate price, and in a very attractive and convenient form.

ATKINSON'S STUDIES AMONG THE PAINTERS.*

THE history of painting as an art is always made to begin with the school of Cimabue. Before his date, which may be placed in the middle of the thirteenth century, there is a blank. No adventurous Kugler or Eastlake has penetrated further. The modern priesthood of art derives its descent from Cimabue; he is the apostle of painting. Only the orders received from his disciples and successors are valid. Schools of a different origin are heretical, or at best they may be absorbed. There is a sort of parallel between this aspect of the history of art

* *Studies among the Painters.* By J. Beavington Atkinson. London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1874.

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and the history of the Church. Few writers on Church history attempt to trace the apostolical succession of the English clergy through the early Church of Ireland or the Britons. The orthodox pedigree goes through Rome. And it is the same in the domains of art. It would be hard to name our first English painter, but the first thought of in answer to a question would probably be Reynolds or Thornhill. It is the same as when Austin is named as the first to preach Christianity here; or, if we go back to Holbein—a foreigner also, like Austin—the parallel will hold still more consistently. But to assert that there were no English painters before Reynolds, and no painters in England before Holbein, would be as untrue as to say that there was no Christianity in England, Ireland, or Scotland before Austin. Mr. Beavington Atkinson, perhaps unconsciously, indicates in the book before us a very different view of the history of English art. In the tabular view of the English school at p. 159 the first artists mentioned are Hilliard and Oliver. Their names alone adorn the sixteenth century. But a moment's thought will open, by their means, a field for research of which it may safely be said that it is worthy of the pen of any English writer in art. Hilliard and Oliver were miniature-painters. They were what a century earlier would have been described as "miniators," or illuminators. As a matter of fact their best works are on vellum. It must be allowed that they and the few herald-painters of their day were all that remained of an English school of art inferior to none of its own time in Europe. Cimabue died about 1302, and in estimating the value of his work it should be compared with the work of the artists who were his contemporaries and predecessors. "The service done," says Mr. Atkinson, "by Cimabue, usually deemed the father of Italian painting, has, I think, been overrated, and yet, when we remember the triumphant procession which bore the artist's famous Madonna through the streets of Florence, we cannot but conclude that Cimabue stands as one of those marked men who leave an impress on their day and generation." Mr. Atkinson does not pursue the subject. But it may be said that there are two ways in which the works of Cimabue and his successors down to Giotto and Orcagna may be tried. The first test is a comparison with mosaic. The second is a comparison with book-painting, commonly called illumination. Tried by the latter standard, they fall very far short of the merit usually attributed to them. The best works are those in which they approach most nearly to the style of the "miniators." Orcagna's glorious frescoes and the San Marco series of Fra Angelico, not to mention a hundred similar examples, are only book-pictures magnified. The names of book-painters contemporary with Giotto have been preserved, but of those who lived and worked before Cimabue few people know anything. The fact is that no notice of them or their art would fit in with the theory which makes Cimabue the father of painting in Italy—and therefore, through the influence of the Italian school, of painting in all Europe—because it is not to Italy that we must look for the earlier artists. The best art in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries was certainly not there. Let any one who doubts it compare, as may easily be done at any of the great libraries, as well as in many private collections, a book with initials, borders, and pictures painted in Italy with one painted in Northern France or England in the first years of the thirteenth century. Such books are very common, chiefly in the form of copies of the Bible. The Northern art is superior to the Italian in every respect. Drawing, correct in neither, is infinitely better in the English work. Expression too, but above all colour, is superior. There is, in fact, no comparison between the two styles. The Italian is as much inferior from the eighth up to the end of the twelfth century as, under the later artists, it is superior.

It is not therefore in Italy, but in France, and even more in England, that the representatives of art are to be sought before the middle of the thirteenth century. If we confine our attention to England, a list of glorious paintings might be compiled, extending back, not to the twelfth century, but to the sixth, and bringing in the names of many great artists long unknown to fame. The recent controversy about the Utrecht Psalter has for the first time shown many people that lively little figures in pen and ink were not unknown in mediæval art. And, passing by Matthew Paris, whose pictorial efforts were chiefly ornamental only or heraldic, we may rest at Godemann or even at Dunstan himself, who has left us his portrait in a sketch of Japanese quaintness indeed, but truly artistic in spirit. It is only therefore in a certain sense that Cimabue can be called the founder of modern painting. To recur to our ecclesiastical form of expression, he was the first painter if we accept the Ultramontane theory; but we cannot accept it without a mental reservation in favour of the great English, Norman, and French artists who carried back an unbroken succession in our own schools, from Isaac Oliver to Alcuin and Dunstan. Such a heterodox theory of art-faith has never been put forward in England. Pugin preached something of the kind in architecture, and a host of followers took up the tale. Mr. Ruskin alone of English writers has gone near it. But he, too, is carried away by the transcendent glory of the Italian schools of the fifteenth century, and his researches on the history of painting have never been conducted on any accurate archæological system. The books which are most read are of the orthodox way of thinking, and it is very possible that no materials exist for a strictly chronological and historical account of painting in this country from the misty ages of the Book of Kells to the painting of the Book of Durham by Bilfrith, the books illuminated by Godemann at Hyde Abbey, and so on until the development of Italian art as detailed by Mr. Atkinson spread like a tide over Europe, at last invading and covering our own land also.

It is now upwards of thirty years since the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge first endeavoured by means of cheap literature to encourage and increase a knowledge of art. The success of the *Penny Magazine* was such that it is no exaggeration to attribute to its influence much of the rapid growth of taste in the generation now come to maturity. When the Hogarths and Reynoldses, the Murillos and Correggios, which then formed the staple of our national collection, had been engraved one by one, the magazine itself grew old, and died, as magazines do. Its successor was not so long-lived, and was never so successful. When the *Penny Magazine* was commenced, it had the field to itself. When the *People's Magazine* started in its place, the competitors were too numerous to allow it breathing room. There is so much that can only be designated sharp practice in the present system of starting any publication of the kind, that it was hardly to be wished, certainly not expected, that the magazine should succeed at first. But as things did not improve after some years, the publication was at last relinquished, perhaps wisely, although many of the members thought it should have been carried on, even at a loss. The papers which Mr. Atkinson has now reissued were originally written for the *People's Magazine* during the last eighteen months of its existence. In accordance with the traditions of the older magazine, the pictures in our National Gallery were made the foundation of the articles, and a number of drawings, to which we cannot say the engraver has done full justice, were prepared by Mr. A. E. Fisher. The water-colour copies of the pictures from which the wood blocks were engraved were sold off afterwards, if we mistake not, at Christie's, and we have still a lively recollection of the beauty of two among them, the "Arnolfini" of Van Eyck, and the "St. Jerome" of Bellini. Both these pictures appear in the present volume, and, so far as we know, they have never before been engraved, either on wood or metal. A rendering of Lippo Lippi's "Annunciation" forms the frontispiece, and is one of the best of the illustrations. The "Avenue," from the Peel collection, and Turner's "Burial of Wilkie," represent landscape, and for the rest we may name Titian's exquisite "Holy Family," which is much marred by the splitting of the block on which it is cut, and Raffaelle's "Vision of a Knight," which has also suffered from the same carelessness.

Mr. Atkinson's part of the book has been largely rewritten, and is in many places, from additional information, a new work. The limits of space which bound him in his contributions to a magazine being removed, he has been able to make his work much more complete; so complete, in fact, that while it is the only popular history of art within the reach of people of moderate means, it is at the same time a history of the most trustworthy kind. We have indicated above the objections we cannot help feeling to the narrow views on the history of art which pervade all contemporary writers. But, putting these aside, and taking Mr. Atkinson's book from the ordinary point of view, we do not think it is saying too much to pronounce it a pleasing example of what may be done to bring art home to the people, and a good sign of the influences at work in the Society by which it is published. Beginning with Cimabue, Mr. Atkinson traces the development of the Italian schools down to Lippi, and then, taking such names as those of Bellini, Leonardo, and Raffaelle, shows the progress of each in his pupils as well as in himself, making in every case special reference to the pictures by each painter in our national collection. Leaving Italy after a notice of Correggio, he turns his attention to Spain, where he sketches the history of the art as it was in the hands of Murillo and Velasquez. Next he passes to the Low Countries and Germany, to France, and lastly to England, where in the last four chapters he treats of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilkie, ending with Turner, whom he calls the "greatest of landscape-painters." He justifies this preference in a passage which we venture to quote as it stands, because it is an excellent example of the lucidity of Mr. Atkinson's style, and a fair specimen from among a number of similar passages with which the book abounds:—

> The art of Turner proves its versatility by satisfying the desires of the most varied tastes. One anomaly in his works is that they admit and indeed invite apparently incompatible assertions and denials. Thus with almost equal show of reason it may be affirmed that they are truthful yet untruthful, studious of form yet formless, literal yet imaginative, elaborated in detail yet hastily sketchy, warm in colour as an autumn sunset, yet cool in grey as a spring morning. And in this many-sided capability, in this faculty of becoming all things to all men, Turner is supposed, as we have seen, to possess somewhat in common with Shakspeare. The painter assumed many aspects partly because during his life's labour he passed personally through many phases, also because he ever and anon was striving to solve that well-nigh impossible problem, how to make a finite art compass the infinity of nature. The secret of success in this effort Turner found to be partly in surrender, but mainly in the fixed purpose to attempt in each picture but one thing at a time. Hence that law of subordination, that paramount principle of unity, that sacrifice of a small truth for the sake of a greater truth. In short, art as art was paramount, and the facts of nature when not to the purpose had to give way. It was by this steadfast system that Turner's works gained a oneness notwithstanding their inexhaustible variety. The secret is to exalt to the uttermost the central idea, and to make use of episodes for fortification, not for division or distraction. And thus it comes to pass that Turner's sea-calms are more calm than those of Vandervelde, his storms more relentless than those of Backhuyzen, his sunsets more sunny than those of Claude, and his rocky ravines more savage than those of Salvator Rosa.

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TOXIE.*

WE are always glad to recognize merit where merit is to be found. As we shall not be able to bestow any praise either on the plot of this story, or on the characters, or on the language in which it is written, we are the more ready to acknowledge a certain convenience about it which it has in common with not a few of the most popular stories of the day. Quite by accident we took up the third volume first and read it steadily on, with all the attention that the opening of a plot requires, without so much as suspecting for a moment that we had not begun at the beginning of the book. We had, in fact, read more than a third of the volume before we discovered, and discovered by chance, our mistake. We always find that a great deal of worry is saved in reading a novel by taking a peep at the end as soon as we have become acquainted with the chief characters. It is annoying to have a mystery made about people in regard to whom one is utterly indifferent, and so some part of the annoyance of reading a silly story is saved by breaking through the veil in which the author wraps up his characters. Not indeed that there was much mystery in the story before us; but, as there was one man about whom the heroine raved, and another who raved about the heroine, we thought it would save some little trouble if, before we read further on, we learnt which of the two she was to marry. One of them indeed was married already, but with the unlimited command the novelist holds over the bills of mortality, that did not matter a straw. When, therefore, we turned to look for the third volume, not to satisfy our curiosity, for we had none, but to relieve our weariness, which was great, we found, to our surprise, that it was the third volume that we had all the while been reading. As we were in no embarrassment as to the plot, we did not think it at all needful to go back to the first volume, but with a calm and contented mind went straight to the end. We doubt indeed whether to the very winding up of the plot, we should have discovered our mistake from anything we met with in the story itself. Now and then indeed we came across a name that was new to us, but we should have set this down to the allusive style of writing which is so common at the present time, and, so setting it down, we should have been quite satisfied. There is a good deal to be said for writing a novel on such a plan as this, by which, while all the three volumes hang together, though loosely, each nevertheless has, as it were, a separate existence. Especially must it be convenient to those who can only get a volume at a time from the circulating library, for if some other reader is unreasonably long over the first volume, they can begin either at the second or the third as they please.

The tale—or at least the third volume—opens with the young lady who tells the story in a state of the greatest despair. She is in a "terrible moon-lit room," where she "bit the pillow that seemed pitiless and cold." We should be curious to learn, by the way, whether she bit the pillow because it looked pitiless, or whether it looked pitiless in spite of being bitten. She raised a cry, a cry which, "if there be one human heart-echo pulsing round the circling world, would be of those which cannot die, which 'grow for ever and for ever.'" This outburst of despair is explained in a page or two by a letter which she had just received from her faithless cousin Toxie. This young lady had robbed the heroine of her lover Douglas Perceval, a gentleman whom she describes as "my dark-eyed lover with the shapely head and the comely looks," whose "tall six feet looked down on me from a tower-like height," and who had a "proud pose of his dark close-cropped head." However, in spite of all these advantages, he had proved faithless, as we have said, and had married Toxie instead of Dorothy. To make the matter worse, there was a young gentleman, Fred Ridgwode, as madly in love with Toxie as Toxie and Dorothy were with Douglas. When he heard of the marriage he "laughed a horrible hyena-laugh," and galloped off—for he was on horseback—to shoot himself. The heroine managed to catch him though she was on foot. We are not surprised to find that she writes:—"What power gave my feet wings in my spent state, I never knew, I never shall know." Having managed to catch the horseman, she "heeded not the capers of the panting animal," and prevailed on Fred at last to shoot, not himself, but an old rotten stump of a tree. The reader will no longer feel any surprise that we did not discover our mistake in beginning at the third volume. There was just that state of confusion when the wrong people have married which is so commonly found in the very opening page of a novel. The probability was that the wicked Toxie would die early and penitent, that she would on her death-bed send for the much-wronged Dorothy, would ask her forgiveness, and with an "ineffable," or "supreme," or "notable," but not this time a "rippling" smile, would place her hand in Douglas's, as a sign that, after the proper time of mourning had elapsed, they were to be united. There was also a chance that it would be the faithless Douglas who would die, while Dorothy, full of forgiveness, would hasten to comfort the widowed Toxie. We might have guessed that Fred Ridgwode, as he was saved from blowing out his brains by a woman, would before long be rewarded by her hand. The heroine, however, at once guards us against any such supposition as this, for she tells us at the outset that "he was one of the rare few who undergo the crucifixion of the soul (which ordinary folk perhaps so seldom feel in its intensity) without its poor compensation, the gilded martyr-crown."

* *Toxie: a Tale.* 3 vols. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1875.

Moreover "he would never be a genius—a leader and king of men," and in fact was altogether unfit to win the love of a lady who has such a remarkable command of words as the heroine of this story. For a considerable while, then, there is no one left upon the scene but Dorothy herself, but with her despair, and the big words in which despair always speaks, she contrives to fill up the gap. She has a remarkable power of quotation—equalling that of Mr. Dick Swiveller himself—and if she has nothing else to write, she can at all events write up to a quotation. We suspect, indeed, that some of the poetry that she gives us has not previously seen the light, but of this we cannot be sure, for we do not pretend to have followed a lady through all the poets of the present day. We have taken the trouble to count up her quotations in this one volume, and we find over fifty in 264 pages. Where she cites Shakspeare she varies, if she does not improve, the text. She describes how a certain curate "seemed to peruse what Shakspeare describes as 'the books' in stones." Her love of quotation marks is only inferior to her love of quotations. When she writes, however, of "the 'secret drawer' of desks," it would be convenient if in a footnote she would inform the reader of the name of the author from whom she has borrowed so rare a phrase. But it is not on quotations alone that she depends to keep the story going; for, as we have said before, she has a remarkable stock of fine words on which to draw. She had "a hunger in her heart" which every morning before she woke was "wrapped for a distracting moment in mysterious shadow," but as a means of escaping from it she tried a change of bed-chamber. She left the terrible moon-lit room with "the smooth, horrible wall that seemed to hedge me in," for one that up to this time had been "dedicated to boots and brushes." At the same time "I decreed that Martha should enter that twin-chamber to mine—Toxie's—and gather up her things, hide the fair gauzy raiment in which she had last triumphed, within the narrow, polished drawers, dark with age, noisy with the tinkling handles." Martha in obeying the decree came upon a note; but here the heroine shall speak for herself:—

> She brought me a tiny note, one that looked as though it had been given in a passionate hand-grasp, concealed in a bouquet. It was the only one, she said. Toxie must have forgotten it—no doubt it had many fellows. I looked at it. The handwriting was not hers; it was a man's, small, clear, firm. I had never seen words written by Douglas, but I knew that they would be written so—that they were like him. I could not touch it. I writhed before that paper-scrap, that small, man's writing. It was as though I had seen him *kiss her*. Martha took it up at my bidding—it was nothing to her, though probably she knew its contents by heart—and committed it to the fire. The quick flames swept it from end to end, making it move, curling it, shrivelling it to an intangible dusky cobweb, hung with racing sparks. Grey, curled, shrivelled as it was, my keen eye saw that there were words—living amid that destruction—still there. I heaped up ashes upon it, I buried it for ever out of my sight. All days were alike to me now; but the day on which I saw that small love-token (it was one—I knew it) was like that November day, with its long hours of watching, its closing moments laden with the woe of Douglas's cruel treachery and Toxie's flight.

The heroine suffered indeed in many ways. If she sat down by the parlour window, then "some occult evil influence made John sweep the leaves at that hour," and John while sweeping talked of what had happened. If visitors came, they would talk of something which she could only answer with "a faint, watery smile such as one does smile after violent and unexpected blushing." Her father had to take her up to London for a change of scene, where they settled themselves "in one of those aristocratic hostelries nearest to club and park, in streets where omnibuses do not come and private broughams and hansoms do." There she met with a lover who took her to the opera, where she saw "white-gemmed necks," and "realized for the first time the beauty of my kind. A few months before," she goes on to add, "how lavish I should have been of joyful exclamations, of gleeful speech!" A day or two after, encouraged by the success of the visit to the opera, the new lover went through the preliminary stage of making a proposal to her, but in so noisy a manner that she writes "I heard a *thud* —as of kneeling." In spite of all these delights, she was not happy, nor would she accept her lover's suit. "There was before me all my strong young life, which had revived reeling from its terrible stroke of sorrow, and would wind onward and unfold itself, day after day, year after year, pitilessly." It is true that typhoid fever about this time carried Toxie off, though whether as a judgement on her or because her husband had been rash enough to take her to the seaside for her health we are not told. It is curious to notice that heroines, like physicians, have their fashionable diseases. A few years ago they all died of consumption, but now typhoid fever is far more fatal. The heroine, hearing of her rival's death, thereupon "looked up into the blue-black sky, where came forth, one by one, that marvellous host, great Jupiter, the polar star" (commonly called the pole-star), "and soft Orion" (why "soft" we are not told), and then she thought as follows:—

> Oh, is man's life a jest, that men should spend it breathing out the merest bubbles of vanity in the very face of infinity and the doom of death! Why aren't we mournful, and solemn, and awe-struck, seeing that our earth is so sad and strange, instead of being careless, as children are, and laughter-loving,—nay, wantonly, recklessly gay?

Before a lady takes to writing about "bubbles of vanity" and "infinity," it would be well for her to learn that, unless we are "careless as children are," and ignorant too, we do not when we write cut down "are not" to "aren't." It may perhaps be a question whether we are "evolved from some combined atomies of cosmic gas, a gas that brews worlds whether they will or not"; but it is established beyond all doubt that in solemn writing

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contractions are not allowed. At the point at which we have now arrived we are half through the story, assuming of course as we do that it is all contained in one volume. We shall not spoil the reader's interest by unfolding any more of the plot. He may perhaps wonder how the heroine manages to fill up the hundred and fifty pages or so which are left her in which to get married. In one page, however, she "swirled her petticoats" and talked of her "desperately-opened orbs." In another she "stared stolidly at a big dazzling bed of scarlet geraniums, scintillating with vivid colour in the afternoon sun, set in their emerald green." Then she "gazed up into the green glory of the great beech-tree till the first star quivered out into the green-blue sky," while later on she "stole up the short stair-flight, the polished oaken wood creaking derisively, and with pop-gun dexterity beneath our softly-treading feet." She went to a railway station and "gazed on the various paraphernalia of a roadside station," while the "weird wires whistled, and the fresh draughty air blew fitfully along the level line, bringing with it a disappointing soundlessness." In fact, she writes nonsense till the proper time has arrived for winding up the story.

PHILLIPS'S CIVIL WAR IN WALES.*

DESPITE the meagreness of his history of Kilgerran, the terms in which Mr. Phillips's present work was announced, coupled with the attractiveness and unhackneyed nature of the subject, encouraged us to look forward to it with a mixture of hope and curiosity. From the nature of the case the Principality has fared ill at the hands of historians, and the long-standing difficulties of the subject have tended to make anything like accuracy as to names and places a vain expectation. A stranger or "foreigner" could hardly fail to flounder among the many traps set in his way by records and documents containing names so like each other and so little like anything else; and the need has long been felt of some learned Welshman or inhabitant of the Marches who would do for Welsh history what has so abundantly been done for local history on the English side of the border. Mr. Phillips, a Carmarthenshire man of letters, has taken the field, and, combining local inquiry with documentary research, has endeavoured to compose a fair and systematic narrative of the Welsh side of the Civil War. Those whose appetite for the study of this period of border history has been whetted by the late Rev. John Webb's annotated Memoir of Colonel Birch, in one of the volumes of the Camden Society for 1873, will have got a good idea of what to expect from an historian of Mr. Phillips's pretensions; but, though we wish to give him the credit of industry, zeal, and national spirit, we cannot but think that the perusal of his Memoirs will produce a feeling of disappointment. Doubtless the State papers at the Record Office and other contemporary sources of information have been pressed into the service for *pièces justificatives*, which, as far as they go, make a well-intentioned second volume, and help to substantiate the statements of the first. But it is unsatisfactory to find how many of the hundred and seventeen documents making up this second volume are simply the lying newspapers of the war, the Royalist *Mercurius Aulicus*, to which Mr. Phillips awards the palm of mendacity, and the Parliamentarian *Mercurius Bellicus* which, to say the least, runs a dead heat with it. Although there are here and there Letters from Brereton, a central figure in the Parliamentary operations in Cheshire and on the confines of Flint and Denbigh through the whole period covered by these Memoirs, we fail to discover evidence of a study of that General's despatches, of Prince Rupert's correspondence, or of Sir S. Luke's note-book, all of which are essential to a thorough insight into the course of the events under consideration. Doubtless Mr. Phillips has overhauled Clarendon—mainly however to contradict his authority with somewhat audacious *ipse dixits*—and Warburton's Life of Prince Rupert, which, as a modern work, he might with less presumption take leave to question; not to speak of other books and records. Yet it must be said that his *Memoirs of the Civil War* falls short of being such a work of research as it lays claim to be. On the other hand, however, it is not uninteresting; indeed its liveliness is considerably enhanced by the very pronounced partisanship which sees every event and action through the medium of Parliamentarian spectacles.

The prefatory chapter on the state of Wales from its conquest to the close of the reign of James I. deals chiefly with questions of food, lodging, and locomotion, in all of which there seems to have been considerable improvement in course of time, though the contrast between the two sides of the border must have been very pronounced. The picture drawn of the principal county gentry of North and South Wales repairing for the winter to their town houses in Chester, Brecon, and Carnarvon, brings before the reader a state of things which will be familiar to those who in the early years of this century knew such towns as Ludlow, Shrewsbury, and one or two other half-Welsh towns, although no traces of the custom survive, except in the handsome ancient houses which tell of former more substantial tenants. But the author rather loses himself when he gets into earlier history. If it was worth his while to discuss the condition of the clergy of Wales (A.D. 1415-85), he might have gone more deeply into the question than the bald remark that "concubinage was very common." He might have found from the "Gemma Ecclesiastica" of Giraldus that in South Wales, as also no doubt in North Wales, "housekeepers" ("focariæ") were winked at, and tacitly allowed. As Mr. Brewer puts it in the preface to the second volume in the Rolls Series, "marriage prevailed generally among the clergy, allowed, but not named"; and there is fair reason to suppose that it is this connexion which Mr. Phillips brands as concubinage, in glancing at a century or two later. The second chapter, summarizing the events which led up to the Civil War, contains two or three interesting glimpses of the internal condition of Glamorganshire and the coast of South Wales; such as where the attempt to borrow money on Privy Seals fails in the above-named county because "of the losses it had suffered at the hands of Turkish pirates" and of the sums expended in the ransom of "honest men, detained slaves at Sallee" (p. 37), and where the King's requirement of ships or ship-money from the seaports of South Wales brings out the fact that "Monmouthshire, which now boasts a large seaport town in Newport, should have been in the time of Charles without a single ship of thirty tons, or indeed, if we are to believe the Justices, literally without a single ship of any size whatever." Other curious incidental facts as to the payment and collection of ship-money are grouped together in p. 73, and indeed our sole fault with these preliminary chapters is the author's hurry over his subject, which might fairly have claimed of him double the number of pages by way of a solid foundation and a lucid and adequate introduction.

It is when, in the third chapter, we are fairly launched in the war, that we most feel the want of a sound and dispassionate historian. In the autumn of 1642, when the answer of the Salopians and their neighbours to the King's appeal to them to melt down their plate and convert it into money cannot but have had the effect of replenishing the Royal exchequer and strengthening considerably the sinews of war, Mr. Phillips challenges the truth of Clarendon's statement that the result was so satisfactory "that the army was full and constantly paid." "The noble historian," he writes, "draws on his imagination," or "writes years after the event" from mere impressions, for the constant sacking and plundering of houses tells a tale of irregular payments—we should have said a tale rather of lax discipline and the license of civil war. But, whereas Mr. Phillips gives no proof that his impeachment of Clarendon has any foundation in facts, his eagerness to put Charles's cause in a particular light goes far, in the very passage we are referring to, to establish the satisfactory condition of the Royal exchequer, and so to nullify the insinuation of scant and slack pay:—"One fruitful source of money at Shrewsbury appears to have been the selling of dignities and titles. Sir Richard Newport is said to have paid 6,000*l.* for a peerage. For a purse of gold Thomas Lyster of Routon was knighted. If every man who was knighted here and elsewhere during the war presented Charles with a purse of gold, it must have produced a rather considerable sum of money." Mr. Phillips, like many an over-zealous advocate, proves too much. Again, when, in the early part of 1644, the Royalist fortunes were down in Cheshire and Salop, and Prince Rupert was sent to Shrewsbury to improve matters, we find that the town assessed itself in the large sum of 1,000*l.*, to be paid in one payment, for the purpose of his settling affairs in that district. Mr. Phillips, after stating that Rupert's commission was in general terms to prevent the Parliamentary forces under Brereton and Myddelton, Mytton, and the Earl of Denbigh, from having everything their own way, and that therefore he must have found really serious work to do at Shrewsbury, proceeds, without citation, to impugn Warburton's statement "that, weighty as the work was, Prince Rupert did it thoroughly and single-handed." "The Prince's historian," he writes, "must have had different data from what I have seen, for I cannot find that he accomplished much." A fling like this would go for little in the view of candid readers did the matter rest here; but the amusing thing is that, within the limits of a couple of pages, we are told of Rupert's success against some forces of Sir William Fairfax and Colonel Mytton at Market Drayton on the 4th of March, and of his shortly afterwards, with the help of a part of the forces he had with him at Shrewsbury, winning a signal victory and rendering essential service at Newark. Whilst speaking of Prince Rupert, it may be remarked that, two years earlier, one of the prisoners of distinction taken by him in a dashing charge against the advanced detachment of Essex's army near Worcester, was a Captain Wingate, M.P. for St. Albans. On the faith of a letter purporting to have been written afterwards by Captain Wingate from Ludlow, but, as Mr. Phillips admits, of doubtful genuineness, Prince Rupert is implicated in a charge of cruel and unsoldierly treatment of his captive, in causing him to be stripped and mounted naked on horseback at the head of the army. Though, when it suits his purpose, our author can assess at their due worthlessness the lying letters so current in the Civil War, he dismisses this story with the sort of criticism which one would look for from Mrs. Candour or Sir Benjamin Backbite:—"To me such conduct seems almost incredible, though I am afraid there was some truth in it."

But this is not the utmost length to which Mr. Phillips goes in writing history upon scanty documentary evidence. A remarkable case occurs in Chap. iii., pp. 131-4. After the battle of Edgehill the Marquess of Hertford had been enabled by the invaluable help of the house of Worcester to raise a considerable army for the King in Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire. His aim was to lead them to head-quarters at Oxford, his route being *viâ* the Severn

* *Memoirs of the Civil War in Wales and the Marches*, 1642-1649. By John Roland Phillips, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

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banks and through Herefordshire. As Mr. Phillips tells the tale, the Parliamentarian Governor of Hereford, the Earl of Stamford, prepares to obstruct their passage, and the discovery of this makes the Marquess and the Welsh cross the Severn, turn southwards, and march for Tewkesbury. Here follows an exciting account of how Earl Stamford followed them with 4,000 men, and how a battle ensued on the 16th of November, wherein the Marquess's chosen horse were successfully beaten back, and the Welsh recruits mowed down in whole ranks by the disciplined Parliamentary troops, and their two field pieces. "On that dreadful day 2,500 men were slain and 1,200 prisoners made. A large pit was dug, and friends and foes found a common grave on Tewkesbury plain." The vanquished Marquess beat a retreat across the Severn into South Wales. The Earl of Stamford returned to Hereford. For the whole of this defeat Mr. Phillips's sole quoted authority is a pamphlet entitled "True Newes out of Herefordshire," which is given as an authentic document in v. ii. 38, &c.; and the narrative might pass muster but for a suspicious repetition in the next page of another brush between Lord Stamford and the Marquess of Hertford near to Hereford, in which, within a fortnight of the bloody battle of Tewkesbury, the former with but fifteen hundred men slays another couple of thousand Welshmen. This is based on a "True relation of a most blessed victory obtained against the Marquess of Hertford" (King's *Pamphlets*, 83-44), and this even Mr. Phillips is forced to suspect to be a different account of the former transaction. But will it be believed that in the whole of the first-mentioned pamphlet, of which the second is plainly another version, there is not a word of truth, except in the general facts of the Marquess of Hertford being driven from Sherborne and taking refuge in Wales, and of the Earl of Stamford having had a regiment of good soldiers with him in Herefordshire? The rest of that letter was pure fiction, designed to keep up the public courage, bring contempt on the Welsh—whom even this history shows to have been trustfully loyal—and draw off public attention from the alarm and tumult in London consequent upon the news of Edgehill. We shall be exceedingly glad to see any other vouchers for this particular battle of Tewkesbury, of which the large pit on Tewkesbury Plain—in which should be the skeletons of 2,500 Welshmen and 160 Parliamentarians—is meant to be a token and proof; but until such are produced, we must accept the results of Mr. Webb's examination of this "True Newes out of Herefordshire," which led him to pronounce it a false chronicle.

Passing now to the generals on either side to whom Mr. Phillips's history introduces us, it is impossible not to feel that his study of the character and services of Gerard, the only Cavalier in South Wales who could make head against Laugharne and the Roundheads, and who cleared the counties of Pembroke and Carmarthen from Parliamentarian occupation to the very water's edge in 1644 and 1645, is as prejudiced as his estimate of Prince Rupert. We are told that Gerard was a mere soldier and no diplomatist, and that his unconciliatory treatment of the Welsh and preference of his own creatures acted injuriously to the King's cause. The best answer to such statements is the success of his several campaigns, and the fact that when, after the meeting of the King and the Posse Comitatus of Glamorgan at St. Fagans, Gerard was removed from the command with the much-grudged sop of a peerage, it was a signal for the commencement of Laugharne's successes in Pembrokeshire, first against Gerard's lieutenants, and then against his successor, Sir Jacob Astley. Had we space, it might be shown that Laugharne, an able soldier and general, gains praise enough in these pages until, in 1648-9, upon the defection of the Parliamentarian army in South Wales, in the second Civil War, he saw fit to take up arms for the King. Thenceforth he, Powell, and Poyer, rank as renegades, though it is difficult to see why, except because they were formidable as soldiers, they deserved harder names than the sturdy old Archbishop of York, who, when his King's cause seemed hopeless, aided Parliament to get possession of Conway, and to the end of his days was hand in glove with Oliver Cromwell. Not that we can say of Mr. Phillips's sketches of the generals prominent in the Civil War in Wales that they are, except where there is a bias against them, lively or striking. A better artist might have set more vividly before us such men as Brereton and Myddelton, Mytton and Colonel Laugharne. Instead of this, Mr. Phillips is distracted by the petty wrongs of Sir Hugh Owen at Haverfordwest, an elderly prisoner who, when the Royalists had to beat a retreat thence, was hurried away, "although unbreasted and in his pantables, preparing for bed." Then he wastes half a page upon the kiss with which the stern puritan Governor of Monmouth requited a buxom servant-girl who assisted in the defence of Wonastow House, and, as if for a set-off, introduces in a note a trumpery figment about an illegitimate addition to the Royal family having been the result of Charles I. passing a night at Llandisilio, near Oswestry. The proofs of this story are that a field near is still called "Prince's field," and that within living memory there was a family at Llandisilio of Stuart-like features and of the name of Prince. By the way, and *àpropos* of the indignity to Sir Hugh Owen, we do not find pity wasted on Sir Thomas Dallison, when he had to make his escape from Welshpool in his shirt, and not even in his "pantables." But then he was a Royalist.

It would be vain to attempt within our limits to show how partially coloured are the accounts of the traitorous betrayal of Monmouth, and the capture of Hereford by Colonel Birch. No one would guess from Mr. Phillips that the latter was a matter of bribing two disaffected officers, whom the Colonel met, not at *Newington*, but *Nunnington*. For Clurewell in the forest district (p. 270) *Clearwell* should be read; for *Coford*, Coleford; and for Framelet Ferry (ii. p. 66), not *Frampton*, but Framilode Passage, near Westbury-on-Severn. It is a more serious geographical blunder which in i. p. 121 makes the Royalists cross the channel to Cardiff from *Minehead, in Gloucestershire*. And where, we would ask, can the author have lived not to know that a "cone-grew" (ii. p. 53), which interfered with a *terra firma* for military occupation at Torporley, in Cheshire, is good old English for a *rabbit warren* (see Wright and Halliwell s. v. conig.), or that the poet Byron was not the last possessor of the title (i. p. 188). It is clear that we have yet to wait for a competent history of the Civil War in Wales and the Marches.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE second volume of Molière's complete works, forming part of M. Hachette's *Collection des grands écrivains*, is now before us*, and it fully sustains the high character of the whole series. The plays here given are *Les Précieuses*, *Sganarelle*, *Don Garcie de Navarre*, and *L'école des maris*, each of them being accompanied by illustrative remarks, various readings, notes, &c. The subject of the *Précieuses* is one which could not fail to interest M. Despois, and once more we are invited to decide whether Molière really intended to run down the whole coterie assembled at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, or merely the exaggerations of *préciosité*. The late M. Rœderer, followed by other critics, maintained the latter opinion. M. Despois is more severe, and attempts to prove that Somaize himself understood perfectly well the wide scope of Molière's attack. Of late years it has been the fashion to panegyrize Mlle. de Scudéry, Voiture, and the other admirers of Julie d'Angennes; M. Cousin set the example, and at his suggestion many enthusiasts went so far as to begin the reading of *Le grand Cyrus*. Whether they had patience enough to wade through the whole work is more than we can say; but it may be safely affirmed that M. Despois's notice of *Les Précieuses* will prevent this extraordinary mania from spreading. His thorough knowledge of French and foreign literature has enabled him to throw much curious and apposite information into the foot-notes which enrich almost every page; thus the amusing monologue of Sganarelle (Scene xvii.) gives him an opportunity for introducing a long quotation from Scarron's *Jodelet duelliste*, and another from Shakspeare's *Henry IV.*, First Part.

It is not very long ago that we had to notice a new edition of André Chénier's works, published in the *Bibliothèque Charpentier*; the present volume† is designed to complete it, and at the same time it is a severe criticism on the attempt lately made by a relative of the poet to publish in a correct form the beautiful productions which M. de Latouche first introduced to French readers more than fifty years since. If we may believe M. Becq de Fouquières, the three volumes recently edited by M. de Chénier are worthless in every respect; the text is full of errors, the biographical sketch swarms with blunders and unproved assertions, the original MSS. have not been consulted, and the general result is a slovenly production, every line of which calls for correction. M. de Fouquières appears to have been asked for his opinion of M. de Chénier's merits as an editor, and his answer is contained in the volume before us. The first part includes all the strictly biographical details; it is supplemented by interesting appendices respecting M. de Pange, the Duchess de Fleury, the Trudaines, and others; the second division is devoted to a minute description and discussion of the text. It would be tedious to wade through all the particulars of this long and bitter criticism.

M. de Franqueville is already favourably known in this country in connexion with our laws, our administration, and our social and political usages; he has frequently been sent to England by his Government on missions of inquiry, and the latest result of his investigations‡ is the bulky and valuable work just published. It gives a complete account of the system on which means of locomotion are regulated here; railways, ordinary roads, tramways, bridges, ferries, and canals, come in successively for their share of notice; and the author offers several practical remarks on harbours and docks, drainage and lighthouses. What is the difference between the management of these various elements of industry in France and in England? M. de Franqueville dwells much of course on the fact that, whereas State interference or management is the rule with our neighbours, we prefer the action of private enterprise. One consequence is that a much greater amount of uniformity and of method is noticeable in France than in England, where wisdom is bought at the cost of repeated and often sad experience. M. de Franqueville's work is executed with the utmost care, and illustrated by official documents and statistical tables.

The *Année géographique*§, published by M. de Saint-Martin, is always full of useful information; the bibliographical summary which heads each chapter enables the reader to see at once what books he should procure, and how far they can be trusted, and the extracts are judiciously selected with a view to bring out the most

* *Œuvres complètes de Molière.* Publiées par M. E. Despois. Vol. 2. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Documents nouveaux sur André Chénier, etc.* Par M. Becq de Fouquières. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *Du régime des travaux publics en Angleterre.* Par Ch. de Franqueville. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *L'année géographique.* Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin. 13e année. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

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salient points of the works analysed. The travels and discoveries of Dr. Livingstone occupy a conspicuous place in the volume before us; Mr. Forsyth's mission is also fully described. Under the heading *Géographie historique* the reader will notice an interesting notice of the old geographer Dionysius Byzantius, whose last treatise, *De Bospori navigatione*, has lately been found and published by M. Wescher. More than three hundred years ago a French *savant*, Pierre Gilles (in Latin *Gyllius*), printed a Latin translation of that work from a Greek MS. which he had in his possession; the MS. was unfortunately lost, and some of the most distinguished scholars of the seventeenth century, such as Lucas Hostenius, Leo Allatius, Ducange, and Fabricius, made fruitless efforts to recover it; M. Wescher has at last discovered it amongst a number of parchments bought in 1841 by M. Minoïde Mynas for the Paris National Library.

Camille Desmoulins is one of the most amusing and characteristic personages of the first French Revolution, and he has found an enthusiastic admirer in M. Jules Claretie. Already, in the *Bibliothèque Charpentier*, M. Claretie had published an edition of the works of his favourite hero; we are now invited to read a complete biography of Camille Desmoulins, enriched with a number of curious documents previously unpublished.* Not only the witty journalist, but his wife Lucile, and the whole political group of which he forms the centre, appear in this volume. The archives of the Prefecture of Police, so full of documents relating to various epochs of the history of France, particularly the Revolutionary period, were known to contain many papers respecting Camille Desmoulins. There were the notes taken by Topino-Lebrun, one of the jurymen of the tribunal which sent to the guillotine the *vieux Cordelier*, Danton, and Fabre d'Eglantine; Courtois (de l'Aube) had also left some fragments carefully preserved in the same office. It is very fortunate that M. Claretie obtained permission to consult and transcribe these papers before the terrible events of 1870–71; for the Prefecture of Police was one of the public buildings destroyed by the Communists, and all its records were burnt. M. Claretie does not attempt to conceal his admiration for Camille Desmoulins's political character; but at the same time he justly denounces his acts of wanton cruelty and the mischievous use he often made of his unquestionable talent. In addition to the documents already mentioned, the volume contains several of Camille's *juvenilia*, letters by Fréron, &c. &c. Amongst the pictorial illustrations we may mention a portrait of Lucile, drawn in facsimile from a sketch taken in 1793 by G. M. Brune, then a printer, and afterwards a marshal of France.

M. Paillard's† work, like M. Dubois-Suchan's two volumes on Tacitus, was written for a political purpose, and although from that point of view it has now scarcely any *raison d'être*, yet it will still be read with interest by persons whom the vicissitudes of the Roman Empire have always the power of fascinating. The author wished that Napoleon III., immediately after the last plébiscite, had associated his son with him in the Empire; the example of Rome, he thinks, might well have been copied, and he believes it would have been worth while to try a plan which for centuries perpetuated the Imperial system, first in Italy, then at Constantinople, through incessant agitations and despite innumerable causes of dissolution. The volume before us is, in fact, the history of the succession to the throne, beginning with Augustus and ending with Constantine Dragosès; but it is also an apology for universal suffrage applied to the consolidation of despotism. M. Paillard longs to see an *entente cordiale* finally established between what he calls the principle of authority as embodied in monarchical traditions and the democratic right of control exercised through the working of unrestricted suffrage.

George Sand's new volume‡ is a reprint of critical articles published long ago, which introduce us to several literary celebrities more or less well known, Goethe, Mickiewicz, Lord Byron, &c. The chapter relating to M. Henri de Latouche is interesting on account of the influence which he had over the author of *Valentine*, *Mauprat*, and *Consuelo*. M. de Latouche himself never accomplished anything remarkable in literature; but, as we had occasion to mention just now, he claims the merit of having been the earliest editor of André Chénier, and he conducted for several years a clever Opposition newspaper, the *Figaro*. From George Sand's notice of him he seems to have been a kind of hypochondriac, very uncertain in his dealings with his friends, and ready to cut them for the smallest imaginable reason, often for no reason at all. George Sand was recommended to him when she came to Paris in 1830; he helped her with his advice, opened to her the columns of the *Figaro*, and may be said to have made her acquainted with her own powers. Balzac is another celebrated writer whose merits are discussed *autour de la table*; George Sand judges him very impartially, we think, and shows the wide difference which separates *Eugénie Grandet*, *Ursule Mirouët*, and half-a-dozen more of his romances from the rough and hasty sketches contained in the vast majority of the works collected together under the ambitious title *La comédie humaine*.

M. Courrière, in unfolding before us the history of contemporary Russian literature, takes us to fresh woods and pastures new.§ His preface begins with a short sketch of the first attempts at intellectual culture amongst the Slavonic inhabitants of North-Eastern Europe, and shows us that vast nation just emerging from barbarism and falling under the rule of Byzantine Christianity. The change was not altogether favourable to literary progress, and for a considerable time religion was almost the only theme discussed by Slavonic writers. Peter the Great and Catharine may be said to be the sovereigns who did most for the civilization of their subjects, and M. Courrière describes the former as endeavouring to Europeanize Russia *à coups d'ukases et d'amendes*. The outbreak of the Romantic movement told powerfully upon Russian literature by making it essentially national, and stamping it with a character of originality. Pouchkine, Lermontoff, Gogol, and Bielinski, are the best representatives of this revolution, which has for the first time given to Russian thought a conspicuous place in the annals of the modern world. M. Courrière's volume is divided into three parts corresponding respectively to—1, the earliest times; 2, modern literature as far as the Crimean War; 3, contemporary literature; it closes with an excellent summary and an alphabetical index.

The subject treated by M. Imbert de Saint-Amand* is one in which many critics have delighted; Versailles and its glories, Mme. de Montespan and Mme. de Maintenon, the Duchess of Burgundy, Mme. de Caylus, and Louis XIV. ruling over all. Our author paints these various portraits with a respectful and loving hand, dealing much too favourably, we think, with the *grand monarque*. In order to judge impartially that proud and selfish King, we should leave the atmosphere of Versailles, and consult, not Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, but Saint-Simon's Memoirs and La Bruyère's *Caractères*.

The large work of M. Maxime du Camp is at last finished, and forms a thorough description of modern Paris in all its most striking features.† The contents of the sixth volume are both varied and interesting. They include the income of the metropolis, the movement of the population (births, deaths, and marriages), burial-grounds, theatres, public libraries, and newspapers; and the last chapter endeavours to place before us the character of the true Parisian—*le Parisien Parisiennant*, as a novelist has remarked—observed from every possible point of view. It would be difficult to give an adequate idea of the immense mass of facts contained in this volume—facts relating to the history of Paris from the earliest times, interspersed with statistical documents, anecdotes, and original observations. M. du Camp is too good a Parisian not to believe that "l'âme de Paris est l'âme de l'humanité"; but he knows where the shades of the picture are to be found, and he frankly draws attention to them. Thus, speaking of the passion for that equality which Frenchmen prefer to liberty, he says:—"Every Parisian carries in himself a Right side and a Left side which are always struggling for pre-eminence; they give their votes wrong, never listen to the President's bell, and founder in those logomachies which in days of yore brought Byzantium to its destruction. The Parisian cannot understand liberty or tolerate authority, and he would be quite ungovernable if he did not respect those who frighten him a little." M. du Camp admirably describes the fascination exercised by Paris upon provincials. England, he says, has dependencies, where the overplus of its population can secure a wide field for wholesome activity; the Germans start for America; the Russians, without emigrating, find ample scope for their energies in cultivating the enormous tracts of waste land which their empire contains; Italy sends emigrants to Monte Video and Mexico; France moves towards Paris, and the hope of making a rapid fortune there determines thousands to encounter the temptations of the capital. Out of the multitude, very few succeed; the others supply the army of the barricades with desperadoes whom every revolution finds ready for action. M. du Camp's description of the modern Parisians is not reassuring.

Several excellent school books on history, both ancient and modern, have lately reached us. M. Eugène Talbot's sketch of Roman history‡, based upon the larger works of Niebuhr, Ampère, Mommsen, and others, and completed by chronological tables, is particularly valuable. M. Petit de Julleville has abridged in the same manner the voluminous annals of Greece, and contrived to make a mere compendium really interesting.§ M. Antonin Roche's History of England‖, which has now reached a fourth edition, goes more into detail than either of those two works. The author appears to have profitably consulted the series of chronicles published under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls, and we observe that his work has been sanctioned for educational purposes by the *Conseil supérieur de l'Instruction publique*.

The competitions proposed from time to time by the French Academy have often resulted in works of great value on curious points of literature or history; thus the *Éloge de Bourdaloue* suggested last year has excited the emulation of no less than forty-two candidates, and the essay which obtained the prize is a volume of nearly six hundred pages¶, reflecting the greatest credit upon the author, M. Feugère. After a biographical introduction, in which the few known facts about the celebrated Jesuit preacher are neatly related, M. Feugère discusses the sermons, and examines

* *Camille Desmoulins, Lucile Desmoulins; étude sur les Dantonistes.* Par Jules Claretie. Paris: Plon.

† *Histoire de la transmission du pouvoir impérial à Rome et à Constantinople.* Par Alphonse Paillard. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Autour de la table.* Par George Sand. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Histoire de la littérature contemporaine en Russie.* Par C. Courrière. Paris: Charpentier.

* *Les femmes de Versailles.* Par Imbert de Saint-Amand. Paris: Dentu.

† *Paris, ses organes, ses fonctions et sa vie.* Par Maxime du Camp. Vol. 6. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Histoire romaine.* Par E. Talbot. Paris: Lemerre.

§ *Histoire grecque.* Par L. Petit de Julleville. Paris: Lemerre.

‖ *Histoire d'Angleterre depuis les temps les plus reculés.* Par Antonin Roche. Paris: Delagrave.

¶ *Bourdaloue, sa prédication et son temps.* Par A. Feugère. Paris: Didier.

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them from various points of view. What are the qualities which distinguish Bourdaloue from his rivals in eloquence, Massillon, Bossuet, and Fénelon? The answer to this question gives the author an opportunity of sketching the history of pulpit eloquence in France during the seventeenth century, and of bringing out the merits of Bourdaloue, as M. Bungener did many years ago in his pretty novel, *Un sermon sous Louis XIV*. It is a curious fact that no Jansenist condemned with more unsparing energy the doctrines of "probabilism" and of "intention" than the Jesuit preacher; and, as M. Feugère remarks, if he had appeared thirty years sooner, there would have been no occasion for the *Provinciales*. For this reason many of the friends of Port-Royal—Madame de Sévigné and Boileau, for instance—held Bourdaloue in high esteem. The third part of M. Feugère's work contains a most instructive description of French society, and especially of the French Court, as they appear in the sermons of the great Catholic preacher. Notwithstanding the splendour by which mankind was so long dazzled, Versailles was a centre of corruption, a school of impiety and of pride, where scandals of the grossest kind were openly tolerated and encouraged.

M. Lezat's monograph * is less developed than M. Feugère's, but it deserves to be read, and contains an excellent estimate of Bourdaloue. Examining successively the questions of doctrine, ethics, and style, M. Lezat shows that, whilst discussions of doctrinal truths hold a relatively small place in the sermons of Bourdaloue, the whole weight of the orator's teaching is concentrated upon practical experience and morality. As regards the rank to be assigned to him in the catalogue of pulpit orators, Bossuet is the only one whom our author places before him; Massillon's style occasionally degenerates into mere verbiage, and even the *Petit carême* which has procured for the Bishop of Clermont the name of *Racine de la chaire* is of a flimsy texture compared with Bourdaloue's sermons.

M. Nuitter † has devoted a small volume, plentifully illustrated, to a description of the new Opera-house in Paris, and he begins by giving an account of the twelve buildings which have been successively consecrated to dramatic music since the middle of the seventeenth century. It was in 1659 that the first *comédie française en musique* was brought out in a small edifice situated opposite the rue Guénégaud; the Abbé Perrin and the composer Lambert had joined their talents together for the production of a "pastoral" in five acts and a prologue. *Pomona*, such was the title of the play, met with a *succès d'enthousiasme*, and was looked upon as a masterpiece, not only for the music and the words, but for the stage arrangements, scenery, and the like. We need scarcely tell our readers that M. Garnier's Opera-house has been unmercifully criticized; whilst the style of the building is considered meretricious and in essentially bad taste, the arrangement of the stage seems defective, and the acoustic qualities leave much to be desired. M. Nuitter's volume is full of details on every point connected with the management, decoration, ventilation, &c., of the building.

The travelling reminiscences ‡ of M. Max Radiguet are a good specimen of a style of literature which is now more and more cultivated amongst our neighbours. Between the mere tourist's impressions such as Alexandre Dumas delighted in and the scientific researches of the studious traveller there is plenty of room for narratives of travel where the social life, the religion, the customs, and the civilization of a country receive equal attention with the landscape, the scenery, and the natural productions. M. Radiguet seems to us to have hit this happy medium; attached as a secretary to Admiral Dupetit-Thouars, who commanded the French fleet in the Pacific, he has enjoyed special facilities for exercising his powers of observation, and the result is the book now before us. We heartily recommend it to our readers, and those who are acquainted with the *Revue des Deux Mondes* will easily recognize some of M. Radiguet's descriptions.

The reception of M. Dumas *fils* at the Académie Française has been the great literary event of the day; and it is tolerably well known to those who were present that the honours of the *séance* were for the author of *La dame aux camélias*, whilst M. d'Haussonville's answer was scarcely noticed. If, however, we take up the two speeches now that they are published, we at once see how deceptive are the impressions derived from mere oral delivery. A full account of the incident will be found in the last number of the *Bibliothèque universelle* §, which is, as usual, both varied and entertaining. M. Tallichet continues his remarks on contemporary France; M. Glardon takes us as far as Central Asia in a well-written review of Mr. Cooper's *Mishmee Hills*, and Dr. Horner gives a biographical sketch of the celebrated ophthalmologist, Albert de Graefe.

* *Bourdaloue, théologien et orateur.* Par M. l'abbé Lezat. Paris: Thorin.

† *Le nouvel opéra.* Par Ch. Nuitter. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Souvenirs de l'Amérique espagnole.* Par M. Max Radiguet. Paris: Lévy.

§ *La Bibliothèque universelle.* March 1875. Lausanne: Bridel.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The SATURDAY REVIEW *is duly registered for transmission abroad.*

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW *takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.*

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,014, APRIL 3, 1875:

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The Orton Mania.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW
ALEXANDRA PALACE GRAND OPENING FESTIVAL, MAY 1.
The Musical Arrangements, in which the principal Artistes of Her Majesty's Opera will take part, will be under the entire direction of
Sir MICHAEL COSTA.
The Guinea Season Ticket, admitting to the Opening Ceremony, and including Membership of the Alexandra Palace Art Union, is now on sale at the Company's Offices, and their Agents.

MUSICAL UNION.—Papini, from Florence, Violinist (Second Season) and Herr Staeger, Pianist (First time), with Wiener, Waefelghem, and Lasserre, will commence the Thirty-first Season, on Tuesday afternoon, April 13, St. James's Hall. Hon. Members will receive their Admissions with the Programmes. Members whose Tickets have not been received to apply to the Director, Prof. ELLA, 9 Victoria Square.

SNOWDON in WINTER; Sunrise.—EXHIBITION of WORKS by ELIJAH WALTON, including the above fine Picture and many New large ALPINE, EASTERN, and other subjects. Burlington Gallery, 191 Piccadilly. Admission and Catalogue, 1s. Ten to Six.

ARTISTS' ORPHAN FUND.
For the Support and Education of the Orphan Children of Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers.
President—Sir FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.
H.R.H. the Duke of EDINBURGH will Preside at a DINNER in aid of this Fund, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday, May 8.
Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by—
JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., *Hon. Sec.*, 7 Cromwell Place, South Kensington.
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From whom information relating to the Fund can be obtained.
The cost of the Dinner, including Wines, £1 1s. each Person, Tickets for which can be had from the ACTING SECRETARY.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY of GREAT BRITAIN. The INAUGURAL MEETING will be held on Wednesday, April 14, 1875, at the Rooms of the Architectural Society, 9 Conduit Street, W. The Chair will be taken at 8.30 precisely. The President *pro tem*, Mr. Serjeant COX, will deliver an Inaugural Address, on the "Province of Psychology." Cards of Invitation to Visitors will be sent to any persons desirous to be present, on application by post to FRANCIS K. MUNTON, the Honorary Secretary, 21 Montague Street, Russell Square.

SAVING of LIFE at SEA.—A PUBLIC MEETING will be held at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday, April 6, at Eight P.M., to consider the "Government Merchants' Shipping Acts Amendment Bill." Mr. PLIMSOLL, M.P., and other Gentlemen will address the Meeting. Admission free. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be obtained from Mrs. HENRY KINGSLEY, 4 Victoria Street, Westminster.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "La Vigne," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," &c.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ORIGINAL WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS LENT TO COPY and FOR SALE. Sent to any part of the Country. Catalogue and Terms by post, Three Stamps.—W. HOPPER, 39 George Street, Portman Square, W. Hours Ten to Five; Saturday Ten to Twelve.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The SUMMER SESSION commences on Monday, May 2. The Hospital contains 300 Beds. Clinical Lectures are delivered by the Physicians and Surgeons every week. The usual Courses of Lectures are also given by the appointed Teachers. Dr ROBERT BARNES has this year been chosen Lecturer on Midwifery, and Dr. BRAILEY Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy.
Further information may be obtained from the TREASURER or DEAN of the School, at the Hospital.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SCHOOL of PRACTICAL ENGINEERING. *Principal*—Mr. J. W. WILSON, Assoc. Inst. C.E. The NEXT TERM will open on Monday, April 27. Prospectus, &c., on application in the Office of the School of Art, Science, and Literature, Byzantine Court, North end Crystal Palace.
By Order of the Committee,
F. K. J. SHENTON, *Superintendent Literary Department.*

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS. Eight, £40; Four, £20. Election, Second Week in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.—OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS, 1875.—There will be an Examination in June, beginning on Tuesday, June 22, at Nine A.M., for SIX JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS and ONE BENSON SCHOLARSHIP.—For particulars apply to Rev. THE BURSAR, Wellington College, writing outside the envelope "Open Scholarships."

FETTES COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS. Four of £40 per annum. Competition in July.—Apply for particulars to HEAD-MASTER, Fettes College, Edinburgh.

LAW EXAMINATIONS, &c.—A BARRISTER-AT-LAW (Oxford Honourman) READS daily in Chambers with PUPILS for the EXAMINATIONS for the Bar, Incorporated Law Society, Universities, Civil Service, and all Public Examinations. References to former and present Pupils.—Address, S., care of William Amer, Law Bookseller, Carey Street, W.C.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,015, Vol. 39. April 10, 1875. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6d.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND HIS NEIGHBOURS.

WITH that lively interest in domestic incidents which distinguishes them, the Germans have lately been celebrating Prince BISMARCK'S birthday. Letters and addresses and congratulatory visits were showered upon him, and the occasion, slight as it was, seemed sufficient to enable the nation to show that, if the PRINCE has his enemies, he has his friends also. He has, indeed, awakened an amount of enthusiasm in the breast of the German people which is a very striking feature in current history. There can be no doubt that the bulk of his countrymen are heartily on his side in the great struggle in which he is engaged; that they admire the boldness with which he has confronted his enemies, and that they are prepared to back him up in every way in their power. Patriotism and Protestantism no doubt each have their influence in creating this state of feeling; Germans enjoy the supremacy of the Fatherland, and Protestants enjoy a triumph over their adversaries. But the leading influence is a different one. It is that of a passionate belief in the State as the exponent of the culture and reason of the nation. In proportion as Germans hold this belief they swear by Prince BISMARCK, and are prepared to go all lengths in supporting him. The whole notion of investing the State with this character is so foreign to the English mind that we are apt to picture the contest as a totally different one from that which it seems to be to German eyes. To them the struggle is not really one between two forms of religion. It is a struggle between obscurantism and enlightenment; between a system based on popular ignorance and a system based on popular knowledge. All enthusiastic beliefs make men indifferent to the sufferings of those who stand in their way, and patient of such evils as they may have to endure in order to ensure the triumph of what they think to be the good cause. The Germans bear with philosophical equanimity the news of constant punishments inflicted on refractory priests, and also the news of punishments little less severe inflicted on refractory editors. They might perhaps wish for a free press in theory; but they are quite willing to go without a free press directly Prince BISMARCK assures them that a free press is one of those things which they cannot have at present. It certainly does not make it right or wise to coerce priests or editors that those who use force hold a certain set of opinions. Whether it is right or wise to use coercion of a severe and exceptional kind depends on the provocation given, the danger threatened, and the probability of success. But to judge men we must first understand them, and to suppose that Germans approve of harsh treatment of ecclesiastics and acquiesce in the rigid control of the press out of a feeling of party and sectarian animosity is to misunderstand them, and to make it impossible to see in its true light what is taking place in Germany.

It is, however, very seldom that any struggle in a nation is kept accurately within the bounds of the nation itself, and does not involve the Government in complications with neighbouring States. When the struggle is with such a power as the Ultramontane section of the Catholic Church, this is wholly impossible, and Prince BISMARCK, in carrying on his ecclesiastical contest, has frequently to consider how the policy of neighbouring nations falls in with his policy. Fortunately, he has little trouble with France or Austria. Both these countries are under the rule of men of wisdom and common sense. Duke DECAZES is not ashamed to own that the policy of France must be a policy of peace, and he will not allow the continuance of peace to be endangered by letting small foolish matters grow into the occasions of quarrel. Austria gets on very well with Prince BISMARCK just at present because she, too, avoids small quarrels, because she is receiving the invaluable support of Germany in her Danubian policy, and because the Ultramontane adversaries of Prince BISMARCK, not wishing to have too many enemies on their hands at once, put up in Austria with much which in Germany they denounce as the height of wickedness. But these are not the only Powers with which Germany has to do. Belgium is also a neighbour, and some correspondence appears to have lately passed between the Belgian and German Governments, the latter suggesting that the former had been somewhat lax in the performance of its obligations as the Government of a friendly Power, and the former urging that it had really done all that it could do. The correspondence has not been published, and such difference of opinion as may have existed appears to have been a very small one. But at Paris any intelligence that Prince BISMARCK is getting into difficulties is hailed with feverish delight. It is refreshing to the starved soul of French journalism to be able to hint that Prince BISMARCK has been trying to trample on the sacred independence of neutral Belgium, and that Belgium, strong in its independence and neutrality, has replied like a young lion to the arrogant German. The cause of the independence and neutrality of her small neighbours has become suddenly very precious to French eyes. It was not always so. As King LEOPOLD married a daughter of LOUIS PHILIPPE, Belgium was left in comparative quiet during the first twenty years of her existence. It was Switzerland that was then made to understand what France required of her. She had to induce LOUIS NAPOLEON to leave Arenberg; she found France always supporting Austria in the demands to which the presence of Italian refugees in the Canton of the Ticino gave rise; and it was only through the diplomatic shiftiness or adroitness of Lord PALMERSTON, and the internal difficulties of M. GUIZOT'S Government, that she escaped French intervention in the affair of the Sonderbund. With the institution of the Empire the turn of Belgium came, and while the Empire lasted she found herself exposed to constant remonstrances on account of the Frenchmen she harboured and the articles they were allowed to publish; and when the Empire fell she found that the EMPEROR had been quietly scheming to appropriate her. It is Germany that is now calling on her to fulfil her duties. Whether Prince BISMARCK has asked more than he was entitled to ask cannot be known until the correspondence, and not mere scraps of it, has been published. He cannot now be asking the Belgian Government to take steps with regard to pastorals issued by Belgian bishops two or three years ago; and a foolish address from a private society to a German bishop cannot afford a theme for much diplomatic correspondence. The only matter that can be called in any way serious which has formed a subject of discussion between the two Governments is the alleged failure of the Belgian Government to take sufficiently strenuous judicial proceedings to investigate an alleged plot to assassinate Prince BISMARCK. Apparently the Belgian Government has ultimately concurred in the opinion of the German Government. It has ordered fresh proceedings to be instituted, and thus we may hope the great Belgian difficulty will blow over.

With Italy Germany cannot be said to have any difficulties. They are thoroughly friendly Powers, and brothers in arms with the same enemies to encounter. But Germany has questions to discuss with Italy which are of

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importance to both countries. It is said that one of the questions recently discussed is the position which Italy created for herself by the law under which the independence of the POPE is guaranteed. In what way this question has been discussed no one knows, and it is impossible to be too much on our guard against telegraphic information. In order to earn their salt, reporters must telegraph, and they naturally incline to state mere rumours as facts. Nor is this all; telegraphic news must be put in a bare concise way, and very often when the substance of what is telegraphed is not without foundation, yet the mode in which the intelligence is presented gives it a totally false character. There need not be anything unfriendly or dictatorial in Germany inviting Italy to consider the strange position in which she has placed herself with regard to the POPE. She has offered terms of a most liberal character, but the POPE has not accepted them. She is bound, but the POPE is not. She offers to create an independent sovereignty for the POPE, but the POPE declines to have an independent sovereignty of Italy's creation. He prefers his own kind of independent sovereignty of which Italy has robbed him. Under very difficult circumstances the Italians have probably done the best they could. They were wise in offering extremely liberal terms to the POPE. They are wise in adhering to these terms although the POPE rejects them. They had to convince the world that they were not indulging in religious persecution under the mask of pursuing purely political aims, and they have convinced it. But it is difficult to see how the process of treating as an independent sovereign a person living in irreconcilable hostility to the Government so treating him can go on for ever; and it is notorious that the real answer of Italy to this objection is that the POPE is a very old man, and that it waits in hope of getting on perfectly comfortably with his successor. To this a friendly German might reply by inquiring what Italy will do if the next Pope is as hostile as the present POPE. To look beforehand, to study possible contingencies, to form definite resolutions, and to be quite ready to act on them when the occasion arrives, are excellent maxims, on which Prince BISMARCK has steadily acted himself, and to acting on which he owes much of his success. To counsel Italy to do the same may be the advice of an honest friend. That Prince BISMARCK has not gone beyond this we do not know; but neither do we know that he has; and time only can show what tiny jewels of truth lie hid in the confused mass of telegraphic news which we receive on this and so many other subjects.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

THE advocates of the political claims of women will probably regard the division on Mr. FORSYTH'S Bill as a triumph. It is much more remarkable that 152 members should vote in favour of the innovation than that 187 should maintain an order of things which a few years ago was universally regarded as natural and necessary. Though a double negative is in general equivalent to an affirmative, the cumbrous title of the Bill was intended to suggest an argumentative fallacy. There is a kind of presumption in favour of a measure for the removal of disabilities which may be supposed to be arbitrary results of positive legislation; but women have never been disabled from voting, except in the sense in which they are disabled from serving in the army. The supporters of the measure seemed to assume that ratepayers enjoy the Parliamentary franchise by a law of nature which is partially violated by the exclusion of ratepaying women; yet the present borough qualification is only seven years old; and it has not yet been extended to counties. If it had at any time been intended that political rights should be independent of distinctions of sex, the qualifications of ratepayers, of freeholders, and of occupiers would have been utterly inapplicable and anomalous. Women who were equally entitled with men to the franchise would have great reason to complain of an arrangement by which the vast majority of their number were, as it were, casually excluded. For the most part married women are neither ratepayers nor freeholders; and if their sex is not the ground on which they are excluded from political functions, an economical accident ought not to involve disqualification. Mr. FORSYTH protests with perfect sincerity against the enfranchisement of married women, and consequently disclaims any intention of making his Bill, according to the common phrase, the thin end of the wedge; but he fails to perceive that he has been selected as the leader in the movement precisely because, being himself the thin end of the wedge, he can disclaim all responsibility for the more disturbing pressure at his back. The Women's Suffrage Society is willing to employ Mr. FORSYTH as long as he is useful; but no concealment of the real object of the promoters is attempted. The equality of women with men can never be practically asserted until their votes are proportioned to their numbers. As might be expected, the female agitators favour universal suffrage; but for the time they would perhaps be satisfied by the concession of votes to ratepayers and to the wives of ratepayers.

Several speakers against the Bill noticed the peculiar character of the questions in which the same women who demand the franchise take an extraordinary interest; and Sir HENRY JAMES justly remarked that, if Frenchwomen were invested with political power, their first object would be to go to war for the restoration of the temporal power of the POPE. There can be little doubt that whenever women differed on public questions from men they would be in the wrong, and their influence might be mischievous when issues were raised on which women were zealous while men were unobservant or indifferent. In dealing with graver matters they would, in spite of enabling legislation, find themselves powerless. It is highly probable that female voters would devote their energies to the enforcement of temperance by law; but, whatever may be the limitations or extensions of the Parliamentary franchise, men will not submit to the ostentatious dictation of women, although privately and personally they may yield to their influence. If the Disabilities Removal Bill, with its inevitable consequences, should at any future time be passed, the law of nature which gives dominion to the strong will prevail over any possible Act of Parliament. Mr. MILL, knowing nothing of women excepting through a single passionate devotion, was perfectly consistent in his wish to give at least equal political power to the sex which he regarded as intellectually and morally superior to his own. In a community of equally unsophisticated philosophers there would be no reason why women should not exercise all the functions of government. Ordinary men of average vigour of character will not doubt their ability to assert in any state of law their inherent and natural supremacy; but it is by no means to be inferred that they should pretend to grant a share of political power to women, with the purpose of afterwards neutralizing a deceptive concession. The exercise by women of the municipal franchise which was granted to them almost by chance a few years ago has hitherto attracted no attention, nor has it affected the character of Corporations. If it were found that any class of municipal candidates relied principally on the support of ratepaying women, the antagonism which they would produce would probably outweigh the advantage which they would derive from the votes of their female admirers.

In the upper classes at least, and, as far as the facts can be ascertained, throughout the entire community, the great majority of women are either opposed to female suffrage or wholly indifferent on the subject. It is absurd to contrast the petitions which are got up by associations and agitators with the silence and inaction of the women who take no interest in the movement. Half-a-dozen ladies, who are universally respected for their effective benevolence, are naturally disposed to promote a measure which might, as they think, increase their opportunities of doing good; but their own influence would not be appreciably enlarged by the acquisition of a vote; and it is not desirable to encourage the formation of what may be called a feminine public opinion, which would be always one-sided, and frequently erroneous. Sensible women in general are entirely in accordance with sensible men in the estimate which they form of the proper duties and distinctive qualifications of either sex. If they had votes they would either abstain from exercising the franchise or follow the guidance of their natural advisers. Active female politicians would be merely a troublesome and perverse minority. It is idle to address to the House of Commons the argument that women have hitherto been unjustly treated in legislation. Those who deem the complaint well founded are bound to afford redress without waiting for the aid of enfranchised women; and, on the other hand, the opponents of measures which have been promoted for the supposed benefit of women are not likely to wish that their judgment should be overborne by a constituency

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created for the purpose. If the female voters followed the leaders of the present agitation, they would exert themselves to repeal some of the most useful enactments in the Statute-book. If they have more legitimate objects, Parliament ought to grant their reasonable demands, notwithstanding the existing limitation of the franchise. It is true that the argument must not be pushed to an extreme; but it may serve as an answer to Mr. FORSYTH'S list of the topics on which female wisdom is more especially to exercise itself. Parliament is perfectly competent to provide for the custody of infants, for deceased wives' sisters, and for the remaining items of Mr. FORSYTH'S catalogue.

Though little stress was laid in the debate on the tendency of the Bill to degrade the franchise, it is pleasant to observe that Mr. LEATHAM is attached to one institution, and opposed to the extension of the power of numbers in one direction. As Mr. CHAPLIN had previously remarked, it is an objectionable practice to tamper incessantly with the Constitution. Political power can no more be increased than dynamic force, but it may be subdivided until every separate atom becomes insignificant and worthless. The few supporters of Mr. FORSYTH'S limited and capricious scheme, however respectable, may be set aside as insignificant in numbers and influence. The real question is whether women are to partake in proportion to their number in electoral and political activity. As Sir H. JAMES remarked, they would under a system of universal suffrage have the power of outvoting the male electors, although it is true that their influence would be largely controlled, and in extreme cases summarily overruled. The devotees of popular government commit a grave mistake when they reduce indefinitely the qualifications of electors, and proportionately multiply their numbers. In all civilized countries, except the United Kingdom and the United States, it is found necessary to limit narrowly the political functions of elected assemblies, and even in America the complicated provisions of State and Federal Constitutions are intended to correct the evils of popular suffrage. Other advocates of democracy may well profit by Mr. LEATHAM'S discovery that a police-rate ought not to depend on the votes of pickpockets. The practical evils of enfranchising women would be less flagrant than the results of the transfer of political power to the populace, but either measure would accelerate the decay of representative institutions. The experiment of female suffrage has been tried on the comparatively worthless subjects of Municipal Corporations and School Boards. Mr. CHAPLIN is perfectly right in protesting against the quackery of treating the English Constitution with similar levity. Although many sound and acute remarks were made in the debate, the argument on both sides was unsatisfactory and feeble, nor can the question be exhausted by oral discussion. Instinctive repugnance to female politics and politicians is a forcible argument, though it cannot be plainly stated.

FISCAL GRIEVANCES.

THE anticipated equilibrium of the forthcoming Budget naturally restricts both the variety and the interest of preliminary financial discussions. Mr. HOLMS cannot have expected to obtain the repeal of brewers' licences; nor will Mr. HUBBARD hope for any immediate result from the republication of his well-known theories on the Income-tax. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER admitted that there were inequalities in the brewers' licence duty, and that the time at which the tax was collected might be advantageously altered; but he held out no hope of the repeal of the duty at any future time; and Mr. GLADSTONE formally approved of the declaration of his successor. Mr. HOLMS was probably mistaken in attributing to the operation of the duty the reduction which has taken place in the number of brewers. As Sir S. NORTHCOTE said, facility of communication between the great breweries and the markets in different parts of the country fully explains the gradual extinction of establishments which make beer less cheaply or less skilfully. The same process discloses itself in every kind of manufacture, although producers of beer are subject to an exceptional tax. Burton-upon-Trent has become, in proportion to its population, the greatest centre of railway traffic in Great Britain; and one of the breweries there is said to surpass every manufactory in the world in the value of its products. The origin of the duty was clearly and accurately stated by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and Mr. GLADSTONE. In 1862 it had become difficult to meet the arguments and the votes of the hop-growers, who complained of the tax levied on a raw material. Mr. GLADSTONE, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was unable or unwilling to spare the revenue derived from hops; and with little opposition he substituted a licence on brewing, which, as he rightly calculated, has since produced nearly the same annual return. At that time he was, with a characteristic love of minute uniformity, anxious to extend the tax to private brewers, although the revenue which would have been obtained would have been absurdly small in comparison with the annoyance inflicted on families. The brewers themselves, represented by Mr. BASS, disclaimed all fear of private competition, and since that time the extent of private brewing has rapidly declined. It was intended that the duty should be levied on trading brewers in proportion to their amount of production; but it seems that the smaller manufacturers have under the provisions of the law been unequally taxed. It is possible that the Budget may include some arrangement by which an acknowledged grievance will be redressed.

Both the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and Mr. GLADSTONE asserted as an indisputable proposition that the licence duty falls ultimately on the consumer; and although taxes on other commodities are becoming every day rarer, the House of Commons is not disposed to diminish any duty on intoxicating liquors. Mr. SULLIVAN indeed is anxious in the interest of temperance to tax beer more highly in comparison with spirits than at present; and Sir WILFRID LAWSON had intended to move an amendment to Mr. HOLMS'S Resolution, in which he would have assumed that the removal of the duty would tend to encourage consumption. It may be doubted whether the general theory that duties on production are paid by the consumer is universally true. When the advertisement duty was repealed, some proprietors of newspapers were able to maintain the price of their advertisements, and consequently to retain the whole benefit of the repeal. Mr. BASS was probably justified in his complaint that his firm lost several thousands a year by payment for licences, although it was not for the interest of the trade to persuade the House of Commons that brewers had no opportunity of recouping themselves. It is notoriously difficult or impossible to alter the retail price of beer. The frequent changes in the price of malt, which are infinitely more important to brewers than the licence duty, have no effect on the charges made at the counter. If the hop duty had been simply repealed without the imposition of an alternative tax, the brewers would have put the whole amount into their pockets; nor can any fallacy be grosser than their complaint that they have derived no advantage from the repeal because hops have, through the operation of extraneous causes, greatly increased in price since 1862. Mr. BASS understands his own business better than Mr. GLADSTONE himself; and he probably knows that he is the better for the repeal of the hop duty and the worse for the licence duty. On the whole, his condition and that of other large brewers is neither better nor worse through the legislation of 1862. The real objection to the licence duty is that it is imposed on a single class by the irresistible power of the rest of the community. There is no great harm in a tax on brewers taken by itself, but special taxes are at the same time anomalous and obstinately permanent. It is difficult or impossible to gain a hearing for the grievances of a minority which happens to be burdened with a peculiar impost. Sir S. NORTHCOTE properly said that, even if all brewers were rich, their wealth would furnish no excuse for injustice. If the large brewers find partial compensation in the tendency of a duty to create a monopoly, the mitigation of their own hardship is an additional argument against the tax.

From another class of complainants the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has nothing to fear. Mr. HUBBARD has for many years tenaciously asserted the doctrine of an unequal tax on different kinds of income, but he is not always consistent in the arguments by which he defends an erroneous theory. He sometimes contends that an allowance should be made on account of the skill and labour employed in earning the income, but on the present occasion he claims an exemption on the ground of the precarious nature of the tenure. On both grounds he proposes to readjust the inequalities of fortune by improving the relative position of those who are engaged in trades and professions as compared with that of owners of property. When there is no Income-tax a doctor or shopkeeper earning 1,000*l.* a year is poorer than the owner of the same amount in rent

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or interest. Financiers of Mr. HUBBARD'S school propose to make the tradesman proportionately richer and the capitalist or landowner proportionately poorer; but it is not the business of a Chancellor of the Exchequer to inquire whether learning is more or less laudable than the possession of house or land. Of the incomes derived from trade a large part is earned without any kind of exertion by sleeping partners and shareholders in Companies. Of the remainder a portion is the return on investment of capital, and the residue is in the nature of a salary or professional income. If a deduction were made from the assessment of traders' incomes equivalent to the remuneration of the active members of the firm, all professional incomes ought in fairness to be exempt. The latest version of Mr. HUBBARD'S project refers rather to the limited or uncertain duration of earnings than to their meritorious origin. According to his proposal, every kind of income ought to be taxed as if the recipient were entitled to a net perpetuity. Mr. HUBBARD explains his scheme by the convenient illustration of three incomes, each of 1,200*l.* a year, arising respectively from rent of land, from rent of houses, and from the practice of a trade or profession. He assumes that an expenditure of 100*l.* a year would be required to maintain the land, and 200*l.* a year to maintain the houses in tenantable condition, and he would accordingly assess the land at 1,100*l.* and the houses at 1,000*l.* a year. He then proceeds to inquire into the annual sums which must be paid to secure a perpetual annuity equal to the balance, after deduction of the premium, of the third income of 1,200*l.* Although the amount would vary indefinitely with the age of the recipient and with the circumstances and the employment, Mr. HUBBARD takes an average of 400*l.* a year premium, paid to ensure 20,000*l.* or 800*l.* a year. He then proceeds to subtract the supposed premium from the original income, which would, according to his scheme, be assessed at 800*l.* It is not necessary to inquire whether a solicitor or a tradesman who earns 1,200*l.* a year usually leaves 20,000*l.* behind him; but Mr. HUBBARD'S extravagant assumptions illustrate the bias with which he approaches the question. What is really required is that the 1,200*l.* should continue to be earned, though perhaps not by the same person. Mr. HUBBARD and other theorists of his school forget that the trader's 1,200*l.* a year is as permanent as rental of the same amount, although the incumbency may change more frequently. If the recipient earns the amount for ten years, he pays only ten years' Income-tax, leaving to his successor both the income and the burden. Nearly all the contributors to Schedule D. in 1842 are dead or have retired from business, and yet the total assessments under the Schedule are two or three times as large as in the time of Sir ROBERT PEEL. A few traders or professional men may be prudent and fortunate enough to leave their families incomes equal to two-thirds of their earnings; but the part of their incomes which they invest is undistinguishable in its character from the remainder which they spend. The recognition of life insurance as a ground of partial exemption for small incomes was an anomaly and a mistake. The deduction made from incomes under 300*l.* before they are subjected to taxation rests on grounds which have nothing to do with insurance. The most practical inference which can be drawn from Mr. HUBBARD'S argument is that the percentage charged on income ought to be low. There is less risk of pernicious and erroneous agitation when an income of 1,200*l.* is taxed at 10*l.* than when it is taxed at 30*l.* or 35*l.*; yet even in the latter part of the Crimean war, when the annual charge was not less than 75*l.*, the conviction of sound economists and the practical difficulties of arbitrary discrimination sufficed to maintain an equal rate of assessment. A tax on income is, like other taxes, a burden on all contributors; but it would be an intolerable grievance if it were adjusted with reference to various merits or necessities. In the course of thirty years since it was reimposed, the principles on which it is levied have gradually made themselves intelligible. Mr. HUBBARD'S illusions, which were formerly almost universal, are now almost obsolete.

THE COUNCILS-GENERAL AND THE REPUBLIC.

THE Session of the Departmental Councils has opened in France, and common sense has everywhere proved too much for the technical observance of law. These Councils are forbidden to discuss politics, and, except in a few instances where the President happens to be an advanced Republican, this prohibition has hitherto been obeyed. It was impossible, however, to go on obeying it after the Councils-General had been made the principal element in the constituency which is to return the Senate. If the electors of one branch of the Legislature are not a political body, who is there that has any just claim to the title? In fact, with the exception of the Bonapartists, there is no party in the country that can have any interest in withholding this function from them. The less discussion of politics there is in the local Assemblies the less knowledge of politics there will be among Frenchmen. This want of knowledge is a gain to the Imperialists, because it prevents the peasantry from detecting the transparent perversions of history which are the stock in trade of Bonapartist agents. But it is no gain to the Republicans or to the Orleanists, or even to the Legitimists. Genuine as the unpopularity of the last-named party is, it is owing in some degree to an incorrect identification of the principle of monarchy with the abuses with which it was associated before the Revolution. The Legitimists might not be much the better for the removal of this delusion, but they could hardly fail to reap some benefit from it. When a Departmental Council in which there are several Legitimist members—and regard for local interests will secure them a fair share of the representation wherever they are large holders of property in the neighbourhood—has been busy about politics for some years, both councillors and electors will probably have found out that even a partisan of the Count of CHAMBORD need not be very reactionary where the interests of his master are not directly involved.

For the most part no objection seems to have been taken to the introduction of politics into the addresses with which the Presidents have opened the Session. As was to be expected, the Presidents who have availed themselves of this tacitly accorded liberty have belonged to the Left Centre. Those among the supporters of the Government who wish to keep the Republic as much as possible in the background would not be tempted to make its definitive establishment the occasion of a departure from their previous practice. Their line would naturally be to ignore any distinction between this Session of the Councils-General and the Sessions which have gone before it. The more Liberal members of the new Ministerial party have been careful to congratulate the Council on the glorious and bloodless revolution of the 25th of February. For the first time, says M. WADDINGTON, the Republic has been established by a legal, regular, and definitive vote. The National Assembly, says M. MALENS, has placed the Republic above all the struggles and competitions which have agitated and disquieted France in so vexing a way. After four years of reflection, says M. DAUPHIN, the National Assembly has given France the Republic. On that memorable 25th of February, says M. CLAUDE, our political instability disappeared. This last declaration implies an amount of confidence in the permanence of the new Government to which unbiassed observers can hardly hope to attain. M. WADDINGTON, who is also hopeful, puts the prospect a little more prudently. There are croakers, he admits, who say that the WALLON Constitution is a hybrid incapable of existence. He wisely does not deny that it is a hybrid, but he points to the United States as an example of how much vitality there may be even in a hybrid. The United States had a National Assembly divided against itself, with furious Conservatives and furious Radicals; yet after six months' discussion that Assembly produced a Constitution the centenary of which will shortly be celebrated. Hope is so useful a grace in politics that no one can regret that M. WADDINGTON should have been able to persuade himself that there is a working resemblance between the American Convention of 1787 and the French Assembly of 1875. It is impossible, however, not to feel some curiosity as to the points in which this resemblance consists. It certainly is not in the discussion which preceded the birth of the Constitution, for in the French example there was no discussion at all. The members of the Federal Convention at least knew the worst about one another. There was no clause in the Constitution which had not been thoroughly debated, and not a single compromise was effected until after the extreme views out of which it was compounded had been precisely stated and closely pressed home. The members of the National Assembly knew nothing about one another. The Constitution was voted almost in silence, and with a secret consciousness diffused through the Chamber

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that, if any one section of the majority heard in what sense any other section accepted it, the coalition would at once be broken up. Nor is it historically correct that the American Convention contained stubborn Conservatives and furious Radicals in the sense in which the French Assembly contains them. Parties in the United States were not divided by a history such as France has had during the last ninety years, and, though they differed greatly as to the precise attributes with which the Republican Government should be clothed, there was not, and could not be, any division among them as to the Republican character of the Constitution.

The Liberal section in the Cabinet has been strengthened by the adhesion of M. WALLON and General DE CISSEY. M. WALLON was known to lean to the Left Centre, and his public reference to the Republic as the legal Government of France is not therefore a cause of surprise. But General DE CISSEY stands in a different position. He cares nothing for the Republic as such; indeed, if he has any feeling about it, it is probably one of traditional dislike. His Circular to the generals commanding corps d'armée is consequently an unexpected reinforcement to the Republican cause. He does not, it is true, use the word Republic. But he tells the generals that they know what the law is, and that they must show no hesitation about conforming to it. In their own minds they may cherish what convictions and recollections they please, but the Government expects that they will keep these convictions and recollections to themselves, and neither by word, nor writing, nor act, contribute to manifestations hostile to the Constitution which the National Assembly has adopted. There is a curious resemblance between this Circular and that of M. DUFAURE, and it must be satisfactory to the Left Centre members of the Cabinet to find that the MINISTER of WAR has anticipated the very language which has been found so much fault with when used by the MINISTER of JUSTICE. General DE CISSEY'S intellect has at least the merit of soldierly straightforwardness, and those who are disposed to allow the subordinates of the Government greater freedom to plot against it may well feel ashamed when they discover how soon their sophistries are brushed aside by a Minister who is only anxious to obey the law. The *Times'* Correspondent points out the important bearing which the issue of this Circular has on the balance of parties in the Cabinet. General DE CISSEY'S adhesion gives the Liberal, or at all events the anti-Imperialist, section a majority, and thus removes a difficulty which might long have hindered M. BUFFET'S adoption of a decidedly Liberal attitude. The Cabinet was constructed on the principle of giving the greatest number of places to the section of the majority which is numerically the weakest; and M. BUFFET'S declaration on taking office was plainly composed under the influence of this impression. It is no use, he seemed to have said to himself while writing it, to ask Conservatives to form part of a Ministry unless you are prepared to consult their feelings, and even their prejudices, in framing the programme of the Ministry. Accordingly his sketch of what the Government proposed to do was cast in the most moderate form possible. But if the course of events has already broken up the anti-Republican majority in his Cabinet—and even Conservatives like General DE CISSEY feel that respect for law will be at an end if the servants of the State are allowed to conspire against the institutions which they are employed to defend—M. BUFFET may easily take a bolder tone in addressing his subordinates than he could venture upon in addressing the Assembly. All that is wanted to subject the Bonapartist element in the Administration to the necessary purgation is the issue of a few circulars from the MINISTER of the INTERIOR, couched in the same decided tone as that which characterizes the Circular from the MINISTER of WAR. If the Bonapartist Prefects and sub-Prefects are warned unmistakably not to take any part, either by speech, or letter, or act, in manifestations hostile to the Constitution, the chances are that the greater part of them will obey without hesitation. Hitherto they have had reason to believe that they might propagate Imperialist ideas without giving any offence to their superiors. As soon as they clearly understand that their continuance in office depends on their abstaining from similar missionary efforts for the future, there is not much doubt that they will consult their interests by conforming to the law.

JUDGES AND JURIES.

WHEN Dr. KENEALY is absent Mr. WHALLEY is present in the House of Commons, and so there is always some one at hand to watch over the British Constitution. Dr. KENEALY is at present engaged in an extensive tour, and is enlisting the sympathies of provincial audiences on behalf of his grand crusade, the object of which appears to be to induce Parliament to re-enact Magna Charta, to abolish Gray's Inn and the rules of evidence, and to give wrongful heirs their rightful due. Some of the enlightened persons who are devoted to this noble cause have occupied themselves with getting up a monster petition, which was presented to the House of Commons on Thursday night by Mr. WHALLEY, and which prayed that the finding of the jury on the trial of the convict ORTON should be revised by a Royal Commission. A method so effectual of putting an end to the usefulness and independence of juries might have seemed to indicate a contempt for what, in the romantic language of forensic eloquence, used to be termed the Palladium of the Constitution; and it is quite true that there is nothing about juries in Magna Charta, and that juries in our sense were unknown then, so that it is quite open to any district or general Magna Charta Association to treat trial by jury as a modern and pernicious institution. But if Dr. KENEALY dislikes and distrusts juries much, he dislikes and distrusts judges more, and the same evening when this petition was presented he had given notice of a question he intended to put as to the treatment which he stated juries had received at the hands of some of the obnoxious persons who have been appointed to preside over courts of law. Under a misapprehension which Mr. WHALLEY described as quite natural in a member new to the House, Dr. KENEALY had forgotten that a question could not ask itself, and that, if he wished it to be put, he ought to be there to put it. But this was immaterial, for Mr. WHALLEY was quite ready to supply the place of his absent friend, and he put the question, and a very curious question it was. Faithful to the great purpose of abolishing the rules of evidence, its framer assumed that a most confused account of something that took place in an Irish Court was incontestably accurate, and incorporated, without adducing any authority, a further statement of what Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN was alleged to have said to a jury at Brighton and he then asked whether the Government was prepared to bring in a measure to protect juries from unpleasant remarks from the Bench. Mr. DISRAELI condescended to give the answer to the question himself, and naturally replied that the Government had no intention of bringing in any measure of the kind. He pointed out that judges often discharged a very useful function by protesting against the findings of juries which were manifestly wrong, and he referred with playful triumph to the contempt for the findings of juries which had been manifested by those who had framed, signed, or presented the ORTON petition. But he was not, perhaps, sufficiently guarded in what he said as to the respective duties of Parliament and the Government with regard to Judges. He said that the question ought to have been addressed to Parliament, and not to the Ministry, and that the Ministry had no control over Judges. This was true, but it was not to the point. Dr. KENEALY'S question did not tend to the removal of particular Judges from the Bench, but to a change in the Statute-law, and it would be quite proper for a Ministry to propose such a change if it thought such a change desirable.

As an illustration of a case in which it might be possible to comment on the line taken by Judges, and, without reflecting on them personally, to ask whether a statutory change should not be made to guide them, the very great difference with which Judges regard the enormity of aggravated assaults might be taken. Some Judges regard the humbler type of Englishman as a curious kind of animal born to use his boots as a bull is born to use his horns, having an hereditary love of beer, and entitled to gambol and frisk during his leisure hours in a rough sportive fashion. Other Judges regard him as a responsible being, who, if he chooses to break the law, must be made to feel that the arm of the law can reach him, and that it is a very strong arm indeed. There can be little doubt that the extreme uncertainty as to the mode in which the particular Judge who might happen to be presiding would regard crimes of violence has had a very unwholesome effect. It has rendered the restraining influence of the law very

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feeble. Each criminal has been buoyed up with the hope that, when his time of trial came, he might be fortunate enough to be tried before a Judge who would good-humouredly regard him as a frolicsome animal. The criminals who happened to be unlucky enough to be tried before Judges who thought that an example ought to be made of them, that drink was not an excuse for crime, and that boots were not meant to furnish experiments of what injuries just short of murder can be committed with them, had a rankling sense of injustice done them when they compared their hard lot with the happy fate of others whose guilt was exactly equal to their own. There can be no doubt that there is much foundation for the remark that, when new penalties for brutal violence are demanded, it ought to be observed that the existing law has been so worked as to deprive the penalties already provided of their deterrent effects. There is much nonsense in the philanthropic objections to the use of the cat; but it is true that the cat, if it is introduced, will have been in some measure rendered necessary by the extraordinary indulgence with which, in obedience to an honest but mistaken opinion, some Judges have treated crimes of violence. It would be quite open to any member of Parliament to invite a discussion as to whether, in view of numerous instances of mistaken lenity, the minimum penalty that Judges can inflict on those guilty of brutal assaults should not be augmented. As no one could carry a measure to this effect without the assistance of the Government, the only practical way of effecting the object would be to appeal to the HOME SECRETARY to take the matter into his own hands. It might then be shown that, if the extraordinary latitude given to our Judges in the range of punishments worked badly in some instances, it worked admirably in others. A better instance of the usefulness of giving this latitude to a really competent Judge could not easily be found than by referring to the language of Mr. Justice BRETT in passing sentence this week on some persons who had been engaged in getting up or taking part in a prize-fight. It was a model exposition of the theory of punishment to the prisoners, the jury, and the public. The Judge passed a very light sentence, and he carefully explained why he did so. He showed how it was that this was an exceptional case. That there might be no doubt as to his general view of crimes of violence, he referred to a sentence he had passed the previous day, by which one criminal had been condemned to fifteen and another to ten years' penal servitude. He then stated that, if in a fight there was any unfair play, any kicking, or striking a man when down, he would inflict a severe punishment. A less punishment, but still one adequate to have a deterring effect, ought, he considered, to be inflicted on those who got up a prize-fight for money or took part in it. But here was a quarrel, and the men agreed to fight it out. They fought fairly, and although the result was fatal, yet it was a fair fight arranged to settle a real quarrel, and accordingly those concerned in it were only sentenced to a week's imprisonment. It is difficult to see how any legislative enactment could have met the circumstances of the case with equal discrimination.

If, therefore, the rebukes occasionally administered to juries for manifestly stupid or factious verdicts tended to interfere with the proper administration of justice, it would be quite within the power and province of Parliament to stop the practice, and any member who objected to the practice might invite the Government to bring in a measure for the purpose. The real answer to Dr. KENEALY's question was the second which Mr. DISRAELI gave, and not the first. If the rebukes addressed by Judges to juries were objectionable, Dr. KENEALY would have been right; but they are not objectionable, and therefore he was wrong. If in a civil case the Judge thinks the jury manifestly wrong, he has a very effectual way of rebuking them, and of letting his opinion be known. During the recent assizes a jury found for the plaintiff, in spite of the observations made by the Judge in summing up. The Judge immediately stayed execution, and intimated that, if a rule were moved for to set aside the verdict as against the weight of evidence, it would have his support. In a criminal trial nothing of the kind can be done. The verdict of the jury, if it is one of acquittal, is final. There is nothing more to be done. The prisoner, even if his guilt is as clear as the noonday, must be discharged. But the Judge may tell the jury what he thinks of their conduct. It is a very dangerous thing to the community that the apparatus of the law should have been set in motion to bring home guilt to the author of a crime, and that it should have been rendered inoperative by the stupidity or factiousness of a jury. It is notorious that juries are sometimes consciously and wilfully dishonest. There are crimes, for example, in Ireland which it is almost impossible to punish, because juries, in the face of the clearest evidence, will not convict. For such dishonesty in the discharge of a grave public duty they certainly ought to be rebuked by some one, and no one can rebuke them with half so much authority and effect as the presiding Judge. He has heard and weighed the evidence, he is competent to estimate its value, he represents the law which has been made ineffectual. A rebuke to the jury administered by him has many excellent effects. It is a solace to those who have conducted the prosecution; it is an encouragement to the witnesses, who often, at the risk of much inconvenience and even danger, have come forward to tell the truth; it makes the jury feel that, if they are popular heroes, they are a very shabby set of heroes; and it stimulates other juries to do their duty. Of course it is all a matter of discretion. A Judge without tact and command of temper might administer unnecessary rebukes. He might interfere when it would be wiser to hold his tongue. But Dr. KENEALY in shaping his question did not complain that the rebukes given in the instances he referred to were undeserved. He complained that they were given at all. It all comes to this. The power of administering on rare and fit occasions rebukes to juries is recognised as a salutary power, so long as the public has confidence in the Judges. Dr. KENEALY and Mr. WHALLEY have no confidence in the Judges, nor, for the matter of that, have they any confidence in juries, judicial officials, benchers, lawyers of any kind, or the Statute-book, with the exception of Magna Charta. But then they stand alone in Parliament in holding this dismal opinion.

CO-OPERATION.

THE theories of distributive and of productive co-operation involve important questions; and perhaps it is right that periodical meetings should be held for the purpose of expounding the merits of co-operation. The late Congress suffered under the disadvantage which is common to all similar assemblages. There is as little discussion of fundamental principles at a Co-operative Congress as in a sermon. The audience in one case and the congregation in the other are supposed to have already accepted the main proposition, and only to desire further expansion of illustrations and corollaries. To a certain extent the advantages of co-operative distribution may be considered as proved. One of the speakers at the Congress asserted, of course hyperbolically, that the Rochdale Pioneers, as they are called, might have bought up, not only the whole of their own town, but half the property between Rochdale and London. It was not necessary to remark that a body of wealthy capitalists would long since have ceased to possess any distinctive character as compared with other joint-stock associations. The large retail business of the Co-operative Stores in London proves that it is possible to dispense with a certain portion of the staff which has hitherto managed the business of buying and selling. It is obvious that tradesmen have to live or make fortunes at the expense, in one sense, of their customers or of wholesale dealers; and it is possible that the payment which they receive for their skill and labour may be excessive. Householders have lately found that, by taking a certain amount of trouble, they may save the cost of middlemen; and the competition which has been consequently established is perfectly legitimate. The tradesmen who are injured or alarmed have not attended Co-operative Congresses; but at the last election they required from the metropolitan candidates a pledge that they would do nothing to promote Co-operative Stores. They will perhaps sooner or later try the experiment of underselling the obnoxious institutions; and in the meantime they retain the custom of that large part of the community which prefers saving of trouble to saving of money. The class of shopkeepers would never have come into existence but for the convenience which they offered by their intervention between producers and consumers. The success of the Co-operative Stores shows that the supply of middlemen exceeded the permanent demand. The inventors of the new system have conferred an un-

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disputed benefit on a large section of society. The co-operative associations have long since dispensed with the elaborate arrangements which contributed to the success of the Rochdale experiment. Purchasers at the Stores are content to obtain goods cheaper than at a shop without expecting a share in the profits proportionate to their outlay.

Co-operation in trade or manufactures is a more complicated enterprise, and its progress has not hitherto been rapid. Shareholders in a manufacturing Company are not distinguishable from other joint-stock proprietors, unless it is a condition of their partnership that they should furnish a share of the labour as well as of the capital. It is to this form of co-operation that philanthropists have chiefly directed their attention, in the hope of raising the condition of artisans and of destroying the antagonism between employers and workmen. It is assumed, on plausible grounds, that men will work more zealously and more conscientiously when they share in the profits than when they are merely giving consideration for their wages. In several instances employers have voluntarily distributed among their hands a share in the profits, but it is impossible that a system of partnership should become general or permanent in which participation in gain is separated from liability to loss. The present SPEAKER gives a bonus to his farm-labourers in prosperous years; but he is debarred from the converse process of reducing their wages when harvests are bad or markets dull. The success of productive co-operation can only be tested by associations of workmen who both provide the whole of the necessary capital, and also do the whole of the work. In favourable circumstances such an establishment might enjoy great prosperity; and prudence and self-denial might enable the shareholders to tide over unfavourable seasons; but the accumulation of wealth would be almost as fatal to the scheme as prolonged disaster. Men will not continue to work hard when they have the means of living at ease. If the shares of a co-operative factory were held in absolute ownership, they would pass at the death of the proprietors to widows and children who would, like the old-fashioned capitalists, hold mortgages on the product of industry. Like the Socialist communities in America, the combined artisans would gradually begin to employ hired labourers; and the old conditions of society would reproduce themselves under the influence of the causes from which they originally sprang. It is perfectly right that economists who believe in the possibility of successful co-operative production should test their theories by experiment. Perhaps they may light on some social discovery which has not been anticipated even by themselves. For the present the union of capital and labour has not been accomplished.

The vague and shifting meaning of the word co-operation was curiously illustrated in the proposal of a co-operative combination between English manufacturers and the farmers of the Western States of America. The projector dilated on the well-known statistics of the valley of the Mississippi, with its rich soil, its twenty millions of industrious inhabitants, and its inexhaustible capabilities. As he truly said, the valley produces many commodities which are required in England, and it might furnish a market for an almost unlimited amount of English manufactures. It therefore only remains to form England and the Western States into one vast co-operative society which would dispense with the agency of the railways which lead to the Atlantic cities, and with the services and charges of the merchants of New York and Philadelphia. As the speaker truly stated, some of the Western States already contain co-operative societies established under the name of Granges, for the purpose of purchasing the goods which they require at wholesale prices, and of providing agencies for the sale of agricultural produce. It may be added that the members of the Granges use their political influence in the local Legislatures to violate the contracts which have induced Railway Companies to embark their capital in thinly occupied districts. A close alliance between English manufacturers and the Granges would, in the opinion of the promoter, tend to substitute water carriage for railways, by diverting the bulk of the traffic from the overland route to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. His sanguine anticipations formed a contrast to a modest proposal that two ships should be freighted by co-operation for the direct Mississippi trade. The principal members of the Congress attached importance to the suggestion, which to ordinary observers might seem to have nothing to do with co-operation. If there is a profitable trade to be done with the river ports on the Mississippi, there will be no difficulty in finding ships to carry goods, or merchants to provide freights going and returning. It would seem that the Congress mistook the common interest which unites producers with consumers for the artificial system which is known as co-operation.

Before the Civil War, and in its earliest stage, the cotton-planters of the Gulf States, though they had not heard of co-operative theories, were sanguine of obtaining the same advantages which are now demanded on behalf of the corn-growers on the Mississippi. Georgia and Louisiana complained that their produce was sent to the North before it was shipped to Europe, and that their imports reached them by the same circuitous route. But for the scrupulous neutrality of England, and the respect which was paid to the Federal blockade, a profitable trade in cotton would have arisen between the Southern ports and Liverpool; and in that case the result of the war might possibly have been different. During peace it is idle to complain that commerce follows a course which, however devious, is proved to be for the time the cheapest and the best by the fact that it is used. If corn from Ohio could be brought to England more cheaply by way of the Mississippi than by the Lakes or the Atlantic ports, the more advantageous route would have long since been adopted. The impediments to the return traffic in English goods would be in no degree affected by co-operation. The interest of the Western and Southern States in freedom of trade is as certain as their prevailing indifference, which may possibly be attributed to deficient knowledge of political economy. One of the last acts of the Congress which lately expired was to add ten per cent. to the Customs duties on manufactured goods; and if the Western States objected to this reactionary measure, they made no marked display of dissatisfaction. Co-operation ought to assume the existence of an interest common to all classes of members, but the American farmers acquiesce in a commercial system which is founded on the supposed expediency of doing all possible injury to foreigners. The readiness of the managers of the Congress to accept the crude American proposal indicates an uncertainty in their own minds as to the objects which they undertake to promote. At the same time it is due to benevolent and thoughtful men to admit that their discussions and the experiments which they encourage are innocent, and may possibly become useful. The partial elimination of middlemen has produced much benefit to consumers, and if at any time co-operative production becomes permanently successful, it will provide a means of diminishing the hostility of workmen to other classes. There is no use in giving the novel name of co-operation to the commercial relations which connect distant countries.

RAILWAY NEGLIGENCE.

IT is curious to observe how rapidly the impression of a great calamity fades away from the minds of all except those who have especially cruel reasons to remember it. The railway accidents, as they are called, at Thorpe and Shipton have just turned up again in the newspapers, but to most people they are probably quite old stories now, as dim and distant as the news of years ago. It is no doubt recollected in a vague way that in each of these cases something very dreadful happened, and that the Railway Companies did not come very well out of it; but then months have elapsed, discussion has been exhausted, and people have many other things to think about. There has been happily no very serious accident on the railways for some time, and until the next occurs the Companies will probably go on quietly working their lines in the old way, and people will take it all as a matter of course. When another disaster comes, there will of course be a fresh outburst of horror and indignation, and a renewal of demands for some sort of check on the criminal recklessness which produces these periodical massacres. And then this will blow over too, and the same order of events will continue to be repeated during an indefinite period.

In September last twenty-five passengers were killed and a large number seriously injured in the collision at Thorpe Junction, and the criminal law has been solemnly invoked to punish the persons who are responsible for this appalling calamity. The result is that a railway inspector at Norwich has been sentenced to eight months' imprison-

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ment. It is hoped no doubt that this severe and impressive chastisement will fully satisfy the manes of the slaughtered passengers, and that it will also strike terror into the hearts of Railway Companies, if they have such things, and lead them immediately to reform their ways. Railway Directors, however, are pretty well accustomed to such lessons, and, like the absentee Irish landlord, they are not the sort of people to allow themselves to be intimidated by any vengeance that may be wreaked on their miserable subordinates. In reading the proceedings at this trial, it might almost be imagined that COOPER, who is only a common Inspector, carried on his head the whole responsibilities of the Company, and that none of its higher officials had anything whatever to do with the actual working of the line. It is obvious that this is an extremely convenient arrangement for those who are thus provided with a cheap and handy scapegoat, but whether it also tends to the safety of the public is another question. There can be no doubt that COOPER made a mistake in telling the telegraph-clerk to call up the train from Brundall when the express from Norwich was on the point of starting, and that, if he had taken the trouble to sign the message, he would probably have had time to discover his error. He was evidently in a state of great confusion of mind on account of the entanglements of the traffic, which was altogether out of time; and he had on the instant to come to a decision on a point which involved the safety of a multitude of human beings. The frequent lateness of the mail from London appears to have brought up day after day the question as to which train should go first over the single line; and, if the higher class of railway officials were not deemed exempt from ordinary human responsibilities, it might be thought not unfair that they should bear some share of the penalties of a disaster which can be clearly traced to their own culpable negligence and carelessness. It was shown at the inquest that the Great Eastern Company deliberately and systematically dispensed with the block system, and worked the single line at Brundall in a dangerous manner for the sake of pushing its fish traffic. It is known also that, though there was a sort of understanding that messages were to be signed, there was no efficient supervision to see that this was done, and that, in point of fact, the signature was often omitted. It is of course very wrong that an Inspector should be careless in conforming to regulations, and should lose his head in a moment of great hurry and pressure, but the real culprits in the case are surely those who place a man in a position in which so much depends on the casual decision of a moment, and in which he is so liable at some time or other to make a mistake. It is clear that, if the Great Eastern had either run its trains with punctuality, or had retained the block system on the single line, the collision would never have occurred.

The Shipton case, though it did not involve any criminal proceedings, is, as regards the negligence and responsibility of the Railway Company, of a very similar character to that at Thorpe. The coroner's jury, with singular inconsistency, found that the disaster was due to accidental causes, and in the same breath enumerated a number of precautions which the Company had improperly neglected, and which, if they had been taken, would have prevented the catastrophe, or at least mitigated some of its worst consequences. Colonel YOLLAND is of opinion that the accident may be attributed in a great measure to the mistaken action of the drivers of the engines in reversing their engines, instead of merely shutting off steam; but he also holds that, if the train had been fitted with continuous brakes, there is no reason why it might not have been stopped without any casualty. According to the theory of the Railway Company, the accident was due to the breaking of a tire in frosty weather, and an attempt has been made to show that a fracture of this kind is a contingency against which it is impossible for human ingenuity to provide. It should be observed, however, that in this instance, according to Colonel YOLLAND, the tire was fastened to the rim of the wheel by rivets, "a dangerous "and insecure method of fastening which the Company "had commenced to do away with twenty years since, and "had determined to give up"; yet we find this condemned practice still followed at the end of last year, and possibly it has not even yet been entirely discontinued. Colonel YOLLAND also makes some general remarks on this point which are certainly not calculated to allay the uneasiness of railway passengers. The inquiry, he says, has revealed the fact that there are still a large number of wheels under vehicles running in passenger trains where the tires are only secured to the rims of the wheels by rivets or bolts, although some Companies began at least twenty years ago to adopt some safer and more secure mode of fastening. The evidence shows that the life of the skeleton of an iron-wheel is often prolonged over a great number of years, by the substitution of new tires as the old ones wear out; and though it would appear that this longevity is not incompatible with safety if the tires are properly secured, there is constant danger in the use of old wheels and new tires fastened together with rivets, which are injurious to the metal in which they are inserted, and which are themselves liable to give way. It is to be hoped that Colonel YOLLAND'S suggestion of a return of the whole of the rolling-stock of the various railways, with especial reference to this question of bolts or rivets, will be taken up by some member of Parliament, and also that the subject will not be overlooked by the Royal Commission on Railway Accidents. Even, however, assuming that tires are as much beyond human control in certain kinds of weather as the Railway Companies pretend, it is necessary to ask what are the measures which they take with a view to avert or diminish the fearful consequences of a fracture? We learn that, in the Shipton case, the train was, out of mere carelessness and to save trouble, improperly made up when it left Oxford, since there were six vehicles behind the last brake-van which had a guard in it. Again, the brake-power was deficient, and there was no practicable means of communication between the passengers and the guards or drivers, nor were there any distinct rules for the guidance of the Company's servants in case of an accident. In other words, the railway people declare that the stability of tires is a pure matter of Providence, with which man can do nothing, and that they are constantly liable to give way; and, at the same time they persist in using improperly-fastened old wheels which they have themselves condemned; they refuse to supply adequate brake-power; they make up their trains higgledy-piggledy anyhow, so as to avoid trouble to themselves; and they leave their servants entirely to their own devices, without a syllable of instruction as to what they are to do in an emergency which the Companies admit to be extremely likely to happen. It is to be hoped that these points will be very strongly impressed upon any jury which may be called upon to assess damages. It is not unreasonable to assume that the managers of the railways are aware of the natural consequences of their mode of doing business; and, when an accident happens, they ought not to be permitted to shelter themselves behind the journeymen of the line. However, we shall no doubt often enough see repeated the farce of the Thorpe trial and the Shipton inquiries. The indispensable securities for public safety will never be provided until the law strikes more directly and effectually at the actual culprits.

THE DEPUTATION ON WATER SUPPLY.

IT would be unreasonable perhaps to complain that a Government which has shown itself so prodigal of Select Committees should be sparing of Royal Commissions. The greatest spendthrift is usually a miser as regards some one kind of outlay, and when nearly every subject of contemporary interest is being inquired into by members of the House of Commons, the Cabinet may fairly feel alarm at the thought of an equally reckless consumption of extra-Parliamentary material. Yet, if Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH can persuade his colleagues to overlook this obvious objection, the water supply of the country stands in greater need of investigation than most of the subjects which are at present undergoing it. People who live in London have their grievances against the great Water Companies; but there are country districts in which to have access even to the cistern which Dr. SANDWITH has made famous would be a fit subject of rejoicing. The mud which proved to be so fertile in animal life had at least been deposited by water, and there are villages to be found in England which would gladly put up with the deposit if they could be sure of having the water along with it. The old-fashioned notion that water is almost as plentiful as air has long been untrue in reference to large towns, but until lately it was supposed that it had only become untrue by reason of the necessity of cutting off the supply of unwholesome water. Pumps and wells have

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been shut up because the close neighbourhood of so many human beings, dead and alive, has injured the purity of the water contained in them. Recently, however, it has been discovered that there are parts of the country in which pumps and wells have ceased to be of any value even while they have remained open. There is a dearth, not of good water merely, but of water of any sort. Whether it be from the extension of surface drainage, or from the tendency of large towns to go further afield for their water supply, or from the increase of population making constantly heavier demands on sources which were adequate when the drain on them was less, the fact that a famine of water is in some districts something more than a figure of speech seems to have been established past question. Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH told the deputation which waited on him the other day—that last summer very great good had been done by a system of water-carts, designed, not as in towns to lay the dust on thirsty roads, but to bring the means of drinking within the reach of thirsty human beings. By the side of a village without a water-cart a village with a water-cart may seem fortunate. But a great deal of previous, and to some extent of contemporaneous, suffering is implied in the very notion of such a mode of distribution. Water has probably been scarce for some time before the need for the water-cart has become unmistakable, and the very idea of a water-cart suggests a strictly regulated supply. Now a strictly regulated water supply is always an evil. It may be a necessary evil, because the choice lies between having a certain limited quantity of water and having none at all, but it is not the less an evil. It is very desirable that the poor should be encouraged to use water liberally. They need to drink more of it, and to wash more in it. But if a whole village is dependent on the water-cart, free use of water must be replaced by a calculated economy. The entire village has an interest in its being carefully husbanded, while a personal motive to husband it is supplied by the cost of obtaining it. This is surely a very proper subject to be investigated by a Royal Commission. It may be that the scarcity of water arises merely from the neglect of obvious precautions against its exhaustion, or of equally obvious measures for increasing the supply. These are points upon which it must certainly be possible to obtain more accurate information than we at present possess. The position and geological character of the districts in which there is a want of water can be precisely ascertained, and the extent of which the deficiency admits of being supplied from existing sources can be estimated. There are some cases probably in which the sinking of public wells would meet the difficulty; there are others in which to sink fresh wells would be merely lost labour. There are other cases, again, in which the natural water supply of the district would be sufficient for all purposes if it had not been devoted to the use of some distant town which might just as well have drawn its water from some source nearer home. Each class of cases would need to be dealt with on distinct principles, and before any of them can be dealt with satisfactorily it must be ascertained to which class they belong. We know of no better instrument for handling this question than a Royal Commission, empowered not merely to examine witnesses and make a general report, but also to go one by one through every alleged case of a faulty water supply, just as the Schools Inquiry Commission went one by one through every case of a mismanaged endowment.

There is another point to be considered in reference to this alleged scarcity of water, and that is that it has every chance of being aggravated by the closing of many of the sources from which water is at present drawn. It is known that water polluted by sewage is the most certain channel of certain forms of infection, and it is suspected that into a large proportion of the surface-wells throughout the country sewage matter finds its way. Density of population is not needed to effect this result; in light and porous soils the danger may be as great in a single house standing a long distance apart from any other as in a city court in which the opposite houses almost touch each other. All that is needed is that the cesspool and the well be near enough to one another; and in how close proximity they are often found is shown by the frequency with which the fact is mentioned whenever some unusual outbreak of disease attracts the attention of the sanitary authorities. As regards isolated houses the remedy will often be simple. The proximity of well and cesspool is not unavoidable, and when a new well has been dug at some distance from the old one the presence of the intruding poison is no longer observed. In other cases, however, the water supply of a whole village is polluted from this cause, and no remedy will be of any avail which does not go the length of providing a new source of supply. At present the inhabitants go on drinking such water as they have, and as the presence of sewage poison is not necessarily injurious to the taste or appearance of water, they often do so in happy ignorance that any harm is likely to follow. Indeed there have been instances in which water which upon analysis has proved to be a source of disease to a whole district has enjoyed a high local reputation for its crystal purity and appetising sparkle. When sanitary authorities have learned to take the initiative in making those subject to them healthy, these wells will all be closed, and the question what is to take their place will then present itself in an uncomfortably imperative manner. Fortunately, whatever scarcity of water there may be in certain districts, or at certain seasons, the English soil and climate must undergo some revolutionary change before there is any deficiency in the aggregate supply, taking one part of the year with another. There are many parts of the country in which there is always water to spare; there are none perhaps in which there is not sometimes water to spare. If the water that runs to waste in mountain districts or after heavy falls of rain could be stored for future use, the question which it is proposed that a Royal Commission should consider would in a great measure be disposed of. This reflection may suggest some comfort to Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH. In his interview with the deputation he seemed to be so much impressed with the need of water as to shrink from the thought of inquiring how this need was to met. It had not apparently occurred to him that when a subject presents no difficulties it has not been usual to refer it to a Royal Commission. Perhaps if he can be persuaded that, though the storage of surplus water may be but a small part of the whole question, it is still a part upon which better information, and the recommendations suggested by better information, might be exceedingly useful, he will not insist upon postponing inquiry on the chance that some happy accident may render it superfluous.

POLITE LYING.

THE *Times'* Correspondent in China recently gave a curious account of the ceremonial observed on the occasion of the Emperor's death. The European mind naturally regards the whole performance as purely absurd. Our own ceremonial being of a simpler kind, we forget to make allowances for the exuberance of the Chinese Court language. The little Emperor, three or four years old, who succeeds to the throne declares in the official gazette that "lifelong mourning would itself be insufficient to discharge his obligation" to his predecessor. "He cannot bring himself to abate any portion of the three years of mourning which are imposed by the ancient ritual." The princes hereupon remonstrate, and His Majesty discovers that there are precedents for yielding to their entreaties. He consents to wear the full mourning garb of white for a hundred days only, and plain robes for twenty-seven months, and commands the princes to refrain from further remonstrances. However, they remonstrate again, and His Majesty is finally induced to consent to restrain his period of mourning to the ordinary twenty-seven days. Meanwhile His Majesty's father describes in still more thrilling language the terrible affliction caused by the death of the late Emperor:—"Gazing upon the Imperial features after decease, his vitals were rent with the agony of grief, and his strength failed utterly." He managed, however, to bear up until he was overwhelmed by the news that his son was to succeed to the throne. "Stupefied by this intelligence he became entirely helpless, and, when carried to his home, he remained trembling and agitated as though bereft of reason, or as one in a dream. The complaints under which he has hitherto laboured have been revived in consequence, and he is compelled to throw himself on the merciful consideration of their Majesties the Empresses, whom he entreats to grant the indulgence which can alone permit him to prolong his days, and allow him, wasted and useless in his rank though he be, to continue in existence on the face of the earth."

When we have laughed sufficiently at this excellent piece of solemn fooling, we begin to remember that after all we could produce some respectable parallels to it. The language in which Chatham described his sensations on being admitted to an interview with George III., to go back no further, is not so very much more rational than that of the Chinese magnates. We remember the old story about the shipwrecked traveller who, being cast upon an unknown shore, caught sight of a gallows, and falling on his knees gave thanks

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that he was in a Christian land. Even so, on reading these portentous pieces of eloquence which nobody believes, or affects to believe, to have any relation to the truth, we congratulate ourselves on the discovery that we are reading a civilized dialect. It must, we argue, have taken many centuries of elaborate preparation before the art of lying could be carried to such a pitch. What are our declarations that we are the most humble and obedient servants of people whom we are treating with studied contempt to these glorious specimens of Oriental magniloquence? Are we not mere things of yesterday, tiros in the art of ornamental fiction? Should we not recognize the Chinese as our masters, instead of ridiculing them as clumsy fabricators? Kings have died before now in England for whom the general public probably entertained as little respect as the Chinese for their deceased master. The genuine feeling was sufficiently summed up in the words of the epigram about poor Prince Fred who "was alive and is dead." The official proclamations, the sermons, and the speeches in Parliament were as wide of the truth, though not as ornate in their phraseology, as those which celebrate the emotions of Chinese subjects. What right have we to laugh? If we are to use words without meaning, why should not we use the very biggest words in the dictionary? Magniloquence is surely the cheapest of all luxuries, and seems—if we may judge from some very popular writing—to give immense satisfaction to general readers. The practice indeed has an advantage which may not appear at first sight. In England there is often an uncomfortable difficulty in distinguishing between the phrases which affect to be true and those which are avowedly conventional. When a prince of three years old is made to declare that his life ought to be spent in mourning for the death of his predecessor, there can be no question as to the nature of the phrase. But moralists with a taste for small problems have been at work ever since the days of the *Spectator* in settling sundry little problems of casuistry arising from the flimsiness of our ceremonials. Our modest protestations are too near to the prosaic reality. A calm expression of regret on the departure of a friend may be a mere conventional formula or a sincere statement. Everybody has felt some little twinges of remorse in saying as the door closed, Must you go so soon? and adding, as soon as it was closed, Why couldn't you have gone an hour ago? If some fine sweeping hyperbolical formula on the Chinese pattern were provided—outrageously impossible on the very face of it—these uncomfortable dialogues with one's conscience would be avoided. If only we could say at parting from an acquaintance that "our vitals were rent with the agony of grief," we should be able to hide our true feelings decently. The mask is as much wanted as ever, or perhaps more wanted; but our miserably scanty coverings of polite equivocation scarcely serve the purpose. Society ought not to get rid of its fictions too fast, or we should find ourselves reduced to the unpleasant necessity of always speaking the whole truth to each other, which would be but another word for barbarism.

In fact, however, there is never likely to be any want of this useful variety of lying—if the word may be used inoffensively. We might easily evolve from our own consciousness a sufficient history of the Chinese system. The præ-historic monarch, we may imagine, used to cut off his courtiers' heads if they looked happy when he was ill, or unhappy when he was well. For some ages the practice would answer tolerably well, and the monarch would be surrounded by people who knew how to cry and laugh at the right season. The result would be disagreeable to the general mass, who dislike to see talent rewarded. An understanding would gradually grow up to fix the standard of emotion as Trade-Unionists fix the standard of work. Everybody would laugh and cry so energetically that the king could make no complaint, and so uniformly that he could make no distinction. The great end of politicians would thus be secured, of being able to enjoy their own sentiments without getting into trouble in consequence. When we think of the slowness with which the Chinese, according to the high authority of Charles Lamb, became convinced that pigs might be roasted without burning houses, we can understand why they have not yet discovered that a moderate consumption of compliments would do as well as an extravagant one. In European societies this change has been brought about by a further application of the same principle. The benefit of the fixed ceremonial is that it enables each courtier to lose himself in the crowd of his like. The ceremonial begins to be simplified when the Court wishes to lose itself in the multitude. The great object of most Englishmen and of all Americans has been for many years past to become as much like the average of their countrymen as possible. The more we are democratized, the more we wish to escape from the tyranny of our new masters. The process is represented by some writers as a degrading one. Nor can it be denied that some of the ceremonials observed verge upon the repulsive. To declare the superlative wisdom and virtue of the aggregate of human beings whom we admit to be in their individual capacity "mostly fools," and frequently rogues, is certainly not an edifying process. The only thing to be said is that we are gradually taking the wind out of the demagogue's sails, as it was formerly taken out of the courtier's. What was once lying will become a harmless fiction; and before long the phrases used about the majesty of the people will come to mean no more than the old-fashioned sort of phrases about the superhuman excellency of kings. There was something more or less sincere about the beginnings of this, as of all other expressions of sentiment; and it gradually passes through a phase of lying to become mere conventionality. In other senses the general agreement to wear the same livery does not so much imply subserviency to public taste as a mode of evading its omnipresence. People complain of the gradual advance of monotony because everybody now dresses alike, talks the same language, and reads the same books. This merely means, however, that society is like a masked ball, where people can enjoy greater liberty of speech in proportion to their external uniformity. Etiquette, whether extravagant after the Chinese fashion or sober according to our own, is the art of obtaining solitude in a crowd. By giving way to public opinion in externals, we secure the greatest liberty in more essential matters.

The complaints so often made about the tyranny of the majority seem to be to a great extent thrown away. What a pity it is, people say, that everybody now wears clothes of the same pattern, instead of each man appearing in the costume of his class! There may be a loss of the picturesque, but the practical convenience is enormous. If a rich man had to cover himself with gold lace, he would be simply a walking advertisement to beggars. When he wears a black coat undistinguishable from his butler's he can evade his natural persecutors. He is like those butterflies described by recent naturalists which are singularly palatable to certain birds, but manage to escape their tormentors by putting on the external resemblance of other butterflies of inferior flavour. We all put on dominoes of the same pattern, and from that secure position, in the words of the poet, smile grimly at our baffled pursuers. What a pity it is, said Mr. Mill—and many of his disciples repeat the sentiment—that eccentricity is regarded as criminal! Why should not every man gratify his own fancy in matters which concern himself without being exposed to the laughter of his neighbours? One answer is that he cannot do so without being a social traitor. He is helping to break down that system of conventional symbolism which keeps curiosity at a distance. The eccentric person is, in fact, a man who insists upon acquainting all the world with his little oddities of taste. He refuses to use that convenient oil of conventional language and manner by which the wheels of society are lubricated and the friction diminished. So long as a general agreement is maintained that we may use certain phrases without meaning anything, we can meet our friends and our enemies without provoking a disturbance. When an eccentric person arises, like Molière's Misanthrope, and declares against the insincerity of the customary commonplaces, he throws discredit upon the small change of the social currency. Like other kinds of currency, its circulation depends upon its general credit; and therefore anybody who persists in repudiating its use helps to throw the whole arrangement out of gear. As long as we keep to our conventions, we can preserve our liberty in all essential respects. We can think what we like on all possible matters, devote our time to any kind of pursuit, and spend our money upon any objects, on condition that we observe certain forms in social intercourse. But the advocates of individualism are anxious to abolish this convenient arrangement, and the natural results of their success would be that we should be brought into much more violent collision, and probably in the end have the sphere of our liberty considerably restricted. It is as well to cling to our masks, though we may admit that the Chinese pattern is perhaps unnecessarily cumbrous.

THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S AT BRISTOL.

THE Bishop of St. David's has been preaching a remarkable sermon at Bristol on "the anniversary of the commencement of the work of restoring the nave of Bristol Cathedral." Some Bishops could not have withstood the temptation to turn such an occasion into an opportunity for making theological capital of some kind, for pandering to the prejudices of some party or other, just now most likely of enlarging on the blessed Reformation, of having a fling at the Ritualists, or, as was shown before the day was out, of cracking a joke on the Pope's infallibility. It is not usual now to cheer in church, though it was the common fashion in the days of St. John Chrysostom, and though a survival of the fashion, in the form of a "deep hum," went on at least down to the days of Bishop Burnet. But if the preacher cannot be met with the actual "hear, hear," he can at least say things which may make people wish that they might cry "hear, hear." Bishop Jones is above this kind of clap-trap. The seat of Gower and Thirlwall is filled by one who combines the spirit alike of the great architect and of the great historian. To him such a work as restoring one of our episcopal churches, even though one so low down in the scale of historic interest as Bristol, to its fitting proportion and use, suggests nothing short of the historic unity of the Church from the beginning. Bishop Jones's sermon is, in short, the theme of the Unity of History in an ecclesiastical shape. To his calm and judicial eye there is no break in ecclesiastical, any more than in political, history. Each change has its place in a long continuous drama; each change is a link between times before and times after; each time had its own work; no change therefore, no time, is in his eye a fit subject for partisan declamation. Bishop Jones points out the seeming unlikeness of the apostolic, the patristic, the mediæval, and the modern Church; still with him they are all historically one, one not only in their essential being, but in a crowd of the smallest details. "The Church of Christ," he says, "has survived two tremendous revolutions, one of a secular, the other of a spiritual, nature." He adds, in the true historic spirit, "The former of these is popularly spoken of as the

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fall of the Roman Empire, though it would be more properly described as the rise of the Teutonic Kingdoms." He goes on to point out how Christianity acted as the connecting link between the old state of things and the new. A Bishop of St. David's was perhaps not specially called on to enlarge on the mission of Augustine; but we can fancy the kind of rubbish which many a Welsh preacher would have thought it his duty to talk about the ancient British Church, but with which a scholar like Bishop Jones was not likely to insult common sense. He then comes to what with partisan zealots is the B. Reformation, what, in his calmer historic range, is "the great convulsion of the sixteenth century." The Bishop here stops to set forth the real nature of that convulsion in opposition to popular confusions. The extent of the change he puts forth in the strongest words; but it was after all change which changed far less than it left unchanged. He points out the common fallacy of fancying that "the entire nation was divided into sharply defined religious communities," and that the State transferred property and the like from one religious community to another. He points out the ease with which the clergy accepted the successive changes backwards and forwards, and with keen insight denies that it was a mere matter of self-interest. Then comes a most remarkable passage:—

> To a great extent, the laity were equally compliant. To take a single example, though of somewhat later date; we observe in the writings of Shakspeare what appears like an utter unconsciousness of the great religious change which had passed over the country under the very eyes of men among whom he had lived or had been brought up. True, he describes a contemptible person as a kind of Puritan, and other slight allusions to the controversies of his age may here and there be found. Still, on the whole, the Church which he describes—in its system, ministers, and institutions—is at once the Church of the Middle Ages, and the Church which he saw in England before his eyes. He certainly seems to have treated them as one and the same. Great and vital differences there were, no doubt, but they were cloaked by so great an amount of visible similarity that they almost escaped the notice of the man of the world.

It is curious to contrast this firm historic grasp of the Bishop with the kind of talk which, if he be not belied by his reporters, Dean Stanley was about the same time making at Dundee. Because Shakspeare was married and buried like other men, the Dean infers that he probably belonged to "the national Church." The inference is doubtless sound, as would have been the kindred inference that, because he was born and lived and died in England and wrote in English, he was most probably an Englishman. The way of putting it shows the difference between a modern controversialist like Dean Stanley, who cannot throw himself even three centuries back, but who is pursued by modern notions wherever he goes, and one who has surveyed the history of the world and the Church with the wide and calm view of Bishop Jones. Then the Bishop goes on to speak of the fabrics of our minsters as a material witness of the historical continuity of which he has been speaking. And, preaching in a cathedral church of the new foundation, he goes on to point to our cathedral system as the most direct of all ties to a past state of things; even in a church like Bristol, where the actual foundation is so modern, the institution is one of a class which dates from the eighth century. Here perhaps the Bishop's picture was a little ideal. Chrodegang of Metz might have been a little puzzled if called on to recognize the continuity of his system in a state of things where the solemn duties involved in the trust of patronage are looked on chiefly as means to allow pluralist canons to shift about from one chapter living to another, as may suit their private convenience. But Bishop Jones spoke out clearly on behalf of the conservative reformation of our capitular bodies, a subject on which he, so lately a member of a chapter which in some points needs reformation most, and in others least, of any chapter in England, has as good a right to speak as any man. And he wound up with an exhortation to peace and mutual forbearance between religious parties, and to the need of care and tenderness, and of respect even for weaknesses and prejudices, in making changes in what direction soever.

This is indeed a specimen of the right kind of teaching for a Bishop of the Church of England to give on an occasion of this kind, when the more stately and scholarlike class of discourse was quite in place. The combination of real knowledge and calm judgment in Bishop Jones's sermon is a relief after the attempts at the same kind of discourse with which we have long been familiar, when some impulsive smatterer, caught by some taking but false analogy, hastens to lay his foundation of blunders—like Naples founded on eggs—and to build up his superstructure of pretty theory upon it. It is something to have one Bishop at least who understands the history of the Church of which he is a chief minister. But it would seem that every good thing must have its contrast. After the sermon of course followed a luncheon, and then another Bishop, the Bishop of the diocese, had his say. Bishop Jones, speaking of the old foundation chapters, chanced to speak of members "admitted to their offices by the ceremonial usages prescribed, it may be, by a bull of Celestine or Innocent." To Bishop Jones the bull was a piece of history, to be dealt with as calmly as any other piece of history. To Bishop Ellicott the mention of a Pope's bull was much the same as a red rag is said to be to bulls of another kind. It supplied a grand opportunity for clap-trap. "Five hundred years or so ago the people of Bristol were rather short-handed with regard to this very building, and a papal bull was issued—no doubt with infallible authority—which he hoped produced all the requisite effect." The words "infallible authority" were of course greeted with laughter; but, in the search after something to make people laugh, Bishop Ellicott had forgotten that papal infallibility is a dogma of yesterday, which England certainly did not accept in the century when English Parliaments passed the statutes of *provisors* and of *præmunire*. Some more talk of the same kind followed, which led not only to "laughter," but to "applause." The sermon and the luncheon, in short, between them, supplied an example of the way in which a Bishop should talk and of the way in which he should not. The Bishop of St. David's is not yet a member of the House of Lords. When he gets there, if another debate should arise as to the date of the Reformation, there will be one peer able, if not to fix its date, at least to explain its nature.

One or two things were said at the luncheon which make us tremble a little for what is really going on in Bristol Cathedral. More than one speaker talks about completing towers and pulling down houses at the west end. Must we infer from this that the tasteless scheme of dwarfing the central tower, and destroying the proportion of the whole church, by sticking on two great western towers, which might not be out of proportion at Gloucester or Worcester, has actually been begun? If so, we can only hope that they may stay for ever as the south-western tower of Chester. And what is meant by destroying the houses? Some time back a barbarous clamour was raised for destroying a prebendal house, the ancient lodgings most likely of the abbot or prior, because it stood in its proper place adjoining a corner of the church. The usual silly cry was raised about wanting to see something, a cry which might be raised on behalf of pulling down anything which has something behind it. The architectural part of Bishop Jones's sermon was warning enough against such wanton destruction as this.

We must not omit all mention of the graceful speech of the Mayor, Mr. Thomas, himself a Nonconformist, but who does not find religious differences any hindrance to his helping in a great work for the good of his city, and who, as a native Welshman, rejoiced to welcome the preacher of the day as a countryman. Certainly both the Principality of Wales and the county of Gloucester, which has also some right in Bishop Jones, have reason to be proud of the credit done to them by their common son. If all people, especially those who have to preach and otherwise talk in public, could master the great idea of Bishop Jones's discourse, it might get rid of many historical confusions, and of much compared with which historical confusions are innocent.

CRITICS AND ANTI-CRITICS.

GERMANY, in its sudden development of national energy, is evidently becoming more and more the source of all great modern ideas. The latest contribution from this quarter to the progress of civilization is, it seems, a proposal for the organization of a grand system of literary self-defence, in order to protect authors from their enemies the critics. "Ever more frequent," says the prospectus of this enterprise, as we find it given by a contemporary, "are the complaints that German critical journals have refused to publish replies of authors whose writings have been reviewed by them." The consequence is that the "hapless author, if no other suitable journal will open its pages to him, is thus compelled to print and circulate his reply at his own cost, unless, like the ostrich, he is willing to stick his head in a bush and patiently endure the blows of his antagonist." Moreover an author, though not directly attacked, would sometimes like, in the interest of the subject, to say a few words about the criticism on his book; but when he tries to get anything published he is informed that "the critical journal has really no space to spare for literary controversy." On these grounds it is thought that there is a great and pressing want for a periodical which, "by printing anti-critiques, at a moderate charge for insertion, will secure to every one the free exercise of the sacred right of self-defence." And accordingly a periodical of this kind is immediately to be established. It will be called *The Anti-Critic: Organ for Literary Self-defence*, and will be published in numbers of irregular size so as to suit the flow of contributions. The charge for inserting an anti-criticism will be as low as four shillings a page, and, "moderate as this must appear, it will be lowered if the success of the undertaking exceeds anticipation." Every aggrieved author will be enabled on these very reasonable terms to obtain the publication of an answer to his critics of any length which he may choose to pay for. Whatever he sends will be printed "word for word," and without any excisions, except—and the exception would seem to show that the projectors are not without a spice of worldly prudence—"only such passages as might lead to an action for damages." To the editor is reserved the right of striking out any passages which appear to him to be dangerous in this respect, but he is bound in the first instance to communicate with the writer, and endeavour to persuade him to modify the objectionable language. In conclusion, the "publishers cherish the hope that their undertaking will not only satisfy a want, but stimulate the activity of literary life, and furnish a wholesome counterpoise to the preponderating weight of criticism; for the *life-breath* of all intellectual effect is *Freedom*, and *once more* Freedom." The italics of course belong to the original.

There can be no doubt, we should think, that whatever may be the pecuniary or moral results of this experiment, should it ever be tried, it will tend, as the promoters expect, greatly to stimulate the activity of literary life, at least for a time. The irritation on

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the part of authors against critics which is said to prevail in Germany is, we fancy, not without its counterpart in other parts of the world; indeed we have a suspicion of something of the kind even at home. It may therefore be supposed that, if a great anti-critical organ is found to be successful on the Continent, it will not be long before we see an offshoot or an imitation established in our own country. There will thus be a fair match between the two great classes of antagonists, and it is not for us to venture to predict the result of this terrible literary Armageddon. When every author who feels aggrieved by anything which has been said of his work has an opportunity, on such extremely moderate terms as four shillings a page, of vindicating himself and exposing his critic, authors will no longer be able to complain that they are a crushed and persecuted race. It must often happen that as much as a page will not be required for the demolition of the critic. When an author has called his critic a fool or an assassin, it is hardly worth while to say much more. Those who are anxious to economize in the expression of their feelings will perhaps resort to the vituperative vocabulary of an eminent novelist, from whom they can borrow a handful of racy expletives which, being highly concentrated, would be as powerful as many pages of ordinary invective. In this way, by using only the strongest language, an adversary might be polished off at the expense of perhaps not more than a shilling or eighteenpence, including ink. Voluminous or crotchety authors who have always a good deal of controversy on hand will probably contract by the year for a certain amount of space which will be always at their disposal, and a handsome discount may reasonably be allowed to theological and ecclesiastical customers on account of the length of their orders. Some arrangement might also be made by which replies to one critic or set of critics should be stereotyped, so that, with a slight variation in regard to names and dates, they might be repeated on other occasions. Literary exercises of this kind have a tendency to run into a common form. It may perhaps be hoped that when aggrieved authors have thus secured a platform of their own, there will be no necessity for legal disputes, and that juries will be relieved from the unpleasant perplexity of deciding whether they should, according to their various estimates, give anything from a farthing up to 3,000*l*. Under the new system it may be thought that all that can fairly be asked will be that the offending journalist shall pay for his victim's return shot. There can be no doubt that, subject to certain obvious restrictions, freedom is best for both sides. Critics have a right to have their fling honestly at authors, and authors are entitled to retaliate to their hearts' content. It does not seem unreasonable, however, that authors should be required to fire their guns from their own ground. At present they are too much in the habit of assuming that, as a matter of course, they have a claim to the use of their adversary's columns. They send out books for review, thereby inviting and soliciting criticism, and when a book happens to be reviewed in a way that is not exactly to their taste, they coolly demand the opportunity of pestling their critic in his own mortar. They may have a right to revenge, but at least they should provide their own utensils.

We should be sorry to say anything calculated to discourage the movement now set on foot; but it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that there may possibly be difficulties in the way of preventing the various persons who take advantage of the anti-critical organ from opening a cross-fire upon each other. Critics are themselves sometimes authors, and authors critics, and it has been observed that those who are most sensitive as to criticism on themselves are often most ready to lavish it on others. There is, moreover, a class of authors for whom no provision has been made in this scheme, and who are entitled to even more commiseration than those who have their books reviewed by uncivil critics; we mean those unfortunate authors whose works are never reviewed at all. It would obviously be mere justice that they should be allowed a share of the accommodation so liberally thrown open to those whom criticism has rescued from oblivion. The right of self-assertion is surely as sacred as that of self-defence, and we can hardly doubt that the promoters of this undertaking will see the propriety of placing their pages at the disposal of any writer who is so unlucky as to be reduced to the necessity of reviewing himself. There is another aspect of the case which must not be lost sight of, and that is, by what class of readers the new journal is expected to be perused. It may be assumed that of course all the contributors will buy the paper, and read their own articles; and as they will also pay for their insertion, the organ will possibly in this way be self-supporting, and in that case its circulation among the general public may be regarded with comparative indifference. Indeed it is only on such conditions that a project of this kind is at all feasible. Authors who think that they have a right to pour in floods of correspondence on any journal which happens to refer to them in a way they do not like, forget that the object of publishing a paper is to get it read, and that the editor is bound to show some consideration for his subscribers, who are certainly not interested in ceaseless literary wranglings. It is impossible to imagine anything more dreary and tiresome than criticism of criticism and reviews of reviews. It would be absurd to say that reviewers are never careless, prejudiced, or it may be dishonest. Reviewers are of course just like other people, and there are all kinds of them. On the whole, however, they are fairly conscientious, and rarely malignant. Whatever may be the case in Germany, the prevailing vice of critical literature in this country is certainly not that against which the *Anti-Critic* is understood to be directed. On the contrary, English journals usually err on the side of easy good-nature; and it is indeed the systematic puffery to which authors and publishers are so generally accustomed which makes them so sensitive to the touch of a really searching and candid criticism. Moreover, it may be doubted whether the influence of unfavourable criticism is not usually much exaggerated. No doubt when a number of critics agree in disparaging a publication—and this is a rare, if not an unprecedented, event—a strong impression is likely to be produced that the book is a bad one, and its sale may be expected to suffer. But in that case the probability is that the critics would not be so unanimous unless there were really substantial grounds for their censure. In general there are pretty certain to be some complimentary notices to set off against the disagreeable ones. Anybody who will take the trouble to look through the publishers' advertisements will see at a glance that there is scarcely any book, no matter what its quality, for which commendatory sentences cannot be found. It may be doubted, therefore, whether English authors have much to complain of in the way of criticism; but if an anti-critic organ would be a consolation to any of them, there is no reason why they should not start one.

MORE ABOUT VATICANISM.

IN a fourth and cheaper edition of his Letter, which has just appeared, Dr. Newman adds a Postscript of twenty-four pages in reply to such parts of Mr. Gladstone's second pamphlet as deal with his own argument. Dr. Kavanagh, President of Carlow College in Ireland, has also published a reply to *Vaticanism*, which is creditably distinguished from the general run of similar productions by the courtesy of its tone, though not, as will presently appear, by accuracy of statement or force of argument. Of a very different kind is the little volume on *Results of the Expostulation* by a writer who adopts the somewhat obscure *nom de plume* of "Umbra Oxoniensis," and who views the question from the position, so far as we can gather, of an orthodox but liberal-minded Anglican. Of his striking comments on the present divided state of opinion in the Roman Catholic Church we shall have a word to say by and by. But it is of course to Dr. Newman's fresh contribution to the pending controversy that the chief interest attaches, and if he is by no means always successful in meeting his opponent, his clear appreciation and frank exposition of the matter in dispute are very serviceable, as might be expected, in bringing it to a definite issue. The remarkable and touching confession with which he opens, that he "has had more in various ways to try and afflict him as a Catholic than as an Anglican," will surprise no one who has observed the strange treatment accorded during the last thirty years by the Church of Rome to the greatest convert she has ever won from the ranks of Anglicanism. It is not merely or chiefly that Dr. Newman has never received a single one of those marks of distinction which the Popes know so well how to bestow on those whom it delighteth them to honour, while a convert of later date, and, whatever may be his merits, of mental characteristics so vastly and notoriously inferior as not for a moment to come into competition with him, is raised to the purple. That would be significant enough, but there is worse and stranger still than that behind. Dr. Newman has not only not been honoured, but in every single public work he has undertaken in the interests of his Church he has been—to put it plainly—mercilessly snubbed by his ecclesiastical superiors. It was thought that capital might be made out of his great name for the terribly uphill undertaking of founding a Catholic University in Ireland; but the Irish Bishops so little understood with whom they had to deal that, with the best intentions, he found it simply impossible to work under them. There was a scheme started for bringing out a new translation of the Bible under his auspices, and he had begun the work, and organized a staff of assistants, when the late Cardinal Wiseman took fright, as was supposed, at the narrow jealousies of the dominant party, and the one man who might have given English Roman Catholics a Bible of their own in the English (instead of the Douay) tongue, was summarily bidden to desist. Dr. Newman then opened a school at Edgbaston for the sons of the Roman Catholic gentry, modelled, as far as circumstances allowed, on the English public school system, and received, as was natural, considerable support from the laity; but it was promptly denounced by certain trusted devotees of the Papal Court as "the school without the Sacraments." Religious tests were abolished at Oxford, and a large number of the Roman Catholic laity were anxious to avail themselves of this new opening for the University education of their sons, and subscribed liberally to enable Dr. Newman to found an establishment there to provide spiritual ministrations and guidance for them. Twice over he had actually bought ground for the purpose, which he was obliged to part with, returning the subscriptions received, through the adverse influence exercised at the Court of Rome by an authority who however did not scruple on a recent public occasion to honour his old University, which he has rigorously placed under ban, with his dignified presence. On the whole, for a man of Dr. Newman's keenly sensitive as well as intellectual nature, and with his chivalrous, almost romantic, deference to authority, it must be allowed that "trial" and "affliction" enough has been provided in his adopted Church. And now we pass on to the argument.

The main purport of Dr. Newman's Postscript is to repeat and insist upon his original estimate of "the very exaggerated notion

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of the force, drift, and range of the Vatican definition of infallibility," which Mr. Gladstone shares, as he does not at all deny, with the most influential party among his own co-religionists. It is important to bear this in mind, as it illustrates conspicuously that startling "divergence of the Roman Catholic faith" on which "Umbra Oxoniensis" dwells. The first point touched upon is evidently felt by infallibilists to be a very sore one—namely, the solemn and repeated declarations of the Roman Catholics of England and Ireland against Papal Infallibility before the Emancipation Act. Dr. Newman fully admits that "the Catholics of England and Ireland in 1826 were almost as one man in thinking lightly of the question," which according to Cardinal Manning was then, as now, matter of divine faith; and he implies—what is probably the fact—that the Holy See at that time had no notion of such a dogma being established; but he renews his plea that the English Government ought not to have attached any weight to declarations made by those who had no "credentials" from Rome. We can only repeat what we have said before, that, even allowing this for argument's sake, the English and Irish Bishops morally, if not formally, had and were known to have the authority of the Holy See for the course they pursued. Official communication with Rome was rendered impossible by the existing state of the law, but the Government had every reason to believe that the Roman Catholic hierarchy and people, as "Umbra Oxoniensis" puts it, did not speak without the direct authority of the Pontiffs. As regards England, indeed, it was, as he justly observes, "impossible it could have been otherwise, where the Church was subject to the Propaganda"—was, and still is, it may be added, for notwithstanding the nominal change of Vicars Apostolic into diocesan Bishops, the new hierarchy is still kept, as in mission countries, under the thumb of the Propaganda. The English Bishops therefore cannot, and could not then, take a single step of the slightest importance without the express, detailed, and official cognizance and approval of Rome. And we have little doubt that the writer just quoted is right in thinking that "the archives of the Vatican, if accessible, would show that every step taken by the [English and Irish] Roman Catholics was dictated by the Vatican." There was indeed a London priest at the time, of orthodoxy after Cardinal Manning's own heart, whose zeal outran his discretion, and who was promptly silenced by authority from Rome when he ventured to preach out of due season what is now affirmed to be "an article of faith." As to Dr. Newman's plea that this is not a change of doctrine but a doctrinal development, it is surely obvious to reply that his own famous and masterly essay on the subject insists at great length on the essential distinction between genuine and "spurious" developments; and a development which flatly contradicts previous teaching can hardly come under the former category.

On one point Dr. Newman seems to us to have unconsciously shifted his ground. He had said before that, if he were a soldier or sailor in Her Majesty's service in a war which he believed to be just, and the Pope bade all Catholic soldiers and sailors retire from the service, he should not obey him. He now defends himself by quoting a passage from Professor Neville of Maynooth, to the effect that in such a case soldiers and sailors would not be bound to obey the Pope, "because '*grave fears*' excuse from censure." But this is to imply that in principle they ought to obey him, only they might be excused from doing so at the risk of being shot as deserters. Their obedience to the Queen, in other words, would be for fear, and not for conscience sake, and would be of little value in a critical emergency. This is surely not at all what Dr. Newman originally meant. Passing over some intermediate comments, for we cannot of course follow Dr. Newman in detail through all of them, we come back to the burning question of the Syllabus. And here we are glad to find that he maintains his old ground—diametrically opposed as it is to the received view—as to the authority, or rather no authority, of that heterogeneous compilation, to which he will concede at the utmost nothing beyond what the Jansenists called the deference of "obsequious silence." Dr. Kavanagh takes the opposite view, and adds the consolatory suggestion that it is quite superfluous to make so much stir about the eighty propositions of the Syllabus when about seven hundred propositions have already been condemned by different Popes since the Reformation; and he adds that "these condemnations"—though Dr. Newman laughs at the idea of a list of proscribed propositions being a "rule"—"*form a vast body of Catholic doctrine.*" And here, before quitting the Syllabus, we feel bound to notice one passage in which Dr. Newman—of course quite unintentionally—seriously misrepresents his opponent. He quotes Mr. Gladstone's statement that "the obligation *to obey* it (the Syllabus) is asserted on all hands . . . it is *therefore* absolutely superfluous to follow Dr. Newman through his references to the Briefs and Allocutions marginally noted," *in order to ascertain their meaning and drift.* The words at the end which we have italicized are Dr. Newman's, and he proceeds thus:—"That is, the propositions may be as false as heathenism, but they have this redeeming virtue that the Pope denounces them. His judgment of them may be as true as Scripture, but it carries this unpardonable sin with it, that it is given with a purpose and not as a mere literary flourish." But Mr. Gladstone was not in that passage discussing "the meaning and drift" of the Syllabus at all—he had done that elsewhere—but simply its independent authority. He says in the words immediately following those cited by Dr. Newman—the italics are our own—"The Syllabus is part of that series of Acts to which the *dogmatizations* of 1854 and 1870 belong; and it bridges over the interval between them. It generalizes, *and advisedly enlarges*, the number of particular condemnations, and, *addressing them to all the Bishops*, brings the whole of the Latin obedience within its net." On another subject, where we had ourselves pointed out a serious misapprehension of Mr. Gladstone's—namely, the Roman Catholic doctrine of marriage—our criticism is entirely borne out by what Dr. Newman here says. But in view of recent occurrences to which we called attention the other day (March 27), and which were as great a surprise to us as they evidently will be to him, we are sorry to be obliged to add that on one particular of grave importance he is evidently misinformed. He says, quoting high authorities, that the Tridentine impediment of clandestinity does not apply to Protestant marriages, or to Catholic marriages in Protestant countries, and therefore "the Pope *could* not invalidate English Protestant marriages by introducing into England the discipline of Trent," which is of course the reasonable view of the matter. Dr. Kavanagh, on the other hand, admits that "the Church *can*, if she so pleases, publish the law of clandestinity, *and subject to its force all Protestant marriages*," but adds that she never has done and never will do so even in the case of "apostates" from her own communion to Protestantism, "the class she most abhors." Both writers, however, stand corrected by the judicial sentence of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition in the cases to which we called attention the other day. And neither of those cases falls under the two possibly exceptional categories suggested by Dr. Newman—where the number of Protestants in a Catholic country is too small to give them a clear footing there, or where the Government refuses to recognize them. In Bavaria about a third of the population is Protestant, and the Evangelical Church is established, endowed, and recognized by law equally with the Catholic. The case of Mr. Gordon was a still more glaring one. He, as an English or Scotch Episcopalian, was married by an English clergyman at the British Legation at Rio de Janeiro, where he was at the time (in 1843) Secretary of Legation, and he has filled several diplomatic offices under the British Government since, having ultimately represented the Queen as Minister Plenipotentiary at two regal Courts. Of the entire validity of his marriage, by the laws both of England and of Brazil, there can be no question; nevertheless, twenty-eight years afterwards, his wife being still alive, he went through a second ceremony of marriage in a Roman Catholic church at Manchester with a lady with whom he has since been living as his wife under the express and formal sanction of the Supreme Court of Appeal of his adopted Church.

We must hasten on to notice one concluding point in Dr. Newman's Postscript, the more so as it refers apparently to a criticism of our own. But first we may just note in passing the significant admission that henceforth all questions about majorities or moral unanimity in Council "have vanished altogether from theology," as the Pope can decide doctrines equally well with or without any or all of the Bishops. Of course he can; and it will be strange indeed if any General Council ever meets again so long as this infallibilist definition holds good. That is just what the opposite party were always urging, and Dr. Newman's language proves that they were right. Gathering up the threads of his argument at the end, Dr. Newman retails, almost in our own words, an obvious objection which has been urged against the whole "minimizing" explanation of the Vatican Decrees, "that it was a lame and impotent conclusion of the Council, if so much effort was employed as is involved in the convocation and sitting of an Ecumenical Council in order to do so little." His answer is in many ways very noticeable:—"True, if it were called *to do what it did, and no more;* but that is a mere assumption." In the first place, there was a party who desired a stronger definition, and the one actually made was a virtual triumph of the minority. To which we will only say, in scholastic language, *transeat.* "But," continues the author, "the *true* answer to the objection is that given by Bishop Ullathorne. The question of the Pope's infallibility was not one of the objects professed in convening the Council; and the Council *is not yet ended.*" And then Bishop Ullathorne is quoted as saying that "a *falser* notion could not be entertained" than that the Council was convened mainly with a view of defining infallibility, in proof of which he adds that the subject "is not even mentioned in the *Schemata.*" This fact will be familiar to all readers of *Quirinus*, as also the explanation of it. But those who have studied that volume and *Janus* will form their own opinion as to whether infallibility, though not one of the objects "*professed*" in summoning the Council, was not in reality the main, if not only, object. And they will not easily forget how, after all other expedients had failed, the unfortunate Bishops were, in fact and not in name, and in spite of their earnest entreaties for release, kept "prisoners of the Vatican" during the pestilential heats of June and July, till the victory of infallibilism was achieved, and sent about their business, never since to be recalled, the moment afterwards. As the favoured Papal journalist, M. Veuillot, elegantly expressed it, "Et si la définition ne peut mûrir qu'au soleil, eh bien, on grillera." Of Dr. Newman's perfect good faith there is not of course a shadow of doubt, but one fact alone speaks volumes as to the real motives of those in the confidence of the Curia. On the eve of leaving England for the Council, Archbishop Manning published, in October 1869, a bulky Pastoral of 150 pages on *the Œcumenical Council and the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff*, almost exclusively occupied with arguing the truth of the doctrine and the necessity for defining it. We venture to think, in common with nine-tenths of those who know anything about the matter, that a truer "notion could not be entertained" than that so angrily denounced by Bishop Ullathorne.

We have left ourselves little space for commenting on

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Mr. Gladstone's lesser critics. But two marvellous passages of Dr. Kavanagh's *Reply* deserve to be put on record as examples of the value of his reasoning. In the first he is severely censuring Mr. Gladstone for translating *jura* in the Syllabus "civil rights," and winds up with what is meant for a triumphant *reductio ad absurdum* of that rendering:—"If they are civil rights, then the Church has civil rights conferred on her by her Founder; that is, she has CIVIL RIGHTS BY DIVINE RIGHT!!!" (*sic*). Surely the head of a Roman Catholic seminary can hardly be ignorant that the clergy of his Church claim by divine right two most important civil rights—namely, the *privilegium canonis*, or exemption of all ecclesiastics (from a boy of ten years old who is tonsured to an archbishop) from personal violence of any kind, and the *privilegium fori*, or exemption of all ecclesiastics from the jurisdiction in civil matters of the civil courts. Cardinal Soglia, whose elaborate work on canon law is approved by the late and the present Pope, and widely used as a text-book, after quoting Suarez and other high authorities, concludes "*plane conficitur eam immunitatem a jure divino profectam esse.*" And it was precisely for maintaining this purely civil immunity that St. Thomas of Canterbury, about whom we have heard so much of late, and in whose honour Cardinal Manning is advertised to solemnize an imposing ceremony next week, was martyred and canonized. Still more wonderful is Dr. Kavanagh's way of getting over the very awkward circumstance, pointed out by Mr. Gladstone, that the decrees of Constance "are in flat and diametrical opposition to those of the Vatican," though perhaps some allowance must be made for the desperate nature of the difficulty he has to meet. Putting aside his futile attempt to prove that the Council was not Œcumenical, and its decrees not confirmed by the Pope, he chiefly relies on the text of the decree which is given in the Latin of Cardinal Turrecremata, as proving that it laid down no general principle, but was purposely restricted to an assertion of the rights of that particular synod during the existing schism. Yet the very text he cites defines the obligation of the Pope to obey the Council "in his quæ ad *fidem* pertinent," as well as in the extirpation of schism. What is more important is that the decree, in the form ultimately passed, asserts the supremacy, not only of that, but of "every lawfully convoked Œcumenical Council," over "all Christians, the Pope included, in matters of faith and the reformation of the Church." So clear is this that Bishop Hefele, whose classical work on the subject Dr. Kavanagh might have been expected to know, expressly blames the Council of Constance for doing what Dr. Kavanagh says it did not do—namely, "solemnly defining the superiority of General Councils to Popes as a *dogmatic* principle" (the italics are the author's) "applicable to all times and circumstances," instead of restricting the claim, as he thinks it ought, and as Dr. Kavanagh boldly asserts it did, to the present occasion. Dr. Kavanagh says his object "is to give a popular reply to Mr. Gladstone's *Vaticanism*"; and he has redeemed his pledge, if "popular" means dealing in sonorous appeals to popular ignorance. We must content ourselves with a very brief and general reference to "Umbra Oxoniensis," who points out with much force and felicity the "entirely new light" which the *Expostulation* and the various Replies to it "have shed on the Roman Catholic mind" by revealing the broad divergences, not to say antagonisms, of belief within the communion of Rome. He draws out a fourfold division of parties—something like the famous division of the Church of England into High, Low, and Broad—which are respectively characterized and described in detail as the Ultramontane, the Minimizing, the Gallican, and the Gallico-Ultramontane. We had marked several passages for extract or comment in this able and thoughtful writer's instructive analysis of what he calls "the four Roman Catholic Faiths." Of course we cannot commit ourselves to agreement with all his arguments or conclusions, some of which are indeed open to very obvious criticism. But he writes throughout with clearness, good temper, and good taste, and shows considerable familiarity with his subject. The volume may safely be commended to the notice of all who are interested in the discussion raised by Mr. Gladstone, as a really suggestive contribution to the controversy from a novel point of view.

SENSATION AUCTIONS.

IT is said that the profits of a firm of fashionable auctioneers in London amounted last year to a clear hundred thousand pounds. Considering that the commission charged by auctioneers averages ten per cent. on all sales, that every Monday morning a page or so of the *Times* is filled with their announcements, and that the value of a day's sale varies from two to twenty thousand pounds, the truth of the report is not unlikely. Anyhow there can be no question that, in spite of the mythical glory that clusters round the great names of Robins and Cock, the present day is the golden age of auctioneers, and modern London their land of Cocaigne. A Harley sale or a Strawberry Hill sale is no longer an event to be talked of for years after. Scarcely a week passes in the season without some famous collection being "dispersed," as the phrase is; not only death and bankruptcy, but even mere caprice, will scatter to the four winds what it might be thought to have been a lifetime's work to bring together. Sometimes it is a sporting nobleman who commutes his Sèvres into horseflesh; or Manley Hall is gutted as by fire; or Mr. Quilter's five hundred water-colours, "forming together the most important and perfect illustration of water-colour art ever offered for sale," are brought to the hammer because Mr. Quilter is "leaving his residence at Norwood."

All this points to a fundamental and notable change in the collecting spirit. That spirit is not in itself bad; in fact it is a truism to say that without it neither old works of art would be preserved nor new ones produced. But the corruption of the best is the worst, and it is just because of the utility and interest of the right kind of collecting that the debased kind is so reprehensible. Formerly the passion of collecting meant the passion of surrounding yourself with things of beauty, with things that would perish unless they were cared for; and that not always for the sake of yourself alone, but for the sake of the public and of posterity. Egotism might enter in, as it did into the miserly soul of Henri Estienne, who never once admitted his son-in-law into his library. "There will be nothing else to preserve my memory," says Romola's father, Bardo de' Bardi, "nothing but my library and my collection of antiquities." But Bardo's true motive breaks through his egotism the moment after—"It will be a great gift to unborn scholars." "In 1596, when Sylburgius's library is to be sold at Heidelberg," says Mr. Pattison, "Casaubon writes to Commelin, 'If there is anything scarce in it, secure it, that it may not get into hands that can do nothing with it.'" And even where there was no such direct regard for utility, there was in former times a real delight in the things collected. The men for whom the term amateur was invented made their collections from the love of the thing. Evelyn, with his "pursselaines" and his Indian cabinets; Harley, with his coins and prints, and his Pliny on vellum "of which no paper can be whiter"; were enthusiasts, not tradesmen. Of course the type is not extinct. Even among millionaires there are some who buy pictures because pictures interest them, and books because they can read. In some cases, too, the good example of Bardo de' Bardi is even now followed, and what has been one man's hobby becomes a source of edification to everybody. Mr. Bragge's gift of his Cervantes Library to Birmingham, and Mr. Felix Slade's magnificent bequests to the nation and the Universities, are instances that the lead of Malone and Douce is sometimes followed still.

But, generally speaking, the ordinary modern collector is impelled primarily by a purely commercial passion. He gains his money by commerce to begin with, and, as we all know, to make a fortune in commerce demands the possession of energy, determination, quick-sightedness, and a resolve to have—the very qualities that make the first-rate collector. Moreover, these qualities seldom leave room for any others, especially where they have grown by a lifetime of exercise, so that the rich merchant who collects is still a merchant, the stock-jobber takes the atmosphere of the Stock Exchange with him into the studio, the bric-à-brac shop, and the auction-room. In fact, the customs of the City penetrate deeper than this. Just as a great silk-house has its professed buyers, and a great wine-house its professed wine-tasters, so a great collector has his buyer and taster in the person of a great dealer. It is the dealer that advises whether a picture should be bought or not, and that buys it for you or passes it by in your interest. Or, if you have a special fancy for David Cox or Turner, and there happen to be none in the market at the moment, it is he that will tell you where you may buy, and that will induce owners to sell. He knows the whereabouts of every great picture that has been painted or exhibited during the century; if you want your gallery to be "important," you must go to him. Moreover, when reverses or *ennui* may come upon you, and you scatter your treasures abroad, he will be there to buy or to advise on behalf of others with a noble impartiality. It would be interesting to know how often certain great pictures have been in his hands on their way to fresh owners. There must be some that are as well known to him, and as certain a source of income, as a hypochondriac old lady to a fashionable doctor.

Works of art bought in this way are of course bought, not because they are works of art, but first because they are saleable commodities, and next, because it is "the thing" to have them. We remember asking a young City Dives why he had bought certain pictures at the Gillott sale—he to whom Turner and Creswick were but Tweedledum and Tweedledee. His answer was that they would always fetch their price. That is the first motive; and the commercial collector knows very well that there is no investment so profitable as a cleverly-managed investment in art. Nay, it is a fact that bric-à-brac gains in value by merely being collected together and ticketed with an owner's name; so mysterious a thing is reputation. Cases have been known where a dealer has offered to fill a gentleman's house with beautiful things, and to give him the enjoyment of them gratis for three or four years, if at the end of that time he would sell them as his collection, and hand over the money to the dealer. Manchester knows this, and finds in it a very sufficient reason for collecting. Moreover, there is that other passion which, though it is not peculiar to commerce, is richly developed by a life of competition—the passion of emulation. Cotton strives to outdo wool, wool to surpass hardware. To have what others have not, and cannot have; to be known as the possessor of the finest ivories in existence, or of the best Jade carvings outside China, has a charm which few rich men can resist. But those who are swayed by such a motive should not disguise it under another name. Men who collect either to make money or to outdo their neighbours in display should at least not make a virtue of their habit, and proclaim themselves amateurs and patrons of the arts. Con-

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noisseurs, indeed, they may be; but that is a very different thing. A man whose object is money or distinction will strive to become a connoisseur, knowing in the marks of china or in the "states" of engravings, as a means to his end. But to know is not to love; and there is no more reason why a connoisseur should really love pictures or porcelain than why a tea-taster should have a passion for Bohea. The ideal collector is, of course, an amateur in the strict sense; the actual collector is at best a connoisseur. Generally he is not even that; but a man of business who has given a brief to a great dealer with the intention of outrivalling his friends for a few years, and of ending with "a flare-up at Christie's."

To persons of this class it is useless to appeal; but there are many to whom one might profitably suggest that the true use of collections is very different from this. The genuine amateur needs no justification; to him art gives the pleasure it was meant to give, and its function ends there. But there are collectors who are neither wholly amateurs nor wholly tradesmen—men for whom collecting in itself has the same immense attraction that the chase has to the hunter. Their object is almost gained when they have acquired what they were looking for; once possessed, it loses its interest, and their longing is to send it away and look for something else. But this amiable restlessness might be gratified without the aid of the auction-room, at least in the many cases where money is no object, where it is only a question of a few thousands more or less to a millionaire. How is it that it occurs so seldom to such people that they might "build themselves an everlasting name," to say nothing of the benefits they might confer on others, by making over the collections that they are tired of to local museums? Surely the mere thought of the waste of labour implied by the dispersion of a collection might move them, if nothing else did; or, if another motive were needed, it might be found in the scandalous fewness of such museums in England. Ours is at once the richest country in the world, the fullest of things precious and rare, and (of the countries of Western Europe) the least instructed in matters of taste. For two centuries at least, the finest works of European and Asiatic art have been finding their way to England; but they as well as our native masterpieces are for the most part hidden away in private collections. Something has been done of late years by South Kensington to bring art home to the provincial towns, but as yet it is very little. Our lower classes live wholly outside the world of beauty; our middle and upper classes have a dreadful facility in confusing beauty and hideousness. Cannot collectors, whom we may assume to possess a sense of the value of beauty, do something to diffuse beauty by making public some of the treasures that they no longer care for? To bring home beauty to the people, not only of London and Manchester, but of the ordinary, dull, prosaic, commonplace towns of Philistine England, would seem to be a nobler destiny for the collection of a weary amateur than to be struggled for by a crowd of dealers at a sensation auction.

A MONASTERY AMONG THE APENNINES.

HALF a day's journey pleasantly divided between the railway and an open carriage takes the traveller from Siena to the famous Benedictine monastery of Monte Oliveto Maggiore. The difficulty of access in former days may account for the otherwise almost culpable omission by Mrs. Jameson of any mention in her volumes on Sacred and Monastic Art of this rich repository of fresco-painting. Within the vast structure, more like a defiant fortress in its unassailable position and strong outworks than the abode of peace and piety, the enlightened Pope Pius II. was a visitor, and the all-potent Emperor Charles V., accompanied by 2,500 soldiers and attendants, found lodging and hospitality. In more recent days a copyist employed by the Arundel Society obtained board and lodging there for a year; and it has likewise welcomed two skilful photographers from Siena and Florence, to whom the public is indebted for faithful transcripts from the famous wall paintings in the cloister. This wealthy and picturesque monastery was founded in the fourteenth century by a Sienese noble and doctor of law; subsequently it received ample endowments from the Piccolomini and other families, and it was long looked up to reverently as the parent stock whence sprang all Olivetan monasteries, which, like that which overlooks the banks of the Arno, we have found usually planted on wooded eminences rising above valleys and plains, as the Mount of Olives commands from a height the city of Jerusalem. The other day, as the carriage toiled up perilous mountain paths, we not unnaturally recurred to the oft-repeated question:—Why did the monks of old choose for their dwelling these inaccessible and inhospitable spots? Was it indeed that they thought to establish as it were a half-way house to heaven? or was it that, from singleness of faith in the ascetic life, they sought through seclusion to cut themselves off from access to the lower world? or could it be that the beauties of nature proved to be precious as a solace and an aid—beauties which here, as in other like sanctuaries, find response in the accumulated treasures of a beauty-loving art? It is scarcely unreasonable to suppose that the good old monks may have been as divided in motive as modern travellers are in mind. Some may have turned with horror from precipices down which pilgrims are known to have been pitched headlong, while others will have rested fondly on the vision of the founder who saw in a dream, on the very site of this sky-soaring monastery, a silver staircase reaching from earth to heaven.

Monte Oliveto Maggiore has shared a common fate; the monastery was despoiled by the French, fine tarsia work was torn from the refectory and the library and used for firewood, the books have been dispersed, and the church, which was once covered with early frescoes, has been modernized in the worst style. Some slight signs of these pictures can still be traced; likewise in a passage between the church and the cloister there are remains of figures which, though of no great merit, show, as is often the case, successive strata of pictures. In the refectory, too, are small fragments of a Last Supper; also round the door leading to the church have been discovered beneath whitewash mutilated portions of a wall painting. In fact, the whole monastery was at one time a museum rich in treasures of art, and the preservation of what remains is greatly due to the enlightened Superior, who kindly conducts strangers through his domains. The last misfortune that has befallen Monte Oliveto is its secularization, with the consequent appropriation of the lands by the State and the dispersion of the monks. Here, as at the great convent at Assisi, only a small clerical staff is retained, whose duties consist in the saying of mass, the education of about a dozen youths, the administration under the Government of the estates, and, lastly, the entertainment of travellers, ladies included, at a small fixed charge. The scholarly and gentlemanly Superior remarked, in a melancholy voice, "We were formerly masters; we are now servants." Utilitarian considerations have, as usual, proved fatal to picturesque effects; the three remaining monks have, by command of the Government, exchanged the white raiment of their order for the black gown of parish priests; the artist's eye is no longer delighted by groups of grey friars seated beneath the green olives, or wending their steps at eventide in lines of light among paths of dark cypress trees.

The student of art, as well indeed as the general traveller, is attracted to this monastery among the mountains by the thirty frescoes which cover the whole of the four walls of the great cloister. These pictures were begun by Luca Signorelli at the close of the fifteenth century, and continued and completed by Bazzi (otherwise Razzi or Sodoma) in the commencement of the sixteenth century. The series comprises the life of St. Benedict, a theme which found favour among painters. The pictorial narrative here before us, in common with others elsewhere more or less complete, gives prominence to the visit of Totila to the Saint; here, also, are illustrated many true or apocryphal incidents in his career, such as the overthrow of the heathen temple at Monte Cassino, sundry adventures with the Devil, the visit of a company of fair damsels to tempt the monks, with the addition of various legendary miracles. Yet these compositions can scarcely be deemed religious in spirit, at least in the sense in which the word attaches to the severe and devotional pictures of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Indeed the two painters here employed—Signorelli and his successor Bazzi—belong to that period of transition when sacred art was passing into secular, and ideal forms became pronounced with the individual traits of naturalism. Signorelli stands conspicuous as the pupil of Piero della Francesca; he was, too, the contemporary of Melozzo da Forli; he belonged to the company of artists who, following in the steps of Paolo Uccello, reduced drawing to the accuracy of a science, and brought perspective and the principle of foreshortening under strict geometric law. These frescoes also stand as early examples of aerial perspective; neutral and atmospheric tones appear almost for the first time, the fundamental principles of surrender and relation being in great degree due to that marvellous yet mysterious genius, Piero della Francesca. All the more interest attaches to these frescoes because of their transitional and tentative character. We here tread on the frontiers which divide classic, mediæval, and modern styles; we are in the hands of a man who by the force of his will moulded elements so conflicting that his compositions have been aptly compared, by reason of the angularity of their forms and the harshness of their colours, to a peal of bells ringing out of tune.

These master works by Signorelli are turning points in the history of art; we here find difficulties which had long impeded progress overcome. The drawing of the human form is based on the knowledge of anatomy; the draperies, whether symmetrical or disturbed by accident, fall naturally by the law of gravity; they show too the articulations of the form beneath—always a proof of knowledge and power; they are moreover valuable as trustworthy records of the military, monastic, and domestic costume of the time and place. These frescoes, indeed, have all the more value from the distinctive local character they bear. An oil or easel picture can be painted anywhere, and afterwards may be carried hither and thither; but these frescoes from first to last have inhered to the freehold and inheritance; the artist dwelt on the spot; when he rose in the morning to work he found models ready to hand; the monk with whom he had walked and talked at the vesper hour was ready at sunrise to lend his head and figure for pictorial uses. Signorelli had a piercing, wide-sweeping vision; his eye was open to the world on all sides. These frescoes, as we have said, show a keen insight into local character. Here are monks aged and meditative, others young and not quite subjugated to spiritualism; here, too, occurs again and again the conjectural but apposite figure of St. Benedict—a venerable old man with white and flowing beard. Another representative character in these times is the knight or warrior as seen in the retinue of Totila. Perhaps the spirit of chivalry came more within the sphere of Signorelli than the spirit of Christianity; and yet the warrior is sometimes subdued by sentiment, as in a young knight of drooping head and

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melancholy mien which reminds the spectator of the famous figure in Orcagna's "Triumph of Death" in the Campo Santo at Pisa. Yet on the whole we are impressed with the fact that the time had come for the dying out of types; instead of traditional forms we are offered actual portraits, painted, as we have said, on the spot. Here too among these semi-secular legends we encounter almost for the first time a simply domestic art. Take, for example, two monks caught by the Saint in the act of feasting contrary to rule in a private house, each guest being served at table by a young and charming damsel. This scandal, emblazoned on the wall of a cloister, fills the spectator with amazement. At a period when artists had devoted themselves to Madonnas and Saints, in a place of special sanctity lying on the confines of Siena and of Umbria, each identified with express spiritual phases of art, we come upon a picture which stings as a satire and tickles as a joke. Signorelli left his work when not half finished; the traveller on his way to Rome next meets this bold and original master in Orvieto; in Monte Oliveto we have made acquaintance with the man in his everyday mood; here among the mountains he gathered strength for the sublime conceptions which stand in the rank of pictorial epics as the precursors to the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo. No painter will better repay study than Luca Signorelli; the world of art has not known enough of him.

Bazzi, who came and lived in the monastery to carry out the pictorial scheme which had broken down half way, soon showed himself as the antithesis to his predecessor Signorelli. He was a man who played with his art; he had little feeling of responsibility, no belief in a mission; in short, he scamped his work. Forsaking study, he took refuge in sentiment; his drawing is careless and infirm, his execution hasty and slight. But he received a timely reprimand from his employers, which so far put him on his mettle that some few of these compositions do no injustice to his acknowledged ability. How pure and noble the art of this painter might have been, and occasionally was, may be judged from the composition, specially commended by Vasari for its unaccustomed care, "St. Mauro and St. Placido brought to St. Benedict as children and dedicated by their parents to God." Some of the heads are ennobled under the influence of Da Vinci, others confess to consanguinity with Perugino, Pinturicchio, and even with Raffaelle. The infirmity of the master seems to have been that he slided too easily into eclecticism; like the mocking bird in his notorious menagerie, he simulated the notes he heard floating in the air around him, so that his own voice became merged and lost. Yet had he a fine sense of beauty, especially in the female form; his manner was ever bland and gracious; his pencil is peculiarly persuasive; such a painter could not fail of popularity. Bazzi, in common with his contemporary Luini, is fitted every way for the art of fresco; he was so facile that he painted impromptu; his inventions had offhand readiness even to a fault; his brush was so rapid that it ran ahead of guiding intention. The life of this wayward genius within the monastery was, to say the least of it, eccentric; ugly stories are rife which for the honour of art we are glad to discredit, but at all events he brought with him for his retinue a motley crew of birds and animals, so that his abode became, according to Vasari, "like the very ark of Noah"; this way of going on grew so extraordinary that the monks gave him the nickname of "Mattaccio" or "the arch-fool." And the scandal obtains currency that Bazzi here painted in the simple nude the women who are said to have come to tempt St. Benedict and his brethren; and the story is in some measure borne out by the fresco itself; the Superior insisted that draperies should be added for the sake of decency, and some of the clothing seems as if it might have been an after-thought. The artist has written his character unmistakably in his own portrait painted on these walls, with his raven, baboon, and other brute companions around; the head might pass for that of a ferocious bandit, yet it is not without a certain wild force. Bazzi, although he made himself at home within the monastery, was not altogether comfortable. It is not pleasant to think of the bickerings over payments which marred the friendly relations between the artist and the ecclesiastics. Bazzi, like Signorelli, was ill paid; accordingly he slighted his work, and in a fit of temper exclaimed that his pencil danced only in tune with the chink of the coins. The monks have not shown themselves wise even according to their generation; they first of all screwed down the artist, and then did their utmost to ruin his works. These frescoes have suffered cruel injury; the surfaces are scratched and scrawled over, and there is actually now to be seen a wall painting in the upper part of the monastery which was rescued from beneath nine coats of whitewash.

The scenery and the accompanying stratification of Monte Oliveto have exceptional attractions for the artist and the geologist. In the midst of that light alluvial deposit which gives the fertility as of a garden to the hills and the valleys of the Apennines are here thrust barren deposits of marl, arid as lava streams, which make inroad on vineyards and olive groves. These clayey tracts, forming the high promontory whereon the monastery is planted, are subjected in the rainy season to an annually recurring deluge that ploughs the surface with torrents which rush wildly as water down a house roof, breaking away roads, undermining woods, and devastating the fields whereon scanty harvests are reaped and stunted trees obtain precarious footing. The path to the monastery itself is subject to disintegration and disaster; it may be compared to the backbone of some antediluvian monster of rugged vertebræ, with a bare skeleton of ribs outstretching on either side. The whole scene is eminently Dantesque; here Gustave Doré might have made his sketches for the horrors of "L'Inferno" or for the exploits of the Wandering Jew; here, too, our own Martin could have caught ideas for the illustration of *Paradise Lost*; the scene indeed is as of a paradise into which demons have entered. Such were the waste places which the Benedictines loved to colonize—"places," to quote the words of the late Mr. Maitland, "chosen because they were waste and solitary, and such as could be reclaimed only by the incessant labour of those who were willing to work hard and live hard." The present Superior points to plots barren within his memory now brought under cultivation; the vine mantles the rock, the cypress crowns the precipice, and golden corn adds colour to the grey shadowy landscape. So true are the words of M. Guizot, that "wherever the Benedictines carried the cross they also carried the plough"; wherever they placed a book they painted a picture. Here we see the last survivors of the reformed order at the place of its birth; let us hope that the good which these men have done may live after them, and that only the evil will be buried with their bones.

BANK HOLIDAYS.

IT is probably the less of two evils to make the Bank holidays general, but that they are seriously inconvenient is unquestionable. If we had any doubt as to the expediency of maintaining Sunday observance as it is, we should be convinced by the reflection that, if Sunday were a mere ordinary holiday, everybody in town would be wanting to go out of town on a fine day, and the railways would be impassable. It is perhaps no great loss that the Brighton review has been sacrificed to the overwhelming exigencies of pleasure traffic on Easter Monday, but the prospect is rather alarming for those who have to travel on business on Bank holidays, and who find it more and more difficult to reach their destinations with anything like certainty. Sir John Lubbock, speaking in support of his Bill, is reported to have said that "nobody could say that as Englishmen we did not work hard enough"; and certainly those of us who "as Englishmen" or otherwise work on Bank holidays do work very hard indeed, because it is almost impossible to get our work done. It is found to be "almost a farce" to keep the Custom House open on Bank holidays, for they do almost no business there, and now it is agreed that, subject to arrangements to prevent delay to ships entering and leaving port, the Custom House shall be closed. The same principle is likely to be carried further, and resistance is almost hopeless; but when it comes to adding another holiday to the list, it is really time to make a stand against the amiable but dangerous tendency of Sir John Lubbock towards disposing of other people's time. He intended to move that the 28th of June should be a holiday, on the ground that at present we had only four Bank holidays in the year, that the number was not excessive, and that we had no summer holidays properly so called. The benevolent desire to give people a summer holiday properly so called would be more capable of realization if it could be settled when summer properly so called begins. The almanac tells us that the 24th June is Midsummer Day, but it often happens that summer has not then begun. Perhaps the early part of August is as likely as any other time for fine summer-like weather, and the only advantage we see in changing to June is that, as on a Bank holiday, when you go out, you cannot tell when you will return, the longest days are the most suitable for excursions that have no distinct end. It is wonderful that, while Sir John Lubbock was about it, he did not propose to make the Derby Day, or the day of the University Boat-race, a Bank holiday. It seems to be agreed that artisans take already more holidays than is good for them, and we should have thought that in banks, as in public offices, it had been or might be arranged that all clerks should have in turn a short holiday. To doctors all days are alike, and to lawyers a Bank holiday simply means a day on which neither business nor pleasure can be conveniently done. In London, and we believe in other towns, the majority of shops are closed, but of course all shops which supply food and drink are overwhelmed with business. Perhaps to shopkeepers these holidays are a necessity, because one shop could not close on an ordinary day leaving its rivals open. But we cannot see why the principle of Bank holidays should be applied indiscriminately to the public offices. Of course if all commercial men take holiday, there can be little or no business at the Custom House, and therefore that establishment may be safely closed. But a diminution of business at the Post Office would be seriously inconvenient, and there is no reason why all, or nearly all, the clerks in that office should have a holiday on the same day. By all means let them have a holiday, but let them take it in batches, and do not interrupt the public service and block the railways by insisting that everybody shall take their pleasure at the same moment. The principle of the Bank holidays was a good one, but, like some other good principles, it is in danger of being done to death. The accumulating traffic on the railways must of course be dealt with as it occurs, and we will only say that there is no necessity for Parliament to encourage by legislation a condition of things that must necessarily be dangerous. There used to be many Societies in London that made an annual outing in vans to the sound of music, and, as it is clear that there could not be vans and music for all these Societies on the same day, it might be interesting to know whether the particular holidays of these Societies still subsist or have been absorbed in the general holidays provided by Act of Parliament. The notion that everybody ought to do the same thing at the same time is much too prevalent

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in London, and causes much of the discomfort that is felt there. It is absurd to suppose that we enjoy a visit to Southend the more because some thousands of people go at the same time to Brighton. We enjoy fine weather, and if we go for both Sunday and Monday we like to see some definite prospect of a bed. When it comes to sleeping in bathing-machines the principle of Bank holidays has, we think, been carried far enough. The delight of seeing other people enjoy themselves is mitigated by the consideration that these other people will compete with us for the limited accommodation of the place.

This principle might be applied in a manner which its authors perhaps have not contemplated. The supposed necessity for relaxation from work might be admitted, with the provision that part of the time of the holiday should be employed in drill. If this were done we should gladly see, not one only, but several, days of holiday provided by the Legislature in summer. The objection which is sometimes urged to occupying our population in the unprofitable labour of the barrack-yard is to some extent answered by the readiness with which every prospect of a simple holiday is accepted and supported. It would be well for the health and character of the people if their liability to military service in case of invasion were thus impressed upon their minds. The training which they would get would certainly do them no harm, and in public departments it would be no loss to allow a day's drill to count as a day's work. To some system of general military training we must come at last, and the only question is whether we will consent to come to it before or after some national disaster. Whenever we do come to it, some extensive modification of the principle of general holidays will be necessary, but until we do come to it, the Bank Holidays Act as amended had better be left where it is, or else it will become an intolerable nuisance. It would not be necessary for efficient military training to concentrate the whole force of the metropolis at Brighton or Portsmouth, but if it was necessary, some day would have to be appointed for the purpose on which civil must give way to military exigencies. It is almost to be apprehended that, if we will insist on setting in motion vast masses of population, we shall be compelled to adopt some means of guiding and controlling them. It might be interesting to know whether the managers of public entertainments are favourable to these Bank holidays. Of course they gain upon the day, but do they gain upon the season? There is a limit to the money, if not to the time, of their patrons, and if they have an overflow on Monday, there may be empty benches for all the week afterwards. No doubt holiday-making is contagious and people will do things because others do them which they would not do without example. But, on the other hand, the labour of these holidays for those who serve the holiday-makers must be enormous, and it must tend every year to become overwhelming. It should be remembered, too, that a vast number of people are not only tempted to expense, but lose their wages. On all accounts Sir John Lubbock had better pause in his beneficent legislation, and when it is proposed that the Post Office on Bank holidays shall do less work than on Sundays, we agree with Mr. W. H. Smith, who said that this was in effect to make the whole Bill ridiculous. It may be true that Post Office servants are badly paid, and also that they deserve a holiday quite as well as clerks in the Custom House. But they need not all have their holiday on the same day. The Post Office Savings Banks might, we should think, be generally closed, and as regards the department generally, it may be contended that the young women who are largely employed in it ought to have their holidays at times convenient for meeting young men. In this way marriages will be facilitated, and as the Secretary to the Post Office suggests, difficulties as to pensions will be largely mitigated.

Our doubt as to the expediency of one of the alterations proposed by this Bill is confirmed by a "Banker's Cashier," who remarks in the *Times* that the weather is more likely to be fine in August than in June. He further remarks that the 28th June will only fall on a Monday once in five years, "and we shall therefore very rarely get two days together." It is difficult to suppose that the author of the Bill intends to sacrifice one of its principal advantages, and obviously a holiday is more valuable on Monday than on any other day, because Saturday is already to some extent a half-holiday. According to the report of the debate, Sir John Lubbock proposed to add the 28th June to the existing list of Bank holidays, and Mr. W. H. Smith objected, but said that Sir John Lubbock might take it instead of the first Monday in August if he pleased, and this offer appears to have been accepted. But the point will no doubt receive further consideration. The Bill also proposes to make the 27th December a Bank holiday when Christmas Day falls on Saturday, and this appears reasonable. The inconvenience in country towns when a Bank holiday happens to fall on market-day was dwelt upon by one opponent of the Bill. It must be very inconvenient to conduct a considerable market with every bank in the town closed, and indeed we should have almost thought that an alteration of the market-day would have followed on the passing of the Act. There are many consequences of this Act which appear to us inevitable, and unless we would repeal the Act we must accept these consequences and make the best of them. But we do not think that any unnecessary extensions of the Act are desirable. Sir John Lubbock, who is probably not a Sabbatarian, seems to be moved by an inconsiderate zeal similar to that which possesses that useful, but troublesome, sect.

PEDESTRIANISM ABROAD.

THE humiliations to which a couple of Englishmen were lately exposed while innocently indulging themselves in a stroll across Italy supply an unusually forcible illustration of the troubles attending pedestrianism in Southern Europe. It is of course possible that the aggrieved gentlemen may have made the most of the mishaps that happened to them, or that the Italian police may have had, or fancied they had, more ground for suspicion than is apparent, but we see nothing in the story so improbable as to induce us to doubt any part of it. On the contrary, incidents not very dissimilar have come repeatedly under our own experience. To Southern Europeans, or to the inhabitants of hot countries generally, the very fact of your going on foot makes you *primâ facie* an object of distrust. If you carry your own luggage, however light it may be, you are looked at with something more than distrust. You must necessarily be one of several things, the best of which is highly objectionable. You are either a man more or less touched in the brain, to whom it is advisable to give a wide berth, and who should properly be placed under medical guardianship, were it worth while taking any trouble about a stranger; or a spy; or a seeker after hidden treasures which should be the natural perquisites of people of the country; or, at all events, a pauper who can barely pay his way, if he does not absolutely depend upon charity. Possibly you may even be set down as a criminal escaping from justice. So it comes to pass that in certain countries a man dare not walk at all. Eastern tribes who would be lavish with sheep and chickens if you arrived among them with tents and a suitable attendance, would knock you on the head without the smallest scruple if you came travelling with only a stick and a knapsack. If a gentleman disappears who is moving about with a retinue, awkward inquiries are sure to be made; possibly even a military expedition may be sent out in search of the body. But a solitary pedestrian may be dropped with impunity into the nearest piece of water, and, even if he be as harmless as he professes to be, no authorities will trouble their heads about him. Such feelings survive in semi-oriental Spain even more than in the sister peninsula of Italy. The mountaineers of the wildest sierras of the South, even those in the less frequented hill country of the Basque provinces and the Asturias, are quite accustomed nowadays to the visits of inquisitive strangers. They have actually learned to believe that their visitors may squander money for the incomprehensible satisfaction of staring at barren mountains, without paying any heed to the veins of metal over which they may be riding. They receive you with a stately civility which seldom belies itself, unless they should have jumped to the disagreeable conclusion that your saddle-bags are worth investigating. But the respect you receive is paid less to yourself than to the animal you are riding. Well mounted, with the traditional *alforjas* at your saddle, you may be anything or anybody; for wheeled carriages have never penetrated those passes, and the King himself would have to leave his state coaches behind if he came thither on a royal progress. You are the *caballero*—a word that means so much with them—and they treat you as such. They usher you to the snuggest corner in the *venta*, and assign you the least filthy of the guest-chambers. The accommodation which they place at the disposal of your worship leaves much to desire, but civility and anxiety to oblige go far to make things smooth. Had you come on foot, your welcome would have been very different. If the inhospitable host did not positively slam the door in your face, he would have held it suspiciously ajar and given you tardy and churlish admission. Instead of acting seneschal and showing you to the best place, he would have left you to scramble for a seat among the muleteers and peasants on the benches before his fire. You would have had to fare like them, or even worse; for the larder is sure to be nearly bare, and it is most likely that the muleteers brought their own provisions. In short, there is no such thing as walking through the wilder parts of Spain unless you have a horse led behind you, and you must seldom let him out of your sight if you mean him really to answer his purpose.

It is plain that if a man is to be "hobbled" in that way, he had much better not walk at all. For the charm of a pedestrian tour lies in the sense of absolute independence. You shoulder your knapsack to make your start in the morning with the world before you, and tied only to the company of your thoughts. You come to a point where your path branches off, and you follow the direction that strikes your fancy. No doubt you must be fettered to a certain extent by the demands of modern civilization and the artificial wants to which you have been accustomed. There is a portmanteau that is being forwarded from point to point, towards which you gravitate naturally as you get disagreeably familiar with your suits of flannel and the pocket volumes in your travelling library. Yet you still reserve a pleasant latitude of choice as to where you are to lay your head for the night, and there is an animating element of uncertainty as to the quality of your bed and your supper. When you have had enough of roughing it, you rejoin your luggage, rest yourself, and set out afresh. We are aware that there are pedestrians who feel that, so long as their fortunes are bound up with any heavy luggage, they only drag the lengthening chain of the respectability which oppresses them at home; so they pack a knapsack before leaving England with all that is to serve them for a six weeks' tour. For ourselves, we have little sympathy with this sort of thing. We equally object to cutting down travelling necessaries

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below the point prescribed by decency and cleanliness, and to making up a package that cannot be carried on one's own shoulders without appreciable discomfort. If we dislike being saddled with *valets de place* in the towns, we detest still more the society of their counterparts in the country. It is ten to one if a man plodding under a burden for his day's wages proves anything of an entertaining or instructive companion, and yet you feel yourself under a constant constraint to be civil to him. He will lag behind when you wish him to be at hand, or press ahead when you desire to loiter. If you separate from him, you must make an appointment for the evening, and the chances are that there are inns which strike your fancy more than the one where you have made your assignation. Any restraint of this kind is always to be deprecated; but the horse and the guide are worse than the guide alone. We admit the pleasures of riding in Spain, and yet we doubt whether the drawbacks do not more than counterbalance them. It is delightful enough to mount in the first freshness of the early morning, and go off at a merry trot along the grassy banks of the stream in the valley; or even to pull up the zigzags of the mountain track, turning round to enjoy from the saddle the fresh prospects that open to you at every corner. But if you are not of a decidedly stolid disposition, this forced inactivity soon begins to tell, and finally becomes altogether insupportable. You must descend the hill-sides at the slowest and most uncomfortable of paces, while your horse picks his way over the slippery turf or among the loose shingle. If you were only on foot you could be down in a twinkling by the short cuts which the goats and the goatherds have traced everywhere. But there is no help for it. You must stick by your horse if you care for his safety, for your guide and companion has enough to do to look to his own. If you dismount to lead the animal, he drags back, throws up his head, ceases to see carefully to his feet, and possibly comes down and breaks his knees. You give the go-by to side glens and gorges which you would willingly have explored and sketched; you reach your night quarters fretted in mind and stiffened in body. In Italy riding has never been in fashion as in Spain; but in Italy the natives are far more indolent, and expect to see their visitors arrive in carriages. It takes a good deal to overcome the inertia of the provincial loungers, but a stranger coming in on foot and carrying a neatly buckled knapsack on his shoulder is a sight to empty the cafés in the picturesque provincial towns in the Apennines and set the whole population of the place agog. As you pull up the steep street a mob gradually gathers around you; the graver signors gape and stare, the women gabble, roughs jostle you uncourteously, the *gamins* make themselves offensive as usual, the curs chime in with a chorus of snapping and yelping. No wonder that your landlord eyes you askance when, so escorted, you arrive at his door dusty and sullen; no wonder that the police of the place are aroused to unwonted activity, and are loth to neglect so favourable an occasion for giving proof of their shrewdness and vigilance.

It is a pity that pedestrianism in those Southern lands should be such uphill work, for when the days are lengthening in the cool of the spring, walking there is exceedingly delightful. But we have the less reason to complain of this, since we are so much in the way of neglecting the pedestrian pleasures within our reach. To the more unsophisticated natives of Northern Europe walking always seems a natural mode of locomotion, and yet we seldom take walking expeditions north of the Alps except in the fashionable places and seasons. There is a rush to Switzerland in the middle of the summer, and the crowd overflows into the Tyrolese and Italian mountains. We have nothing to say here either for or against high mountaineering. But for one man who betakes himself to the rope-ladder and the ice-axes, there are a hundred who are content to crawl along the beaten tracks some thousands of feet below. The choicest scenery is vulgarized by hordes of invading Philistines; communing with nature is as much out of the question as it was under the oaks of Greenwich in the old days of the Fair; while the tranquillity of your mind must be constantly troubled in every case by the idea that you are racing against the world for a bed. There are a few comparatively sensible people who take time by the forelock, and find their way to the Wengern Alps to admire the Jungfrau snows before beds have gone up to a premium in Interlachen, and before the banks of the Lutchinen are beset by the banditti of guides and porters. But it seems to strike no one that there are delightful walks to be had by making very slight divergence from the most familiar routes elsewhere. The steamers that ascend the Rhine are become too slow for the ordinary excursionist, who prefers to step into the train at Cologne and be shot through a succession of tunnels to Coblenz and Mayence. Here and there some enthusiastic amateur of nature lands at Königswinter to ascend the Drachenfels, or at Goarshausen to explore the recesses of the Swiss valley. But no one dreams of cutting off the corners of the familiar stream by walking inland through the lofty tableland which is intersected everywhere by the most picturesque ravines, and covered with the quaintest and most primitive of villages. The people you come across there have manners totally different from those whom we have demoralized in the frequented Rhine towns. The views of the river from the terraces that command its course are infinitely superior to those from the deck of the steamer. It is another country, in fact, which lies absolutely unexplored by the side of the road we have travelled so often. Yet we only select it as one of the most accessible examples of what we mean. There are other districts still more inviting to the moderately adventurous, and not much more remote. There is the Eifel that lies between Spa, Luxemburg, and the Moselle banks, and, once away from its skirts, you may lose yourself beyond the scream of the railway whistle. There are the Vosges mountains, and the Schwartzwald and the great Wurtemberg forests, and the Franconian Switzerland, and the Taunus and the Hartz. And it will very soon be the most agreeable of all seasons for expeditions of the kind, when the streams are at their fullest, and the foliage in its freshest green, and the wild flowers in their gayest bloom. After all, it is not as a law of the Medes and Persians that every busy man should take his holiday in the autumn, and in our idea it makes a better break in the working year when you go abroad in search of refreshment immediately after the gloom of an English winter.

PROHIBITION TEMPERED BY PERSONALITIES.

THE newest sensation in America is furnished by what is called the "Vineland Shooting," of which Landis was the hero and Carruth the victim. It appears that the necessity for this shooting arose out of the distressing laxity of the law of libel in New Jersey, and the unfortunate inability of Landis to handle a cowhide properly. Carruth was editor of a newspaper called the *Independent*, which attacked Landis weekly, and although Landis specially engaged a lawyer to watch its columns for a cause of action, he could never find any. He had thought of cowhiding the editor, but his right arm was disabled by a fall ten years ago, and he cannot lift five pounds with it. A reporter of the *New York Herald*, to whom Landis stated these objections to what is pleasantly called "the peace policy," seems to have felt that they were conclusive. The wife of Landis is stated to be of a very excitable nature; insanity is in her blood, and the references to her in the columns of the *Independent* "actually drove her mad." She was under medical care, and we do not clearly understand why her doctor and her husband could not between them prevent her seeing the *Independent*, but that appears to have been impossible. The doctor advised that opiates would endanger life, and "the only remedy was to remove the exciting cause," or, in other words, to shoot the editor of the *Independent*. Accordingly Landis shot Carruth, and badly wounded him, but he is not yet dead; and since the shooting the wife of Landis has been calm, although "in her present condition" the effect of this sad affair on her mind causes grave apprehension to her husband.

Few readers probably are aware that Vineland is a new settlement formed upon "rigid and moral principles." The sale of liquors is prohibited, but the sale of libellous newspapers is free, and the use of the revolver as a substitute for the more peaceful cowhide is tolerated. The land was cheap and the situation unattractive; but Landis, by a system of advertising which the *Herald* compares to that of "patent medicine men," attracted a large settlement. Besides prohibiting liquor, the rules enforced regularity of building, and Landis as head of the colony and "responsible for their discipline" made enemies. This is an abridgment of the *Herald's* "history of the difficulty," and a wonderful history it surely is. We have read accounts of Vineland in the pages either of the *Alliance News* or of some other publication; but we should never have guessed that the principle of prohibition which has been adopted there was mitigated by occasional resort to the cowhide and revolver. The town is now divided into two parties. All condemn the rashness of Landis in shooting Carruth; but his friends argue that he is an excitable man, highly sensitive about his honour, and that he has been goaded into this act by the continued assaults of Carruth. On the other hand, the friends of Carruth say that the attacks were not malignant or personal, but simply the "merry conceits" of an editor who cared only to make his journal sell. We have not had the advantage of examining a file of the *Independent*, and we are therefore unable to say decidedly that articles which one party describes as attacks on a man's wife and children may not be described by another party as "merry conceits" only designed to sell a newspaper. But we cannot help thinking that Vineland, if the drink was rather stronger and the "editorials" rather weaker, would be a more agreeable place to live in. We do not know why this name was given to the place, but probably the intention was to signify that every man might sit under his own vine and read in peace his own libellous newspaper while looking occasionally to the condition of his own revolver. Settlers who came expecting to find a pleasant land as per advertisements in the style of the patent medicine men, were disappointed when they found an open sandy plain. This disappointment led to a strong feeling against Landis, and "but for the law he would have been shot long ago." Carruth and his journal represented this discontent, which stopped just short of shooting, and contented itself with "merry conceits," otherwise described as foul libels. As the example of Vineland has been quoted for our instruction, we may venture to use it as an illustration of what might happen under the Permissive Bill. Prohibition we may suppose would be established in a district, and the discontent thereby caused would get itself represented by a newspaper which would "satirize" the authors of the "movement," and they would not shoot or cowhide, but perhaps, after the English fashion, punch the head of the editor of the newspaper. On the whole, we do not think that this example of the operation of the "Local Option law" is encouraging. Latest accounts made it appear possible that Carruth might recover, and highly improbable, whether he recovers or not, that Landis would be hanged for shooting him. It is suggested that Landis's defence would be excitement bordering on insanity, and five lawyers are named as having been retained to support this defence. They had advised him to say nothing to reporters, but of course he was

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induced to make an exception in favour of the representative of the *Herald*. He had been travelling in Europe, and Carruth published an account of a supposed interview between him and the Queen of England; but whether this was a "merry conceit" or a foul libel, or both, we are not informed. It seems a pity that where they keep liquor out of a town they cannot keep libels on a man out of his wife's hands.

The last number of the *Alliance News* contains an extract from the *Farnworth Journal*, in which a contrast is drawn between Farnworth and this now doubly interesting district of Vineland. Perhaps recent events may make this contrast rather less disadvantageous to the old country than it has hitherto appeared. The police expenses for Vineland in 1873 amounted to only ten pounds, and the journalist of Farnworth reminds his townsmen of "our formidable array of police, our extensive lock-up, our crime, drunkenness, and poverty." We know nothing about Farnworth, but it is very unlikely that such an incident could happen there as the shooting of one principal inhabitant by another in revenge for a scurrilous article in a newspaper. "The marked prosperity of Vineland, its freedom from crime and poverty," will perhaps be less loudly celebrated henceforward. Mr. Landis obtained a Local Option law, at which "a few grumbled," and one of the grumblers set up a newspaper, and made himself so unpleasant that Mr. Landis shot him. "In Vineland the prohibition of taverns was seen to conduce to the growth of a refined taste," and the editor humbly adds, "What a contrast to Farnworth!" It is a contrast indeed, and particularly worthy of note by editors. In a brutal and barbarous place like Farnworth a newspaper may be published without danger of any irascible gentleman calling at the office the first thing after breakfast and shooting the editor as he comes upstairs. "We have no Mr. Landis amongst us," and we are therefore out of range of his revolver. "Ours is not a new community, and we cannot do what has been done in Vineland," and a very happy thing that is. A more ugly story has been seldom told. Either Landis shot Carruth without provocation, and is a ruffian, or Carruth gave provocation, and is a blackguard. Such things happen in other districts of America; but in California, for example, they do not pretend to the superfine morality of Vineland. In England, although we cannot get on without police and gaols, we generally manage to avoid difficulties which need to be settled with revolvers. "The hopefulness and enthusiasm, the business capacity and practical wisdom" of the founder of Vineland have come to a bad end. We are assured that Landis is a perfect gentleman in appearance and manners, and he has the respectful sympathy of the reporter of the *New York Herald*; but still we do not regard it as a matter for regret that "we have no Mr. Landis among us." The evil passions of men cannot be wholly exorcised by prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors; and, although drunkenness and poverty are lamentable evils, they are not so intolerable as murderous assaults provoked by libellous attacks on women. Moderation in word and deed is at least equally important with temperance in drink. "The streets of Vineland are wide, clean, grass-bordered, and planted with trees," and, without a State provision for religious purposes, the young community has raised for itself ten churches. "The sobriety, intelligence, refined tastes, and manners of its inhabitants" are admired in distant Farnworth, while a near observer finds the law of libel so defective that he thinks either a cowhide or a revolver necessary to supplement it.

This solemn talk about religion and education contrasted with their practical result can only be compared to another discourse upon the same subject which is reported in the *New York Herald*. We learn from a recent number of that paper that the "renowned bandit," Tiburcio Vasquez, was hanged at San José, California, on the 19th ult. He protested to the last that he was guiltless of murder, but there was clear evidence that he had killed eight persons. He was the terror of the Southern country. "The night before his execution he dictated an address to fathers and mothers enforcing the necessity of educating and keeping a look out for the children of future generations." We can only hope that such excellent advice will have due effect, particularly as it came from "one of the most consummate and bloodthirsty villains of modern times." The welfare of future generations depended, he said, upon the performance of this duty of education. He had the reputation of having committed thirty-seven murders, besides other violent crimes, and he might have committed many more if he had not abducted the wife of his lieutenant, who thereupon turned witness for the State. We do not know whether there is any "Local Option" law in California, and perhaps it is the want of one which produces murderers of the type of Tiburcio Vasquez in inconvenient profusion, whereas in sober Vineland there has been, so far as we know, only one sanguinary "difficulty." But when admiration is challenged for the "educational appliances" provided by Landis for Vineland, we cannot help remembering that Tiburcio Vasquez also enforced the necessity of education. The sanitary arrangements of Vineland are admirable, the dry closet system is universal, and there is not a single foul smell in the town; but "these results were not attained without considerable conflict with difficulties and hindrances." This conflict has proceeded to a length that may surprise the humble-minded editor of the Farnworth newspaper, and he will perhaps after all feel thankful that the Atlantic separates him from the land where "merry conceits" are liable to be sobered by cowhides and revolvers.

SIGNOR SALVINI'S OTHELLO.

THE reputation of Signor Salvini as a great actor has long been known, and it is supposed by his admirers that his powers are seen at their best in the part of Othello. Consequently his appearance at an English theatre in that character is an event of considerable importance, deriving perhaps an additional interest from the present happy revival of a taste for the plays of Shakspeare. If the possession and misuse of great natural gifts, if the will and the power to strip one of Shakspeare's noblest creations of almost every touch of poetry, to present in place of the noble-minded Moor a savage ruffian gross in thought and in action, to inspire repulsion where there should be admiration, disgust where there should be compassion—if these things make a great actor, then is Signor Salvini in Othello truly great.

It is not perhaps to be laid to the actor's account that the play as performed by his company is so mutilated that to any one unacquainted with the original the plot must appear childish and unnatural. Yet one would think that an actor with a true appreciation of his business would be shy of taking part in a version of *Othello* which, amongst other variations upon Shakspeare, represents Cassio's drunkenness as ready to Iago's hand. It may be said that, in considering both the play in general and the character of Othello as represented by Signor Salvini in particular, one should banish from one's mind all preconceived ideas of Shakspeare's tragedy, and regard the Italian play as a separate existence, to be judged from a separate point of view. But as not only the name of Shakspeare's tragedy is retained for the Italian melodrama, but a great portion of Shakspeare's language is literally translated in its course, it will be found difficult to disconnect the two plays; and we cannot but think we are justified in considering Signor Salvini's performance as an attempt to render the character of Othello as it is known to readers of the English poet.

Signor Salvini's appearance in the first act is full of promise, and seems at once to justify the praises which have been lavished upon him. His presence is fine; his voice is strong and musical, and has a majestic ring. His bearing is that of a man long accustomed to the dignity of command, while there is a certain swing of freedom in his walk which conveys a memory of the Moor's former "unhoused free condition." This is finely brought out, moreover, in the speech where the words just quoted occur; the remembrance of his previous life seems to possess Othello for one moment even while he speaks of the love that has banished it. So, again, his reception of Brabantio and his armed followers when they arrive to arrest him is admirable in its quiet dignity; the words "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them," must, so spoken, have enforced obedience. The same easy and irresistible command is apparent in the look with which he quiets Iago and Cassio before he follows Brabantio to the Council. The celebrated speech to the Senate in the next scene still keeps up the impression of dignity which is given at first, and the tenderness shown in the by-play with Desdemona augurs well for what is to come. The first suspicion that the hopes excited by the opening of the play will not be fulfilled arises from Othello's greeting to Desdemona upon his arrival at Cyprus. His entrance is conventional; he takes three steps on to the stage and then flings up his arms, exclaiming "O my fair warrior!" The speech which follows is, from one point of view, very well delivered. It is full of the same tenderness which has already been indicated, but along with this is conveyed an impression of sensuousness, which turns out afterwards to be the basis of Signor Salvini's rendering of the character. The next entrance of Othello, when he arrives to stop the brawl between Cassio and Montano, affords an opportunity to a great actor which is entirely missed by the Italian tragedian. The repose and dignity which he has before exhibited vanish. Instead of putting an end to the disturbance by the mere power of his presence and command of his voice, he comes bustling on, and only ends the duel by himself striking up the swords of the combatants, while he scolds at them like an angry cat. Thus far, however, nothing has been done by the actor which makes it incredible that his Othello, if a faulty performance, may in some respects be admirable; Signor Salvini is not the only actor who has failed to give due weight to the scene of the riot; and it is to the next scene, where Iago's poison first works in his system, that one looks for the development of his powers.

The woful feebleness of the Iago in this scene militates strongly against its wearing any aspect of nature; the great captain would be as likely to listen to suggestions from his valet on his wife's conduct as to the promptings of the weak creature who chuckles over his gigantic villany as a foolish youth might over his winning at cards. A really great actor would probably succeed in so carrying the spectator away with the passion of Othello as to make him forget the deplorable shortcomings of Iago; this Signor Salvini does not effect. His Othello listens unmoved for a long time to the Ancient's suggestions; apparently he does not even guess at their drift. After the tempter has exclaimed "Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend from jealousy," he puts the idea of jealousy away from him with a contempt which has some taste of grandeur, which makes the violent change of feeling, the doubt which springs up with an instantaneous and not a gradual growth, after the next speech, appear too rash, too unadvised, too sudden. The "Not a jot, not a jot," which follows hard upon this, is delivered with skill and with an evident knowledge of how pathos should be given; but somehow it fails to reach the heart. The

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want of imagination and poetic feeling which is evident throughout the performance is discerned clearly here. So is it in the short scene following with Desdemona, where the Moor refuses the offer of her handkerchief to bind on his head. Everything that can be done by outward look and gesture to express the first shrinking of suspicion is here done by the actor, and yet the pathos of the scene is missed. As yet, however, although the performance is unsatisfactory, it has only hinted at positive offence. Upon Othello's next entrance he is possessed by the demon of jealousy, which honest Iago has set to work; and from this point to the end of the play Signor Salvini's performance is full of offence. For the terrible passion of jealousy and revenge struggling always with love in the Moor's great heart, he gives the raging of a wild beast that has been baulked of its prey. There is no touch of grandeur or of dignity in his emotion; he gives way to inarticulate howls and shrieks of passion as Zanga possibly might, but as Othello never could. His rage, like his love, appeals to the senses, not to the heart. In his rage with Iago he not only catches him by the throat, he beats him to the ground and kicks him as he lies. Immense vigour is displayed by the actor at this point, but it is the vigour of a savage, not of the valiant Othello. This blunder of the actor's is the more surprising, coming as it does immediately after the better considered delivery of the farewell to the camp. But the unbridled and merely animal fury which is here expressed is sustained consistently throughout; the cry of "Damn her—oh, damn her!" at the conclusion of the scene becomes almost ludicrous from the grovelling self-abandonment which it indicates. The revengeful plan of Othello should have in it at least something of the firm purpose and strength which made him a pillar to the State in time of war. There should be as much pity aroused for his deception as horror at his murderous intent; there should be some greatness in his fall. In Signor Salvini's hands there is no greatness, though there is much violence, in the passion which leads to that fall, and the feeling excited by the energy which he displays in recording his vow of vengeance is one of shame and repulsion. As might be expected from the rendering of this scene, those which follow are full of a revolting brutality, of a physical passion, through which the lofty mind of Othello is only once discovered; and this is at times mingled with a querulousness which is childish. The actor, who has a voice calculated to ring the changes of emotion with a surprising power, breaks into cries and exclamations in a hysteric falsetto, which conveys some idea of fierceness, but none of strength in anger. The brutality of the blow which he gives Desdemona is not greater than that of his speech in the scene where he first openly accuses her. Here there is no picture of a high soul dragged to destruction; there is, instead, a blind rage. There is something fine in the conception of the manner in which he flings a purse to Emilia at the conclusion, but it is marred in the execution; this action, and the inarticulate growl with which the player leaves the stage, are alike ill done. An inarticulate exclamation may be used with true effect. There are moments when men's passions are above all words; there are also moments when they are below words; and it is one of these which the actor represents. It is in accordance with the whole spirit of these scenes, as played at Drury Lane, that the words, "O the pity of it, the pity of it!" should be omitted.

It is in the last scene, however, that the full measure of offence against every grace and decency of dramatic art is accomplished. The first thing which jars upon the spectator's perceptions is the discovery that the trivial element found in the Italian character has asserted itself in setting the scene of Desdemona's death to an accompaniment of thunder and lightning; and then we have the Italian version substituting for "Put out the light, and then put out the light," the weak phrase, "Ch' io spenga questa face, e poi la vita sua." The business of the murder is executed with a shocking effort at reality. It is true that the actor obeys Horace's precept so far that he does not actually accomplish the deed in face of the audience, but he makes up for this by contriving an agonizing struggle as a prelude to the act itself. He fails to inspire any awe by the contest of the soul which precedes the carrying out of his resolve, and it is for this reason perhaps that he does his best to arouse horror by the physical contest which he represents afterwards. He rushes upon Desdemona, catches her by the hair, and drags her struggling and shrieking up the stage and through the curtains at the back. The thing is done with great activity and with a semblance of reality, but it is not a thing which a great actor would do. Then follows the one speech in which Signor Salvini shows some imagination, some glimpse of real passion. In the lines "Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe should yawn at alteration," he gives grandeur and deep feeling, not as elsewhere grandiosity and brute strength. What follows is worse even than what has gone before; the Moor's horror and remorse are reduced to mere shouting and contortion. For the eloquent exclamation of Othello as he falls by Desdemona's body we have a series of guttural howls and unmeaning shrieks, accompanied by a belabouring of the actor's head with his clenched fists. The final speech in which the Moor's "subdued eyes, albeit unused to the melting mood, drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gum," is devoid of all tender emotion. One is accustomed to associate some dignity with the self-slaughter of Othello; his death should be the only possible conclusion to a calamity more terrible than death itself; the fall of his body should reflect the overthrow of his soul; it should be grand as Cæsar's. Signor Salvini's Othello does not, as is usual, stab himself; he produces a curved knife, or diminished scimitar, and cuts his throat with every appearance of reality that he can command; and as the curtain descends he is seen kicking and rolling on the ground. The sight would be beyond anything horrible, had it not some touch of the ludicrous. It may be in one sense rightly said that both this and the violence used in the murder of Desdemona are true to nature; but there are many things in nature which it is not desirable to repeat accurately on the stage. It will be strange if the public which cried out upon the physical effect of the death in *The Bells* should accept Signor Salvini's gurglings and writhings as a specimen of poetical acting. It is a matter of minor importance, but yet not beneath consideration, that the Italian tragedian represents Othello's skin as being many degrees removed from black, and wears brown gloves instead of dyeing his hands. To his Othello may be applied some words written by Hazlitt of Edmund Kean:—"Othello was black, but that is nothing. But he was not fierce, and that is everything."

To sum up; Signor Salvini possesses great vigour, a fine presence, and a magnificent voice. His conception of Othello is at once improbable and revolting. Of true emotion he has little; and of unconsciousness of self, nothing. In the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion he ever seems to be thinking of what effect he will produce; and it is partly this want of self-forgetfulness which makes his passion appear brutal. It is rumoured that he may undertake others of Shakspeare's characters before he leaves England. It is possible that in them the want of imagination and true feeling may be less painfully evident than in his Othello.

REVIEWS.

MACREADY'S REMINISCENCES.*

THE memory of the last great English actor well deserves the judicious care which Sir Frederick Pollock has bestowed on the ample materials at his disposal. Students of the dramatic art may find abundant interest and instruction in Macready's minute and repeated analyses both of his principal characters and of the means by which they are to be most effectively represented. Long after he had attained the front rank in his profession he watched with unceasing anxiety the degree of perfection with which he had rendered his own conception in each successive performance. There is something touching in the self-reproach with which he records the unsatisfactory results of occasional negligence, or of the disturbance of his equanimity by casual annoyances; and he seems scarcely to have made allowance for the influence which the ordinary variations of health and spirits exercise on all intellectual efforts, and especially on the sensitive temperament of actors. It was the misfortune of Macready to be discontented with his position, while he loved and appreciated his art. Although he was born and bred in the midst of theatrical associations, he never reconciled himself to the sordid circumstances and to the pervading vulgarity by which he was constantly surrounded. He at the same time resented the social prejudice to which he thought that he was exposed, and despised the underbred and illiterate majority of his profession. In his time, as at the present day, inferior actors were at once incapable in their own department, and beyond all other classes ignorant of books, of the principles of taste, and of the common usages of society. The contempt of the educated spectator is but a slight and transient sentiment as compared with the chronic irritation of the genuine artist who finds himself dependent on the competency of uncongenial assistants. Macready was seldom able to command his temper at rehearsals; and he was in the habit of bitterly reproaching blunderers who had marred his combinations on the stage; yet he blamed and deplored his own faults of temper, and as a manager he was a generous and considerate friend to his professional subordinates. On one occasion his exacting disposition produced important results. During an engagement at Glasgow, when he was only twenty-two, he scolded a little girl of nine years old for supposed negligence in learning her part. Five years afterwards he found her acting for the support of her parents at Aberdeen, and admired "the native grace of every deportment and movement." "Her strong good sense and unaffected warmth of feeling received additional charm from the artlessness with which she ventured her opinions," and, persuading himself that he felt a fatherly interest in her welfare, Macready determined to do all that might be in his power for her advancement. Continuing to correspond with the young actress, he gradually discovered that "love was the inspiration of all the counsel and assistance I had rendered her," and in 1824, at the age of thirty-one, he married her. The marriage proved to be singularly happy. In his private journals he seldom mentions his wife's name without some affectionate epithet, and, though his reflections are often discontented and querulous, he always dwells on the unclouded felicity of his domestic life. He was not unconscious of the contrast which his own character and his regular and orderly habits presented to the lax and adventurous existence which is popularly associated with the stage. His dislike, even in his younger years, of the society of the green-room was not calculated to give him popularity among his professional associates. His intellectual pursuits were still further removed

* *Macready's Reminiscences, and Selections from his Diaries and Letters.* Edited by Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

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from the sympathy and experience of ordinary actors. He never ceased to cultivate the classical knowledge which he had been fortunate enough to acquire as a boy. Though he was not a profound scholar, he was in the constant practice of reading Horace, Cicero, and Homer, both to gratify his own tastes and in the hope that at some future time he would have leisure to devote himself to the education of his children. Sir F. Pollock, in a prefatory sonnet, justly describes him as a gentleman. On and off the stage he was distinguished by an almost formal dignity of demeanour, which, if it qualified the completeness of his impersonation, produced in his assumption of the higher class of characters an imposing effect. He was, according to his own judgment, too much inclined to pugnacity in argument; but increasing experience and the tranquillizing tendency of age gradually modified a pardonable defect in taste. In the interval between his boyhood and the time when he had earned for himself position and fame he could never have mixed with refined or congenial society. Even when he had won the right and the opportunity of intercourse with his equals, he long retained a painful consciousness of the humble estimation in which the majority of his profession were held by the world and by himself. He discovered or fancied that actors were not admitted to presentation at Court, and the real or supposed disqualification caused him frequent annoyance, though he might probably not have used the privilege if he had enjoyed it. His political opinions were probably tinged by unconscious social dissatisfaction, for he was by nature inclined to the cause of authority and subordination, and as a manager he wisely rejected every scheme which tended to the establishment of a theatrical republic. His Liberalism was sometimes of an advanced character for his time; but he had neither the restless jealousy nor the political ignorance which tempted his friend Mr. Dickens to proclaim democratic doctrines on all unseasonable occasions. Intellectual pursuits and habitual self-respect secured Macready against the usual tendency of English actors to live in a pinchbeck world of their own, surrounded by obsolete traditions which for the most part represent or caricature the manners of several generations back. No artist of his time did so much to revive on the stage the genuine text of Shakspeare, who was, as he felt, more modern, because he was more natural, than Dryden or Cibber in the travesties which pleased the eighteenth century. The mannerism of which Macready was accused by contemporary critics was the expression of his own character and of his interpretation of the part, and not a slavish reproduction of the tricks of forgotten predecessors.

Macready was born in 1793, and some of his earliest years were spent at Birmingham, where his father was lessee and manager of the theatre. He had the good fortune to be sent to school at Rugby, where he acquired a knowledge of Latin and Greek which, however slight, was invaluable to him in after life, as the foundation of an accurate and scholarly taste. His hope of proceeding with the aid of a school exhibition to the University and to the Bar was disappointed in consequence of his father's failure in business as lessee of the theatre at Manchester. At the age of sixteen Macready was compelled to manage the theatre in the place of his father, who was in prison; and a year afterwards he made his first appearance on the stage at Birmingham in the character of Romeo. At that time, as he says in his Reminiscences, the country theatres, distributed into circuits, formed professional schools from which the London stage was supplied with a succession of trained actors. "A theatre was considered indispensable in towns of very scanty populations"; and consequently audiences, as well as actors, received a sort of professional education. The present degraded condition of the English stage may in some degree be attributed to the extinction of the drama in the country, and to the dependence of the London theatres on incessant relays of untrained spectators. When the same play is repeated for two or three hundred nights, it may be safely assumed that, even if the performers are by some accident qualified for their task, they are exempt from the restraint and the guidance of intelligent criticism. For six years Macready confined his performances to provincial theatres, including Newcastle, Dublin, Glasgow, and Bath, which was then considered as next in theatrical rank to London. He had from time to time opportunities of seeing the greatest performers of the day, and occasionally of acting with them. He fully appreciated the genius of Kean, and he enthusiastically admired Mrs. Siddons.

> The charming picture Miss O'Neill presented was one that time could not efface from the memory. It was not altogether the matchless beauty of form and face, but the spirit of perfect innocence and purity that seemed to glisten in her speaking eyes and breathe from her chiselled lips. . . . . Through my whole experience hers was the only representation of Juliet I have seen.

From the first Macready was a thoughtful and laborious student of his art; and after forty years of practice he sometimes believed that he had discovered new capabilities in an accustomed part. In his youth it was his rule "to make what profit I could out of a bad house, and before the most meagre audiences ever assembled it has been my invariable practice to strive my best, using the opportunity as a lesson." It may be doubted whether any existing work contains so many delicate criticisms and instructive remarks on the acted drama. Some of Macready's most valuable observations are continued in his letters to Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock, written long after his retirement from the stage. He says that he had been taught to imitate in gesture the action which he was relating, and that he was made sensible of the absurdity of the practice, partly by his own observation of actual life, and afterwards

> by remarking how sparingly, and therefore how effectively, Mrs. Siddons had recourse to gesticulation; and a line in the opening of one of the Cantos of Dante—I do not immediately remember it—made a deep impression on me in suggesting the dignity of repose; and so a theory became gradually formed in my mind, which was practically demonstrated to me to be a correct one when I saw Talma act, whose every movement was a change of subject for the sculptor's or the painter's study.

Adapting his practice to his new conviction, he adopted all the modes which he could devise for combining the wildest emotions with perfect bodily stillness:—

> I would lie down on the floor, or stand straight against the wall, or get my arms within a bandage, and so pinioned and confined repeat the most violent passages of *Othello*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*, or whatever would require most energy and emotion; I would speak the most passionate bursts of rage under the supposed constraint of whispering them in the ear of him or her to whom they were addressed.

It may be doubted whether any actor of the present day has had either the opportunity or the aptitude for deriving a professional lesson from a line of Dante. The occasional disquisitions on the single character of Hamlet which are scattered through the volumes published by Sir F. Pollock would alone form an interesting treatise on the character. In recording his own first appearance in the part, he remarks that a critic might have confidently predicted the failure in so ambitious an enterprise of a youth of eighteen; "but he would not have taken into account the support to the young aspirant supplied by the genius of the poet. A total failure in Hamlet is of rare occurrence." "The probing inquiry and laborious study of my after life have manifested to me how little was due to my own skill in that early personation." Although he considers that the part was not the most popular of those which he acted, he is also justified in saying that in "the judgment of competent critics it was the most finished." His explanation of the laborious process by which his success was attained accounts for the absence of any appearance of effort. The majority of those who have since acted the part have failed to appreciate either the personal and intellectual dignity or the humour of Hamlet. After his own retirement he seems never to have visited a theatre, but the published criticisms enabled him to take a just measure of the pretensions of some later performers. Emile Devrient, who about twenty years ago acted Hamlet in London in a German version, was, as Sir Frederick Pollock truly told Macready, "frigid and tiresome." Macready remarked, with equal justice, that the correspondent's criticism was scarcely consistent with an assertion that Devrient's understanding of the character was correct. The same letter contains a singularly interesting criticism on some of his own immediate predecessors:—

> Kean, when under the impulse of his genius he seemed to *clutch* the whole idea of the man, was an extraordinary instance among those possessing the faculty of impersonation. But if he missed the character in his first attempt at conception, he never could recover it by study. Mrs. Siddons, in a loftier style and to a greater extent, had this intuitive power; indeed, she was a marvel,—I might almost say, a miracle. John Kemble is greatly overrated, I think, by the clever men who, in their first enthusiasm, caught a glimpse of the skirts of his glory.

In the year 1816 Macready, then aged twenty-three, made his first appearance in London at Covent Garden. It was John Kemble's last season; Kean was acting at Drury Lane; Young and Charles Kemble at Covent Garden. Macready himself was, as he says, in the first rank, though not yet the first. "My motto must henceforth be from Seneca—Inveniet viam aut faciet."

During his second London season Macready's dislike to his profession induced him to think seriously of going to Oxford for the purpose of obtaining a degree and taking orders; but having the opportunity of purchasing his brother, afterwards Major Macready, back to full pay in the 30th Regiment, in which he had already served at Waterloo, he was fortunately obliged by pecuniary considerations to remain on the stage. Two or three years afterwards he had risen rapidly in reputation, and his marriage, which took place in 1824, and the subsequent increase of his family, would have made it impossible for him to leave the stage. The story of his life, which is fully told in the Reminiscences, and in the extracts which have been judiciously selected by the editor from his ample diaries, must be studied in the book itself. Macready's fame grew steadily and uninterruptedly from his first appearance in London to his retirement in 1851. He made three professional visits to America, and at one time he had intended to settle in the United States; but on the last occasion, in 1849, the partisans of a person named Forrest, who had acquired some notoriety as an actor, organized a riot against his supposed rival which ended in disastrous results. Forrest had already disgraced himself by hissing Macready in the theatre at Edinburgh; and in America his adherents commenced a more systematic persecution. During a performance at the Astor Place Theatre at New York, the theatre was attacked by a mob, which was dispersed by the police and military with the loss of several lives. Macready escaped from the city with some difficulty, and he soon afterwards returned home by way of Boston. Some years before, he had undertaken the management first of Covent Garden and afterwards of Drury Lane with little pecuniary profit to himself, but to the great advantage of the profession. He purified the theatre from flagrant and inveterate scandals, and he arranged the performances with a taste and skill which have never since been equalled. During his management splendid decoration was always kept in due subordination to the dramatic interest of the play. In management as in performance

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his records of his proceedings and his motives have the effect of antiquarian illustrations of a forgotten or dormant art. Soon after his retirement one of the worst of actors exemplified in the midst of popular approval the extent to which the drama might be degraded with the aid of lavish and tasteless embellishment.

In the midst of fame and success, Macready always hankered after retirement; and at the age of fifty-eight, having realized a moderate competence, he finally left the stage. The occasion was fitly celebrated by tributes of admiration from all who took an interest in the art which he had adorned. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who presided at a farewell dinner, recapitulated in an excellent speech, which is now judiciously republished, the principal events of Macready's theatrical career; and Mr. Tennyson contributed for the occasion a sonnet which summed up his most conspicuous qualities in the epithets "moral, grave, sublime." It was perhaps unfortunate that, from considerations of prudence, Macready determined to leave London, and consequently to separate himself from the society of his friends. He took a house at Sherborne, where he occupied himself in the education of his children, in the management of a local literary institution, and even in the laborious occupation of teaching an evening school. His life was meritorious, and perhaps in some respects useful, but it must have been tiresome; and it is always a wasteful process to cut blocks with a razor. Parents are in the great majority of cases the worst of instructors; and a man of genius is not required in a rural school for adults. It was during his residence at Sherborne and at Cheltenham, to which he moved in 1860 after the death of his first wife, that he wrote the interesting letters to two intimate friends which form the concluding part of the present publication. His later years were saddened by the deaths, not only of his first wife, but of several of his children; and, though he attained the age of eighty, he grew old early. Few more interesting or instructive autobiographies have been published, and of many curious incidental anecdotes one specimen may be quoted. Visiting Covent Garden, for the purpose of engaging the theatre for a Corn Law meeting, Cobden told Macready that he knew the place well, for that he had once written a play, called the *Phrenologist*, and sent it to Covent Garden for approval. The editor has performed his task with great judgment and care, and it is not the least of his merits that he has caused the volumes to be furnished with a full table of contents and an accurate index.

ANGELA PISANI.*

ONE would naturally suppose that a novel by the last Lord Strangford but one, better known as George Smythe, whose brilliant and withal eccentric character had for a too short term of years flashed across public and private life, must be a work of considerable interest; and in reading *Angela Pisani* one finds the supposition verified by fact. The novel has to contend with a disadvantage in that it was never completed, and that some of the questions with which it deals incidentally have lost the interest which attached to them when the book was written. But the plot, which is of a romantic kind, is so consistent to one line of thought that it would be easy to supply the matter which was left wanting to its completeness even if the editor had not saved readers all trouble on this score. And there is so much to command attention in the characters of the story that their talk can hardly be dull even when it deals with matters which belonged essentially to an earlier period than the present one. The able Memoir prefixed to the novel by his sister-in-law Lady Strangford gives a sketch of the author's characteristics, the accuracy of which will approve itself to those who best remember George Smythe, although it is obviously the work of one who has had to derive her information from others:—

> His quick sympathies and sensitive nature, his extensive though superficial knowledge, and his ready flow of conversation made him the pleasantest of companions: there are those of his friends yet left behind who speak of how he would keep them in talk till they utterly forgot how time had slipped away, and found the minutes they thought had elapsed had changed into hours. Mr. Disraeli, with the pen of a partial friend, writing of him several years after his death, still describes him as "a man of brilliant gifts, of dazzling wit, infinite culture, and fascinating manners." There was a bright, deferential sweetness of manner about him which conveyed at once and equally the idea of his wish to please his companions, and of their power to please him. Yet with all this, and with a strong fibre of love and tenderness in his heart, there was an underlying current of bitterness within, which he either would not or perhaps could not control.

The qualities here indicated are found throughout the pages of the novel. The writer's quick sympathy enables him to inspire interest in his creations even when they cannot excite any liking. His knowledge is of that kind which is well calculated to give an agreeable savour to a work of fiction; the "current of underlying bitterness," it must be admitted, produces sometimes an unpleasant effect; but it is amply relieved by the "fibre of love and tenderness." The style is easy, picturesque, at times even poetical; the dialogue is often brilliant, hardly ever forced; the characters, whatever other fault may be found with them, never fail to impress the reader with a sense of their reality; and this is probably the most important qualification for characters either in a novel or a play.

The book extends over a long space of time; it begins with a prologue dealing with the period of 1755–1793, and comes down to the days of Lord Byron. The first chapter of this prologue is interesting from the clever sketch which it gives of Mme. de Pompadour and Dr. Quesnoy. The next two chapters have a greater interest from the two scenes of the Revolution which they present. One of these is of a supper at the Café Corazza, presided over by Hébert, and graced by the presence of the four goddesses of the day. The revelries are interrupted by the entrance of Théroigne de Méricourt, who rushes in maddened by the insults offered to her by the same crowd which a while ago held her in adoration, to wreak her vengeance upon the beautiful Citoyenne Athenais, who has assumed the place which she herself once held in popular favour. This chapter, which gives a strong representation of the debauched lawlessness of the time, leads up to the next, which shows the efforts of those men who gave the first impulse to that lawlessness to stem its current on the occasion of a meeting of the Jacobins, with St. Just in the chair. It will be thought by many that the author has made too flattering an estimate of St. Just's character. There is, however, far more reason to suppose that St. Just was a man of sincere convictions, a man who would have sacrificed his own life as willingly as those of others for the cause which he had at heart, than there is for stating, as the author does, that "no man was ever more earnest in his hatred of bloodshed than Maximilien Robespierre." St. Just was a man who was driven half-mad with the terror of the time, but no such excuse can be reasonably urged on behalf of the "sea-green Incorruptible." However much one may disagree with the author's opinions of the historical characters whom he introduces here and elsewhere in the course of his book, we cannot but admire the force and keenness with which they are brought upon the scene. The story proper opens in the chapter which follows this, and introduces the reader to a group of schoolboys assembled in a large school called, in accordance with the spirit of the time, the Eleutheria. This part of the book is full of graceful fancy; there has been no such stirring narrative of the romance of schoolboy life since Mr. Disraeli's *Contarini Fleming*. It is natural that there should be a resemblance between Mr. Disraeli's style and that of the man who was closely associated with him; but the resemblance is in no way an imitation, and it must not be forgotten that Smythe had made himself and developed his political theories previously to cementing his intimacy with the present Prime Minister. In fact, his independent share in the formation of the system vulgarly known as "Young Englandism" is a little-remembered incident in literary history. Those who can recall the brilliant declamation against the Revolution of 1688 and its authors with which he used to astonish the Cambridge Union may readily understand the influence which the prototype of "Coningsby" would bring to bear upon such a movement.

In these school scenes the characters of the two men who become afterwards the chief objects of interest in the book are unfolded. Charles Denain is introduced as a boy gifted with the power to fascinate and command his fellows; one who, heartless himself, delights in torturing the hearts of others that he may draw instruction from their struggles; who possesses such a charm of manner that a kind and graceful speech more than atones for the blows which he has inflicted in wantonness. Lionel d'Averanche, victimized by this dazzling tyrant, by whose father, unjustly possessed of the estates of Averanche, he has been brought up, is a boy burdened with too much heart, with too keen a sensibility, with too poetic a temperament. There is a touching description of him as he appears in his boyish days, part of which may be quoted:—

> There was something in young Averanche's looks which announced his peculiar organization. There was not so much a debateable link between materialism and spiritualism, as between the excess of the one and the excess of the other. They betokened a great contest, not between good and evil, but between the genius of good and the genius of evil. They were a battle-field like Almuzaga, where the commanders fought hand to hand.
>
> His destiny might, like St. Augustine's, have a double accomplishment—the depths of corruption and the heights of wisdom—but it was written in his aspect that he would always be in extremes.

There is a spirited fencing match at the Eleutheria for a prize sabre sent to the College by Murat; and there is an attempt at a revolt against Denain's tyranny headed by Almeric Locart, a boy of a resolute purpose and a gentle heart, which is defeated by Lionel's love for Denain proving stronger than his sense of honour, and leading him to warn his adored tyrant—a course of action which results in the expulsion of Locart and the bitter remorse of Lionel, upon whose head coals of fire are heaped by the pardon of the magnanimous Locart.

On the next appearance of Lionel and Denain, they have both entered on manhood, and are strolling in the Bois de Boulogne, where they encounter a *fête* held by a girls' school, a former member of which, Illyrine de la Val, has just made a successful appearance on the stage. She is beautiful, brilliant, commanding; and here, as afterwards, her character contrasts finely with that of a little girl who appears among the attendant rout of pensionnaires. She is called Angela Pisani, and a pretty dialogue between her and Lionel, who, after the *fête* is over, remains absorbed by the attractions of Illyrine, foreshadows what is to follow. "He was entranced in the most delicious of reveries."

> The tiniest of little hands was on a sudden put into his.
> "I have come to thank you once more. Play is all over now."
> It was the little lady of the wood.
> "And is Mlle. de la Val gone home?"
> "Oh, yes, long ago."
> "How you must have loved her at school?"
> "Oh so much; but I love you too, and shall often think of you."
> "People forget so soon," said Averanche, absently.

* *Angela Pisani*. A Novel. By the late Hon. George Sydney-Smythe, Seventh Viscount Strangford. With a brief Memoir of the Author. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1875.

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"Ah, but I shall look at these feathers and remember you; they are blue too, but not like your eyes; those are more like heaven."

Averanche kissed the little hand of the girl of ten years old. There could not be a more genuine compliment.

The next stage of the story takes the reader to the battle-field of Austerlitz; perhaps the author's power of communicating his own emotion to the minds of others has no better opportunity than in the narration of this. His fancy paints vividly the stir and the turmoil of war, the dazzling show of splendour, and the gay courage of the troops which ushers in these as bright sunshine may a heavy storm; and it pauses in the heat of swift narrative to rest with an admiration which some will think too intense upon the central figure of Napoleon. It would be difficult to point to a more impressive picture of that figure than is here given in a short space, as it would be to find a more spirited description of a cavalry charge than that which follows. Nor is the more ignoble aspect of war passed over. The vile company of the "Children of Hate," who ransacked battle-fields to spoil the dead or the dying not only of their acquired possessions, but even of their natural ones of hair and teeth, appear when the excitement of the battle is over, headed by a brilliant ruffian who is known as the "Ishmaelite," and who afterwards turns out to be Malatesta Pisani, the father of Angela. With him is associated a mystery which, partly owing to the incomplete state of the novel, is never altogether cleared up; and his presence always brings with it a certain savour of the black-belted and many-pistolled, yet much-accomplished, villain of melodrama, which was more readily accepted in the days of Lord Lytton's *Paul Clifford* than at the present time. The author himself seems to have been aware of the melodramatic character which belongs to this part of the story, as may be gathered from this account of the gradual collection of the Ishmaelite's band. He has fired off several barrels of a kind of revolver to summon them, which, by the way, strikes one as a needless sacrifice of prudence to effect:—

After the fifth was fired, he gazed anxiously around him, and at various distances lights might be seen moving towards him. It seemed as if every brake and hedge and copse had on a sudden sent forth fire-flies multiplied by the distance, and with an effect more radiant from the snow. By degrees, however, the objects grew larger. It might have been the lava of Hecla streaming in one long irregular torrent down the white sides and ridges of the mountain. As they came nearer, however, they lost their romance; but what they lost in romance, the objects gained in melodrama. An opera director would have been delighted to have seen the dark lanterns with the light all thrown towards the spot where the Ishmaelite stood by the Holy Rood, the swarthy villany of the bandits' faces, their silence, their attention, their obedience.

In the struggle which afterwards takes place between these brigands and the company which, while they are about their evil trade, is assembled at supper in Denain's tent, Denain himself is severely wounded by the Ishmaelite; but he recovers not long afterwards in order to give a gorgeous Eastern entertainment to his friends in Paris. The limitless splendour of this banquet, intended to outvie two others which have gone before it, is hardly surpassed even by the dissipations of Théophile Gautier's *Fortunio*, to whom a reference is made by the author. In speaking of it the narrator observes, "We are sorry to introduce our readers to a rivalry so dissolute, but we must be true to our time and to our characters." The time was indeed one of vast prodigality to the wealthy, and if the tale of Denain's preparations for his feast is a little overcharged, it is at least lively. But the chief interest of the volume in which this display of luxury finds a place is found in the progress of Lionel d'Averanche's love for Illyrine. In this there is much that is moving and true, and there is something also which is unpleasant, and, it may be hoped, not so true. The beauty of the full devotion of youth with which Lionel first approaches the woman whom he passionately loves is strangely marred by the readiness with which he listens to the sneering suggestions of his friends, and the brutality which he exhibits in more than one interview with her. The author's intention here is true enough; he wishes to show how the poet in Lionel gradually overmastered the lover; how "he observed instead of sympathizing, and theorized instead of loving." But the execution is false; no man with the fine-strung feelings which Lionel is supposed to possess could allow himself either to give that turn to his relations with Illyrine which he gives, or to visit upon her the consequences of his own error. The man who could conduct himself to her as he does could not spring from the tender poetic boy whom one knows in the first volume, nor develop into the unselfish devoted lover of the last. The author employs many arguments to account for Lionel's behaviour, but they are more likely to be admired as pieces of ingenious sophistry than attended to as expositions of human nature.

It is more pleasant to renew acquaintance with the Vidâme d'Averanche in the next stage of his career than to dwell upon this. The passion, so fierce as to burn itself out, which he felt for Illyrine de la Val is exchanged for an enduring love for Angela Pisani, the little girl whom he met in the Bois de Boulogne, now grown up into a beautiful woman, who has created an excitement in Paris by her dancing at the Opera. The vein of irony which runs all through the novel is brought out especially in the course of Lionel's love for Angela. He who once carelessly threw away the gift of Illyrine's love has now to find his own devotion neglected for the heartless caprice of Denain, whose command of all the outward seeming of exalted passion deceives Angela. There is a fine scene between Lionel and Illyrine, now Mme. Castel Garcia, to whom he has renewed his old protestations, when he first confesses to her his new love for Angela. By way of excusing himself, he tells her that he is not false to her, "it is one soul in two women, it is yourself again I love in her":—

"Leave me, Monsieur; I say leave me: do you hear?"

Averanche almost crouched before her on the earth, he felt himself so little.

"You *can* compare *her* to me! Has she sacrificed herself, her character, her position, her happiness, bound herself up in you, in your ever-changing temper, to share your griefs, your whims, your hates, your fear—given up peace of mind, serenity, given up,—nay, I speak not of the world—all things for you? and this is your return!"

"Have not others treated you as I do?"

"O most generous of men! oh, well spoken! oh, fair and just result of affection such as mine has been. Go on, Monsieur; pray go on: heap insult upon insult. And this is the Lionel of other days; this is he who wept unless he was alone with me, whose jealousy was so intense that it restricted me to solitude, whose adoration was such that it amounted to insanity, who, as I never gave him cause to quarrel with the present, quarrelled with the past. And when he raked up my confidences, confessions, sins, they gave him as much remorse as myself. And to him I forgave all reproaches, because they were like self-reproaches, so blended was his whole existence in mine. Ah! is this *that* Lionel!"

The generosity which Illyrine displays at the close of this interview would more than redeem her past conduct, if that required any such redemption. But though it would seem that the author intended the reader to think better of the Vidâme's conduct than of hers in the past, the reader is likely to reverse the author's decision.

The latter part of the book, which contains, amongst other things, an amusing chapter concerning the establishment of Louis XVIII. in England, deals mainly with the fortunes of Angela Pisani and the upshot of Lionel's love for her. We will not spoil the reader's interest in those fortunes or in the more violent events which follow them by any more particular reference. Three characters, the most interesting in the novel, have been chiefly touched upon in this notice; but there are many others who, if they are of less importance, are no less life-like; and whatever may be the faults of *Angela Pisani*, its perusal will make many readers regret that it is the author's solitary achievement in the field of romance. Others may feel an even deeper regret that the capacities for distinction which Lord Strangford possessed had not been more steadily disciplined in the duties of that public life into which he had with no ordinary advantages entered, when on the dissolution of the Young England section he received from Sir Robert Peel the appointment of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

SCHMITZ'S HISTORY OF ROME.*

WE noticed a little time back a *History of Greece* by Dr. Schmitz, and we have since received the volume which is now before us. The preface bears date in 1847. The book is like its fellow; it is highly creditable for 1847, but not altogether what we should have looked for in 1873. Indeed there is less attempt than there was in the Greek volume to bring the work up to the standard of recent research. In the Greek volume there was an attempt of this kind at both ends. A præ-scientific first chapter had a scientific introductory chapter tacked on in front of it, and a sketch of the history of Greece down to our own day was tacked on at the end. But here the history of Rome is still made to end at the death of Commodus; and the reason which was given in 1847 and which is not withdrawn in 1873 is one which we must give at length:—

When the author entered upon this undertaking, he intended to carry the History of Rome down to the year A.D. 476, that is to the overthrow of the Western Empire; but during the execution he found that, in order to get the whole within reasonable compass, he should have to curtail considerably the history of those periods which are of most importance to young scholars: to make this sacrifice for the purpose of being able to relate the history of a period which offers little to instruct and less to interest a young mind, and nothing calculated to ennoble the feelings, seemed to him to be opposed to the objects for which the book was intended. He has therefore carried the History of the Empire no further than the death of Commodus, at which period the moral degradation of the Empire reached its lowest point.

We are at a loss to guess why the lowest point of the moral degradation of an Empire should be, as it seems to be by Dr. Schmitz, taken for granted as a natural point for winding up its history. The point chosen by Dr. Schmitz to leave off is, of course, really chosen because it is the point at which Gibbon chose to begin. But it is a much better point for a beginning than for an ending. For a History of the Decline of the Roman Empire it was a very natural point to begin at. Under Trajan the Empire had reached its greatest extent; under Hadrian it had for the first time surrendered territory: under Marcus it had become plain that the energies of Rome must for the future be devoted to defending what she had already got, not to winning anything more. With the death of Commodus, the artificial family which had begun with Nerva comes to an end, and the period of Emperors chosen by the army succeeds. From Gibbon's point of view, then, no point could be a better beginning than that which he actually chose. But there seems no kind of reason why Dr. Schmitz, in telling the tale of Rome from the beginning, should choose the same point for an ending. Dr. Merivale indeed stops at the death of Marcus; but then Dr. Merivale did not tell the whole tale of Rome from the beginning, and he seems to have stopped where

* *A History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Death of Commodus*, A.D. 192. By Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, F.R.S.E. Twenty-fifth Thousand. London: Lockwood & Co. 1873.

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he did chiefly because he was tired. His first purpose was to carry on his history much further, and it is greatly to be regretted that he did not do so. In a History of Rome, not merely a History of some particular period of Rome, the point chosen by Dr. Schmitz is a mere arbitrary point. It is the beginning of something, but it is not the end of anything. To break off at such a point as this makes it impossible to tell the real story of Rome, to point out her real position in the history of the world. It was perhaps not very wonderful that Dr. Schmitz should in 1847 talk of the overthrow of the Western Empire in 476; but in 1847, or in any other time, one is amazed to hear the times when Rome really influenced the world, the times which saw Rome stand forth as the mistress of her conquerors, the times which saw the establishment of Christianity and the beginning of Teutonic rule, spoken of as "a period which offers little to instruct and less to interest a young mind." We hold that, in order to bring out strongly what is after all the real history of Rome, the influence which Rome has had, and still has, on the whole modern world, it would have been quite worth while to curtail almost any other period. We can conceive no period of so great importance to young scholars, or to scholars of any age, as the great turning point of the history of the world, when Rome was alike conqueror and conquered, when she handed on her heritage to those who seemed to overthrow her. It is not till we reach the time of Rome's seeming decay that we fully understand what the greatness and power of Rome fully was. The tale of Rome is not ended, the lesson of Roman history is not learned, till we have made acquaintance with Stilicho and Belisarius, as well as with Camillus and Scipio. And again in these ages the city of Rome itself recovers a good deal of the historical importance which it was losing in the time when Dr. Schmitz leaves off. The fifth and sixth centuries are more eventful in the local history of Rome than almost any before or since, at any rate since the time of Brennus. There can be no doubt that the right point at which to end a History of Rome is that which Arnold chose as the intended ending of his own History. With the coronation of Charles the Great, Rome, in giving her name to the newly-founded German power, really lost her own separate being. The dominion of her laws, her language, her political traditions, became more widely extended than ever; but Rome herself is merged in the vast realm of her Frankish Emperor.

From the end we fall back to the beginning. From our point of view, a book like this is tested by its beginning and its ending. Dr. Schmitz may be fully trusted for all the ordinary details of Roman history in the old-fashioned sense. The one question is—Does he give his subject its œcumenical position? Does he put Rome in its right place in the history of the world? Does he join it on at both ends to the general history of mankind in the way in which it should be joined on? We have seen how Dr. Schmitz fails in this respect at one end; he fails also, though perhaps less glaringly, at the other—that is to say, the notions of 1847 seem antiquated in 1875. In 1847, if any one had spoken as Sir Henry Maine spoke the other day, of Rome as "the famous group of village communities by the Tiber," he would have had but little chance of being understood. The school of Niebuhr had very well worked out the process by which Rome was formed, but it needed the comparative method to give real life to the story. The growth of any Aryan society now seems dark and dull to us, if it is not looked at with reference to the growth of other Aryan societies. But this was not to be looked for in any clear and full shape in 1847. It is curious now to read the chapters of Mr. Grote on the early state of Greece. True, instructive, and admirable as they still are, we feel a lack; the writer is always on the very verge of the comparative method; but he never quite crosses the line. The difference will be seen if we contrast the opening chapters of Dr. Schmitz with the opening chapters of Mommsen. Of what we hold to be the faults of that great writer we have freely spoken when it was our business to speak. But no one can fail to see the life and freshness and vigour which is given to his opening chapters by his constantly bearing in mind that the story of Rome is only part of a whole, only one among many kindred stories. Dr. Schmitz seems hardly to know what to do with the legendary history. He tells it in a half-believing way, telling the story and then showing that it cannot be true; but without making that use of the legends which in really critical hands can be made of them. In short, his whole treatment of the matter was what any one would set down as sound, safe, and respectable in 1847; the only strange thing is that Dr. Schmitz should have been satisfied to send it forth again without alteration in 1873. Thus, for instance, in the time between those two years we have quite outgrown the notion about Latin being a composite language, made up of two elements, one closely akin to the Greek and the other less so. And it sounds almost more strange, at this time of day, to read such a note as the following:—

> It should, however, be observed that both sets of words occur in the Sanscrit; a circumstance which shows that the Sabines also belonged to the same great family of nations inhabiting central Italy, and accordingly that all the elements of the Latin language are of a kindred nature.

We here have brought home to us the difference which has been wrought by the last eight-and-twenty years. Scholars then knew, Dr. Schmitz doubtless fully knew, the fact of the relation between Latin, Sanscrit, and any other of the kindred tongues. But the fact had not become a living fact; it was still something a little strange and novel, something a little by the way, something to be mentioned in a note as a curious discovery, not something to be put forward in the front of everything, as the life and meaning of the whole story.

As in the Greek History, the Introductory Chapter reads as if it had been written after the first chapter of the body of the work. The description of Italy and of its early inhabitants reads like something later than 1847; it reads like the writing of one who had read Mommsen. But then why was not a good deal of what follows cancelled to make room for it? This way of sticking on a summary of the latest research to a work which is conceived in quite another spirit does not bring the whole up to the level of the latest research. Even if there is no formal contradiction between the two parts, the way of looking at things will be quite different in the two. It is none the less a piece of new cloth sewed on to an old garment. Dr. Schmitz in 1847 was not like the pert writer in the *Times* who took upon himself to review Mr. Hare's last book, and who thought it fine to say, "In spite of Niebuhr, while we remain in the atmosphere of Mr. Hare's book, we shall still cling to our faith in Livy." It is amusing to see how people of this kind, innocent alike of Beaufort and of Schwegler, always fancy Niebuhr to be the first and last thing in the way of unbelief. One might also be curious to know what their notion of Livy is, and whether they think that he wrote from an immediate inspiration of the Camœnæ. Dr. Schmitz, we should fancy, never was in this state at any moment. But it is not the less plain that in 1847 he had not reached—it was hardly possible for him to reach—the true way of dealing with legend. It is equally plain that, since 1847, he has come much nearer to it. But his proper course would be, not to patch on the new learning to the old, but to recast the whole thing according to the last lights. His introductory chapter too contains a passage which is quite enough for us as condemnation of the way in which he has cut Roman history through at the days of Commodus, much as Commodus himself cut through the necks of the ostriches. Dr. Schmitz says:—

> The history of Rome forms the transition from ancient to modern times, and it is mainly owing to this intermediate position of Rome between the two, that we are indebted for our knowledge of the ancient world and its history.

Therefore, we say, carry on the tale so as to show that it does form this transition; do not leave off at a point which shows nothing of the kind. So again:—

> The barbarians, who destroyed the Roman empire towards the end of the fifth century of our era, were themselves subdued by the spirit of Rome, which still continued to live in her institutions and her language; and thus it came to pass, that, although Rome's political and military power was broken, yet the spirit of her institutions and language exercised its influence upon the victorious barbarians, and so became the groundwork of a new European civilisation.

Nothing can be more true; it is the very doctrine which we are trying to set forth, but it is not taught by a History which stops with Commodus. These passages show how much Dr. Schmitz has learned since he wrote his preface in 1847. Why then should such contrary ways of looking at things remain thus unequally yoked together?

MASSON'S EDITION OF MILTON'S POEMS.*

THE three distinctive features of this edition, besides a careful text, are, first, a general essay on Milton's English, presenting the philology of the poems in a systematic form; secondly, a series of introductions to the poems, composing a continuous and minute literary biography of the poet; thirdly, a commentary, partly expository, partly philological, and partly critical. Those who have studied, so far as it has yet gone, Mr. Masson's Life of Milton will have formed expectations of this edition which it is praise indeed to fulfil. The great characteristic of all Mr. Masson's work on Milton, biographical or editorial, is that it constructs for the reader that which less thorough memoirs or commentaries only make it possible that the reader should construct for himself—a complete picture of the man, of the poet, and, so far as possible, of the poet's mind. Had it been possible for research to do the same thing for Shakspeare, it may be questioned whether the result would have had a comparable value, or indeed a very important value, for the interpretation or the estimate of his work. The intellectual and moral forces of Shakspeare act in a sphere wholly independent of his personal life, and if his dramas have any biographical revelation to give us from which a light can be reflected upon themselves, it must be chiefly or solely such a revelation as it has recently been attempted to draw from them—the development of a character and of a mind. In this aspect the case of Milton is perhaps as strong a contrast as could be found. His fundamental conception of the poetical mission identified it with that of the prophet, imagined partly as a *sacer vates*, partly as the Hebrew interpreter between God and a chosen, but endangered or backsliding, nation; and though it would be too narrow and exclusive a designation which made Milton the poet of Puritanism, yet it is certain that he cannot be understood without the closest attention to the ecclesiastical and the political questions of his day, not merely because his outward history was so deeply coloured by alternate acceptance and rejection at the hands of his own people, but because through all his work in every kind there thrills this central feeling that his poetry is an inspired message to the inheritors of a glorious hope or the sufferers

* *The Poetical Works of John Milton.* Edited by David Masson, M.A., LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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of a terrible reverse. The prophet can be truly comprehended only when he is seen amidst those to whom he speaks; and the best commentary on Milton consists in calling up Milton's age around him. This is what Mr. Masson with exhaustive industry has done in his history, to which the edition of the poems is, in fact, the literary supplement.

The general essay on Milton's English falls into six sections:—I. Vocabulary; II. Spelling and Pronunciation; III. Peculiarities of Grammatical Inflection; IV. Syntax and Idiom; V. Punctuation; VI. Versification. Of these IV. and VI. will be found especially valuable by students; while I. brings together some curious facts of perhaps more general interest. Milton's vocabulary (excluding his prose writings) consists, it has been computed, of about 8,000 words—counting as distinct words all separate parts of speech, but not inflections of any one part of speech. Shakspeare's vocabulary, estimated on the same plan, contains about 15,000 words; a number, as compared with Milton's, which is accounted for partly by the greater volume of the writings, partly also by the larger aggregate of things and notions among which the dramatist's imagination moved. The next question that occurs is. In these vocabularies what proportion is of old English stock, and what borrowed from Latin or other non-English sources that have fed composite English? In Shakspeare's vocabulary the non-English element is about two-fifths—that is, about 6,000 words out of the total 15,000 are not of old English stock—a proportion nearly the same as that in the English Bible, where, according to Mr. Marsh's reckoning, about sixty per cent. of words are native. In Milton's (poetical) vocabulary the non-English element is about two-thirds—that is, about 5,300 words out of the total 8,000. But now a distinction must be drawn. A word belongs to a writer's vocabulary if he has used it once; but in writing or in speech some words are used oftener than others, and therefore to determine the proportion between the English and the non-English constituents of a writer's vocabulary is not the same thing as to determine this proportion for his style. In order to apply the test to a writer's style, specimens of various lengths must be taken from his text, and every word must be counted, not once only, but as often as it occurs. Mr. Marsh has applied the test to various English writers, and has obtained some curious and rather unexpected results. In the eighteenth century English style generally was highly Latinized. Yet even then the proportion of English to non-English words in a tolerably long and characteristic passage of a good author very seldom falls below 70 per cent. Swift, in one essay, sinks to 68 per cent., but usually ranges higher. Hume's average rises to 73 per cent. Johnson's is 72 per cent., Gibbon's 70 per cent.—good testing instances, which give results on which few people perhaps would have ventured to reckon from guesswork or general impression. In the present century the ratio of English to non-English words has decidedly gone up. Macaulay's rate is 75 per cent.—*i.e.* only one word in four is not of old English stock; and this, according to Mr. Marsh, is about the mark of recent prose-writers, though, on the whole, we should rather have expected it to have risen. As to poetry, the *Lotus-Eaters* shows 87 per cent. of pure English words; *In Memoriam* 89 per cent. Mr. Longfellow's number is 87 per cent.; Mr. Browning's 84; the general result being that the proportion of English in poetry is hardly less to-day than it was in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, or earlier. Shakspeare's rate is from 88 to 91 per cent.; Milton's—computed from *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Paradise Lost*, Book VI., is, on the whole, about 85—80 being the probable average for the whole of *Paradise Lost*.

Another very interesting point in Milton's vocabulary is the number of words he has used only once. Under the letter A alone Mr. Masson counts up 118 such words, and conjectures that between 2,000 and 3,000 of Milton's total 8,000 may have been ἅπαξ λεγόμενα. Mr. Marsh gives a few samples of words thus used once only by Shakspeare—namely *abrupt, ambiguous, artless, congratulate, improbable, improper, improve, impure, inconvenient, incredible.* Lastly, between 500 and 600 of Shakspeare's words have become obsolete or have changed their meaning. For Milton, Mr. Marsh puts the like number at 100; but Mr. Masson gives chapter and verse for 150, which are at all events uncommon now, though many of them have been resumed by recent poets, and some others might still be pressed into service at need.

Partly on account of its form, partly for its character as a parable of Milton's own life, the *Samson Agonistes* is unique among his poems; and on turning to Mr. Masson's special introduction (ii. pp. 85–94), we were glad to find a discussion of what has always seemed to us a very interesting question—the nature of Milton's feeling, at successive periods, towards dramatic poetry and the stage. In *L'Allegro* he includes the theatre among the natural pleasures of a cheerful mind; he has told us himself that at Cambridge he used to go to the dramatic performances got up in the Colleges, and that during his vacations in London he used to visit the theatres. The "Lines to Shakespeare" (1630), and the later tribute to Ben Jonson in *L'Allegro*, agree with this; and it may be assumed that he saw the masques of Jonson, Carew, or Shirley before he wrote his own *Arcades* or *Comus*. On the other hand, those stricter Puritans with whom Milton was even then in political sympathy held theatrical entertainments to be works of the same origin as sacerdotalism; and, in 1632, Prynne's *Histriomastix* abused stage-plays and everything connected with them through a thousand quarto pages. For Milton, however, after his return from Italy at the end of 1639, it is still an open question whether his poem shall be an epic, or "whether those dramatic constitutions in which Sophocles and Euripides reign shall not be found more doctrinal and exemplary for a nation"; the Song of Solomon, he observes—quoting Origen—is a Pastoral drama; and the Revelation of St. John, according to a Protestant commentator (Parœus), may be viewed as "a high and stately tragedy," of which the acts are divided by choruses—"shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies." In September 1642 the ordinance of Parliament suppressed stage-plays "while the public troubles last." From that time till the Restoration (May, 1660)—nearly eighteen years—the London theatres were closed. It was in 1658 that Milton set to work on *Paradise Lost*, having finally decided that it was to be an epic, not a drama. The *Samson Agonistes* was published in 1671, in the same volume with *Paradise Regained;* as to the date of its composition, all that is certain is that it was after the Restoration. The sympathy which dictated the choice of subject can readily be imagined; but what dictated the choice of form? In making what was probably his last poem a drama Milton returns to his first love, and bears witness that the Tragic Muse, towards whom he had felt drawn when life was richest in strength and hope, still seemed to him, in his grave closing years, capable of uttering the most solemn denunciation upon sin or of breathing the loftiest confidence in the Divine Avenger. Not indeed without precaution does he now at last invoke her aid. The preface "On that Sort of Dramatic Poem called Tragedy" is significant by the very emphasis of its apologetic tone. Obviously there are weaker brethren in the land—the long proscription of the stage has left its mark; obviously, too, there is now a contemporary drama from which the pure and stern champion of the Commonwealth is concerned to distinguish his own—that drama which rejoiced in Dryden's worst things or Wycherley's best. The *Samson Agonistes*, Milton means, is a drama differing from the popular stage-plays of the time in England, not merely as tragedy differs from comedy, but as the tragedy of Euripides differs from that of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, or Massinger. Further, it was never meant to be acted, and so the division into acts and scenes is omitted; but, as Mr. Masson justly points out, Milton does not say that he would have objected to its being acted. Bishop Atterbury in 1722 proposed in fact to bring out the *Samson* at Westminster, with acts and names to be arranged by Pope. We agree with Mr. Masson that it was a fitter compliment when, twenty years later, Handel made the drama an oratorio, and married great music to words as great. There is only one thing that we miss in this Introduction; we could have wished that Mr. Masson had taken the trouble of answering Johnson's principal criticism on the *Samson Agonistes*, which deserves a more complete answer than Cumberland's, because it happens to coincide with the vulgar notion that the piece is dull. Johnson says that "nothing passes between the first and last act which hastens or delays Samson's death." Now Act II. directly advances the plot by Manoah's announcement of the festival; Act III. indirectly, yet importantly, by the proof resulting from Dalila's interview with Samson that a compromise is impossible; Act IV. directly, since Harapha, repulsed by Samson, goes to the Philistine lords (v. 1250), and, by further incensing them, hastens the catastrophe of Act V.

It is rather to be wondered at than regretted that the gentlemen who are so anxious that other people should be allowed to marry deceased wives' sisters should never have attempted anything so solid in its way as that *Tetrachordon* which gave Milton his position in the literature of divorce, and the jokes about which caused the poet such unmixed disgust. Mr. Masson has made a discovery on a point in Sonnet XI.:—

> A book was writ of late called *Tetrachordon*,
> And woven close, both matter, form and style;
> The subject new: it walked the town awhile,
> Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.
> Cries the stall-reader, "Bless us! what a word on
> "A title-page is this!" and some in file
> Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile
> End Green. Why is it harder, sirs, than *Gordon*,
> *Colkitto*, or *Macdonnel*, or *Galasp*?

"Tetrachordon" is thought a portentous name—is it more difficult or harsher, Milton asks, than some of the Scotch names (for instance) which Londoners have lately been learning to pronounce? It is undoubtedly a curious fact in the history of phonetics that, of the four names instanced by Milton as types of ruggedness, the first two, at least, should now be rather musical to English ears. There were several Gordons among Montrose's adherents—of which the chief were George, the eldest son of the Marquis of Huntley, and his brother Charles, Viscount Aboyne; but who are Macdonnel, Colkitto, and Galasp? Walter Scott identified "Galasp" with George Gillespie, an apostle of the Covenant, and the names of Colkitto and Macdonnel as both belonging to another person, "one of its bitterest enemies." It has been reserved for Mr. Masson to show that all three names—Macdonnel, Colkitto, and Galasp—belong to one and the same person, to wit, a gigantic Highlander from Colonsay, a connexion of the Irish Macdonnels, Earls of Antrim, whose name in full, being translated from the Gaelic, was "Alexander *Macdonald*, son of *Colkittoch* ('the left-handed'), son of *Gillespie*, son of Alexander, son of John Cathanach." The Lowland abbreviation unkindly reduced this either to "Alexander Macdonald the younger" or to "Young Colkitto"; but the designation "Mac-Gillespie" was sometimes added, and it was no doubt in the form of "Macdonald Colkitto MacGillespie" that the great patronymic had reached

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Milton's ears, who not unfairly remarks that, if "Tetrachordon" was Greek to the "stall-readers," this was Gaelic to him.

A question on which Mr. Masson in this edition inclines to a view different from that taken in his Life of Milton is the moot point as to the date of the *Arcades*. The *Comus* is fixed to 1634, and the *Arcades*, being an earlier and slighter masque, has usually been placed either early in 1634 or in 1633. But a serious difficulty arises from the place held by the draft of the *Arcades* in the Cambridge volume of Milton's MS. There it stands first, occupying pp. 1–3, being followed (pp. 4–5) by the three drafts of the lines "At a Solemn Music," and (pp. 6–7) by the two drafts of the "Prose Letter to a Friend," containing the sonnet on his twenty-third birthday. The late Mr. S. Leigh Sotheby was the first to observe that this strongly suggests the *Arcades* having been written before the "Prose Letter"—*i.e.* before 1631—and Mr. Masson now inclines to accept this argument, and to make the *Arcades* a work, not of Milton's twenty-sixth year, but, at latest, of his twenty-third. He yet prints the *Arcades* just before the *Comus;* and rightly, for the slighter masque is a fit prelude to the larger.

We have said enough to show that Mr. Masson's two works should be read together. This edition of the poems has a literary value which is independent and substantive; but those who, in the editor's own spirit, desire to make a complete study of Milton, should take the Biography, or rather History, for their companion, so far as it is at present possible to do so—*i.e.* through all the earlier poems, and into the mid-period of the sonnets.

A VOLUNTEER OF THE MEXICAN WAR.*

THE Count of Paris has of late made familiar to us the truth that the system of undertaking war with an army composed chiefly of volunteers is as thoroughly traditional in America as is that of standing armies with the military monarchies of Europe; and he has shown also the value of the high individual qualities which to a great extent serve with these improvised trans-Atlantic soldiers to replace the discipline and training of their European rivals. That Mexican campaign which he notices but slightly affords a striking example of all the virtues and vices of this system, and the unpretending volume before us is a timely witness to both. It abundantly illustrates the lesson that the time of active hostilities is not of itself suited for teaching soldiers the mechanical business of the profession they have taken up; as it shows not less strikingly the high spirit and individual enterprise which our race has developed in its rude contest with nature for the possession of the New World.

The opening chapter explains by a practical example what a fund of that fighting power on which American patriots justly rely is ever ready at the national call. Mr. Kenly was lieutenant of a citizen artillery company at Baltimore in May 1846, when news came that the Mexicans had crossed the disputed line of the Rio Grande into Texas, now a recognized part of the Union, and had been defeated by General Taylor's little force of regulars at the battle of Palo Alto. His city, like all the rest of the United States, had been thrown into a fever of excitement by the tidings of some skirmishes on the same river, in which the American cavalry suffered severely; and the news that these had been avenged was received with exultation, and roused martial ardour to the highest pitch. Every able-bodied man seems to have talked of going off to fight. Mr. Kenly started at once for Washington to seek a commission in the army; and probably the capital was already crowded with other young men on the same errand. At any rate, when the aspirant from Baltimore reached President Polk's presence, he learnt at once that his object could only be met in another way. "He told me," says Mr. Kenly, "that he purposed calling for volunteers—would take some from Maryland, and that then I would have an opportunity to respond to the call of my country with higher rank than he could give me." Accordingly on the 1st of June our author was again at Baltimore, consulting those older than himself who were bent on seeing service; and on the 2nd he "opened a rendezvous in the armoury for a company of volunteers for twelve months' service," which was to form part of a battalion to be raised in the city under a Lieutenant-Colonel Watson.

The rapidity with which events followed each other almost takes away the breath of a sober European reader, accustomed to more methodical ways of getting through such a difficult business as the formation and despatch of an army on field service. Within forty-eight hours after his rendezvous was opened, of course with the approval of the authorities of his own State, Captain Kenly was on his way by railroad to Washington, with two subalterns and fifty-eight men, the raising of whom seems to have been the only condition of his gaining his own commission. Hearing that more volunteers were ready to follow him, he presently sent his two lieutenants back to fetch them; and on the 8th of June the new company was duly "mustered into the service of the United States by the Assistant Adjutant-General, consisting of three officers, with eighty-four non-commissioned officers and privates"; the appointments of the former placing them, at least for the year, on the same official level as though they had gone through the elaborate professional training which makes the West Point graduate perhaps the most perfectly taught officer for general purposes that the world can show.

Nor was this extraordinary rapidity of proceedings lessened after the first stage. On the contrary, the new Captain, who only received his commission from Maryland some days after he left the State, joined his battalion at once after the muster, and found it ordered out of Washington on the 18th, on the special application of the Mayor, "who had been incensed at the bad behaviour of some of the men," to quarters near the Potomac. He received instructions to go on board the steam-transport *Massachusetts* three days later. Those who know how even tolerably orderly recruits under a trained regimental staff would behave in such circumstances will not doubt the author's statement that a scene of indescribable confusion ensued which the darkness seemed to magnify, and that no repose was to be had on that night of chaos but what came through sheer exhaustion. But probably only those who know the cranky and unseaworthy style of build which the coasting steamers of the United States adopt for cheapness' sake, in imitation of the river boats, will understand fully the miseries that followed. After seventeen days of this first trial of the battalion—its sufferings aggravated no doubt by the facts, which Mr. Kenly does not seek to hide, that there was no attempt whatever made at any kind of discipline, and that the only amusement was the gambling away of the bounty-money, which found its way into the pockets of two or three sharper than their comrades—Brazos Island, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, was fairly sighted. As the captain of the transport had nearly wrecked his living cargo on the Bahamas, and had quite lost his head in the emergency, there was no pretence of regret at parting; and Captain Kenly's company were glad enough to be put on shore, though the island proved to be nothing but a mass of burning sandhills, and their first night found them without shelter or supper. There was "grumbling and discontent with some"; but even under these trying circumstances the young Captain still fancied his first day in the field one of good hope, "and the men generally were as full of life and spirits" as he himself was, and did their best to get baggage and stores ashore from the tug employed for their landing. It was two days more, however, before the common military necessaries of arms, ammunition, and cooking utensils were served out. All was evidently very miserable as yet, and very disorderly too. Yet near them on the mainland hard by the troops hitherto under General Taylor were encamped in excellent order, and "things looked tidy and military." In fact, the American volunteer has usually had a good model before him; and, as General Sherman has recently pointed out with great force, the first use of the little regular army of the Republic must ever be to set an example to the mass of less disciplined regiments with which it will inevitably have to take the field in any national emergency. No American doubts that recruits would always be forthcoming in any number required. Thus the late unpleasantness with Cuba as to the Santiago massacre produced instant offers to raise volunteers for service against Spain, not merely from well-known men in the North, but from leaders like Forrest, who had distinguished themselves in fighting against the Union. The chief tasks for the Executive at Washington would plainly be what they were in 1846—first to equip, and then to bring into order, the rough material which it is so easy to collect.

But to return to our story. Landed a few days later on the shore, and marched across the sandy desert through which the Rio Grande disembogues itself into the Gulf, the Baltimore battalion soon found itself in Matamoras, which Taylor had occupied without resistance, the Mexicans whom he had defeated in May retiring into the interior. Proclamations on either side were for the present the chief acts of hostility; Taylor informing the Mexicans in his manifesto that their Government was "in the hands of tyrants and usurpers," whilst General Ampudia issued addresses to the "Germans, French, Poles, and individuals of other nations" in his adversary's army, exhorting them to separate themselves from the robbery and usurpation of the Yankees, and offering all deserters free passages to the city of Mexico, and large grants of land. In truth, this commander was unwilling to take the field again, and General Taylor was quite unable to move for lack of transport. His little force of regulars had been swollen, says our author, into an army by the arrival of large bodies of volunteers, but "supplies were not commensurate with the numbers, and the means of transportation totally inadequate." In fact, the Washington Cabinet had plunged hastily into the war, in the full confidence of superiority of strength, and without any nice calculation of difficulties; and, now that its first operations were checked for want of means, it seems to have delayed purposely, in the hope that the summer elections then pending in Mexico might result in pacific counsels and timely submission. This, however, was not to be. The ultra war party triumphed, and elected Paredes President, to the old Spanish cry of "Guerra al Cuchillo!" and it became evident that Taylor must be largely supplied and pushed forward. This was the more necessary because the basin of the Rio Grande was anything but healthy. His own sick, Captain Kenly writes, gave him great concern, "eighteen men being on their backs, unmistakably not fit for the field," whilst in other corps the proportion was much larger. Camargo, the point which Taylor chose for the base of his advance, came to be known as the Graveyard. An independent writer in the regular forces at this time said of the volunteers:—"They continue to arrive, but they have suffered a good deal at their encampment at the mouth of the river. Diarrhœa, dysentery, and fevers have been very fatal. Discharges are numerous, and the majority are pretty well disgusted with the service." For the sanitary care in which the Federal corps of Grant and Sherman were notoriously deficient, even when the men that filled them had become

* *Memoirs of a Maryland Volunteer in the War with Mexico, in the Years 1846–7–8.* By J. R. Kenly. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

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veterans in the great Civil War, was of course wholly lacking in the miscellaneous body suddenly thrown on the Mexican coast, nor does any attempt seem to have been made to enforce the necessary precautions, except by the voluntary exertions of the more active officers. The men drank muddy water, exposed themselves to the sun, ate anything that was brought to the camp, took no pains to keep the place clean, and the consequences were what might have been expected. Perhaps it is surprising that things were not worse, when it is remembered that these volunteers had been suddenly brought down into the tropics in the very midst of the hottest season of the year. As to their discipline, we need say no more than that, a quarrel having arisen between two battalions, the author's and the First Ohio, the Colonel of the latter, after getting his sword broken in a scuffle, at once ordered his men to load with ball-cartridge. The Baltimore regiment of course followed the example. The two battalions proceeded to range themselves in order of battle between the camps, and it needed but a stray shot to produce a massacre of comrades. Fortunately a few of the better officers, headed by the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ohio, took advantage of the pause to throw themselves between the lines, and gradually got the men to retire towards their camps without engaging. General Taylor heard evidence next day on the affair, and threatened an official inquiry; but it is significantly added in a note, "No court was ever ordered, as far as I know, and the matter was dropped officially, though the embers of discord remained smouldering as long as we were in the service."

Yet it was soon after this affair that the Baltimore battalion made its first long march to Matamoras, and the men, once fancying themselves on the way to fight, showed the true spirit of soldiers. "Our road from Burita was mostly through the water, and we waded one lagoon of three miles across with an average depth of three feet of water, in some places four. Many of the men caught hold of each other for support, as the fatigue was inconceivable. I lost one man of my company on the march, and was unable to account for his absence." With a pardonable pride Captain Kenly adds that "the recent overflow of the Rio Grande had made the road impassable, except for American volunteers," who no doubt have often frames trained to fatigue and labour far beyond what could be borne by average European conscripts. But this movement to Matamoras was only preliminary to a longer and far more trying march, which brought the battalion to Camargo, where the second long delay in the opening of the campaign had to be endured. This march led the troops over a waterless district; all order gave way under the prolonged trial; "curses loud and deep were heard"; disobedience became "vindictiveness, such as, I expect, is rarely shown by American troops," and the movement concluded in a temporary but "utter demoralization."

At last it was decided, as we have before said, that the war must be carried on with vigour. Taylor was still the chief American commander, and his force was "the Army of Occupation," though its means were very limited. Rejecting the strategy pressed on him by Washington amateurs, who wanted him to make the thousand miles march to Mexico without any means of keeping open his communications, the old General obtained approval for his more practical plan of moving on only to Monterey, an important town the possession of which would sever the north-east of Mexico from the rest of the Republic. Mule transport was with difficulty provided for the little column of six thousand men with which he boldly started on this enterprise. Of course the General took most of his regulars with him, but among his volunteer contingent was the Baltimore battalion; and the real military part of the volume before us is that which describes in vivid and natural language the march from Camargo on the city, and the capture of the latter from a far larger force of Mexicans strongly entrenched. Kenly's battalion shared in the disastrous repulse of General Taylor's first attack with which the three days of fighting opened; and from his own account, as well as from that of the historian Ripley, which he quotes partly to criticize it, it is plain that these volunteers behaved not a whit worse than any raw troops would under such trying circumstances as a retreat under the enemy's guns—better possibly than many older soldiers might have done. A dexterous flanking movement of Taylor's redeemed the mishap, and the place fell. But the terms granted to the enemy, though the army which felt its critical position thought them but natural, were strongly disapproved of at Washington; and Taylor was at once superseded by General Scott, who, bringing additional forces, adopted the bold strategy of landing them at Vera Cruz and marching straight on to the capital. For this object Taylor's divisions were stripped of much of their strength, and the Baltimore volunteers, having now nearly served out their engagement, were left at Tampico in garrison till the twelve months expired. It illustrates the rudeness of the system under which they served that, as it was not convenient for the Government to find them passages home just at that time, they were simply paid off where they stood, receiving marching money for the eighteen hundred miles which lay between them and their place of enlistment.

Some found their own way to their homes. Others enlisted afresh in companies raised at Tampico from the *débris* of the first supply of volunteers. Captain Kenly, who was declared at the time too ill to remain, was soon back in Maryland; and on his recovery he received a major's commission in a new battalion which duly sailed for Vera Cruz. But before it could land the city of Mexico had been already won, and the campaign was virtually over. His general account of the war is too loosely put together, and too much at second hand, to be of any value; but as a faithful memoir of the writer's own experience, and as a plain statement of the weaknesses inherent in any military system that is based on volunteer organization, the volume has a worth far beyond that claimed for it by the author's modesty.

SCRIVENER'S LECTURES ON THE TEXT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

DR. SCRIVENER does not inform us as to the place or time of the delivery of these lectures; but as he has been induced to print them, we suppose that he must have met with a good reception, though we confess we should not have supposed it likely beforehand that any considerable number of people could be found to take a lively interest in the attempt to popularize the criticism of the original text of the New Testament. We need scarcely say that on everything connected with this subject Dr. Scrivener is entitled to rank as a first-rate authority, and we heartily respect and admire his enthusiasm for a study which requires great sacrifices on the part of its votaries, and can never make much display in the world of letters.

To the few who have time and inclination to follow it, the criticism of the Greek Testament is to a certain extent fruitful in its discoveries, and interesting, as well as occasionally surprising, in the results which are brought out from it, and which frequently attain to something like certainty. But it cannot be denied that these results are, upon the whole, very damaging to the Protestant theory of Scripture evidence. And we think that, even if the author succeeded in interesting his audience in his account of the formation of the text of the New Testament as it has of late been edited, they must in most cases have been disappointed as the lecturer laid before them the evidence for the spuriousness of many favourite texts. It is probable that many of them may have been startled at hearing for the first time that there were any doubts at all about the genuineness of these texts. Indeed in any ordinary gathering of this kind there must have been many who before had never thought of the possibility of any variation in the text of the Bible. Nevertheless, Roman Catholics as well as Protestants will be glad to know that Dr. Scrivener retains the last few verses of the Gospel according to St. Mark, as well as the doubtful passage at the beginning of the eighth chapter of St. John. We must be content to state conclusions in which we entirely acquiesce, without giving even a particle of the evidence. As regards the last of these two passages Dr. Scrivener says that modern critics have come to an almost unanimous conclusion that it does not belong to the place where it is usually read, and that it is no idle fable or vulgar forgery, but a genuine apostolic or primitive record of what actually took place; but he thinks it impossible to regard this most interesting and beautiful section as originally or of right belonging to the place where it stands. Of the former passage he observes that, though the researches of modern criticism have tended to throw a doubt upon it, we may yet rejoice "in the assurance that the more closely it is scrutinized, the more manifestly it will be seen to form a genuine portion of the second gospel."

We hope we may be mistaken in our fear that Dr. Scrivener will not meet with any large demand for his Six Lectures, for we think they may be highly useful to a class of students different from those whom he aims at interesting. In delivering such a course of lectures it was all-important to make them as intelligible as possible to a class of hearers who could not read Greek; but we wish that, in printing them, he had addressed himself to scholars and to such as, not being scholars, have at least enough knowledge of the language to enable them to dispense with clumsy English imitations of Greek MSS. The book would then have formed an excellent introduction to the study of the criticism of the New Testament in its own language, whereas the English reader, we think, will gain a very faint idea of the arrangement and style of the Vatican Codex by such a representation as the following:—

THEPLACEWHERETHEYLAID
HIMBUTGOYOURWAY
TELLTOTHEDISCIPLE^{S}
OFHIMANDTOPETER
THATHEGOETHBEFOREYOUTO
THEGALILEETHEREHI
MSHALLYESEEASHESA
IDTOYOUANDOUT^{QO}
INGTHEYFLEDFROMTHE
SEPULCHREHELDFOR
THEMTREMORANDAMAZ
EMENTANDTONONENO
THINGSPAKETHEYWEREAF
RAIDFOR:
AFTER
MARK.

It may be said indeed that the insertion of an English translation and an attempt at imitation of the original will not interfere with the student's capacity of reading the Greek, which is given on the

* *Six Lectures on the Text of the New Testament and the Ancient Manuscripts which contain it; chiefly addressed to those who do not read Greek.* By F. H. Scrivener, M.A., LL.D., Rector of St. Gerrans. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1875.

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opposite page. This is of course true, but unless the author succeeds by this means in enlisting the sympathies of the uneducated, it is, to say the least, unnecessary. And, in expressing our opinion that the illiterate will not become interested in such matters, we wish to claim this value for Dr. Scrivener's book, that it is an excellent introduction to his larger work, entitled *A Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament.*

Moreover, in later parts of the book it will be found, as indeed was inevitable, that the student is sacrificed to the ordinary reader, and that the attempt to represent in English translation the variations of MSS. which might have been given in the Greek is only calculated to bother and perplex the beginner, who will be unable to follow the author without reference to his Greek Testament. Writing as we are now for persons who understand at least a little Greek, and not, as Dr. Scrivener does, for those who know nothing at all of the language, we cannot give a better illustration of what we mean than by extracting his account of the various reading at St. Mark, vi. 20:—"For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and a holy, and observed him, and when he heard him he did many things, and heard him gladly." Dr. Scrivener says:—

Four of our best authorities here exhibit a reading which, once heard, can hardly fail of immediate acceptance; instinct in such cases taking the lead of reasoning. The Greek for *he did* is epoiei (ἐποίει); in its place Codd. ℵBC and the Memphitic version have ēpŏrei (ἠπόρει), "he was perplexed," a word dissimilar neither to the eye nor the ear. . . . Few as our authorities here are, they are many enough and good enough for our purpose when the sense so powerfully recommends them; for the passage now reads admirably:—"When he heard him he was much perplexed, and heard him gladly"—a lively picture indeed of the inward struggle of conscience in a bad man's mind enslaved by sinful indulgence, yet not void of admiration for what was pure and noble. The Greek word rendered *much* (πολλὰ) is so used in five other places in this gospel.

Now this is one of the easiest passages which have been selected by Dr. Scrivener. We must leave our readers to judge for themselves how far mere English readers are likely to be affected by such a description.

Nevertheless, Dr. Scrivener has done his best to make his subject popular by interspersing anecdotes connected with the discovery and history of the early MSS. He has divided his work into six lectures, which probably are printed pretty much as they were delivered, the first three containing a general introduction to the subject and the history of the principal MSS. of the New Testament. The fourth treats of the ancient versions and other materials for the criticism of the Greek text, and the last two are devoted to the examination of important passages in the gospels and other parts of the New Testament where there is any important variety of reading in the earlier copies. This last part of the work is far the least interesting portion of it, we should think, even to those for whom it was intended, who would probably be disappointed in their very natural expectation of being able to follow the lecturer, and in some sort judge for themselves of the probability of the conclusions he has arrived at.

We have said that Dr. Scrivener has managed to enliven his lectures with some anecdotes referring to the discovery of the more ancient MSS. There has really been more of romance than might have been expected amidst such dry materials, and that consisting principally in the narrative of attempts at forgery of ancient copies. The author tells the whole story of Constantine Simonides, partly in his first, partly in his second lecture, when he is discussing the genuineness of the Codex Sinaiticus. The pretensions of this impostor to be the writer of the Codex are shown up with unflinching severity, and their history is probably known to most people who care anything about ancient manuscripts. But the details of his visit to Oxford are worth recording, as illustrative of the sagacity of the Bodleian Librarian. Speaking on this point Dr. Scrivener says (p. 23):—

Some of you may be hearing for the first time of the single visit paid to Oxford of that Constantine Simonides of whom we have already spoken. He had just then beguiled two celebrated Pundits indeed, Professor Lepsius of Berlin, and Sir Frederic Madden of the British Museum, when one morning, unintroduced, and then unknown to fame, he presented himself at the Bodleian to Mr. H. O. Coxe, now most worthily placed at the head of that magnificent Library, as the bearer of certain Greek manuscripts, which he seemed willing to sell. He produced two or three unquestionably genuine, but not at all remarkable either for age or character, and readily agreed with the librarian in assigning them severally to the tenth, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. He then proceeded to unroll with much show of anxiety and care some fragments of vellum, redolent of high antiquity, and covered with ancient writing of the most venerable form. Our wary critic narrowly inspected the crumbling leaves, smelt them, if haply they might have been subjected to some chemical process, then quietly handed them back to their vendor, with the simple comment that these he thought might date about the middle of the nineteenth century. The baffled Greek forthwith gathered up his wares, walked straight to the railway station, and bent his course to a well-known country house in Worcestershire, whose accomplished owner became their happy purchaser. Under his hospitable roof I inspected these treasures a few weeks later, and must confess that, regarded as mere specimens of caligraphy, they were worth any moderate sum they may have cost him. There was Anacreon writ small, so as to fit into a nutshell; portions of Hesiod in zigzag fashion, as the ox ploughs, and other curiosities more marvellous still, respecting whose price I could get no other answer than this from my courteous host:—"I gave little enough for them if they are what I took them to be; a great deal too much if your suspicions are true."

We cannot here attempt to give any, even the briefest, account of the venerable Codex B. of the Vatican Library, or of the discovery of the almost equally ancient Codex Sinaiticus, and the absurd claim set up by Simonides to having written it himself from beginning to end; nor again need we describe Codex A.—*i.e.* the Codex Alexandrinus, the third in point of merit and antiquity, which may be seen by any one who has sufficient curiosity in the British Museum, though the officials of that library will very properly not allow it to be touched by profane hands. We can but tell our readers what may be found in Dr. Scrivener's volume. The second lecture is occupied with a description and comparison of these three valuable monuments of antiquity; and we observe that he has forgotten to tell his readers as well as his hearers that two of these texts, with a collation of the third, have been printed in parallel columns at the Clarendon Press at Oxford, and that the Alexandrian and the Vatican texts were published in separate volumes by Messrs. Williams and Norgate in 1859 and 1860, and may be purchased for a few shillings each. We regret to add that the intrinsic value of the reprint of the Vatican MS. is but small. The Codex Sinaiticus, which is arranged in four columns in a page, was printed in type which was meant to represent, as nearly as printing could reproduce, the original characters. Of course such a work could only be executed at an enormous expense, and we must say we think such labour quite thrown away, as no one could trust such an imitation, and photographic copies might have been made, probably at a less expense, which might have been reimbursed by the number of copies sold, in the same way as the Utrecht Psalter has recently been published.

We need not make any further reference to the older MSS. and their readings. But we must extract a characteristic anecdote which Dr. Scrivener gives in his third lecture, touching a passage found only in D. Codex Bezæ at Cambridge. He gives the passage as follows:—

On the same day he beheld a certain man working on the Sabbath, and said unto him, Man, Blessed art thou if thou knowest what thou doest; but if thou knowest not, thou art cursed and a transgressor of the law.

And he adds:—

I was present when this passage was shown at Cambridge to a learned Greek Archimandrite, Philippos Schulati of Kustandje. He had never heard either of it or of the MS. before; but, after a moment's thought, his comment was ready:—"This cannot be. The Lord cursed no man."

At the end of his fourth lecture Dr. Scrivener has given five canons of criticism to enable his readers to judge for themselves upon the evidence presented to them as to the more probable of two or more readings of any passage. Great skill has to be used in applying these canons, and we may here observe that even the highest authorities are sometimes biassed in their judgment, as indeed we think Dr. Scrivener himself has been in depreciating the received reading πολλὰ ἐποίει in the passage quoted above from St. Mark.

Before concluding, we must notice one more passage in this fourth lecture, in illustration of the value of early commentaries in assisting to settle the text of doubtful passages. In the history of the Prodigal Son, the Codex Sinaiticus agrees with the Vatican in inserting the words, "Make me as one of thy hired servants," in the actual address of the son to the father, as well as in the passage which states his resolution to return to his father. This reading is also supported by at least one other good authority, but it does not appear in the Alexandrian MSS., and in other more recent valuable copies. Here is a point which upon the mere authority of existing MSS. might be considered doubtful, but St. Augustine's opinion comes in, Dr. Scrivener thinks, to settle the point. He comments on the omission of the passage as pointing out how the son, after once being assured of his father's forgiveness, makes no more mention of the condition of a slave, which he had once deemed too good to hope for. Whatever may be thought of St. Augustine's remark—and we think few readers will differ from Dr. Scrivener's estimate of the delicate touch of true nature, as pointed out by the keenest intellect that ever gave itself to the study of the Bible—at least this is certain, that St. Augustine had never heard of this insertion into the text of the passage which seems to rest on two such good, and early, and perhaps wholly independent, authorities. It is certainly a very remarkable instance in which evidence quite external to the MSS. comes to our aid. Nevertheless we must not be understood in this or in some other instances as entirely acquiescing in Dr. Scrivener's conclusions. He is rigidly just in his estimate of the value of evidence till he comes to his conclusions, in which here, as elsewhere, he seems to us to overrate the certainty of the result produced when it seems to suit the context. We somewhat demur to the strong language in which he has expressed himself here:—

Yet this very clause is thrust into the text by great Codices usually of the highest authority (ℵ B D. 33, and a few others), whose tasteless interpolation is thus rebuked by one who knew the mind of the Spirit as few indeed in any age have been privileged to know.

JOHN DORRIEN.*

THE weak point of women's novels is the men. It must needs be so, as the sexes know each other only in their relations with each other, and the inner life of each is mutually a mystery to both. Women can paint men as lovers, for there they work from actual models; and they can draw little boys in their early dealings with their mothers; but when they come to men as men of business, men of the world, men of ambition, of speculative thought, of serious aim, then they are usually lost and give us stuffed dolls for living human beings. This is the weak point of

* *John Dorrien.* By Julia Kavanagh, Author of "Nathalie," "Adèle," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

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John Dorrien. John is a woman's hero, but a man's prig; an impossible combination of business and sentiment, devoted to each in about equal parts, but the sentiment on the whole predominating. There is a very notable instance of this in the second volume, where John, now the active member of the great Maison Dorrien—*spécialité* paper—is sent off on an urgent and private mission to Russia; a mission in which time, secresy, and no appearance of mystery at home are all of paramount importance. But John, the dutiful son, positively declines to go without saying good-bye to his mother—"little mother," as he calls her—and his very refusal to tell her where he is going, with the production of a revolver given him by his cousin, the head of the house, lets her see that there is a mystery, and probably some danger at the back of it. If Miss Kavanagh had wished to show the incapacity of women to understand the exigencies of business, and the odd hysterical fears and exaggerations which stand in their way when important affairs are afloat, she could not have written anything more to the purpose than this episode of John Dorrien's journey to Russia. It was Mrs. Dorrien's own doing that her darling John left the school at St. Ives, gave up his hopes of literary fame and rendered his classical education of no use to him, all for the sake of making one of a falling house, and offering himself a victim, like his father before him, to an unscrupulous man. But now she repents and retracts, "forbids" him to go on this journey, betrays her own counsel, and tells him how his father had been tricked and ruined by this very cousin into whose hands she has flung him, her son, "the most precious thing she had"; and, for a woman who had earned a hard living in days past by her dogged perseverance and Spartan power of endurance, she shows a fibreless fluidity of nature which is sadly out of harmony with her earlier presentation, and singularly devoid of dignity and common sense. The consequence of this journey—which, after all, is undertaken only to secure a large sum of money, by the payment of which a "heavy day" can be tided over—is that Mrs. Dorrien falls into a raging fever, wherein she nearly dies, after having, with characteristic feminine exaggeration, complained to her friend Mrs. Reginald Dorrien that Mr. Dorrien had taken her son from her as he had taken her husband, and that "he is sending him off armed to the teeth on some errand which he dare not face himself," and "should she ever see her boy again?" Miss Kavanagh does not give this scene with any confession of its satire. Perhaps she herself does not perceive it.

There are many discrepancies of statement and view through the business part of the book. John knows that La Maison Dorrien, established in 1720, and with a look of safety as solid as the Bank of England, is in reality a mere shell which may fall into ruin any day. When he returns from Russia, whence he brings the money required, without risk or apparent possible need of the revolver his cousin gave him with instructions to use it if necessary, he gives up his position in the house—reason why not too apparent. He had not liked his mission, he does not like the instability of the firm, he is annoyed because they had not telegraphed to him that his "little mother" was ill, which would have been a needless anxiety, and proved their wisdom, and he wants to finish his poem of "Miriam" and to enter into literary life, according to his early dreams. These are apparently the motives which influence him to throw up his position; but the next day, on the receipt of a letter telling him that his old friend and admirer Mr. Ryan, who used to compare him to John Milton, is dead, he burns his poem, and remains at La Maison Dorrien, that he may secure to his mother "the ease and comfort of a safe home." And this is said immediately after the probable ruin of the house has formed part of the matter under consideration. This kind of inconsequence runs all through the book; and the reader is perpetually brought up by some contradiction or some want of continuity and natural following which render the story in a certain sense illusory and unsatisfactory. As another instance of how little Miss Kavanagh is able to judge of the real nature and personality of young men, we may mention her ascribing to Mr. Dorrien a sense of astonishment that John should have a bronze copy of the "Louvre Polymnia" in his room. "A Demosthenes, a gladiator, or any other vigorous antique, he could have understood as a young man's choice; but he lacked the key to the past which might have told him how and why this Polymnia with her meditative grace was dear to John Dorrien's heart."

John Dorrien is a very religious young man. Antoinette Dorrien, his young cousin, whom Mr. Dorrien senior at first desires and then forbids to be his wife, is very irreligious. She has fallen into the hands of Oliver Black, a handsome, smooth-tongued scamp, who is a decided unbeliever, and he teaches the girl to be an *esprit fort* and a Free-thinker, accepting the doctrine of evolution and law in place of creation and miracles, consequently deceitful, untruthful, disobedient, and all manner of naughty things. We get rather too much theology, on the whole, about this time; and we think Miss Kavanagh, if orthodox, not specially profound. Doubtless she is on the safe side for a woman; but we prefer that these deeper subjects of thought and faith should be left alone altogether in a novel, or, if touched on, then with reticence and sparingly, and with a wider grasp and more generous judgment than we find in *John Dorrien*. Darwin, Comte, Hegel, and the like are not attractive names in a work of fiction; and this view of a young scamp's character is as wanting in true insight as it is in originality:—

> Philosophy thus studied was pleasant enough, and so Oliver trifled with Hegel and Comte, and went through Pantheism, and Eclecticism, and every other "ism," until, as we have said, he made himself a little creed of his own. He ignored the Almighty with Comte, and agreed with Pantheism that the universe, instead of being created, has simply developed itself. He did not, however, go far or deep into the question of his origin. *Cui bono?* What matter where we come from, or, as to that, where we go to, so long as the present time can be made pleasant? He was young, he was handsome, he was strong, or held himself so. The world was all before him, the world and its kingdoms. He too had heard the voice which tempted Eve, and through whose sorcery Adam fell—"Ye shall be gods." It was pleasant to self-love, to pride, to bow to no Divine Master, to hold the old ideas of sin and virtue worn-out creeds, and to laugh softly at the weak herds who cling to them still. It was comfortable to believe, with one of his philosophers, that "man has a sovereign right to all he can do;" and that those laws which the decencies of civilization require are the only restraint he need acknowledge. Oliver had neither the low instincts nor the violent passions which make vulgar criminals. He could take the good out of life, out of men and women, and yet not steal nor kill. Even when from Oliver Blackmore he became Oliver Black, his philosophic speculations produced no apparent change in his manner and feelings. He was still the same pleasant, easy, good-humoured young man that he had been. The keen ambition which his downfall had wakened, the remorseless determination to still enjoy the good things of this world that had come with poverty, were not to be read in the soft and laughing dark eyes, or in the irresistible smile of the late Mr. Blackmore's unacknowledged son.

Of course such a man as this has no sense of morality; hence we are not surprised when we find that Oliver Black, who "ignores the Almighty," ignores also such elemental canons of good living as fidelity, truth, and honour. What he might have been had he not dallied with Comte and flirted with Hegel, had he accepted the doctrine of specific acts of creation instead of that of gradual evolution from a primordial germ, we do not know; but, to judge by analogy from the rest of the story, he would have been a very good kind of fellow, a "dear boy," like John, instead of being the worthless scoundrel Free-thought has made him. When Antoinette Dorrien, who by the way is not a Dorrien at all, but that odd Mlle. Mélanie's niece on another side of the house, and a D'Armaillé, comes to La Maison Dorrien, she is engaged to Mr. Black, whom she has to treat as a perfect stranger. All this episode is silly and unnatural; dangers are run and evil committed without adequate cause; and the change in Antoinette's character, when from being the lover of a Free-thinker she becomes the lover of a pious young Christian, does not ring true. It is the foregone conclusion which is not real psychology.

We are glad to learn from Miss Kavanagh who was the originator of the famous swallow that suddenly appeared a year or two ago on note-paper, brooches, boxes, and wherever such an ornament could be thrown. It was Antoinette d'Armaillé. La Maison Dorrien dealt in paper, and one speciality introduced by John, that universal genius and good young man, is note-paper with a pretty vignette at the side, such as has become fashionable of late years. When the original artist, Verney, fails the firm, Antoinette takes up the pencil and palette and produces sundry charming little fancies, such as a cat's head, a girl's head with two little wings peeping behind, and this famous swallow. But what a queer idea Miss Kavanagh must have of business, and of the way in which large concerns are managed, when the simple accomplishment of being able to draw a windmill, a lobster, a parrot, a dragon-fly, a lady-bird, and the like, on the left-hand corner of ordinary note-paper, should be at such a premium that the sudden departure of the genius who could reproduce these not very recondite fancies inflicts no end of mysterious damage on a firm like La Maison Dorrien! If a half-educated girl like Antoinette could replace the famous Verney, his work could not have been such a tremendous effort of genius after all; but this is our author's view of business experiences, and we are bound to take what we can get.

The main fault of construction in *John Dorrien* is its want of continuity—its want of that very principle of evolution which Miss Kavanagh seems to think somehow identical with falsehood and treachery. Things jump, they do not grow. Events pass before the reader which, for all the good they are of to the story, might never have been; and there is a certain unravelled, or what Mr. Dorrien would have called *décousu*, look about the chapters that is not conducive to one's interest. The characters, too, fail in striking any recognizable keynote. John is too perfect for an ordinary sinful man; the "little mother" changes her dominant qualities in an unaccountable and inharmonious manner; Mrs. Reginald has no vital action on the plot, nor has Mlle. Mélanie, who is a fancy sketch not to be easily assigned to any type; Oliver Black or Blackmore is too conventionalized a villain; and Antoinette seems almost more of a peg whereon to hang the author's ideas of correct belief than a flesh and blood girl integral to the drama. The story moreover is a trifle dull, and the style by no means brilliant. The best thing in the book is the following phrase put into the mouth of a certain Mr. Granby speaking of Comte's Clotilde de Vaux:—"Women who exercised such extraordinary fascination were often plain—they left so much to the imagination."

LANG'S NEW SOUTH WALES.*

THE polemical achievements of Dr. Lang, in his efforts to guide the colonial progress of Eastern Australia during the past half-century, have been frequently proclaimed by himself to the world. He has added to the Presbyterian ministry of the Scotch Kirk at Sydney the secular occupations of a legislator, a busy

* *An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, from the Founding of the Colony in 1788 to the Present Day.* By John Dunmore Lang, D.D., A.M. Fourth Edition. London: Sampson Low & Co.

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province-monger and constitution-mender, and a censor of social affairs, besides the management, as he tells us, of a large private estate. Such a career of diversified activity might have been expected to afford small leisure for an historical exposition of his own performances. But Dr. Lang, in his fifty years of controversial warfare against the manifold iniquities and short-comings of Australian public life, has found occasion to make seven or eight voyages home for negotiations with different political, ecclesiastical, and financial authorities. He is able to write on board ship; and the volumes which are to inform posterity of his acts and opinions were mostly written at sea between Sydney and London. This opportunity seems to have been enjoyed by the indefatigable author, who stops now and then at the end of a paragraph to observe the latitude and longitude of his maritime position, and its bearing on the nearest point of land—"sixty-five leagues to the eastward." The readers of his book on shore, it is to be feared, will have less cause to admire the result of such facility of composition. "Dull expletives," as he candidly warns them, "are apt to intrude themselves, especially if the wind happens to be foul or the weather unfavourable; and the balancing of periods is scarcely to be thought of." The balancing of statements and judgments, however, which is rather more essential to an historian, would have suffered equally in Dr. Lang's hands at sea or ashore. This defect must be ascribed to a mental peculiarity which arises from individual temper, under a life-long process of self-irritation, in a typical specimen of the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*; and we remember the maxim of Horace, that men who run to and fro across the sea do not change their habit of mind as they change their sky.

The present work claims notice as partly new, since it is above twenty years ago that the last of three former editions appeared. The statistical descriptions of the colony in 1852 are now, of course, superseded by those of later date; and the historical narrative should be continued, as the author professes to have done, by recording the events which have happened since that time. It will be with some disappointment that the reader in quest of fresh knowledge upon this interesting subject will peruse the two volumes. Dr. Lang has by no means completed the history of New South Wales, which he at first sketched out, from his own point of view, to the period before mentioned; but he has struck off three concluding chapters of superficial comment upon the characters of the more recent Governors. Sir Charles Fitzroy and Sir William Denison, from 1846 to 1861, incurred his most scornful disapprobation upon grounds which, in the case at least of Sir Charles, it does not seem expedient here to discuss. Their successors, indeed—namely, Sir John Young, now Lord Lisgar, the Earl of Belmore, and Sir Hercules Robinson, who are still living—have hitherto escaped the like bitter torrent of vituperation. In any case, this part of Dr. Lang's supplementary work is far from keeping to the proper aim and tenor of history. For it partly consists of the reproduction of his old writings as a journalist and pamphleteer upon two or three passing topics, mixed with a large amount of censorious gossip. The chief matter of real interest which he relates, within this period, is the successful resistance of the colonists in 1849, renewed in 1852, to Earl Grey's purpose of forcing the convicted criminals of England upon them. With regard also to the formation of Queensland as a new province, by separating the Moreton Bay territory from New South Wales, after the precedent of detaching the Port Philip territory for the province of Victoria some years before, Dr. Lang has to take credit for his own persevering exertions. Its consummation took place in 1859, the independence of Victoria as a province having been established in 1851; and in both instances, we should in justice remark, Dr. Lang had earned public thanks by his labours during seven or eight years' previous agitation. The inhabitants of Melbourne and Brisbane, at any rate, have very naturally testified their acknowledgments to him; and those of Sydney do not appear to have resented his action in cutting off two such vast sections of the territory formerly ruled from that city. Dr. Lang certainly omits the mention of no great or small occasion for refreshing his personal notoriety, whether on the platform, in the pulpit, in the press, or in the Legislative Council.

But he tells us actually nothing of the politics of New South Wales, its Parliaments and responsible Governments, during the past twenty years, except that he thinks the existing Constitution, with two Houses—a Council and an Assembly—has not worked well. He is very likely in the right, seeing that there have been fourteen different Ministries and seven Parliaments since this Constitution was established in 1856; and we believe that the experience of other colonies has been not less unfavourable. This is mortifying to those who persuade themselves, in the self-complacent mood of modern Liberalism, that every community of Englishmen in a new country can easily create an improved House of Commons and a preferable substitute for the House of Lords. The former system of a mixed Legislative Council, which was devised by the late Earl of Derby in 1842, is stated to have worked very well indeed, and Dr. Lang only regrets that it was not continued half a century longer. It did not exercise any real control over the Ministry, who were responsible to the Crown alone; but he does not see why responsible government could not have been initiated with such a Legislative Council, instead of with a Lower House purely representative. There were thirty-six members of that Council, twelve of whom, including six chiefs of administrative departments, were nominated by the Crown, while twenty-four were elected upon a 20*l.* franchise. It is worthy of note that Dr. Lang considers that mixed Constitution better adapted to colonial society than the democratic Constitutions now in vogue. Yet it is the Council or Upper House, as latterly existing (still composed of nominees for life), and not the House of Assembly, which is elected by universal suffrage, that he reproaches most bitterly for its opposition to his favourite objects. It has defeated every plan of expending the land sales revenue in the importation of emigrants from Britain. He justifies, therefore, the conduct of Sir John Young in 1861, when that Governor overbore the majority of the Council by nominating a score of new members to carry a particular measure. This measure was Mr. Robertson's Bill, which was passed to allow the unrestricted selection and purchase of small freeholds on unsurveyed public lands held by squatters as pasture runs. The conflict of interests here involved is one that underlies every political question in the Australian commonwealths.

We prefer to speak, however, of the question previously referred to—namely, that of the fixed appropriation of the land sales revenue to provide for assisted emigration, or else, as an alternative, the system of granting a piece of land to each independent emigrant, in value probably equal to the cost of his voyage. Dr. Lang zealously contends that the people of Great Britain, to whom, not to the colonists, he says those vacant lands rightfully belong, have been robbed of their national heritage by the act of the Colonial Office in 1852, when the disposal of that public property, in all the Australasian provinces, was unconditionally given up to the colonial Legislatures. Sir John Pakington and the late Duke of Newcastle are denounced as "fools and madmen" for consenting to this arrangement; while the squatters who prevailed in the New South Wales Legislative Council, with the late Mr. W. C. Wentworth at their head, are treated as downright rogues. They peremptorily denied the obligation to apply any portion of the land sales revenue, which now amounts to three-quarters of a million sterling, to bringing emigrants from Great Britain. The number of our people, therefore, who have passed into New South Wales during the last ten or fifteen years has been far less than the immigration into Queensland and New Zealand. It is imputed to the class of squatters, who had in 1846 procured an Act of Parliament giving them regular leases with fixity of tenure and some rights of pre-emption, that they have sought to prevent the introduction of labourers with families, lest these should become small agriculturists demanding to purchase land. Dr. Lang cannot forgive the authors of this exclusive policy, since he had, upon several occasions, taken immense trouble and incurred heavy pecuniary liabilities to fetch hundreds of Scottish workmen, mechanics, and peasants, and of German vine-dressers, for the industrial settlements he desired to create. The controversy which he has so long waged upon these land and labour questions with a very powerful interest among his fellow-colonists is further complicated by a sentiment of religious antipathy. He complains that an undue proportion of the actual immigrants, assisted by the agents of the colony here, have been Irish Roman Catholics embarked at Plymouth. This was the case, indeed, more especially under the bounty system of thirty years ago, by which contractors were rewarded with payment of so much a head for enlisting and sending out a number of people from the United Kingdom. But there is still, under the present regulations, a large preponderance of Irish Roman Catholics among those brought to the colony at the public expense. The general decline, however, of assisted emigration to New South Wales renders this point of less importance to the social character of that province.

Much as we may dislike the acrimonious spirit of these colonial discussions, their bearing on the prosperity of New South Wales is worthy of our study. It is not so with other squabbles related by Dr. Lang in what he calls a history of the province, and more particularly in his chapter on the state of morals and religion. Few persons in this country can feel any great concern in his disputes with other clergymen at Sydney, whether of the Episcopalian, the Roman Catholic, or the Scotch Presbyterian denomination; and we could have dispensed with the long story of his deposition, and his consequent appeals to the General Assembly and the Court of Session at Edinburgh. Other stories of a kind yet more objectionable, presented as illustrations of the habits of private and domestic life in bygone days, might well have been spared, with the republication of scurrilous verses like those given in an appendix to the first volume. It is not surprising to find that Dr. Lang's journal, the *Colonist*, now and then incurred a prosecution for libel, or that his schemes of public usefulness were obstructed by personal resentments which such a tongue and pen might easily provoke. We are bound, nevertheless, to recognize the merits of his present mork, such as they are, in spite of its disfiguring accompaniments of egotistic and uncharitable gossip. The earlier historical chapters, though not the product of original research, afford a striking view of the desperate struggle for existence through which the first penal settlement from 1788 to 1800, under Captains Phillip and Hunter, contrived to support itself on starving rations. The mutiny of the New South Wales Corps in 1809 against Governor Bligh, with its causes and results, is also fully related. In Dr. Lang's account of the successive Administrations of General Macquarie, Sir Thomas Brisbane, Sir Richard Bourke, and Sir George Gipps, to the year 1846, will be found many curious incidents of the transition from a batch of transported convicts under military rule, to a crowd of eager adventurers wildly speculating in town lots and in sheep and cattle. The mad scramble provoked by artificially raising prices both at Sydney and Melbourne till the all but entire bankruptcy of the colony in 1843 is a lesson

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which deserves study wherever the like circumstances might possibly recur. But all these affairs of the past have been narrated in former publications. We find more serviceable information in the chapters of topographical description, with detailed notices of agricultural, pastoral, and mineral industries, and in the statistics of colonial improvements, which fill a good part of Dr. Lang's second volume. These accounts, with the aid of a map showing the places where different vegetable crops or mineral treasures are produced, will be convenient for readers with a practical aim desirous to know the country as it really is. The author seems to be well acquainted with most branches of husbandry, and to be endowed, like many other Scotchmen, lay and clerical, with a native talent for matters of rural economy, besides his shrewdness in the ordinary business of the world. He has in various ways long worked for the advancement of the Australian colonies in the direction which he conceives to be right. At the age of nearly seventy-five, though his plans and predictions have not always proved infallible, he may congratulate himself, as a colonist of fifty years' standing, upon the growth of that new Southern World.

WILLIAMS'S CHINESE DICTIONARY.*

THE name of Dr. Wells Williams is known to every student of Chinese as that of the author of the best Dictionary of the Canton dialect, or indeed of any dialect of China that has been published. The deservedly wide popularity which that work acquired raised the expectations of students to an unwonted pitch when it was announced that the present Dictionary, upon which the learned author had been engaged for eleven years, was about to appear. The more sanguine scholars hoped to find in its pages the language scientifically and exhaustively treated in all its dialectical and philological bearings, and beginners no less unreasonably expected that it would supply them with a complete interpretation of every idiom and expression to be met with in the text-books and novels of the language. It was only in the nature of things that these extravagant expectations should be disappointed. There is no one scholar at the present time who is capable of compiling a complete dictionary of the Chinese language. This work yet remains to be done, and when it is accomplished it will be by a combination of the labours of men who have severally made the various dialects their particular study, and not by the exertions of any single author. The fields of study are collectively too wide, and separately too difficult, for any one man thoroughly to compass. As Dr. Williams says in his preface:—

> The plan of a Chinese lexicon to satisfy all the needs of a foreigner should comprise the general and vernacular pronunciations, with the tones used in various places, and the sounds given to each character as its meanings vary. The history and composition of the character, its uses in various epochs, and its authorized and colloquial meanings should be explained and illustrated by suitable examples. All this knowledge should be methodically arranged so as to be accessible with the least possible trouble.

Dr. Williams is perfectly aware that his work does not fulfil all these conditions, nor is it possible that it should. His desire in compiling it was only to advance a step towards the formation of such a dictionary as that he has here sketched out, and the result has fully answered that end. In 1819 Morrison completed his Dictionary, which up to this time has held its place as in all respects the best dictionary of the language, and, in fact, as the only one available for students, since the works of Medhurst, Bridgman, Callery, Gonçalves, and De Guignes have become so rare as to be almost unobtainable. But though Morrison's Dictionary has proved an invaluable help during the last half-century to students of Chinese, it has long been felt that its deficiencies were such as to make a new lexicon necessary to meet the requirements growing out of our deeper and more general knowledge of the language. In 1863 Dr. Williams set himself to work to supply this want, and the result of his eleven years' study is the work before us.

The first consideration which occupied our author's attention was the plan on which to arrange his Dictionary. The makers, native and foreign, of Chinese lexicons have followed three different methods in the assortment of the characters. "These are the natural method, in which words of a similar meaning are grouped under leading heads; the analytic method, by which words are arranged under certain determinatives, called keys or radicals; and the syllabic or rhyming method, by which words fall into certain classes, according to their terminations." Of these the first is the oldest, and is that adopted in the arrangement of the ancient *Urh ya*, which is said to have been compiled by Chow Kung about B.C. 1100, and also in the well-known encyclopædia *Sun-tsai tu hwui*. But as any such classified system became, as the written characters grew and multiplied, plainly inadequate for general use, lexicographers hit upon the plan of arranging the characters under that portion of the symbols which may be said to denote their sense. The genius of the language makes such a system obviously feasible. Broadly speaking, every Chinese character may be said to be composed of two parts, the determinative and the phonetic. For instance, the phonetic *ma*, a horse, is used in combination with the character meaning a mouth, to represent *ma*, to scold, and again with the character for an insect to represent *ma*, a locust, and so on. And thus in the same way we find that the written symbols of things made of wood are generally recognizable by the presence in their composition of the character *muh*, wood, and those referring to speech by the addition of either the character *kow*, a mouth, or of *yen*, words. In the *Shuo wén*, the first native dictionary arranged on this principle, the characters are grouped under 514 of these determinatives. During the *Sui* Dynasty Ku Ye-wang (A.D. 543) increased the number to 542, and, after several changes, they were fixed, during the last dynasty, at 214. This number was adopted in the compilation of his *Tsze wei*, the *Chéng tze tung*, the *I wén pi lan*, and by the Emperor Kanghe in the compilation of his celebrated dictionary, and thus it may now be said to be the authorized figure. This system has been followed by Morrison in his first part, and by Medhurst, De Guignes, and others. The third method—that is to say, the syllabic or rhyming plan of arranging the characters—is of still later use, and has been employed in numerous works; among others in the *Pei wén yun fu*, which is "probably the largest dictionary in any language of the world." The system of spelling followed in these books, and, in fact, in all other dictionaries, is that which was brought from India by the Buddhist priests Chên Yoh and Shên Kung, and consists in taking parts of two words and combining them to give the sound of a third word. For instance, to express the sound *Fên*, they unite the two words *Fú* and *wén*, the first giving the initial *F*, and the last the final *ên*. The number of such finals employed in this way was originally 206, but during the Sung Dynasty these were reduced to 160, and more recently to 38, and of such initials there are now 36 in use.

Dr. Williams has chosen the last or syllabic system on which to arrange his Dictionary, and for the use of English students this is doubtless the most convenient. On this point every one must be agreed who has had experience in the use of lexicons in which the characters are arranged under their determinatives. The inconvenience of counting the number of strokes in the character to be discovered, and the labour of turning over page after page until it is found, are often very great. As an illustration of these difficulties we may mention that in the index of characters at the end of the work before us there are given nearly six hundred characters under the determinative *Shui*, "water." On an average there are about nine entries on each of Dr. Williams's pages, and had he therefore adopted the analytical system the searcher for a character under this determinative would have had to wade, more or less, through upwards of sixty pages. As it is, the contents of his 1,150 pages are divided under 522 syllables, giving an average of little more than two pages to each syllable. The principle, therefore, is a good one, but in one or two respects the manner in which he has worked it out in detail is open to exception. For instance, although the syllables are arranged in alphabetical order, those beginning with *Ts* are placed after all those beginning with *T*, so that *Tsa* follows next to *Twan*. The reason he gives for this arrangement is, that such syllables are very numerous, and he therefore apparently prefers to treat *Ts* as a compound letter; but this is plainly insufficient grounds for the introduction of an innovation which from its very nature must prove to be a cause of confusion, and it is impossible to see what object is gained by it. This self-same transposition of syllables was almost the only fault to be found with Mr. Mayers's *Chinese Reader's Manual*, and it is to be regretted that these two scholars should have supplied a mischievous example which it is possible others may be induced to follow. In the arrangement also of the characters under each syllable our author has placed them in order of their tones, instead of according to their phonetics, which was the plan pursued by Morrison, and which for the general student is far the more reasonable one of the two. To illustrate our meaning we will take the syllable *chang*, to nearly all the characters under which three prominent phonetics give the sounds. What could be simpler than to group together the characters of which each phonetic forms a part, so that the student may take in at a glance all those deriving their sound from the same source? The indication of the tones is doubtless of great importance, and especially for those who, for the purposes of speaking the language, desire to learn the pitch of the voice in which each syllable should be pronounced, as well as for those bent on making deep philological researches into the changes which at different epochs have been made in the tones in the various dialects. But for these, as also for European students whose ambition is simply to become acquainted with the literature of China, the system of grouping the characters according to their phonetics is by far the most convenient. Nor need it interfere in any way with the notation of the tones. In short, the question in dispute between Dr. Williams and ourselves is this, Whether is it better to consult the eye or the ear in the arrangement of the characters having the same sound but not the same tones? As many of the best native scholars are often unable to give for certain the true tone of a character, and as nine-tenths of the foreign students of Chinese depend entirely on their *Sien-sêngs* for information on this point, Dr. Williams's system of arrangement will only be a partial advantage to those students whose *Sien-sêngs* are far above the average of their race in scholarship, and who use his Dictionary with these native assistants at their elbows. On the other hand, the eye, with a little careful training, becomes a very sure guide to the phonetic portions of the characters, and enables the student with ease and rapidity to recognize the position which the character he is in search of should occupy among those of the same sound.

The prominence which has been given of late years to the study of the dialects of China has given rise to the question as to which of the many varieties of speech heard within the borders of the Eighteen Provinces presents the best claim to

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* *A Syllabic Dictionary of the Chinese Language.* Arranged according to the Wu-fang yuen yin; with the Pronunciation of the Characters as heard in Peking, Canton, Amoy, and Shanghai. By S. Wells Williams, LL.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

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be considered to represent the Chinese language. There can be no doubt that the dialects of Canton, Amoy, and Fuh-kien may at once be dismissed from this consideration, and then, broadly speaking, there remains only the *Kwan hwa*, or Mandarin dialect. This language is spoken over the whole of China north of the Yang-tsze kiang, and in the Western and some of the Southern provinces. But the very width of this area gives rise to differences in the pronunciation of the language as spoken, and to considerable variation in both its idioms and its grammatical construction. The question then arises whether the Northern Mandarin, as spoken at Peking, or the Southern Mandarin, as spoken at Nanking, or the Western Mandarin, as spoken at Chêng-tu, is to be taken as the standard; or whether it may not be possible to strike the mean of these differences, and to produce a system of pronunciation which shall represent as nearly as possible the original stock from which these dialects have diverged. Chinese lexicographers have considered that this may be done, and such a method has been embodied in a well-known work entitled *Wu-fang yuen yin*. This manual Dr. Williams has taken as the basis for arranging the characters, and "though its pronunciation differs probably from that heard at any one place where the *Kwan hwa* is spoken, it is probably nearer to the general average of the spoken language, as heard north of the Yang-tsze river, than it would have been to reduce it to the speech of a single city or prefecture, as Peking for instance." Following then in the main the plan of the *Wu-fang yuen yin*, Dr. Williams has divided the sounds of the language into 522 syllables, under which he has arranged 10,940 words or characters. The orthography he has adopted, though on the whole more correct than that employed by Morrison, is still in some respects illogical, and therefore objectionable. It is plainly inconvenient that a vowel should, under any circumstances, be made to represent two different sounds; and yet in the work before us, in all the syllables ending in *an* and *ăn*, *ang* and *ăng*, the *a* is given the value both of *a* in *father* and the *u* in *fun* respectively. Thus, the *a* in *Tang*, "a village," has the force of that letter in *father*, or in the French *âne*, "an ass," and the *ă* in *Tăng*, "a lamp," has the sound of the first *u* in *fungus*.

Having thus pointed out the special faults to be found with Dr. Williams's Dictionary, we are at liberty now to turn to the more grateful task of speaking of the work as a whole, and we have no hesitation in saying that its appearance marks an epoch in the study of the Chinese language. In the fulness and variety of the meanings of the characters, and in the richness of idioms and expressions, it is unequalled. No pains have been spared to make the work as complete as possible. The preface and introduction, which fill seventy-nine quarto pages of small type, contain a mine of information, and the treatise contributed by Mr. Edkins on the ancient language of China is of great interest and value, while to each syllable is added the sound it bore in ancient Chinese, and those which it assumes at the present day in the Shanghai, Canton, Fuhchow, and other dialects. Both the Chinese and the English type employed are clear and distinct, and the various Dynastic and other tables, which find their appropriate places throughout the volume, furnish convenient and trustworthy information on subjects with respect to which every reader of Chinese books has to make repeated references.

MINOR NOTICES.

FROM time to time books appear which illustrate in a melancholy way the vagaries of intellect and culture when released from the strict control of a sober and rational judgment; and in this category may be placed a couple of recent publications on what is called Spiritualism by Mr. Crookes and Mr. Wallace.* Mr. Crookes is known as a competent chemist, and Mr. Wallace as a distinguished naturalist, and both have made valuable contributions to science in their respective fields. When, however, they quit the safe domain of science proper, in the sense in which it has been hitherto understood, there is scarcely anything in the practices of the mediums too wild or ridiculous for their unbounded credulity. It is significant that Mr. Crookes begins his essay by quoting a sentence from Faraday, which it is evident he does not understand. Faraday said, "Before we proceed to consider any question involving physical principles, we should set out with clear ideas of the naturally possible and impossible." Upon which Mr. Crookes remarks that this is reasoning in a circle, inasmuch as we cannot know what is possible or impossible without investigation. He therefore prefers, he tells us, to enter on the examination of Spiritualism without any preconceived notions whatever; that is to say, he thinks that the most likely way to promote the discovery of scientific truth is to dismiss all "clear ideas of the naturally possible and impossible," and to assume that nothing trustworthy has yet been ascertained in regard to the constitution of nature. It is true that there are some branches of science which are less settled than others, and Faraday was certainly the last man in the world to discountenance free inquiry. It is obvious that all that he meant was to give a necessary caution against the sort of freedom which consists in abandoning all established principles, and, as it were, jumping loose into the abyss of the unknown. In other words, what he had to say was this—"Do not let go the rope which has guided you so far, but follow it out inch by inch. Nothing is too wonderful to be true, if it be consistent with the laws of nature; but stick in the meantime to such laws as you have got." And most reasonable people will think that this is very sound advice. It is impossible to imagine anything more absurd than a system of scientific investigation which starts with the assumption that what science has already determined may be set aside at any moment in order to leave the mind free and open to any fancy that may be ready to take possession of it. The conclusions at which Mr. Crookes has arrived are sufficiently explained by the method by which he has reached them. The first requisite is, he says, to be sure of your facts; and on this point everybody will agree with him. No observations, he adds, are of use to the student of science unless they are truthful and made under test-conditions, and he admits that the great mass of spiritualistic evidence fails in this respect. But then of course his own evidence is exceptionally good. There may be very few genuine facts in the market, but he has been lucky enough to get hold of them. It should be observed, however, that Mr. Crookes's "facts" are nothing more than his own impressions of what he saw. How far he actually saw what he thinks he saw it is difficult to say. It may be supposed that tables and other articles of furniture really did move about in the manner described, but when we come to the more extraordinary experiments some delusion may be expected. In any case, even assuming that such things really happened, we are merely thrown back on another impression which was made on Mr. Crookes's mind, and that is, that they were things which could not be explained by natural causes. It is notorious that it is only people who, like Mr. Crookes, begin by discarding "all clear ideas as to the naturally possible and impossible," who ever see these spiritual manifestations in perfection, and that whenever any cautious or sceptical person is present they invariably either break down or do not come off at all. And as a matter of probability it is much more likely that Mr. Crookes may, from his peculiar state of mind, have been deceived than that the laws of nature as hitherto accepted are altogether hallucinations. Mr. Crookes says he imposes test-conditions, and in some respects this is true; but in other respects he dispenses with tests, and allows the medium to operate under conditions which facilitate deception. "It is," says Mr. Crookes, "a fine quality, that of uttering undeniable truth"; but when he asserts that inanimate bodies and living men and women fly about without mechanical agency, that is a statement which assuredly no one is bound to believe merely because he chooses to make it. At the most, all that is proved is that Mr. Crookes has failed to discover the secrets of Mr. Home and other professionals. Here is one of Mr. Crookes's most circumstantial stories. He and his wife had been spending a day in the country, and had brought home a few flowers which they had gathered. On reaching home they gave them to a servant to put in water. Mr. Home came soon after; the servant brought in the flowers in a vase and placed them on the table, and then Mr. Home exercised his influence on the flowers in the usual way. Mr. Crookes asserts that when the servant brought in the flowers, "this was the first time Mr. Home had seen them." It is obvious, however, that there was an interval during which the flowers were out of Mr. Crookes's sight, and they might, for aught he knows, have been manipulated by the servant in collusion with Home. Besides, China-grass, a sprig of which "levitated," is by no means uncommon, nor is there any assurance that it was not introduced into the bouquet from the expert's sleeve. Mr. Crookes's work is brought to an appropriate climax by some account of Katie King, a spirit form who for some time attended a Miss Cook. Mr. Crookes met Katie at a *séance* at Hackney, and "feeling that, if I had not a spirit, I had at all events a *lady* close to me, I asked her permission to clasp her in my arms; permission was graciously given, and I accordingly did—well, as any gentleman would do under the circumstances." He also asserts that on another occasion he heard "a heart beating rhythmically" inside the chest of the spirit form. Here again we find that Mr. Crookes had to turn off the gas and take a phosphorus lamp before he could see anything.

Mr. Wallace's volume consists of a reprint of his article in the *Fortnightly* and of a paper read by him at the Dialectical Society, together with a preface and appendix.* There is a characteristic passage describing a *séance* at which music was obtained from a wineglass and harp. Mr. Wallace says:—"There was no fire, and we lowered the gas, so as to give a subdued light, which enabled everything to be seen." This habit of lowering of the gas, literally and metaphorically, in order to see more clearly, and the fact that "the mesmerised patient never has doubts of the reality of what he sees and hears," sufficiently explain phenomena which perhaps under such conditions are not so very unnatural. Controversy is rendered impossible by Mr. Wallace's decisive declaration that "Spiritualists alone are competent to decide what theory best explains the facts, for the sufficient reason that they alone know these facts in their wide range and countless details." Other people are "too ignorant to be enabled to form an opinion," and it is clear that this ignorance is not very likely to be dispelled by the sort of books which Spiritualists write and publish.

In the preface to a second edition of *Hints for the "Evidences of Spiritualism"*† the anonymous author remarks that the book has been called a parody of the argument for Christianity, but that the more correct description would be "an application to Spiritualism

* *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism.* By W. Crookes, F.R.S. J. Burns.

* *On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.* Three Essays by Alfred Russel Wallace. J. Burns.

† *Hints for the "Evidences of Spiritualism."* Second Edition. Trübner.

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of certain arguments vulgarly held to be conclusive in the case of dogmatic Christianity." It may be thought, however, that the two phrases come to pretty much the same thing. The object of the essay is at least plain enough.

Mr. Frederic Harrison * has apparently applied himself to the study of politics in much the same spirit as that in which Mr. Crookes and Mr. Wallace have placed themselves at the feet of Mrs. Guppy—that is to say, he has pursued his inquiries without the guidance of clear ideas of the possible and impossible. The fallacy which runs through his book meets us on the threshold. In the first sentence of his "Thoughts on Government" he attempts to distinguish between "the conditions which good government must fulfil" and the "manner in which political rights should be enjoyed," as if they were things which could be treated separately and independently; and he goes on to complain that for a long period political activity has exhausted its resources in promoting or resisting projects for the redistribution of power to the neglect of the efficiency of government itself. Mr. Harrison appears to labour under the delusion that it is possible to persuade people to devote themselves to the strengthening and sharpening of the machinery of government without the slightest reference to the practical purposes for which this machinery is to be used. He candidly acknowledges that the millennium in which the world is to be regulated by Priests of Humanity is still remote, but in the meantime he seems to hope that good tools may be got ready for them. It is obvious, however, that though it is highly desirable that the processes of government should be made as efficient as possible, there are a vast number of immediate and urgent wants which cannot very well be indefinitely postponed until the machinery has been brought to absolute perfection; and it is equally clear that even the most perfect apparatus would be of little practical value, unless it had first been determined to what uses it should be applied. And here we get at the essence of the whole question. The inefficiency of a Parliamentary system—and we go a long way with Mr. Harrison in admitting its defects—is simply the natural and unavoidable consequence of confused and hesitating public thought. There are only two ways in which people can be governed. They must either surrender themselves to a despotic authority which will manage matters as it thinks best, or they must try to do their business for themselves through agents of their own. Each plan is attended with certain disadvantages; but, on the whole, the English system has undeniably yielded important practical results, for the sake of which we may reasonably put up with some of its faults. When Mr. Harrison suggests that it would be easier and more to the purpose to endeavour to raise a "government to the level of its actual duties—duties which we see to be perpetually increasing in difficulty, for they daily become more delicate, and yet more complex," than to continue the struggle for the acquisition of power, he forgets that the struggle for power is simply a means of settling the complicated preliminary question as to what are "actual duties," and what practical forms they shall assume. It may be a good thing to have a sharp knife, but before it can be used an understanding must be come to as to how the joint shall be carved. Mr. Harrison's dandified contempt for common practical considerations renders his book idle and unsatisfactory. It is, in fact, a mere collection of pretty phrases. He starts a great many serious questions, but persistently and characteristically evades them. He will not go into this, and he will not go into that; and, in short, he offers nothing but a dogmatic conclusion which is only the merest commonplace. When the detached papers which are here reprinted first appeared, it was possible to suppose that the form of treatment prevented the writer from fully developing his opinions. In now republishing them, along with an attempt at a statement of connected thought, Mr. Harrison only exposes his incapacity for the task which he has undertaken. The following sentence from the last page of the volume gives a fair idea both of its pretensions and its emptiness:—"Let the man but appear, and the time and the people are ready. Show us but the men who require no other title for authority but superior capacity to serve the public, who know not classes and orders, but the nation as a whole . . . show us such men and the problem will be solved, and the ascendency of personal greatness will have become but the organ and expression of intelligent popular conviction." This might pass very well in a schoolboy's essay, but it is poor stuff in what pretends to be a philosophical treatise. The whole book is made up of similar shallow commonplace and glib rhetoric. An amusing feature, however, consists in the exclamations of the writer at the foot of almost every page of his reprinted essays, expressing his keen enjoyment of his own cleverness. How wise, he seems to say, how true; and what a good hit that; and oh! what a wonderful prophecy! It is odd to see a man playing the *claque* in this way to his own performances.

Mr. Joyneville gives no indication of his reasons for writing a life of Alexander I. of Russia,† or of the extent of his direct acquaintance with that country and its history, but he has evidently been a diligent student, and has put together the results of his researches in a clear and intelligent but rather too level manner. It might perhaps have been preferable to concentrate attention more on the life of Alexander than on the general history of his period, in which the man himself gets rather swamped. In dealing with the earlier history of the Romanoffs, Mr. Joyneville endeavours to rehabilitate Peter III., at the expense of his wife, and he also does his best to point out redeeming qualities in Paul. He sets aside Catharine's autobiography as apocryphal; but good judges have accepted it as genuine, and its characteristic style, as well as corroboratory evidence, would seem to support this view. On another point Mr. Joyneville incidentally attacks M. Thiers for being misled by an alleged forged letter of Madame de Staël's; but there can be little doubt that it is authentic, and Saint-Beuve, at least, sides with Thiers. Some of the personal details of Alexander's education and character are interesting. He was compelled by his tutor to write reproofs of his own conduct, and to exhibit them on the walls of his room; as, for instance, "The Grand-Duke Alexander has read so badly, and with so little attention, that we have been obliged to make him spell like a child of eight years old." "I become every day more careless, inattentive, and incapable. The older I grow the more I approach to absolute nullity." Alexander is described as having been from a child gentle, intelligent, and conscientious. As a boy he sympathized with the French Revolution; and after his marriage he wrote that it made his hair stand on end to think of having to ascend the throne. "My greatest happiness would be to remain a simple citizen." A brain disorder, which came upon him while a young man, probably had a permanent effect on his temperament, especially in combination with his deafness. "In the prime of life," says one member of his household, "he leads a sad and solitary existence. He devotes to work or dreary walks the hours a Sovereign generally enjoys in friendly society. He is remarkable for his extreme simplicity and repugnance to ceremonial; except at reviews he always goes alone, and without escort." He set himself earnestly, and sometimes even fiercely, to check the habits of peculation which prevailed in the public service. He once declared that the officials would steal his ships if they only knew where to hide them, and draw his teeth if they could do it without awakening him. On one occasion, when he had sent 300,000 roubles to a distressed province, not a kopeck ever reached it. Mr. Joyneville's estimate of his hero is scarcely critical; but there would seem to be no doubt that Alexander had good and generous qualities, though they were to some extent obscured by the hereditary taint.

There is nothing in the volume which Mr. Swinburne has just published * to compare with the noble simplicity and genuine poetical grandeur of *Bothwell;* but it is only fair to remember that most, if not all, of the poems now collected under the title of *Songs of Two Nations* were written at an earlier date than Mr. Swinburne's worthiest work; indeed they have, as a rule, already been published in other forms. In dealing with contemporary politics, the poet's passionate indignation somewhat overpowers his muse, and the enjoyment of the sweetness and beauty of his masterly versification is disturbed by jarring notes of irrational violence, to say nothing of some errors of taste. Such a piece as the "Descent into Hell" ought certainly not to have been brought back from the oblivion into which Mr. Swinburne's most sincere admirers trusted it had fallen.

Crabb Robinson in his Diary mentions having seen a letter written by Thurlow to a correspondent who had asked his advice as to the best means of annoying the clergyman of his parish. It suggested various means of baiting the proposed victim, and closed with the triumphant declaration, "I hope my Lord Leicester will think, even by this short sketch, that I did not talk idly to him when I said that parsons were so hemmed in by canons and statutes that they can hardly breathe, according to law, if they are strictly watched." It is a pity that it did not occur to Dr. Brice to hunt up Thurlow's letter and print it as an appropriate preface to his digest of the law relating to public worship † "with especial regard to matters of ritual and ornamentation." If a parson could hardly breathe in Thurlow's day, the tightening of the ligatures must now produce something like chronic suffocation. Dr. Brice's volume presents in a convenient form the code of ecclesiastical police, and may be studied with advantage by any one who has a taste for the sort of sport for which the law provides such abundant facilities.

Lady Bourchier has reproduced, in an abridged and popular form, the life of her father, Admiral Codrington ‡, which she published the year before last, and which we reviewed at the time. The new edition is just the book for a lad with a taste for adventure.

Mr. Mackie, the editor of a well-known country newspaper and inventor of a steam type-composing machine, has published a record of a tour through France and Italy §, to which he apparently attaches less importance as a literary exercise than as a specimen of the typographical results of his machine. Mr. Mackie writes in a plain, practical way, and did not fail when abroad to give attention to those things with which he is specially acquainted, such as printing and newspapers.

The Melbourne Directory ‖, now in its nineteenth year of publi-

* *Order and Progress.* By Frederic Harrison. Longmans.

† *Life and Times of Alexander I., Emperor of all the Russias.* By C. Joyneville. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

* *Songs of Two Nations.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Chatto & Windus.

† *The Law Relating to Public Worship.* By Seward Brice, LL.D. London: Stevens & Haynes.

‡ *Memoir of the Life of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington.* By Lady Bourchier. London: Longmans & Co.

§ *Italy and France.* An Editor's Holiday. By Alexander Mackie. Hamilton & Adams.

‖ *Sands and McDougall's Melbourne and Suburban Directory for 1875.*

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cation, has not yet attained anything like the dimensions of Messrs. Kelly's huge volume, but it appears to be making steady progress in the same direction. In Melbourne, as elsewhere, the Smiths are a flourishing family; but, on the whole, Scotch and Irish names strike one more frequently in the columns than English ones. One is reminded of the cosmopolitan character of the population by coming upon Ah Chow and Ah Ching and a long string of other Ahs. The lawyers, naturally a conservative body, preserve old associations by having their chambers in Temple Court. It is satisfactory to observe that educational wants are pretty well supplied, and that, in the midst of its material prosperity, Melbourne does not neglect the refining arts, for we find there are about a hundred professors, chiefly, however, of music and dancing.

The Annual Register *, one of the few joint enterprises of the London booksellers which have survived to this day, continues to be a valuable and indispensable work of reference. Besides a history of public events at home and abroad, it contains interesting reviews of the art, literature, and science of the year; a full obituary, a digest of remarkable trials, and a collection of important public documents and State papers.

Mr. O'Rourke has put together a history of the Irish famine of 1847 †, based upon official and other documents and private information collected by himself. He writes, as might be expected, with a leaning to certain views which are natural to his race and religion, and discrimination must sometimes be used in separating his facts from his inferences. Thus, for instance, on the strength of a calculation that the population of Ireland in 1851 was two and a half millions less than it should have been according to the rate of increase, he assumes that these two and a half millions had actually disappeared in the famine by death or emigration, forgetting that a certain proportion of them had never been born. At such a period of course there was naturally a decrease of births. A few figures will give an idea of the terrible condition of the country in 1847. In the summer of that year some three millions of destitute people received gratuitous daily rations; or, in other words, considerably more than one-third of the whole population was living on out-door relief. In April of that year the deaths per week in the workhouses reached twenty-five per thousand. Between the end of 1845 and the beginning of 1851, 61,260 persons died in the hospitals and sanitary institutions, exclusive of those who died in the regular and auxiliary workhouses, to say nothing of the numbers of the forlorn and starving who perished by the wayside, or in the ditches, or lay down, one after another, to die on the floors of their cabins. The Government advanced nearly eleven millions sterling in one way or another to mitigate the effects of the famine, but Mr. O'Rourke calculates that of this only 4,757,000*l.* was what he calls "free gift." It is estimated that not much less than a million and a half was collected and disbursed by charitable associations. A curious episode of this disastrous period was the controversy about Soyer's soup, to which Mr. O'Rourke devotes some attention. M. Soyer had been despatched to Ireland to show how soup could be made on the cheapest terms. He had served up a specimen of his art at the Reform Club, and it had been declared excellent. One hundred gallons could be produced for 1*l.*, and a "bellyful of this once a day, with a biscuit," was, in the inventor's opinion, sufficient to maintain a strong and healthy man. It turned out, however, that M. Soyer was thinking more of the palate than of the stomach. He declared he could make good soup without any meat at all, and that he considered meat of no more value than the other ingredients, intended to give a flavour. Experience showed that, whatever might be the quality of M. Soyer's soup, a soft semi-liquid diet was hardly suited to labouring people.

It has been thought worth while to bring out a new and enlarged edition of an extremely dismal and foolish book called *Signs before Death* ‡, being a record of dreams or apparitions, foretelling or otherwise connected with death. Most of these stories are mere gossip. In other cases where details are given, an explanation of the mystery is sometimes suggested, as, for instance, in that of Lord Lyttelton. He had been suffering from suffocating fits at the time when he dreamt of the fluttering bird and the white woman; and it is not unreasonable to connect the two sensations.

In addressing professional teachers on the principles and practice of common-school education § Mr. Currie has perhaps unavoidably to go over a good deal of familiar ground, and to insist on many points which may be regarded as truisms. It is indeed the characteristic merit of the work that it gives no countenance to *tours de force* in teaching, and adheres to plain, common-sense methods. In his remarks on history, Mr. Currie has indicated the want which has just been supplied by Mr. Green's admirable volume. Mr. Currie's other manual ‖, dealing with early and infant school education, is equally sensible and practical.

The excellent qualities of Bædeker's guides are now so fully recognized that it is enough to mention the new edition of his Southern Italy.¶

The object and scope of Mr. Guillaume's revised edition of Mr. Wightwick's manual * is sufficiently described in the title, *Hints to Young Architects*. It furnishes a good general idea of the leading points in the elementary study of practical architecture.

The Angler's Diary † supplies, in a light, handy form, a long list of fishing stations, with the necessary information as to the fish which frequent them, and also a blank form for registering takes of fish.

Mr. Simpson has written an essay ‡ in order to expose the absurdity of the old doctrine about unity of time and place in dramatic representations, and he ventures to hope that it may "contribute in some manner towards the settlement of the question." Nothing can be more decisive than his victory; but unfortunately his blows have been wasted upon a ghost. From the first the folly and childishness of the doctrine of the unities as a universal and obligatory rule were sufficiently obvious, and, in point of fact, it was continually violated or evaded even by those who professed to regard it as a sacred law. What Mr. Simpson apparently fails to perceive is that the doctrine which he denounces is reasonable enough when it can be conveniently applied. It becomes absurd and mischievous only when it interferes with the natural and intelligible development of the plot.

Astronomy appears to be becoming one of the most popular of sciences, if we may judge by the number of works on the subject which are continually appearing. Mr. C. B. Pitman has added to the number an excellent translation § of M. Rambosson's neat and judicious summary of the chief elements of astronomical science.

The question of foreshores has lost the political prominence which it used to enjoy a few years ago when Mr. Augustus Smith was in Parliament, and the rights of the Crown are now pretty clearly determined. Those who are interested in the subject will find in Mr. Loveland's edition of Hall's well-known essay ‖ a full account of the present state of the law.

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* *The Annual Register.* 1874. London: Rivingtons; Longmans & Co.

† *The History of the Great Irish Famine.* By the Rev. John O'Rourke, P.P. Dublin: M'Glashan.

‡ *Signs before Death.* A New Edition. London: Tegg.

§ *The Principles and Practice of Common-School Education.* By James Currie. London: T. Laurie.

‖ *The Principles and Practice of Early and Infant School Education.* By James Currie. London: T. Laurie.

¶ *Bædeker's Italy.* Third Part: Southern Italy, Sicily, &c. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Leipsic: Bædeker.

* *Hints to Young Architects.* By George Wightwick. Revised by G. H. Guillaume. London: Lockwood.

† *The Angler's Diary.* The "Field" Office.

‡ *The Dramatic Unities of the Present Day.* By Edwin Simpson. Trübner.

§ *Astronomy.* By J. Rambosson. Translated by C. B. Pitman. Chapman & Hall.

‖ *Hall's Essay on the Rights of the Crown and the Privileges of the Subject in the Sea Shores of the Realm.* Second Edition. Revised and Corrected by R. L. Loveland. Stevens & Hayes.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE BUDGET.

THE annual Budget is seldom delayed by the interposition of irrelevant topics. If a question of privilege was on Thursday last destined to occupy the House of Commons for several hours, there has been no occasion on which undue curiosity could be more easily restrained. Every member in the House could have approximately anticipated the statement of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; and yet there was a feeling of relief when he announced at the beginning of his speech that he was able to calculate on a moderate surplus. The estimated expenditure of the current year is 75,266,000*l.*, and the revenue 75,685,000*l.* Among various disappointments of former calculations, Sir S. NORTHCOTE, with some rhetorical adroitness, selected for notice the deficient returns of the telegraph service. The present Government is not responsible for a purchase which was certainly proposed with unduly sanguine expectations. There is still reason to suppose that, with the extension of facilities, and with the growth of the benefit of communicating by telegraph, the State may derive a considerable revenue from the monopoly which was bought at a heavy price. In the meantime it is evident that the small deficiency attributable to the telegraphs affords no indication of a decline in general prosperity. It is more difficult to give a satisfactory explanation of the falling off in the Excise and the Stamps. The Government is in no way responsible for the diminution of revenue; but Sir S. NORTHCOTE has received a lesson on the imprudence of assuming that the growth of national wealth and private expenditure depends on permanent causes and follows an immutable law. The ingenious and sanguine writer who lately anticipated the Budget in a letter to the *Times* on the growth of public income was deceived by a commonplace fallacy when he contended that the increase of revenue necessarily responded to every successive reduction of taxes. In former times it was true that the removal of burdens on industry developed and proved its natural elasticity; but with the improvement of the financial system the possibilities of improvement became smaller; and although a reduction in the rate of duties has often compensated by degrees the loss which it caused in the first instance, the abolition of taxes produces a less immediate and direct result. The consumption of sugar might be quadrupled without any advantage to the revenue, and if tea also were withdrawn from the list of taxed commodities, the Exchequer would be no longer interested in the extent of importation or consumption. It is undoubtedly satisfactory that the few taxes which have been retained by successive Governments should still provide an enormous revenue.

It would not have been surprising if Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had contented himself with explaining the actual state of the finances, without proposing any change in the system of taxation; but Chancellors of the Exchequer generally like to do something; and on the trifling question of brewers' licences a pledge had already been given. A new scale is to be adopted for the purpose of making the amount of payment correspond more nearly with the extent of each brewer's business; and, when the process of absorption of small undertakings by large capitalists next forms a ground of lamentation, it will be less easy to attribute the result to an unjust mode of taxation. The expediency of the new device for increasing the receipts from Stamps is more questionable. Candidates entering the Civil Service are not generally overburdened with wealth, and it is difficult to understand why they should be selected as proper subjects for taxation. Sir S. NORTHCOTE has borrowed from his eminent predecessor the ill-omened phrase of readjustment. Mr. GLADSTONE last year proposed to supply the deficiency which he intended to create by a readjustment, which can only have signified an increase of taxes. Sir S. NORTHCOTE need scarcely have applied the term to a little tax on clerks in public offices.

It may be doubted whether the occasion was suitable for dealing with the National Debt. Notwithstanding the criticisms which have often been made on the practice of estimating the revenue at an unduly low rate, there was much to be said for the gradual discharge of moderate portions of debt, through the direct application to the purpose of a surplus which has been provided on a transparently fictitious assumption. If the House of Commons and the country must be cheated into the creation of a Sinking Fund, the simplest and cheapest method of payment is the best. The increase of the annual payment of interest for the purpose of ultimately reducing the principal is also a kind of deception; and if it must be attempted in deference to the authority of several successive Finance Ministers, including Mr. GLADSTONE, the time for the experiment is when there is a considerable surplus. Last year the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, after disposing of all the large balance which had been left by his predecessor, discovered a new mode of keeping his books by which a considerable sum was transferred from capital account to income. The criticism of Mr. CHILDERS to the effect that Sir S. NORTHCOTE takes credit for an arrangement which must extend far beyond his term of office is not unjust. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had previously admitted that many contingencies might justify his successors in suspending the operation of his scheme. There is little difference between the various kinds of Sinking Funds which have been devised by ingenious financiers. Seventy or eighty years ago it was the custom to borrow an additional percentage as often as a loan was effected, for investment at compound interest with a view to the ultimate extinction of the debt. It is now proposed to form a Fund which is in itself more legitimate, inasmuch as it arises from the annual surplus; but in both cases it is thought better to create a self-acting machinery than boldly to avow and practise the theory that a certain income should be raised by taxation for the purpose of paying off the debt. It is at least as satisfactory to reduce the charge for interest on the debt as to provide for a diminution of the principal, which is itself a nominal and imaginary sum. As long as both parties agree on the fashionable mode of dealing with the debt, it is perhaps useless to recommend the adoption of a sounder system. Those who may have the good fortune to live through the next thirty years in uninterrupted peace and prosperity will find themselves relieved from 160,000,000*l.* of debt. If such a result should be attained, the continuance of the process to which it will be due will not demand a heroic exercise of virtue.

Claimants for subsidies in aid of local taxation cannot have expected any additional contribution during the present year, and it is to be hoped that they will be satisfied with the proposed restrictions on the liberty of communities to incur local debt. Future loans to governing bodies are only to be raised in a particular form, and they are to be subjected to a regular audit. There may perhaps be some convenience in uniformity of procedure; but there is no reason to suppose that money has ordinarily been borrowed for local purposes either to an excessive amount or on extravagant terms. Large towns can generally borrow any sum which they may have been authorized to raise at about 4 per cent., and according to the uniform practice they also provide a sinking fund, by which the debt will be paid

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off in a calculated number of years. It is in general necessary before money is borrowed to obtain the approval of the Local Government Board, except in the more important cases which require the sanction of Parliament. Sir S. NORTHCOTE's scheme may probably be on the whole useful, but it was not urgently necessary, and it has little connexion with the Budget.

GERMANY.

THE reply of Mr. DISRAELI to Mr. LEWIS on the question of the correspondence between Germany and Belgium was as judicious in its language as the question itself was injudicious. The framer of the question had gone out of his way to draw down rebukes on his head. He had characterized the German despatch as menacing, he had assumed that the liberty of the press in Belgium had been threatened, and he wandered off into an irrelevant inquiry as to what our Government would do if the neutrality of Belgium were violated. The German despatch was not menacing, it did not refer to the press at all, and it invited Belgium to consider how it could best fulfil its duties as a neutral and independent Power. Mr. DISRAELI characterized the German despatch by a term which exactly expresses the light in which the Belgian Government had regarded it. It was a friendly remonstrance, and the Belgian Government accepted this friendly remonstrance in a most friendly spirit. The German despatch referred to three things which had formed the subject of oral discussion between the representatives of the two Governments. There was, first of all, the issue by some Belgian Bishops of pastorals in which sympathy for those suffering under German tyranny was expressed. Far from considering that Germany had no cause of complaint on this head, the Belgian Government replied that the pastorals had been issued two years and a half ago, that the Government disapproved of their tenor, and that the offence had not been repeated. Then there was an address of sympathy to the Bishop of PADERBORN which purported to have been sent by the Committee of a charitable Society at the end of last year. As to this, the Belgian Government replied, not that charitable Committees might do what they pleased, but that the Committee had never issued the address, that it had not met for some months previously to the date which the address bore, and that two private persons were the sole contrivers of the pious fraud by which, in the interest of party religious warfare, the address was represented as proceeding from a body which was entirely a stranger to it. Lastly, there was the attempt, or plot, or proposed plot, of DUCHESNE to murder Prince BISMARCK. What DUCHESNE had done was to write a letter proposing to murder Prince BISMARCK if his correspondent would pay him for his trouble. The Belgian Government investigated the matter, and came to the conclusion that DUCHESNE had not been guilty of any act punishable by Belgian law. The German Government inquired whether, if this was so, it might not be advisable to alter the Belgian law. It reminded the Belgian Government that twice in the early days of the Second Empire it had altered the Belgian law to please the Emperor NAPOLEON; it urged that Belgium, in its peculiar position as a protected Power, might be expected to do readily all that it could be reasonably asked to do to protect the members of the Government of the protecting Powers; and it quoted what appears to be the irrelevant example of Switzerland, where a law has been recently passed subjecting to a long term of imprisonment any one guilty of trying to induce a foreign Power to interfere in the internal affairs of the country. The Belgian Government replied in a most temperate and friendly tone that any proposal for new repressive laws might have a bad effect at this crisis in Belgium, as, Belgium being a free State, the laws would require the sanction of the Legislature, and that by appealing to the patriotism of the Assembly and the public the Government had recently succeeded in discouraging all inclination to say or do things offensive to Germany, and that thus there was a tranquillity and good feeling and a disposition not to interfere in German affairs which it would be a pity to disturb. It further pointed out that DUCHESNE had done nothing towards carrying out his intention of killing Prince BISMARCK, and that his crime was one solely of evil thoughts, which would be punishable under no system of legislation. Whether a proposal in writing to kill a man if another man will pay for the act is solely a crime of evil thoughts is a disputable proposition, and all that can be said is that, after an argument in which neither side lost its temper, the Belgian and German Governments came to a different conclusion about it; but the Belgian Government pointed out that when it was reported that DUCHESNE was going on to German soil, and might be supposed to be taking steps to the actual accomplishment of his detestable purpose, the German police received immediate warning. Moreover, the Belgian Government had reason to believe that in some respects a further investigation as to the proceedings of DUCHESNE might be useful, and this it was ready to have made at once. The German Government did not press the matter any further, and the Belgian Government might have thought that all had ended happily. Unfortunately it became known at Paris that the correspondence had passed. Bits of it were published from day to day, as if some great and terrible mystery was being revealed. A small matter was magnified into a serious one, and the kind friends of Belgium insisted that it had been unconsciously kicked and trampled on.

The difficulty, such it is, has been created by the press and by the desire of persons who have got to telegraph—to telegraph, if possible, something exciting. In this way the German Government has had less than justice done it for a few days. But if Germany has had something to complain of in the action of the press, it has had much more to answer for. All of a sudden a Berlin newspaper blew a trumpet of alarm. The Fatherland was solemnly warned that awful things were impending. France was arming for a war of revenge, and was trying to seduce Austria and Italy into an alliance, not altogether without fair grounds for supposing that its wicked intrigues would succeed. In another day or two another newspaper, supposed to be more under Ministerial influence than the first prophet of evil, issued a very tame disclaimer of this prophecy. It encouraged the notion that France was arming, but it suggested that the fidelity of Austria and Italy was not likely to be easily shaken. The whole proceeding is very discreditable to the German Government. Nothing can be more certain than that the alarm would never have been given unless those who gave it had reason to believe that what they were doing would please Prince BISMARCK. He may not have ordered the insertion of the paragraph, but the German press is far too much under the thumb of the authorities for any editor to have published such a statement unless he knew that his indiscretion would be readily pardoned. The disclaimer was almost worse than that which it disclaimed. It allowed that to be supposed to be true which Prince BISMARCK knows not to be true. France is not arming, is not ready for war, is not getting ready for war. It is reorganizing its army, as it has a perfect right to do; but this reorganization will take a long time to carry out, and every Frenchman knows that a new war, hastily undertaken without allies, must end in disaster. Nor is this all. The original statement was not merely that France was bent on war, but that Marshal MACMAHON and the ORLEANS Princes were bent on making France go to war. The disclaimer never noticed this, and not to notice it was to allow it to be supposed to be true. The ORLEANS Princes occupy no official position, and gossip about them may perhaps be treated as mere ordinary defamation. But Marshal MACMAHON is the head of the French Government, and the representative of France. To impute designs to him is to bring a charge against a responsible person, and to bring such a charge without warrant against the head of the French Government is a great insult to France and a disturbance of the peace of Europe. It is said that the object of Prince BISMARCK in arranging for these false alarms being given is a purely domestic one. He wants to keep Germans up to the mark, and to fan the excitement which supports his ecclesiastical laws and his military preparations. If this be so, he exhibits himself and his countrymen in a very poor light. It is to German patriotism that he appeals when he combats priests and enlarges the military force of the country. The patriotism which fades away unless it is stimulated by false alarms is a very shaky sort of patriotism, and the statesman who has recourse to such stimulants of patriotism stoops much beneath the level on which Prince BISMARCK ought to stand.

Certainly it would not have seemed as if the kind of patriotism which bids Prussians back up Prince BISMARCK

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in his ecclesiastical crusade needed much artificial stimulus. Every day some new Bill against refractory priests and their adherents is submitted to the Prussian Parliament, and receives an eager welcome. The property of the Church is to be withheld from it in cases where those enjoying the benefits of this property refuse to submit to the requirements of the civil power. All religious orders are to be abolished in Prussia. Those articles in the Prussian Constitution which stand in the way of these changes are to be repealed. If the struggle that has begun is to be fought out, these laws may be necessary, and Prussians who think them necessary are quite right to vote for them. But they might be credited with the power to perceive that the steps taken are very serious, and that great principles are at stake, and they might be supposed to be above needing to have their ardour fostered by false and malicious newspaper gossip. The address of the Catholic Bishops to the KING is much more calculated to fortify the resolution of intelligent opponents than idle tales about the French army. The Bishops thought it worth while to appeal from the Prussian Government to the KING, and to try to make his conscience uneasy by suggesting that they were asked to do what no good Christian could possibly do, and that property was being taken from them which it concerned the honour of the Royal Family to preserve to them faithfully. The KING did not answer, but Prince BISMARCK did, and he replied that the Bishops were quite mistaken in supposing that the KING did not fully understand and approve of the new laws. As to the character of these new laws, it is hopeless to think that the Bishops and Prince BISMARCK can agree. They say that these laws touch their faith, and that to disobey them is merely to imitate the conduct of the early Christians who refused to sacrifice in heathen temples and to worship the statue of the Emperor. Prince BISMARCK replies that this is nonsense. They may teach and preach any religious doctrines they please; all that is required is that they should be good citizens and not conspire against the State. They reply that it is part of their creed that civil life ought to be so regulated that the system of the Church should be carried out, and that the Prussian State does not permit this wholesome state of things to exist. Prince BISMARCK replies that this pretension of the Church is something new, and that property given before this pretension was put forward may now be properly taken from it. The Bishops say that what Prince BISMARCK calls something new is as old as the hills. And so the dispute goes on, and all that can be said is that the issue is gradually being made clear to every one. Centuries ago it was raised in England, and fortunately it was here settled in a way satisfactory to the mass of the English people.

THE PRITTLEWELL PETITION.

THE debate on the Prittlewell Petition was lively and instructive. It threw much light on what is meant by the right of the subject to petition Parliament, and on what is the course which the House of Commons is prepared to take with regard to petitions. A petition may be presented by any British subject reflecting on the conduct of any one, except the Sovereign, or a member of either House for things said or done in the House to which he belongs. This petition must be right in form or it will not be received; and by being right in form is meant that it is respectful to the House of Commons, that it concludes with a definite prayer as to what is to be done with regard to those whose conduct is impugned, and that the allegations of misconduct are germane to the prayer. Whether these allegations have the necessary relevancy is a point for the House to determine, and the House will not be over-critical in insisting on strict relevancy. A member ought to satisfy himself that any petition he is asked to present is in form, and if it is in form, he is acting with a proper regard for his public duties if he presents it, although he thinks that the allegations it contains are entirely untrue. In order that the subject may enjoy the right of petitioning, his petition must be presented, and the presenting of the petition is a ministerial act which in no way associates the person presenting it with those framing it. When he has presented it, he is not in any way bound to support it or take any steps regarding it. Mr. DISRAELI at one period of the debate seemed to think that there was such a connexion between the petition and the member presenting it, and that the order that the petition lie on the table might properly be rescinded immediately on the member presenting it being asked whether he was prepared to support the prayer of the petition and stating that he was not so prepared. But the general result of the debate was different, and the doctrine to which the House appeared finally to lean was that the member presenting the petition had nothing more to do with the petition than any other member, except to see that it was in due form. If it attributed misconduct to an official, he was not to be taken to concur in the imputation, or to be in any way responsible for its having been made. He has merely helped a subject to exercise a constitutional right, just as a Court by issuing a writ helps a plaintiff to begin a suit without in the least prejudging the case. After the petition has been presented it comes before the Committee of Petitions, and the sole function of this Committee is to see that it is in due form. If it is in due form, it is received and lies on the table. The petitioner has a right that it shall so lie on the chance of any member thinking fit to support the prayer by making on his own responsibility a motion in accordance with it. That is the end of the petitioner's rights. If, after a reasonable time has elapsed, no member makes such a motion, then the persons whose conduct it impugns are entitled to protection; and this protection consists in the House recording that, although charges have been made against them, no member of the House has thought these charges true. The way in which this is recorded is by a motion that the order that the petition lie on the table be rescinded; and if it is a servant of the Crown who has been attacked by the petition, it is certainly the duty, and in other cases it may be the duty, of the Government to see that such a motion is duly made, in order that the character and conduct of those charged with high public functions may be properly vindicated.

The Prittlewell petition was wrong in point of form. It attacked one of those persons who cannot be attacked by petition. It took notice of a thing said to have been done by a member of the House of Commons in the discharge of his duties as a member. This person was the SPEAKER, and the House is necessarily most careful in protecting its own Speaker from informal petitions. It invited the House to censure, or, as Mr. DISRAELI understood the terms of the petition, to impeach the SPEAKER, and want of form in a petition could not easily go further than this. It is essential for the freedom of debate, and for the independence of Parliament, that everything said and done in Parliament should be excluded from the subject-matter of petitions, or otherwise, as Mr. DISRAELI pointed out, members might be exposed to a pressure from outside which would be fatal to their self-respect, and possibly to their security. It was the duty of the Committee on Petitions to point out this glaring informality in the petition when it had been discovered, and it was proper in the Leader of the House to move that the order for the reception of the petition should be rescinded. Sir WILFRID LAWSON met this by moving the previous question, on the ground that the whole matter was beneath the dignity of the House to discuss. He found very few to support him, and the House would have shown a most unwise indifference to a very important matter if it had neglected to insist that the Parliamentary conduct of its members must be excluded from the permissible range of petitions. But the Prittlewell petition had a double object. It asked the House to censure the SPEAKER, and it also asked the House to concur with the House of Lords in an address to the Crown for the removal of certain Judges, and it stated the grounds on which this action of the House was invited. Had it been confined to this, it would have been perfectly regular. Some doubt was expressed as to whether the charges were germane to the prayer, but it was recognized that the House ought not to scan the mere wording of a petition too closely; and if Judges were substantially charged with official misconduct, that was enough. The petitioners alleged, and Dr. KENEALY to a certain extent repeated, the allegation that high Parliamentary authorities had stated that petitions complaining of the misconduct of Judges would not be received. If any one, whether a high or a low Parliamentary authority, ever said this, he was wrong. After the debate of last night there can be no doubt about the matter. Every British subject has a right

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to allege official misconduct against a Judge, and to pray that the House will join in an address for his removal; and as long as such a petition is worded with due respect to the House, it will be in form, and may be properly presented by a member who does not agree with a word of it, and who would speak heartily against any motion framed in accordance with its prayer. Being in form, such a petition will not elicit any remarks from the Committee, and will be ordered to lie on the table. Some time must then elapse before the order will be rescinded. How long the time should be is not fixed by any rule, but there was a general agreement in the House that the time which has elapsed—ten days—since the Prittlewell petition was presented is too short. In one case quoted seven weeks was considered a proper time, but it is obvious that some regard must be had to the period of the Session, and that no fixed rule should be laid down. During this period the petition lies waiting, as it were, to see whether any single person out of the six hundred and fifty representatives of the people will say that he thinks the petitioners are complaining of a real grievance. It is only when it has been ascertained that this is not so that the petition is rejected, in order to mark that its allegations are, in the opinion of the House, unfounded.

It is impossible to see how any security against the maladministration of justice could be ampler. The petitioners need not be electors, nor need they be men. Any man or any woman can ask the House of Commons to aid in punishing an unjust Judge. The aggrieved person has not to persuade a member that his petition is well founded in order to have it presented. This might practically prevent humble persons from being able to petition. They would have to find a champion before they could get their case before Parliament, and even if their petition was well founded, it might be difficult for them to get at a member prepared to take up their case. But they can invite any member to present their petition, and all that assenting to their invitation means is that the member will help them to exercise a constitutional right. Naturally petitioners who perhaps know the names of few members apply to one of the representatives of the district in which they live, and he will do quite right in presenting the petition, although he thinks its allegations absurd and ludicrous. When their petition is presented, they have for some weeks the chance that some one of six hundred and fifty representatives of the people may think their story a true one. It is impossible that Parliament, as the supreme Court of redress of grievances, should open a wider door to those who think they have a grievance that calls for redress. Those who think that the conduct of the Judges in the trial of ORTON was such as to make it right that they should be removed from office may present as many petitions to the House of Commons as they please, may allege what they please, and may ask that the Judges shall be removed. They have only got to do what, according to Dr. KENEALY, they are longing, in their thousands, or hundreds of thousands, or millions, to do. The gate to a Parliamentary hearing is never shut, and they can walk through when they feel inclined. It is entirely for them to decide whether they petition or not. But Dr. KENEALY himself is not in the same position. It fell most appropriately to Mr. MACDONALD, who is supposed to represent in some special way the poorer classes, to point out that Dr. KENEALY, having made a charge against the Judges concerned in the ORTON trial, is bound to substantiate his charge without delay, or must be considered to have abandoned it. Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. FAWCETT repeated the same wholesome truth, and, as Mr. FAWCETT justly observed, the most deluded supporters of Dr. KENEALY will soon become alive to the fact that, if Dr. KENEALY is continually putting off his motion, it must be that he is afraid to say before an audience which can contradict and expose him what he states with comfortable audacity when he has no one to confront him. The House of Commons will be only discharging its duty to the Judges accused of misconduct, to itself, to the Crown, and to the nation, which is concerned in the popular respect for its tribunals not being wantonly impaired, if it insists on the accusations which Dr. KENEALY has made being substantiated or publicly refuted.

ROYALISTS AND REPUBLICANS.

THE Minister of Commerce and Agriculture is ordinarily one of the least political members of the French Government, and the present Minister was put into his post rather for what he was outside the Cabinet than for any special services which he was expected to render within it. But the speech which M. DE MEAUX lately made at a dinner at St. Etienne is in some respects the most interesting expression of political opinion that has been heard since the 25th of February. Everybody knew what M. DUFAURE or M. WALLON would say, and M. BUFFET was eminently successful in his attempt at saying nothing. But M. DE MEAUX represents the Right in the coalition majority, and it was at least possible that he would take the first opportunity that offered itself of bringing out in stronger phrases than M. BUFFET could venture to employ the anti-Republican character of the present Republic. The opportunity has come, and M. DE MEAUX has not used it. Indeed, he has gone further, and has used it for a directly opposite purpose. Instead of copying M. BUFFET, and avoiding all mention of the Republic, he has described the vote on the Constitutional Laws as the substitution of a Republican rule, clearly defined, and armed with regular weapons, for the Republican rule which has been practically established since the fall of the Empire. It may seem a small thing that a Minister has brought himself to see and admit so patent a fact as this. But the recognition of patent facts is by no means a common virtue among French politicians, least of all among Conservative politicians, and M. DE MEAUX deserves credit for breaking through the custom hitherto so strictly observed by the Right of shutting their eyes to everything which they do not like. M. DE MEAUX is perfectly frank as to his relation to the new Republic. He does not profess to rejoice over the constitutional settlement at which the National Assembly has arrived. He took no part, he says, in bringing it about, because his "deepest and "dearest convictions" did not permit him to do so; but when once the law had been passed, he was able to take part in giving it effect, because the law has itself taken care to respect all honest convictions, and has only shut the door on *coups d'état* and revolutions. "On ground which all have not chosen all can find room "to sustain the cause of order and liberty," and all, whatever be their political preferences, ought to unite to protect French society against intrigues which compass its destruction.

This profession of faith is a tribute to the wisdom of those Republicans who consented to include in the new Constitution a clause providing for its revision. There was much to be said against the introduction of such a clause, and it must be admitted that the inconveniences arising out of it have not yet been fully tested. But against these inconveniences, great as they may prove to be, must be set the fact that the concession of the right of revision opened a way for the adhesion of Royalists to the new Republic which, without it, would have remained hopelessly closed. There are three degrees of comparison in the Royalist section of French society—those who will admit of neither postponement nor compromise, those who will admit of postponement but not of compromise, and those who will consent to both. Those of the first degree are necessarily ranked as irreconcilables. If they are not at this moment striking a last blow for their King, it is only because their King and they alike see that such a last blow could do neither of them anything but harm. Those of the third degree have long been willing to co-operate in founding the Republic. Their adhesion was secured in theory when M. GAMBETTA announced that all that the advanced Republicans demanded in an ally was a recognition that the Republic was the only Government that remained possible in France. This recognition was not incompatible with the conviction that the only possible Government was in itself an extremely bad one, and only to be accepted as being immeasurably better than no Government at all. But this concession on the part of the advanced Republicans did nothing for Royalists like M. DE MEAUX. They are willing to accept the Republic as the legal Government of France, and in that character to pay it due respect and homage. But they will not put aside the hope that time and experience may yet bring Frenchmen to a wiser mind. They have no wish to see the Republic overthrown by force or undermined by fraud. So long as the country retains its present temper they are Republicans, because the majority of Frenchmen are Republicans, and consequently the Republic is the only

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Government that can be maintained, except by the sword. But supposing that as years pass away they should see reason to think that the majority of Frenchmen have discovered their mistake, and that if the Constitutional Laws had to be voted again they would be cast in a monarchical form, they will not promise not to take advantage of this change of temper. Under the Republican Constitution, as settled by the vote of the 25th of February, there is no need for them to give any such pledge. They have only to admit that until this change of temper comes the Republic exists by right as well as in fact. They are not asked to deny their honest convictions; they are only called upon to prove by their acts that no conviction of theirs, however deep or however clear, has any right to impress itself on the form of government until it has become the conviction of the great body of their countrymen.

The recognition of the right of revision has made it possible for men to be at once honest Royalists and honest Republicans, and in this combination M. DE MEAUX sees a prospect of overcoming the enemies which have proved too formidable for all former Republics. On the day, he says, on which good citizens and men of order rise unanimously and march united the social danger will be averted. If M. DE MEAUX can succeed in communicating this belief to French Conservatives he will have been more instrumental than any member of the coalition Cabinet in closing the future against Republican excesses, and their inevitable complement, Imperialist reaction. In former revolutions the Conservatives throughout the country have been inactive either from despair or from interest. The majority of them have thought it useless to take any part in politics, and have preferred to sit by the stream in the hope that it would at length run itself out. The minority have welcomed the excesses into which this inaction has tempted the Republicans, because these very excesses made it easier for them to build upon the fears of their countrymen the particular Conservative Government which best ministered to their own advancement. It would be idle to say that the danger to which M. DE MEAUX refers has ceased to exist. It is less formidable in many ways than it was, because the elements which compose it have been brought under visible control, and have no longer the power of getting the command of public affairs by a single blow. It has been proved that the party of order is strong enough to reduce Paris to subjection, and to keep Lyons in order; and before the mob of the capital can hope to control the Executive, it must not only reckon with the garrison, but march unopposed to Versailles. Still, though the elements of confusion are weakened, they are not uprooted. The workmen in the great French cities who in their hearts reject M. GAMBETTA'S leadership, and look forward to the day when the Commune shall once more be proclaimed, may be counted by the hundred thousand. But formidable as this calculation may seem, it is only formidable so long as the numbers arrayed against these hundreds of thousands are forgotten. The Conservatives of France may be counted by millions. With one exception they have everything that the Socialist workmen have, and in far greater abundance. They have means, and organization, and physical strength, and a motive for which to use all these advantages. What they have hitherto lacked is the resolution to fight, which springs from the confidence that will fight with success. All the schemes for reducing the power of the dangerous classes which have been concocted with so much ingenuity have been vitiated by one cardinal error. They have aimed at weakening the revolutionary element in the country, instead of at utilizing and making evident the immensely superior strength of the anti-revolutionary element. Nothing but wholesale massacre can effect the former purpose, inasmuch as the force which makes the Socialist workmen dangerous is the force of resolute arms. But the gain to the Conservative cause will be just as great if the Socialist workmen are brought to realize the hopelessness of insurrection by contemplating the power of their adversaries as if they arrived at the same result by contemplating their own weakness. This latter conviction it is within the compass of the party of order to convey to their minds. If the French Conservatives will understand that political supremacy belongs, and rightly belongs, to those who take part in politics, and that inaction in time of peace means helplessness in time of conflict, the Republic of the future may be more or less Radical according to the course of events, but in no case will it be Red.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE JUDICATURE BILL.

THERE could be no doubt that the withdrawal of the Scotch and Irish Judicature Bill involved the eventual repeal of the Appeal clauses of the Act of 1873. Probably the peers who, not without the tacit connivance of some of its members, applied a pressure to the Government, had persuaded themselves that they were contending, directly as well as virtually, on behalf of the entire jurisdiction of the House of Lords. Lord REDESDALE, the most active member of their body, had consistently opposed Lord SELBORNE'S Bill, while many of his colleagues in the agitation regretted their former indifference to a change which was undoubtedly serious. If the Cabinet had been united and earnest in its support of the Judicature Act, the irregular interference of the majority of the House of Lords might perhaps have been baffled. It was possible to abandon the proposals of the present year, and yet to leave the law as it stands. The consequence would have been that both Scotland and Ireland must have remonstrated against the invidious distinction by which they were allowed a separate Court of Appeal of their own. Lord Justice CHRISTIAN has proved that the Irish Bench is not unanimous in its support of the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords; and all competent lawyers have from the first insisted on the necessity of a single Court of Appeal for the United Kingdom. Lord CAIRNS was probably coerced not so much by the representations of an irresponsible and anomalous committee as by his knowledge that the Cabinet was divided. He has apparently not yet adopted Lord PENZANCE'S device of a new and independent Court which should call itself the House of Lords; and at the same time he is not prepared to maintain without alteration a system which he has repeatedly condemned. If the Act which constituted a new Supreme Court of Appeal had been confined to the special object, it would have been difficult to give any reason for suspending its operation which would not have applied equally to a total repeal; but, as the LORD CHANCELLOR reminded the House of Lords, the appeal clauses are not the whole, and perhaps not even the most important, part of the Act in which they are contained. It is accordingly proposed that the nominal fusion of Law and Equity shall be accomplished without further delay, and that the Act of 1873 shall be amended by the creation of a new Court of Intermediate Appeal. The clauses relating to the Court of Final Appeal are to be suspended for a year, and in the meantime the House of Lords will retain functions which, after the prescribed interval, will almost necessarily become again permanent. The contrivance is sufficiently awkward, though, after the LORD CHANCELLOR had once submitted to the dictation of the malcontent peers, he had perhaps no better alternative; but no part of the Government policy has done so much to weaken its authority, and to diminish its chances of duration.

It is not improbable that during the progress of the amending Bill through Parliament some change will be made in the proposed organization of the Court of Intermediate Appeal. The definite constitution of any tribunal of the kind is a great improvement on Lord SELBORNE'S original project. By far the greater number of cases in which the decision of the Court of original jurisdiction fails to satisfy the unsuccessful suitor are not of a nature to require the attention of a Court of Final Appeal. The functions of the House of Lords or of the Committee of the Privy Council are in a sense legislative as well as judicial. It is necessary to determine finally legal questions which have not been anticipated by Parliament. The Lords Justices on the other hand, and the Court of Exchequer Chamber, while they frequently propound general maxims of law, are habitually concerned with the application of established doctrines to new combinations of circumstances. Lord SELBORNE stood almost alone in his opposition to the principle of a double appeal; and it is satisfactory to find that Lord CAIRNS, after a preliminary attempt at compromise, has decided on the establishment of a regular Court of Intermediate Appeal. The great legal dignitaries who form one-half of the Court will be rather ornamental than useful. It is hardly worth while to borrow from administrative practice the fiction by which half-a-dozen Cabinet Ministers are added to a Board or Council of which the President discharges all the real duties. The Lord Chancellor, the Chief Justices and the Chief Baron, and the Master of the Rolls, will seldom have leisure to sit as Judges of the Court

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of Intermediate Appeal. The Lords Justices, the two salaried members of the Judicial Committee, and the additional Judge to be appointed by the Crown, will probably be regular in their attendance. There will be some discussion on the number of the quorum, which is fixed in the Bill at two in interlocutory matters and at three for the decision of the whole case. At present Equity appeals are heard by the Lord Chancellor and Lords Justices, or, more often, by the Lords Justices alone, while the Exchequer Chamber or Court of Common Law Appeal is generally attended by six or seven Judges. It sometimes happens that the unanimous decision of four Judges in the Court below is reversed by a bare majority in the Exchequer Chamber, so that the case is really decided in accordance with the views of the smaller number of Judges of equal rank. In the new Court it will often happen that two of the three Judges of Appeal will overrule three or four Common Law Judges, if the sittings *in banc* are continued on their present footing; but in ordinary cases the presence of four Judges in a Court of Common Law involves a waste of judicial strength.

The experiment of abolishing the distinction between Common Law and Equity will probably be only gradually successful. In the meantime there is no reason why the proposed Court should be deemed incompetent to discharge its duties. The Lords Justices will not be less familiar with Equity because they may hear appeals under a new title; and they will by degrees receive more and more assistance from their less experienced colleagues. Lord Justice MELLISH was, before his promotion to the Bench, esteemed the most learned member of the Common Law Bar, and his judicial experience must have qualified him in a high degree to promote the fusion of the two great divisions of jurisprudence. The new member of the Court will probably be an Equity lawyer, whether he is selected from the Bench or from the Bar. Unless the total number of members of the Court is increased, it will scarcely be possible to require a quorum of five. The LORD CHANCELLOR will be the chief member of the Court of Final Appeal, and one at least of the Chief Justices will generally be a peer. The efficiency of the Court of Intermediate Appeal must be maintained by the ordinary members. It may be assumed that the members of the Judicial Committee who are to form a part of the Court of Intermediate Appeal will continue also to discharge the duties for which they are appointed and paid. Consequently the Lords Justices and the new Judge will be the only members of the Appeal Court who can devote their whole time and attention to their special functions. Two of the paid members of the Judicial Committee were selected on account of the knowledge of Indian law and practice which they had acquired in their former career. It follows that Sir ROBERT COLLIER and Sir MONTAGUE SMITH will be ordinary Judges of Appeal. If the quorum of three is considered by either House to be insufficient, it will be necessary to increase the total number of the Court. As a general rule it is desirable that the number of superior Judges should be as far as possible restricted, if only for the purpose of maintaining a high standard of excellence and of reputation. The habit of regarding a large Court as necessary for the decision of Common Law appeals is almost entirely due to the accident by which the Judges required for the transaction of criminal and *nisi prius* business were associated *in banc*.

The reasons given by Lord CAIRNS for allowing the Judicature Act to come into early operation were abundantly conclusive. The measure is, even after the excision of the clauses relating to final appeals, the boldest and most comprehensive legal change which has ever been at one time effected. It may easily be believed that, as the LORD CHANCELLOR states, every collateral arrangement must be deferred until the practical results of the Act are in some degree ascertained by experience. It is also of the utmost importance that practitioners should become as soon as possible familiar with new forms of pleading and procedure. The intended readjustment of the circuits cannot be settled until the available judicial strength has been determined. With one exception, all the vacancies which have occurred either on the Equity or Common Law Bench have been filled up since the passing of the Judicature Act, as if the existing distinctions were to continue. When the fusion has been nominally and formally accomplished, the Chancellor of the day will have the means of ascertaining how far the theory of the new system is realized in practice. It is possible that a few years hence every capable lawyer will be equally qualified for the administration of a jurisprudence which may perhaps then have become uniform. The debates in both Houses of Parliament are likely to turn rather on the provisions which are omitted from the amending Bill than on the details of Lord CAIRNS's unpretending measure. The Opposition in the House of Commons will not lose their most favourable opportunity of denouncing the weakness and internal dissensions of the Government; but it will be difficult to prolong the discussion; and the Ministers can still command a majority of votes. If no political change takes place during the ensuing year, the suspended portions of the Act of 1873 will probably be repealed; but it is uncertain whether the LORD CHANCELLOR will retain the actual jurisdiction of the House of Lords, or attempt some modification of Lord PENZANCE's scheme.

CONVOCATION AT WORK.

THE various sections which make up the Church of England are chewing the cud of the excitement which last year produced and carried the Public Worship Act. Stripped of extraneous details, the incidents which brought about that remarkable piece of legislation were very simple. Till about forty years ago, the Church of England, like other institutions, rested its claims to permanent recognition upon its constitutional and traditionary relations to the State more than upon the visible evidences of its practical usefulness. We are far from saying that it did not do much good and earnest work; but any special energy was rather sporadic than corporate, and the Churchmen who were the hardest workers, as a rule, belonged to a section who, in the eyes of the steadygoing majority, were apt to forget the obligations binding them to the general body in their zeal for doing their duty according to their own personal notions. That was a date when the traditionary stability of old institutions received very rude shocks in this country; some disappeared and some were changed past recognition. Every one believed that the Church's time had come when Lord GREY, as Prime Minister, warned the Bishops to set their houses in order. At the critical moment the menaced body was unexpectedly succoured by the sudden rally of what had hitherto been its inert residuum. An appeal was made by a few divines to the constitutional characteristics of the Church as containing practical elements of internal development and of spiritual usefulness to the community. The idea took root among the clergy, and it met with a sufficient response from a minority of the influential laity to make good its footing. Dating from that period the Church of England has, in increasing proportion, assumed the position of a progressive body, while the influence which has most powerfully guided its progress has been that of the resuscitated High Church party. The chief result of this uprising has been that the Church of England, so far from being disestablished or otherwise mutilated, is probably at this moment stronger in the affections of the people than at any former period since the Reformation. As a collateral incident, however, the Evangelical party, which before the crisis seemed destined to monopolize all the energy of whatever might survive of the Church of England, found itself left out in the cold. Many of its best members were absorbed by the new movement; others kept on quietly working within their own circles. But a fighting minority of coarser fibre was left, which preferred the interests of their own faction to the common weal, and cemented a virtual alliance with kindred elements of Nonconformity. The High Church party has for many years most wisely confined its claims to a plea for toleration. It has had neither the wish nor the means to interfere with the work, either practical or devotional, of the other party, but it insists on the various sections of Churchmen agreeing to "live and let live." If the practices of its various votaries had always been as wise as the principles on which they were defended, it would now have been occupying an impregnable position. But that revival was no exception to the ordinary rule of such movements, and it found itself hampered by an extreme and uncontrollable section. The capricious extravagances of Ritualism gave to the Puritan organization the opportunity which it had long been seeking, and in the shape of the "Church Association" it pushed its advantage. So long as the battle-field was the Judicial Committee, the scandal and misfortune to the Church of the civil war

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were bad enough; but the results were capable of being measured. This form of mischief was not, however, enough for the destructive energies of the Association, and they planned a *coup*, the success of which, according to all human calculations, would have seemed impossible. They forced upon the two ARCHBISHOPS a monster address, calling on those prelates to exchange their office of rulers and moderators of the whole Church for that of partisan chiefs, and to join in stamping out the High Church party; and the ARCHBISHOPS had the incredible weakness to accept the ignoble part thus thrust upon them, and to place themselves in the hands of the Church Association.

From that day to the one upon which the Public Worship Regulation Act received the Royal Assent events succeeded each other by a logical sequence. Casual bystanders might have thought the triumph of the Puritan party complete, but to those who could look deeper into matters the elements of weakness were not wanting to their success. Their hardly veiled object in getting their Act was to stamp out, not Ritualism, but that which in calmer moments the Archbishop of CANTERBURY has glorified as "the great historical High Church party." But it did not follow that the heterogeneous majority which gave them their Act had the same intentions. Even during the progress of the measure through the Commons' Committee, the evidences of the contrary were manifest. The better spirit of Parliament came out in the provision which placed defect in the same category as excess, and in the postponement of the operation of the Act for nearly a year. The Letters of Business to Convocation to consider, and, if desirable, to suggest amendments in, the rubrical law under which the men were to be hanged, before going on to hang them, were also a contribution to peace and moderation. The sittings of the Convocation of Canterbury which have been occupying the last week have brought the most important representative body which the Church of England possesses face to face with the situation created during the previous session. In the meanwhile the usual good sense of Englishmen has had time to think and to speak, and the general upshot of their ruminations is that, unless the downfall of the Church, both as a spiritual body and as an Establishment, is a desirable consummation, it would be better not to persecute the High Church party. The corollary to this wise conclusion is that there is more chance of the old parties rubbing on together under the old rubrics, which had proved a *modus vivendi* to both sides before the tempestuous days of Ritualism and Church Associations, than there is hope of inducing them to accept the inexorable rigour of any newly devised regulations, however peaceably intended. As for Parliament, it has fairly shown that it has neither time nor patience this year for another ecclesiastical fray.

In face of the general agreement in opinion, the respective attitudes of the two Houses of Convocation might at first seem a little inconsistent. The Upper House, which practically consists of four-fifths of the original framers of the Worship Regulation Act, is conspicuously willing to do about nothing at all, while the Lower House, which struggled manfully, but ineffectually, against the legislation of last year, is busy in discussing a report of which the drift is to maintain the *status in quo*, not by silence, but by some formal assertion of opinion. This inconsistency is, however, the intelligible result of the blunders of last year. The Bishops who started the confusion are very naturally, if somewhat illogically, anxious to undo their own handiwork, now that their eyes are open to its real character. The Lower House, which was placed under the most severe injunctions, both of the Episcopate and of the State, to produce its scheme, is of opinion that its own dignity and the principles of decorum which must govern legislative bodies leave to it no other option than formally to prepare its proposal, while it is anxious to make that proposal as harmless as possible. In the meanwhile, Upper House, Lower House, and Parliament have really the same desire—namely, to muzzle the wolf which was last year so recklessly unchained. How, precisely, they may succeed in the work is of far less importance than that they should succeed. All reasonable men are now agreed that peace can only be secured by toleration and elasticity in the worship which the Church of England enjoins. The limits of the necessary concessions might not be very difficult to reach if each party took a little trouble to ascertain the feelings of the other.

SPAIN.

IF the only object of the Spanish Carlists is to establish despotism and intolerance, it is difficult to understand why they should continue to withhold their allegiance from the Government of Madrid. King ALFONSO has the advantage over his rival of being recognized in the greater part of Spain, and consequently he can serve the cause which is common to both more efficiently than the ruler of a few mountainous districts. The late Circulars on education, and the severe measures which have been taken against some University Professors, seem to prove that King ALFONSO and his advisers rely on the support of the clergy against all sections of even moderately Liberal politicians. A decree that nothing shall be taught which is inconsistent with Catholic principles virtually gives the control of the Universities exclusively to the priests. According to the traditions of the Church, laymen are intrinsically disqualified from forming a judgment either on theological dogmas or on the relation of morals or of history to the orthodox faith. It is therefore not surprising that the Professors of the Universities have generally protested against the Ministerial decree; and their peaceful resistance has in some instances been punished with extreme and lawless rigour. Some of their number have, without trial or colour of legal right, been transported to the colonies, and one of them, who was not long since Prime Minister, has been included in the proscription. Señor SALMERON was not a wise or successful statesman, but there is no imputation on his personal character, and his political failure has been shared by nearly all his predecessors and successors. Having returned to his academical occupations, he has now been not only dismissed from his post of Professor, but imprisoned and banished. The more celebrated CASTELAR has thought it prudent to retire for the time from Spain; and probably the literary class of Spaniards will find it necessary entirely to suspend their activity. Two years ago the follies of the Republicans supplied abundant matter for unfavourable comment, but the eccentricities of kingly government furnish a kind of retrospective excuse for their errors. It is true that, at his early age, the KING cannot be held fully responsible for the conduct of the Ministers who act in his name, but the hopes which were suggested by his accession have almost wholly disappeared. The arrest of such men as ZORRILLA and SALMERON is a confession of weakness as well as a violation of law and justice. There has not been for some years so entire a cessation of conspiracy as since the latest revolution. The crime of ZORRILLA was that he attempted to organize an open and constitutional Opposition, while SALMERON seems to have given offence merely in his academic character. It is surprising that the members of ephemeral Spanish Administrations should carelessly and wantonly establish precedents which will perhaps in a short time be used against themselves. It might be supposed that official and political personages would hesitate to affirm the doctrine that they may themselves be treated as criminals if they happen to be on the weaker side.

According to one of the latest rumours, General CONCHA, late Governor of Cuba, is likely to share the exile of Liberal ex-Ministers and Professors. It had been supposed that the veteran General had been recalled for the purpose of assuming the chief command of the army of the North. His brother had obtained the only considerable success which has been achieved against the Carlists, in the relief of Bilbao and the subsequent operations. The survivor also had acquired a considerable reputation, and his absence from the country had saved him from participation in the reverses and failures which have been incurred. As soon as he arrived in Spain he preferred against General JOVELLAR, Minister of War, charges of mismanagement of the contest in Cuba. It was evident that JOVELLAR and CONCHA could not both be employed, and probably the Minister has persuaded his colleagues that it is not desirable to encourage criticism of their policy. MORIONES also has been removed from his command; and the changes which have been made have not increased the efficiency of the army. It is possible that the late inaction may be explained by the negotiations which have taken place in connexion with the abortive mission of CABRERA. As usual, it is difficult or impossible to test the accuracy of Spanish news. On one side it is asserted that more than two hundred officers have retired from the service of Don CARLOS; and the fact is not less positively denied by the Carlists, of whom the greater number remain faithful to their colours.

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The statement that Don CARLOS meditates an offensive movement in the direction of Madrid would, if it were credible, afford some prospect of an early termination of the war. It is not impossible that the provincial deputies may have insisted on a plan of campaign which might both relieve them in some degree from a heavy burden and tend to decisive results; yet the Carlist generals can scarcely command a sufficient force for a campaign in Castile. In the former war the most enterprising Carlist partisans contented themselves with rapid marches through the more distant parts of the country, and neither GOMEZ nor CABRERA at any time succeeded in occupying or holding a remote position in the enemy's country. The best of the Carlist troops are perhaps superior to any of their adversaries; but their number is small, and they have to depend on the support of raw and undisciplined recruits. Not one of the Carlist generals has hitherto displayed any remarkable ability; and even in the successful defence of strong positions they have profited rather by the blunders of their assailants than by any skilful combinations of their own. It has hitherto been possible for the Carlists to dispense almost entirely with cavalry, and they have been far inferior to the enemy in the weight and number of their artillery. In an open country their inferiority in these respects would almost certainly be fatal. If the local managers of the insurrection are tired of carrying on the war in their own districts, any proposal on their part of an advance would imply a wish to end the struggle. Meanwhile it is deplorable that savage reprisals in cold blood should once more, as in a former generation, take the place of regular warfare.

It is impossible to deny to Don CARLOS and his adherents the merit of pertinacity in a hopeless cause. Both the Pretender and his principal officers might at any time obtain a lavish price for the surrender of his claims. In the meantime they know that they have no friends beyond the limits of their own provinces either at home or abroad. Every European Government has recognized Don ALFONSO, and the POPE himself suspends his decision between two orthodox competitors until he can ascertain that one of them will prevail. One occasional effect of a Spanish rebellion is to secure for the time the regular Government against the periodical insurrections to which it would be otherwise exposed. The tedious siege of Carthagena induced the restless Republicans to acquiesce for some months in the dictatorship of CASTELAR; and it was only when the Minister voluntarily and unwisely abdicated his authority, that a military officer found it necessary to turn the mutinous Cortes out of doors. During the present year the anomalous Government of SERRANO has been superseded by the action of the generals of the army; but there can be little doubt that ALFONSO will reign as long as his title is disputed in any district of Spain. After the restoration of peace, by negotiation or by victory, it will be difficult to prolong indefinitely the despotism which is now exercised by the Ministers in the name of the KING. A large army suddenly left without occupation would be a dangerous instrument. The generals who placed the KING on the throne would be disinclined to retire into obscurity; and they would grudge the Ministers the monopoly of the rewards of the latest revolution. For some time to come insurrectionary movements will probably, as in the days of ISABELLA II., be directed against the Cabinet for the time being rather than against the Crown. In course of time, political motives or professions will as before succeed to a barren series of military usurpations. Some candidate for power will find it his interest to convoke the Cortes, and to affect attachment to constitutional principles. The best chance for Spain would be in the personal character of the KING, if he should be found, as he grows older, to possess the more indispensable qualities of a ruler. He has so far an advantage over the long succession of adventurers who came before, that he can have no interest separate from that of the country. At his present age he would be much better employed in pursuing his studies at some school or college than in lending his name to the oppressive acts of a casual Government. In the more probable alternative of his political failure, the time of the Republicans will perhaps once more come round. Sanguine politicians believe that a Republic is at last about to take root in France; and, if they are right, the precedent will exercise influence on Spain. The French Government will not be gratified by the rumour that the Empress EUGÉNIE and her son are about to visit Madrid.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

IN the discussion on breach of privilege in the House of Commons on Tuesday last two separate and perfectly distinct questions, bearing no relation to each other, were most unwisely and unnecessarily mixed up together. There can be no doubt whatever as to the authority of the House over reports of its proceedings. The liberty of the newspapers to report anything which passes in the open House, although it has never been formally sanctioned, is practically recognized, and the old prohibition on the subject may be regarded as entirely obsolete. It can hardly be conceived that a majority of the members would ever agree to the suppression of reports of their speeches, and indeed the tendency in recent years has been to complain that they are not reported sufficiently. Mr. LEWIS, who brought the subject before the House, expressly stated that he had no desire to restrict the freedom of newspapers in any way, and that his motion was directed to quite another object—to prevent the dissemination of libels under the shelter of proceedings before a Committee of the House. Under these circumstances it is difficult to understand why the newspapers should have been brought into the question at all, and Mr. BRIGHT was certainly justified in his apprehension that outsiders would think it very absurd. If the letter of which complaint was made had been read in the House of Commons, it would naturally have been reproduced in the newspaper reports of the proceedings, and a Committee-room is, as a rule, equally open to the reporters. It is left to the discretion of Select Committees to determine for themselves whether or not they will sit in secret, but it seldom happens that the public is excluded. In the case of the Committee on Foreign Loans, the reporters had undoubtedly a right to assume that, as no objection was made to their presence, they were entitled to give a full account of what took place. The very fact that a Committee which has the power to shut its doors keeps them open to all comers is the most conclusive proof that it does not desire to make any secret of its proceedings. Notwithstanding the Resolution which has been passed as a matter of form, there is no reason to suppose that the freedom which has hitherto been allowed to the press will be in any degree curtailed. Indeed it would be scarcely possible to impose any restrictions short of absolute prohibition. It would be absurd to lay down a rule that in a general way reports should be allowed, but that the reporters should be held responsible for the publication of anything in the proceedings which might be considered objectionable. It is obvious that the House of Commons must be the guardian of its own discretion, and that it is the duty of the members themselves to take care that there are no improprieties to be reported.

The question which was really at issue in this instance was not whether the newspapers had a right to report the proceedings of a Committee which sat with open doors, and practically invited people to come and hear what was going on, but whether it was right that such letters as that complained of should be produced as evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons; and it is to be regretted that this question was not at once raised, if it was to be raised at all, in a direct and straightforward manner. The facts of the case are simply these. Captain BEDFORD PIM lately appeared as a witness before the Committee on Foreign Loans, and in the course of his evidence made grave charges against M. HERRAN, the Honduras Minister at Paris. Immediately afterwards the Chairman of the Committee received a letter purporting to be written by M. HERRAN, in which the writer defended himself from the attacks made on him, and retaliated very sharply on Captain PIM. It does not appear that any steps were taken to ascertain the authenticity of this communication, and in any case it contained merely a series of sweeping allegations without any details to support them. This letter, which was in French, was translated by a member of the Committee, and read aloud as part of the proceedings, and as such it was reproduced by the reporters. Most people will probably be of opinion that the reading of the letter was a mistake. M. HERRAN had no doubt a right to be heard in self-defence, but he should have been informed that a written statement could not be accepted in lieu of oral evidence tested by examination, and that, if he had anything to say, he must take the trouble to come to London and say it, or at least supply more precise details. Captain PIM'S testimony had been given on oath,

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and he had been subjected to a close cross-examination; and it was only fair that similar conditions should be observed with regard to the evidence on the other side. If, however, an error has been committed in this respect, it is clearly the members of the Committee, and not the reporters, who are to blame for it. The alleged libel was published when it was read aloud to the public in the Committee-room, and the newspapers merely circulated a statement which had been allowed to go forth with the countenance of the Committee. Consequently, if there was anything wrong in the matter, it was the Committee which was responsible for it, and which ought to have been called to account. The plan of denouncing all reporting of Parliamentary proceedings as a breach of privilege in order to discredit certain disclosures in a particular case very much resembles the Chinese practice of burning down a house in order to roast a pig. The alleged mischief was not in the ordinary system of reporting, but only in the matter which in a certain case was provided for the reporters; and the remedy was therefore obviously to be sought, not in restricting the freedom of reporting, but in preventing documents which ought not to be published from being put forth by Committees. Mr. Lowe's assumption that the proceedings of an open Committee which had been daily reported at full length in the newspapers were to be regarded as a profound secret which nobody could be permitted to refer to, was of a piece with the other affectations and hypocrisies of the night. It is no doubt a sound general rule that the current proceedings of a Committee should not be discussed in the House, but it does not follow that a Committee is thereby released from every kind of supervision and control. It can hardly be pretended, for instance, that a Committee has a right, in Mr. Lewis's words, to scatter libels broadcast over the country; and if there is any ground for supposing that the Foreign Loans Committee has erred in this way, there is no reason why the question should not be looked into. Nothing could be more disastrous than that the House should busy itself with regular supervision of the work which it has delegated to Committees, but then there may be exceptional cases in which it is necessary that a Committee should be arrested in a flagrantly improper course of conduct. However that may be, it is at least clear that it is the Committee and not the newspapers which ought to be held responsible for the manner in which its proceedings are conducted.

There is another point in this discussion on which there appears to have been some misconception. Mr. Lewis repeatedly spoke as if an aggravated feature of the alleged libel was that it was directed against a member of the House of Commons, and he seemed to suggest that the House was bound to exercise a sort of special guardianship over the reputation of its members. A variety of reasons will at once occur to every one why the House of Commons ought not to attempt any duty of this kind. In the first place, it has much more important business to attend to; and in the next place it could not undertake to protect members from personal imputations, unless it was at the same time prepared to offer a guarantee for the personal respectability of all its members, which would be in some cases rather an awkward obligation. The House of Commons, like all large assemblies at the present day, is a very mixed body, and there is obvious prudence in not looking too curiously into its personal composition. If the House of Commons were bound to protect its members against all attacks which might be made on them out of doors, it would be entitled to require that they should not mix themselves up in transactions which might expose them to unpleasant reflections. The only sound and safe principle in such a case is that which was recently confirmed when Dr. Kenealy claimed the intervention of the House on his behalf—namely, that the House has nothing whatever to do with any member except in his Parliamentary capacity. In the present instance it is immaterial whether the alleged libel was aimed at a member of the House or at any other person. The only question is whether it is such a piece of evidence as ought to be received by a Select Committee.

INSPECTION AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE reasons which determine the publication of Parliamentary papers are sometimes hard to fathom. On Tuesday last there appeared a Blue-book containing Reports from the Local Government Board Inspectors on the working of the Public Health Act. Though the Act was passed in 1872, we should not have complained if the Inspectors had waited until April 1875 to estimate its effect on the sanitary condition of the country. It could not be expected that so many newly created authorities would settle down to their work without a good deal of time being lost, and neither the strong nor the weak points of the Act could be discovered except by the test of experience. Now that a trial extending over two complete years had furnished the Inspectors with materials for forming something like a deliberate judgment on this point, their Reports promised to be really worth having, and no time could be better chosen for their appearance than the Session which is to see the consolidation of the whole body of sanitary law.

If any of our readers have indulged in expectations of this kind they cannot dismiss them too quickly. The Reports which have been printed this week are nearly a year old, and they relate almost exclusively to the negotiations between the Inspectors and the local sanitary authorities with regard to the appointment of Officers of Health and Inspectors of Nuisances. The importance of this preliminary process is undoubted, and if the description of it had been published anywhere near the date at which it was completed, it would have possessed considerable interest. By this time, however, these officers have been at work for something like two years, and it is not premature to wish that something could be known of the manner in which they have discharged their duties. The Local Government Board have probably the means of satisfying any reasonable curiosity that may be felt on the former point. Later and more general Reports than those included in the return which has been printed must have been presented by their Inspectors, and some at least of the uncertainties which were felt as to the effect of the Public Health Act must be in a fair way to be cleared up. It would be well, for example, to know what has really been done by the sanitary authorities since they entered upon their new duties. Have they begun by instituting a thorough investigation of the sanitary state of their districts? Unless this has been done, it may be said, with tolerable certainty, that the majority even of well-intentioned sanitary authorities are altogether ignorant of the magnitude of the work that lies before them. "Until you put before their eyes a picture the truth "of which they shall not be able to question of the "actual state of their dwellings, people who from birth "have been accustomed to them will hesitate to admit the "existence of nuisances that are patent, offensive to all "sense of decency, and the fruitful sources of disease." This is Mr. Doyle's opinion as regards his district, and what is true of Wales is probably equally true of England. He looked forward—this was written in October 1872—to the publication of full and trustworthy reports upon the sanitary state of the country as likely to be more effective than any other means that could be adopted in convincing people of all ranks of the necessity of extensive sanitary improvements. Considering that two years and a half have intervened between the writing and the publication of his Report, a note might at least have been added to say how far Mr. Doyle's advice to the Guardians to obtain such Reports has been followed out. He was then convinced from the spirit in which the Act had been received in Wales that the Local Government Board might confidently reckon upon very satisfactory progress. There has been time since then to ascertain whether this conviction was well or ill founded. If any of Mr. Doyle's Reports were to be published, it seems a pity that his last was not included as well as his first. It would be interesting again to know what has been done in the way of improved drainage or water supply. It is certain that there are many towns and villages in which both these requisites are in a great measure wanting, and now that in every part of the country there is an authority specially charged with the provision of them, it is natural to look to the Reports of the Local Government Board Inspectors for information as to the policy of this authority. Mr. Longe, writing a year ago, says that in his district very little has been done in either of these respects, and he attributes this to the uncertainty of sanitary science and of sanitary law. The need of improvement may be well known, the Officer of Health may even have officially certified it, and yet the authorities will have remained inactive, partly from hesitation as to the right measures to be taken, and partly from inability to determine how the expense can equitably

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be distributed. Probably Mr. LONGE'S statement is as true now as when it was written, but there was no need to publish a Report dating from the spring of 1874, without a word to indicate whether the Inspector's opinion has been confirmed or modified by the experience of twelve more months. When a statute of the universal importance of the Public Health Act is worked under the superintendence of a Government department, and when this department exercises its control through the agency of Inspectors, there is no excuse for leaving the public in the dark as to the zeal and ability of the local authorities. It may not be always prudent to print the whole of an Inspector's Report, but there can be no objection to the publication of his estimate of the general progress of sanitary improvement in his district. If this had been done during the last two years Parliament would have been better able to pronounce what further amendments are needed before giving to the sanitary laws that partial finality with which consolidation seems naturally to invest them.

The Reports which have now appeared show that the policy of the Local Government Board in endeavouring in the first instance to enlist the good will of the local authorities by leaving them a very large amount of liberty in determining the arrangements best suited to their own localities has, on the whole, been successful. "It has "secured," says Mr. HENLEY, "a cordiality of acceptance "which would certainly not have been accorded to it had "the attempt been made to force upon the country any "uniform scheme, however symmetrically or scientifically "correct." It is of extreme moment to obtain this acceptance, because, as Mr. HENLEY goes on to point out, the great bulk of the sanitary work needed in the country is not of a kind to call for the intervention of skilled engineers. Nothing more is needed than that landlords should build decently wholesome houses, and that those who live in them should keep them decently clean. If the Local Government Board had begun by quarrelling with the great proportion of the authorities subject to its jurisdiction, it would have proved impossible to get these comparatively slight improvements effected. The Central Government cannot constitute itself Scavenger-General, and regulate from Whitehall the precise position and contents of every dustbin in the kingdom. The regulation of these matters must be left to the local authorities, and, if they are to be left to them with any good effect, local authorities must act with some degree of good will. Nor are the merits of the rival theories as to the size of the area to be entrusted to each Officer of Health so well ascertained as to make it wise to impose any iron rule upon the subject. At the same time it is gradually becoming clear that there is a certain type of local authority which will forego repayment from the Parliamentary grant in order to retain the appointment of an Officer of Health in their own hands. This is especially the case, says Mr. CORBETT, "in those localities "where chemical works, and other manufactories emitting "noxious vapours and poisonous refuse, are the prevailing "trades," and where these trades "are in the hands of the "most influential members of the sanitary authority or of "their near relations." The liberty at present given to authorities of this class to keep these Officers of Health free from the control of the Local Government Board, provided that they do not ask for the repayment of their salaries, must be regarded as strictly provisional. The importance of ascertaining when and where it ought to be withdrawn is another reason why the Reports of the Inspectors should be regularly and promptly published.

TITLES.

THE love of titles, like love of dress, must be considered an implicit confession of weakness on the part of humanity. It thus owns a need to be bolstered up; it confesses itself to be not self-supporting. There is in some few men a sense of fitness for any part they may be called to play, of power to be somebody without external aid, which renders distinctions in their case superfluous. What can titles do for them more than the fame which unassisted they can secure to themselves? But this is a very rare state of mind; there is no doubt that titles can help a very real reputation, that they confer some solid satisfaction, and fit in with a natural fastidiousness of which no one need be ashamed. To be one of a crowd is to be hustled, to be exposed to small ignominies (which may no doubt be very good for most of us), to have our individuality disregarded. Now a title worth having gives elbow-room. All recognized distinction secures play for certain qualities of mind and character which equality with others snubs and keeps under. It imparts a certain liberty to say and do things with a right to expect attention and appreciation. We are talking now of the individual, but of course the rule equally applies to titled classes in intercourse with inferiors. The privilege as well as the trial of rank is that it provides a theatre for the play of the more congenial points of our nature. We do not show equally well all round; title offers a good light, and opens a way for special and favourite graces to expand towards their perfection. Thus Miss Austen's Sir William Lucas, knighted during his mayoralty, being "by nature inoffensive, friendly, and obliging, his presentation at St. James's had made him courteous."

The relation between the man who is distinguished and those who alone give distinction its value, and the share of human infirmity which attaches to each party in the relationship, have occupied the speculation of many wise heads. This above all is the theatre which needs spectators, for "all distinctions are useful to men only as they act in public; it were a romantic madness for a man to be a lord in his closet." "Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy, for if they judge by their own feeling they cannot find it; but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then are they happy, as it were, by report"—that is, according to Bacon, they are happy in having what others want. That men in this frame should be complimented and made much of would seem to tell well for the humility and amiableness of the craving multitude; but in no case is the moralist more severe than on the views and preferences of men of the ordinary sort in the matter of distinction. The glory that emanates from virtue alone is rarely accorded by mankind, says one. "Let no one," observes Pascal, "ridicule those who aspire to honour through office and high place. For men are loved and honoured for *borrowed* qualities only. All men naturally hate one another." It may be on this principle of the superior loveableness of borrowed qualities that Mr. Disraeli's observation, with the scene which gives occasion for it, is founded. "Certainly, my Lord," said the box-keeper, on receiving an overpowering honorarium. "He knows me," thought Lothair. "But it was not so. When the British nation is at once grateful and enthusiastic, they always call you 'my Lord.'"

Till he is tried a man never knows how far unaccustomed honours will affect him. The first feeling probably is that they will make no difference; but he may be certain that in some way or other they will make a difference, though what that difference will be a man must have rare self-knowledge to foresee. So many people are entirely ignorant of themselves—their habit of thought indeed not affording room for such knowledge—they are so little to be trusted in their most earnest asseverations when they assume themselves to be uninfluenced by the common motives which sway mankind, that we should not believe any one on such a point unless his antecedent course proved that he had willingly renounced chances of distinction, or deliberately turned from the road that led towards it. This is a question which does not in practice perplex the mind or call for any decision with most of us, because honours and titles are as much out of ordinary possibility with most Englishmen as the growth of another foot of stature. The abstract view of such matters belongs, not to the man, but to his times; to despise or to desire them is a mere fashion of speech. Of some few men we may safely believe their professed indifference when once habit has fixed an active mind and lively imagination in one strain. We can as little fancy Charles Lamb pleased to be Sir Charles as happy in that final elevation which he pictures for himself as "Pope Innocent"; and Horace Walpole, who had shone as a commoner, was bored by the slow processes of growing old and dying a peer. Our subject, however, does not properly touch on hereditary honours, but only on those which are newly acquired and self-attained.

Titles and the flatteries of courtesy must necessarily have most charm for those who find them the only road to distinction. If women could entrance the Commons by their eloquence, they would be as reluctant as manly orators to be raised to the Upper House. As it is, they have a right to estimate mere rank, of any degree, highly, for probably to them it makes the most substantial difference. To be "My Lady" under any conditions secures a woman a great deal of consideration in her contact with the world, and the citizen who is genuinely shy of knighthood on his own account, and personally gains little by it, yet has reflected honour and satisfaction in the observance of which his wife is the object. Yet, in obedience to fashion, the lady adopts the tone of the day quite naturally. Her friends, indeed, as she informs her hearers, profess playful envy at her elevation, but really it makes absolutely no difference to herself. She happens to be so constituted that such things have no weight with her. Other people, she knows, think of rank, but she does not understand the feeling. And yet there is very perceptible a great enlargement and expansion of self. She finds herself in a position to express her feelings and sentiments at a length and with a confidence unfelt before. She finds herself in a different relation with old friends, and enjoys the position in honest ignorance whence the pleasure is derived.

There was a time when honours were without any scruple taken as they were meant; a title was a recognized good thing which not only all would have if they could, but which they were not ashamed openly to glory and rejoice in. Everybody exacted as much homage from those he deemed beneath him as

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he could screw out of them. Of course at that time title implied power to uphold it; any failure in respect could be punished with a high hand. It was an anachronism in De Quincey's "proud Speaker," who, after repeatedly signing a waggoner out of his way by a haughty wave of the hand, at last announced himself the Right Honourable the Speaker of the House of Commons. At the proper period for such a revelation the man would have been on his knees begging for his life, but, as it was he had the best of it. "Whoy, if so be as thou canst speak, whoy didn't a speak afore?" When invention employed itself in devising fresh terms of honour for an insatiable self-glorification, a title was a weapon, and made the man really more formidable to his neighbours. Manzoni, in his great novel, dwells on this growth of titles among the overbearing nobility of the period in which its scenes are laid:—titles of courtesy, dimension, altitude, magnitude, and so on; the impossibility of satisfying the insatiable appetite for the flattery of homage. "I will give notice at once to his Eminence," says the Curé. "And who is his Eminence?" asks Agnes, his rustic auditor. "His Eminence is our Lord Cardinal Archbishop," he replies. "Oh, here you must excuse me," says the good woman, who, having had the honour of a visit from the saintly Federigo Borromeo, felt herself an authority. "Ignorant as I am, I can take my oath that when he talked to us, as I might talk to you, one of his priests took me aside to tell me that I must call him Vossignoria Illustrissima, and Monsignor." "And now," reiterates the Curé, "you must call him your Eminence because the Pope (Urban VIII.) has ordered it so." And he goes on to explain that so many smaller men would assume the Illustrissimo intended only for Cardinals and great princes, "and *will* have it" that there was nothing for it but to devise something new. And he indulges in prophecy. "By little and little Bishops will be 'your Eminence,' and then Abbots, and so on, and so on." "And curés?" slyly asks the widow. "No, no," he answers, "the curés do the work, they draw the cart, and will be just 'your Reverence,' and nothing more, to the end of the world."

What was once dear to human nature can hardly have ceased to be grateful to it. Deference and distinction cannot have lost their power over men's minds; but circumstances have so altered cases that a man can no longer own to this conformity to a natural instinct without reservations and punctilio. A pervading spirit of bashfulness does not allow people to confess, or perhaps to feel it, comfortably. It is a sentiment which has to be cunningly disguised from the innermost heart. It is the fashion now to accept honour as a burden, as a painful duty; or as only indirectly agreeable, as being pleasing to somebody else who is less exceptionally endowed with magnanimity and philosophy. It is a bore to be My Lord or Sir John, but an old father will be pleased, or a wife's ears will be tickled, by a new address or designation; or a lofty title is only tolerable as involving trial and danger, as heading "a forlorn hope" against a wicked, persecuting world. The newly illustrious turns tables upon the obscure, and talks of the blessings of lowly station.

Titles have been laid down, no doubt, in disgust for the trouble they involved, by kings and potentates retreating into private life; by princesses and great ladies in the cloister, and even in the world. But if the process of dis-investiture is done effectually, and the manner of friends, attendants, and society is adjusted and familiarised to the new state of things, there must be many awkward moments. Those who have thus stripped themselves share the experience of a fine lady exchanging on some emergency the seclusion of her carriage for the cheek by jowl of a crowded omnibus. Room and observance are such natural requirements when once experienced, that for mind or body to miss them must bring a sense of privation. Even those who are hopeless of that general elevation of mankind which is the dream of the optimist may uphold the credit of titles and honours as an idea not to be dispensed with. What a terrible flatness would fall over the romance of the world if marchionesses, Lady Marys, dukes, and earls, kings, princes, and emperors, were to be lost to it; if no child of good fortune could be lifted out of the level of his birth into a harmonious sphere of courtesies and high solemnities, of deference, respect, and honour. The man who is least ambitious on his own account would feel life to be a duller thing if no one could rise, and rise by fortunate chances; by a combination of luck with qualities which the world appreciates and has need of; by boldness, pertinacity of aim, and the *art* of rising.

As for the personal greatness which owes nothing to fortune, and comes without one's trying for it, inevitably as it were, the world is too humble to place that among its ambitions. The thought rather dwells on honour that can be aspired to on the one hand or conferred on the other. Men recognize the highest qualities; but to reward them is out of their sphere. "After personal merit," writes La Bruyère, "we must grant that it is from eminent titles and great dignities that men derive the highest distinctions and *éclat*. He who cannot aspire to be an Erasmus had best think of being a bishop. *Quelques-uns pour étendre leur renommée entassent sur leurs personnes des Pairies, des Colliers d'Ordres, des Primaties, la Pourpre, et ils auroient besoin d'une Tiare; mais quel besoin à Trophime*—what need has Bossuet to be a cardinal?"

THE DEBATE ON THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS BILL.

REASON won last Wednesday one of those direct triumphs which reason sometimes does win. The second reading of Sir John Lubbock's Bill for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments, thrown out last year by a much more decisive majority, is now carried by a majority, narrow doubtless as compared with some majorities, but which is not the less a sign of the most cheering progress. The space of twelve months has clearly done a great deal to sweep away mere unreasoning prejudice, and to win a hearing for sound argument. It is pleasant to listen to a debate in which a national question is really discussed on its own merits, and not as a question of party politics, a debate in which the division-list does not coincide with the political divisions of the House, but in which speeches on both sides of the question might be heard on both sides of the House. Still special credit is due to those Conservative members who supported the Bill in the teeth both of a Government of their side and of the antiquated prejudices of their party. There has seldom been a debate in which the struggle was more distinctly between reason and prejudice. The most dogged opponents of the Bill, those who can see in the sixty or seventy monuments in the schedule little more than sixty or seventy "properties," and whose one notion of the rights of property shades off into the right of destruction, recognized that at all events a right principle lay under the provisions of this terrible Bill. It was explained to them many times that no right of property but the right of destruction was in any way threatened, and certainly the matter was made clear, as the phrase is, to the meanest capacity. It may in fact be assumed that Mr. Bentinck, Sir George Jenkinson, and the Attorney-General have at last been able to understand that the interference with their idol designed by the Bill was far less than the interference which takes place whenever a railway or any other public improvement is made, or whenever the House passes a Bill for the preservation of commons or the improvement of artisans' dwellings. Sir Charles Legard, indeed, fancied that all owners of property were so fully to be trusted to take care of ancient monuments that it was unkind even to hint that any of them could be otherwise. But he may perhaps have been awakened from his rose-coloured dream by the witness borne by members from all corners of the House that ancient monuments actually were perishing daily.

Two performers, one on each side of the House, we fear we must set down as incorrigible. The exhibition made of himself by Lord Francis Hervey drew on him the merited chastisement of more members than one. It is certainly unpleasant to see a late Scholar of Balliol treat such a subject as this with mere affectation of general contempt for knowledge and culture. Lord Francis may, as Mr. Hope suggested, have got up the history of Britain from Mrs. Markham and Mrs. Trimmer; still we must remember that Scholars of Balliol are sometimes so given up to speculation about the unknown and the unknowable as to deem the history of their own island altogether below their notice. The man who thought it clever to fancy that all primæval remains were the works of naked and painted savages who did something with oaks and misletoe, may be profoundly versed in Plato and Hegel, and may be able to solve all the mysteries of the Unconditioned. Still, as Lord Francis showed himself to the naked eye, one could sympathize even with Mr. Whalley and the Britons of whom Mr. Whalley is the champion, in denouncing such mere trifling as this. Indeed Mr. Whalley may fairly claim sympathy when we see how he figures in the daily papers. From the wild talk of Lord Francis Hervey, and the baby books in which he seemed to have got up his history, Mr. Hope appealed to the results of modern research in the persons of its living leaders. Mr. Whalley, on the other hand, denounced modern research as an invention of monks, issuing from that dangerous place Oxford. But even Mr. Whalley had at least heard of modern research, while the reporters had not. They wiped out the references to it in both speeches, and made Mr. Whalley charge the monks with destroying monuments, while his real charge was that they falsified documents. The great performer on the other side of the House has suffered equally. While Lord Francis Hervey took the jester's part on the Speaker's right, Sir William Harcourt made an attempt in the same line on his left. But small justice has been done to him in the reports. Sir William Harcourt seemed to be in all the glee of having made the discovery of a new word. As "Nebuchadnezzar" and "Mesopotamia" serve much the same purpose in the ears of devout old women, so in the mouth of Sir William Harcourt "æsthetical" seems to be just as effective as "appanage." Sir William Harcourt seemed to take a pleasure in saying the word over and over again with a kind of lover's fondness, like a child with a new toy, or a devotee with a new saint. But in the daily papers all this disappears; the spring is taken out of Sir William Harcourt's year. Not a touch of æsthetics has made its way into the *Times*; there is only the feeblest echo in the *Standard*. But to those who heard with their own ears, one chief object of Sir William Harcourt seemed to be to show that the Bill was an "æsthetical" Bill, devised by "æsthetical" persons for "æsthetical" purposes. As we cannot suppose that Sir William Harcourt has failed to get up the whole history of the word "æsthetical" from the most remote Aryan root, the inference is that he either looks on Stonehenge and Avebury as things which are simply pretty, or else that he fancies that there are some other people who look upon them as simply pretty. Sir William Harcourt's notions of what primæval monuments are can be paralleled only by Sir Charles Legard's notions of when primæval monuments were made. Sir William Harcourt looks on them as "æsthetical objects"; Sir Charles Legard looks on those who care for them as "mediæval curiosity-mongers." When people talk in this kind of way one can laugh at them. When

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Lord Francis Hervey, finding "stones at Shap" in the schedule, asks whether Shap is "a very stony place," we cannot even laugh. Mere silliness does not reach to the dignity of a blunder.

The debate on the whole was highly creditable to the House. Several Scotch and Irish members especially did themselves honour by speaking up for the monuments of their several countries, in some cases for the credit of their own forefathers. A staid representative of English landed rights met with his fitting chastisement at the hands of one of them. Colonel Kingscote complained that an object on his own property was put down in the schedule, and therefore denounced the Bill. We know not whether this means the great remains on Uleybury; but at any rate the sooner a "power of restraint" is set up to protect such a monument the better. But Mr. Stewart presently rose to say that he too had found a monument on his own land put in the schedule, and, instead of complaining, he rejoiced at it. These two little speeches mark well the spirit in which the Bill is supported and attacked. They mark the difference between the obstructive who cannot rise above the contemplation of his own acres, and the man who understands that there are such things as the advancement of knowledge and the credit of England among civilized nations. So Dr. Lush, the natural guardian of the mighty ditches of Old Salisbury, was ready to bear witness that the spirit of Sir Richard Hoare had not wholly vanished from the land of Stonehenge and Avebury, and that all the men of Wiltshire are not as Sir George Jenkinson. And much that fell from the lips of various members leads one to think that, some day or other, the objects of the Bill may be extended, and that mediæval, as well as primæval, monuments may be made safe against Colonel Kingscote and his brethren.

With regard to the action of the Government in the matter, it is a great point that the second reading was carried in spite of their scruples, and that largely by the votes of Conservative members. The Government objections to the Bill were all brought against points of detail, against the mode of procedure, against things in short which may be altered in Committee. Even the Attorney-General, who looks on Stonehenge as from the heights of Lincoln's Inn, and who fancies that there is an analogy between a picture in a gallery and a cromlech by the roadside, fully assented to the preamble. Mr. Smith did so yet more distinctly in the name of the Government. It is plain from his speech that the Government has no objection to legislation on the subject. But it would not have done to withdraw the Bill on his promise. Let points of detail be improved in Committee, by a Select Committee, by a hybrid Committee, in any way in short that may be thought good. The measure may very likely not become law this year in any shape. But the principle of the Bill is asserted. An answer, and the right answer, has been given to the question whether England is or is not entitled to the name of a civilized country. That name can never belong to any country which refuses to look with respect on the monuments of its early history.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

NOTHING is more frequent than to hear that such a one is a born actor, and yet nothing is more rare than to find an ordinary play even passably performed by an amateur company. Ladies and gentlemen act indifferently well on the carpet of society, but lose their courage and become incapable of deception just when artifice would be appropriate to the boards of some more or less inconvenient stage. The reason for this may be found in an excess of modesty; but, on the other hand, it may also arise from too much conceit. There are blushing men, as well as maidens, who cannot face the gaze of a well-filled drawing-room because they honestly doubt their power to amuse others; there are more of both who will not make the attempt because they dread to make fools of themselves. With so much hindrance from virtue on this side, and from the absence of it on that, it is surprising that private theatricals have become of late years a favourite pastime; when, moreover, in addition to their want of success, they too often rouse a greater amount of jealousy and of heart-burning in the course of a week than, with any other recipe for setting people by the ears, can be concocted in a twelvemonth. We must be content to leave the explanation among the numerous problems which Lord Dundreary is unable to solve, and deal only with the fact as evidenced in its various phases of charades, Shakspeare readings, and genuine plays. Tableaux scarcely come within our range, since they depend for success upon one person, not upon many. Given a manager with sufficient knowledge of colour and eye for artistic effect to regard all his male, and more especially his female, acquaintance as so many suitable or unsuitable lay figures, and it will be hard if he cannot find among them enough to group into a pleasing picture. He is allowed to dress and to place them as he pleases, and, when placed, they have only to remain still and support an unwonted glare of light for a few seconds. Red or blue fire focussed into the eyes is not agreeable, but the consciousness of a becoming dress and a graceful attitude will carry most people through a longer endurance even of that than is ever likely to be necessary.

Except in a novel, where it is no more difficult to endow each member of the company with an equal and a liberal proportion of talent than it is to turn on water to every floor of a town house from the main pipe which runs past the door, charades are so generally, from an artistic point of view, a failure, that they are seldom inflicted upon any but an audience of children. Schoolboys and their young sisters have a short and simple method of helping their public to guess the word or syllable which their stage-play is meant to express. They either repeat it in season or out of season at frequent intervals during the scene, or they instruct some benevolent senior to proclaim it aloud as the curtain drops. They are wise in their generation, as was the artist who wrote under his four-legged monstrosity, "This is a dog," for without help the secret must have remained undiscovered until doomsday. There is no harshness in condemning the performance of a charade, for, to be successful in any aspect but that of an originator of harmless laughter, it demands such a combination of histrionic genius in the few stray denizens of a country house as would make many a great actor green with jealousy. Each performer has not only to act his part, but to compose it, and he has not even the advantage possessed by a genuine author of exercising absolute control over all his characters, but is like a ship at the mercy of the wind, bound to make his own ideas fit in with every whim of his brother-players. Certainly charades have this recommendation, that neither preparation nor rehearsals are necessary; and chiefly owing to this they often entrap greybeards and men of gravity, who would shrink from a deliberately planned travesty of their natural characteristics, into the hurried putting on of a temporary and usually most ill-fitting buskin.

Shakspeare readings have just as much merit as the disastrous essay of Icarus, and just as appropriate a reward. The professional actor climbs by painful years of study and practice to the representation of Hamlet or Othello. Too often his essay is a failure, and yet he is supported on wings well used to flight, and buoyed up by the important accessories of dress and of an elaborate scenic arrangement. Charles Kean placed the interpretation of Shakspeare at so lofty a height above that of all other authors, that he could scarcely bear with equanimity even a word of praise bestowed on those outside parts which had won him most fame, and had been composed, like Louis XI., expressly to display his peculiar talent. In the same manner, we do not doubt that Mr. Irving takes greater pride, and we think he is right to do so, in groping somewhat blindly after the Prince of Denmark, than in representing Lord Lytton's wily, and yet imperious Cardinal, with that perfection which the greater simplicity of the part and his own physical characteristics have brought within his reach. And yet it is at such an altitude as this that well-meaning people expect to be able to float upon utterly unaccustomed pinions. The greatest dramatist the world has known is not to be translated by a mere reading of the several parts of one of his plays by half-a-dozen commonplace persons, seated at their ease in the more or less comfortable chairs of a modern drawing-room, and arrayed in the unromantic garb of the nineteenth century. Let them meet together in the very strictest privacy by all means, and rant or mumble the great poet with closed doors as often as their nerves can stand it. But they have no business to invite others to come to them on festive thoughts intent, and then to shock them with a burst of homicidal mania that can doubly murder even poor King Hamlet's Ghost.

A taste for acting is more dangerous than a little knowledge; but if amateurism must leave the safe shelter of a mere wish to shine, and risk the stormy sea of performance, we urgently counsel it to look upon charades as Scylla, upon Shakspeare readings as a very Charybdis, and to hold to theatricals proper as the only safe channel. There are numerous pieces, in particular those translated from the French, which do not demand a Roscius for their adequate rendering, and do not trespass on the attractive but treacherous ground where, if one is not sublime, one must be ridiculous. There is usually some one in every circle of friends who, by accident or real work, has gained sufficient standing on the boards to entitle him to the chief part; and there is seldom more than one male character in a small play that cannot be supported passably well by people of average wit. The female characters will present greater difficulty; there are more ladies to choose from, while nearly all pieces have two, if not more, good female parts; but then it must be confessed that women are much less willing than men, at least in small things, to give way to one another. Perhaps the most important, as it is the most thankless, post is that of stage-manager. He has to bear all the brunt of every mishap, both at rehearsal and performance; while, if the affair goes off well, it is the actors alone who get the credit. The most convenient front for a stage is afforded by the opening of a folding-door, which asks no more than that the doors should be slid back or unhung and a curtain put in their place; but the effect is never so pretty as when a complete proscenium is built across the room. In London or the neighbourhood this can be so readily hired for the occasion that it probably will be; but a more graceful, if less professional, front to your theatre may easily be constructed out of the simple elements of a few fir poles, the curtains of any room that has several windows, a little cardboard and coloured paper, and some well-made wreaths of holly and evergreen. The folding-door expedient has one disadvantage in limiting the width of the stage, which may of course by the other plan be extended as much as is wished, provided only that sufficient space be left for the wings, and for the narrow passage all round behind the scenes, which is absolutely necessary to the working of the piece. The scenery had better be hired in all cases where distance does not present an insuperable obstacle. The cost of carriage of the real article is not great, and the very best amateur productions are seldom cheap at any amount of saving. The only exception to this rule is when the whole plot happens to be laid in the same

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room, or perhaps two. Then screens may be easily provided by an ordinary carpenter, which may be hung with a pretty paper or chintz, upon which windows can be draped and pictures arranged by private hands fully as well as by any professional scene-painter. In the same manner a change of room may be effected in a few minutes by covering the same screens with different hangings, which have been turned back out of sight until wanted. The curtain ought to be so slight a difficulty that it is provoking to see how poor a makeshift is generally accepted as sufficient. There should always be a prettily decorated drop-scene, and the heavy mantle of green baize which now comes in most instances creaking and tumbling down between every act, should be reserved for its proper place at the end. So little trouble will make a cord run freely, and such simple management will put foot-lamps where they will throw light and not shadow upon the actors, that it would be provoking, if it were not comical, to watch the frequent catastrophes brought about by want of attention to these particulars. We were present once at a very fair performance where a rather difficult style of piece was carried through not unsuccessfully, until the last, when all the people who had just assisted at the death of the hero, and finally the dead man himself, were forced to quit their positions and struggle with the curtain which obstinately declined to move. Rehearsal is a necessary, but an unmitigated nuisance, and, should two lovers chance to be included in the company, becomes almost unbearable. It is, however, only by frequent rehearsal that half the minor characters are taught to turn their faces, and not their backs, to the audience, to refrain from covering their bodies with the arm nearest to the footlights, or to conquer the self-consciousness which makes them keep their eyes continually twisted to the back of the stage, as if, like the ostrich whose head only is buried in the sand, their whole person was by this means rendered less conspicuous. Costume is a wonderful help to forgetfulness of self, but, like other good things, must be indulged only in moderation. A man, if too smartly dressed, may be lifted out of his *mauvaise honte*, but he has a tendency to look as if he never forgot his clothes; on the other hand, a woman rises with her wardrobe, and not unfrequently puts on genius as well as confidence with her sparkling diamonds and her becoming gown.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF DRYDEN.

IT is probable that no great English writer was ever less influenced by the scenery and associations that surrounded his early life than Dryden. There is not, as Wordsworth has remarked, "a single image from nature in the whole body of his works." It is true that Northamptonshire "nature" is not the most picturesque in the world; yet it is not without its own tenderness and beauty, and might well have affected the imagination of a youthful poet in the smallest degree open to receive its impressions. There is no trace in Dryden of local feeling, or of love for the streams and the meadows along which he wandered as a schoolboy. Yet he was constantly in the country, and rejoiced in visits to his Northamptonshire friends, partly perhaps, as Malone suggests, because his wife, Lady Elizabeth, with whom his relations were never very agreeable, "could not accompany him." He was often at Tichmarsh with his mother's family, and he spent part of the last two summers of his life at Cotterstock, the house of his cousin, Mrs. Steward; where, however, in spite of Bridges' direct statement, and the received county tradition, he did *not* write his Fables, "the noblest specimen of versification," wrote George Ellis to Scott, "that is to be found in any modern language." It does not appear that he was much at Canons Ashby, then, as now, belonging to the head of the Dryden family; but the valley of the Nen is full of "recollections" of the poet, and from the high ground near Tichmarsh five or six church spires are in sight, with each of which he was in some manner connected. In spite of the fact that the country seems in no degree to have influenced the genius of Dryden, it is impossible to visit his birthplace and the scenes on which he must have so often looked without much interest. If he cared nothing for the beauty of the winding Nen, he now and then went fishing along its banks, and "caught a lusty pike" or two; and we have letters written to his cousins which give us curious hints as to his manner of life when he came among them from the noise of London and the domestic discomforts of his house in Gerard Street.

The Nen, the least straightforward of rivers, is one of the great highways into the heart of England, and its course is marked by a line of most ancient settlements, not only English, but Roman and British. The broad river valley is bordered on either side by ranges of low hills, on which, close above the green meadows and marshes, but out of danger from winter floods, rises church tower after church tower, each as it were the "front" of the parish attached to it, which stretches far behind into the upland, and forms, or did form before the enclosures of the last century, the "field" or tillage-ground once common to the whole settlement. Barnack stone, for building, and supplies of all kinds came easily by the river; and it was thus natural that the village of each manor or parish, with its church, should be placed on the nearest high ground above it. This is the case with the Aldwincles; where, as occurred more frequently in the Eastern and adjoining counties than elsewhere, a brace of closely connected lordships or manors has developed, each into a separate parish, with its own church and its own village, although the street of one runs into the street of the other, and the churches are not separated by the length of an arrow-flight. The Aldwincle villages, on less elevated ground than usual, lie along the further side of the *wincel*—the "corner" of land from which the place is named—formed by an unusually deep bend of the Nen. Each has its worthy, representing fitly enough the ecclesiastical lords of one manor, and the lay lords of the other. In the rectory of Aldwincle St. Peter's, where, as he tells us, his father was the "painful preacher," was born in 1608 Thomas Fuller, the historian of the English Church. In that of Aldwincle All Saints, John Dryden was born in 1631. In both cases the month and day of birth are unknown. Fuller's baptism is recorded on the 19th of June. The registers of Aldwincle All Saints before 1650 are no longer in existence. But there is not the smallest reason for believing that the poet, as certain of his opponents asserted, was "a bristled Baptist bred," or that he was not duly baptized in his grandfather's church.

John Dryden, the poet, was the eldest child of Erasmus Dryden, third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, the first baronet of Canons Ashby, and of Mary Pickering, granddaughter of Sir Gilbert Pickering, of Tichmarsh. The godfather of Sir Erasmus had been the great scholar himself, who gave his own name to the son of his friend. The father of Mary Pickering was Henry, younger son of Sir Gilbert, who became rector of Aldwincle All Saints in 1597, and died there in 1637, at the age of seventy-five. These dates are recorded on an altar tomb in the churchyard, the inscription on which is only to be made out at certain hours of the day, and was consequently misread by Bridges, who does not bring Henry Pickering to Aldwincle until 1647, sixteen years after the poet was born there. The difficulty was felt to be almost as great as in the famous "sighting" of the Spanish fleet, and it is only quite recently that the present rector of Aldwincle St. Peter's, the Rev. Henry Ward, has disposed of the question by a right reading of the words and figures on the tomb. To him also we are indebted for an examination of the registers in the church of Pilton, about three miles north of Aldwincle, where, as tradition had always asserted, the parents of "glorious John" were married. The entry has accordingly been found, under October 21, 1630. The spelling in the register is "Dreydon." The poet himself adopted the form "Dryden," and gave thereby considerable dissatisfaction to other members of his family, who, long afterwards, retained the older spelling "Driden." Why the marriage took place at Pilton rather than at Aldwincle does not appear, but we can hardly infer that the match was a stolen one. At any rate the young couple were at Aldwincle in the following year, when the poet was born. The rectory, its grounds and garden, and the fine church tower, form a very picturesque group at the entrance of the village. The house is long and low, with a projecting oriel westward, and one or two panelled rooms, which may very well be Elizabethan. A room over the entrance has been shown, it is said for the last two centuries, as that in which the poet was born. It was at one time, to all appearance, the best chamber; but it has been lessened and altered, and we have to "make believe" a little before we can restore it to its condition in 1631.

Tichmarsh, where was the home of Erasmus and Mary Dryden, is in sight from Aldwincle, across the river, and on much higher ground. Erasmus Dryden is described as "of Tichmarch" in the patent which, long after his death, created his son poet-laureate; and John Dryden remained here with his parents until (the year is unknown) he was admitted a King's scholar at Westminster, under the famous Dr. Busby. "We boast," runs an inscription in the church, "that he was bred and had his first learning here"; and it is at Tichmarsh, if anywhere, that we should look for some surviving traces of him. But "all-eating time," in old Fuller's words, "has left but scanty fragments in the dish." The church, a building of the fourteenth century, with a superb Perpendicular tower, has been restored; and, although there has been little destruction of old work, it is not without some doubt and hesitation that we can accept the evidence of its later monuments, some of which have been made to change places. Here, however, still remains the memorial, with its elaborate inscription, erected in 1722 by Elizabeth Creed, the poet's cousin, in honour of him and of his parents. Erasmus Dryden, we are told, "was a very ingenious, worthy gentleman, and Justice of the Peace in this county." His wife "was a crown to her husband." Of their fourteen children, the eldest was "John Dryden, Esq., the celebrated poet and laureate of his time. We boast that he was bred and had his first learning here, where he has often made us happie by his kind visits and most delightful conversation. . . . and after seventy years, when nature could be no longer supported, he received the notice of his approaching dissolution with sweet submission and entire resignation to the Divine will; and he took so tender and obliging a farewell of his friends as none but he himself could have expressed, of which sorrowful number I was one." Above the tablet is a bust, wooden in every sense, inscribed "The Poet." Mrs. Creed was an indefatigable artist and inditer of monumental inscriptions. She painted altar tables, creeds, and commandments for half the churches on this side of Northamptonshire; and, if we may judge from the few which remain (there is a monument of her painting in Tichmarsh Church), her skill was not inconsiderable. Like the Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, she set up memorials of her race everywhere, and, after the fashion of the same great lady, never forgot a little compliment to herself at the end. "It is with delight and humble thankfulness," she adds, at the foot of the Dryden inscription, "that I am now, with my owne hand, paying my duty to Sir Erasmus Dryden, my great-grandfather, and to

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Erasmus Dryden, Esq., my honoured uncle, in the eightieth year of my age." She is herself buried here, beneath a monument graced by an urn and a couple of sauce-bolts, for which, it may be hoped, she was in no way responsible.

The parvise chamber, above the south porch of the church, has a window looking into the nave, and was used as the "closett" or pew of the Pickerings. In it Dryden must often have sat through discourses of more than one hour-glass in length; for both Drydens and Pickerings were zealous Puritans, and the "preachers" they appointed were no less painful than pious. The Pickering manor-house immediately fronted this porch. A clock, which still exists, was set in the wall of the tower, so that it might be visible from their windows; and a covered wooden erection (such is the local tradition) extended from the lych-gate to the porch, lest the wigs and toupées of the Pickering masters and mistresses should be disturbed in the transit. A very fine elm tree alone marks the site of the house. Its age is uncertain; but in the rectory garden is a more remarkable tree, on which the poet must certainly have looked. This is a cedar of Lebanon; and perhaps the finest in this country. It was planted in 1627, and is said to have been then twenty years old. It has now a height of 67 feet, and a circumference (round the furthest boughs) of 270. It feathers quite to the ground, and its mass of twisted and contorted limbs—wonderful to see, and impossible to describe— supports a vast tent of silvery grey, gleaming in the sunshine, and still bearing numberless cones.

The Pickering manor-house was standing until the end of the last century; and not far from it was another house, hardly less stately, belonging to the Creeds of Oundle, the head of which family married Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Gilbert Pickering, whose fame is in her monuments. Through all their generations the Pickerings retained the same character, and were fiery-tempered, somewhat rude Puritans. Henry Pickering, the grandfather of Dryden, was no exception to this rule; and there is a story of his encounter, when a young man, with a suspected witch, whom he told that, "if she did not repent, he hoped to see her one day burning at a stake, when he would bring wood and faggots, and the children" (whom she had bewitched) "should blow the coals." Sir Gilbert Pickering, father of Henry, was so noted for his opposition to the Catholics that the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot, of whom his own brother-in-law was one, had resolved on his murder as an episode to the main design, and had determined, if we are to believe Caulfield, so to arrange it as to throw the suspicion of the destruction of the Parliament on the Puritans, and on this Sir Gilbert in particular. A later Sir Gilbert Pickering whom the poet visited at Tichmarsh, and who was his cousin, was known as "fiery Pickering," and was one of the judges of King Charles, though he did not sit in court on the final day. The Drydens were hardly less decided in their political and religious views, and there had been marriage connexions between the families before the wedding in Pilton church. It may very well have been that the austere severity witnessed by young Dryden in the houses of his relatives predisposed him to take the opposite side, and led to that "defection" which at first they were little disposed to forgive. On the death of his father in 1654 the poet succeeded to a small estate near Blakesley, in a distant part of the county, which produced him about sixty pounds a year. But he rarely visited it. His rents were often brought to London by the "Carrier of Towcester," and it was not until the later years of his life that he was much in his native county. The beginning of his career in London was not without hardship. "I remember," says a correspondent of Mr. Urban as late as 1745—can it have been Claud Halcro himself?—"plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich-drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve at the Mulberry Garden, when our author advanced to a sword and a Chadreux wig."

The only references to his visits at Tichmarsh and the neighbourhood are contained in the poet's own letters. He was there, as he writes to Jacob Tonson, in September 1695, and on one occasion sat up all night, "out of civility to benighted strangers"—four ladies and two gentlemen—on whose account he resigned his bed; "and if," he adds, "I had not taken a very lusty pike that day, they must have gone supperless." He had "taken his place in the Oundle coach for Tuesday, and hoped to be in London on Wednesday night." Mr. Southern and Mr. Congreve had promised to ride out to meet him, and to give him "the favour of their company for the last foure miles." Mrs. Creed can hardly have been at Tichmarsh during this visit; and certainly not in 1698, when he complains that "he had no woman to visit but the parson's wife; and she, who was intended by nature as a helpmeet for a deaf husband, was somewhat of the loudest for my conversation; and for other things I will say no more than that she is just your contrary"—he is writing to his cousin Mrs. Steward—"and an epitome of her own country." He was grievously incommoded in his coach journeys by "fat old women, fatter than any of mine hostesses"; and sometimes by the "master of the stage," who seems to have wandered out of the main roads at will; so that he missed two couple of rabbits which Mr. Creed had promised him, "and was likewise disappointed of Mr. Cole's Ribadavia wine." Yet very good things found their way from Northamptonshire to Gerard Street. One cousin sends him "a turkey hen with eggs, and a good young goose." Another is thanked for a plover; and Mrs. Steward seems to have supplied the poet with marrow puddings, which his sons admired, though for himself he writes:—"If beggars might be choosers, a part of a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings; for I like them better plain; having a very vulgar stomach."

Mrs. Steward, the daughter of Mrs. Creed, was in these latter years of Dryden's life settled at Cotterstock, an old Tudor house on the left bank of the Nen, a mile or two north of Oundle. She was an artist like her mother, and painted the hall at Cotterstock in what is called "fresco," no trace of which is to be seen at present. Her husband, Elmes Steward, was a great sportsman. Both were full of kindness to Dryden; and two visits were certainly paid to them by the poet in 1698 and 99, the two years during which he was busy with the Fables. But it is evident, from the dates of his letters, that neither of these visits exceeded three weeks or a month. He describes himself at other times as "still drudging at a book of Miscellanyes" (the Fables), "which I hope will be well enough"; and if he did anything to them in the country, it can only have been in the way of retouching. "If your house be often so molested," he writes to Mrs. Steward, "you will have reason to be weary of it before the ending of the year; and wish Cotterstock were planted in a desart, an hundred miles off from any poet." The country round Cotterstock much resembles the rest of the Nen valley; except that to the northward what are called the Forest ridges rise into prominence, and still retain some pleasant tracts of woodland and the ruins of some magnificent oaks. But it does not appear that John Dryden cared a straw for such things; and even Fotheringhay, within full sight of Cotterstock, never provoked a line or a reference.

Mrs. Steward sent the poet in her coach to visit another cousin—John Driden (he retained the old spelling), of Chesterton in Huntingdonshire—whose house, as the name implies, stood within a Roman entrenchment. The opening lines of the translation of the Æneid long remained written with a diamond in one of the windows of Chesterton; but the house was pulled down in 1807, and the writing (by the poet's own hand) was not preserved. Dryden died in 1700, just after the publication of the Fables; and among the last verses which he wrote was the Epistle, prefixed to the book, "to my honoured kinsman John Driden." The vigorous, clear-cut verses, showing, in Scott's words, "how genius can gild what it touches," give us the picture of an active justice of peace and an ardent sportsman, once a fox-hunter, now, in more advanced years, a follower of beagles or harriers. It is in this epistle that the well-known lines occur:—

> Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
> Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught—

a rhyme which indicates that our pronunciation of the last word has somewhat changed since the days of "glorious John."

"ORIGINAL SIN" IN THE CITY.

WHEN a man's affairs turn out ill the best thing he can do is not to give way to idle lamentations and bad language, but to fall back upon the consolations of philosophy. This is the lesson which Mr. Ramon de Silva Ferro, the Secretary of the Honduras Legation in London, in a pamphlet which has just been published, endeavours with much eloquence to impress upon the unfortunate persons who have lent money to his Government; and though it may be doubted whether at the present moment the bondholders are exactly in the state of mind to profit fully by the Secretary's calm and dispassionate advice, there is certainly much in what he says which everybody would do well to ponder. He begins by remarking that "so much has been written, said, and declaimed" on the subject of the Honduras Railway; "so unsatisfactory, not to say lamentable," has been the result of the loans contracted for that work; and "so various, extraordinary, and frequently injudicious" the public comments upon everything connected with it, that it is necessary for some one to clear away irrelevant matter and to disclose the real nature of the case; and this is what the Secretary undertakes to do. The first point to which he directs attention is that the construction of the railway has hitherto broken down for the simple reason that "all the combinations which have been attempted for that construction have broken down." This, however, helps us a very little way. It is like saying that a man died of want of breath. We want to know why the breath stopped, why the combinations broke down. And here we come upon the essence of the whole question. The combinations broke down because they were a kind of combinations which could not help breaking down. It was in the nature of things that they should break down, and accordingly they broke down. "The naked truth," the Secretary tells us, "is very sad, it is very bitter; and the truth once known, the fault of the failure falls with equal force upon all who have interests, rights, complaints, or any participation whatever in these matters. It is a kind of *original sin*, which reaches even the most innocent who have anything to do with this undertaking." Indeed, the writer might have gone even further, and shown that this inherent taint attached not only to everybody connected with the Honduras loans, but to humanity at large. It has, in short, been forgotten, in discussing this and other similar subjects, that man is not a perfect creature. He is full of faults and weaknesses, and these are the cause of his troubles. It must be observed that when this principle is fully grasped it simplifies things very much. It prevents us from expecting too much at any time from poor human nature, and from committing the too common error of concentrating on one or two persons the blame which really belongs to the constitution and

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tendencies of society at large. All men have their weak sides; and one weak side is a snare and temptation to another weak side, and so mischief is done. This is, as we understand it, the Secretary's point of view, and the general conclusion at which he arrives is that so many different persons are responsible for what has happened in regard to these loans, that there is really no room for finding fault with anybody in particular.

According to the "original sin" theory, the primary offenders in this case—those who tempted the others into evil ways—were the people who were ready to invest their money in Honduras bonds. It has been stated in evidence that the bondholders for the most part consist of country clergymen, spinsters, widows, retired officers in the army and navy, and the like; and persons of this kind have not hitherto been supposed to be a very dangerous class of society. It would appear, however, that, innocent and simple-minded as they are, they cannot help the natural wickedness which attaches to them. It is probably their misfortune rather than their fault that their imbecility is a snare to others. "Those bondholders," says the Secretary, "who expect such enormous profit, ought to understand that the advantages of speculations are in proportion to the risks which are run of their failure; and truly, those who speculate on 'Change, and invest their money in public shares which bear 10 per cent. interest, purchasing them for the fifth or the tenth part of their nominal value, ought to suppose that there is great probability of losing their money, and they cannot complain if that probability becomes a fact." The sin of the bondholders, therefore, was that they were extravagant in their expectations of profit, and careless in examining the chances of getting it. On the other hand, the Government of Honduras took perhaps too sanguine a view of its own position. "Here then," says the Secretary, "we have the two extremes, altogether anomalous, which were the real cause of the failures in regard to the Honduras Railway; the Government which expected to obtain loans on conditions very difficult to fulfil, and the bondholders, who, relying on suicidal usury, have made that impossible which was only very difficult, by reducing the value of these bonds to a ruinous price, at which they received them from the trustees of the Government or from their agents." In short, the European lenders, in aiming at "a colossal profit," have been "ruining the purpose of the Government in soliciting these loans, and paying dear themselves for their boundless ambition." Besides the Government of Honduras and the bondholders, however, there were other parties who were concerned in these transactions, and who are not altogether exempted from blame. "These two extremes," says the Secretary, "equally vicious in principle, have been united by a chain of intermediaries and fellow-workers on both sides, who have stood the brunt of these opposing forces, frequently falling into a whirlwind of confusion, of difficulty, and deception, without knowing how to get out of it." The Secretary is also willing to admit that "not all, perhaps, have conducted themselves with the uprightness, with the enthusiasm, disinterestedness, and self-denial which are required to overcome great inconveniences"; but still "the evils referred to were inevitable consequences" of the natural conditions of the enterprise. The position of Honduras is thus described. There were abundant natural resources, but they were never cultivated, and there was not sufficient population to turn them to account. It was conceived, however, that if there were a railway running across the Republic, people and cultivation would follow in due time. Elsewhere the usual plan is to have population and some amount of produce before a costly railway is constructed, but this was too slow a plan for the Government of Honduras. It was resolved to have a railway at once; but the first difficulty in the way was to procure money to pay for it. The Government was already in debt, and had not been able to pay interest on its debt for forty years, though the amount of interest was only 1,632*l.* a year. Nevertheless it thought itself entitled to raise a loan of a million sterling on the strength of the returns which were expected from the railway of the future. This loan, however, rather hung fire. It was received by the public, according to the Secretary of Legation, "with perfect indifference, with profound contempt"; and he adds that, "according to the deficient and vague information" which reached the Legation, there were hardly any other subscriptions than one of about 10,000*l.* made by the firm of Bischoffsheim itself. The bonds went off very slowly at reduced rates, and the expenses of commission and payment of interest on the old debts absorbed a considerable part of the amount received. Two years later a loan was tried in Paris, the proceeds of which were spent, as we gather from the Secretary's pamphlet, in providing a currency of nickel coin "which was of no use at all to the Government, because the Honduras public would not accept its circulation." The consequence was that the Government was obliged to try that expedient again "which had already produced such evil results twice over"—that is, a third loan. This is said to have been more favourably received, but the war on the Continent threw the markets into confusion, and the Honduras Government found it necessary to place its bonds at the disposal of speculators at a much lower rate than the price of quotation. Thus the three loans, which were to the nominal value of nearly six millions sterling, yielded, according to the Secretary, not much more than two and a half millions. At present the bonds of the Honduras loans are quoted at 6½ per cent., and could be bought up, it is calculated, for some 450,000*l.* Only a small part of the railway is finished, and it is said by one of the contractors to have already fallen into decay. The Secretary suggests that something might even now be done to set the railway on its legs if the bondholders would only advance a little more money, but it may be doubted whether there is much chance of extracting any more from them.

There can be no doubt that a prudent speculator would have hesitated to put money in such an undertaking as the Honduras Railway; but at the same time it is necessary to observe that the bondholders have had to encounter not only the known risks of the enterprise, but certain practices which were kept hidden from them. It is clear that the security of the loan depended entirely on the making and working of the railway. Honduras had no actual resources to draw upon at all equal to a debt of such magnitude, but it was hoped that a railway would attract population and develop trade, and also yield a revenue on its own account. It was on the chance of a railway turning out well that the bondholders gave their money, and so far their investment was no doubt of a speculative character. It might happen that the railway would not pay after all, and this contingency was fairly in the reckoning. On the other hand, however, it cannot be said that one of the risks for which the bondholders were to be prepared was that the money which had been subscribed expressly for the construction of a railway would be to a large extent applied to other purposes. And this is what they now complain of. It is obviously no answer to such a charge to talk about the "original sin" which tainted the transaction at the outset, and to accuse the bondholders of "suicidal usury." The Government of Honduras went into the market of its own accord; it fixed its own terms, and the bondholders merely took what was offered. It is quite conceivable that the terms may have been too high to leave any reasonable chance of profit out of the railway had it ever been finished, but that is no justification for spending money provided for a stipulated experiment upon other things which were not in the bargain. How far the charges against those who had the control of the loans can be made out of course remains to be seen, but it is at least important that the nature of the charges should be distinctly understood. The question is not whether the bondholders had a right to expect a safe return from a highly speculative investment, but whether they had a right to expect that money subscribed for a particular purpose should be strictly applied to that purpose and to no other. What is wanted from the persons whose conduct has been impugned is not plausible arguments about "original sin," but precise and properly attested balance-sheets.

CONSCRIPTION AND RECRUITING.

A DISCUSSION on the best mode of obtaining men for the army has been lately held at the Royal United Service Institution, and it may be useful to collect the opinions which were expressed there. An essay by Captain Hime, R.A., was frequently referred to, and some speakers agreed with the author that "universal conscription" was the unpleasant necessity of the time, while others suggested other means of providing reserves, "so as to be ready to face the storm that must come." Captain Owen, R.A., from whose speech these words are quoted, thought we must enforce the ballot for the Militia, which is, in effect, conscription under a more familiar name. The same speaker demands a reserve of at least 200,000 men, and would not allow substitutes. Colonel Percy Fielding thought there ought to be an obligatory Militia service for one year for every one. Lord Elcho seems to approve "the ancient English constitutional law of universal personal service in the Militia." He made the practical remark that "the Volunteer was in England the equivalent to the one-year man in Prussia," and he thought that, "if we were to make use of the existing law, we might find in the old English wisdom the remedy for the existing state of things." Sir William Codrington treated it as clear that "we do not get the men who are efficient for the purpose," and that the men who are not efficient are most expensive. Sir Lintorn Simmons urged the same point with greater detail of illustration. He showed that the enlistment of boys of eighteen or nineteen entailed greater losses to the service in the shape of wages and maintenance while inefficient than would suffice to give such pay as would supply at once the needful bone and sinew to the army. He thought that the question was very much one of better pay, and this would bring a number of men to serve in the army who could not be induced to enter it at present. Mr. John Holms repeated the opinion with which the public is familiar—"We must give money for the value we expect to get." Government expected to get men for 13*s.* whose price was from 15*s.* to 18*s.* Lord Waveney did not think there could be very great difficulty in getting the number of men needed for the public service. The police were kept up, and the railway and other services were kept up. Colonel Percy Fielding, whom we have already quoted, thought that little more was needed to enable us to get as many recruits as we wanted than to make it known that the pay of soldiers had been increased in full proportion to the advance which had taken place in wages generally in the country.

The result of this discussion seems to be that we must have an army for foreign and colonial service which can only be raised by voluntary enlistment, and that that army can only be made efficient by spending more money on it. The police and the railway and other services are kept up because they must be kept up. But the need of keeping up an army, although equally real, does not make itself felt daily, and may not make itself felt this year or next. The remarks of Sir Lintorn Simmons and other speakers as to the present waste of pay and maintenance are well founded.

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We get a bad article for our money, but if we want a good article we must pay more for it. If we undertake to provide for home defence by voluntary enlistment, we can only do this effectually—even if we can do it effectually—at a heavy expense; and if we cannot or will not incur this expense, there remains only the "ancient English constitutional method" of Lord Elcho, or the "universal conscription" of Captain Hime, and between these two proposals the difference is rather of name than substance. Lord Derby is reported to have said in 1871 that public feeling revolts against conscription "in a country where the sentiment of individual freedom and conscience is as highly developed as here," and upon this speech Professor Cairnes remarked "Let us purge our souls of cant." It may be admitted that a good deal of nonsense is talked about the supposed moral superiority of a people which depends, or wishes it could depend, on voluntary enlistment; and although Lord Derby is not given to talking nonsense, he seems on this occasion to have used words without any distinct meaning. The "sentiment of individual freedom and conscience" would probably suggest that a country which is the home of liberty is worth fighting for in one's own person if necessary, and not merely by deputy. However, it might be expedient so far to humour "public feeling" as to propose, as Colonel Percy Fielding does, "obligatory Militia service for one year," in preference to conscription, and it might be conceded that an equal amount of service in a Volunteer corps might be substituted for Militia service. This of course would be on the supposition that the discipline and training were equally effective. Captain Hime proposes "conscription in its most rigid form, without substitution or dotation." As every man, according to his proposal, would be liable to military service, the annual supply of conscripts would far exceed our needs. "The number required would be obtained by raising the standard of physical and moral, and possibly intellectual, efficiency, and by a judicious system of exemptions." This passage justifies the complaint of a military critic that the essay was "badly reasoned out." It makes a crude proposal without dealing with the practical difficulties that arise out of it. If we do not want all the young men of given age, how shall we make selection? The old plan, which some officers still advocate, was the ballot; but then the ballot was only applied in the early years of this century, with two qualifications—namely, substitutes were allowed, and service in a Volunteer corps entitled to exemption. In the middle class of society, in order to escape service in the Militia, men either joined Volunteer corps or subscribed to a sort of insurance club which found substitutes. The system of substitution is now denounced as having largely caused the disasters of the French army, and we can see that, if admitted to any great extent, it might be mischievous. The clubs would, in effect, bid against the ordinary recruiting officer for the same class of recruits, and, as the number of men in the country willing to become soldiers is limited, it could not be largely increased by varying the machinery employed to collect them. On the other hand, the ballot, if fairly worked, furnishes perhaps the only tolerably satisfactory method of selection. This will more clearly appear by considering Captain Hime's alternative, which is that physical, or moral, or possibly intellectual, efficiency is to entitle a youth to preference for the honour of service in the Militia. It may be feared that the youth of Britain will not see it. A boy cannot well help being big and strong, but he can help being convicted of moral or intellectual excellence, and he would be likely to take some pains to do so if he could thus escape a year's service in the Militia. There would be something like a general competitive examination over the whole country, wherein every candidate would try to get the lowest number of marks. Captain Hime's alternative, "a judicious system of exemptions," merely evades the difficulty. We think that exemption of those who could purchase substitutes would be tolerated, because in this country people are accustomed to see advantages allowed to money, and, instead of grumbling, try to get money for themselves. But we doubt whether any other exemption would be judicious. A doctor in practice may reasonably claim exemption; but perhaps the country gains as much as it loses if a youth of twenty is delayed a year in the process of qualifying or entitling himself to dispense medicines. In order to make a soldier in a year, "the discipline would have to be rigid and the drill never-ending," and as a sort of prize for physical, moral, or intellectual superiority, the opportunity is offered of undergoing this discipline and drill. Truly the author credits the youth of Britain with a more than Spartan hardness. He proposes that 10,000 conscripts only should be called out in the first year, 1877, 20,000 in the second year, and so on. Thus it appears that only a limited number of prizes will be offered to competition, and therefore youths who desire to obtain them had better go into physical, moral, and intellectual training without loss of time.

The merit of this essay certainly does not lie in its specific recommendations. But it is a useful collection of facts tending to show that some form of conscription is inevitable. The voluntary system, says Captain Hime, never was a success, and day by day it must prove a greater and greater failure. The author, being reminded of the glories of the past, contrasts debt with victories. "With a better system of recruiting we might have won the same victories at one-third of the expense." One mode of extravagant spending was bounties, which have been abolished in theory since 1867; but, as the author says, "with our present system of recruiting it would be necessary to revive them if we became involved in a great war." The bounty for the ordinary recruit in 1803 was 16*l.* This was what we came to under stress of French preparations for invasion. In 1718 barracks cost under 12*l.* per man, whereas in 1860 they cost 225*l.* per man. This fact is stated in order to show how much the comfort of soldiers has been studied without any corresponding increase in the attractiveness of the service for recruits. Throughout the eighteenth century, indeed, there were hardly any barracks in the country, and the refusal to provide them arose from the jealousy of Parliament against a standing army. Some passages of this essay may be quoted to show that we have been worse off for soldiers formerly than we are now, and it will be foolishly argued that we should trust to luck to come all right as we have done before. But this is scarcely the way for prudent people who have much property to lose to manage their affairs. "If," said Solon to Croesus, "any other come that hath better iron than you, he will be master of all this gold." However, it is true that in 1775 the Secretary at War informed the House of Commons that all his exertions had failed in recruiting the army to its requisite strength. The bounty had been raised, the standard lowered, and attempts had been made to enlist even Roman Catholics, but all had failed. Again in 1806 it was stated that throughout the war great difficulty had been experienced in providing soldiers. The hulks were drained, and the prisons emptied more than once to supply the want of recruits. The compulsory enlistment of rogues and vagabonds during the eighteenth century is commemorated in some lines of an unacted scene of the *Critic*:—

> Oh, may he now defend his country's laws
> With half the spirit that he broke them all!

This "impressment" is rightly described by the author as limited or class conscription. It perhaps did the vagabonds no harm, and it did their country good. "Impressment" of seamen was employed in every war, and it could only be justified on the principle that the Sovereign was entitled to the service of all his subjects, and might take first those who could be most useful. But, looking at all this, it does savour somewhat of cant to talk of conscription as un-English; and if we get upon our high moral ground Professor Cairnes can reach us with a sneer at our "pot-house system of recruiting." The superiority of country recruits is forcibly expressed in the author's quotation from Seneca, "Nullum laborem recusant manus quæ ad arma ab aratro transferuntur." The suggestion that we should take no recruits under twenty-one is answered by Mr. Wyndham's words—"We must add to the thoughtlessness of the lower orders the weakness and improvidence of youth" to obtain acceptance of our offers. But if we made the place of soldier worth a man's acceptance, perhaps a man might take it. Only we must remember that this will cost a large sum of money, and, unless we are ready to do this, we must come to conscription, call it by what name you please.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE debate on the National Gallery was very disappointing in one particular. Only one of the speakers who followed Mr. Beresford Hope seems to have touched the point really raised. The question before the House was not whether Mr. Barry had a right to feel disappointed as to the treatment he received in this matter or in that of the new Law Courts; nor was it whether successive Governments have or have not been dilatory in carrying out public improvements. Nor was it, again, any question as to the works of art in the collection of the nation. Mr. Beresford Hope raised a far higher question, and one of far greater national importance. It was simply this—How far have we succeeded in realizing the ideal of a gallery for paintings worthy of so great a nation? Mr. Cowper-Temple alone seems to have apprehended this; and all lovers of art, all who wish to see popular education in this respect placed on a right footing, must lament how little has been done, or even projected, towards furthering so desirable an object. We have pictures enough for the present. We have drawings such as no other nation can show, and such as no other nation would keep concealed. We have the finest sculptures in the world. And yet we have no gallery in any sense worthy either of our treasures or of the nation. In sketching the history of our present apology for such a gallery, Mr. Hope pointed to the fact that no other civilized country had remained so long without a National Gallery. He might have gone further and asserted that, though we now have a gallery, we are still far behind France, Germany, and even Belgium in what we have done. Until very lately no systematic effort had been made to acquire works of art. We let the Houghton Gallery, in the last century, go to Russia. We missed the Soult collection and many others. At last we have acquired a few paintings of great excellence, and may hope before long for many more. But where shall we put them? The recent additions to the building in Trafalgar Square will only suffice for the adequate exhibition of what we already possess; and it is but a poor encouragement to givers and bequeathers of pictures that in so many cases we have not yet hung those we have already obtained. The present site is in every way a good one. It is sufficiently central, and with a worthy building it would be sufficiently imposing. But the present front is quite inadequate and unworthy. Three designs were offered in the Report printed for the House of Commons five years ago. They are all more or less open to serious criticism. Mr. Barry's is unquestionably the finest, although the three lofty domes with which it is crowned are likely to prove both useless and expensive. But his

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ground plan is for many reasons to be commended, although it may be a question whether more of the present small rooms should not be retained. Great halls suit great pictures, such as the cartoons of Raffaelle, which every one must hope to see in the new gallery; but to exhibit small pictures, painted originally for cabinets, smaller rooms may often be preferable. The present room in which our Raffaelles and the two unfinished Michael Angelos are displayed is very pleasant, and the pictures, hung close to the eye and not overshadowed by larger canvases, are seen to the best advantage. But on the site of the whole of the present front Mr. Barry proposes to erect a pair of galleries of great length and imposing proportions, and though Mr. Beresford Hope justly complains of the dingy appearance of the present rooms after the magnificent size and freshness of the new ones, a little paint and a modification of the lighting arrangements would probably render them as pleasant, and for certain purposes as convenient, as any in the additional building. After all, however, Mr. Barry offers as good or better small rooms elsewhere, and we suppose that these galleries are needed for the dignity and proportion of his interior.

Assuming, as we may perhaps do, that the desirableness, or indeed the necessity, of a worthy National Gallery on the present site is generally admitted, the question of most importance may be thought to turn on the appearance of the principal front. In the design for which Mr. Layard was primarily responsible, and which was prepared at his instance by Mr. Gilbert Redgrave, the general outline proposed was very simple. A long colonnade, and, in an alternative drawing, a loggia of open arches, formed the principal features. But on the whole there was a want of dignity and size, or rather of the look of size, in the elevation. The galleries, which we believe were designed by the late Captain Fowke, were very simple in their arrangement, consisting of a series of rectangular chambers connected at one end by a long corridor. This plan had the advantage of being capable of indefinite extension, but it was open to the serious objection that we want not merely a series of chambers in which to hang pictures, but a building in itself beautiful and worthy of the great works of which it is to be the storehouse. In this respect, then, Mr. Barry's plan is very preferable. If his galleries have a fault, it is that they are too spacious, too lofty, and calculated in some cases to dwarf the pictures. But his front was of a type wholly different from that proposed by Mr. Layard. Its prominent features are a dome upwards of two hundred feet high in the centre, two smaller domes, one at each end, and three great porticoes or colonnades connected by rows of arches and pillars. The domes, we have already said, seem to us superfluous. There is nothing, indeed, to connect them necessarily with the building in front; they almost look as if they were parts of a second building in the rear. The money they would cost might be better laid out in raising the centre of the façade, and making it a much more prominent and important part of the whole composition. Mr. Barry's arrangement of the plan has, with some modifications, been so far carried out. The new buildings are about a third of what he proposes to erect; they stand behind the proposed eastern wing of his front. But his whole design includes rooms for the National Portrait Gallery — now banished, like so much else that should be generally accessible, to the remote suburb of Brompton—and, in addition, space for a modern collection and ample provision for future extension. On the western side he would make a wide street which, as Mr. Hope pointed out, could be planned to connect Trafalgar Square with Leicester Square, and to meet the new street which the Metropolitan Board of Works project to run from Oxford Street to Charing Cross. This part of the design would be in every sense a great public improvement, and it would have an advantage which does not seem to have been adverted to on Friday; it would enable a fitting approach to be made to the National Portrait Gallery when it occupies the site of the present barracks. The barracks Mr. Barry proposes to remove to a vacant, or nearly vacant, space between Whitehall and the Embankment. Where the present building stands he would make a great room for the Turner bequest on the left, another for the English school on the right, and a magnificent vestibule in the centre leading to the principal staircase, from which a gallery for the cartoons would open directly opposite the entrance. A glazed loggia for sculpture would form a kind of screen immediately behind the portico. It is not worth while to go more into detail about Mr. Barry's design. The chances of seeing it carried out in its completeness are very remote at present. Even if we could hope to see the erection of a National Gallery treated as a national question, his scheme would probably receive much modification. The centre and pivot, so to speak, of his plan is a room for the Raffaelle cartoons. But it is only in a sense that they can be called national property; and we know by experience that their coming to South Kensington by no means implies that they will be brought any nearer. This is only one point; but there are several others which we might pause to notice, if they were immediately concerned in the question brought forward by Mr. Beresford Hope.

To that question, taking it to be simply as we have already endeavoured to state it, it is much to be hoped that a satisfactory answer may soon be given. That Wilkins's building is wholly inadequate for the collection now scattered about London and its suburbs admits of no debate. That it is moreover unworthy of its present site, and still more unworthy of the country, can scarcely be doubted even by economists like Mr. Locke and Mr. Goldsmid. We wish it could be added that an immediate prospect exists that something will be done to remedy the present state of affairs. Those who object that the present Gallery is sufficient, with the new additions, for the national collection of pictures as it now is, forget the accumulations in the store-rooms at Trafalgar Square, and above all the number of magnificent works at present domiciled at South Kensington. We have in the Vernon Gallery, in Mr. Bell's bequest, and in the multitude of minor pictures, what would make a complete department for English art. Our Flemish pictures, including the Peel collection, our early Italian and early German pictures, our water-colours, and our really magnificent collection of national portraits, should all be under the same roof with the paintings of the English school. It is not unreasonable to wish that the drawings now in portfolios at the British Museum should be exhibited as the French have exhibited theirs at the Louvre. There is sore need of a gallery of sculpture, either to include that now in the British Museum or to be subsidiary to it. Until something is done to meet these wants we must continue to feel ashamed before foreign nations. The growing taste for art in England, of which we have so many tangible proofs offered us daily, points unmistakably to the probability that a worthy scheme would be accepted gladly by the country at large. The purchase of the Peel collection and the recent expenditure on Mr. Barker's Italian pictures were accepted, except by a few grumblers, with acclamation. The present Government has on several occasions shown commendable anxiety to meet the wishes of the nation by the purchase of worthy works of art, and it can hardly be doubted that a proposal for the erection of a really handsome and really convenient building in Trafalgar Square would be received with universal approval.

CAPTAIN BOYTON'S VOYAGE.

THE interesting experiment of Captain Boyton, whether it succeeded or failed, would hardly entitle him to rank as an inventor. He is perhaps mistaken as to the practical value of his "invention," but we may safely assume that it can do no harm. "The new life-saving dress" may at least amuse idle hours at the seaside, and skill acquired in using it might be valuable. But if it is suggested that every one who goes to sea should take with him one of these dresses, we can only say that we have heard other and more feasible proposals for saving life at sea which we are certain will never be carried into effect. Captain Boyton, to put it shortly, teaches us to convert the human body into a boat; but a boat wants a crew and provisions, and one of these requisites certainly, and the other probably, would be wanting. Captain Boyton handles a paddle skilfully, and manages a sail which he hoists upon himself, and it would appear to be the opinion of his admirers that these accomplishments are necessary in the wearer if the dress is to be worn for any useful purpose. But this is almost like saying that nobody ought to go into the water until he has learned to swim. There must be a crew for the boat, or, in other words, the wearer of the dress must possess a propelling and steering power which can only be acquired by practice. And besides, the crew must have provisions; but when a man is swimming or paddling from a wrecked ship to shore there is no friendly hand to administer a drop of cherry brandy or a cigar. It is a pity that Captain Boyton should suppose himself to have a "mission," and although we consider that he has succeeded, we fail to perceive how his success will benefit all mankind. But he has certainly furnished the newspapers with a novelty when they greatly needed one. The launch of the *Alexandra* by the Princess of Wales was much less interesting than the launch of Captain Boyton by himself.

The experiment began at Dover at 3·20 A.M. on Saturday last, and it finished by Captain Boyton being taken on board a steamer a few miles from Boulogne at 6 P.M. During nearly fifteen hours he kept afloat and battled with the waves, being nerved, as he says, by the kind interest of the Queen of England in his struggle in the cause of science and humanity. It is unsatisfactory to reflect that any attempt at utilizing this invention amid ordinary perils of the sea would labour under several disadvantages. The Queen of England could not be supposed to take any interest in a struggle of which she could know nothing, and which would be undertaken less in the cause of science and humanity than of what is vulgarly called "number one." And besides there would be no cigars nor brandy and water, no cheering friends, and no representatives of the press. The time fixed for starting was 3 o'clock, but we are told that "an unexpected delay occurred in adjusting the apparatus on account of some difficulty with the thick underclothing it was essential to provide for the occasion." Such a delay ought not to have been unexpected, and time should have been allowed for it. A "difficulty with thick under-clothing" would be very likely to arise whenever an attempt was made to utilize this invention in saving life at sea, and we greatly doubt whether it is worth while to add "life-saving dresses" to the list of articles which are likely to be not at hand or not in order when wanted. In an account of life-buoys written nearly forty years ago we find the remark that "these contrivances are never at hand when wanted," and although contrivances have become more numerous since then, facilities for getting at them remain pretty much where they were. The chief merit of Captain Boyton's dress seems to be that when it is in complete order and a man has had time to put it on deliberately, it is impervious to

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water, so that after a long day's tossing in the sea only the face of the wearer would be at all affected by wind and waves. But it would be easy for such a dress to get out of order, and a small leak would make it about as comfortable as a tomb. The idea of hoisting sail upon oneself might occur to anybody, and the only difficulty lies in the practical application of it. We are told that Captain Boyton used his paddle chiefly to keep his sail full, and thus saved his strength, like the clever navigator that he is. People escaping from shipwreck do not however necessarily possess this cleverness, although we agree that it is very desirable they should. This use of a sail may be compared to that in Boyce's life-buoy invented in 1813. It is stated that a buoy of this construction was dropped from Monmouth Bridge, where the stream is very rapid, and it was found to support a man who swam to it, and to enable him to sail against the stream. Every kind of life-saving apparatus may be conveniently used by sailors wishing to desert, and on this account, we believe, such contrivances were not greatly favoured during the early years of the present century.

The admirers of Captain Boyton are entitled to regard his experiment as a success. He remained in the water during fifteen hours of wintry weather, and he then gave up, or rather was compelled by his friends to give up, not because he was benumbed, but because they feared he would become exhausted, and, as evening closed, it would be difficult to help him. We are told that the experiment does not decide in the sense of limiting the time during which a man so dressed, and having no need of fighting against wind and tide, could have existed in the water. Captain Boyton protested that he could have held out for another day, and probably by the help of occasional brandy and water he could have held out some hours longer. But it is not suggested that he could take food, and at any rate he did not, and without food the end of strength must come, although in his case it may have been exceptionally distant. The use and apparent necessity of alcohol in this case may be noted in connexion with the discussions on its use in general. The majority of mankind may be wrong, but there would, we believe, be almost universal agreement in the expediency of applying brandy and water in Captain Boyton's case. The essential difference between his case and that of an ordinary shipwrecked sailor is that there would be no brandy and water to apply in the latter case. It is stated, indeed, that Captain Boyton took with him a small flask, and it is theoretically possible that dresses after his pattern might be on board ship each with its flask ready filled in a secure pocket. All we can say is, that it is unlikely that that degree of regularity would be attained. If one has to be afloat for fifteen, or even thirty, hours without food or drink, and die at the end, one might almost as well die at the beginning. But under special circumstances this dress might be useful, as, for instance, to send one man or more on shore carrying a line by which others might be rescued. And it might be used equally well to carry a line from shore to a distressed ship, as a substitute for that rocket apparatus which, like other life-saving contrivances, is not always ready for use when wanted. It is not pretended that Captain Boyton, even with all sail set, can make head or even hold his own against a Channel tide, and therefore the utility of his dress for passing between ship and shore may be questioned. The scheme of his voyage was that he should catch the tide, and if the pilot's calculation or the voyager's start had been rather more exact, he would have caught it, or rather successive tides, and would have been carried to or near Boulogne. The difficulty that presents itself is to settle, not the positive, but the relative merit of the invention. If these dresses are adopted they will probably supersede some other life-saving apparatus, and whether the object be to save life or destroy it, we confess to a general preference for simple contrivances which may be used by anybody at any time.

The comparison of Captain Boyton to Leander has entered largely into ornamental writing on this subject. What love did for the one "the kind interest of Her Majesty" did for the other, and perhaps both these sources of nervous energy may be regarded as equally poetical. It is a pity that some Hero provided with a sufficient beacon could not have been placed at Boulogne to await Leander, as probably some modern substitute for the "light of love" would have ensured his getting there. When the attempt was discontinued the pilot did not know where he was, but if he had known he would have been willing to persevere, and would have reached some point of the coast while Captain Boyton still kept afloat. In a first expedition everything cannot be foreseen, but the old tale might have suggested to the modern imitator the utility of guns by day or fire by night to guide him to his port. In one respect, however, the modern Leander improved upon the original, for he took a doctor with him. We thus learn the important facts that, when he left the water, he was calm and collected and showed no signs of distress, perspired freely, with normal respiration, and temperature, taken at the mouth, nearly the same as when he started. The doctor gave him a mouthful of "egg mixture" at 7.30 A.M., which he said made him feel ill, and he took nothing else that could be called food to the end of his voyage. This distaste for food is exactly what we should have expected. The doctor thinks that Captain Boyton could have continued his exertions for at least six hours longer, and this we can readily believe. If the experiment is repeated under rather more favourable circumstances, it will probably succeed; and if there are any visitors at Boulogne in the present inclement weather, it might amuse them as well as anything else. Captain Boyton may, if he pleases, undertake an expedition up a tidal river, with safety to himself and pleasure to the riparian population. Already he has been induced to combine himself with fireworks, and some enterprising manager of public grounds adjoining water might make of him what is called a "feature" for Whitsun Monday. Unlike the unhappy flying man, he may amuse himself and others without endangering human life. We do not expect that "science and humanity" will gain much by his exertions, but we feel obliged to him for making a curious experiment.

REVIEWS.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN THE EAST.*

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this work to be a valuable contribution to the modern history of Central Asia. Not that there is any deficiency of essays, compilations, and pamphlets on the subject. Accomplished linguists, bold correspondents, erudite German professors, have in turn striven to quicken our patriotism or to practise on our fears with regard to our position in the East. The present work comes from one who combines the attributes of a scholar, a diplomatist, and a politician. Society is so apt to forget the early career of men who have distanced competitors in some one special department of science or literature, that it is not quite unnecessary to preface criticism with a brief record of Sir Henry Rawlinson's services when we analyse his work or test his views. The scholar who with many readers is identified with the translation of a series of inscriptions which had defied all scrutiny began life as a subaltern of the Bombay army in 1826. The portion of Indian history closed by the annexation of Arracan and the Tenasserim provinces afforded little opportunity for young men of vigour and originality. Henry Lawrence, we may remember, after being racked by an Arracan fever, lived a dull life in the Survey or in cantonments, like scores of others, just about that time. The talents of Sir Henry Rawlinson were saved from rust and inactivity by employment in Persia, where he tried hard to impart some rudiments of discipline to the rough material of the Shah's army. In this way, during six years, from 1833 to 1839, he acquired a complete mastery of Persia, its language, literature, and institutions. With the latter year began the episode of disgrace and disaster so powerfully told by Sir John Kaye. And in the dark winter of 1841–2 Major Rawlinson was at Nott's right hand at Candahar, checking insurgents, corresponding with Macnaghten, calling in detachments from outposts, writing political summaries, and, with his chief, showing clearly that much less than one hour of Dundee would have kept a firm hold of the Bala Hissar. From 1843 to 1851 Colonel Rawlinson was employed on political duty at Baghdad. In 1856 he became a member of the old Court of Directors, under the provision which enabled the President of the Board of Control to nominate distinguished officers to that body without compelling them to canvass every retired shopkeeper or garrulous old woman possessed of 1,000*l.* of Indian stock. On the transfer of India to the Government of the Crown, in 1858, Sir H. Rawlinson became one of the first members of the Indian Council, but resigned his post for that of Envoy and Minister at the Court of the Shah. When we add to this catalogue of public services, that he represented Reigate in one Parliament and Frome in another, and that for the last six years he has again been one of the confidential advisers of the Indian Secretary, we have made it quite clear that, as narrator, critic, or adviser, no public man has a better claim to be heard on the topics which he has selected for authorship.

The present work, in some points, is a revelation to society of secrets which were either wholly concealed in State archives, or discreetly veiled in papers of anonymous authorship. The publication, in tone and colouring, somewhat reminds one of the collected Essays of Mr. Palgrave. This is how the volume had birth, grew, and expanded. We have in all six essays, some useful appendices, and an excellent map corrected to date. Three of the papers are reproductions. One was contributed to the *Calcutta Review* in 1849, on Persia, and two to the *Quarterly* in 1865 and 1866, on the progress of Russia in Central Asia. A fourth paper takes up the subject of Persia where the author left it in Sir John Kaye's Indian periodical a quarter of a century ago, and brings it down to the Reuter Convention and the Shah's visit. Of the two remaining essays, one is the amplification of a speech contemplated, but never delivered, in the Session of 1868; the memoranda having assumed the shape of a note prepared for the consideration of the Secretary of State and the Viceroy of India. All this now makes up Chapter V. The sixth closes the discussion by the Russian occupation of Khiva, and by urging on the Ministry and on the people of England a proposal which ought in one way or another to be fairly met. But the reprints of old essays have all the elucidation of subsequent events. Although the letterpress is unaltered substantially, copious notes based on official papers and private correspondence enable readers to see at a glance where predictions have been verified, or what previous deductions must now be toned down. We may at once say that the claim which the author advances of having, in the main, correctly forecast the progress of Russia, is one which we do not feel disposed to question. As anticipated,

* *England and Russia in the East: a Series of Papers on the Political and Geographical Condition of Central Asia.* By Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., F.R.S. London: Murray. 1875.

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the Emperor has obtained a firm footing in the three Khanates of the Oxus, and shows no inclination to surrender it, especially in the case of Khiva, as indeed no one, except the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs, ever imagined would be the case. But a kind of stopgap or impediment to further progress has been devised in Kokand, through the vigour and ability of the ruler, Khudayar Khan. Sir H. Rawlinson admits that his expectation of the early and complete subjection of this Khanate has not been fulfilled. Neither have Russian generals, at Tashkend or Samarcand, made much progress in colonization. Military occupation has not developed untold resources or become a starting-point for national life and energy, any more than Indian outposts in the Derajat. Those who reckoned on mighty impulses to trade have been disappointed, as we have more than once warned them. The exports of Turkestan, according to Mr. Schuyler, remain stationary, while the imports have actually diminished.

To criticize in detail the successive papers into which an accomplished author has condensed the experience of a long military, diplomatic, or literary life, is impossible. There is no single chapter which does not merit careful study, and none from which the reader will rise without a solution of some disputed point in geography, without a more distinct light thrown back on Oriental tendencies and traditions, and without a more clear conception of the single-mindedness, the persistence, and the adaptation of means to ends, displayed by Russian autocrats of the field or Cabinet, in carrying out the policy of Peter the Great. No journalist claiming to educate the English public in Asiatic statecraft; no member of Parliament desirous of putting questions which might convict Lord Derby or Mr. Robert Bourke of ignorance and incapacity; and no Indian administrator whose duties may range from the encountering of a famine in peaceful provinces to the selection of commercial routes through wild defiles and wilder mountaineers, can afford to neglect this storehouse of facts. There are, however, some dominant ideas and some very distinct conclusions drawn in each paper, on which we shall concisely touch, because, in spite of our high opinion of the book as a literary performance and as a Central Asian text-book, we question the remedies which the author has propounded, and we dislike the goal at which he has arrived.

Sir Henry Rawlinson does not care to disguise his apprehensions of the methodical and systematic advance of Russia, or his belief that in three years or so she will command an extended, but fortified, position from the Black Sea to the frontiers of China. Railways, canals, or military roads, or possibly all three, will connect the Caspian and Aral seas. The three Khanates, if not actually absorbed or annexed, will be powerless. And the Czar will have, not merely a part, but the whole, of the Oxus for his southern limit, with the resources of Bokhara in the immediate background, and those of his enormous and consolidated Empire at no great distance. That this position, magnificent as it is, will enable the Russian autocrat to startle Europe and Asia by exploits similar to those of the old conquerors who sent hordes of irregular cavalry to feast on the plunder of Northern India, Sir Henry Rawlinson does not apprehend. But he considers—and so far his opinion is shared by some of the most sagacious of Indian statesmen—that we shall be overshadowed in Asia, and even disquieted in India, by a Power skilled in intrigues, unscrupulous and ready in the employment of means, and not, like ourselves, amenable to the restraints and criticism of public opinion. A new element will disturb "the restricted circle of our Indian relations." Every chief with a grievance, every adventurer shut out from honours and distinctions by the inexorable rigidity of our rule, every political gambler who would barter "fifty years of Europe" for six months of unlimited plunder and anarchy, will speculate feverishly on the phrase so alluring to an Asiatic, "the revolutions of fate." Russia will avail herself of a first-rate political lever on the Oxus. A further contribution to this preponderance will be made by the state of Persia, defenceless, exposed geographically, perhaps not to conquest, but to domination as a mere dependency of Russia. The picture which had impressed itself on the mind of the author in 1849 has not grown brighter in 1875. And a diplomatist who sees in "a bankrupt treasury, an unpaid army, corrupt officials, indecisive councils, a timid executive," and "other chronic evils," not merely "political decrepitude," but even "national atrophy," is not likely to expect any national regeneration from a commercial *coup de main*. The Reuter concession is, in the author's opinion, not merely impracticable, but "selfish." No country, least of all an Oriental State, was ever galvanized into life by a scheme which could only exasperate all classes—merchants, cultivators, officials, the Church and the Treasury, the nobles and the princes of the blood. Still Sir Henry Rawlinson is able to see his way to a wholesome influence with the Shah. We can, he says, teach the sovereign how to spend his money profitably, discipline his forces, and lend him men to put at their head. Whether these palliatives would arrest decay may be doubted; but there can be no question of the soundness of the author's view that a high-class Indian official would best represent our interests at Teheran, whether he were under the Foreign Secretary, or, as the House of Commons once recommended, under the India Office. It may be said against this view that what affects St. Petersburg as well as Teheran rises to the proportions of European diplomacy. This is quite true, but we should prefer that our local exponent of these grand views should have served on the Indian frontier, and that he should be able to quote Sadi like Malcolm or Sir Henry Rawlinson himself.

But, putting Persia for the moment aside, the pervading idea of these chapters is that India must be protected against Russian intrigues through Afghanistan; and arguments dressed out with literary skill, based on a practical knowledge of the country, and pressed with all the earnestness of thorough conviction, require to be distinctly met. They cannot be got rid of by a side-wind or postponed for a more convenient season. Put as concisely as possible, the author's views are as follows:—Something must be done to avoid the necessity of larger sacrifices and more persistent efforts. We cannot afford to wait until Russia looks at us from the Suleiman range or just across the Indus. We ought to have English Residents, possibly at Cabul, certainly at Candahar and Herat. The occupation of Merv will follow on the absorption of Khiva, just as the retention of that post followed on the domination of Samarcand and Tashkend. Herat, which is to Merv what Merv is to Khiva, cannot be left exposed to a *coup de main*. We must depute ten thousand bayonets, of which one-half should be wielded by Englishmen, to Herat, Candahar, Quetta, Girishk, and Farrah. The old policy of 1838 can be revived, except in its termination of discredit and defeat. Now to these views we would oppose not only our own conclusions, but, what is more important, those drawn by some of the first military and political authorities of the day. The suggestions, as a careful reader of the volume will discern, are not new. They were considered and rejected in 1867 and in 1868 by men who cannot be called either sluggards or alarmists. The scheme is one which has its strategical, political, and financial aspects. A defect in any one of the three would vitiate the whole train of reasoning, and we believe the proposal to be bad on all three counts. First, as to military and strategical considerations, it may be conceded that certain posts in Afghanistan could be garrisoned without a repetition of the disgrace of 1841. But the force suggested is utterly disproportionate to the object. The towns selected would absorb, not ten thousand, but thirty thousand men. Every soldier so cantoned would be so much effective force withdrawn from the real defences of India proper. Every post so occupied would require extensive fortifications, regular communication with the frontier, and a long chain of supports. Every mile traversed by our troops in the direction of Quetta or Herat would, if Russia were aggressive, save her time and trouble, and abate the force of those disabling contingencies which affect any hostile army that wishes to get at a powerful neighbour through sterile regions and unfriendly tribes. Instead of meeting an invader with our compact army on our own well-defined frontier, and with all the resources of civilization ready to be concentrated by railways on any one given spot, we should fight in a poor country, in the midst of lukewarm adherents or vindictive foes, and far away from everything that would double the efficiency of a disciplined force. In a military point of view no more fatal blunder could be committed. Then politics in the East are closely allied with strategy. It may be laid down as an axiom, which no revolutions at Cabul will alter, that the first comers in Afghanistan, from whatever quarter, will be looked on as intruders and enemies, and the last be welcomed as deliverers and friends. Sir Henry Rawlinson argues that we might be less disliked at Herat than we were at Cabul, and he appears to think that we might even safely divide Afghanistan, and prevail on the Amir to cede to us its western districts. These views we hold to be delusive, and the opinion of Dr. Bellew, whom the author relies on, is contradicted by that of half-a-dozen experienced officers whom we could name. When the mere novelty of occupation had ceased, our troops would dislike the country, and would be disliked by the indigenous tribes, whether they were the Syuds of Pishin or the peasantry of Candahar. The English officer who had effected an exchange under Mr. Hardy's Act would be heartily sick of such country quarters, where he had exterminated all the game, and of a cantonment which he could scarcely leave without being shot at by *juzailchees*. If he had little to do, soldiers of his own race and colour would have less. As for the native forces, Goorkhas are few in number; Sikhs, who are second only to Englishmen, would be always hankering after furlough to the *Manjha;* while Moguls and Pathans, and Mohammedans generally, might so fraternize with the surrounding population as to be untrustworthy or dangerous. And, once launched in Afghanistan, will any one undertake to tell us how long we could remain there without losing reputation, or how we could depart with honour and credit?

Lastly, the financial aspect is of itself quite sufficient to remove the plan from the category of politic or even possible schemes. Our untoward attempt thirty years back to force on the Afghans a ruler whom they disliked cost us one million and a quarter a year. It has been calculated that to garrison Quetta or Koorum, not to speak of Herat, with a sufficient force, to keep the route to India open, to provide for reliefs, and to meet contingencies, would absorb nearly three millions a year. This is independent of the original outlay on barracks and forts. Let those who find it hard to balance Indian income and expenditure, and who may every now and then have to keep alive a million or two of agricultural paupers, say where this additional sum is to be found. The revenues of Afghanistan, even supposing we could equitably appropriate them, are about 350,000*l.* a year. In short, no result would be attained but disappointment, misunderstandings, and discredit. Politically, we should evoke fanaticism, and pique social pride. Strategically, we should violate the canons of imperial defence laid down by many soldiers, including Wellington and Napier. Financially, we should empty into a bottomless abyss vast sums snatched from a revenue which is now barely sufficient to bestow on India those solid advantages which may compensate for the pressure of an alien and

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unsympathetic rule. Nor must we lose sight of the effect on the princes and people of India. We believe that such a move would tend to feed native credulity, to increase native discontent, to fan into flame those very embers of religious intolerance the existence of which we no more doubt than the able administrator from whom the author quotes. It is not by way of disparaging Sir Henry Rawlinson's experience and talents that we must remind our readers that a man who has never held high office in India cannot, at second-hand, form an adequate conception of the amazement of an Indian statesman who should be suddenly ordered by a despatch from England, in time of peace, to garrison two or three cantonments on the north side of the Bolan Pass. That Russia ought to be closely watched if she attempts to occupy Merv, and that she should be plainly told that an advance on Herat, on any pretext whatever, will be resisted, are opinions to which we entirely subscribe. But the way to defeat such machinations is, not for the Indian Government to occupy a poor country and to exasperate a proud race, but for the Foreign Minister to borrow a little of the style of Cromwell to the Pope, or of Lord Palmerston to Louis Philippe, and to hint quietly that, on any such occurrence, our fleets might be found manœuvring in the Black and Baltic Seas. Sir Henry Rawlinson has vigorously and clearly drawn public attention to no improbable and distant events. But the remedy lies, in India, through the concentration of English power and material between the Himalayas and the seaboard; in England, through a disposition to support the Foreign Secretary whenever he makes up his mind to intimate to an Ambassador that stern remonstrances may have to be followed by hard and unpleasant facts.

HARE'S DAYS NEAR ROME.*

THESE *Days near Rome* should be read, therefore perhaps they should be reviewed, at or near the places spoken of. On the spot itself, just before going to it, or just after going to it, we might be well pleased to have before us, not only — what cannot be too highly valued—the practical results of Mr. Hare's own travels in the less known parts of Italy, but even the extracts from all kinds of authors bearing on each particular place which he gathers together in his account of each particular place. On the spot we should most likely welcome them and call them extracts. Looking coolly at the book, far away from any of the places, we are tempted to think them wearisome, and to call them, not extracts, but scraps. They give the book more of a paste and scissors look than really belongs to it. That is to say, though there is a great deal of paste and scissors, yet there is also a good deal beside paste and scissors. Mr. Hare's own matter is sometimes hard to be seen through the mass of extracts or scraps with which he has overloaded it; but his matter is there, the useful matter of a man who has been to a crowd of places to which few people have been, and who has set down what is to be seen at those places and the best ways of getting at them. To much more than this we suppose that Mr. Hare himself does not pretend. To criticism he certainly can make no pretension. To him history and legend are very much the same. Of course to the scholar who can distinguish the two this is no great matter; but Mr. Hare's way of talking might easily lead the unwary astray. The tourist hears such an astounding mass of nonsense from *ciceroni*, Italian and English, that it is the first duty of everybody who writes any book of Italian topography to put his readers on their guard. And it is too bad when Mr. Hare, in the course of his paste and scissors work, comes on some of Dr. Arnold's exquisite tellings of the legends as legends, and puts them in exactly as if Arnold had believed in them as historical facts. And worse than all is that Mr. Hare, who has seen so much of Italy, should grudge the liberated land her freedom and unity. Endless sneers at "the Sardinian Government" are what we expect from the mouth of a Pope who fancies himself in prison; they are unworthy of the mouth or the pen of an Englishman. Some of Mr. Hare's charges against the Italian Government are mere calumnies which have been often refuted. But, granting that liberated Italy has her faults, we cannot envy the state of mind of the man who can go to and fro among her hills and valleys and cities, only to find or make at every step some occasion for sneering at the authors of her deliverance.

Nor can we say that Mr. Hare, thankful as we are to him for teaching us the way to so many places, always understands the places himself when he gets to them. Take Tusculum for instance. Mr. Hare's account consists of a jumble of dates and quotations, and some people, when on the height of Tusculum, may care to read verses of Archbishop Trench or a long description of Cardinal Wiseman's. But the great point in the history of Tusculum, its having been at two widely distant periods the rival of Rome, is not brought out with any clearness. Yet this is just the kind of thought which should be brought out in a book of this kind, because it is the kind of thought which many people into whose minds it would not come of itself will quite enter into when it is set before them. Mr. Hare's readers have to dig it out how they can from quotations from Mr. Burn and the Dictionary of Geography. Nay more, Mr. Hare does not describe the antiquities of the place. The odd little building, lecture-room, children's theatre, anything else, hard by the principal theatre, deserved at least a passing word; but it is a far more important omission that Mr. Hare has not a word to say about those antiquities at Tusculum which, with no better guide than the confused account in Murray's Handbook, it is very hard to find. Mr. Hare, in several other places, stops to find fault with the Handbooks, but here the Handbook does tell us what is there, though in a confused way; Mr. Hare does not tell us at all. There is nothing to show us how to find, what it takes a great deal of trouble to find, the gates of the primæval fortress, especially that one which has the place for the bolt in the natural rock. There is not even a word about the bit of primæval architecture, "arco gotico," as the guide calls it, which it also needs some little searching to find. Mr. Hare is not always insensible to remains of this kind. His woodcut of a kindred fragment at Arpinum is enough to make any one wish to start for Arpinum to see it. Why then is there no woodcut, why is there not a single word, about the same thing at Tusculum? We could have well exchanged a cut of the villa or palace of some Pope's nephew for a cut of an arch which Octavius Mamilius may have looked at. Here at least, if Mr. Hare had used his eyes and his pen a little more, and his paste and scissors a little less, his description would have been more valuable. To be sure, palace-building nephews of Popes are happily becoming no less things of the past than chiefs of the Thirty Cities; but to those who have something else to do in Italy than to sneer at the "Sardinian Government," a Mamilius is an object of a greater interest than an Aldobrandini.

But, with all these drawbacks, Mr. Hare's book is of great use. The real traveller can hardly set too high a store on a real guide. The out-of-the-way places, the places off beaten tracks, the places to which no one can find his way by the light of nature, are often, above all in Italy, the places which are richest in attractions of every kind. The tourist of course knows nothing of them and cares nothing for them. But the traveller constantly knows that there is this or that precious remain in some place about which he has not the least notion whether a journey to it is possible or not. And the best-informed traveller will not always know beforehand all that there is for him to see. The poorest guide-book will often set him on a track which leads him to some object of deep interest of which he never heard before, or whose name he has wholly forgotten. Here Mr. Hare steps in; he gives just the kind of knowledge that is wanted; he gives it too in an agreeable form; when no question of historical criticism or of political spite comes in, he can describe a scene so well that he really need not be at such endless pains to copy the descriptions of other people. From Mr. Hare's account of a place we know exactly what it is like, whether it is one worth visiting in itself, whether it is one which can be safely visited by that class of travellers who do not desire magnificence, but who deem utter discomfort a price too high to pay for anything short of objects of the first class. Mr. Hare tells us all about the roads, all about the inns, and tells it in a way which gives it something of the interest of a story. And, much as he hates the "Sardinian Government," he does not shirk the fact that that Government has given Italy a coinage—if it is only in paper—in which it is possible to reckon; he gives prices in francs, not, like Murray's Handbook, in pauls, dollars, scudi, and nobody knows what barbarous and obsolete reckonings. Take, for instance, the sixteenth chapter, on the Hernican Hills, the description of Ferentino, Alatri, and Anagni. There are those in whom Ferentino and Alatri, Segni and the other places of the class, are names which have long excited a longing to see their wonderful remains of primitive fortifications. But the ordinary books give no intelligible account of the way of getting to them, or of the kind of quarters which can be had among them. Mr. Hare tells us just what we want to know, and we can judge how much of roughing it we can undertake to put up with for the sake of each primæval fortress. The illustrations also often give a good notion of buildings which it is plain that Mr. Hare does not himself always understand; and, if he chooses to use such unmeaning words as "Cyclopean" and "Pelasgic," though one pities the fate of those who try to attach some meaning to them, the scholar suffers no real damage. To be sure Gregorovius uses them, just as he calls the armies of Belisarius "Greeks"; and so to call them doubtless does no harm to Gregorovius himself, though it may greatly mislead some of his readers.

In the Introductory Chapter Mr. Hare makes a protest, which in a great measure is founded on truth, against the destruction which has of late gone on at Rome, as at other places, under the garb of restoration. No one can doubt that Cavaliere Rosa has done a good deal of mischief. But he has also brought a great deal to light, and so far he deserves a good word, which Mr. Hare does not seem inclined to give him. And one who walks through Rome or spends his days near Rome, and sees the merciless havoc wrought by the destroyers of the last four centuries, the brutal sweeping away of everything, heathen or Christian, at the mere caprice of this or that Pope or Cardinal or Pope's nephew, will not be inclined to be over harsh on the rulers of liberated Italy, if they have sometimes allowed zeal to outrun discretion. We mourn as much as Mr. Hare can do at the mutilation of the Servian *agger*; we believe that that mutilation might easily have been avoided; still the mutilation of the *agger* for a great work of public usefulness cannot be put on the same level as the systematic destruction of ancient buildings of every kind to build private palaces out of their materials. The King of Italy has not yet stolen anybody's tomb and stuck it up in his own house with an inscription about his own munificence. We are at a loss to guess what Mr. Hare means when he says that Caracalla's baths, "stripped of the flowery carpet which so greatly enhanced

* *Days near Rome.* By Augustus J. C. Hare. With Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1875.

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their lonely solemnity, are now a series of bare featureless walls standing in a gravelly waste, and possess no more attraction than the ruins of a London warehouse." Is Mr. Hare sorry to see the mosaic pavements? or what? A prayer to have those magnificent capitals, precious links in the history of architecture, which are lying about on the ground, set up somewhere in safety, might be to the purpose. And if "the gorgeous religious ceremonies, the processions, benedictions, and sermons preached by the shrines of martyrs have ceased to exist," whose fault is that? Not of free Italy surely, but of the old man who sulks in a corner at the sight of her freedom. Mr. Hare's graver accusations against the Italian Government have been answered over and over again; it is his endless spiteful sneering of which we complain. We believe that the choice of Rome for the capital—unavoidable as it was—was on some grounds much to be regretted, and not the least because Rome cannot be changed into a great modern capital without losing much from an antiquarian point of view. But the loss so entailed is trifling compared with the long systematic havoc of the Popes. And, be the loss what it may, we cannot regret that Rome is free.

If Mr. Hare would strike out all these most needless passages, if he would keep his passion for quotation within bounds, and if he would learn a little of those first principles of criticism which teach a man to distinguish legend from history, his thorough knowledge of the country, his vivid power of description, and his further gift of illustration with the pencil, would enable him to throw his book into a form which might make it something really good. At present it is highly useful; but there is something in almost every page which jars on one's feelings with regard either to the past or to the present.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.*

PEOPLE generally are much more familiar with the name than with the works of Sir John Suckling, and the best-informed would find it difficult to quote more from his writings than the quaint and pretty couplet about the lady's feet stealing like little mice from beneath her petticoat, and a few lines of the song in which a lover is requested to explain his reasons for looking so wan and so pale. Gaiety and light-heartedness have seldom found vent more naturally and more brightly than in these two happy pieces; but although a similar spirit is visible in several others of his minor compositions, it is never again expressed with the same sustained animation and felicity. No English anthology would be worth having that did not contain a few of his productions, but it would cease to be an anthology in the true sense of the word if it held many of them. But besides these occasional pieces, these *vers de société*, as they would now be called, Suckling was also the author of at least three dramas which were received with favour in a generation which had seen the "first nights" of some of the greatest productions of the human intellect. At a time, therefore, when the works of such extremely minor dramatists as Tatham and Lacy and Burnaby are being printed in "small paper, large paper, Whatman's paper and vellum," we can hardly wonder that Suckling also should find a publisher.

In this matter of republishing, however, Suckling had been more fortunate than many writers of greater merit. Before the end of the seventeenth century, under the title of *Fragmenta Aurea*, or, as we should now say, *Nuggets*, his smaller poems had been four times printed. In 1709 his Plays and his Letters were added, forming a goodly octavo, which was reprinted in 1717, and again in 1790. Lastly, in 1836, his collateral descendant and representative, the Rev. Alfred Suckling, not unknown to topographers in another field of literary exertion, indulged at once his love of kindred and his love of letters by producing an edition in royal 8vo., which was intended, and to a certain extent deserved, to supersede all that had gone before it. But he erred in one point. He considered that the proper way to restore his author to his merited position in the ranks of literature was to carefully revise his pages with a view to "exclude those passages which the delicacy of the present age would wisely reject." Now while we yield to none in respect for this feeling, we hold that the "*in*delicacy of the present age" stands on very different ground from the indelicacy of the age of James and Elizabeth, and must be tried by a distinct standard. What we can only regard with sheer unmitigated disgust in a prurient modern novel appears under a different light in the outspoken pages of an Elizabethan drama. Still the question of drawing the line is a most difficult one, and nobody yet has been able to answer it satisfactorily even to himself. The pure and manly Sir Walter Scott at one time declares that there shall be no emasculation of John Dryden while he is his editor, but at another we find him writing to George Ellis that certain passages are "not only double-entendres, but good plain single-entendres—not only broad but long, and as coarse as the mainsail of a first-rate. What to make of them I know not." But Mr. Alfred Suckling carried matters further than this, and almost emulated Mr. Walter Thornbury, who in his recent work on *Old and New London* has reproduced the fourth plate of Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress*, where one of the principal figures is darning a hole in her stocking *in situ*, but as the exposure of the leg was considered indelicate, the modern engraver has been ordered to continue the petticoat to the ground, and the lady is left to ply her needle in mid-air. When we say Mr. Thornbury, we ought perhaps rather to say his publishers, for we observe that the same firm have brought out an edition of Shakspeare from which it appears that they agree in opinion with the "soft dean" of Pope

> Who never mention'd hell to ears polite.

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor* we have always been accustomed to hear Falstaff say, "I think the devil will not *have me damned* lest the oil that's in me should set *hell* on fire," which the fastidious Messrs. Cassell alter to "I think the devil will not *have me*, lest the oil that's in me should set *his place* on fire!" In making this comparison we do Mr. Alfred Suckling an injustice, for he honestly calls his work "Selections," and gives fair notice of the liberties he has taken, whereas Messrs. Cassell would lead the reader to infer that he has the full and accurate text of Shakspeare before him—we may add the *text* of the *Harlot's Progress* also, for Charles Lamb, it will be remembered, used to class Hogarth next to Shakspeare, as the *author* he most prized in his collection. In this way no fewer than twenty-four pieces of Sir John Suckling's were omitted, the majority of which are not worse than are found in every library in what Cowper affectionately called "Dear Mat Prior's lively jingle," embodied in the volume which Dr. Johnson emphatically pronounced to be "a lady's book." These have been properly restored by the present editor, who might, however, have advantageously continued the embargo on at least one disgustingly filthy piece.

Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, whose name is signed at the end of the Introductory Notice, although it does not appear on the title-page, is the same gentleman who is simultaneously editing Dodsley's Old Plays, the Works of Thomas Randolph, Shakspeare's Library, &c.; and we do not wonder, therefore, that he has found no leisure to write a new life of the poet, but has put us off with a reprint of the performance of the above-mentioned Rev. Alfred Suckling. We do wonder, however, that any one inheriting, as he does, such strong literary tastes and traditions, should have considered it possible that certain manuscript notes which he has now printed could, under any circumstances, have been the work of William Wordsworth, although signed with his initials; and, to use Mr. Hazlitt's own words, "derived from a copy of Suckling's Works, edit. 1658, *purporting to have been* formerly in the possession of Wordsworth." There is, for instance, among them a long and elaborate criticism, which has not only his signature at full length, but is dated also "Mount Rydal, May 9, 1838," which we do not hesitate to say could not by any possibility have been the work of the author of *The Excursion*. We give a single specimen. Speaking of Dryden, he is made to say that "no man ever possessed a finer genius for poetry." Now nothing is better known than that Wordsworth's opinion of his great predecessor in the Laureateship was exactly the reverse of this; the highest praise ever wrung from him being, "I admire his talents and genius greatly, but *he is not a poetical genius*." Next to Dryden, the poet whom this annotator seems most to have admired was Thomas Moore; and we hold that this is equally fatal to his claim to be the bard of Rydal. Fancy, too, Wordsworth writing that "Suckling, Denham, and Walker (*sic*) were the first who polished our versification"—this being one of the heresies which are well known to have been his special abominations. We doubt, also, very much whether the author of *Lucy Gray* would ever have pronounced upon Suckling's *Ballad upon a Wedding* that, "for grace and simplicity, it stands unrivalled in the whole compass of ancient or modern poetry." We hardly think it likely that Mr. Grosart will include these notes in the forthcoming collection of the prose writings of the great poet. The "Ballad" referred to is the exceedingly pretty poem which we have alluded to as containing the well-known lines:—

> Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light.

Suckling, as is well known, was the squire of Witton, near Twickenham, which afterwards belonged to Sir Godfrey Kneller, and in this same ballad he introduces the following personal touch:—

> At Charing Cross, hard by the way
> Where we (thou know'st) do fell [*sic*] our hay,
> There is a house with stairs—

which we mention because Mr. Hazlitt in a note informs us that "a gentleman *still living* tells me he remembers hay sold there in his early days"; which is not very wonderful, as the same may be said of every Londoner turned of fifty, the Act for removing the market to the neighbourhood of Regent's Park not having come into force till William IV. was on the throne. The house alluded to was the predecessor of the recently pulled-down Northumberland House. The "stairs," we suppose, went down to the river. They are indicated in Agas's Plan of London in Elizabeth's time, but do not figure, so far as we can see, in maps of recent date. The house had been built in the preceding generation by Henry, Earl of Northampton, the second son of Surrey the poet, and bequeathed by him to his nephew, Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, the same who, as Lord Chamberlain, "thrust out" Ben Jonson from a masque, and gave such mortal offence to the high-spirited poet. He afterwards attained an unhappy notoriety as the father of the wretched Countess of Somerset who poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury and was the aunt of the lady whose wedding Suckling celebrates so pleasantly. Mr. Hazlitt gives far too few explanatory notes, and offers no explanation as to why the other plays and the poems

* *The Poems, Plays, and other Remains of Sir John Suckling.* A New Edition, with a Copious Account of the Author, Notes, and an Appendix of Illustrative Pieces. 2 vols. London: F. & W. Kerslake.

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should not have been illustrated on the same scale as the *Goblins*, which is printed direct from the 1825 edition of "Dodsley," where it had the good fortune to be included, and the notes therefore were found ready made to hand. The few which Mr. Hazlitt does give have almost always the merit of accuracy, running occasionally, however, into the too favourite groove of elaborately noting where the information is to be found, instead of furnishing the information itself. For example, at vol. ii. p. 40, we find a facetious robber describing how he had mounted a poet "on a coal-staff, which, as they tossed him somewhat high, he apprehended to be Pegasus." The reader naturally wishes to know what a "coal-staff" is, and on casting his eye to the foot of the page he discovers that, if he procures the 1859 edition of Archdeacon Nares's Glossary, he will find the desired information *in voce*. An ordinary editor might, or might not, have made the reference to Nares, but he would certainly have stated that a cole-staff was the pole on which two men carry a burden slung between them, and perhaps would have added that, when Falstaff is packed in the buck-basket under the dirty linen, Mrs. Ford says, "Go take up the clothes quickly; where's the cowl-staff?" He occasionally, though rarely, ventures upon emendations in the text, and in this is not invariably successful; as, for instance, in the *Tragedy of Brennoralt*, where in the old editions a word is evidently misprinted:—

> The Lithuanians, Sir,
> Are of the wilder sort of creatures, must
> Be rid with cavilous, and with harsh curbs.

For the mysterious *cavilous* the editor, having probably heard of the mare *Cavezou*, substitutes the equally mysterious *cavezous*. Anybody who has ever been inside a stable will see that the word is of course *cavessons*, with which Suckling, as a country squire and a cavalry colonel, was perfectly familiar. The continuing to print Lady Juliana *Barnes* for Lady Juliana *Berners* may or may not be an error, but ordinary readers would certainly be misled by it, and be puzzled to identify the Prioress of Sopewell who quaintly pronounced that "Jesus was a gentleman." The Reverend Alfred Suckling is of opinion that this expression was the origin of the well-known line "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," which occurs both in *King Lear* and in Suckling's *Goblins*. It would be more remarkable perhaps if it suggested a notable passage in one of Isaac Barrow's sermons:—"In such works it was that the truest and greatest pattern of gentility that ever was did employ himself; who was that? even our Lord himself."

In addition to the twenty-four more or less improper pieces which the care of Mr. Hazlitt has restored to the text, he also gives us three new sets of verses which have not previously appeared in any edition of the poet. The shortest and best of these was discovered by the late Mr. Dyce in a MS. volume of poems of the time of Charles I., and communicated by him to the then juvenile *Notes and Queries*. So we are told by Mr. Hazlitt, who however leaves us to learn for ourselves that another correspondent pointed out that the piece had been in print for more than a hundred years, and that he did not consider that it was "good enough for Suckling." We give the first verse, in order that our readers may judge for themselves:—

> I am confirm'd a woman can
> Love this, or that, or any other man;
> This day she's melting hot,
> To-morrow swears she knows you not;
> If she but a new object find,
> Then straight she's of another mind.
> Then hang me, ladies, at your door,
> If e'er I doat upon you more.

Whatever advantage Mr. Hazlitt's edition may claim over the other as far as the completeness of its text is concerned, there can be no question about its inferiority in the matter of the portrait of the author. The Rev. Alfred Suckling gave us a really fine engraving from a noble and most characteristic head by Vandyck, while Messrs. Kerslake can find nothing better than an old copperplate, which at once led us to exclaim with the irritated Frenchman in the Seven Dials, "Begar, there's Monsieur Tonson come again."

ELSIE.*

THIS is, we have little doubt, the first story of a young lady writer. That it is her first story we infer from a certain freshness that there is about it, and from an absence of those literary tricks into which the regular novelist so soon falls. It is moreover a short story, as stories go, and in one volume. Now, as a general rule, the more an author writes, and the less in consequence he has to say, the longer do his books become. His art teaches him not only to hide, but, if we may so say, to diffuse his emptiness. That the writer of *Elsie* is young we infer partly from the shallowness of the reflections in which she delights. Writers even of an advanced age are often, however, equally fond of moralizing and are equally shallow. There is one passage nevertheless which convicts her in the clearest manner and to the fullest extent of the unpardonable crime of youth. "Elsie," we read, "was the child of Elliot's old age; he had married when considerably above forty." "A. C. M.," for so our youthful author calls herself, could not complain if we were to stop here in the notice of her book, and give the rest of the space at our disposal to a dissertation on the period when old age begins. We might go to nature and argue that as all animals live, or ought to live, five times as long as the time which it takes them to arrive at perfection, and as man arrives at perfection at twenty-five ("A. C. M." and the rest of the ladies may arrive there for all we care at eighteen or thereabouts), so he ought to live to one hundred and twenty-five years, and therefore can scarcely be at the threshold of old age till he is considerably above eighty. Or we might consider the climacterics, and show that nine times seven are sixty-three and not "considerably above forty." Or, again, we might go to the ancients and show that in Sparta no one was admitted into the Council of the Elders till he was sixty, while at Rome Cicero very properly described himself as a youth at the time of his consulship when he was in his forty-fourth year. We will, however, spare "A. C. M." the vast array of learning which, like the legions of which Pompey spoke, would start up at our bidding, and will be content with leaving to time the cure of that simplicity which places old age between forty and fifty.

Elsie then, we may take it for granted, is, as we have said, the first story of a young—a very young—writer. Perhaps because it is a first story, perhaps because the writer is so young, we have found it on the whole pleasant reading. There are plenty of faults in it, and to these we shall before long come. But these faults are more than balanced by the general interest of the story, and by the merits of one or two of the characters. There is nothing, to be sure, very original either in plot or character, though the device by which the heroine is tricked into a pretended marriage has some originality about it. The author, while she wished to keep her heroine at all events as innocent as Clarissa, with good taste and proper delicacy did not care to paint a villain as black as Lovelace. The story therefore, though the whole plot turns on a runaway marriage which in the end turns out to be no marriage at all, is nevertheless altogether free from those scenes and that sort of writing which too often disgrace the pages of the female novelists of the present day. *Elsie* is rightly called a Lowland Sketch. In fact, only so far as it is a sketch of the peasant life of the Lowlands of Scotland is it interesting. When the story passes into England it begins at once to flag. The author, we have little doubt, is painting scenes and drawing characters with which she has been familiar all her life—all her short life, we should say. Nowhere is she more effective than when she is writing in the Scotch dialect. For all the purposes of the simple pathos of homely honest people where indeed can another such dialect be found? Elsie's father, John Elliot, though certainly no very original character, for Scott introduced him to the English world in Davie Deans of the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, has nevertheless an interest of his own. The tenderness that so often underlies the hardness of the rigid Calvinist, with his hateful doctrine of predestination, can, if properly handled, be made highly striking and touching by the very contrasts that are presented. With such a creed as that there are sure to be Holy Willies enough, but, while Burns exposed the hard hypocrite, it is fortunate that Scott, and others who, like "A. C. M.," have followed in his steps, should give us the scarcely less hard saint—scarcely less hard, that is to say, till he has proved the uses of adversity and learnt gentleness by suffering. Elliot in his "old age" had married "a light-hearted girl of twenty, bred up in an English home. Though she was proud that her husband was an elder, the kirk wearied her, and the dimly understood doctrine seemed hard and cold. The neighbours held strong prejudices against her as English, and especially as southern English." Passionately fond though he was of his wife, yet "he habitually restrained himself from any expression of tenderness, and considered the talk of the neighbours and the worries it caused in his home, as thorns sent in the flesh for his punishment or warning." A daughter was born to them, the only child they had, for was not Elliot in his old age and considerably above forty?—

> The child was called Elspeth. Mrs. Elliot pleaded hard that it should be named Mary, after her mother and herself, but traditions were too strong for her.
>
> "Ca' the eldest born aifter yer sen, Mary!" said Jean Affleck, the blacksmith's wife. "Na, na; that winna do! Do ye no ken ye maun aye ca' the eldest born aifter yer gudeman's mither gin it's a lassie, an' aifter his feyther gin it's a laddie? *Then* ye may ca' aifter yer ain feyther and mither, and gin ye hae mair, ye may ca' aifter yer man and yer sen."
>
> Mary sighed and yielded, but on her lips the name was soon changed into the pretty form of Elsie, and as Elsie the child was known to all.

There is a pretty scene where Elliot decides that the time had come when Elsie should go to school, and when her golden locks, in which her mother so much delighted, should be cut off:—"No, no, John; I cannot cut it! Look at they bonnie locks. Ye have taken the child from me and sent her to the school—I will not have her hair cut." "Ye'll hae the child puffit up wi' vanity and pride gin ye talk o' her hair being bonnie," said he sternly. "Do ye no think the warl, the flesh, an' the deevil are strang eneuch that ye talk like that afore the bairn? Ye maun cut it afore she gangs to schule the morn." Mary hereupon, we are told, shivered. Modern parents, and in fact people out of novels, do not shiver on such occasions. Elsie too, when she was a woman, took to shivering, once when she heard her lover sing some wild music, and once again on the morning when she ran away. In the latter case, it is true that she felt a wind that was "like the first breath of autumn." But her shivering had nothing to do with the height of the thermometer, but with the misfortunes which were coming upon her. She shivered, not as a woman, but as a heroine. To return, however, to the story. When she was a girl of thirteen, she was introduced to the hero, Herbert Yates, a young Englishman of fortune, in as

* *Elsie: a Lowland Sketch.* By A. C. M. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

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regular and proper a way as an heroic introduction can be made. He broke his ankle-bone, and she ran to fetch the doctor. He was nursed at her father's house, and when on his recovery he left it, he was for the next six years, in which he was absent from the village, her ideal of all that a hero should be. In describing his going away, the author introduces one of her descriptions of nature which, though rather commonplace, are yet pretty enough, and as she too commonly does, at once spoils it by a piece of moralizing:—

> How quickly the ripples die on pool or river, no matter what the disturbing cause may have been! The old shadows and reflections settle back, the sunbeams play as before, lighting the gravelly shallows with the same golden smile; the school of startled minnows returns, darting about with silvery flashes; if you keep still enough, even the frightened water hen will steal silently back to her nest, and all seems the same as it was; but it is only seeming—outward only. Depend on it, there is change, if it be only that the pool holds something more in its heart than ever before, or that a thrill has passed through its drops, and they have risen and fallen, some one or two, perhaps, reaching a higher point than they had yet dreamt of, and then
>
> "The countless worlds, with time and place
> For their conditions, down to the central base,
> Thrill, haply, in vibration and rebound."

Now, the description of the pool into which something is thrown is pretty in its way. But why does "A. C. M." go on to add the solemn nonsense? No doubt, if into a pool or a river you kick an old tin kettle or an empty pomatum-pot, there is a change, if it only be that the pool holds an old tin kettle or an empty pomatum-pot more in its heart than ever before. Perhaps a thrill may have passed through its drops; for if, as the unknown poet tells us, the countless worlds thrill in vibration and rebound, we do not know why the drops of water that form a part of one of the countless worlds should not thrill also. Nevertheless, if they have thrilled, and if they have reached a higher point than they had yet dreamt of, assuming of course that drops of water do dream, we cannot but regret that the heart of the pool, the thrill, and the countless worlds had not been all left for some sillier book. When the lively Miss Monckton insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic, Johnson bluntly denied it. "I am sure," said she, "they have affected me." "Why," said Johnson, smiling and rolling himself about, "that is because, dearest, you are a dunce." "I am sure," we can imagine "A. C. M." would say, "that, though I cannot exactly say what I mean by what I have written, yet when I wrote it it affected me." Might we go on to reply, "Why that is because, my dear but very youthful writer, you are a dunce"? Later on in the story, when Elsie's mother after twenty-two years of married life is called back to England to a dying sister, there is a pretty piece of pathos again spoilt by the most impertinent of all things, an application. The stern husband had, as we have said, shown but little feeling, though he had really much, more indeed than he himself knew, till his wife came to leave him for a while. But we must venture on another quotation, partly to show how simply "A. C. M." can write, and partly to show how she can spoil her simplicity:—

> When Elsie brought the big Bible, used at the "exercises," and laid it before him, he gave a kind of low groan, as he looked at the empty chair opposite him, and when they knelt he prayed with fervour, "for her who is awa', awa' from us, O Lord, in a land where mony dwell in blinded ignorance, that she may be keepit in Thy hand, and that Thou mayst hae her alway in remembrance;" then, after a pause, "an' gin it be Thy good pleasure to restore her till us, that we may be mair till ane anither."
>
> Was this man learning in his wife's absence what her presence might have been? Alas! only too often we learn thus to know our blessings—too often when all hope of our ever again possessing them is gone for ever.

We would put it to our author—did she in the days of her childhood, as she read *Æsop's Fables*, ever read the Applications? We believe that only two children were ever known to have voluntarily read an Application, and one of these when he grew up came to write *Proverbial Philosophy*, and the other *The Recreations of a Country Parson*. Let her take warning by their sad fate, and take care that, as she has a knack of painting a pretty sketch, she does not spoil it by writing underneath it what it means.

We shall not spoil the interest of her story by giving any more of the plot, but shall go on, as we have quoted enough to show what her merits are, to give one or two more instances of her faults. We doubt whether she will ever rise above painting a sketch. If, however, she will be content to leave mental analysis, as it is called, and moralizings on one side, long before she has reached old age, even while she is considerably below forty, she may paint a very pretty sketch indeed. She has kept, on the whole, remarkably free from the current nonsense of the day. But why does she write of "delicate, ineffable blue," and of "a strong, quivering sigh"? Why does she tell us of the tendencies of an atom which are decided for it for ever by the determining impress which it at first received? How could she say of a simple Scotch lass, who knew little out of her Bible and the Shorter Catechism, and had never read a novel in her life, that when her eyes met the hero's "it seemed to her that those two looks focussed the thoughts and feelings of the whole day"? What does she mean by "the deeper sense which underlies all words we use, and which frequently seems like an ineffaceable hall-mark, stamped upon them at their earliest origin"? What is the deeper sense, we should like to know, which underlies a pot of porter? And why did she allow herself to be misled by Miss Brontë's bad example, and follow her in all her superstitious nonsense about changes in the weather and the fortunes of heroines? Has Mr. Glaisher all this while been weekly determining the average state of the weather for the last fifty years, and are we still to have "weird clouds with pale mysterious green gaps," and "air that without being cold chills" a man who is on the eve of committing an act of villany? So important a part does the atmosphere hold in the story that on the eve of the elopement we have a full description given of it as it appeared not only to the heroine but also to the hero, while the sunrise on the morrow receives scarcely less attention. And why, lastly, if she is so silly as to think that "few people can sleep soundly if watched either by eyes that look love or hate," does she not keep her silliness to herself? We must not, however, let ourselves be accused of the sourness that comes from old age by parting with her with an unfriendly word. She has written a story which, with all its faults, and some of them are "thumpers," is yet prettily conceived and prettily told.

HANS STADE'S CAPTIVITY.*

THERE is sufficient interest in Hans Stade's simple tale of his eight years' captivity among the savages of Brasil to justify its admission by the Council of the Hakluyt Society into the list of their publications. Artless and even rude in style, it is characteristic both of the writer and of his race and time. It is one of the very few records written by eye-witnesses of the original explorations of the sixteenth century which have come down to us, and it throws authentic and important light upon many points in the early history of the land of the writer's captivity. Though now for the first time appearing in an English dress, the narrative is by no means new, having been used by Southey in the Latin translation of De Bry's series of voyages. It was printed for the first time in the original German at Marburg in 1557. Copies of this edition are exceedingly rare, as are also those of another impression issued in the same year at Frankfort, of which the Granville Library possesses a good copy. A Flemish version was published at Antwerp in 1558, followed by several Dutch translations from 1630 to 1727. The Latin translation in the collection of De Bry (in folio at Frankfort, 1592) was by a fellow-townsman of John De Bry, under the name of Teucrius Annæus. The list of editions of Stade's work, compiled by Mr. Clements Markham, ends with the French translation in the collection of voyages by M. Ternaux Compans (Paris, 1839), and the latest German edition issued at Stuttgart in 1859. In a prefatory letter to the Landgrave of Hesse, dated St. Thomas's Day, 1556, Dr. Johannes Dryander, otherwise Zychman, Ordinary Professor of Medicine at Marburg, vouches for the integrity and piety of Hans Stade, whose father he has known for fifty years, and states that he has himself revised the book, and corrected it by the aid of his own study of cosmography and the like matters, which then came under the comprehensive name of the mathematics. He adds that his belief in Stade's honesty is confirmed by his speaking of his fellow-captive Heliodorus, son of the learned Eoban of Hesse, who had long been reported dead, but who might now be expected to return and to confute anything false or lying in Stade's narrative. Of Elias Eoban, who was born in A.D. 1488, and died in 1540, the writer of some Latin poems much talked of in his day, but long forgotten, Southey gives some account. The son of this Heliodorus, Theodoro Ebano Pereira, has been traced by Captain Burton as the founder of Iguápe, São Paulo, in 1554, as well as of Corityghe, the modern Curitiba, capital of the province of Paraná. Not for the sake of glory or pelf, writes Dr. Zychman, has Hans Stade put the record of his two voyages in print, but that it may be known among godless men that the true God still exists, that He hears the prayers of such as are faithful, and that in preserving His servant He has shown signs and wonders through Hans Stade among the heathen savages. The simplicity and straightforwardness of the quaint old sailor are shown on every page of the work, which fully bears out Southey's commendation of it; all subsequent accounts of the Tupi races of Brazil repeat, rather than add to, what Stade had originally set down.

Captain Burton, with characteristic tenacity, adheres to his crotchet of writing "the" Brazil, for which he has always thought it sufficient to plead that the natives, who ought to know best what their country should be called, always speak of it as "o Brasil." We are not aware whether he so far defers to the knowledge of their own country with which the French may be no less fairly credited as to speak habitually of "the France." He may indeed to some extent justify himself by the authority of those who talk of "the Mauritius," although, as far as we are aware, these are not usually natives of the island, the name of which was Latinized from that of Count Maurice of Nassau. It was only through a laxity of speaking or a vague conception of the vastness and multiplicity of the provinces that people used to talk of "the Brazils," as they also talked, or talk, of "the Indies." Finding himself, among his manifold wanderings east and west, in a kind of official exile as consul for the port of Santos, in the province of Brazil, Captain Burton found scope for the restless energy of his nature in explorations of the seaboard, on the track of the wild tribes who of old peopled the mainland and islands adjoining, but of whom little trace remains to the present day beyond the kitchen middens. These are called by the natives Sambaqué, and by the Portuguese "Ostrerias," and are made up of thousands of cubic feet

* *The Captivity of Hans Stade of Hesse, in A.D. 1547—1555, among the Wild Tribes of Eastern Brazil.* Translated by Albert Tootal, Esq., of Rio de Janeiro, and Annotated by Richard F. Burton. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1874.

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of shells, chiefly of Venus (berbigões), oyster and mussel, which now supply those regions with lime, and will in consequence ere long be exhausted. Of the wild tribes themselves not a living representative survives, though, like the Guanches of Teneriffe, they have left traces of their red blood in the physique and temperament of the mixed breeds who hold the soil from which their rude wigwams have long disappeared. Passing again and again through the Rio Bertioga, the picturesque Euripus between the once populous and still luxuriant island and the mainland, our author landed not unfrequently at the ruin opposite the Forte da Bertioga. The stone heap here marks the site of the old Portuguese fort where Hans Stade served as gunner, and whence he was carried off captive by the cannibal savages, going through the adventures he has so graphically recorded. At Captain Burton's strong recommendation the translation of Hans Stade was undertaken by Mr. Albert Tootal, who has endeavoured to preserve the plain and artless style of the unlettered gunner. This was done, we learn, nearly six years ago, but Captain Burton's transference to Damascus and preoccupation with other duties and studies has hitherto prevented him from supplementing his friend's translation with the necessary introduction and explanatory notes.

The headlong swing and robust vigour of Captain Burton's literary style are well known, and it is unnecessary to spend time in what he would call captious or squeamish exceptions to sentiments or phrases of superfluous strength. Nor can we ever hope to find him weak enough to feel abashed at the exposure of blunders in spelling such as "sphynx," or bits of sheer carelessness like making "fifteen statute miles = 10 geographical miles." For occasional trips like these he makes up perhaps by the general vigour and picturesqueness of his mode of writing. His sketches of tropical scenery and savage life are full of warmth and glow, and his sympathy with the great explorers and wild buccaneers of old times gives life to all he has to say of the present aspect of their haunts. He makes us realize in all its light and beauty the Bertioga or Rio Grande, the scene of Hans Stade's captivity, a broad sea-arm, nowhere deep, narrow at the mouth, and calling for heedfulness in the mariner, "its northern jaw" being foul with hidden rocks. On the right hand the bearded hills and knolls of Santo Amaro slope gradually to the water brink; the island, once populous and cultivated, still preserving ruins of Engenhos or sugar-houses, now a mass of wild and luxuriant second growth. The burning sun alternating with flooding rains and the plague of Sauba (the correct Tupi term for which he tells us was Yçayba, which we should write Isayba) more than compensate for all the natural fertility of the soil, and go far to forbid agriculture, albeit Fray Gaspar da Madre de Dios, the monographer of his native provinces, attributes to the indolence of his countrymen that large Fazendas (plantations) had been overgrown with bush. On the left hand is the Morro de Cabrão, crowned with the grand and endlessly varied Brazilian forest, dwarfing the noblest of European timber. Art here is wholly absent. Half way through the passage comes a lime manufactory fallen into neglect. Not much life is met with anywhere near, but many proprietors from Santos have boxes up the Bertioga for fishing and for shooting deer and tapir, now rare in the neighbourhood of civilization. Altogether, the scenery must present much the same aspect as it had in the eyes of the first European visitor, who, when Fr. Gaspar wrote, was believed to have been Martim Affonso de Souza. It now appears from the log-book of his brother, Pero Lopes de Souza, that the squadron did not touch hereabouts till January 22, 1532; whereas Varnhagen has shown that Cape S. Agostinho is mentioned in A.D. 1504, that S. Vicente is on the map of J. Ruysch, dated 1508, and S. Thomé and Angra dos Reis are spoken of by Navarrete in 1519. The earliest nomenclature of the coast may confidently be attributed to Gonçalo Coelho, in 1501, with whom went as pilot and cosmographer Amerigo Vespucci. This was not however the date of the earliest sight of the land by Europeans. The first formal discovery of Brazil may with confidence be assigned to Alonzo de Ojeda, who, with Vespucci on board, touched about the end of June 1499 at the Cape afterwards called after S. Augustine. The second commander to touch there was Pinzon, January 28th or 26th, 1500, who believed he had struck India. It was not till three months later that Pedro Alonso Cabral followed, to whom the Brazilian historians unfairly give all the glory. Bertioga, according to Fray Gaspar, is a corruption of *Buriqui oca*, "the house of Buriqui," a kind of red monkey formerly abundant here. The name was applied at first to the hill behind the settlement, on the northern point of the Serra de Santo Amaro, but generally it extended to the district around, and to the whole sea-arm. Vasconcellos calls it Biritioga, and the author of the *Noticia do Brazil* Britioga. Here were established two forts, one by Martim Affonso, named after S. Felippe, the other named Santiago. Hans Stade speaks in general of the Fort of Santo Amaro. Captain Burton found the building and outworks modernized, yet the old plan traceable. Half-a-dozen rusty carronades lie about, the door of the battery is off its hinges, and a canoe occupies the guard-room. The honours of the fort and village were done by the C. O., Manuel dos Santos, who commands a garrison of four men, keeps a little store of groceries and rum, and passes his time mainly in making nets of Tucum fibre (*Astrocaryum tucum*), complaining that business is not brisk. Opposite this fortaleza is one of the *incunabula* of the Luso-Brazilian Empire, the site of the old tower of earth and mud built in 1532 by Martim Affonso, and rebuilt in 1552 by Thomé de Souza, the island being wisely preferred for purposes of security to the mainland. When Martin landed and threw up his tower in three days, and mounted his guns, he was surprised to find a white man walk up to parley in advance of three hundred native braves, under their great warrior chief Tebyreça. This was João Ramalho, a Portuguese refugee, who had married the chief's daughter. The best of terms were forthwith established, Tebyreça prefixing to his name Martim Affonso, in sign of baptism and of love for his white friend. He is not to be confounded, Captain Burton warns his readers, with another Indian of great note, Martim Affonso de Souza, *alias* Ararigboia, who beat the French invaders in 1568.

The subsequent fortunes of the settlement are succinctly traced by Captain Burton, who guides the reader over the hundred miles or so of coast between Santos and Ubatúba, or, as old writers have it, Ubatyba, from the quantity of tall cane ("Ubá," or "Vubá," *Arundo Sagittaria*, and "tyba," place of growth and abundance). In the three centuries and more which have elapsed since Hans Stade wrote, the "Indian" population of Brazil, which at its first visitation by Europeans was estimated at a million of Redskins, has dwindled, according to the census of 1872, to a quarter of that number, the slave population of negro blood being numbered at 1,683,864, and the free white at 8,162,114. Upon the scene of Stade's narrative, however, the true Indian is now utterly extinct. Appended to the tale of his captivity is a "veritable and short account" of the manners and customs of the Tuppin Imbas, whose prisoner he was, which in the eyes of an anthropologist is unrivalled for its time in fulness and accuracy. The use of "Ituque," or stone knives, which are still found in abundance thereabouts, and are even now in use in more inland regions; the worship by means of Maracka, or rattles; the ingenious structure of their huts; the placing round their dwellings, not only of hedges like the fortified "craals" of central and southern Africa, but of sharp thorns by way of caltraps, such as Captain Burton met with among the Mpongwe of the Gaboon; their skill with the bow, commanding, it is stated, a range of four hundred feet, shooting fish as well as birds or monkeys; their use of the fire-drill; and their never leaving their tents without light, for fear of the Devil, whom they call Ingange, and whom they often see—these, with less singular characteristics, are set down by Hans Stade with a minuteness and an air of truth which bespeak an amazing keenness of observation and retentiveness of memory. It is especially upon the cannibalism of the Tupis that he dilates. At many a feast he had perforce to assist, though he escaped from partaking the "Mokaen," as the roasted flesh of Christians was called. The modern Brazilians, Captain Burton tells us, have adopted the form "Moquem" from the Tupi "Mocaen." "Barbacon" was the Guayenia word; whence our "Barbecue." He had himself far more horror of being eaten than of being killed. It was not, he says, from hunger that the natives ate their captives, but from enmity. While fighting, one calls out to the other, "Dete Immeraya, Schermiuramme, heiwoe"; "May every misfortune come upon thee, my meat!" "De Kanga Yuca eypota kurine"; or, "This day I will yet break your head!" "Sche Innamme pepicke Reseagu"; or, "To revenge my friend's death on thee, am I here!" "Yande soo, sche mocken Sera, Quora Ossorime Rire, etc."; or, "Thy flesh shall this day, before the sun sets, be my roast!" The use of the tonsure, which they trace to a certain mysterious Meire Humane, one of their forefathers, opens the vexed question of the possible visitation of the continent by earlier Europeans, not to speak of the legendary mission of St. Thomas, upon which point Captain Burton's notes deserve to be read with attention. His editorial care is throughout of service in bringing together the scattered passages of early lore and curious observation with which this quaint and simple narrative abounds.

UNTRODDEN SPAIN.*

BOOKS on Spain grow for the most part duller and duller as the well-worn theme is more thoroughly exhausted; but this one is so good that we wish it had been somewhat better. The matter is unexceptionable, but the manner would bear amending in the author's interest. Occasionally he is needlessly redundant on some subject that happens to have a special fascination for him; not unfrequently he repeats himself at intervals, and very often in almost identical words; he sometimes indulges freely in digressions which, although often excellent in themselves, have but slight bearing on the context. The consequence is that we have a couple of large and closely printed volumes whose appearance is rather calculated to frighten us from falling in love with them at first sight. So much we are bound to say in way of fault-finding, but even for these defects we can suggest ample excuses for the author. At present he appears to be the acting chaplain to mines in a remote district of the Peninsula, and probably he had but indifferent opportunities either for fastidious literary labour or for revising his rough work in the proofs; while, on the other hand, it is doubtless to that out-of-the-way life of his that we are indebted for the fresh originality of his volumes. Having thus discharged our mind in respect of unfavourable comments, we can give ourselves up to praising him with a clear conscience. In the first place, his title of *Untrodden Spain* is no misnomer. He leads us into scenes and among classes of Spaniards where few English writers have preceded him.

* *Untrodden Spain, and her Black Country.* By Hugh James Rose, M.A. of Oriel College, Oxford, Chaplain to the Mining Companies of Linares, and late Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces at Dover. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1875.

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George Borrow mixed freely with the people, travelled everywhere, was deterred by neither dangers nor hardships, and his vivid descriptions are unique and not to be surpassed. But Borrow travelled and wrote with a dominating purpose, and consequently his general descriptions are rather cursory and incidental. Mr. Rose, on the contrary, has devoted himself to very comprehensive observation, merely avoiding as much as possible the great highways and the favourite centres of travel. He has a quick and many-sided mind, and is amazingly versatile in his tastes. By profession he is a clergyman, and, like Borrow, is deeply interested in religious questions. He has been a military chaplain, and understands something of soldiering. He has lived an active life, and is fond of field sports; he admires scenery; he has travelled, and has seen much elsewhere to furnish him with matter for comparisons; although he makes no great pretensions to science, he knows something of natural history and botany. As mining chaplain he has become strong in the practice of metallurgy, and Spain of course is marvellously rich in minerals. Above all, he is very much a man of the world; his studies of mankind have been fairly promiscuous, and, although sincerely religious, he is no rigid precisian to be shocked with the everyday world as he finds it. In short, while he knows his own place and keeps it, he has a happy knack of making friends everywhere. Now he is poking about the fish markets at Cadiz, having stumbled on an old acquaintance among the fishermen, who insists on offering him humble but hearty hospitality. Now he is discussing herbs and simples with a market-gardener, inspecting rude water-wheels and primitive systems of irrigation. Now he has won the hearts of the superintendents of some charitable institution, who are delighted to show him over the wards, and confide to him the most minute details of their management, in spite of the difference of jarring creeds. And, again, he is away for a shooting expedition in the mountains and *despoblados*, with a party knocked up from among the priests, innkeepers, and farmers to whom he has been favoured with letters of introduction. Or, under the guidance of his barber, he goes out for a day among the partridges with decoy birds, and is learning novel experiences with much suffering and disappointment, as he lies under a broiling sun in a stifling ambuscade of interwoven branches. It will be seen how wide and varied is the range of subjects that are treated in his book; and we can safely assert that the man who is most familiar with Spain may pick up much information from Mr. Rose. And the reading is the very reverse of dull, notwithstanding what we felt bound to say at the outset about redundancy and gratuitous digression. For the author's tone is thoroughly fresh and animated; his information is often original, and always conveyed with spirit; while he has a ready memory for good stories, and a happy knack of adapting them in the way of illustration.

Owing to his occupation as a mining chaplain "in the interior," as he expresses it, Mr. Rose's experiences have lain chiefly among the lower classes, and it is precisely these classes that the tourist sees the least of. In his opinion, the leading characteristic of Spanish character is its "passionateness." It is a word and a blow with the typical native, only the blow often precedes the word. There is no country where the maxim of the soft answer that turns away wrath is likely to do better service, and a prudent foreigner who desires to prolong his days had better cultivate the art of temporizing—a point which Mr. Rose illustrates by one of his stories. A friend of his, when out riding, came on a couple of infuriated men rushing on each other with uplifted knives. Foolishly, from the selfish point of view, he galloped forward to throw himself between them. In the sharp interchange of words that ensued, one of the men "let fall the fact that they were brothers." Instantly the mediator made a forcible and touching appeal to them on that ground. Whereupon one of the brawlers impulsively thrust his knife back into the sheath, suffered the stranger to take his arm to conduct him home, and took leave of him with the grateful words, "You are my friend. Thanks to God, I lie down to-night with hands not wet with my brother's blood." For, rude, passionate, and utterly illiterate as they are, the Spanish "roughs" have a certain generosity of impulse, and some instinctive nobility of expression. The Spaniard's courage, in Mr. Rose's opinion, is paradoxical. He will show plenty of it when he knows himself to be the object of attention, as in feats of daring horsemanship or in the combats of the bull-ring. He will stand up in the Venta for a desperate fight with knives with a group of excited onlookers gathered around him; and Mr. Rose does him the justice to say that he seldom uses his knife for the purposes of cowardly assassination. But as a soldier he is not to be implicitly relied upon, and this Mr. Rose attributes to the semi-barbarism of the people, which prevents them from acting in concert and developing the virtue of mutual reliance. He has other qualities, however, which fit him for serving in the ranks of an army where pay is always miserable and very generally in arrear. He is undoubtedly patient and contented, which is just as well for him, considering that, under the most favourable conditions, he has only the equivalent of our penny for his pocket-money. He is no drunkard as a rule, though he enjoys his *copa* of strong liquor. But, whatever he may earn, he never lays by, and Spain is not the country of savings banks. Improvidence is bred in his bone, and he is invariably an inveterate gambler. The common people stake their *pesetas* in the State lotteries. Cards are perpetually leading to brawls in the drinking shops. The men cannot even join in games of strength, such as pitching the heavy iron bar, without having their bets on each separate toss. The consequence is that there will always be ample scope for the charity of the well-to-do. A man as he grows old will restrict his wants to his diminished earnings, but when he can work no longer he throws himself on society, betaking himself to professional mendicancy. And, partly perhaps from fellow-feeling, partly by way of investing his surplus capital in good works, Spaniards in easy circumstances are strangely tolerant of these social pests. Every one who has even passed through the country must have been pestered by sturdy beggars crowding into the fashionable cafés, and Mr. Rose relates that he has seen smart shopkeepers, always busy in money-getting, break off from serving their customers to bestow a trifle on some hideous object at their doors. Yet there is a great deal of benevolence in Spain of a very different order from such ill-regulated and indiscriminate almsgiving. Mr. Rose's volumes throw a novel light on the variety of admirable public institutions of all kinds, conducted on principles at once careful and liberal, supported almost entirely by voluntary contributions, and directed by people who throw their hearts into the work.

We have said enough perhaps to explain the meaning of the designation of the "Untrodden Spain" into which Mr. Rose invites us to accompany him, although we have merely indicated the direction of his various wanderings in it. The "Black Country" is simply the Spanish mining districts, and in these, so far as the South of the country is concerned, Mr. Rose is as thoroughly at home as long residence can make him. The Spanish miner is much like the rest of his class all the world over. An exceedingly rough specimen of the rudest of his fellow-countrymen, possessing not a few of their most sterling qualities, he exaggerates their many faults, and has some special vices of his own into the bargain. He is given to drinking. He has a great deal of ferocity with much superstition. He is coarse and obscene in his language, and very loose in his life. Having more money at his disposal than labourers less severely worked, although the pay is scanty enough for the toil he has to undergo, he can afford himself many more indulgences. And it must be owned that the life he is forced to lead is enough to demoralize him. He spends most of his time beneath the ground in mines badly managed and wretchedly ventilated. He knows that he may think himself lucky if he lives till he is five-and-thirty; while the chances are that he may come to a violent end before he attains the average age of the miner. Mr. Rose gives a graphic description of a descent into one of the better mines, which is worked by an English Company. Probably the shafts had been commenced by the Phenicians or Romans, but the modern mining Associations have driven them four times as deep. "In the lower galleries the miner has to work up to his ankles in mud and water, although the pumps are for ever at work night and day. In places we had to crawl through dismal passages about two feet high by two broad." Yet, with all the ferocity and *Españolismo* of these reckless Spanish roughs, it is instructive to hear how the resolute and equally rugged Cornish superintendents hold their own with them. One of these men mentioned to Mr. Rose in course of conversation how a Spaniard who had been discharged came upon him when unarmed, evidently determined to deal him a deadly blow. "The North countryman folded his arms and stood like a rock. The Spaniard, seeing his right hand near his breast, and surprised by his coolness, said, 'Ah, you have a revolver!' 'Well, then,' said the North countryman, eagerly seizing the suggestion, 'I am the best man.' 'And,' added he, telling me the story, 'I reckon I did not tell any lie either.'" We have necessarily been gleaning much at random, and indeed the book is so much of a medley that we feel we are only doing it injustice in attempting to give an idea of it by selections. We can only recommend our readers to get it and search for themselves. Those who are most intimately acquainted with Spain will best appreciate its varied excellences.

COOKE'S FUNGI.*

ALTHOUGH it is no slight guarantee for the sterling nature of this volume of the International Scientific Series that it has had the supervision of Mr. Berkeley, yet substantially the whole of the work is due to the labours of the author of *A Plain and Easy Account of British Fungi*, and of the able and exhaustive *Handbook of British Fungi*. It is indeed qualified to take its place between the two, as being more scientific and better adapted for the use of students than the former, while it forms a lucid and sufficient introduction to the latter. Many readers naturally content themselves with the popular and rudimentary knowledge conveyed in the first-named volume, or in Mr. Worthington Smith's *Mushrooms and Toadstools*; but to those who wish to get up the subject with a view to the discrimination of species and the thorough understanding of the curious problems of mycological science, it is essential that they should acquire, step by step, a knowledge of the structure, classification, spore-dissemination, germination and growth, sexual reproduction, and polymorphism of the fungoid section of the vegetable kingdom, no less than of the nature, uses, habitats, and cultivation of fungi. The latter half of the task is that which can most easily be made attractive and interesting to the uninitiated reader, but the former half, which is elaborately detailed in several chapters in the volume before us, concerns more the *bonâ fide* learner, and is excellently adapted to qualify him for a scientific insight into the subject, whether he is brought

* *Fungi; their Nature, Influence, and Uses.* By M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D. Edited by the Rev. M. I. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

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face to face with it in books, or studies it in field-excursions. Probably to such learners the scientific nomenclature which sometimes makes one doubt whether one is not reading a foreign language will grow more and more natural, page after page; and it is obvious that its use as an "international" medium of communicating the knowledge of mycology must be very great.

Leaving such a reader, for the most part, to the guidance which he will find in the more scientific chapters, let us see what there is in the present volume calculated to attract new recruits to a science deserving of more favour than it has won hitherto. Dr. Cooke will be found to make good the assertion that fungi are veritable plants, if of a low organization, by the establishment of legitimate species and forms, in the agarics for example, which are as permanent and distinct as in the flowering plants. An analogy to the higher plants is observable in the more or less developed vegetative and reproductive system of fungi, on the measure of which development depends their perfectness and completeness:—

> In some it is simple; in others very complex. In many of the moulds we have miniature representatives of higher plants in the mycelium, or roots, stem, and branches, and at length capsules bearing sporidia which correspond to seeds. It is true that leaves are absent, but these are sometimes compensated by lateral processes of abortive branchlets. A tuft of mould is in miniature a forest of trees.

In cases where fructification is absent and the vegetative system alone produced, the approximation to algæ becomes very close, and from algæ Dr. Cooke is led to the question of the affinity of lichens and fungi, as to which, having passed in review the various theories upon this yet unsettled point, he maintains that there is a material difference without denying a close alliance. The firmness and elasticity of the tissues, and the general character of the fruit of lichens, are his reasons for this conclusion, which he clinches by the observation that, though many lichens at first sight resemble the Hysteriacei on twigs, wood, stems, and leaves, yet lichenologists and mycologists are always able to distinguish their own.

Before passing from the nature of fungi to their uses, we have only to say that the chapters on their structure and classification appear to embrace all that the student can require; and that the arrangement adopted as to classes is that of Fries, as modified to meet Mr. Berkeley's more recent microscopic researches in the *Introduction to Cryptogamic Botany*, and adopted in Lindley's *Vegetable Kingdom*. On the uses of fungi we have the more excuse for dwelling, because Great Britain, wisely or unwisely, lags behind the rest of the world in the recognition of them, and the sensible moderation of Dr. Cooke is more likely than headlong advocacy to win general confidence. It is surely time for a candid examination of the grounds for our insular prejudice, which exempts only the "common mushroom" (Agaricus campestris); whilst (as Dr. Cooke puts it) "the characters of half-a-dozen good esculent fungi are learned as easily as the distinctions between half-a-dozen birds such as any ploughboy can discriminate." On this subject our author quotes an American authority of weight and character, the late Dr. Curtis, who says

> that hill and plain, mountain, valley, woods, fields, and pastures swarm with a profusion of good nutritious fungi which are allowed to decay where they spring up because people do not know how or are afraid to use them. By those of us who know their use their value was appreciated as never before in the late war, when other food was scarce and dear. Then such persons as I have heard express a preference for mushrooms over meat had no need to lack grateful food, easily had for the gathering, and within easy distance of their homes, if living in the country. Such was not always the case, however. I remember once during the gloomy period when there had been a protracted drought, and fleshy fungi were only to be found in damp shaded woods, and but few even there, that I was unable to find enough of any one species for a meal, so gathering of every kind, I brought home thirteen different kinds, had them all cooked together in one grand *pot-pourri*, and made an excellent supper.

On Dr. Curtis's list are several which are found, but not eaten, in Britain, as *e.g.* Agaricus columbetta, Ag. speciosus, and Ag. squarrosus. There is also Agaricus cæsarius, a splendid orange species, not yet found in England, though considered edible on the Continent, belonging to the same sub-genus as the Fly Agaric, which is highly poisonous. Dr. Curtis bears witness to the profusion of this imperial agaric in the United States, but at the same time regards it as most unpalatable by reason of its strong saline flavour. Another British fungus, resembling the Fly Agaric (A. muscarius) in its wart-studded cap, is wholesome, though not excellent, and is said to make good ketchup—namely, Ag. rubescens. In France it is reputed one of the most delicate mushrooms of the Lorraine. It is, however, difficult to account for taste, or to estimate the edibility of fungi, without taking account of the conditions under which they are eaten; for in p. 211 ("Influences and Effects") we find a French recipe, unendorsed by the author, for rendering poisonous fungi edible, by means of salt, vinegar, and long boiling; and it appears beyond a doubt that the Fly Agaric itself is eaten without ill results in Russia. The same is said of the dangerous and virulent Russula emetica, but Dr. Cooke by no means recommends experimenting on this or Agaricus vernus, or the ill-omened Boletus luridus and Boletus vernus. "The late Mr. Salter," he says, "informed us that, when employed on the Geological Staff, he at one time lived almost entirely on different species of *boleti* without using much discrimination. Sir W. C. Trevelyan informs us that he has eaten *Boletus luridus* without any unpleasant consequences, but we confess we should be sorry to repeat the experiment" (p. 95). Those who knew Mr. Salter would have preferred sitting at his feet in geological matters to accepting his lead in practical questions; and as to Sir Walter Trevelyan's experiences of B. luridus, it is at least safest, as a rule, to avoid fungi which turn to intense or vivid blue when cut or bruised (*cf.* 115). There is a Polyporus, by no means uncommon in England, on the trunks of trees, called from its colour and juice "sulfureus." Our authorities agree in banning it as unfit for food. Dr. Curtis, however, regards it as tolerably safe, although not to be coveted, nor to be eaten by persons with weak stomachs. From the toughness of ordinary samples we should say "decidedly not." Out of the list of fungi, however, at our command there will remain, after excepting all doubtful cases, not a few that are fit for food, especially if eaten fresh, and not in a state of decay which might equally condemn fruit and vegetables. Thus the common mushroom (A. campestris), about which there can be no mistake if its spores are purple, its gills first pink and then purple, and if it is ringed round the stem, and not gathered in the woods, may be supplemented by the larger meadow or horse mushroom, much used even now for ketchup, by the Ag. gambosus, or St. George's Mushroom, a spring fungus in May and June, or by Ag. pratensis for an autumn dainty. Agaricus melleus is not yet accepted in England, though sold in the markets of Vienna. A. procerus, the Parasol Mushroom, is eaten at English fungus feasts with a gusto, and its ketchup is better than that from the common mushroom.

A. prunulus and orcella, neat white agarics, with a mealy odour, the one growing in woods, the other in open glades, and distinct species according to Dr. Bull and Fries, are excellent additions, and there is an ivory white agaric (Dealbatus) which is apt to appear in profusion in old mushroom beds beside the genuine mushroom. We have on other occasions described the Coprinus comatus, Agaricus personatus (the old "Blewits" of Covent Garden Market), the Lactarius deliciosus (with its orange milk, and tendency to turn green when bruised, but none the worse for that), the Fistulina hepatica (beefsteak fungus), Hydnum repandum (with a slight flavour of oysters), and the Boletus edulis (the B. "suillus" at which Martial unreasonably turned up his nose). More might be enumerated which are easy to distinguish, and excellent to eat. The pity is that, as we gather from the interesting chapter on Cultivation, so little success has rewarded the endeavours to enlarge our list of cultivated fungi. Cases of the Lycoperdon giganteum and Ag. dealbatus in garden mushroom-beds seem to have been accidental and not permanent; nor has any great result as yet followed the attempt to raise truffles, morels, or champignons. Still there is no lack, as has been shown, of fungi good for food. In the Neilgherries a subterranean fungus of the genus Mylitta, which passes for pigmies' bread, and is allied to the so-called native bread of Tasmania, is found at an elevation of 5,000 feet; but this and several other curiosities among esculent fungi are too exceptional to demand more than passing notice. Except as food, the uses of fungi, though adjudged by our author to be more extensive and important than those of lichens or even algæ, are soon told. In medicine the *ergot* on rye, wheat, and wild grasses, still holds a place; and Polyporus officinalis, as well as the Giant Puff-ball, are still employed as styptics. The ripe spongy capillitium of the latter is often used as a narcotic and an anodyne. A list of other varieties medicinally used in India and China is given in p. 103; but that they are of dubious virtue may be inferred from the fact that one of them, Torrubia sinensis, developed on dead caterpillars, pays a double debt as a drug and as a stuffing for roast duck. A correspondent of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* (March 14, 1875) encountered it recently in the latter form in Hong Kong. From Polyporus fomentarius are prepared, besides *German tinder*, or *amadou*, caps, chest-preservers, and snuff! Other uses of fungi are for vinegar-making, for fly poison, and for dyeing. Tunbridge ware owes one of its tints to the use of wood stained, while growing, with the diffuse mycelium of its parasite, Helotium æruginosum.

An interesting chapter on the more remarkable phenomena of fungi introduces us to the luminosity or phosphorescence noticeable in certain agarics and polypores, and shows the general opinion to be that this luminosity is not necessarily connected with the fructification of the fungi; as not the hymenium only, but the entire flesh, is found to give out light at times, while an imperfect fungus, quite devoid of fructification, the Rhizomorpha, is proved to be luminous. It is observable that this luminosity, which in the jungles is such that a traveller, it is said, might see to read by it, decreases in intensity as the fungus dries. The fungus-lamps of the jungle, by the way, are matched by the Polyporus annosus of the Cardiff coal-mine timbers, which is so luminous that it can be seen in the dark at twenty yards' distance:—

> In all recorded cases of phosphorescence [writes Dr. Cooke] the light emitted is described as of the same character, varying only in intensity. It answers well the name applied to it, as it seems remarkably similar to that emitted by some living insects, and other animal organisms, as well as to that evolved under favourable conditions by dead animal matter—a pale bluish light, resembling that emitted by phosphorus as seen in a dark room.

The other phenomenon dwelt upon is the change of colour on the bruised or cut surface of certain fungi, an indicator of poisonous species in the *boleti*, though by no means so in the case of the orange-milk Lactarius, of which the juice is oxydized and turns to green on exposure to the air.

The chapter on Polymorphism deals with the facts and theories of recent years as to the different forms assumed by fungi in the course of their development in a wise spirit of caution, and well fulfils the author's object—namely, to illustrate rather than exhaust a subject still under discussion. More generally readable is the chapter on "Influences and Effects," though some of this is anticipated in

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that on the uses of fungi. On the whole it may be said that Dr. Cooke establishes his statement that the "whole question of epidemic diseases being caused by the presence of fungi rests on most incomplete evidence." Dr. Hallier's theory of cholera contagion failed to satisfy the experts sent to test it from this country. Among indubitable hostile influences to plants Dr. Cooke enumerates the dry-rot fungus, which eats into house-timber—indirectly, through saturating its cells with its juice—in the form of "Merulius lacrimans," and into oak-built vessels, in the form of "Polyporus hybridus." He describes too the fungoid pests which we know best as corn-mildew, rust, bunt, and the serious potato disease (Peronospora infestans). The peronosporas are of many species, and do not limit themselves to potatoes, but assail lettuce, spinach, young onions, and field crops of lucerne. But a newer pest is the hollyhock plague (Puccinia malvacearum), which came from South America and was unknown to England before last year. "It is common on wild mallows, and cotton-planters must be on the alert, for there is a probability that other malvaceous plants may suffer." A writer who describes it in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* suggests, as a remedy, to sponge (not syringe) the hollyhocks with a dose of Condy's patent fluid, diluted with water in the proportion of one or two large tablespoons to a quart; this he has found effectually to kill the pest without injury to the foliage. He further suggests that planting the hollyhock too thickly should be avoided, as it thus becomes a readier prey to the pest. The above remarks and extracts will be sufficient to show the character of Mr. Cooke's work, which includes so much other noteworthy matter within less than three hundred pages that we reluctantly pass unnoticed two excellent chapters on the habitats and geographical distribution of fungi.

THIS WORK-A-DAY WORLD.*

"PERHAPS this seems a dull story to tell," says Holme Lee in her quality of biographer of Winny Hesketh's ups and downs as a sometime governess, sometime authoress; and we are sorry to have to confirm her opinion. *This Work-a-Day World* is about the dullest novel it has ever been our lot to read. We have uninteresting events inartistically told; characters without individuality or importance, like supernumeraries on a stage, playing no part, but simply passing across the boards to make a show of numbers; a story that has for plot the thinnest thread of a love affair, with only one chance possible that the Welsh wife would die and leave Leonard Durant and Winny free to marry and be happy according to established usage; repetition of circumstance, as if all the invention and fancy of the author had run dry. There is absolutely nothing in the book save its harmlessness and fragmentary smartness to recommend it to the public. We are sorry to say this. Holme Lee is a deservedly popular author, turning out neat, careful, well-considered work, never strong but for the most part pure, and full of nice feeling and clever little touches. We have the purity, the nice feeling, and the clever little touches here; but the dreary, deadly dulness pervading the whole narrative nullifies any good to be had out of experienced workmanship, and only those omnivorous readers to whom anything in the shape of a novel is acceptable will enjoy *This Work-a-Day World*, or find the perusal of it profitable or pleasant.

There are books the criticism of which seems almost written to one's hand. Either they are so full of laudable matter, the characters are so lifelike, the events flow so naturally from foregone circumstances and are in themselves so interesting, the thought underlying the fiction is so deep, that the reviewer's ordinary allowance of space is insufficient for all that can be said in analysis and commendation, or they are so absurd as to give occasion for any amount of ridicule and laughter. But what can be done with a book, eminently praiseworthy and respectable in its design, which is so dull as this last production of Holme Lee's? There is really nothing to criticize. Between a conscientious desire to deal fairly by the author and a sense of what is due to his own readers, the critic of a book like this is utterly at a loss. Holme Lee is not an author to be passed over in silence, but when Homer nods it is not possible to sing pæans to his sprightly wit, or to praise him for carrying his head upright.

The opening chapters of *This Work-a-Day World* are provokingly full of promise—literary buds never destined to expand, and dying off without opening into flowers or setting into fruit. They are in Holme Lee's best style, quaint, careful, photographic, and give the reader a pleasant foretaste of still better things to come. The narrow respectability of Castle Green, and the heartburnings of the select community gathered there when Widow Hesketh opens the first shop among them; the character of Widow Hesketh herself, honourable, Spartan, business-like, scarcely just in her dealings with her children, inasmuch as she indulges the boy and coerces the girl after the manner of mothers in general, but intending to be both just and kind, if never tender or indulgent; the two children, Dick and Winny, the former idle, specious, selfish, the latter self-willed, high-principled, strong, industrious, and both recalling Tom and Maggie in the *Mill on the Floss* more forcibly than we should have expected from an author experienced in the craft; the details of their pinched home life; the advent of the fine London lady, Aunt Agnes, with her husband and daughter, and the inharmoniousness of her finery with the Castle Green simplicity; the childish sorrow of poor Winny over her scanty frocks and insufficient wardrobe, and her natural feminine longings for dove-coloured silks and pretty ornaments—all these are charming by way of preface; and if the body of the work had carried out these introductory lines, Holme Lee would have achieved a decided success. The first falling off is when Winny becomes a pupil-teacher at Manor School; and we should say that this falling off was due to over-done portraiture. The details are too accurate—that is, they are bald, dry, without pictorial effect or dramatic vitality. We have no real picture of the school, because we have too many unimportant circumstances chronicled at too great length. What does it help us or the story to be told that "Mr. Hollingshed, Mr. Cave, and Mr. Anderson were still Winny's masters"? when Mr. Hollingshed, Mr. Cave, and Mr. Anderson are only names with the functions of writing and arithmetic, drawing, and music, respectively attached to them? We will give an extract to show what we mean by the dry and unimportant details which do not make a picture:—

> Mr. Hollingshed was indulgent as ever to his stupid little pupil; Mr. Cave soon discovered that she had no leisure to work for him in his absence, and was resigned; but Mr. Anderson found fault with her imperfectly-practised pieces, and said she was falling off instead of improving. Then she told him that she had no time to practise until after the young ladies were in bed—from nine till ten o'clock—and she did the best she could. The reasonable man shrugged his shoulders, and was answered. But Miss Hubbard, the English teacher, had no such considerateness in her soul. The futile system of repetitions without change or omission of one word was in full force at this period, and it was her business to hear them. Winny could get the fluent sense of her lessons easily, but get their phrases verbatim in brief odd moments between other duties she never could; and when she pleaded that she had no time for herself wherein to learn them, Miss Hubbard confounded her with that stereotyped, useful advice to drudges, to *make time*, which she had already carried out to the utmost elasticity of her waking-hours. So next she stole an hour from her morning-sleep, and often, when the maids crept down stairs in the cold November darkness, a thread of light that slid through a chink in the school-room door betrayed Miss Winifred at her silent tasks. There was a prudent woman amongst them who mentioned the fact to Mrs. Brunton, and a cup of milk and thick slice of bread were henceforward left on her desk over-night; but no *extra* was put on her early rising, and by degrees her work, or her anxiety about it, curtailed her rest until many a morning she heard the clock at St. Stephen Martyr's strike four after she had lighted her candle, and opened her books.

Even in the later description of Winny's schoolfellows, and the love affair which follows, Holme Lee has unaccountably dropped all vigour and vitality. Yet Georgie Denham had excellent capabilities in her presentation, and, if she had been given more to do, might of herself have redeemed the book from its sin of dulness. She is one of the new order of girls, given to science, fond of anatomy—as Holme Lee says, "Georgie's studies and diversions were of a harder type, taking a divergent line towards the masculine"—incredulous of love, professedly dissatisfied with the natural object of a woman's life, and apparently destined to celibacy, science, and independence. When Winny as a schoolgirl runs a thorn into her hand, "Georgie produced a pair of tweezers, took firm hold of the suffering member, and drew out the thorn." Later, when Winny as a woman loves a man she cannot marry, Georgie, to cure her of her heedless passion and to prevent future sorrow, tells her that he is already married. It is the episode of the thorn over again, and the operation is performed with as much decision as that was, if with less tenderness than need have been. As for Georgie's apparent devotion to celibacy and science, that naturally falls to the ground, and she marries a certain Dr. Harvey-Phillips, to whose sisters "Winny breathed a sigh and said, 'I think Georgie would have done very well without your brother. I believe she is marrying to be in the profession. It has a fascination for her. She once dissected a sparrow.'" We cannot help thinking that Holme Lee has blundered in this character of Miss Denham. She is wanting in cohesion and central principle, being too many things at once—namely, independent and fond of masculine study, yet fond of admiration too, and, though original, not a rebel against Mrs. Grundy in the smallest degree; and thus, having these contradictory qualities, she is not so distinct a portrait as in the beginning we expected to find her.

We cannot admire the Mr. Leonard Durant who makes shipwreck of poor Winny's happiness. He is a married man rambling about the world as a single one, while his wife, who was, when he married her, "a beautiful and impetuous young animal, perfectly ignorant and innocent," is living as the wife of a stone-hewer in the North country, "a Tynedale man of primitive feelings and prodigious strength":—

> Durant had seen him and his children, fair, ruddy young sons of Anak, and he had seen and talked with their mother since Christmas—never having seen her before since their separation. She had matured into a grand rustic matron, fiercely tender of her progeny, and loving her master with a wholesome fear. She let Durant know that the episode in her life that belonged to him was her one sin against her husband.
>
> "He'd kill me if he heard you'd been about here," she said with an air of stern conviction.
>
> Durant reproached himself for having gone near her—that episode had dwindled to a poor light o'love shadow on her memory against all the sweet years of contented labour that she had lived since with husband and children. He could not harm her, could not bring any trouble upon her for his own old fault—a generous folly, but not the less a fault.

Such being the state of the case, he suffers himself to fall in love with Winny Hesketh, and to get her love in return; then leaves her to make the best she can of her broken happiness, while he wanders away to the East, where he dies in due course—we think with unnecessary cruelty on the author's part. It would have been far more comfortable, and would have violated no principle of art or

* *This Work-a-Day World.* By Holme Lee, Author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," &c. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

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ethics, if the two had been allowed to come together at last. Winny deserved this pale afterglow of joy, seeing how much she had lost during the morning and the noon of her life. We do not hold to the childishness of making all novels end happily. There are no doubt certain fundamental lines on which nothing but tragedy can be constructed, and it would be as wise to quarrel with Romeo and Juliet because we do not take our leave of him administering justice on his estate, of her tying up jams in the still-room, and of both on the high road to comfortable obesity and commonplace felicity, as to quarrel with certain novels because they end in grey, not rose colour. Still, Winny Hesketh might have been made happy without any artistic discord. We wish that Holme Lee had been more merciful to her poor little governess, and had deprived the Tynedale man with the primitive feelings and prodigious strength of his grand rustic matron now that she had done her duty to society and brought into the world her allotted number of fair, ruddy young sons of Anak, so that Winny might have her innings, and thus fair play be dealt to all around.

We hope that Holme Lee's next book may be stronger and better compacted than this. No one is always at the best of his powers; but it is wise not to work when at the worst, and to know when to refrain. A reputation once made has a certain amount of toughness and elasticity to withstand the strain of future failures; but that certain amount is not unlimited, and the patience of the public does not hold out for ever. Still Holme Lee has such excellent qualities, and has done such good work, as entitle her to considerable indulgence; and we shall be glad if she will profit by the lesson of this comparative failure to give us something of her best again.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

FEW problems better deserve the attention of the statesman and the philosopher than that of the vitality of the Mahometan religion and of the social and political organization of Islam in general. Is the Moslem world decaying, and about to give place to some newer development? or is it in process of renovation from contact with Western ideas? or is it, as Mr. Palgrave thinks, and as many symptoms seem to prognosticate, on the eve of a temporary regeneration by a recurrence to primitive austerity, and the rejection of the incongruous infusion with which it has been recently inoculated? Herr Vambéry* seems to accept the first solution, while desiring to establish the second, and incidentally producing some evidence in favour of the third. His point of view is that of a friend to Islam, less on its own account than from that dread of Russian aggrandizement which must needs weigh heavily on a patriotic Hungarian. He would therefore be most happy to pronounce the Oriental world in a fair way of regeneration by Occidental influences; but the result of his examination is decidedly discouraging. Little, he thinks, beyond the exterior varnish of civilization has as yet been acquired even by the most enlightened classes of Turkey and Persia; while the educational, military, and other improved institutions with which these countries have been endowed, being alien to the national genius, languish as mere exotics. The East has never yet produced a real reformer. Mahmoud and Reschid, Mohammed Ali and Ishmael, however ready to recognize the material superiority of the West, have been incapable of comprehending the intellectual ideas with which it is inseparably connected. Admitting the correctness of this view, a strong case would seem to be made out for Mr. Palgrave's anticipation of a reaction towards the intense bigotry and fanaticism which in former days constituted the strength of Islam. It is one of the drawbacks to M. Vambéry's book that he takes so little notice of a movement whose existence is so well attested, and which may be attended with incalculable results. Except for one cursory reference, the only chapter of his work which has much bearing upon it is his examination of the glowing traditions of Saracenic culture which have come down to us from the Courts of Bagdad and Cordova. These are, in his opinion, much exaggerated, and he regards any apparent development of the Arab intellect as the result of an impulse derived from contact with the remains of antique civilization, powerfully operative for a time, but incapable of perpetuation in its uncongenial environment. In pronouncing this severe judgment it may well be doubted whether M. Vambéry has taken sufficient account of the difficulties which liberal culture had to encounter at the period of which he treats—political convulsions, the difficulty of intercourse, and the opposition of the fanatical clergy. There seems some inconsistency between his generally unfavourable estimate of the Oriental intellect and the hopes which, deprecating as he does the subjugation or dispossession of Islam by European Powers, he must be held yet to entertain of such a reform as will enable it to prolong its existence. Dismissing, or rather failing duly to consider, the alternative of a conservative reaction, he looks to the salutary influence of England, the only Power in a position to put pressure upon Eastern States for their own and the general good. French influence is at present at the lowest ebb, and would in no case affect more than the mere surface of society. Germany is excluded by her geographical frontiers. Russian advice is sinister and perfidious; her action is inevitably directed to the total disintegration of the Mussulman body politic. England, on the other hand, is bound to maintain existing arrangements by the generally conservative character of her policy, by her indifference to territorial acquisitions, and by the obligations under which she already lies to her Moslem subjects in India. Though not very sanguine, the writer still expects something from this influence, with the commercial and industrial improvements which it must bring in its train; and he sums up by expressing the opinion that, if Russia can be prevented from undermining the Moslem edifice altogether, the Eastern nations will gradually approximate to our ideal of civilized communities, but that the process will be very slow, and the product very imperfect. Of Oriental Christians M. Vambéry entertains the lowest opinion, and entirely rejects the notion of any salutary change being effected by their elevation to the position of a ruling class.

Dr. Siegfried* has written a very learned and impartial treatise on Philo of Alexandria, and the system adopted by him in his allegorical interpretation of the Old Testament. In his introductory chapter the author traces the gradual approximation of Hebrew to Hellenic habits of thought during the Alexandrian era, prompted, as he expresses it, by the instinctive wish to combine the philosophical truth offered by classical antiquity with the religious truth inherited by Judaism. A compendious method of achieving this fusion was at hand in the system of allegory, already applied to the Homeric poems by admirers determined to make the prince of poets the prince of religious and ethical teachers also. Aristobulus and other forerunners of Philo had merely to adapt the principle to their own Scriptures, from which indeed, improving upon their masters, they maintained that Homer and Orpheus were borrowed. Philo brought this department of hermeneutics to perfection, and Dr. Siegfried's work contains numerous examples of his skill in educing the profoundest wisdom from the most ordinary trivialities. Absurd as his expositions appear when tested by common-sense criticism, they contributed much to secure to the Scriptures a respectful reception in the schools of the philosophers, and exercised great influence both on the Talmudistic commentators on the one hand and on patristic literature on the other. Dr. Siegfried has investigated all these points with unwearied patience, and has added a copious glossary of Philo's Alexandrian Greek, with references to other writers by whom his phraseology has been employed.

A kindred subject is treated by J. Freudenthal†, the first two sections of whose "Studies of Hellenistic Judaism" are occupied by a disquisition on Alexander Polyhistor. Alexander, a miscellaneous writer contemporary with Sulla, abridged or excerpted a number of writers on Jewish and Samaritan history, with how much or how little judgment it is hard to say, as his work is only known from the quotations of Eusebius. The information thus gleaned at third hand is of very small intrinsic value, but is not devoid of importance as an auxiliary to criticism. When, for example, we find that Josephus in his account of Moses has frequently copied the romantic narrative forged by some vainglorious Hellenistic Jew in the name of Artapan, an imaginary Egyptian priest, we have reason to believe that other puzzling discrepancies between the historian and the sacred writings of his nation may have a similar origin, and are thus enabled to estimate them at their real significance. These and similar questions of historical criticism are investigated by Herr Freudenthal with a thoroughness of scrutiny and an attractiveness of treatment which make us wish for the continuance of his Hellenistic researches.

Paul and Braune's "Contributions to the History of the German Language and Literature"‡ thus far relate entirely to the earliest stages of both. Some are of special interest to English readers, especially Richard Wülcker's papers on the stage of the English language entitled by him "Modern Anglo-Saxon," represented by the literary monuments contemporary, or nearly so, with Layamon's "Brut." Two of these compositions, the "Ancren Riwle" and the so-called "Proverbs of King Alfred," form the subjects of independent essays. Among several other interesting articles may be named that on the MSS. of Hartmann's "Iwein," by H. Paul, and that on the legends of Mount Pilatus, by W. Creizenach.

Publications—chiefly of historical, archæological, or local interest—succeed each other so rapidly from the press of the enterprising publisher who has planted the literary banner of the German Empire at Strasburg §, that we must restrict ourselves to a mere list of them. The work of most general interest is Herr Wiegand's essay on the various recensions of Frederick the Great's prefaces to his historical memoirs. W. Lexis's disquisition on the theory of the statistics deduced from a census of population is important, but intelligible only to mathematicians.

Major H. Müller's‖ historical review of the progress of field artillery since the time of Napoleon is valuable for its references

* *Der Islam im neunzehnten Jahrhundert. Eine culturgeschichtliche Studie.* Von H. Vambéry. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.

* *Philo von Alexandria als Ausleger des Alten Testaments.* Von Dr. Carl Siegfried. Jena: Dufft. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Hellenistische Studien. Alexander Polyhistor und die von ihm erhaltenen Reste judäischer und samaritanischer Geschichtswerke.* Von J. Freudenthal. Breslau: Skutsch. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Beiträge zur Geschichte der deutschen Sprache und Literatur.* Herausgegeben von H. Paul und W. Braune. Bd. 1. Halle: Lippert. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Vorreden Friedrichs des Grossen zur "Histoire de Mon Temps."* Von W. Wiegand.—*Einleitung in der Theorie der Bevölkerungstatistik.* Von W. Lexis.—*Ueber die Sanktgallischen Sprachdenkmäler.* Von R. Henning.—*Reinmar von Hagenau und H. von Rugge.* Von E. Schmidt.—*Strassburg's Blüte und die volkswirthschaftliche Revolution im XIII. Jahrhundert.* Von G. Schmoller. Strassburg: R. J. Trübner. London: Trübner & Co.

‖ *Die Entwickelung der Feld-Artillerie, von 1815 bis 1870.* Von H. Müller. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Williams & Norgate.

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to a long series of experiments conducted in various countries, which it would not be easy to disentomb from the chaos of official reports in which they are embodied. The volume will revive the recollection of the sensation excited by the performances of the Lancaster siege guns in the Crimean war, the controversies as to the possibility of adapting the principle to the requirements of field artillery, and its practical solution by the success of the French rifled cannon in the Italian campaign. The volume concludes with a survey of the existing condition of opinion on the subject, and a set of comparative tables.

The flat districts between the lower waters of the Elbe and the Weser constitute on a superficial view one of the least interesting parts of Europe, but Herr Allmers * has shown that they are full of attraction to a judicious explorer. The simple habits, picturesque traditions, and honourable history of the sturdy children of the soil have afforded him material for a really delightful little volume. It is remarkable what differences of character and manners are found to exist among the occupants of conterminous districts so alike in physical character. The cottages of the Altlanders, for instance, are unlike those of their neighbours, and equal in picturesqueness to the very best English specimens of the Elizabethan era. One of the most interesting parts of the book is the account of the extermination of the heroic and hapless Stedings, the Albigenses of North Germany.

The diagonal drawn by Herr Gerhard Rohlfs across Northern Africa † begins at Tripoli and ends at Lagos on the Gulf of Guinea. The first volume takes the traveller as far as Kuka, a large city on the shores of Lake Tchad. Our readers have previously had opportunities of making acquaintance with Herr Rohlfs as a lively, agreeable, and picturesque traveller, always good-humoured, and reasonable in his estimates of men and things. This character is amply sustained by the present work. His scientific attainments are unfortunately limited, and he depends greatly in this department on the observations of other travellers, especially Nachtigall. In his own line he is perfectly satisfactory. His narrative begins with Tripoli, where he collected interesting particulars respecting German trade with North Africa, and observed the enmity between the French and English Consuls, certainly an unfortunate condition of things. He then made an excursion to the oasis Rhadames or Ghadames, where he was for a long time detained by sickness, and had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the inhabitants. These he describes as great hypocrites in the matter of religious observances, but as hospitable and compassionate. A project for the further exploration of the country in this direction having failed through the unpunctuality of his native auxiliaries, the traveller determined to proceed across the Great Desert to Lake Tchad, and thence to the Gulf of Guinea. This adventurous enterprise he executed, halting some time at Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, where he had occasion to notice the continuance of the slave trade in spite of official professions. Fezzan is at present governed by a Turkish Kaimakan dependent on Tripoli; Herr Rohlfs gives an outline of its previous history. After a weary journey through the desert, which everywhere exhibits the traces of former marine action, the traveller was gladdened by the palms and herds of Lake Tchad, whose elevation above the sea is greater than was formerly supposed, and which, according to Nachtigall, has an outlet at the south-eastern extremity. Kuka, a large and flourishing city governed by a Mahometan Sultan, has of late years obtained a great reputation as the chief seat of learning in Central Africa, although the accomplishments of the students do not extend beyond learning to read the Koran in an unknown tongue. They would prove by no means incapable of instruction through the medium of their native Kanuri. The country has also great capabilities for commerce, of which little advantage is likely to be taken until a route is opened up from the Atlantic, about thirty days' journey. The first volume concludes here, and leaves the traveller meditating the continuation of his journey to Lagos.

A set of chronological tables of modern Italian history ‡, intended especially as a supplement to Massari's Life of Cavour, is a useful guide to the political revolutions of the country, especially since the fall of the French Empire.

W. Roscher's history of political economy in Germany § is necessarily an analysis of the writers who have treated of the subject, to form an opinion of which would require almost as extensive a knowledge as the author's own. It is unquestionably very clear, very interesting, and a work of enormous research, political economy being conceived in its most extensive application, so as to comprise all writers on the social condition of the people since the invention of printing. These fall into three classes, distinguished by a chronological limit—theologians and moralists such as Erasmus, who were led to investigate the relations of rich and poor as a department of casuistry or from motives of philanthropy; writers on political economy as a branch of statecraft, such as Thomasius; finally, the scientific economy of the present day. An immense number of authors are analysed at more or less length, and always in a spirited and agreeable style. The author's own views appear to be those of the "Academic Socialists," or the school which, while recognizing all the accepted canons of political economy, favours State intervention as a means towards the solution of social problems, and rejects the principles of unrestricted competition and *laissez-faire*.

Herr Adolph Samter * starts from the postulate of the inadequacy of the political economy of Adam Smith to the wide range of discussion suggested by the complicated problems of modern society. He hardly seems to establish his point; the distribution of wealth, as he asserts, may be now a more important subject than its production, and the comfort and morality of the labourer more worthy of attention than the amount of his contribution to the national wealth; but all this is rather a development than an overthrow of Adam Smith, who was the last of men to have dreamed of setting bounds to inquiry in any direction. If, however, Herr Samter has not founded a new science, he has written an interesting, if not very original, essay on human wants and their influence in stimulating the production and regulating the distribution of property.

Herr A. Ritschl † is not an enthusiastic admirer of Schleiermacher. The leading idea of his essay, however, is one in which all will concur—the complexity of Schleiermacher's nature, and the union in him of various elements of speculation which, being appropriated as fragments by his successors, have given rise to schools and coteries which on a superficial view have little in common with their actual source.

In his inaugural lecture at Zürich, Professor Wundt ‡ defines the task now chiefly incumbent upon philosophy as the systematization of human knowledge and the discovery of a common bond of union among all the individual sciences.

The term "art" is understood in a very liberal sense by Moritz Carrière, the fifth volume of whose treatise on æsthetics in connexion with the progress of general culture § is chiefly occupied with what we should consider literary criticism on the intellectual productions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with occasional references to the political and social movements by which these were influenced. Herr Carrière's criticism is in general very sound, and, if not remarkable for originality, is yet elevated above mediocrity by the writer's lofty conception of the destinies of humanity, and his habit of considering the works he passes in review in their relation to the most exalted ideals of the best and purest minds.

K. J. Schröer's popular lectures on the German poetical and other imaginative literature of this century ‖ are exactly what they profess to be, a brief, unpretending, but impartial and judicious, manual on the subject. The biographical element is somewhat too prominent at the expense of the critical; the notices of the later works of Goethe and Tieck, for instance, are exceedingly meagre.

Karl Werder's Lectures on *Hamlet* ¶ are chiefly a defence of the writer and the hero of the piece against the strictures of Schlegel. The lecturer is ingenious, enthusiastic, and endowed with the first qualification of a commentator on Shakspeare, a reverential sense of his author's genius.

The subject of Paul Heyse's last comedy ** is thus described by the author:—"A young maiden, in dread of being betrothed against her will, proposes to a young man whom she has scarcely seen to rescue her by a pretended marriage." This is a situation which could only be made acceptable by such an overwhelming display of human and animal spirits as silences criticism in the somewhat analogous *She Stoops to Conquer*. Herr Heyse is scantily endowed with Goldsmith's *vis comica;* his play is very elegantly written, but, like most modern dramas of any literary pretension, smells rather of the lamp than the footlights. We should infer from the dedication that it had obtained but a qualified success on the stage.

* *Marschenbuch. Land- und Volksbilder.* Von H. Allmers. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Quer durch Afrika. Reise vom Mittelmeer nach dem Tschad See und zum Golf von Guinea.* Von Gerhard Rohlfs. Th. 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Geschichts-Tabellen von Italien.* Von Dr. E. Bezold. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Geschichte der National-Oekonomik in Deutschland.* Von W. Roscher. München: Oldenburg. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Die deutsche Dichtung des 19. Jahrhunderts.* Von K. J. Schröer. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Vorlesungen über Shakspeare's Hamlet.* Von Karl Werder. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Ehre um Ehre. Schauspiel.* Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

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GERMANY.

PRINCE BISMARCK has taken some further opportunities of explaining and justifying his ecclesiastical policy. As he pursues it, he necessarily finds himself brought into collision, or at least into controversy, with neighbouring Powers, and he thinks that these Powers ought at least not to help his enemies. We in England are so far off, we are so little mixed up with Continental matters, and know and care so little about theological controversies which do not much concern us, that we naturally fancy that every one would be likely to give Germany the answer we should give, and would say that Germany must pursue the course on which it has entered, but cannot ask others to mix themselves up in the matter. But in point of fact this is not the way in which the Continental neighbours of Germany treat the question which Prince BISMARCK presents to them. They may not be inclined to give him all the help he would like, but they do not say that they will stand altogether aloof from him. They do not treat the present policy of the Papacy as a matter with which they have no concern. The great Catholic Powers have, indeed, never so treated it. In the spring of 1870, before the outbreak of the war the disastrous issue of which might [illegible] France open to Prussian dictation, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, [illegible] despatches to Cardinal ANTONELLI, in which the temporal consequences of the new policy of the Vatican were set forth in the plainest possible language, and the Vatican was informed that the relations previously subsisting between the State and Church in France must necessarily be considered as at an end. Count BEUST, on behalf of Austria, wrote in nearly the same terms, and spoke of the acts of the Papal party as "an "attack on the laws under which Austria is governed." Had the war not broken out France could scarcely have failed to quarrel with the Papacy, as the EMPEROR gave notice that, in the event of the Œcumenical Council coming to the contemplated decision, the French Concordat would no longer be treated as valid, and the French troops would be withdrawn from the Papal territory. The sentiments of the Legitimists, who, after peace was made, had the dream of power glittering before their eyes for some months, were no doubt different, and they would have liked to use the arms of France for the restoration of the temporal power. As the detested BISMARCK is now the chief foe of Rome, writers like M. ABOUT are amusing themselves by speaking as if they had loved the POPE and his ways and his policy from their cradle. But at the time when the new policy of the Vatican had to be judged by those who were then responsible for the conduct of France, they conceived themselves bound to protest as strongly as Prince BISMARCK does now against what they considered to be a gross invasion of national rights. The Ultramontane party constantly asserts that no change has been made, that there is only a religious dogma the more, and that temporal interests are not in any way affected. Prince BISMARCK denies this, and says that the change is great, and the injury to temporal interests very serious. It is difficult to prove that the one assertion is more true than the other. But at any rate the opinion of France and Austria at the critical moment when what Prince BISMARCK calls a great change was being made entirely coincided with the view of Prince BISMARCK. Such an amount of support as Prince BISMARCK now receives from France and Austria is not to be attributed altogether either to fear or to politeness. The French Government has stopped the French Bishops from issuing pastorals against Germany, and it now refuses to allow the members of the banished orders to settle in France on leaving Prussia. What France would do if the war had not placed it in a sort of subjection to Germany it is impossible to say; but it certainly is only pursuing a course consistent with the lines laid down by it before its power was broken, when it refuses to allow its soil to be made the camping-ground of those who are fighting for a policy against which no Government has protested more vehemently than that of France.

When Prince BISMARCK is asked what symptoms there are that such a change as he describes has passed over the policy of the Vatican, he points to two more especially. These are the subjection of the Bishops to the POPE, and the formation of a party in the Prussian Chamber which avowedly acts under the guidance of the Vatican. In old days, he says, Prussia got on well enough with the Catholic authorities, for those authorities were themselves Prussian in feeling as well as by birth. They had a secure position; they were more or less independent in their own spheres. They could govern in accordance with the views of the Catholic laity, and could make concessions calculated to preserve harmony between Catholics and Protestants, and to allow Germans to suppose that [illegible] so well was not necessarily wicked. But now the Bishops are the mere tools and slaves of Rome. Their national character has departed from them. They are the agents of a central power, and are bound to promote the doctrines of the Syllabus at command. This subservience of the Bishops to the POPE may possibly be too strongly stated by Prince BISMARCK; but it deserves notice that the French Ultramontane papers, while they accuse Prince BISMARCK generally of telling a lie every time he opens his mouth, own that the Bishops have not now the freedom in managing their dioceses that they used to have. In the next place, Prince BISMARCK tells the history of the Central party in the Chamber. When the formation of this party was originally in contemplation, Prince BISMARCK remonstrated with Cardinal ANTONELLI, and obtained an opinion from the CARDINAL adverse to the institution of a political group destined to act in obedience to Rome. But the promoters of the new party appealed from the CARDINAL to the POPE, or, as it was technically termed, from the POPE when badly informed to the POPE when better informed, and got the decision of Cardinal ANTONELLI reversed. Thus Prince BISMARCK has to confront a party which exists simply to do what a foreign priest tells them to do, which does not pretend to regard Prussian interests as of much importance, and under adequate guidance thwarts Prince BISMARCK in every possible way. This party is energetic and unscrupulous, and, as Prince BISMARCK concedes, has the control of a press which is better written and more lively than the press he controls can manage to be. If the influence of Cardinal ANTONELLI at the Vatican had lasted, Prince BISMARCK thinks that he would never have had occasion to quarrel with Rome; and if a man like ANTONELLI were to rise to power either as a new Pope or as the Minister of a new Pope, there is no reason, as Prince BISMARCK thinks, why peace between Germany and the Papacy should not be restored. But the present POPE, or those who guide him, are not for peace, and will not let Prince BISMARCK alone, and therefore, as he is thus challenged, he fights as hard as he can.

In one way Prince BISMARCK has recently had a success.

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He has at last broken the opposition which the old Prussian Conservative party offered to him. This party, anxious to uphold the liberties and privileges of the Evangelical Church, objected to a series of measures which they thought told against their friends as much as against Ultramontane Bishops. This opposition has been one of the chief difficulties with which Prince BISMARCK has had to contend. This party is powerful at Court, and Prince BISMARCK has had to keep the KING firm against Court influences. Prince BISMARCK too used to belong to the party, and it was by its support that he originally rose to eminence. Not only had he the pain of breaking old ties and of finding himself opposed to friends with whom he had still much in common, but he had to throw himself on the support of some with whom he had little sympathy. Possibly he has gained more than he lost by his temporary separation from the Conservative party, as he never could have won the national confidence to the degree to which he has won it if he had seemed to be halting between two opinions. But it is impossible to doubt the sincerity with which he opened his arms to his old allies when one of their leading spokesmen in the debate on the new laws avowed his conversion to Prince BISMARCK'S policy. He had, he said, resisted this policy for a long time, as he thought it injurious to the Church to which he belonged, but the last Encyclical of the POPE had altered his views. He thought the independence of the civil power was at stake, and he should not hesitate to do his duty to the KING and the country. In figurative language he described the POPE as having demanded a concession for a railway direct from Berlin to Canossa, and this was not the sort of railway which, as a good Prussian, he could stand. Prince BISMARCK made a reply in that curious vein of confidential frankness which distinguishes him. He always has his own definite opinions about everything. He is, as he informed his adversaries, an Evangelical Christian. He believes in the creed he professes, and it is in defence of the Gospel that he fights against the POPE. It is the cause of Protestantism that is at stake, and he is the champion of this cause. One of the leading Ultramontane papers recently made a declaration singularly in accordance with this utterance of Prince BISMARCK. It said that Prussia was the only real bulwark of Protestantism, and that to break down this bulwark was the aim of the adversaries of Prince BISMARCK, which they would accomplish before they laid down their arms. A very large number of the most ardent supporters of Prince BISMARCK do not care about Protestantism at all. They are fighting, not for a creed, but for learning, civil independence, and domestic security. They detest the Ultramontanes, not because they are theologically wrong, but because they strive to trample out culture and thought, and to make the priest the master of the home. But Protestantism is, even in these days, a strong power in Northern Germany, and Prince BISMARCK in his character of an Evangelical Christian will win the adherence of many who might have scruples in following a mere champion of culture and the State. The main position, moreover, on which Prince BISMARCK rests is quite true. There are many Protestants, as Englishmen are only too well aware, who are as illiberal as the most bigoted members of any denomination; but if the history of Protestantism is looked on as a whole, it has been the history of a religion in harmony with intellectual progress. Prince BISMARCK is quite justified in bringing this to the memory of a world which has become so mealy-mouthed that it scarcely likes to call spiritual tyranny and mental darkness by their right names.

THE BUDGET AND THE DEBT.

ANY discussion which may be raised on the present Budget will relate rather to Sir S. NORTHCOTE'S speech than to the Resolutions which are to be voted. Mr. FAWCETT'S motion may possibly give rise to a debate either on local taxation or on the demand for subvention from the taxes in aid of the rates; but it will be impossible to contend that any contribution of the kind could have been afforded during the present year. It would perhaps have been more judicious to introduce an unambitious Budget in a speech of corresponding brevity and simplicity. Although Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is better known as a financier than as an orator, he seems to have thought it necessary to emulate the copious disquisitions of predecessors who had larger opportunities of displaying their eloquence. The House of Commons and the country would have been satisfied with a few words in confirmation of what they knew beforehand, to the effect that the prospective surplus was sufficient to cover a perceptible increase in the Estimates, and that it was both out of the question to reduce taxation and unnecessary to increase it. Some commentators have recognized in the speech of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, though not in his Budget, an exposition of principles which they approve as sound and comprehensive; but the declarations of a Minister derive importance from his power to embody his doctrines in the measures which he lays before Parliament. In speaking of the future, Sir S. NORTHCOTE occupied the level of any other financier of equal eminence. Even when he defended the Income-tax it was evident that his reasons were not required to support his conclusion. If he had been entirely opposed to the theory of direct and equal taxation, he must nevertheless have renewed an impost on which he relies for nearly four millions of revenue. Only a year ago Sir S. NORTHCOTE spoke of the same tax in ambiguous terms which seemed to indicate that he was inclining to the policy which had then recently been propounded both by Mr. GLADSTONE and by Mr. DISRAELI. He now more judiciously defends the principle of maintaining an Income-tax as a permanent part of the financial system. There is, as he says, a certain political advantage in offering to the poorer classes of the community the spectacle of a burden from which they are entirely free; but much more forcible arguments may be found in the fact that the Income-tax is one of the least unjust and least oppressive forms of taxation. Hereafter perhaps its official defenders will discontinue the irrelevant apologies which they habitually offer for alleged inequality of incidence. As long as they admit theoretical objections which they well know to be fallacious, the pretext of practical difficulties of detail ought not to satisfy opponents.

The project of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER for dealing with the National Debt would be more important if it were not dependent on the policy of his successors and on the good will of future Parliaments. In substance the scheme involves the maintenance or increase of taxation for the purpose of reducing the Debt. If the object is allowed to be desirable, the plan of payment by annual instalments is preferable to the complicated contrivance of Terminable Annuities. If the nation is contented to set aside a portion of annual income for the discharge of debt, posterity will perhaps reap the advantage. It is a recommendation to any financial scheme that it is perfectly simple and intelligible. Until lately Chancellors of the Exchequer commonly effected the same object on a smaller scale by the use of a conventional fiction which always met with the connivance of the House of Commons. They pretended to believe that the revenue of the next year would not expand, and by the operation of law the surplus which was supposed to be unexpected was applied directly to the redemption of Debt. In this manner the nominal sum of the Debt has been reduced to a considerable extent; and after the adoption of Sir S. NORTHCOTE'S scheme any surplus will still be employed for the same purpose. No interference is proposed with the Terminable Annuities already created; but no additional sums will be invested in a form which practically excludes private purchasers. The manipulation of the funds of which the Government is a trustee for various purposes has apparently reached its limit. It is fortunate that no capitalist can be found to buy the securities which recent Finance Ministers have been so anxious to issue. No private person who was bent on paying off heavy incumbrances would begin by granting annuities, even if he could find customers to take them. A similar mode of operating on the National Debt was chiefly recommended by the facility which it afforded of cheating the House of Commons into the maintenance of taxes which might otherwise have been abolished. The annuity once granted is as sacred as any other part of the National Debt, and payment must be regularly made, even when the revenue is insufficient to meet the ordinary expenditure. Mr. GLADSTONE'S taste for terminable annuities was stimulated by the accident of his having held office at the time when the expiration of annuities to a large amount enabled him to introduce beneficial changes into the fiscal system. Mr. WARD HUNT during his brief management of the Exchequer, as well as

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Mr. DISRAELI, thought it prudent to conciliate Mr. GLADSTONE, or to disarm his criticism, by the adoption of one of his favourite plans. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE deserves credit for disregarding a vicious precedent. Experience must prove whether his alternative proposal will produce any practical effect.

The first instalment of the new payments is to be made during the present year. The charge of the Debt is estimated in excess of the amount actually due by about 200,000*l.*, and accordingly provision is made in the Budget for the difference between the real and the nominal amount of interest. It can scarcely have escaped the notice of the House of Commons that the scheme involved no change whatever in the destination of the surplus. If the expectations of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER are realized, somewhat less than half a million will be available for payment of debt. If nothing had been done, the amount would have been transferred to the National Debt Commissioners under the ordinary law. According to Sir S. NORTHCOTE'S plan, one portion of the surplus will still be paid over in the usual manner, while the remainder will have been solemnly appropriated beforehand to the same purpose. After two years the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER proposes that the interest on the Debt shall become a fixed and permanent charge of 28,000,000*l.* The real amount of interest will be smaller in the first instance, and it will constantly decrease. In other words, a Sinking Fund will be established and maintained out of the annual income of the country. French Finance Ministers before the last war always included in their Budget a Sinking Fund of about 4,000,000*l.*, while on the other side of their balance-sheet there was a much larger deficit. The consequence was that, although the Debt was never reduced, the national accounts displayed a praiseworthy love of economy. In England deficits occur only at considerable intervals; and there is no doubt that the community can afford to apply a portion of its revenue to the reduction of the Debt. It may be also conceded that, after the great relief which has been given of late years to taxpayers, it is not injudicious to attempt a reduction of the Debt, though there is but little profit to be derived from the investment of money at 3¼ per cent. As the Debt is reduced the price of Consols will rise, if other things are equal, and the speculation will consequently become still less remunerative; but it would be for some reasons convenient to reduce a charge which withdraws nearly half the revenue from the control of the Government and the House of Commons. There is little danger that the experiment will be tried on too large a scale. When the difference between the arbitrary twenty-eight millions and the real charge for interest on the Debt amounts to a sum equal to the proceeds of the Malt duty, or even of the Income-tax, demands for diminished taxation will be difficult to resist. Extraordinary expenditure in the army and navy will be provided with comparative ease out of the fund nominally appropriated to the payment of debt. Above all, it will be impossible either to raise a new tax or to increase an existing tax, as long as two, three, or four millions are notoriously spent in buying up liabilities which would otherwise devolve on posterity. On the whole, it is better that a Chancellor of the Exchequer should deal only with the sum which may be actually at his disposal. Two-and-twenty years ago Mr. GLADSTONE added to an excellent Budget a prospective scheme of finance which utterly collapsed with the Crimean war. Before 1885 something unexpected is almost certain to occur.

THE IRISH DEBATE.

THE debate, if it can be called a debate, on Thursday night suggested points of considerable interest and importance. The first is whether Ireland needs a Coercion Act at all. Mr. SMYTH, who spoke with great moderation and fairness, although on the special question under consideration he opposed the Government, acknowledged that a Coercion Act of some kind was necessary. He drew the attention of the House more particularly to the peculiar festivities with which the inhabitants of Derry are in the habit of celebrating their famous siege. The Protestant party celebrate the triumph of their ancestors by going through a rehearsal of the original performance; and as a siege can scarcely be called a siege unless artillery plays a prominent part in it, they claim a right to introduce a real cannon as part of their scenic machinery. But the Catholic party think that, if the defence may be in that way reproduced, so also may be the attack, and they want to have a grand day in which real guns shall be used to show how Derry was besieged. As Mr. SMYTH remarked, there would not be much harm done if the representation of the defence and attack were carried on at different times of the year. If Derry were besieged in August and defended in December, no worse effect might be produced than that of two days being devoted to the exhibition of senseless pageants calculated to inflame religious hatred. But this would be far too stupid a way of managing things to satisfy Irishmen, and if they were not repressed by a strong hand, they would celebrate the attack and defence on the same day, the real guns would go off on each side, and Derry would be made the theatre of a civil war. The Government, Mr. SMYTH thinks, is quite right in asking for powers to put down exhibitions of this sort. Nor did he contest the necessity of a general measure, although he was almost alone among the Irish speakers in being willing to make this concession to the Government. They, as a rule, entirely deny that any Coercion Act is necessary. The ordinary law existing in England would amply suffice, if vigilantly administered, to secure the peace of Ireland. They allow that the rigour of the exceptional measures now in force will be mitigated by the proposed Bill, but they urge that Ireland does not need any exceptional measures. Their main arguments are that Ireland is now tranquil, and that the priests, who best know the people, are strongly of opinion that Ireland would in any case remain tranquil. The subsidiary arguments, that it is a sad thing that one part of the British Isles should be treated in a manner different from that in which other parts are treated, and that under a repressive system some innocent persons are inconvenienced, do not attract much attention, because every one admits them. The question is not whether a Peace Preservation Act is desirable, but whether it is necessary. That under the existing Acts an amount of tranquillity has been secured which is tolerably satisfactory does not prove much. If Coercion Bills did not produce tranquillity, there would be no use in them or defence for them. The tranquillity they produce may be solely due to their continuance, and then they must be continued; or they may have done their work, have really stamped out the seeds of evil and made the country peaceful at heart, and then they ought to be repealed. Who at any particular moment is to judge whether their continuance is a matter of necessity or not? The Irish members say that, in the case of Ireland, the priests are the best judges. It is impossible to agree to this. The priests know the people, and they also know what the people would like. They can, at no cost to themselves, gratify the wishes of their humble friends. They have not to carry out the laws. They have not to see that peace is preserved. If a mistake is made, the responsibility does not fall on their shoulders. The reason for passing a Bill continuing exceptional measures of repression is that those who have to do the real work, the magistrates and the police, are strongly of opinion that such measures are indispensable. The magistrates and the police may be too timid or too fond of extraordinary powers, and therefore their decision ought not to be accepted as final. The Government is the supreme and final arbiter to which the question is to be referred. Every one knows that no English Government likes to pass Irish Coercion Acts. It is only with great reluctance that in this generation Ministry after Ministry, irrespectively of parties, has found itself compelled to have recourse to them. Mr. DISRAELI, especially, would have been delighted to signalize his accession to office by showing that he could do without the machinery for preserving peace which the authors of the Irish legislation of 1869 and 1870 had found necessary. But now that real responsibility rests on him, now that he has to say that people in Westmeath shall be safe or that they shall not, he pronounces coercive legislation of some sort absolutely necessary. The real argument, therefore, in favour of the Government measure is that the persons practically concerned in administering the law proclaim its necessity, and that their opinion is endorsed by a Government which would have been very glad to have come to a different conclusion.

The question before the House on Thursday night was

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not, strictly speaking, whether a Coercion Act should be passed, but whether an intelligible Coercion Act should be passed. The Irish members complain of the mode in which the Government Bill is drawn. They say that no one can understand it, and they claim that, if Ireland is to be subjected to exceptional legislation, the provisions of this legislation shall be couched in clear and simple language, so that Irishmen may know what they may do and what they may not do. It is quite true that the Government measure is framed after the usual fashion adopted in the construction of Acts of Parliament. It is a medley of references to former Acts. A little bit of an old Act is retained, another little bit is cut away. The effect of the measure is only to be ascertained by reference to a complicated and voluminous mass of previous legislation. This is not at all the fault of the Parliamentary draftsman. The Government is responsible for the form of the Bill, and this, as the IRISH SECRETARY said, is the form they think best. That the Bill should be unintelligible is not a peculiarity of this Bill. It is not a special and exceptional insult or outrage to Ireland. It is the characteristic of Acts of Parliament in general. It is the way in which Parliament habitually legislates. The Irish members must not complain. They form part of a United Parliament, and this is the best form of legislation which this Parliament can devise. This is quite true. No one ever thinks of an Act of Parliament as a document which a person who is not an expert can interpret. Even experts do not ordinarily profess to understand it until it has been interpreted to them by Judges. An Act of Parliament is thrown over as a sort of challenge to the Bench to see what they can make of it. The reasons for this method of proceeding, to which, no doubt, there are some theoretical objections, are two. The Parliamentary draftsman, in the discharge of the duties entrusted to him, does not think of the public when he frames a Bill; he thinks of the Government and of the Courts of Law. He is employed by the Government, and they tell him to help them, and he does help them. They can pass a confused Bill, full of references to other Acts, much more easily than they could pass a clear and complete Bill. They can puzzle the House, can save amendments and discussions, and can allow the Law Officers to speak with the weight of authority on points which none but lawyers who have got up the special question can understand, if they legislate for the future by hiding themselves in the legislation of the past. Governments have very much to do. They have many Bills to pass. As it is, discussion makes a great inroad on the limited time at the command of the Government, and every legitimate means to accelerate the measures of the Government must be taken; and one of these means, which in practice has been found very valuable, is to make their measures incomprehensible. This is, at any rate, the official way of putting the matter, and we ought to try fairly to estimate it at what it is worth. Then, again, the draftsman has to keep the Judges in mind. They will, he believes, try to get round his Act if they can. They are his enemies; and he has to build up a wall to keep them out. He has to think over every point of which they could take advantage, and ingeniously stop them beforehand. This is owing to the view which the Courts take of statutes, which are regarded not as embodiments of guiding directions, not as enunciations of leading rules, but as importations of changes into the existing law; and, unless each change is made so precisely that there can be no doubt about it, the existing law is to prevail. If any one will try to construct a sentence, not so that any one wishing to understand it could understand it, but so that a clever critic could not pick a possible hole in it, he will realize some of the difficulties which the draftsman has to overcome, and to overcome which he employs the peculiar style which characterizes the Statute Book.

Thursday's debate also raised another point of general interest, and that is, how Parliament is to go on at all if members talk as much as the rules of the House permit them to talk. Mr. BIGGAR, in moving an amendment to the motion to go into Committee, spoke, or at least remained on his legs with his lips seeming to move, for nearly four hours. He wisely made the feat as little exhausting to himself as possible, and spared his voice by not using it. It was noticed, however, that he occasionally seemed to have come to an end of what might be supposed to be his arguments, and then he appeared to while away the time with perusing BLACKSTONE'S Commentaries and a Blue Book. Where is this style of oratory to stop? Supposing in a debate on an ecclesiastical question a member got up and conveyed, by a pantomime more or less expressive, that he was going through the Old Testament *in extenso*, no one could stop him. The only thing to do would be to count him out, or to wait till he had finished, or until his legs gave way and he fell down. But a Government cannot allow a count-out when its measures are under discussion, and therefore on Thursday night there was nothing to do but to wait till Mr. BIGGAR had done. His voice was probably as fresh as ever, owing to the wise economy with which he had used it; but at ten o'clock he got to the end, not of his matter, for he could have read only a comparatively small portion of the four volumes of BLACKSTONE, but of his legs, and he sat down. It was easy work then for other Irish members to fill out the rest of the evening, and the debate had to be adjourned. The House had had a debate of from seven to eight hours, and was not in the slightest degree forwarder than when it met. The amendment of Mr. BIGGAR was not in itself objectionable. The notion that, if people are to obey laws they should be able to understand them, is so natural a one that it is quite proper that from time to time, on fitting occasions, new members should have it explained to them that this is impossible, and that the phraseology of Acts of Parliament is, in an esoteric sense, the right one. But Mr. BIGGAR did not stand for nearly five hours in order to invite this explanation. He might have started his difficulty and received the official solution of it in half an hour. He wanted, what we will not call to talk, but to stand and mumble the Bill out. It was his proud privilege to be able to impede legislation in this way, and he used his privilege to the utmost of his standing power. This is an annoyance to which the House of Commons is perpetually subject, and it is remarkable how seldom in real life it suffers from it. The mode in which it escapes the danger is well illustrated by what took place on Thursday night. In the first place, as little irritation is displayed as possible, so that feelings of personal susceptibility may not be awakened. Then an appeal is made to the good sense and good feeling of those who have arranged to place the obstacle in the way of the Government. Lastly, a significant hint is given that, if the Bill is delayed by unparliamentary means, recourse must be had to a morning sitting. This brings a strong amount of pressure of a private kind to bear on the irreconcilables. They do not like to be the cause of infinite annoyance and inconvenience to individual members, and, having been treated civilly, and having had their momentary gratification, they are won over to the paths of pleasantness and peace. We can only trust that these gentle means may be found effectual in this instance, and that during future debates on the Bill no Irish member will think it worth while to try the experiment whether he too can stand as long and say as little as Mr. BIGGAR.

THE COMING ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

IT seems at last to have been made clear to the members of the French Assembly that in passing the Constitutional Laws they have exhausted their powers and have nothing before them but to die with dignity. Dissolution has often been talked about before this, but it has always been with a proviso that it must come if something else did not come instead. Now it is talked of without any proviso. Whenever it seemed impossible to bring together a majority upon the question uppermost in the minds of the deputies, political physicians used to shake their heads gloomily and predict that the patient must take a speedy turn for the better if he wanted to escape death. The turn for the better has been taken, but a new fear has come into being at the same time. It is not enough that a majority should be brought together; it is equally necessary that it should be kept together. To accomplish this latter object is beyond the capacity even of those ingenious workmen who have dovetailed the Radical and the Moderate Left and the Right and the Left Centre into a single political whole. The Republic has been voted, and if the deputies could now go home and cease to legislate, the country might be content to remain in happy igno-

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rance as to what sort of a Republic it is. But an Assembly cannot distribute itself in this way, and so long as it remains at Versailles it must go through the form of having new laws submitted to it. It is an inevitable part of the process that these new laws should some time or other be voted upon, and the pressure which carried the Bill for the transmission of powers cannot be kept in constant operation. It has proved possible to organize a Republic from sheer fear of the Empire; but it would not be possible to pass a Budget in the same way. The unanimity to which discordant materials can be reduced at the moment of a critical division cannot be trusted to continue through the wear and tear of ordinary Parliamentary work. The fact that the four sections of which the majority is composed have scarcely any point of agreement beyond the acceptance of a Republican form of Government, coupled with the fact that the secession of any one of these sections would be destructive of the majority, has apparently convinced even those who have most reason to dislike a dissolution that it is the least of two evils. With the present Assembly no Parliamentary Ministry can hope to remain in office, and as the PRESIDENT cannot be left without a Cabinet of some kind, he will be driven to take one which, having no claim to represent a majority in the Chamber, will have no Parliamentary virtue. Even the Right Centre are not prepared to see this state of things brought about without making an effort to prevent it. Their devotion to Parliamentary institutions is not very ardent, but it is genuine in its way. They care little how a Parliamentary majority is obtained, or whether it represents a majority elsewhere, but they are uneasy at the thought of dispensing with it altogether. If it is admitted that M. BUFFET cannot control the existing Chamber so as to ensure the passing of the necessary measures, another Chamber must take its place. It is a necessity which they regret, but they recognize it all the same.

This feeling of regret is perhaps shared by some of those who, as far as professions go, are most anxious to hurry on a dissolution. The Radical Left have been brought into a state of such admirable discipline that M. GAMBETTA may well sigh when he thinks of the work that lies before him with his new recruits. It is not only that he will have to go over the same ground again; he may have to go over it with diminished powers of getting what he wants done. In the existing Assembly his followers are plainly in a minority. They can effect nothing except by a coalition with other parties. It must be a very dull Radical that does not perceive that, if his only chance of seeing the Republic established is to keep on good terms with M. DUFAURE, he must show himself a very moderate person indeed. M. GAMBETTA has not had to point to distant consequences by way of warning his followers against violence; it has been enough for him to point to the deputies with whom they have been associated in divisions. The mere sight of these stolid Conservative faces has had the desired effect. The Radical has submitted to overwhelming force, and been silent because to speak was plainly to court swift destruction. In the new Chamber parties will be differently balanced, and though the Radicals will probably not be a majority, they may be a very much larger minority than they are at present. In that case it may be hard to keep them within bounds. They can understand the obligation of prudence when the disregard of it stands for immediate and irretrievable defeat in the Chamber. But imprudence may not be obviously fatal if the Radicals number nearly half the deputies. They may think with some reason that, where parties are nearly equal, energy and determination sometimes stand in the place of numbers, and that they have only to show themselves resolute to win over the few wavering votes which are all that is needed to give them the victory. M. GAMBETTA is not likely to be deceived by any such theory of Parliamentary strategy. He knows that the danger which Radical excesses are likely to provoke has its seat in the country rather than in Parliament. If the result of a dissolution were to give him a working majority in the Chamber of Deputies, he would still remember that there was a nation behind the Chamber, that the return of a Radical majority only meant that the electors had ceased to identify Radicalism and Revolution, and that, if the first acts of the Radical majority proved that this identity still existed, the Republic would soon make way for a reactionary Government. There is no reason to suppose, therefore, that the partial and comparative successes which the Radicals may be expected to win in the coming elections will in any way modify M. GAMBETTA'S policy. That policy is to convince the rural electors that political Radicalism is not incompatible with social Conservatism, and no change in the composition of the Chamber will make it less necessary to create this conviction in their minds. But this policy is probably only indistinctly apprehended by the bulk of the Radical party, and M. GAMBETTA may find it harder to make them see it when they are a real power in the Chamber than he has found it throughout four years of defeat and prostration.

The most interesting features, perhaps, in the approaching constitutional changes are the composition and working of the Senate. According to a Correspondent of the *Times* the senatorial elections occupy a larger share of public attention just now than the elections for the Chamber of Deputies. This fact goes some way to demonstrate the wisdom of the provision which gives the election of Senators to those local Assemblies with which every Frenchman is familiar. It is at least possible that the Second Chamber, though returned by a system of indirect election, may more truly represent the nation than a popular Chamber returned by the system of *scrutin de liste*. The electors will be men who have been accustomed to work together, and who know how many things go to make up life besides the passing of sensational Bills through Parliament. They will be likely to return Senators who have shown themselves good men of business in their own neighbourhoods, or, if they go in search of political eminence, they may be expected to prefer eminence that rests on past performance rather than on self-estimating promise. A Senate elected on this principle will be a solid and business-like body. It may also be a little dull; but, considering that the popular Chamber will always be at hand to correct and counterbalance any excess in this direction, even dulness may be a valuable quality. The ordinary weakness of such a Chamber as this is that nobody cares a straw for it; and it is on this account that it is important that the election for the Senate should excite a genuine interest throughout the country. If the nation has really bestirred itself about the election of a Second Chamber, it will not be disposed to see its work treated with contempt. It will exact from one of its creations a proper show of respect for the other. It will make the deputies understand that their function will not be to insult the Senators, but to co-operate with them; and that when the electors express their opinions through a double set of representatives, neither of them has the right to assume that it is the exclusive embodiment of the popular will. Whether anything so Utopian will ever be realized in France is a point upon which hope is safer and more attainable than expectation.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

DEBATES in the House of Lords on the Agricultural Holdings Bill have the merit of being conducted by speakers who thoroughly understand the subject of discussion. The farmers, who at meetings of Agricultural Chambers invariably arrive at opposite conclusions to those of the landlords, are not less entitled to the credit of familiarity with the question. It therefore seems probable that one or both classes of disputants may be more or less unanimously biassed by interested motives. The tenants have in the controversy a great advantage in the support of amateur theorists. When any dispute arises between an aristocratic part of the community and any other section, popular philanthropists eagerly adopt the cause of any possible assailant of property or of rank. The farmers themselves are not too humble to be denounced as oppressors when they come into collision with the labourers. The duty of encouraging by legislative coercion the production of what is called food for the people was forgotten when the farmers objected to combinations which were formed with the avowed object of rendering cultivation dearer. The Agricultural Holdings Bill, whether its provisions are permissive or compulsory, will probably never affect the price of grain by a penny in the bushel; and even if it tended to promote the cheapness of farm produce, it is scarcely the business of Parliament to interfere with prices. The artisan whose industry is employed in making a bale of cotton or a ton of iron does an equal service to society with the farm-labourer who helps to produce corn of equal value. The iron or the cotton may be

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exchanged for food as nutritious, and, on the assumption, as cheap, as if it had been grown on the spot. Nevertheless it is the prevailing opinion of politicians and economists that it is not expedient to meddle with the conditions of production. Trade-Unions limit the creation of wealth far more directly and more effectually than the contracts between landowners and tenants; but it has at last been discovered that freedom involves the right of men to do what they will with their own. If the loss incurred by the South Wales lock-out were reduced into terms of the food which might have been purchased with the same sum of money, the calculation would exhibit startling results; but no one proposes a measure for compelling the ironmasters to re-light their furnaces, or the men to accept reduced wages.

In less enlightened times the exclusive possessors of political power passed numerous laws for the regulation of wages. In the same spirit the farmers who can now control at their pleasure the representation of counties demand, in more or less explicit terms, a share in the property of their landlords. There is no real difference of opinion about the nominal topic of dispute. It is admitted on all hands that the successor to unexhausted improvements should pay the outgoing tenant the value of a substantial and measurable commodity. The practice has long been established either by custom or by agreement, and there seems to be no objection to a legislative enactment which will in disputed cases raise a presumption in favour of the occupier. If the Bill is passed in its present form, it will probably in the course of two years become operative in a great part of England. Tenancies from year to year are, except in certain counties, more common than leases; and, especially on great estates, they confer not the least secure and permanent form of possession. It is provided that, subject to any contract in writing between the landlord and tenant, the Act shall apply to contracts of tenancy taking effect after its commencement, and that current contracts of tenancy from year to year shall be deemed to take effect at the end of the first year of tenancy begun and completed after the commencement of the Act. Landlord and tenant will therefore have eighteen months or two years in which they may consider whether it is their interest to except themselves from the Act. The tenant is supposed to desire compensation, and in nine cases out of ten the landlord, whatever may be his opinion of the new law, will do nothing to obviate any objection which he may entertain. If he remains silent, he is bound by the Act during the continuance of the tenancy, and, as farms occasionally become vacant, he will seldom make exceptions to the practice which will have become uniform on the bulk of the estate. A compulsory clause would in the first instance have nearly the same result, but the precedent of legislative compulsion would be objectionable and dangerous.

One of the peculiarities of the instructive debates in the House of Lords is the mode in which the judgment formed of the Ministerial proposal has been influenced by political opinion. The most unfavourable criticisms on the measure have proceeded from the Duke of SOMERSET, Lord MORLEY, the Duke of ARGYLL, and Lord GRANVILLE. It was perhaps the duty of the leader of the Opposition to make the most of the defects of a Bill which would, as he contended, be nugatory if it were permissive, although he was not himself prepared to support compulsion. Lord GRANVILLE modestly disclaimed any capacity to judge whether the Bill would increase the production of food. With the exception of a few words in Committee, Lord DERBY has taken no part in the debates, perhaps because he was conscious that his own solitary deviation into exaggerated rhetoric had furnished a principal argument to the advocates of compulsory legislation. Lord GRANVILLE plainly indicated his own distaste to the doctrine of interference between landlord and tenant. The Duke of ARGYLL argued with greater earnestness against the danger which is undoubtedly to be apprehended, not from the Duke of RICHMOND'S Bill, but from the countenance which it affords to a formidable agitation. Sentimental enthusiasts are already wild with delight at the unanimity with which Chambers of Agriculture demand whatever they can get, and with the defeat of some Cheshire landlords by the farmers at a meeting held to consider the Bill. It is known that many adherents of the Government are dissatisfied and alarmed by a measure which may perhaps place county members in a position of antagonism to their constituents. The Irish Land Act may perhaps have been justified by paramount considerations of political expediency; but it has established a precedent which, as in all similar cases, will be quoted as a reason for further extensions. Lord MIDLETON truly remarked that freedom of contract was impaired in Ireland only in the cases of small farmers, and that the class which corresponds to the great majority of English occupiers is exempt from the compulsory clauses. The amendments, therefore, which will be proposed in the House of Commons will involve a novel encroachment on the rights of property. The Duke of RICHMOND and his colleagues are perhaps not to be blamed for opening a controversy which is likely to be bitter and troublesome. By introducing a Bill which concedes a part of the demands of the Chamber of Agriculture they deprive their political adversaries of the opportunity of becoming the patrons of the farmers. The Duke of ARGYLL and Lord GRANVILLE would probably, if they had been in office, have found themselves parties to a measure at least as questionable as that of the Duke of RICHMOND.

The best part of the Bill, though it provoked some unfavourable comment, is the further relaxation of the restrictions on freedom of action to which limited owners are subject. It is fit that reversioners and remaindermen should be duly protected; but their rights ought not to stand in the way of improvements in which they also have a contingent interest. Great difference of opinion prevails on the propriety of tolerating arrangements by which land is secured for two generations from alienation. It is undoubtedly a drawback to the system of entail that the actual possessor of landed property is not the absolute master. He ought as far as possible to be qualified to fulfil all the duties which might be discharged by a holder in fee simple. If it is just that an outgoing tenant should receive compensation, his claim cannot be affected by the artificial multiplication of estates in the soil. His right should be capable of assertion against the owner for the time being, who may be presumed to profit by the improvements effected on the land, and not against the personal representative of a former owner. The debates in the House of Commons will be more exciting than the examination by capable speakers in the House of Lords of the merits of the Bill. Economic theorists will rejoice in the opportunity of expounding their doctrines, and Sir G. CAMPBELL, now that he is returned for Kirkaldy, will explain that there is no such thing in England or in India as property in land. Party managers, notwithstanding the opinions of their political allies in the House of Lords, will attempt to set the landlords at variance with the tenants, and perhaps some county members may unwillingly submit to the exigency of their constituents. As the Bill has been introduced, it is, on the whole, desirable that it should be passed.

ARMY RECRUITING.

THE necessity and the hopelessness of army reform were clearly shown in the debate on Lord ELCHO'S motion. Mr. GATHORNE HARDY wishes our present system of military organization to have a fair trial, and he would proceed with the utmost caution, although he regrets that when the scheme was introduced more was not done to provide a Reserve in the first instance. He admits that there is no Reserve now, and it is doubtful whether there ever will be any under the system which is to have a fair trial. He believes that 30 per cent. of our infantry troops are by no means satisfactory, but there are 70 per cent. of which "the opposite may fairly be said." The faint praise of the Minister is more alarming than the censure of Lord ELCHO. Both agree that the effective force of regular infantry at home cannot be safely put at more than 35,000 men. Mr. HARDY admits that it would be desirable to get the same class of men for the army as go into the police, but "he did not see that with any moderate outlay they "could secure such men for the army." Referring to the army as it was twenty years ago, he allows that the recruits did not show in the same way that they do in the army of to-day, "but as they went on with the short "service they would see more and more of the youthful "condition of their home battalions." This at any rate is clear. "The object must be to provide a Reserve of such a "character as would efficiently fill up these battalions if "occasion required." If this is Mr. HARDY'S object, and if he steadily pursues it, he will spend a large sum of money. It is not likely that any "moderate outlay" will

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secure this object, and the country is entitled to be told whether Mr. HARDY will do that which he admits to be necessary, or will continue to evade the performance of a disagreeable duty. Mr. HARDY indeed admits that a great deal remains to be done, and that the military authorities are bound to see that the reserves are forthcoming, and that they should be found in readiness when their services are required. Of course if Mr. HARDY really intends within any moderate time to provide efficient reserves the country would be satisfied. But all turns on what the test of efficiency is to be. We are told that "the time "will come" when it will be necessary to allot to every man in the Reserve the place in which he should appear when wanted. We should have thought that the time had come already. It is perhaps easier to fix the places for the men than to ensure the men appearing in the places.

If we did not believe that Mr. HARDY means more than he says, the prospect of army reform would be desperate. But it may be hoped that, with proper consideration for the feelings of Lord CARDWELL, he will proceed to remedy some of the more glaring defects of that Minister's plan. "It was said," said Mr. HARDY, "that they ought to have "in the front rank a certain number of regiments of the "highest standard. That was a subject that required "grave consideration." Mr. HARDY may take any reasonable time for consideration if he will promise to act when he has considered. But really this subject does not require any consideration. As our army will always be small, it ought to be of the best quality, and nobody pretends that it now is. "It might be necessary," says Mr. HARDY again, "in time of war to take steps to obtain an "efficient Army Reserve as soon as possible." But while steps are being taken the country may be invaded, and an Army Reserve obtained as soon as possible may be too late for any useful purpose. The Marquess of HARTINGTON complacently assumes that, if there had been anything "radically wrong" in Lord CARDWELL'S plan, it would by this time have been found out. But the opponents of that plan say that under it the British army will in a few years disappear, and we can only tell by waiting the appointed time whether this appalling prediction will be verified. Lord HARTINGTON considers it a sufficient defence of his party to say that, if no plan had been proposed, the army would have disappeared all the same. His speech is even more disappointing than that of Mr. HARDY, because the latter does admit, although very guardedly, that there are defects which must be remedied, while the former quietly assumes that everything is all right. It is useless to discuss any further the Report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting, because Mr. HARDY has told us that 30 per cent. of our infantry are unsatisfactory, and this statement cannot be got rid of as a "vague" and "wild" assertion.

The only specific recommendation of Lord ELCHO is the ballot for the militia, and if that is as unpromising as his critics represent, it only follows that some more effectual plan of compulsion must be adopted. One critic objects that the ballot would only give us infantry, and not cavalry or artillery; but if we could get the infantry, the country would be reasonably secure. It is said that in the early years of this century the acceptance of volunteer in lieu of militia service was carried so far that more than four-fifths of the total defensive force were volunteers, and it is suggested that this force was largely inefficient. It is difficult after the lapse of seventy years to bring this question to a practical test; but we may remember that the volunteer of 1804 was face to face with stern reality; and, as in civil life, when men have work to do, they generally prepare themselves to do it. Allowing fully the shortcomings of the system of 1804, we may at least say that it succeeded. It maintained the military spirit of the country, and brought the war to an honourable termination. It seems probable that the regular cavalry and artillery would require as many horses as it would be possible to provide, but there could be no difficulty in arming militia or volunteers as artillery, and in fact it has been done already. Lord ELCHO estimates the effective force of infantry we could put in line at 30,000, and the Army and Militia Reserves are calculated to yield another 25,000. This is the outside that could be reckoned on both for operations abroad and defence at home. The 25,000 militiamen would be "practically untrained," and beyond them recourse must be had to "bribes and bounties." Mr. HARDY, as we have said, allows that 30 per cent. of our infantry are "unsatisfactory," and he would probably admit that one-fifth for casualties is a fair deduction, so that his estimate of effectives would be about 35,000. The total paper strength of the Reserves is 32,000, but surely we make a highly favourable assumption in supposing that 25,000 would turn up. How long is it thought that this force of 60,000 bayonets would sustain the waste of war, bearing in mind that our honour, if we regard it, may require us to send a force abroad? It is intended that the men of the Reserves, when collected, shall be embodied in the existing regiments of the line. They will be older than the boyish recruits whom Mr. HARDY saw at Aldershot, but they will be imperfectly trained, and the regiments in which they are incorporated will not be homogeneous. However, that is all we have to trust to; and when we have expended our 60,000 infantry, we come to the militia and volunteers, having already deducted from the former the Reserve which is to fill up our regiments of the line. The cheerful audacity of Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN cannot by any arrangement of figures alter the result in which Mr. HARDY and Lord ELCHO substantially concur. Complaints are made as to the quality of recruits, and Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN believes they have been answered. But, except perhaps Lord HARTINGTON, nobody else believes this. We do not want evidence of notorious facts. It is idle to talk of the average age of infantry recruits when there is no security that the age is truly stated. We need not, however, look beyond a recent Parliamentary return, on which this gentleman bases his satisfaction with the existing state of things. It appears that seventy-eight commanding officers of regiments are "satisfied," twenty-six are "fairly satisfied," and thirty-two are dissatisfied with the recruits sent to them. The dissatisfaction is expressed by such remarks as "recruits of low physique and unlikely to "form efficient soldiers," "extreme youth and debility, "feeble and young," "want of strength," "infirm "physique," "weakly." If we allot half the intermediate class of reports to one side and half to the other, we shall obtain almost exactly the same proportion as Mr. HARDY stated, of 30 per cent. of our infantry troops which were "by no means satisfactory." It is to be hoped therefore that up to this point all disputants are agreed. Mr. HARDY reminded his hearers that the country had not failed in the wars in which it had been engaged; and, though it had met with great disasters, it had managed to come out of them creditably. Mr. HARDY says he is not a sanguine man, and certainly he does not present a rosy view of the national future. Imagine what is meant by a disaster out of which we may or may not manage to come creditably. Suppose that we send the semblance of an army to the Continent, and that it is eaten up by the vast forces which may be brought against it. Nowadays disaster is likely to come, if it comes, suddenly and completely, and no recovery will be possible. We have usually been bad beginners, but with time we could bring things round, and unfortunately time will not now be afforded to us. If history does not teach this lesson we read it blindly.

Happily the intelligence of the country is not to be gauged by the speeches of Cabinet Ministers, and probably Mr. HARDY deceived neither himself nor anybody else. It may be true, as he says, that since 1853 the Thames has been fortified in several places, and the means of defending other rivers greatly improved. There is also a much larger quantity of stores, and the artillery is far more powerful than it was twenty years ago. But, on the other hand, the forces that may be arrayed against us have enormously increased within the same period. Mr. HARDY estimates the British fleet, by what arithmetical process we do not know, as equal to an army of 300,000 men. If he means that that fleet could prevent an army of that amount from landing a considerable force upon our shores we differ from him, but any opinion on the point can only be conjectural. It is admitted that, if invasion should occur, we have only 60,000 infantry in first line to meet it, and those who consider this provision satisfactory must be deaf to every argument. Mr. HARDY professes to rely on a saying of a distinguished officer, that he would rather lead young men than old men into action. But no officer has said that he would rather lead boys than men. The officers who met at the United Service Institution regarded the question of recruiting as urgent, and the manning of the army as unsatisfactory. They also thought that in the present position of European affairs we ought not to sit still and do nothing, trusting to the complete development of the brigade depôt system in 1879. The persons who expect any satisfactory

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result from this system may probably be counted on one hand. Mr. HARDY obviously is not one of them. But he is obliged to maintain official reserve until he has made up his mind what to do, and besides he must be careful not to wound the feelings of Lord CARDWELL. But when a man has to defend an unsatisfactory state of things, it is not surprising that he makes a feeble speech. We are not greatly impressed by the statement that there is a steady increase in the education of the army. That is all very well in quiet times, but just now we should prefer to see such an army as landed in the Crimea. Give us first health, size, and strength, and then add as much education as you please.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

A CITY dinner for the most part affords little occasion for remark; and nothing can be more proper than that the LORD MAYOR should extend his hospitality to the neighbouring potentates of the Metropolitan Board of Works. On Saturday last the proposed measure for creating a new London Municipality was naturally discussed, and the opinions of one principal guest possess considerable importance. Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH is not a member of the Cabinet; but as President of the Local Government Board he would scarcely have spoken strongly and definitely on an important matter nearly connected with his own department if he had not been aware of the intentions of the Ministry. His remarks at the Mansion House might furnish Lord ELCHO with a sufficient excuse for declining to occupy the time of the House with Mr. BEAL'S crude proposal. The ostensible or Parliamentary promoter of the Bill has repeatedly stated that he had neither hope nor intention of passing any measure in the present year; and that the only object of the introduction of the Bill was to obtain a favourable expression of opinion from the House of Commons, and especially from the Government. He now knows that the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD objects, not only to Mr. BEAL'S special project, but to any attempt to provide the metropolis with a single Municipal Government. The judgment of the Corporation of London and of the Metropolitan Board of Works had before been publicly announced. It is not known whether any of the projectors of the Municipal Bill were at any time simple enough to imagine that the City would be cajoled into the surrender of its property and of its corporate existence. In the later edition of the Bill the Aldermen are allowed a kind of veto on the practical expropriation of the City revenues; but the ownership of the estates is still to be vested in the new Municipality, although the proceeds are not, without the consent of the Aldermen, to be applied to the benefit of the outlying districts. It is scarcely probable that the most enthusiastic municipal reformer can have relied on the exercise of unprecedented self-denial by the Corporation, but more sanguine expectations may have been formed of the pliability of the Board of Works. It now appears that official persons are as tenacious of power as of corporate property.

Sir JAMES HOGG, in accepting and applauding the declarations of Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH, expressed the opinion of his colleagues and of the majority of their constituents. As he truly said, fundamental changes and the destruction of ancient institutions are for the most part not congenial to the taste or character of Englishmen. It will be well if the Metropolitan Board of Works steadily keeps in view the moderation which its Chairman recommended to the supporters of Mr. BEAL. Since its creation for a special purpose the Board has done much useful work, and it has acquired in reward a large extension of its attributes. As in all similar cases, the appetite for power grows as it is indulged. The Metropolitan Board has on successive occasions sought to acquire by compulsion, and for an inadequate compensation, the property of the Gas and Water Companies of London. The only objection to such a transfer of powers, if it were effected on equitable terms, would be the unwieldy magnitude of the commercial undertaking. The Board of Works must have necessarily entrusted the administration of gas and water to paid officers who could not have discharged their duties more zealously or more efficiently than at present. The project of acquiring a large property for a price below its value was conceived in the same spirit with Mr. BEAL'S abortive enterprise. On another important point Sir JAMES HOGG was justified in exchanging assurances of cordiality with the representatives of the City. The jealousy which prevailed between the two governing bodies when the Board of Works was originally constituted has nearly or entirely worn out with the lapse of time. Sir JAMES HOGG has become a recognized dignitary in the metropolis as the chief of a body which naturally begins to sympathize with established institutions, and with their most ancient and dignified type among municipal Corporations. It is indeed less satisfactory to depend exclusively on taxation than to employ for the public benefit the proceeds of large estates; but the Board of Works may boast of a not inconsiderable funded debt which takes high rank among similar securities. The Thames Embankment and the metropolitan drainage will remain splendid memorials of its effective energy, and there is no reason to suppose that its activity is exhausted.

Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH boldly encountered a widespread prejudice when he asserted that London was already well governed in comparison with other great towns. If he could have been cross-examined on his statement, he would probably have admitted the inconvenience of receiving in the course of the year several separate demands for rates and taxes. Whether the streets would be less frequently taken up under a central administration is a doubtful question; but, on the whole, London, or the better part of the town, is comparatively clean, commodious, and safe. Lord PALMERSTON, in his short tenure of the Home Office, suppressed the discharge of factory smoke, which is still affectionately cherished by the elected Corporations of all the Midland and Northern towns. The police, whom Mr. BEAL hoped to place under the control of the multitude which sometimes needs to be kept in order, is perhaps not perfect, but it gives large protection to person and property. There is not the smallest reason to believe that it would be better managed if it were placed under the control of a Committee of a popular Corporation. It is true that the wealthiest and most central portion of London both possesses municipal institutions and sets an example of good government to the whole metropolis; but the Corporation is, more than any similar body, influenced by tradition; it possesses large independent revenues; and its jurisdiction extends only over a limited space. The transfer of its title to a municipality of entirely different character and origin would have been a simple termination of its existence. The City Corporation is within its own territory a highly successful Government, and incidentally it discharges a useful function by the splendour of its pageantry and by its public hospitality. The Lord Mayor is at the same time the most presentable and the most innocuous of dignified functionaries. Conventional rank without substantial power furnishes the best qualification for the discharge of ceremonial duties. It would be impossible as well as injudicious to invent the Corporation for the first time; but the destruction of its property and privileges would involve wanton waste. Of the solid resistance which it can in case of need oppose to external attacks many successive assailants have received abundant proof. One element of the strength of the Corporation is that the community which it governs believes in it, and takes it thoroughly in earnest. Each of the City Companies has a vivid sense of local or special patriotism; and the Lord Mayor, as CICERO said of his country in relation to children, relations, and friends, embraces in himself all the sanctity which is diffused among the various guilds and subordinate bodies. The populace cares more for the Lord Mayor's Show, and for processions of the gorgeous carriages of civic dignitaries, than for many constitutional abstractions. An agitation which is distasteful to the agitating classes is condemned beforehand to failure.

Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH judiciously adopted the two main arguments which prove the inexpediency of the Metropolitan Municipality. London is tolerably well governed already; and it is much too large, and includes too great a variety of interests, to be administered by the nominees of the collective ratepayers. The Vestries are not perfect, but they have the merit of knowing something of their respective districts. If one unwieldy Town Council attempted to discharge their present functions, it would almost necessarily subdivide itself into Committees which would be chosen for their possession of local knowledge. The best result which could happen would be the practical continuance of the present system with the smallest possible interference from the general body; but finance and other important matters would be determined

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by the Council itself. A little Parliament representing four millions of constituents would be subject to none of the restraints which secure the regular action of the national Legislature. Its leading members would be comparatively obscure, and it would be neither possible nor desirable to create permanent parties which might keep one another in check. It is fortunately not at present necessary to discuss in detail the numerous objections to Lord ELCHO'S Bill and Mr. BEAL'S ambitious scheme. The hasty approval with which it was greeted in the autumn has long since subsided; and, with the exception of the promoters, the Bill has scarcely a single supporter.

THE BURIALS BILL.

IT is often difficult to say exactly what is implied in giving a second reading to a Bill in Parliament. There is a sort of traditional understanding that the second reading relates only to the general principle of the measure, and does not commit any one who votes for it to approval of the specific provisions by which the principle is proposed to be carried out. It often happens, however, that the principle and the details are so mixed up together that it is impossible to separate them, and it thus becomes doubtful what is really the principle of the Bill. The Burials Bill which was rejected at this stage on Wednesday by the House of Commons is a case in point. The preamble sets forth that "it is expedient to amend the law of burial in England"; and there was probably not a single member on either side of the House who would not at once have agreed to this proposition had it stood alone. According to the present law, any person, whether Churchman or Dissenter, has, with certain rare exceptions, the right to be buried in the parish churchyard; but at the same time the clergyman is bound to read the burial service of the Church of England over the body. There has for some years been a general agreement that the latter condition should be rescinded; and if this were the whole, as it is the only real, grievance of the Dissenters, they might obtain immediate satisfaction. What, however, was proposed by Mr. MORGAN'S Bill was something very different. It was no less than that the churchyards should be indiscriminately opened, not merely for the interment of all persons without distinction, but for the performance of any rites which the friends of the deceased might think proper to observe, without any check or restriction whatever on the character of the ceremony. The majority who voted against the second reading held that it would be dangerous to affirm without qualification a principle which was capable of this interpretation, and that some security ought to be taken for the preservation of public order and decency under circumstances where any breach of these necessary conditions would be extremely painful and offensive. An important section of the minority, including Mr. GLADSTONE, shared the opinion that some guarantee of this kind ought to be provided, but thought that the omission might be supplied in Committee. They therefore voted in favour of the Bill, but only to the extent that some amendment, but not the particular amendment proposed by Mr. MORGAN, should be made in the law. It is important that this distinction should be observed, because the meaning of Wednesday's vote would otherwise be altogether misunderstood. There is no reason to suppose that more than a very small and comparatively insignificant section of the House were really prepared to abolish at a stroke all jurisdiction over the proceedings which may take place in parish churchyards; but there was a difference of opinion as to whether the second reading might not be safely agreed to without reference to details.

It is perhaps unnecessary to discuss how far, since the abolition of Church-rates, the churchyards are the property of the parishes. There can be no question that they are at least public property, and that it is the interest of all classes that they should be managed in such a way as not to wound the solemn and tender feelings which are naturally associated with such places. It is obvious that a question of this kind ought to be treated not from a party point of view, but in the largest spirit of tolerance and Christian charity; and it cannot be doubted that there is a general agreement in this sense. There is no desire on the part of the Church of England to thrust its services on any persons who do not relish them; but, on the other hand, the members of that Church, like the members of other communions, are at least entitled to be protected against wanton and unnecessary interference with customs which they hold in especial respect. It is necessary to remember that the right to tolerance and consideration is not all on one side. The point to be determined is, therefore, how far there is any substantial grievance on the part of Dissenters which requires that the settled habits and traditions of other people should be disagreeably disturbed on their account. There is, as we have said, no dispute whatever as to the propriety of dispensing with the burial service where it is objected to. People can be married without calling in the parson; and there is no reason why people should not be permitted to get themselves buried, if they please, without similar intervention. It is significant, however, that although, as Mr. BRIGHT said, it is quite open to anybody to dissent, and although a large proportion of the people of this country call themselves Dissenters, yet, as a matter of fact, a great many of them are still deeply attached to the Church forms of marriage and burial. Dissenters can be married either in one of their own chapels or at a registrar's; but they frequently prefer, as a matter of free choice, to be married in church, and some of them indeed would hardly be satisfied that they were really married at all unless they enjoyed this privilege. Precisely the same thing has been observed in regard to burials. It is well known that even where there are cemeteries in which Dissenters can have any service they like, they are passed by for the churchyard and the Church service; and not only so, but there are also cases where, when, on account of the churchyard being full, the parish has provided a double cemetery, one part being consecrated and the other not, the unconsecrated ground is shunned by the very people who are supposed to be so cruelly aggrieved by the reading of the burial service. Thus we find that a considerable number of Dissenters voluntarily prefer the rites of the Church, and those who dislike them have, as a rule, abundant opportunities of indulging their peculiar tastes elsewhere. It is only in very small, out-of-the-way places that there is no alternative but to bury in the churchyard, and the number of such places is, in the natural course of things, continually diminishing. As population increases, public spirit provides a piece of common ground, or a neighbouring proprietor solves the difficulty by a gift.

As we pursue our inquiries, however, into the alleged grievances of the Dissenters, we find that the chief bodies concerned in this agitation have hitherto always ridiculed and denounced as superstitious the respect paid to ground which has been "What do you call it? consecrated"—as Mr. BRIGHT said with a needless sneer, which contrasted unpleasantly with the general gravity and moderation of his speech; and it may therefore be suspected that the violent desire which has now seized them to be buried in consecrated ground, and to have a service there, has its source in an aggressive rather than a merely defensive spirit. Mr. BRIGHT mentioned, as an example of charitable tolerance, that in Scotland lately he found a Disruption minister and his successor buried side by side in the parish churchyard; but it may be remarked that, though these ministers belonged to different churches, their religious creed was identical, and also that, according to the invariable Presbyterian practice, no service would be read over either of them in the churchyard. The Scotch custom is to have the service in the house of the deceased; the mourners then follow the body to the churchyard or cemetery, but not a word is spoken there. It has also been the practice of some, at least, of the English Dissenting bodies to have the prayers either in a house or a chapel, and to dispense with any further utterance at the grave. Mr. BRIGHT justly rebuked the use of the phrase "buried like a dog" as applied to a silent interment, and gave a touching description of a Quaker funeral, at which silence is practically the rule, though the inspiration of the moment entitles any one to hold forth. At the same time, he denounced as "monstrous and "intolerable" any restriction on freedom of speech on such an occasion, without apparently seeing the inconsistency of people who despise consecrated ground declaring that life is not worth having because they are not allowed to have a service on ground of just that very kind. Mr. BRIGHT'S argument would be unanswerable if mourners were everywhere forbidden to express their feelings except in accordance with the Church service; but when the complaint is analysed, it is found to be merely that, for the sake

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of public peace and decency, some restriction is to be applied to utterances in a public place which for most people is sanctified by religious associations.

The more this question is examined the more apparent does it become that the grievance of the Dissenters is of the most attenuated character, and that, in the ordinary course of events, the number of persons who can be supposed to suffer from it is continually growing smaller. All reasonable people are agreed that as much freedom should be allowed as is consistent with the maintenance of good order and decorum; but when Mr. BRIGHT pleads for absolute liberty for "the extempore utterances of the heart," he forgets that there are other persons than Quakers in the world, who cannot be so readily trusted to control their passions and to respect the solemnity of the occasion. A disgraceful incident which has lately occurred at Dublin shows the necessity for some kind of supervision over what goes on in the churchyards. At present the service is in a prescribed form in which only bigots of the most narrow type can discover offence; and the clergyman is also invested with authority for the maintenance of order. Under Mr. MORGAN'S Bill any rabble which chose to get up a funeral would be at liberty, without any sort of restriction or control, to go through any ceremony to which it might choose, perhaps in mockery, to give the name of a religious rite. Several questions are thus raised which, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, require very careful consideration; and there can be no doubt that the majority on Wednesday were right in thinking that some security ought to be given that this consideration will not be wanting before a Bill of this kind is read a second time.

SANITARY LEGISLATION.

THE Government has taken, on the whole, a reasonable and practical line about sanitary legislation. Mr. CROSS and Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH alike disclaim any desire to be invested with power to make anybody do anything. Except upon one point, they are in the right. As has been said over and over again, the number of sanitary authorities is so great, and their obstructive powers are so undefined, that any considerable section of them might easily defy the Local Government Board. As the law stands, the better disposed among them are not inclined to do this. They really wish to discharge the duties imposed on them, and nothing but judicious management is needed to set and keep them at work. The creation of a powerful apparatus for making them work, whether they liked it or not, might turn this admirable frame of mind into something much less easy to deal with; and the gain of additional power to coerce a defaulting authority would be dearly bought at the cost of a large increase in the number of defaulters. The policy of the late Government has been adopted without alteration by their successors, and it is not wonderful that some energetic sanitary reformers should think the resemblance a great deal too close. They listened too readily to Conservative assurances that when revolutionary legislation was got rid of Parliament would give all its time and strength to grappling with social wants. Now that the change has come it turns out that only the negative side of the promise has been made good. The legislation of 1875 is certainly not revolutionary, but then it is not particularly sanitary either. The gigantic Public Health Bill has very little that is new in it. The doctors find that there is no intention of erecting them into a Committee of Public Safety. They are still regarded as experts called in from time to time to advise the community, not as officers charged with its continual government. The millennium in which the succession of the Conservative party to power was to land them seems as far off as ever.

The single exception to the praise which the sanitary legislation of the present Government merits is the purely permissive character of the Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings Bill. Mr. CROSS's answer to criticism is in substance this:—The great towns are genuinely anxious to get rid of rookeries, but they lack the power to carry out their wishes. If Parliament gives them this power, and trusts to them to use it, all will go well. If Parliament gives them this power, but accompanies the gift with provisions implying uncertainty whether they will use it or not, they will resent the want of confidence and do nothing. Both these views seem to involve an exaggeration. If the great towns are as anxious as Mr. CROSS imagines to get their poor better housed, it is highly unlikely that they would be so bitterly offended by a provision only designed for those supine or wrong-headed corporations which may refuse to undertake improvements after Parliament has empowered them to do so. We cannot believe that London or Liverpool, being at present, on Mr. CROSS's showing, eager to enter upon large schemes of house reform, would take umbrage at other towns being compelled to follow their good example. Except, moreover, the case of a few of the principal towns, it is hard to feel as confident as Mr. CROSS that no need for the exercise of compulsion on the part of the central Government will ever arise. There must be an almost sacramental virtue about the number 25,000 if the possession of that amount of population marks the dividing line between local enlightenment and local obstructiveness. It is open of course to Mr. CROSS to say that the Government does not mean to provide the poor with better houses; it only intends to remove the obstacles which at present stand in the way of those who would take the work in hand if they were allowed. But a law which merely unties the hands of certain municipal corporations hardly bears out the HOME SECRETARY'S glowing picture of his own determination to sweep away rookeries. He is not prepared, it seems, to sweep away rookeries; he is only prepared to leave other people free to sweep them away if they are so minded, and equally free to leave them standing, if that alternative pleases them better. A Bill framed with the latter object may be a very useful measure, but it is a mistake to describe it in terms which would only apply to a much larger measure.

It is too much the custom to assume that the Local Government Board has only two functions—one that of interfering to make the local sanitary authorities do their duty, the other that of sitting still while they neglect it. There is a third part which the central authority might sometimes play with advantage, and that is the part of adviser on a large scale. Probably many local bodies are sincerely anxious to improve the health of their districts, and are only prevented by the impossibility of doing so except in co-operation with the authorities of other districts. A letter which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Monday gives a melancholy picture of the sanitary confusion which reigns in the valley of the Thames. Eight years ago the towns situated in this valley were forbidden to pollute the river with their sewage. But Parliament too hastily concluded that when this prohibition took effect some other mode of drainage would at once be discovered. Instead of this, the towns in question are simply at their wits' end what to do. At Hampton and Brentford the sewage has been cut off from the Thames, and is now allowed to soak into the soil. Kingston and Mortlake have spent large sums in inquiring how to dispose of it, and as one scheme after another has been objected to, they are still where they were in 1867. Richmond has been advised to spend 50,000*l.* in taking its sewage into Ham fields, but is told at the same time that this is only a temporary expedient, inasmuch as a comprehensive scheme must one day be adopted for the whole Thames valley. The writer of this letter asks why Parliament has not taken the matter in hand; but the obvious answer is that, if Parliament is to determine what half a dozen country towns are to do with their sewage, all notion of local government must be abandoned and the sanitary administration of the country may at once be made over to a Central Board. It is probable that Hampton and Kingston and Richmond would all have been glad to receive counsel how they could best act in concert, and might even have accepted the arbitration of the Local Government Board as to the proportion of the aggregate outlay to be borne by each town. It ought to be in the power of the Local Government Board to give them the best attainable advice on the subject. A Government department can command the highest engineering faculty, and its opinion would or might embody the best conclusions of the best experts. Information of this order is rarely within the reach of small corporations. A great town indeed may go to the expense of calling in an eminent sanitary engineer, because his opinion, when obtained, will at least cover the whole question. But where many small towns are concerned, no one of them cares to pay for getting an opinion by which its neighbours may benefit, and there is seldom sufficient co-operation among them to allow of the cost being distributed over the whole number. It would be a gain if a department of advice and

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investigation were created within the Local Government Board on which should devolve the duty of preparing sanitary schemes in cases where such schemes, in order to be successful, must be adopted by several local authorities in common. The particular difficulty which weighs so heavily upon the towns in the Thames valley is likely, it may be hoped, to be felt more and more widely. The practice of mixing sewage and drinking water can never be esteemed a nice one; and though it would be premature to look forward to any very speedy abandonment of it, there is reason to think that it is by degrees falling into discredit. Wherever the population is at all dense, the disposal of sewage is a matter which cannot be arranged satisfactorily by any single town, and the natural appeal is to a central department possessing the knowledge which is required to enable all the authorities concerned to come to a common understanding.

LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

A VERY sad case of suicide has recently happened at Cambridge. One of the most brilliant scholars amongst the University residents, whose social qualities had won for him an unusually large measure of esteem in the academical community, has died by his own hand. Such an event had in it something startling at first sight, though the explanation is unfortunately clear enough. Mr. Holmes held a post for which he was admirably fitted; he had few of those anxieties which make a rack of "this tough world," and his duties were certainly not intrinsically painful. It was proved, however, beyond all doubt, that over-excitement had upset the balance of his mind, and that for some months past the wear and tear of his duties had been too much. The cause of his death was as plain as if he had had a bullet fired through his brains in a battle. There is always a temptation to make rather too much of such cases, and to found general conclusions upon particular instances. There may have been some special idiosyncrasy which made Mr. Holmes unusually susceptible to the influences of a mode of life not necessarily injurious to a man of average strength. We are certainly inclined to think that the tendency is rather to exaggerate the amount of evil generally done by excessive intellectual labour. And yet it is plain that the case illustrates a danger which really exists, and which there would unfortunately be no difficulty in illustrating from many other instances. There are few men indeed who cannot reckon amongst their acquaintances some who have broken down under the strain of over-excitement, and very often under the pressure of work which might have been harmless if more judiciously distributed. The evil exists at the Universities as elsewhere, and the best mode of reducing it to a minimum deserves to be considered by persons in authority.

The good old notion of a University life is indeed rapidly ceasing to have whatever plausibility it may once have possessed. The Universities were once considered to be delightful havens of refuge from the toils and troubles of ordinary life, quiet little backwaters carefully protected against the storms which raged elsewhere. A Fellow of a college was thought to be a man who had found out a quiet hermitage, a comfortable nook in a delicious Castle of Indolence, where the only danger was the danger of a surfeit of repose. Oxford and Cambridge residents were not like the German professors, by whom incessant intellectual labour was assumed to be the natural lot of man. They were the elegant sybarites of learning, men who might occasionally pass their lives in playing with a proposed edition of some classical author, but who never seriously contemplated the rash act of publication. Their task merely amounted to keeping a decorous hobby as a specious pretext for doing nothing. Their lives were passed in an indolence just flavoured by a faint suspicion of literary employment. They or some of them had, it is true, to give lectures to industrious youth, or to administer solemn admonitions to those less industrious lads who failed to appreciate the advantages of daily attendance upon chapel, or pushed conviviality to obtrusive noisiness. But the task was light and easy; for, in the first place, the hard work was left to be done by private tutors, and, in the next place, there were seven months of holidays in the year. The college Fellow could ripen quietly in his place, like the "full-juiced apple" in Mr. Tennyson's *Lotos-Eaters*, until the incumbent who had persisted in living beyond all reason came to a sense of his duty, and made the long-expected vacancy. Till that period the dean or tutor might lead an existence of singular calm and dignity, varied by long excursions to the Continent or rounds of visits to his friends, and have no single cause for complaint, except the enforced abstinence from matrimony. And even that restriction had its bright side; for it made it pretty certain that his wants as a bachelor would never exceed his income; and that he would therefore be able to save a little money against the day of departure, or, if his tastes led him in that direction, to lay in a comfortable cellar of sound port wine.

Such was the popular ideal of the life of the Fellow of a preceding generation, though we need not inquire how frequently it was realized in practice. When reformers began to agitate, and Commissioners to threaten the delicious peace of the old system, a case might certainly be made out for insisting upon greater industry. The reformers of recent times did not, however, very clearly distinguish what particular kind of activity was to be promoted. They proposed in various ways to stimulate the sleeping energy of the old institutions, but they did not determine the channels through which the newly-roused forces were to discharge themselves. If the indolence supposed to be the prevailing vice of members of the old corporations had been exchanged for a keen interest in literary and scientific pursuits, the change would have been so far of unmixed benefit. It would probably have been a blessing to the persons stimulated as much as to the outside world. The student's life has its own grievances, but it is certainly one of the happiest lives which can be enjoyed by a human being. Poor Casaubon, as we have just been reminded by his latest biographer, died at a comparatively early age, and partly from the diseases brought on by a sedentary mode of life. On the other hand, it seems to be doubtful, as Mr. Pattison remarks, whether the energy of his brain did not more or less keep the rest of the machinery going. But a poor scholar, who has eighteen children dependent upon him, and is further involved in a desperate theological warfare, can scarcely be considered as a fair specimen of the normal variety. A man who can devote himself to the extension of knowledge without some pressing external necessity has immunities and privileges shared by no one else. He is tempted, it may be, to work too continuously; but the work is in itself rather sedative than exciting. The discovery of some new formula, the addition of some significant fact to existing stores of knowledge, the improved arrangement of some chaotic corner of unorganized inquiry, may give a pleasant glow of satisfaction, but can seldom cause any paroxysm of excitement. It is of the very essence of his life to be calm and impartial. He has no noisy audiences to pacify, no personal struggles to decide by force of will and passion, no decisions of vital importance to the life and happiness of thousands to be made on the spur of the moment, and no sense of those heavy pecuniary responsibilities which seem to try most men more than any other variety of anxiety. His audience is fit and few; and he can feel that he is best employed when, like the coral insect, he is contributing in the calm and the twilight to build up imperceptibly the vast structure of science. It is true that some detestable rival will occasionally make his discoveries just before he has made them himself, or will go so far as to deny the accuracy of some of his reasoning, or even the felicity of his conjectures. Such trials are certainly hard to bear; but they can hardly be considered as beyond human strength, and they are not of the kind which causes sleepless nights and feverish days. The serious student feels that he is master of his own fortune; his success depends upon his own powers of mind and continuity of labour, and has comparatively little to do with the fortuitous elements of co-operation of more or less faithful allies. In the calm world of speculation he should feel himself happily removed from the jars and catastrophes incident to the careers of active life.

If the residents at the Universities had been converted from a body of easy-going gentlemen, so far as that was ever a fair description of them, with no particular employment, into a body of calm investigators, the change would probably have been good for the average physical constitution. The change, however, which has actually occurred has been of a different kind. The additional labour thrown upon the residents has been considerable, and has been undertaken with laudable energy and devotion; but it has taken the form for the most part of a great increase in the number of lectures, examinations, and administrative work. The work has of course been unequally distributed. There are certain posts of dignity and emolument in the University where it is still possible for a man to lead a calm and contemplative life. The head of a house is not generally plunged in a round of duties too exciting and absorbing for the strength of the average constitution. And perhaps it is as well that some such attractive bits of patronage should remain in reserve. For the increase of work is certainly a serious matter with some classes of officials. The number of examinations has increased with the immense increase of competition generally; and, besides examining their own members, the Universities now examine thousands of lads throughout the country. A good deal of pity is sometimes bestowed upon the unfortunate examinees; and certainly in these days a lad of any promise is always in a state of whipping up all his little store of knowledge for immediate presentation. But examiners deserve more pity than they get for a painful drudgery which is for the most part very inadequately paid. There are few more depressing employments than that of reading over a thousand variations upon the answers to a dozen elementary questions. The candidate is more or less supported for the time by the excitement of anticipated success; the wretched examiner has only a painful sense of responsibility, and the sense that he will be guilty of a gross dereliction of duty if he is careless enough to give a lad ninety-nine marks when he ought to have bestowed one hundred and one. The reviewer of a stupid book is content without deciding accurately whether he shall put it down as dull, duller, or dullest. The examiner has to read a book of perhaps some thousand pages, in which each page repeats what is said in a thousand others, and where he is bound to express the precise value to be put upon every paragraph by a precise numerical estimate. He is forced to do the work within a certain, generally a very short, time; and his greatest praise will be that he has not made any gross blunders. All human employments become tolerable by practice, but certainly incessant examining is one of the most thankless and wearisome of

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tasks. The life of a tutor has many recommendations upon which we need not dwell, for they are tolerably obvious; but the pleasure of original investigation can rarely be amongst them. It is becoming more and more the case that the don—a name which used to be synonymous with luxurious leisure—has to pass his time in incessant lecturing, examining, and arranging over and over again all the details of the various systems of examination and lecturing. Instead of encouraging research, the general tendency of reforms has been rather to convert the teaching body at the University into a set of over-worked or under-paid schoolmasters, examining and lecturing, and then lecturing and examining, in a ceaseless round of exhausting duty.

That more work of this kind should have to be done is but the natural result of the increased activity of the Universities, and certainly is not a matter for regret. But such cases as that which has suggested these remarks point to an evil which is likely to increase along with the general improvement in energy. The moral would appear to be that it is a matter of real importance to improve the organization of the teaching staff, and to restrain within reasonable limits the tendency to multiply the mere drudgery of examining. That tutors and lecturers should do more than they once used to do is reasonable enough, but a judicious distribution might probably secure the desirable consummation that, whilst more should be done, there should be less frittering away of the best intellects upon harassing details.

THE LATE ECLIPSE.

IT has been well said that when, in the distant future, the scientific history of the present century comes to be written, the wonderful advances in our knowledge of the constitution of the sun, and therefore in our knowledge of star-structure generally, will occupy a large, if not the foremost, place. We believe this opinion to be correct, because, although to many persons the generalizations of Darwin or Thomson, and such practical successes as the electric telegraph, seem to dwarf the revelations of the spectroscope; in the case of the latter instrument the ground is only just broken, and many of the results already acquired, marvellous as they are, are as yet but imperfectly understood; while physicists and chemists have not yet realized, as they must shortly do, that in the various stellar bodies which give us light, not only is matter to be studied under conditions impossible of realization upon the surface of this planet, but its laws can be investigated under the most simple conditions in celestial laboratory experiments upon the most stupendous scale. Be this, however, as it may, it is satisfactory to remember that, when the history of scientific progress in our time comes to be written, the efforts of the English Government and of English Scientific Societies will have to be recorded. The Government, however niggardly it may have been with regard to other scientific questions, has never refused aid to observe total eclipses of the sun. Since the importance of the use of the spectroscope in such observations was demonstrated by the discoveries made during the eclipse of 1868 we have had three such expeditions aided by Government. In 1870, 1871, and in the present year, observers have gone from England, armed with all the appliances of modern science, to meet at their stations friendly rivals from other civilized countries. Both in 1870 and 1871 great advances were made, necessitating more or less complete changes in the method of attack to be adopted when a subsequent occasion presented itself, until, in the observations made on the eclipse which was visible in the Islands in the Bay of Bengal, in Burmah, and in Siam on the 6th of the present month, eye observations have been abolished altogether. The telegrams which have arrived during the present week from the observing parties in the Nicobars and in Siam tell us that, although the weather proved treacherous—the eclipse itself generating a cloud over the stations at Camorta in the Nicobars which prevented all observations during totality, and the sky being hazy in Siam—valuable results have been obtained, and in one of the telegrams sufficient details are entered into to enable us to form an idea of the kind of new knowledge which has been obtained.

To show in what this consists a few preliminary remarks will be necessary. The first application of the spectroscope to the sun by Stokes, Kirchhoff, and Angström showed, as might have been anticipated, that the materials of that luminary and of our own planet are similar, the main difference between the two bodies being one of temperature. Our earth, which must once have shone out as the sun itself, though of smaller mass, has cooled down so completely that, with the exception of the gases, oxygen and nitrogen, of which the atmosphere is at the present epoch chiefly composed, all the other chemical elements as a rule have combined to form the solid crust of the earth and the various organisms which occupy its surface, such combinations having been rendered possible by the cooling. In the sun we find a very different state of things. In consequence of its tremendous temperature, its atmosphere is mainly composed, not of cool metalloids as ours is, but of incandescent metals, such as iron, magnesium, and the like. The detection of this atmosphere was one of the first triumphs of the spectroscope. In the last century the sun as it is familiar to us was supposed to be all the sun. It was thought that the bright surface was due to a stratum of clouds at the extremest upper limit of the atmosphere of a cooled globe like our own; we now know that it lies at the base of an incandescent atmosphere at least half a million of miles high, and surrounds a nucleus which must be hotter than itself. But we know very much more than this; we know the chemical constituents of the lower part of that atmosphere, and in this study we have come across the very remarkable fact that the various chemical constituents are not equally mixed up, but that they thin out, so to speak, in such a manner that although all are present at the surface of the bright layer, or photosphere—that is, at the boundary of the sun as ordinarily visible to us—the atmosphere becomes less and less rich as we ascend, so that at length we reach a region where only one chemical element—namely, hydrogen—is present among all the known substances with which we started at the bottom.

The constituents of the sun's atmosphere, taken as a whole, have recently been thus classified by Professor Prestwich:—

1 Permanent Gas	Hydrogen.		
2 Metals of the Alkalies	Sodium.	Potassium.	
All the Metals of the Alkaline Earths	Calcium.	Strontium.	Barium.
3 Metals of the Zinc class	Magnesium.	Zinc.	Cadmium.
All the Metals of the Iron class	Manganese.	Cobalt.	Chromium.
	Iron.	Nickel.	Uranium.
2 Metals of the Tin class	Tin.	Titanium.	
1 Metal of the Lead class (probably)	Lead.		

To the metals of the alkalies in this list may now be added Lithium, which Mr. Lockyer has recently detected.

It will be seen that the metals of the tungsten, antimony, silver, and gold classes are entirely unrepresented, while, if we accept the metallic nature of hydrogen, there is not a single metalloid on the list, although they have been diligently searched for. But even this is not all. It has been remarked that the order in which these metallic vapours thin out, in the manner we have before referred to, is that of the old atomic or combining weights, and not that of the modern atomic weights; this is indicated in the following statement:—

	Old Atomic Weights.	New Atomic Weights.
Hydrogen	1	1
Magnesium	12	24
Calcium	20	40
Sodium	23	23
Chromium	26	52·5
Manganese	27	55
Iron	28	56
Nickel	29	58

Aluminium is not included in the list, because its order in the layers has not yet been determined by observation, but the principle referred to would place it between magnesium and calcium.

So much then for the chemical constitution of the lower regions of the solar atmosphere. It was found during the eclipse of 1871, observed in India, that while the spectroscope and photography quite agreed in their records of this part of the atmosphere, they parted company, so to speak, when the higher reaches of the atmosphere, called by Janssen the "coronal atmosphere," were in question. Photography gave us great extension, exquisite details, and a rugged boundary. Spectroscopy gave us small extension, no details, and a perfectly circular outline. Hence the terms "photographic corona" and "spectroscopic corona," then introduced to represent the idea that, while the light from some of the materials was more competent to impress itself upon the photographic plate, that from the hydrogen chiefly came to the eye in the instrumental arrangement employed. This important conclusion gave a new incentive not only to eclipse observations and laboratory researches, but also to an examination of the solar spectrum from a new point of view. Since 1871 some evidence has been communicated to the Royal Society in support of the suggestion that the metalloids or non-metallic elements as a group lie outside the metallic atmosphere. This, if it were established, would at once explain the difference between the photographic and spectroscopic corona; while, fortunately, later researches have shown that, if the metalloids did exist there, the spectrum they would give would probably have considerable photographic action, which would be denied to them lower down, because, as they descended, by the breaking up of their particles, their light, instead of being confined to the blue end of the spectrum, would be distributed over the whole of it, while in addition it would be enfeebled, owing to mixture with the other gases and vapours in the lower regions.

We believe we shall not be far wrong in ascribing the anxiety of the Royal Society to secure observations of the recent total eclipse, and their appeal to the Government for aid, to the great interest which attaches to the question to which we have referred not only from an astronomical, but from a physical, a chemical, and a geological point of view. Of course there were other questions which would be settled by the way, but the paramount ones were—(1) Is a cooling star surrounded by strata, so to call them, in which the complexity of molecular structure, whether due to compounds of the same or of different elements, increases as the distance from the greater heat at the centre increases? and (2), Near the centre where the molecular structure of the so-called elements which can withstand the dissociating force of that most highly heated region is necessarily of the simplest, what is the exact order in which these molecules of strictly comparable physical constitution sort themselves out by the action of gravity? Could a definite answer be given to the first question, speculations as to the origin of the crust of our earth would be enor-

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mously simplified and kept within certain fixed boundary, while it is clear that the second question has to do with both physics and chemistry; for in the lower region of the sun's atmosphere we are in presence of a continuous experiment on a gigantic scale on the relative vapour densities of at least twenty metals—an experiment, be it remarked, in which the temperature affords us a guarantee, and the spectroscope a proof, that the vapours are all in similar molecular conditions. To answer these questions the Royal Society looked to photographs of the spectra of both the upper and lower parts of the solar atmosphere, especially in the ultra-violet region, such that the difference between the photographic and spectroscopic corona observed in 1871 might be explained, and the various heights to which the vapours in the lower atmosphere extend could be demonstrated.

Now Dr. Schuster, the chief of the Eclipse party in Siam, has apparently succeeded in photographing the spectra both of the upper and lower parts of the sun's atmosphere. To explain his telegram, we may state that the arrangements adopted by the Royal Society with infinite skill and care were such that each particular kind of vapour in the sun's atmosphere would register itself on a photographic plate; so that, if it extended all round the sun, as in point of fact we know they all do, we should get a ring—a thin one if the vapour extended only a short way above the photosphere, one of considerable breadth if the vapour extended from the photosphere high up into the atmosphere. Further, while in the case of those vapours which we know to rest on the photosphere, the interior diameters of all the rings would be the same, however great the breadth of the rings might be, if there were any vapours which existed at a higher level but did not extend down to the photosphere, and which therefore form no part of the lower atmosphere or enter into the composition of the prominences, these rings would have a greater interior diameter, and in this way clearly indicate the different position in the atmosphere of the vapours which gave rise to them. Dr. Schuster tells us that "the prismatic camera shows the rings with protuberances at the edge of the sun, and at least one more ring towards the ultra-violet without prominences." It is not too soon therefore to state that one of the fundamental questions put to the eclipsed sun has been answered, and although we may regret that either some unexplained delay, or a haze, or both, prevented some of the more delicate work being done, enough has been secured amply to repay those on whom the labour of love has fallen of planning the various expeditions.

The photographs, the fruit of so much labour, will soon be in this country, and if the careful examination of them justifies the hopes raised by the telegrams, the results obtained during the present eclipse will not soon be forgotten, while the methods employed will doubtless supersede all former ones until new successes have been achieved and the various problems have been pushed still further towards solution.

BRISTOL AND THE WELSH BORDER.

MR. KERSLAKE of Bristol is well known in the West of England in the two characters of bookseller and antiquary; and those who are used to his catalogues know that he can say a good thing in the one character as well as in the other. At the Exeter meeting of the Archæological Institute Mr. Kerslake drew great attention by an important paper in which he threw much light on the relations between the English and British inhabitants of Exeter, and, by implication, of Devonshire generally. The special line which he took was founded on the dedications of the churches, by the help of which he was able to make out, with every likelihood of truth, the position and extent of the Welshry in Exeter up to the time of Æthelstan. This was a line of argument which, as far as we know, had not been used before, and in this particular case it led to great results. But it is an argument which may easily be pressed too far. When a city is known to have been inhabited by two distinct races, and when in one part of that city we find dedications belonging to one of those races only, the inference is obvious that that is the part of the city which that race occupied. The conclusion here can hardly be mistaken; but the whole force of the argument lies in there being several such dedications close together. An isolated dedication to a local saint in some district away from that in which he was specially honoured does not of itself prove settlement, conquest, or any form of presence, on the part of his usual votaries. St. Cuthbert has made his way from Lindisfarn to Wells, and St. Edith has made her way from Wilton to Tamworth; but this does not imply a Northumbrian settlement in Somerset or a West-Saxon settlement in Staffordshire. In these particular cases, and in many other such cases, we can conceive reasons of quite another kind for a founder in one district dedicating his church to a saint at the other end of England. Mr. Kerslake has since been carrying on the same line of argument in a paper read before the British Archæological Association at their Bristol meeting last year, which he has put forth as a separate pamphlet, headed *St. Ewen, Bristol, and the Welsh Border*. On one part of Mr. Kerslake's argument there is no reason to tarry very long. He is zealous for the antiquity of Bristol, but he fights for it against purely imaginary adversaries. He is displeased with the fact that Bristol is not mentioned in written records before 1051. But he seems rather oddly to fancy that those who have brought that fact into notice believe that Bristol had no being before 1051. He says very truly that the preservation of documents, and the mention of names in documents, is very much a matter of chance. "If Bristol," he adds with great force, "instead of an independent secular commercial port, had been an appendage to an Anglo-Saxon monastery, its name might have come down to us in some cartulary." But then no one ever thought that Bristol was "a sudden growth" of the year 1051. The fact that it is familiarly mentioned then as an important haven is of itself proof that its beginnings must have been much earlier. Its purely English name shows that it is an English foundation, and not, like its neighbour Bath—*Bathanceaster*—the representative of a Roman city; but there is the whole time from Ceawlin to Edward the Confessor to choose from for its beginning. Mr. Kerslake argues that the fact of Bristol having a church dedicated to the Mercian saint Werburh proves "that the town must have already existed while Mercia was an independent kingdom bounded on the south by our river Avon." Very possibly it did; but we cannot see how this argument proves it. And we are more amazed when Mr. Kerslake tries to prove the antiquity of Bristol from the neighbouring name of Brislington, while he seems to think it a patronymic of *Bristol*. Was a patronymic ever formed from a town? And has Mr. Kerslake forgotten how very modern and how very meaningless is the *l* at the end of the name of the city? "Brycg-stow," "Bristow," something which brings out the *bridge* and the *stow*, are forms which last down to the sixteenth century.

What Mr. Kerslake has to say about the dedications to St. Owen or Ewen is much more to the purpose, and is well worth examining. His first question is whether the Owen meant is a Welsh Owen or St. Ouen of Rouen, so famous in his own city. When we find the dedication at Bristol, Gloucester, Hereford, Chepstow, and find only two alleged cases, and of these only one certain case, in all England besides, the balance of probability is altogether in favour of the British claimant. The occurrence of the name, as well as that of St. Werburh, in Dublin is of course accounted for, as Mr. Kerslake suggests, by the fact that English Dublin was really a colony of Bristol. And Mr. Kerslake's inference that these dedications point to a tolerated Welshry in each of the border towns, answering to the undoubted Welshry at Exeter, is at least ingenious. It is at least as likely that, when national hatred had a little cooled down, the Mercian princes should allow a British settlement in these towns as that they should be seized with a fit of reverence for a British saint. But the circumstances could not have been exactly the same as those of the Welshry at Exeter. We cannot fancy that a British settlement at Gloucester was allowed by Ceawlin in the days of the first conquest. But this seems to be what Mr. Kerslake is trying to make out. He argues that the existence of a Welshry is a sign of early foundation; there is no sign of a Welshry in the foundations of Æthelflæd. Connected with this last point are some doubtful speculations as to the history of Shrewsbury and Hereford. Mr. Kerslake holds that "Scergeat," in the Annals of Æthelflæd, is the site of Shrewsbury, where the Lady first built a "burh." This is possible, and the "gate," as Mr. Kerslake says, aptly describes the isthmus of the peninsula of Shrewsbury. But the words "Scergeat" and "Shrewsbury" cannot have anything to do with one another. Mr. Kerslake, who shows great acuteness on several points, is not lucky in etymology. "Scrobbesbyrig" cannot be anything but "Scrobbesbyrig"; no process can get the first half of the word out of "Scer," and "Shrewsbury" is a mere softening of the name, which, as applied to the shire, is hardly changed in the modern form.

Hereford, according to the writer known as Brompton, was once called Fernlega. Here Mr. Kerslake would place the Fethanleah of the Chronicles, which nobody now can believe to be Fretherne in Gloucestershire, but at which we are a little startled when Dr. Guest carries it up to Faddiley in Cheshire. Yet Faddiley is a right modern form of Fethanlech, which, unless "Fernlega" be a corruption of something quite different, it cannot be got out of "Fethanleah." "The Faddiley expedition," Mr. Kerslake says, "does not pretend to account for the devastation of Chester." Certainly not; that was the work of Æthelfrith. Whatever Ceawlin aimed at in the expedition to Fethanleah, the expedition was in some measure a failure; he did not do all that he meant to do. His object doubtless was to carry the West-Saxon army to the Irish Sea, as he had done to the Bristol Channel. He would thus have cut off the Britons of Wales from the Britons of Strathclyde, as he had already cut them off from the Britons of Cornwall. In this he failed; as far as the general interests of the English advance were concerned, the work was presently done by Æthelfrith; but the advance of Wessex to the North was checked.

Mr. Kerslake goes on to find St. Werburh in two places in the extreme West—Wembury in Devon, and Warbstow in Cornwall—which he takes to be signs of the great West-Saxon expedition of Æthelbald in 733. This is rather slight foundation for so startling a theory, the more so as it can hardly be doubted that that expedition has been greatly exaggerated, through a very natural confusion between the two Somertons. Æthelbald took Somerton, and it has often been taken for granted that this means Somerton in Somerset. It is far more likely that it means Somerton in Oxfordshire, and that Æthelbald's conquests from Wessex were all on that border, where fighting never stopped. A Somerton fight takes its place naturally along with fights at Burford and Bensington.

All local inquiries carried on in a rational spirit, and under the guidance of the genuine authorities, are to be encouraged. So we are glad to see Mr. Kerslake, who made so happy a hit at Exeter, carry on his researches further. The grouping of the Owen dedications seems to us to be quite to the point. It is in etymology

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that Mr. Kerslake wholly fails. To connect Brislington with Bricgstow will never do; and it is a strange hint that the name "West Chester," so often used to mark the city which we call specially Chester, has anything to do with its lying *waste* from Æthelfrith to Æthelflæd. It appears as "a waste chester" in the Chronicles, but that was before the "waste chester" ceased to be "waste," and became distinctly "Chester." West Chester is surely opposed to Leicester, the other "Civitas Legionum," the other "Legreceaster." From not noting that the Legreceaster of the Chronicles is much oftener Chester than Leicester, modern writers have been led into many confusions.

A FOOL'S PARADISE.

IT is evident that the Crystal Palace has met with a formidable rival, at least in the use of magnificent promises and gorgeous language. Everybody will remember the wonderful things that were to be done at Sydenham for the elevation of the masses and the general regeneration of the world; and, though the results have not perhaps been exactly what were expected, the eloquence of the Directors' annual prospectus has never failed. Their pre-eminence in this sort of literature is now, however, seriously challenged, and indeed we are afraid, for the moment, almost eclipsed, by the programme of the Alexandra Palace. It is of course not to be supposed that the Crystal Palace will tamely submit to be surpassed in this way. The blast from Muswell Hill will no doubt be replied to by a louder note from Sydenham, and the public will watch with interest an exciting competition. Although the author of the Alexandra Palace programme is himself apparently quite equal to any amount of fine writing, he has modestly obtained the assistance of other experts in this art. We are introduced in the first page to a "popular writer," who remarks that, "without State ceremonial, but with complete success, the Alexandra Palace was thrown open." This we take to be a sly hit at the other Palace, which was opened with State ceremonial, but, it would seem, without complete success; and the same may also perhaps be said of the Albert Hall. The popular writer then goes on to enumerate the marvels of Muswell Hill, among which a conspicuous place is assigned to "the buttercups in the grass and the may in the hedges"—very pretty things in their way, but not exclusively confined to that particular district of London—and arrives at the conclusion that the Alexandra Palace during its former brief existence added to its other feats that of "stamping itself on an enormous public as a success." And then we have another rather ungenerous poke at the rival shop over the way—"No housetops to pass, or miles of squalor to shudder at." In connexion with the Alexandra Park there is, it appears, a Grove, which is to be reserved three days a week for picnic parties, and this time it is not a popular but "an able writer" who is brought forward to celebrate its sylvan loveliness. It is "pillared by noble oaks," and has turf of silky fineness, a cedar of Lebanon "like a foreshortened Gothic cathedral," and, "the monarch of all, a gigantic chestnut," whose "twining and bowing branches droop to the very ground and rise again, resting, not rooting, to emulate a vegetable peristyle of the banyan." It is but fair to say, however, that the Grove is really beautiful, in spite of the absurdity of the description. The new Palace is to consist mainly of a great central hall, and it is needless to say that "it will undoubtedly be one of the most perfect structures of the kind ever yet erected," for that may be assumed in regard to everything connected with this peerless Palace. Its adaptibility to great musical and social gatherings is, we are told, evident from the fact that it will seat twelve thousand visitors and an orchestra of two thousand. But it may perhaps be doubted whether the music will not be lost in the vast space provided for the multitude. This space is to be adorned, possibly as a substitute for State ceremonial, with statues of the Kings and Queens of England, "designed to illustrate the royal costume of each period, and, as far as possible, some remarkable event in the life of each sovereign." The insinuation conveyed in the "as far as possible," that there are some sovereigns who cannot possibly be identified with anything but the clothes they wore, will, we fear, shock some loyal minds.

It is also perhaps unnecessary to state that the Directors of the Alexandra Palace "have been guided by one object—namely, the exclusion from the Palace of all entertainments which possess merely a sensational and questionable interest, and to encourage only those of a legitimate character, and which have a tendency to reform and elevate the public taste," because this is what we have heard before, and we know pretty well by this time what it all comes to. The account which is given of the attractions which are shortly to be provided at Muswell Hill suggests the impression that, if there is anybody out of a lunatic asylum whose notion of perfect happiness is to do Kew Gardens, the British Museum, the National Gallery, Brompton Boilers, the Lowther Arcade, Mme. Tussaud's, Cremorne, the Tower of London, and the Polytechnic all in one day, and at the same time before he goes home to see a play, an opera, a circus, a horse-show, and a steeplechase, with lots of opportunities between these various relaxations for miscellaneous eating, drinking, swimming, gymnastic exercises, and cock-shy, he could hardly do better than try the Alexandra Palace, inasmuch as the varied entertainments we have mentioned are only a very small part of what is promised in that amazing show-place. Our attention is first called to the Picture Galleries, in connexion with which a taste, or want of taste, for art may be combined with a passion for gambling. One of the Company's season tickets entitles the holder to participate in an annual lottery of pictures, statuary, porcelain, pottery, engravings, and in addition to revel in the comprehensive enjoyments of the Palace, Park, and Grove. On the other hand, exhibitors are to be tempted to send contributions by "the invariable rule that all works of art intended for distribution will be purchased from the collections of the Palace." As the Directors will have only some score or so of other exhibitions to look after, they will of course have abundance of leisure for "direct negotiations with artists," in order to beat the dealers at their own trade. Lord Londesborough has lent the Company the collection of armour made by his father, which also includes Dr. Dee's "magical speculum, with which he used to call his spirits," and on which perhaps the Directors may themselves be suspected of relying to some extent for the performance of their promised marvels. A "peculiar feature" will consist in a series of representations of the architecture, gardening, manners, customs, and costume of foreign lands; and it might be worth while to see whether the Crystal Palace cannot be persuaded to dispose of its stock of broken-nosed savages which frighten little boys in dark corners of the transepts. There will be a Japanese village, built by Japanese workmen, where Japanese productions will be on sale "under the sanction of the Japanese Government." A Moorish house will also afford an opportunity of studying the architectural arrangements of the harem. There will be a reading-room, which is also to be (for the greater comfort of readers) "an agreeable place of resort for meeting, appointment, and social reunion." It is hoped that the "Exhibition Department" will not only be attractive to the public but "highly remunerative to exhibitors," and the commercial character of the institution is so far frankly expressed. The musical arrangements are to comprise concerts, oratorios, and English opera; and the public is also promised a theatre, which of course will be "of the most complete and perfect kind," as well as a circus in the grounds for equestrian performances. Then a great deal is to be done in "natural history," which turns out to mean shows of flowers, horses, dogs, and poultry, and a grand competition of metropolitan cabs and cab-horses, under the joint and most appropriate management of Cardinal Manning and Lord Shaftesbury, the latter of whom, it may be expected, will bring his donkey. It is suggested that at present the hackney-carriage driver does not "take any more than ordinary pride, or bestow more than the minimum amount of attention, to the cleanliness and general appointments of his cab, or, what is of far more importance, the condition, care, and comfort of his horse"; and it must be admitted that a very unpleasant and notorious fact could hardly be stated more delicately, though there is certainly room for improvement in the grammar of the sentence. It is apparently hoped that by bringing into full view a collection of those disgustingly filthy and ricketty vehicles, and wretched steeds, the owners and drivers may be shocked into some sense of decency and humanity; and there can be no doubt that this would be a "very beneficial result to the public at large." To complete the scheme, however, there ought also to be an exhibition of cabmen, who certainly do not take more than ordinary pride in their own personal appearance, or bestow more than the minimum amount of attention on their cleanliness and general appointments. Next we come to what are called "national sports and amusements," for which the Alexandra Palace offers itself as "a natural suburban home." There will be races twice every summer, and a trotting ring in which matches will be contested; and this will of course involve, as a further attraction, a great exhibition of metropolitan blackguardism. Any one who wants to be hustled and robbed ought not to neglect this opportunity. We have hardly space to review all the other amusements for which facilities are to be given, but it may be enough to mention a skating rink, cricket-ground, archery, and boating, and leave the rest to the imagination of the public, who have only to think of anything they would like, from pitch and toss to Moody and Sankey, and they may reckon confidently that it has not been overlooked by the Directors. The refreshments are of course to be on a scale of unexampled magnificence and profusion. "Commodious bars," "numerous dining-rooms," a "banqueting-hall," and "convenient refreshment châlets distributed through the grounds" will afford to visitors who may be overcome by the inexhaustible amusements of the day ample means of restoration.

It is well known that a manager's programme at the beginning of a season must not be taken too literally, and the authors of this comprehensive project may find it expedient to postpone or abandon some parts of it. As far as can be seen, however, they appear to be bent on a repetition of the blunder against which the melancholy example of the Crystal Palace might have furnished a sufficient warning. They have gone to great expense in building a huge hall which is good for nothing except for a mob to promenade in; which, like the similar absurdity at Sydenham, will entail a constant and ruinous outlay for repairs; and which for the greater part of the year will be simply, as the phrase is, eating its head off. It is possible that such a place may be successful as a larger sort of tea-garden, and for certain exceptional entertainments; but nothing can be more preposterous than to imagine that people will go all the way to Muswell Hill in search of theatrical or operatic entertainments which they get more conveniently, and of an infinitely better kind, in town. A theatre or an opera-house is a thing which can only be worked profitably when the whole attention of the

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manager is concentrated upon it, and even then it is not everybody who succeeds. But here we have half-a-dozen directors, without any practical knowledge or experience, undertaking the management of almost every kind of public show which has yet been invented. There is one part of the scheme which indicates very clearly the hopeless confusion of mind in which it has been hatched. The Company, we are informed, "is fortunate in the possession of 300 acres of land available for building purposes"; and "this land has been allotted on a carefully considered scheme which will in no degree detract from the attractions of the Palace and Park, whilst those who are fortunate enough to reside in the houses to be erected on it will enjoy special advantages beyond that of dwelling in one of our most healthy and convenient suburbs." Among the special advantages which these fortunate people have in prospect must be included, we suppose, the invasion of their sylvan quiet by all the scum and scoundrelism which invariably attend a suburban race-meeting, while at other times their nightly repose will be soothed by the noises of poultry, dogs, and donkeys. It is just possible that a scheme may have too many sides, and those who are responsible for this one will perhaps find some difficulty in reconciling the filthy ruffianism to which they propose to throw open their estate with that "elevation and refinement of public taste" and that pretty building speculation which are also parts of their project.

CARDINAL RAUSCHER AND THE OLD CATHOLICS.

IT has often been said that Cardinals are "born infallibilists," and although several Cardinals at the Vatican Council took a prominent part in the opposition, their subsequent conduct serves in most cases to confirm this view. If the Ultramontanes have had a hard time of it in Prussia, the Old Catholics do not seem to have been getting on very comfortably in Austria. Only the other day a meeting of theirs was forbidden by the police, and the stringent Pastoral just issued against them by Cardinal Rauscher is occasioned by a very moderate measure of relief which has been passed by what he calls the "unbelieving" vote of the Lower House, and is now coming before the Upper House of the Reichstag. This is not, to be sure, such hard measure as has been dealt to their rivals in Germany, where, if we may believe a writer in the new number of the *Edinburgh Review*, not only five Bishops but 14,000 priests, and about an equal number of laymen, have been fined or imprisoned under the Falk laws, while, as a natural result of this persecution, the number of Ultramontane deputies to the Diet has been doubled. Whether the repressive force of the law has had the effect of consolidating or checking the growth of the Old Catholic movement in Austria we hardly know as yet. It is rather with the animus of those who are taking the lead in putting it down that we are immediately concerned. Among the prelates who led the forlorn hope at the Vatican Council, one of the most illustrious has since been removed from the scene by what may not unfairly be termed a martyr's death. Of the German members of the opposition Cardinal Schwarzenberg has, we believe, yielded at the outside nothing beyond a tacit acquiescence in the obnoxious decrees, and Bishop Strossmayer has never acquiesced at all. The two handsome folios containing Massarelli's Acts of the Council of Trent, which the late Father Theiner was forbidden to publish in Rome when their unfavourable bearing on the very different regulations enforced at the Vatican had become apparent, were edited by him and published just after his death in Croatia, under the auspices of Bishop Strossmayer, to whom he pays a glowing tribute in the preface. And it is understood that further and still more important publications connected with the Council of Trent are being prepared under the same high sanction, including Massarelli's private diary of the Council, of which Theiner has only ventured to make a very sparing use in his footnotes, and which may be expected to contain many startling revelations. On the other hand, Bishop Förster of Breslau, whose anti-infallibilist zeal in 1870 more than once brought him into conflict with the Papal police, has been the only one of the Prussian Bishops to promulgate the recent Encyclical, and has just received from the Pope the archiepiscopal *pallium* in acknowledgment of his services. Archbishop Melchers of Cologne, who was called to order for his trenchant denunciations of the meddling despotism of Rome at the Vatican Synod by the presiding Legates, and sharply replied that he spoke in the name of above a million German Catholics, has shown himself since then one of the readiest instruments of the policy of the Curia. Cardinal Rauscher himself has never lost an opportunity, either in his place in the Upper House or elsewhere, of using the whole force of his very considerable official and personal influence for the suppression of those whose offence is their too faithful adherence to the very principles which he so strenuously vindicated only five years ago.

In this busy age memories are apt to be short, and a man in a public position who does not shrink from boldly "effacing" his previous professions or acts has a good chance before long of being taken at his word, especially if he has an influential party at his back. It is already almost forgotten that Cardinal Ledochowski and Archbishop Förster, as they have now become, were not so long ago closely allied with the Prussian Government, and that even Ketteler, if he did not go so far as some of his colleagues, was an ardent "inopportunist" at the Vatican Council. And it may be worth while, therefore, in view of his recent utterances, to recall briefly the position occupied throughout that ill-omened assembly by the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna. *Littera scripta manet*, and whatever colouring he may now choose to give to his previous conduct, the speeches he made, the pamphlets he published, and the protests he signed in those days, remain on record, and may be easily consulted in the pages of *Quirinus*, and in Friedrich's *Tagebuch* and *Documenta Concilii Vaticani*. Within a few weeks of the opening of the Council, on January 2, 1870, a vigorous protest against the order of business imposed on its members, drawn up by Cardinal Rauscher and signed by the whole body of German and Austrian prelates, was presented to the Pope, who refused to receive it. It appeals to the inherent rights of the episcopate as dependent on Divine institution, not on Papal grace. Ten days later Rauscher subscribed the protest against the introduction of the infallibility doctrine. When Dr. Döllinger soon afterwards put out a crushing refutation of the infallibilist address, and attempts were made to induce the German Bishops to disclaim agreement with him, Rauscher united with his colleagues in refusing to do so. But he did not content himself with a merely negative opposition. In April he put forth a treatise on the subject, calm and dignified in tone, but not a little remarkable when viewed in the light of later events. It reads almost like a summary of Mr. Gladstone's *Vaticanism*. Papal Infallibility, the Cardinal observed, must include all decisions of former Pontiffs, and therefore, among other things, must cover the *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII. making the Pope supreme over the whole civil domain, which would be welcome news to those who desire to banish the Church altogether from civil society. The author proceeds to prove from ecclesiastical history that the Popes did not formerly hold themselves infallible, and have often fallen into errors rejected by the Church. He insists especially on the pointed contrast between ancient and modern Papal teaching on the relations of Church and State, and argues that with Papal infallibility the whole mediæval theory of the deposing power and absolute civil supremacy of the pontificate must inevitably revive, which would be a terrible triumph for the enemies of all religion. The Cardinal goes on to dwell on the forgeries by which Aquinas, whose impress is stamped on the whole scholastic theology, was himself misled in this matter. He concludes, "If the Pope is declared to be, alone and without the episcopate, infallible in faith and morals, the Œcumenical Councils are robbed of the authority recognized by Gregory the Great when he said he honoured them equally with the four Gospels; for they would be, and would have always been, even at the time of the Nicene Council, superfluous for deciding on faith and morals. This doctrine would be *a declaration of war against the innermost convictions of the Church*, and she would be robbed for the future of those aids supplied by the Council of Trent at her extremest need." These objections are repeated in still stronger terms in an address from the same hand presented to the Presidents of the Council, and signed by many Bishops of other nations, including England and America, as well as by the Germans. It dwells chiefly on the civil bearings of the proposed new dogma, citing the *Unam Sanctam* and *Cum ex Apostolatûs officio*, and dismisses as an "inadmissible subterfuge" the plea that the powers claimed in these Bulls exist only in the abstract and have no bearing on public affairs. When at the beginning of June the general debate on infallibility was abruptly closed by the Legates, the international meeting called to discuss this arbitrary procedure was held in Cardinal Rauscher's lodgings, and it was he who drew the protest. He afterwards endeavoured to get the purely Gallican formula of St. Antoninus of Florence adopted, which makes the Pope infallible only when he "follows the counsel of the Universal Church." In his last speech, about three weeks before the close of the Council, he declared the infallibilist dogma to be equally at issue with the facts of history and the tradition of the Church, and sure to have fatal consequences. He referred to the cases of Vigilius, Honorius, Nicholas III., John XXII., and other Popes, and finally declared that "he could never assent to the *Schema* without mortal sin." Archbishop (now Cardinal) Deschamps interrupted him with the impatient comment, "We knew all that before from your pamphlet." "Yes," replied Rauscher, "but you have never refuted it." He was lastly one of the 88 Bishops who voted *non placet* on July 13, and one of the 55 who signed the formal protest against it. Yet he can now only regard a measure for relieving the consciences of Old Catholics in the Austrian Empire as the work of unbelievers.

It is indeed easier to explain than to excuse the altered attitude of these prelates. In this very Pastoral Cardinal Rauscher speaks of the infallibilist definition as an occasion of trial for the faith of many, and expresses his earnest hope that those who succumbed to it—*i.e.* who repudiated the decree—will return to their allegiance and thus contribute to restoring the peace of the Church. It is natural perhaps that Cardinals and Bishops should be ready to sacrifice almost anything to the maintenance of external unity, and if this can be preserved by the formal acceptance of what the late Archbishop Darboy termed "an unmeaning dogma" (*un dogme inepte*), they do not care to scrutinize too closely the various and conflicting senses, or negations of sense, which may be loosely comprehended under a common formula. How wide these divergences are may be gathered from a comparison, *e.g.*, of Dr. Newman's recent pamphlet with Cardinal Manning's; not that we are for a moment identifying Dr. Newman with the slippery policy chargeable on so many high dignitaries, for in some recondite sense, which is not likely to commend itself to any intellect less subtle than his own, he has always believed, and openly professed to believe, in

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Papal infallibility, and he has made it abundantly clear that he believes it in no other sense now. No charge therefore can be made against his consistency, however one may regret the line he has felt it right to take. One detailed illustration alone will suffice to show the flexibility of this truly Lesbian rule. It would seem to any ordinary apprehension that, if the Pope is infallible when he speaks *ex cathedrâ*, the Syllabus which convulsed all Catholic Europe ten years ago, and has been the theme both of literary criticism and political censure or remonstrance ever since, must be an infallible document. And by all consistent Ultramontanes it is accepted as such, and forms part of "a vast body of Catholic doctrine," as Dr. Kavanagh puts it. But there are other Ultramontanes, and still more divines, who, like Dr. Newman, cannot be called Ultramontanes at all except in their reluctant acquiescence in the Vatican Decrees, who take quite the opposite view. Thus to Dr. Newman the Syllabus is a mere "index *raisonné*," drawn by an unknown hand and having no dogmatic authority whatever beyond what it may incidentally derive from the various Allocutions, Bulls, &c., to which it refers, and under the limitations therein implied. What is stranger still, the late Bishop Fessler, writing with the express sanction of the Pope, denies the *ex cathedrâ* character of the Syllabus; while His Holiness has at the same time, with a somewhat embarrassing impartiality, bestowed emphatic commendation on his dear son, the editor of the *Dublin Review*, who strenuously asserts just the contrary. In his recent pamphlet Cardinal Manning maintains a judicious reserve on the subject; but if we turn to a sermon expressly on the Syllabus, preached two years before the Vatican Council, and published in the last volume of his *Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects*, in 1873, we find an estimate so startlingly contrasting with Dr. Newman's that it is difficult to believe the same document is being described. Instead of its being a mere "catalogue," drawn up nobody knows by whom, "having no dogmatic force," and no connexion whatever with the accompanying Encyclical but the purely accidental one of time, we are now informed by the Archbishop from his cathedral pulpit that "in the year 1864, and on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, *the Holy Father published two documents*, the one called an Encyclical, the other called the Syllabus." The latter of these documents "contained eighty errors, partly on matters of faith, partly on matters of morals, in both of which, as you know, the Catholic Church, *and the Head of the Catholic Church also*, by Divine assistance, are infallible." And then it is immediately added, to preclude any possible loophole of escape, that "under morals are also included a number of errors relating to the *political* state of the world, the Church, and its Head." To these political errors the rest of the sermon is devoted, and it closes with the solemn announcement that "the Syllabus is the word of truth and of charity—*the word of the chief Christian Pastor, speaking to the Christian world*, and calling it back to the one Name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved." Language more emphatic and solemn could hardly be applied to the Decalogue or the Sermon on the Mount.

To plain persons who honestly desire—and there are such—to find in Papal infallibility a sure guidance amid the strife of tongues, such diversities of interpretation must be sadly perplexing, for they of course make the proffered guidance for all practical purposes worthless. And we have merely taken the Syllabus as one crucial illustration out of many of the fatal elasticity of the new rule of faith. For whatever doctrines it may prescribe, including the Vatican dogma itself, must be submitted, according to Dr. Newman, who is borne out by Bishop Fessler, to the judgment of the "*Schola Theologorum*"—that is, of the great body of Catholic theologians all over the world—who can alone determine their true scope and meaning, and whose decision is necessarily "a work of time"—indeed of so long a time that on most disputed points they are not very likely ever to arrive at a unanimous decision; and even if they do it may have to be revised, for "instances frequently occur when questions which had seemed to be closed are after a course of years reopened." And thus, while the Vatican definition makes the Pope's infallible utterances independent of the consent of the Church, the consent of theologians can alone determine, after a long course of years, when he has spoken infallibly and what he meant to say. Considerations of this sort, though they may not be able to expound them with Dr. Newman's subtlety of thought and perspicuity of diction, are probably more or less familiar to the minds of potentates like Cardinal Rauscher, who use all the weight of their high official position to enforce on dissidents or doubters a dogma which they not long ago vehemently combated themselves on grounds still left unrefuted, and which it would be little short of an insult to their intelligence to suppose they can have now brought themselves to believe. To them, as to Archbishop Darboy, the dogma is too absurd to be seriously entertained, and it may therefore be innocuously professed as a formal condition of maintaining "the peace of the Church." Their own experience might teach them, however, that some allowance is due to the scruples of those who are otherwise minded, and who think that even peace may be too dearly purchased at the cost of sincerity and truth.

THE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN LOANS.

WHEN a mossy stone by the side of a ditch is suddenly turned up, a great many strange, sprawling creatures, more curious than pretty, are seen rushing about in the most grotesque surprise and bewilderment at the unexpected daylight; and it may be conceived that, if these unhappy insects had only the faculty of speech, they would be heard expressing their disgust and indignation in no measured terms, and that very strong language would probably be used about the breach of ancient privilege. Something of this sort has happened in regard to the inquiries which are now being prosecuted by the Foreign Loans Committee. There are apparently a number of people who think they are very ill used by the proceedings which have led to some uncomfortable disclosures, and that if this kind of thing is to go on it will be extremely unpleasant. The *Times*, among other recent strange wanderings from its old ways, has in a half-ashamed fashion made itself the apologist, if not the mouthpiece, of this class. It has preached more than one edifying sermon on Hosea Biglow's well-known text, that, although it is all very well to go in pretty strongly against "wrong in the abstract,"

> You must not be hard on pertickler sins,
> 'Cause then you get kicking the people's own shins.

The *Times* holds that "a general inquiry, with a view to some general legislation, would not necessarily enter into particular cases in this way." The distinction, we are reminded, between evidence which deals in general results on broad facts and opinions, and such as enters into the details of particular cases so as to disclose and expose them, is well understood; and it is the latter course which is objected to, on the ground that it involves embarrassment. "Persons implicated naturally endeavour to defend themselves, and they do so by implicating others; and so the embarrassment becomes greater and greater as the inquiry goes on." The embarrassment thus deplored is, we presume, that of the persons implicated; but this is not necessarily a result which the public need regret, and the *Times* would have done well to explain how sound general views can be obtained independently of particular facts. It has usually been supposed that a general view was only a logical summary of the conclusions suggested by a variety of detailed information; and we should be very much afraid that any general views arrived at after the method recommended by the *Times* would be found to bear a very close resemblance to the shadowy evolutions of pure moral consciousness. The alternative which it is thought will pose the Committee and its supporters is this—either there is fraud, and in that case the question at issue ought to be taken to the law courts; or there is no fraud, and then what business has the Committee to interfere? The answer, however, is tolerably obvious. It is possible to conceive that there may be transactions which, if not absolutely fraudulent in the legal sense, are yet highly injurious to the public interests; and the question, as far as we understand it, which the Committee has been appointed to inquire into, is whether this state of things really exists, and, if so, what remedies it would advise. It would be absurd to say that, because the law does not at present touch certain objectionable practices, they are therefore to be allowed to be indefinitely carried on with complete impunity. All that the law courts have to deal with is the law as it is; but then it is urged that certain combinations and contrivances have been devised expressly for the purpose of keeping on the blind side of the law and thus evading the penalties to which less ingenious rogueries would be exposed. It would certainly be improper for any one in the present unfinished state of the investigation to draw any very specific conclusions from it as to the behaviour of particular persons, and it may almost be assumed that the Committee itself will not feel at liberty, when its work is over, to express a decided opinion on many of the personal questions involved. Its Report will no doubt be as general as even the *Times* could desire; but it will also possess the authority which belongs to opinions based upon a careful examination of evidence in detail. The more clearly it is made out that certain swindling practices cannot at present be treated as legal fraud, the greater will be the need of amending the law, and the more necessary and important therefore the labours of the Committee.

The Committee has issued a special Report in answer to the inquiries which were addressed to it on Mr. Disraeli's suggestion, but we see no reason for altering the opinion we have already expressed, that a mistake was committed in admitting M. Herran's letter as part of the regular public proceedings, without even an attempt to induce him to give oral evidence. At the same time it would be ridiculous to attach much importance to the error. It may be assumed that M. Herran's letter will now be taken just for what it is worth—that is, as a general assertion of which no corroboratory evidence is offered, and which has never been tested by cross-examination. In other respects the conduct of the Committee has been apparently moderate and discreet. Persons who have been willing to give evidence have been examined, but the Committee has not in any instance enforced its power to compel the attendance of reluctant witnesses. An investigation conducted in this manner is no doubt to some extent imperfect, and certainly does not satisfy strictly judicial conditions. It would be rash to conclude that those who have as yet withheld any explanations of their relation to certain rather ugly-looking transactions have no explanations to give; but it may at least be supposed that they are not so proud of their trade as to make an ostentatious exhibition of its methods of operation. Even if the Report of the Committee is found, when published, to contain nothing very definite or practical in the way of suggestions, the mere publication of the evidence, as far as it has gone, has been extremely useful from a public point of view. National education in all its forms is one of the great principles of modern government, and there is nothing on which a large part of our countrymen and countrywomen so much require

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to be educated as in regard to the practices of the people who get up Companies and loans and of their confederates on the Stock Exchange. Whenever anything particularly scandalous is exposed, the persons implicated at once turn round and cry, "What is the use of making such a fuss about nothing? We have only been doing what everybody does, and everybody knows it. It is the usage of the trade, and if anybody has been deceived, it has been only through their own blind stupidity and folly." This is the "original sin" theory which has been propounded as a consolation to the Honduras bondholders, and the author has no doubt by this time received his reward in any number of Grand Crosses, which appears to be the only remaining currency of that mysterious country. There is certainly something to be said on this side of the question; but the imprudent investors who are thus represented as the real culprits, tempting innocent persons to take advantage of their excessive simplicity, are also entitled to some consideration; and it may be thought that it will be for the protection of both parties if in future the class of people who are likely to be attracted by questionable speculations are enlightened as to the risks which they are encountering. *Caveat emptor* is no doubt a sound principle within reasonable limits, but there can at least be no objection to extending that sort of general knowledge of financial transactions which will prevent small capitalists from offering to bankers and brokers the kind of temptation which a silly lamb presents to a hungry wolf when it rushes into its jaws. It is impossible of course that this kind of information can be disseminated without making some people uncomfortable, but the public welfare must at times override private convenience. There are two ways in which fraudulent practices may be checked—one is by bringing the offenders to punishment, and the other is by opening the eyes of dupes; and of these the latter is, as far at any rate as the sharpers are concerned, the more merciful plan. Apart from this, it is quite possible that the light already thrown on the processes of the Stock Exchange may lead to some important propositions for a reform of that institution.

BALLOONING.

THE experience of M. Tissandier commenced in 1868, when he ascended with M. Duruof from Calais. They had made a pleasant voyage over the sea, and were returning safely when M. Tissandier in his inexperience threw out a whole sack of ballast. Instantly they ascended to a height of 6,500 feet and heard beneath them the melodious but terrible sound of the sea. The sun was about to sink into the waves. How imprudent they had been! Were they not trying fortune too hard, and soliciting adversity by coming a second time over the ocean depths from which they had escaped so miraculously just before? The powerful breeze that reigns along the ground carries us in towards the shore, and it has already saved us once. Soon we near a cape, which spreads itself out before us like a narrow promontory, and becomes wider as we approach it. But will the *Neptune* reach its soil, or will it rush past its extreme point, and carry us on over the vast ocean? Night is falling fast, the sky is overcast, and every second of hesitation may now prove dangerous. Suddenly Duruof allows a cry of joy to escape his lips, and there can be no doubt that the wind is really carrying us on the coast. Duruof pulls the valve-rope, and the balloon soon sails nearly on the surface of the waves. At the same moment Barret throws the grapnel out, and as soon as they reach the shore Tissandier lets go the anchor. It soon strikes on a sandhill, and the *Neptune* rolls over on its side. On this occasion Tissandier threw over chicken bones after luncheon, and Duruof reproved him for wasting ballast. This exciting story, which we have abridged from the narrative of the principal performer, recalls the experience of Gay-Lussac, who in 1804 reached the height of 22,966 feet, and, wishing to rise still higher, threw overboard a common deal chair. It fell close to a girl tending sheep, and as the sky was clear and the balloon invisible, she in that unsophisticated age supposed that this chair had been sent down direct from Paradise. This idea could only be opposed by referring to the very coarse workmanship of the chair. The discussion continued until the newspapers put an end to it by publishing an account of M. Gay-Lussac's voyage, and grouping among natural phenomena what had been looked upon as a miracle. In M. Tissandier's next voyage he noticed that the ballast thrown out formed a perfect rain of sand which covered the party with dust. This he accounts for by observing that the balloon descending with increasing velocity may sink much more rapidly than the ballast, so that the latter may fall on those who throw it out. On this occasion the balloon burst, but fortunately it was close to the ground. Tissandier and his friends now planned an ascent to be made from Havre. Duruof was commissioned to inspect the balloon, but, as he had agreed to make the ascent at any risk, he thought he would put off the inspection till the balloon arrived at Havre. "The fact is, he was afraid to find it unfit for use." The wind blew so violently that the balloon burst during inflation, and the spectators were well pleased to take back their money, and congratulated the party on not going up in such gusty weather. His next ascent was made from Paris in November in a snowstorm, and, having reached the height of 6,500 feet, they resolved not to think of rising higher. To do so they must expend the last atom of ballast on which safety might depend. If they should plunge their aerial chariot into the solar beams which shine above them, the heavy layer of snow on the balloon would melt at once, and thus lightened they would be carried up into the highest regions of the air. After admiring the scene for some time, they would be called back again towards the earth by that invisible power called gravitation, and on descending the balloon would accumulate a fresh supply of snow, and so descend with great rapidity, during which time they would have no ballast to throw out, and to save them from falling to the ground with a fearful shock.

On the 12th of March 1869, M. Tissandier projected an ascent in a balloon called the *North Pole*, intending to hand over any profit that might be derived to an Arctic expedition then projected. With this intention he sent a petition to the Emperor, asking the use of the Esplanade des Invalides for the ascent. At the end of a month an answer came stating that the Esplanade was an inconvenient place for balloon ascents, but the Champ de Mars might be obtained on application in the proper quarter. References to and fro between officials went on with as much activity as in England, and finally on the 21st of May the ascent was authorised. The *Captive* balloon, in which the ascent was to be made, arrived from London; and a Custom House officer stated that, as nothing proved its French origin, there would be a duty payable of 120*l*. Fortunately, however, the requisite evidence was forthcoming. The 27th of June was fixed for the ascent, and the police authorities had refused to send any men to keep order unless the military authorities would allow some soldiers also. M. Tissandier went to the Commandant of Paris, who told him that he thought the authorities were highly to blame in allowing the balloonists to make use of the Champ de Mars, already so long occupied by the Exhibition building, when it was required for drilling troops. He told them they should have neither soldiers nor band, as the army was not a police force, and military music was never intended to amuse a parcel of fools. However, by "certain influences," both soldiers and band were obtained, but the ascent was not financially profitable for the Polar expedition. M. Tissandier, who is thoroughly a Frenchman, found one thought to console him. "It was that the Polar expedition and aerial navigation joined hands for once. It was a touching union of two noble causes, equally neglected, equally unfortunate." In this expedition M. Tissandier commanded, having a crew of eight persons. The balloon, being of great size, was difficult to manage on reaching earth. It crossed the country faster than a racehorse, and made leaps thirty yards high. There is no great danger when the balloon descends upon a well-chosen spot, "but it would be interesting, nevertheless, to abridge this portion of the journey as much as possible." The descent was effected at Auneau, and M. Tissandier concludes his narrative with a reflection which under present circumstances sounds rather melancholy. "How many balloon descents would be necessary to cause disasters equal to those which civil war gave rise to in this fertile and peaceful district of La Beauce." The villagers of Auneau made properly welcome a party which descended from the evening clouds, bringing with it sixty pints of wine and twenty pints of brandy. After making a night of it with abundant mirth, the voyagers were charged 67 francs for damage to crops.

It will be seen from this sketch of M. Tissandier's career that he is an experienced as well as an enthusiastic aeronaut. But the peculiar dangers to which his companions succumbed could not probably have been mitigated by any advice or aid from him. He says that the party had passed an elevation of 8,000 mètres, or nearly five miles, at one o'clock, and then they fell into a state of complete stupefaction. He aroused himself for a moment, and then he saw that the balloon was descending, and that his companion, Croce-Spinelli, was throwing out the *aspirateur*. This was an instrument weighing 80 lbs., which Croce threw out by mistake, causing a second ascent to a considerable height, in which he and Sivel died of asphyxia produced by intense rarefaction of the air. Some persons will feel that influence sooner and more acutely than others, according to constitution and habit. A striking picture in a well-known book represents "Mr. Glaisher insensible at the height of seven miles" in the car, while his companion Mr. Coxwell has climbed to the ring from which the car depends, and bears the air of an able seaman in aerial navigation. This ascent was made from Wolverhampton, on September 5, 1862. At a little over three miles Mr. Coxwell was panting for breath. Up to five miles in height Mr. Glaisher had taken observations with comfort, and experienced no difficulty in breathing, whilst Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the exertions he had to make, had breathed with difficulty for some time. Having discharged sand, they ascended still higher, the aspirator became troublesome to work, and Mr. Glaisher found a difficulty in seeing clearly. He asked Mr. Coxwell to help him to read the instruments. But he had to leave the car, and mount into the ring to adjust the valve-line. Mr. Glaisher looked at the barometer, and found its reading to imply a height exceeding 29,000 feet. Shortly after he laid his arm upon the table possessed of its full vigour, but on trying to use it he found it powerless. Trying to move the other arm, he found it powerless also. All muscular power was lost from his back and neck. He dimly saw Mr. Coxwell, and endeavoured to speak, but could not. In an instant intense darkness overcame him, but he was still conscious and his brain active. He thought he had been seized with asphyxia, and believed he should experience nothing more, as death would come unless they speedily descended. Other thoughts were entering his mind when he suddenly became unconscious as in going to sleep. While powerless he heard the words "temperature" and "observation," and he knew that Mr. Coxwell was in the car speaking to and endeavouring to rouse him. Then he heard the words "Do try, now do." Then the instruments became

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dimly visible, then Mr. Coxwell, and very shortly Mr. Glaisher saw clearly. Then he arose and looked around as though waking from sleep, and said to Mr. Coxwell, "I have been insensible." He said, "You have; and I too very nearly." Mr. Coxwell said he had lost the use of his hands, which were black, and Mr. Glaisher poured brandy over them. Mr. Glaisher estimates the time of his total insensibility at seven minutes. Mr. Coxwell told him that while in the ring he felt it piercingly cold, and on attempting to leave the ring he found his hands frozen. He had therefore to place his arms on the ring and drop down. When he felt insensibility coming over him too, he became anxious to open the valve. But having lost the use of his hands he could not do this. Ultimately he succeeded by seizing the cord with his teeth, and dipping his head two or three times until the balloon took a decided turn downwards. No inconvenience followed Mr. Glaisher's insensibility. He calculates that the balloon must have attained the altitude of 36,000 or 37,000 feet, or fully seven miles.

With this experience to guide us, M. Tissandier's account of the death of his companions is readily intelligible. "They were seized with asphyxia in the high aerial altitudes which we reached." During two consecutive hours he was himself in a state of complete coma. At 1.20 P.M. they were at a height of 7,000 mètres. Sivel and Croce were pallid. He felt weak. He inhaled some oxygen, which reanimated him a little. They still ascended. Sivel asked the others whether he should throw out ballast, and they assented. Three bags of ballast were emptied and they rose rapidly. All of a sudden Tissandier became so feeble that he could not even turn his head to look at his companions. He wished to take hold of the oxygen tube, but found it impossible to raise his arm. His brain was still quite clear. He could see the needle of the barometer, and wished to call out "We are at a height of 8,000 mètres," but his tongue was as it were paralysed. Suddenly he shut his eyes and fell senseless in a complete trance. It was then about half-past 1. At 8 minutes past 2 he awoke for a moment. The balloon was rapidly descending. He was able to cut off a bag of ballast to stay the rapidity, and to write a few lines on his register. Then he again felt trembling and fainting, and felt a violent wind, which indicated a very rapid descent. Some minutes after he felt his arm shaken, and recognized Croce, who was reanimated, throwing out ballast. He unhooked the aspirator and threw it overboard, as well as ballast coverings. Of all this Tissandier has a very confused recollection, for he fell again into a state of coma even more complete than before, and it seemed as though he was wrapped in eternal sleep. He supposes that the balloon thus lightened had again ascended to a high altitude. At about a quarter past 3 he opened his eyes again. He felt giddy and dejected, but his brain was clear. The balloon was descending with frightful rapidity. He called to his companions, but they answered not, being both dead. On nearing earth the anchor would not catch, and the car glided flat over the fields. He got hold of the rope of the escape valve, and the balloon soon emptied itself, and then crashed against a tree. It was four o'clock when he put foot on earth. His companions were already cold and stiff.

FRENCH PLAYS.

SEVERAL reasons might fairly be urged in favour of the establishment of a French theatre in London. There are many people resident in London who may desire to witness the masterpieces of French authors and actors without seeking them in France; and there are probably some who add to this the praiseworthy wish to gain familiarity with the French language as it ought to be spoken. Every condition under which the presence of a French company in London ought to meet with support and success was fulfilled on one occasion by the standard of which, from its exceptional nature, it would be unfair to judge others. Since then the French plays performed here from time to time have generally managed to present some of the attributes which made their presence acceptable. The company assembled, though never of the first order, yet did good service in showing how good an effect might be obtained by that attention to general as well as to particular merit which belongs to the Continental dramatic system. Although actors and actresses of exceptional power appeared, the subordinate parts were not neglected. And so long as plays of such delicate beauty as Alfred de Musset's, or of so unique a character as M. Feuillet's, were not attempted, the performances were better in the matter of general level than those found at the common run of English theatres; and consequently their existence was desirable. When the level maintained in such performances is in no way higher than that found at most English theatres, they cease to be so desirable. The manager of the French theatre at present established here has shown a laudable perseverance in continuing his undertaking; and the difficulties of the business must in fairness excuse something of its ineffective carrying out. Players of a high class in France are not likely to leave their native soil without some extraordinary inducement; and it would be impossible for a manager to offer such an inducement to a whole company. It is not strange, therefore, that the acting should offer no striking attraction, and that the French should sometimes savour strongly of Toulouse.

There are other difficulties to be met as to the plays performed. It would be ridiculous for an ill-assorted company to attempt the classical drama, whether in tragedy or comedy; and if such an attempt were feasible, it would probably meet with little encouragement. The first representations of the Comédie Française were given to empty benches; it was only when both the reputation and the power of the players were widely known that the London public flocked to see them in Corneille and Molière; and what was difficult for those whose special province it is to interpret the standard dramas of France would be impossible for others. Thus the manager is compelled to fall back upon the dramas of the current day, and here his path is by no means easy, inasmuch as many of those dramas cannot be represented in England; and for this difficulty the English public, delighting in a grievance, invariably blames the conduct of the censorship. There is much difficult work done, with little reward of public appreciation, in the theatrical department of the Lord Chamberlain's office, at the jurisdiction of which the critics and the public join in girding, in whatever direction it is exercised. It often happens in amateur theatricals, to compare small things with great, that the burden of the day falls upon the prompter, but for whom the performance would be hopelessly chaotic. His exertions are constant and unremitting, but they are repaid by no plaudits from the audience. His labour is lightened by no sense of delicious excitement; he bears "the cross without the crown of glory," and not only that, but he has also to endure the abuse of the very people for whose success he works. If he prompts steadily the leading actor assails him with, "My dear fellow, what could induce you to go on in that way? You must have perceived that I knew all that scene perfectly. You might have put me out and ruined the whole thing." On the other hand, if he relaxes his vigilance for a moment, a general outcry is raised against his neglect, and he is told that there might as well have been no prompter at all. In the same way the Examiner of Plays is abused, now for his intolerance of certain pieces, now for his tolerance. It was said formerly that it was absurd and inconsistent to pass such a play as *Tricoche et Cacolet* and to refuse such a one as *Julie;* and it was forgotten that the one invested vice with a dangerously poetical atmosphere, while the other set it up as a butt for laughter.

This year some virtuous indignation has found a vent in protesting against *Mademoiselle Duparc*, and more has asserted itself against *Les Trente Millions de Gladiator*, the former piece being a drama of the Gymnase school, the latter such a broad piece of extravagance as is found at the Variétés or the Palais-Royal. A little thought upon the subject might deprive those who cry out upon the censorship of their privilege of grumbling, and this is perhaps the reason why no thought is given to it. Their conduct is singularly inconsistent; they wish to have a French theatre in London, but it must be ordered in accordance with English customs. But they cannot reasonably expect French authors to write for an English public, and it might be remembered that very few plays now produced in France are constructed without some allusion to a breach of morality. It is a significant fact that two plays, belonging to different periods, now popular at the first theatre of Paris, *Le Demi-Monde* and *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*, both hinge upon a glaring departure from moral rules. The picture of violent infringement of social law and its results is asserted by writers for the Parisian stage to be the true means by which instruction and amusement may be conveyed together to the public. Indeed, according to one of these writers, the stage, by dint of constantly presenting such pictures, has become what it ought always to be, a great educational power. We are not bound to accept this view, and it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that the author who claims the credit of accomplishing this good work may be as much influenced in his choice of subjects by the knowledge that it is easier to find dramatic situations in irregular than in orderly phases of life as by a desire to benefit mankind. However that may be, to see his plays and others like them is no more repugnant to a French audience than it is to the English public to read Divorce Court reports in London or to see the same plays in Paris. For it is remarkable that the very people who regard the representation of a dubious piece in their own city as an outrage upon propriety will go eagerly to see such pieces in a foreign town, upon the same principle perhaps which makes it quite proper for a young man and a young woman to take a walk together in the country when such a proceeding would be unendurable in town. Since in this case those who travel seem able to change both their sky and their tone of mind, they might easily, one would think, if they wish to go to a French play in London, extend to the theatre a kind of extra territorial privilege, and imagine themselves for the time being in Paris. Such a fiction would not make them laugh more heartily than they now do at plays like *Les Trente Millions de Gladiator*, but it would save them the trouble of saying afterwards "It was certainly very funny; but then it was shockingly improper." That such pieces can have a seriously harmful effect is incredible; they deal with a certain view of French society, and treat it with humorous extravagance, not unmixed with a useful satire. Indeed it would be far easier to discover a deep moral meaning in them than in the dramas of the Octave Feuillet school. It should be remembered, too, that Englishmen possessing any knowledge of French theatrical matters, who may be taken as making up the English part of the audience at French plays in London, must know perfectly well what they are going to see, and need not go unless they like. It is by no means intended by these remarks that it would be desirable to do away with the censorship, a plan which has been suggested by some wise people

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to avoid all difficulties. Long ago in Spain, where the drama has ever retained more than elsewhere its allegiance to moral principles, Cervantes found it necessary to suggest the institution of a censorship; and at the present day men of thought and education in America lament the absence of such an institution there. The removal of all restraint upon managers, who too often adopt the mistaken view that it pays best to appeal to a low taste, would be deplorable. Nor is it meant that the introduction in France, and consequently in England, of a higher tone in dramatic writing is not very desirable. But it is intended to suggest that the blame lavished upon the control exercised over French plays here by the censorship is unthinkingly and unjustly bestowed.

The plays produced by M. Pitron this season, up to Thursday last, have not, under the difficulties which have been hinted at, afforded any point of great interest. The piece brought out on Thursday, *La Comtesse de Sommerive*, we may take a future opportunity of noticing. Of the other performances there is not much to say. *La Famille Benoiton*, a clever dry play, aimed at a particular class of Parisian society, could only have become attractive even when its satire was fresh by exceptionally good acting. The author of *Mademoiselle Duparc* has not only selected a disagreeable subject, but has taken a most improbable view of it. A wife struggling with a governess for her husband's love does not take up a position of dignity; and it is difficult to sympathize with her when she proposes to throw herself out at window in order to provide a smoother course for her husband's love. Nor can we believe that after the governess, not to be outdone in generosity, has retired to a convent, the husband and wife would enjoy a very happy life. *Mademoiselle Duparc* makes a demand upon the powers of those who play it which was not satisfied by the company at the Opéra Comique. But to the interpretation of *Les Trente Millions de Gladiator*, a wild farce in four acts, they are fully equal; and the merit is theirs of handling some passages in the play, which might easily be made very disagreeable, with a singular freedom from offence. On this ground praise is especially due to Mlle. Wilhem, who plays a part which can be safely rendered only by the most guarded discretion with excellent tact.

RACING AT NEWMARKET AND EPSOM.

THE racing campaign at Newmarket opened this season under disadvantageous circumstances. Hitherto, however indifferent the sport at headquarters, there was this to be said, that at other old-established meetings it was worse still. Moreover, a certain prestige attached to Newmarket which prevented racing there from falling into utter neglect, though it must be confessed that the authorities seemed to care little or nothing what became of it. But other meetings not enjoying such prestige became annually more insignificant, and bade fair to vanish altogether at no distant time out of sight. Consequently Newmarket was able to retain its position to a certain extent, not through its own merits, which were infinitesimally small, but because the demerits of its rivals were so great and so unmistakably apparent. This year, however, a great change has taken place in the character of racing. Lessees and clerks of courses have suddenly become aware of the truth that racing men of the modern school care, as a rule, more for the pecuniary than for the sporting side of the business, and that they will not take the trouble to bring out their horses unless they have a fair chance of securing a solid and substantial prize. They have also discovered that the stakes which satisfied the ambition and possibly were sufficient to repay the expenses of an older generation of racing men are utterly despicable in the eyes of modern sportsmen, and they have certainly bestirred themselves to profit by the discovery. The year 1875 will be remarkable in the annals of English racing for the vast increase of added money offered at various meetings that were rapidly going downhill. Such, for instance, were Northampton and Chester, which in a few years would have become but shadows of the past; and such were the meetings which have burst forth into renewed life under the influence of a profuse expenditure of money. A few years ago the addition of a thousand pounds to a race was a rare and remarkable event; now it is a matter of common occurrence. Where one hundred pounds used to be given, two are now offered; and two hundred pounds stakes have expanded into double that sum. During the present week there have been no fewer than three races to each of which five hundred pounds have been added, and in addition there have been steeplechases of great value, including one with twelve hundred pounds of added money. Lessees and clerks of courses are to be complimented on their sagacity in discerning the signs of the times, and discovering the proper methods for satisfying the mercantile spirit of modern racing men; but it is difficult to see how Newmarket is to stand against such a competition. The Jockey Club have not such prodigious funds at their command; the gate-money they receive in the shape of tolls for carriages and ring tickets is, after all, limited in amount; they have seven meetings in the year to look after, and it is not possible for them to throw thousands, or five hundreds, or even three hundreds, of added money broadcast over their programmes. On the other hand, the old supporters of Newmarket, the wealthy members of the aristocracy, have well nigh deserted it, as they have well nigh deserted racing altogether, and the rich sweepstakes for which Newmarket was so famous have faded into insignificance, while the sporting matches have almost become extinct. The meeting of Prince Charlie and Peut-Être was a happy accident, such as is not likely to occur again for many a long day. Consequently there is no resource save to fill up the card with little ten-pound sweepstakes, selling races, and fifty-pound plates, all of which are repeated at Newmarket day after day with wearisome monotony. Hence the wretched fields at Newmarket meetings. Owners do not care to run their horses for such paltry stakes; trainers at a distance positively refuse to take the trouble to send representatives; and even the four or five competitors that take part in them would probably be kept in their stables were it not that their presence offers some little opportunity for gambling. This is another evil of races of this class. Many a man who has a chance of winning a thousand-pound stake will content himself with that, and desire no further speculation; but how can a fifty-pound plate offer any return for the multiform expenses of training? The deficiency must be made up by gambling, and thus the paltriest races often provoke the liveliest speculation. Newmarket, in fact, is at present the nursing-mother of gambling on the Turf. Under such circumstances it would seem almost inconceivable that any person calling himself a sportsman should desire to curtail any further the already exiguous dimensions of Newmarket racing; yet a member of the Jockey Club actually brought forward a motion last week which, if carried, would have placed a formidable obstruction in the way of foreign racehorses participating in the contests on English racecourses. To require that every foreign-bred horse running in a handicap race in England should have been in an English training stable for three months before the date of such race would have been virtually an edict of proscription against foreign horses, for it is not likely that foreign sportsmen could or would have submitted to so unjust and despotic a demand. Consequently the fields, already small enough for handicap races, would have been still further reduced, and French and German sportsmen, who have done so much of late years to enliven the monotony of English sport, would have been banished from English racecourses because Adonis and Peut-Être happen to have won the Cambridgeshire within a few years, and the carefully prepared plans of English mercantile sportsmen have been unceremoniously upset. To the credit of the Jockey Club it must be said that the motion found no favour or support from them; but that it should ever have been framed or even conceived is not a little astonishing.

A very brief notice will suffice to illustrate the character of the sport at the first meeting of the year at Newmarket. The Biennial was of course the feature of the first day's proceedings, though a passing interest attached to the hardly-won victories of Garterly Bell over Timour, and New Holland over Bay of Naples; and the former race must certainly have given a valuable clue to Prince Soltykoff as to the solution of the Two Thousand problem, and as to the probable chances of Balfe. The victory of Carnelion in the Bretby Plate was not unexpected, and the triple dead heat—if such an expression is permissible—in the Bushes Handicap was one of those curiosities of racing only witnessed at Newmarket, and only possible on Newmarket courses. The withdrawal of Balfe robbed the Biennial of much of its interest, and Lord Falmouth and Mr. Savile contributed four out of the eight runners. Earl of Dartrey, who last year was no whit better than Cataclysm, was supposed to have made sufficient improvement to beat not only her, but also the Repentance colt, his victor in the Clearwell Stakes last autumn; and the confidence of his friends was fully justified, for he won with the greatest possible ease. Last autumn Earl of Dartrey and Balfe ran a head and head race together; and it is now an interesting subject for conjecture which of the two has made the most improvement. On the second day there was nothing of consequence before the Newmarket Handicap, save the defeat of Carnelion by the German horse Basnas. Carnelion was giving 7 lbs., nevertheless a sufficient impression was made by his conqueror to elevate him to a forward position among the City and Suburban favourites. The addition of four hundred pounds to the Newmarket Handicap only availed to secure a field of ten, among whom were Peeping Tom, the winner of the Northamptonshire Stakes, Bertram, Lilian, Ecossais, and St. Leger, one of the highest-priced yearlings of 1873. A race abounding in disappointment ended in a punishing finish between Peeping Tom, St. Leger, Lord Gowran, and Quail, and the judge awarded the victory to St. Leger. An unprecedented event followed, the judge's decision being objected to, on the ground that he could not see straight, and that in reality Peeping Tom won by a length or more. It need hardly be said that the objection was not entertained; for of course, unless a charge of corrupt conduct can be substantiated against the judge, his decisions must be accepted as final, or racing would become a mere farce. Every one who has been much at Newmarket knows the difficulty of naming the winner on many of the courses, when there is a close finish; but that is all the more reason why the man in the box should be the best judge. In fact, in our opinion, he is the only possible judge in many cases, and if he cannot decide, we are perfectly certain that no one out of the box can, with any approach to accuracy. It would not be proper, of course, to allow the judge to have any company in his box; yet we cannot help thinking that, if an owner or two could now and then witness a closely contested race from that point of view, a different opinion might prevail as to the probability of outsiders on one side or the other of the course making any improvement on the decisions delivered by the responsible authority. The third day has rarely been surpassed, even at Newmarket, in the smallness of the fields. There were nine races, in which thirty-two horses took part, thus giving an average of

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something over three horses for each race. We need only observe that Coomassie, supposed to be the flower of Sir A. de Rothschild's stable, was easily beaten by Count de Lagrange's Picnic, and that, when George Frederick and Miss Toto appeared to contest the time-honoured Claret Stakes, the Derby winner of 1874 was seen to be so palpably untrained that his chance was regarded as hopeless. Miss Toto, on the other hand, never looked better, and won without an effort. Matters did not mend much on the last day of the meeting, and the International Free Handicap, with three hundred pounds added, only attracted a moderate field of eleven. Peeping Tom made up for his disappointment two days before by winning very easily from Seymour and Conseil, and indeed, not being called upon to carry any penalty for winning the Northamptonshire Stakes, and being very lightly weighted, he could hardly fail to secure this prize. Ecossais ran well till he touched the hill, but Lowlander—how different from the Lowlander of last year's Ascot!—could neither go fast nor far. The concluding race of the week produced an interesting struggle between Breechloader, Tolu, and Pedometer—the latter one of the high-priced ones from the late Baron Rothschild's stable—which resulted ultimately in favour of Lord Fitzwilliam's horse, who forthwith took his position among the Two Thousand candidates. There was certainly some light thrown on future events by the running in the Craven week, but otherwise a more profitless meeting was never got through at headquarters than the first of the present season.

Considering the dryness of the season, it was remarkable how well the course at Epsom was covered with herbage, and after the wretched fields at Newmarket the contrast on Tuesday and Wednesday was highly satisfactory. The City and Suburban Handicap has retained all its old popularity, and though the sudden appearance of Basnas, the victory of St. Leger, the revival of Miss Toto, and the forward running of Timour last week seemed to make the result pretty well discounted, owners of horses were in no way frightened by these formidable competitors. A good field of twenty-three came to the post, including the quartet above mentioned, and most of those whose names have figured prominently for the last month in connexion with the race. The presence of Kaiser, Thorn, Modena, and Prince Arthur was sufficient to relieve the field from the charge of mediocrity which has since been made—mainly, we suppose, because a neglected outsider happened to secure the victory. The race was remarkable for two incidents. First, there were no false starts; and, secondly, there was a close and brilliant finish between four. Usually the City and Suburban is almost as exhausting to the patience of the spectators as the Cambridgeshire; nor has it been so prolific of exciting finishes. On Tuesday the twenty-three competitors, and their riders, manifested the most exemplary behaviour at the post; and at the close of the race the proverbial sheet would have covered the first four. What delay there was was occasioned at the weighing-room before the race, and also by the rider of Woodlands breaking one of his girths, and having to return for a new one. At Newmarket they would not have waited for him. The chances of most of the favourites were disposed of at some distance from home. Timour, a great pulling horse, showed to little advantage in the hands of a boy of 5 st. 10 lbs.; a mile was enough for Basnas and Prince Arthur; Kaiser and St, Leger retired from the fray a little further on; and at the distance Dalham, a despised outsider, appeared to be walking in. At the Stand, however, Tam o'Shanter and Freeman came out, and the latter overhauled Dalham rapidly. Just at the finish, however, he threw up the struggle with that faint-heartedness which he has so often displayed during his racing career, and Dalham was thus enabled to secure a clever victory by a neck. Little more than a neck separated the second from Tam o'Shanter, and Miss Toto, who did not at all relish Tattenham Corner, came with such a tremendous rush at the last that she only lost the third place by a head. The meritorious performance of Dalham at Goodwood last year, when he won the Chesterfield Cup over a course of about the same length as that for the City and Suburban, must have been unaccountably overlooked when he failed to gain a single friend for his Epsom engagement, though burdened with the lenient weight, for a four-year-old, of 7 st. 1 lb. At the same time he was meeting Tam o'Shanter on much worse terms than when he beat him at Goodwood, and therefore the latter was deservedly a more conspicuous favourite, particularly as his trainer was confident in his improvement. It appears, however, that Mr. Smith's horse has improved still more. The Westminster Stakes for two-year-olds fell to Julius Cæsar, a fine-looking brother to Julius, purchased by Captain Machell at the sale of the Royal yearlings last year for 1,600 guineas. His immediate attendants at the finish were Duchess of Malfi and a high-bred daughter of Julius and Cerintha. On Wednesday we had a second edition, on a small scale, of the City and Suburban, and Tam o'Shanter and Miss Toto fought their battle over again in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, the weights being slightly disadvantageous to the latter. Tam o'Shanter won so cleverly as to produce an impression that, but for being disappointed on the day before, he must have very nearly won the City and Suburban. Miss Toto, however, would probably prefer a longer course than one of a mile or a mile and a quarter, and, in addition, she would prefer a straight course to one containing in it Tattenham Corner. Ten horses started for the Great Metropolitan, which now is great in name only. As in the City and Suburban, the favourites were decisively beaten, and two outsiders, Hampton and Temple Bar, ran right away from Trent, Scamp, Inquietude, and Bugle March. The Hyde Park Plate—a two-year-old race with five hundred sovereigns added—brought out, as might have been expected, a good field of nineteen, and prominent among them were Charon and Julius Cæsar, each carrying a penalty of 5 lbs. Julius Cæsar was unfortunately disappointed, and Charon secured a clear victory from Lottie. The winner had the best of the start, but is a good horse, and has previously at Lincoln given proof of his merits. Last year this race was won by Galopin, now second favourite for the Derby, and it is not at all impossible that this year's winner may follow in the footsteps of his predecessor. Nothing so establishes a race in popular favour as the fact of the successive winners of it attaining to the highest honours of the year. Should it go on as it has begun, the Hyde Park Plate in spring will be the acknowledged rival of the Middle Park Plate in autumn.

The death of so prominent a supporter of racing as Sir Joseph Hawley cannot be passed over, even in the most cursory comment on racing affairs, without a word of notice. The winner of four Derbys and the loser of a fifth, after his representative had been nearly knocked down at Tattenham Corner, by a couple of inches only, Sir Joseph Hawley had also carried off the other principal prizes of the Turf. The Oaks, the St. Leger, and the leading Cup races had all fallen to his share. With his select, and by no means extravagantly large, stud he accomplished wonders, and yet he had a chequered career on the Turf. In contrast to seasons when he carried all before him were years of heartbreaking disappointments that would have caused a less stout-hearted man to abandon horse-racing in disgust. It was a common thing to extol Sir Joseph Hawley as a consummate judge of horses; but we should rather regard him as a master in the art of putting horses together. The comparative force of horses he knew to an ounce; but as a breeder or a purchaser he was often assisted by luck. Teddington was a fortunate purchase; and, on the other hand, it was fortunate that when he was anxious to part with Beadsman, a purchaser was not to be found. In later years he was well nigh disgusted with the stock of Beadsman, when suddenly Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, and Green Sleeve appeared, to the astonishment of the world, in a single season. In his estimate of the superiority of Rosicrucian and Green Sleeve to their stable companion, Sir J. Hawley may have been originally right; and he never cordially forgave Blue Gown for escaping the influenza which prostrated his half-brother and half-sister. In training casualties, especially of late years, Sir J. Hawley was singularly unfortunate; and his carefully-planned and elaborately-constructed stables at Kingsclere caused him innumerable disappointments. Their situation was not healthy, and his horses were always catching influenza. For handicaps Sir Joseph Hawley did not particularly lay himself out, yet when he took a fancy to one he was hard to beat, and the Chester and Liverpool Cups, the Ascot Stakes, and the City and Suburban all fell to his share, while with Wolsey he ran a dead-heat for the Cambridgeshire. He betted heavily and pluckily on his own horses, but troubled himself very little about those of other people, and probably he profited largely by his discretion. In his later years Sir Joseph Hawley undertook the part of a Turf reformer; but declining health and the opposition of his colleagues prevented him from accomplishing a tithe of what he would have desired. There is no possible reason for questioning the sincerity of his motives as a Turf reformer; nor do we see that he was debarred from calling attention to the abuses of racing because he had been a great winner himself as well as a winner of great races. He wagered honestly and boldly on his own property; but he never indulged in that hole-and-corner gambling about other people's property which now degrades and disgraces the Turf. He saw that the traditions of racing were being altered—not for the better—and that a national sport was fast falling into inferior hands; and it must have been a grief to him in his declining years to know that he was powerless to avert the change.

REVIEWS.

HENRY BRINKLOW'S COMPLAINT.*

WE may again wonder, as we have once or twice wondered before, on what principle printed books of the sixteenth century are made to come within the range of the Early English Text Society; at the same time the historical value of books of this kind is commonly greater than that of books whose philological importance far outdoes theirs. The chaotic spelling of the Tudor period teaches us very little in the matter of language; but a setting forth of the evils of the time under Henry the Eighth does teach us something as to a real state of things, while talk about Arthur and the Holy Grail teaches us nothing at all. Mr. Cowper has already edited several books of the same date and character, and they all teach the same lesson—namely, that the age of the R. Reformation was by no means a forestalled millennium, even in the eyes of the reformers themselves. Doubtless there is no class of writings from whose descriptions larger deductions ought to be made. A prophet denouncing the vices of his age has become

* *Henry Brinklow's Complaynt of Roderyck Mors, somtyme a gray fryre vnto the parliament howse of Ingland his natural cuntry: For the redresse of certen wicked lawes, euel customs, a*[n]*d cruel decreys, (about* A.D. 1542) *and The Lamentacyon of a Christen against the Cytye of London, made by Roderigo Mors* (A.D. 1545). Edited from the Black-letter Originals by J. Meadows Cowper, F.R.H.S. London, published for the Early English Text Society by Trübner & Co. 1874.

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almost proverbial for exaggerating those vices, and shutting his eyes to any counterbalancing virtues. And a disappointed prophet is the least trustworthy of all. Henry Brinklow had rejoiced in the abolition of the Pope's authority and in the suppression of the monasteries. Those two acts were in his eyes the deliverance of the land from Antichrist and his imps. Yet, when he looks at the state of things before him, he finds that the times when Antichrist and his imps had it all their own way were in many ways better than the times which had followed on the deliverance from them. We allow for his disappointment; we remember further that any great revolution, however good may be its working in the long run, must always cause a vast mass of immediate hardship. We therefore make some deductions from the actual blackness of the picture, and we further remember that many of its blackest features may have been momentary evil working in the end for good. A modern political economist would have told Henry Brinklow that the lax landlordship and indiscriminate almsgiving of the monks were really greater evils than the oppression of the new landlords; but Henry Brinklow, seeing what he saw with his own eyes, could not be expected to find this out. Of course the way in which the monastic lands were disposed of pleased no one except the large class who profited by it. One party would gladly have kept the monasteries; another party would have suppressed them, but would have employed their lands in quite another way. Of this last party was Henry Brinklow. He wishes to take the Bishops' lands as well as those of the monks; but he wishes to apply them to religious and charitable and public purposes, not to squander them among another set of oppressive landlords. Mr. Cowper, in his Introduction, minutely compares Brinklow's schemes for redistribution of Church property with the schemes for the same end put forth by Reginald Pole, when not yet Archbishop or Cardinal. Brinklow's scheme is the more sweeping of the two, and he allows the King a certain share, while Pole gives him none at all. But it is curious to see how much the two had in common in Pole's reforming days, when he argued for divine service in English, and lifted up his voice against the firstfruits of English livings going to swell the pride and pomp of Popes, and to enable them to stir up strife among Christian princes. Mr. Cowper says with truth in his Introduction:—

No two men, perhaps, could have been more unlike to one another than Pole and Brinklow. Pole, the refined, aristocratic, conscientious Churchman, not satisfied with things as they were, and preferring expatriation to purchasing the highest honours the State could bestow at the price of his self-respect, looked calmly and deeply into the diseases which afflicted Church and State, and scrupled not to lay bare their sores that he might suggest a remedy; but with that gentleness of manner and amiability of expression which rarely eradicate the evils that are deplored. Brinklow, on the other hand, though sprung from a well-to-do farmer or yeoman of Berkshire, possessed none of the aristocratic refinement, or tender regard, of Pole; his conscience was never wounded by any qualms; with him, to see an abuse, fancied or real, was sufficient to insure a torrent of invective; and he, while Pole only sought to remedy or to reform in a gentle manner, and with as little damage as possible, could see nothing but a total rooting up of all abuses, and the out-turning of all who countenanced or profited by them. With two such men it can neither be unprofitable nor uninteresting to examine into some of the points which they discussed from such different platforms, and to try to discover whether they agree; if they do, then may we rest satisfied that the Reformers did not always exaggerate, and were not for ever harping on imaginary wrongs.

Henry Brinklow himself, though he had been a Grey Friar, became a citizen and mercer of London, and had a wife Margery and a son John. His son was clearly a child when he died in 1546; so that he most likely married after the dissolution of his monastery. This was altogether against the act of Six Articles, and Mr. Cowper suggests that his marriage may have led to the persecution and banishment which he speaks of himself as suffering at the hands of the Bishops. "Although I be a man banysshed my natyve contry, only by the cruelty of the forkyd cappes of Ingland for spekyng God's truth." At any rate, he came back from his banishment; and one might be tempted to fancy that the banishment took place only in the assumed person of Roderick Mors, and not in that of the real Henry Brinklow. But it is plain that he did at some time visit foreign countries, from the references which he makes to the state of things in Germany—in the free cities, it would seem, rather than in the principalities—which he finds much more to his liking than things in England. He commends their treatment of heretics, "those that be heretyckys in dede, as be the Anabaptistys and such other." They laid "no snarys nor grynnys [gynnys?] to catch mennys lyves from them, as doo our forked beare wolvys"; but learned men were set to dispute with the heretic; if he would not be convinced, he was banished from the city, and put to death only in case of return:—

If he contynue in his wickydnesse, or at the first will obstynately contynue and resyst the manyfest truth, than thei banysh him their contry or cyty vpon payne of his head. And than if he will wylfully or rebellyosly presume to come in to their contry or town, which he was forbydden, he shal lose hys head as ryght is, because he breakyth the commandment of the temporal powrs, and not for his faythes sake. Neither put thei any man to death for their faythes sake; for fayth is the gift of God only, as witnessyth S. Pawl in the first chapter to the Phylippyans; so that no man can geue another fayth. Now let all men iudge, whether these men or our blody bysshops goo nerest the Scripture.

He then complains of the difficulty of getting justice in England, how hard it was to get to the presence of rulers and judges, who, according to Brinklow, ought to sit in the gate, like the Judges and Kings of Israel:—

Alas! how long shal men wayte and geue attendance vpon rulers, before thei can come to the spech of them! And how many porters be there also, to stoppe men from commyng to their spech. Whan he is past one he shal be put back at the second; or if he passe the second, he shal be returnyd at the thyrd, onlesse he be rych or haue great fryndys.

The Judges, he argues, ought to sit every day, even on Easter Day, and both Judges and pleaders should receive stipends from the King instead of fees. Then comes the contrast with Strasburg and other German cities:—

In dyuers cyteys of Germany (as namely in Argentyne) the iudgys and lordes syt opynly euery day in the yeare in their towne howse, saue only on the Sunday, and than also if nede requyre. And there thei eate contynually their dynars and suppars, so long as thei be in offyce, bycause thei may alway be present to heare the complaynt of the poore: yea euyn the porest man in the cytye or contry may boldly come into their hall or stoue, thei being at dynar, & no man so hardy as to take them by the sleue, to lette them from the presence of the rulars. And there may he open his matter hymself withowt his chargeable man of lawe. And he shal be haard, and shal not be answeryd, "Tary, syr knaue, tyl my lordys haue dyned!" O noble Germanys, God hath made yow a lyght vnto all rulers in the world, to rule after the Gospell.

Strasburg here is "Argentyne." In p. 87, where he says that the mass has been reformed in divers cities of Germany, one edition adds, "as Zurich, Basyll, and Straszburg." In p. 58 we read of "Regenspurg" and in p. 61 of "Ratyspone"; both times with reference to a visit of Stephen Gardiner there. Elsewhere, where he proposes a large scheme of disendowment—how "ye must fyrst downe with all your vayne chantrys, all your prowd colledgys of canons, and specyally your forkyd wolffys the byashopes," to whom no temporal possessions were to be left, but only a competent living—he again holds up the example of the Germans—only the cities surely, and not the princes—in their way of dealing with Church property:—

Now for the goodys of these chantrys, collegys, and bisshops, for the Lordes sake take no example at the distrybucyon of the abbay goodys and landys; but loke rather for your erudycyon to the godly and polytycke order of the Christen Germanys in this case. Which dyuyded not such goodys and landys among the pryncys, lordes, and rych men, that had no nede thereoff; but thei put it to the vse of the comon welth, and vnto the prouysyon for the pore, accordyng to the doctryne of the Scrypture.

One of the editions of the Complaint was "imprynted at Geneva in Savoye," a piece of geography to be noted, for in the edition which has simply "in Savoy," one might have thought that it meant the Savoy in London. Of the Lamentation one edition is "prynted at Nurenbergh"; but another has the colophon "Made by Roderigo Mors and Prynted at Jericho in the Land of Promes. By Thome Trouth." Here the place, the author, and surely the printer too, are all imaginary. How far then can we trust the colophon which speaks of Geneva and Nürnberg?

The complaints and lamentations of Henry Brinklow come to much the same as the complaints and lamentations of other people at the same time. The city of London, according to Brinklow's Christian of the sixteenth century, had in no sort mended its ways since the famous picture of it drawn by the Jew in Richard of the Devizes in the twelfth. But some of Brinklow's political and historical ideas are worth noting. He preaches passive obedience as strongly as any Filmerite of the next century; but he would not have exactly suited James the Second. He vigorously asserts the right of the subject to blame the administration of the laws, and even the laws themselves, and to tell Kings and Parliaments what is the right way; only if, in their obstinacy, they choose the wrong way, and put penalties on him for righteousness sake, he is bound to endure those penalties without resistance. He even goes so far as to suggest constitutional changes. Instead of the usual mass at the opening of Parliament, there are to be prayers and a sermon; nay more, all the Lords and Commons—in Brinklow's words "lords and burgesses," without any mention of the knights—are, under pain of losing their seats, to hear sermons, and pretty long sermons, three times a week during the Session:—

It were more necessary, in the stede of the mombled and mynsed Masse (whereby neither God is glorifyed, nor the hearers edifyed), that some honest, well lerned man, such one as wold neyther flater lordes, burgesses, comons, nor kyng, but franckly and frely speake the veryte, shuld be appoynted to preach, not only at the begynnyng of the Parliament, but at the least .iij. times euery weke so long as the Parliament endureth; and to stand in the pulpet an howr at the least, and not aboue an howr and an halfe, and there to tell the lordes and burgesses their dutes, and to open vnto them such abuses as are to be reformed in the realme. And let all the lordes and burgesses be bownd to be present at euery sermon, or els to be excluded the Parlament howse.

Then comes the constitutional amendment, which shows that Henry Brinklow was not at all alive to the merits of a Second Chamber:—

And kepe both lordes and burgesses all in one house to gether; for it is not the ryches or autoryte that bringeth wisdom. And what shuld one howse make one act, and another shal breake and disanull the same! That way is not after the doctrine of the Gospel.

On this last point one would have been glad of a reference, as it is not easy to call up any passage of the Gospel which lays down the exact relations of Lords and Commons.

Presently he goes on to attack the law of forfeiture. This third chapter is a very remarkable one. He argues that the wife, children, or other heirs, should not be punished for the crime of another, and he sets forth still more strongly the wrong done to the creditors of the forfeited estate, who, it seems, were not paid their debts. Then comes a statement worthy to be remembered:—

No dowt, the riches of men hath helpyd many an honest man to his death, by the couetosnes of the offycers that ferme such things of the kyng.

He goes on at some length, and preaches the duties of Kings pretty plainly. Then he attacks wardship, purveyance, and

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various abuses in the administration of the law. Here is one point:—

Alas, how many wayes, yea how many gyles and suttylteys be there, to auoyde and escape the seruyng of the kyngs wrytt. Fyrst, one wrytt may serue but for one shyre; as though the kyng were lord but of one shyre! But I demand, why may not one wrytt serue in all shyres, yea in all placys vnder the kyngs domynyon, whersoeuer he or hys may fynd his defendant? Surely ther is no godly reason why to the contrary, but euyn the only priuate welth of sotle lawers.

He has a fierce declaration against the old Court of Exchequer, and, above all, against the new Court of Augmentation:—

Oh that the kings grace knew of the extorcyon, oppressyon and brybery that is vsed in his .ij. courtys; that is to say, of the Augmentacyon and of the Escheker, but specially of the Augmentacyon! There hath bene moch speaking of the paynes of purgatory; but a man were as good, in a maner, to come in to the paynys of hell as in to eyther of those .ij. courtys.

And presently:—

Well, it is a comon sayng a mong the peple:—Christ, for thy bitter passyon, saue me from the court of the Augmentacyon.

All this is well enough; but it does throw a strange light upon things when we find that there were Englishmen who allowed their hatred of the Bishops of their own day to carry them on to such a turning about of English history as this:—

Although, I say, that the kynges of the earth and other high powers wyll not consydre Christes cause, yet let them consydre theyr owne, what & howe tyrannously the bisshopes kyngedome hath vsed their progenitours, Kynges of Englonde? Agaynst whome they ware euer the heades and the begynners, the foundacion and the very orygynall of all mischeue. Reade the storye of Wyllyam Rufus, and of Kynge Henry the Secounde, howe he was vsed by Thomas Becket; Kynge Iohon, howe he was vsed of and by Sthephen Lanckton, Bysshoppe of Cantorbury, whiche wyll pytye any Christen herte to heare, as well for the wycked vsynge of the goode Kynge, anoynted of God, as of the bondage and thrauldome that he brought the whole realme in.

We believe however that there are living Englishmen of the same way of thinking. What says Mr. Whalley?

DOBELL'S POEMS.*

AN interesting and sympathetic preface by Professor Nichol of Glasgow introduces the reader to a new and complete edition of the poetical works of the late Mr. Sydney Dobell, who will perhaps be remembered as one of the chief exponents of that spasmodic school of poetry which had a brief and flickering existence in the years following the revolutionary excitement of 1848. Mr. Dobell was not thirty when his first poem was published. Five years later his literary labours were well nigh brought to a close by physical prostration; and the rest of his life was a painful struggle with sickness and a broken constitution. His time was then divided between travel in search of health and the management of a wine-merchant's business at Gloucester, which he had inherited from his father. In 1865, when in Italy, he fell into a pit among some ruins, and though the accident had apparently no serious effect at the time, it led subsequently to a definite seizure of epileptiform disease. Even then his disasters were not over; for in 1869, just when he seemed to be somewhat recovering strength, he was flung by a vicious horse, which reared over and fell on him, and he was thus thrown back into a state of helplessness, in which he lingered till his death in August last. It is evident that Dobell was a man of elevated and amiable character, with lively poetical instincts and intellectual sympathies. He had exquisite enjoyment in all kinds of poetical sensations, and indulged his imagination to the utmost. A friend who has supplied some particulars to Professor Nichol draws a touching picture of his gallant conflict with the miseries of his life. His last three years were spent, we are told, "under the constant pressure of disabling weakness; but nothing could dull the keenness of his delight in the natural loveliness by which he was surrounded, the various phases of which, when no longer able to go out of doors, he never tired of watching from his windows." He kept up his interest in public affairs and made notes for future work. "His daily life was such as most men of his tameless energy would have found unbearably monotonous; but he lived in an atmosphere of fresh thought, and his keen perception of humour"—this, if we may judge from his writings, must have been rather playfulness than humour—"helped to keep around him the flow and stir of healthy human life." "To the last he was the most sunshiny of invalids; nothing could exhaust his cheerfulness, nor wear out the sweetness of his patience; his innate brightness and elasticity of mind were strengthened and elevated by spiritual culture into something holier and nobler than mere temperament." Professor Nichol, in more guarded language, indicates the same type of character. Dobell's "real fascination," he says, "lay in the incommunicable beauty of a character in which masculine and feminine elements, strength and tenderness, were almost uniquely blended. Manliness in its highest attributes of courage, energy, and independence pervaded his life. Pure without pedantry, he had the 'scorn of scorn' for every form of falsehood; but the range of his charity was limited only by his love of truth. He was chivalrous to an extreme, and this sometimes led his judgment astray on behalf of fallen causes, with a touch of lofty yet gracious mannerism which recalled the idea of a Castilian knight. Like those of most poets, his theoretical politics had a visionary side; but he was far from being a mere dreamer. Of practical well-doing towards the poor, of encouragement to the young and all who were struggling for a recognition of their merits, he was never weary. He could afford to be generous, and to almost all with whom he came in contact, grateful or ungrateful, he had done some kindnesses. To live with him a few days was to breathe a serener air." It is mentioned that when he had to give up literary work in 1858, he turned his thoughts with characteristic energy into another channel of usefulness, planning and superintending the organization of a new, and ultimately extensive, branch of his wine business, in which he was one of the first, if not the first, to introduce the system of co-operation. He held that every mercantile firm should be a kind of commonwealth in which all the workers should share the general prosperity, and his efforts were always directed to carry out this idea. He wished, moreover, to show that there was no incompatibility between a taste for poetry and business capacity.

This personal record of Dobell, of which we have endeavoured to give some idea, will probably be thought the most interesting and valuable part of the present publication; and, if a judicious selection had been added of a few of his best poems, it would have made as complete and satisfactory a memorial as could be desired of one who, if not a great man in the ordinary sense, yet presented an example of a courageous, refined, and high-minded life which well deserved to be commemorated. Unfortunately Mr. Dobell's friends have allowed their admiration for his character to blind their critical discernment in estimating the value of his works, and have insisted on presenting him, not only as a man whose fine private qualities entitled him to love and respect, but also as a great poet; and by way of proof of this they have reproduced almost everything of his composition which they could lay hands on, including even some unfinished fragments. It is impossible to imagine a greater mistake. Dobell had undoubtedly a certain portion of poetic inspiration, but it was sadly diluted in the literary form in which he cast it. What he had to say did not come to much when reduced to its essence, and his manner of saying it was for the most part singularly unfortunate. His versification is usually rough, heavy, and inharmonious, and there is also something oppressive in his extravagant diffusiveness and iteration. Essentially an amateur who worked more for his own pleasure than for that of others, he disdained the labour of expression and finish, and allowed both his thoughts and his pen to run on loosely under the impulse of the moment. There can be little doubt that in this respect he did not render justice even to his own capacity; nor is it difficult to understand how friends, knowing the man, and brooding over his works with affectionate faith, should discover beauties in them which are invisible to others, just as one can see anything one fancies in the fire. It is idle, however, to speculate as to whether Dobell might have turned out a better poet if he had been a different kind of man. Ordinary readers can judge of his productions only by taking them as they stand; and the general impression which is produced is certainly that their merit is much below their pretensions.

Dobell, in fact, illustrated in a striking manner the distinction which is too often lost sight of between a real poet and a person with a poetical nature. He had to a considerable extent the temperament, and even the intellectual qualities, of a poet, but without the faculty of poetical expression. What was poetry in his own mind turned out to be something very like prose in that process of transmutation which was necessary in order to communicate it to others. There is one of the pieces in this collection which may be taken as a significant example of this weakness. It is called the "Wind," and runs thus:—

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold!
Oh the winter stark,
Oh the level dark,
On the wold, the wold, the wold!

Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold!
Oh the mystery
Of the blasted tree
On the wold, the wold, the wold!

And so on for four verses more of the same kind, with only the change of a word or two in the second and third lines. The general idea which the writer wished to convey—that of some ghastly horror perpetrated on the wold—is no doubt readily grasped, but the working out of the idea is crude and mechanical in the extreme. It is said that Mr. Dobell himself was always surprised that these lines did not convey to others the intense impression which he had endeavoured to reproduce. During a long night of sleeplessness he had heard the branch of a tree blown by the wind against the window-pane, and its mournful flapping had set his thoughts into the train which suggested the poem. One can understand the sort of eerie feeling which under such circumstances might be produced on the mind of a romantic invalid; but the lines which Dobell composed, though they no doubt recalled the feeling to himself, were barely intelligible to others. The same difficulty of giving clear and incisive expression to his ideas is exhibited throughout these volumes, and accounts in a great measure for that extravagant redundancy which makes them so dull and heavy, as well as for the strained violence of language. The writer was perhaps himself partially conscious of his deficiency, and thought to make amends for it by the use of sensational epithets and a profusion of metaphors. In "Balder" this happens

* *The Poetical Works of Sydney Dobell.* With Introductory Notice and Memoir by John Nichol, M.A., Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

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on almost every page. In one instance we find Nature personified first as one sort of lover, then as another, then as a mother, then as a sage, and finally as the keeper of a palace gate. This want of vigorous concentration is indeed conspicuous in almost all that Dobell wrote. It was due partly perhaps to an intellectual infirmity, but probably most of all to the absence of literary discipline. He was educated entirely at home, and was never at school or University, and he had thus from childhood been fostered in that loose, self-complacent, didactic condition of mind which a clever lad is apt to assume when the worship of his family is not sufficiently qualified by rough external criticism. Professor Nichol hints at this when he says that, "to the peculiarities of the poet's early training may be traced many peculiarities of a mind never sufficiently influenced by the contact and friction of his equals." It is possible to read "The Roman," and even some parts of "Balder," and to have the impression for a page or two that it is really very fair poetry that one is reading. But when one comes to ask what it is all about, and what ideas and impressions have been gained, it has to be confessed that diffuse poetical diction has been bestowed upon a very poor stock of commonplace sentiments and observations. There is undoubtedly something prepossessing in the generous enthusiasm of "The Roman," and some of the lines have a vigorous roll; but it is impossible not to feel that 185 pages have been taken up in doing what could have been very much better done in the odd eighty-five or less. The reprinting of "Balder" is less excusable. It is admitted by the writer himself in his preface to the second edition that it was hopelessly misunderstood when it first appeared, and it is obvious that a poem which can only be comprehended after reading an explanatory preface stands self-condemned. Such passages as that in which Balder describes his hunger—

> unappeased
> That sucks Creation down, and o'er the void
> Still gapes for more;

and his resolution to become

> the King of men, and on the inform
> And perishable substance of the Time
> Beget a better world—

sufficiently indicate the state of mind in which the poem was undertaken. The main idea is beaten out by successive hammering into something which suggests gold-leaf only in its capacity for attenuation. It is amazing, after making every allowance for personal predilections, to find a Professor of Literature asserting that "it may be doubted whether any living English poet has scaled the same heights" as Dobell in "Balder." It is true that there are here and there some vivid and not unpleasant passages, but it is surely a gross abuse of words to rank such casual and moderate achievements with the sustained power of Shakspeare or even Shelley. As for the versification, not only of this, but of nearly all of Dobell's poems, it is to a cultivated ear simply exasperating. He made experiments in a great variety of metres, and with uniform want of success; mainly of course because he had never thoroughly acquired the rules of the art. Some degree of recklessness and clumsiness might be forgiven for the sake of deep or highly original thought, or beauty of metaphor; but in this case the reader certainly does not obtain sufficient compensation in that way for the jolting to which he is subjected.

It is in his ballads, such as "Keith of Ravelston," and in the series of poems, also a good deal in the ballad style, entitled "England in Time of War," that Mr. Dobell is found at his best. His sensitive nature caught the patriotic enthusiasm which stirred the nation during the Crimean war, and he has expressed it in a characteristic manner. Instead of following the troops to the field, he studied the reflex action of the great conflict in the fears, hopes, and agonies of the people at home. We have the old market-wife, whose thoughts about her boy keep time to the jogging of her wheels as she drives to market; the little girl who asks when her papa will come home; Lady Constance, who "counts her days by trumpets and alarms," dreaming of her husband's peril; the old farmer, who loses all heart in his farm and takes to bed when the news comes that "Tommy's dead"; while in other pieces heroic resignation or equally pathetic joy is expressed. It cannot be doubted that a much more favourable impression of Mr. Dobell as a poet would have been produced if a choice had been made only of his best pieces, instead of leaving the reader to search for them through such a mass of tiresome prosing. Taking him, however, at his highest point, he can hardly be considered more than a very minor poet. He had other claims to respect and affection, and on these his friends do well to insist. But in the interests of true poetry it is necessary to protest against the efforts of a sentimental partiality to exalt mediocrity into a position of distinction.

KUGLER'S HANDBOOK OF ITALIAN PAINTING.*

TWENTY years have elapsed since the publication of the last edition of this useful guide—a period which has been marked by unwonted research into the history of Italian art. Kugler's Handbook, the first English translation of which appeared as far back as 1841, is admitted to have done much to educate the public to a just appreciation especially of the early schools. Though not very profound, the style was popular and sympathetic; the manner was what is called "subjective"—that is, works of art were viewed from within, and resolved into "motives"; they stood as outward and visible signs of inward conditions, and became of value according to their power of exciting in the mind noble emotions. This point of view obviously favoured the spiritual schools; the painters of Siena and of Umbria, who had been cast into the shade by Vasari, were advanced from comparative oblivion into a just relative position. This style of criticism, imported, as we have said, more than thirty years ago from Germany, came as a decided advance on the haphazard criticism current in England at the time when Hazlitt and others wrote as fancy or caprice might dictate. But within the last few years another reaction has set in; art criticism, instead of resting on the "subjective" and the emotional, presumes to stand on an "objective" and positive basis. Pictures are now submitted to scientific standards, to fixed laws of perspective, to canons of geometric symmetry, and to defined proportions of anatomic form. This last phase, now in danger of being pushed to extreme, is, as we all know, greatly due to the invaluable labours of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. As a consequence of these changed tactics in criticism, certain masters who represent the materialism and mechanism of art become in turn unduly exalted. Kugler as a writer is valued for his well-balanced eclecticism—a temper of mind which stands in favourable contrast with the more dogmatic mode of treatment now in the ascendant.

This fourth edition seems to have been "revised and remodelled" on the ground that "Kugler's Handbook, though embodying much that is permanent, has ceased to represent the standard knowledge of the day." But the question naturally arises, What is "the standard"? To take the English edition of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle as the fixed measure of truth would evidently be to do injustice to those most painstaking and progressive of teachers. It is now ten years ago that these writers dedicated their first volume to Sir Charles Eastlake, as a man "whose knowledge of the history and literature of his art is unsurpassed in our day." But the lapse of ten years has so altered "the standard" that this volume, like the Handbook of Kugler, needs re-editing; errors and shortcomings were almost inevitable in so arduous an undertaking, and persistent investigations have naturally led to important discoveries. Some of these new results are embodied in the German edition, and still more momentous changes will be found in the Italian version now going through the press. Thus much we state in order to show that it were vain to expect in this "remodelled" Kugler unerring dicta. The authorities relied on have no claim to infallibility; they do not profess to be more than tentative; often, in fact, they are little else than conjectural, and occasionally they are mutually destructive. Thus one authority overturns what another had set up; nomenclatures, as in the Campo Santo of Pisa, are changed with each succeeding generation, and so the conclusion is that nothing can be concluded. This condition of things seems scarcely sufficiently recognized in the recent edition of this most useful Handbook; the statements are apt to be more positive than the facts warrant. Yet here and there no student can desire better balanced judgments. Take, for example, the paragraph on the much disputed fresco of the Last Supper, discovered thirty years ago in the refectory of S. Onofrio, Florence. The local authorities did everything in their power to exalt a work which indeed could hardly be extolled too highly. They collected photographs of drawings, they made much of a spurious signature in order to identify the fresco with Raffaelle. Yet, when the other day we visited for the fourth or fifth time the convent, now converted into a museum, we became more than ever persuaded that Raffaelle was nowhere present, though we confess that the work had never before made so strong an appeal to us by its simplicity, purity, and beauty. Mr. Layard as long ago as 1858, when writing a description of frescoes published by the Arundel Society, states "that the fresco of the Last Supper recently discovered at Florence is sometimes assigned to Raffaelle and sometimes to Pinturicchio. It is certainly not by the former." There have been various conjectures about the authorship; one we may mention as having heard on the spot, though with little credence. Certain fragmentary and half-obliterated letters inscribed on the garment of an apostle seated at the table are conjectured to read for "Raffaello"; accordingly some experts have, as a means of reconciliation, suggested that the painter was Raffaello del Garbo, an artist of the period held in good repute. We mention this local rumour chiefly to fortify a previous remark that nomenclatures are often little more than guessings in the dark. This vexed question is, as we have said, well put in the Handbook. We presume we have to thank Lady Eastlake for the following passage, though we cannot be quite sure, in the absence of all visible signs, how the honours of author and editor have to be adjusted:—

> This may be the place to mention the fresco of the Last Supper, discovered in 1845 in what was formerly the refectory of the Convent of S. Onofrio, Florence. The circumstance of an inscription on the upper part of the robe of St. Thomas with the name of Raphael and the date 1505—now considered doubtful—led to the fond supposition that an addition to the works of the great master was here discovered, and the question of its genuineness has occasioned some controversy. The first general impression caused by the fresco is that it is not purely of Florentine origin, but of mixed Florentine and Peruginesque character, approaching more nearly to Pinturicchio than to any other master. The grounds for its not being by the hand of Raphael are convincing. Assuming the date (1505) to be correct, the short period of Raphael's stay in Florence would not have sufficed

* *Handbook of Painting. The Italian Schools.* Based on the Handbook of Kugler. Originally edited by the late Sir Charles L. Eastlake, P.R.A. Fourth Edition. Revised and remodelled from the latest researches. By Lady Eastlake. With Illustrations. In Two Parts. London: Murray. 1874.

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for the production of such an important work. The execution also shows a hand long practised in the art of fresco, and is totally inconsistent with Raphael's youthful and timid touch, as seen in the fresco of S. Severo, Perugia, executed at or shortly after this date. The form of the somewhat broad heads differs also materially from the type contained in his Sposalizio, and in his other then known works. And, finally, it is impossible to believe that, ushered as he had just been into a new world of art, with all that was grand, from Masaccio's frescoes to Leonardo's cartoon, around him, and familiar doubtless with some transcript of Leonardo's Last Supper, he should have returned to the traditional mode of representation, which, with all its grace, is embodied in this work. Whether or not by Pinturicchio, there can be no doubt that it is the production of a mature hand and mind.

The revised text on Raffaelle and his works in this fourth edition is for the most part as critical as the student can require. There might, however, have been expected a word on the difficult question as to which parts of the Cartoons are by the master and which were delegated to pupils. No reference is made to the researches of Dr. Ruland. The account of Michael Angelo has also been greatly re-written, yet the publication of the letters from the Casa Buonarotti promised for the Michael Angelo Commemoration may possibly necessitate a revision of this revisal. On the whole, those who have known the old editions through many years will feel that more of Kugler has been sacrificed than is quite agreeable or necessary. For example, the following passage, which by its eloquent language and comprehensive grasp of thought has impressed itself on the memory of many readers, is so clipped and disguised as to be barely recognizable. Kugler introduces Michael Angelo thus:—

> Like Leonardo, his talents were universal; he was at once architect, sculptor, painter, and equally great in each art. He was an excellent poet and musician, conversant in science, and a profound anatomist. A proud stern spirit gave its peculiar impress alike to the actions and the works of Michael Angelo—a spirit which valued its own independence above all, and knew how to embody its profound thoughts in distinct creations without having recourse to the symbolic veil. His figures, if I may so speak, have a certain mysterious architectural grandeur; they are the expression of primæval strength, which stamps them, whether in motion or in rest, with a character of highest energy and utmost will.

The public have waited twenty years for this revised edition, and yet it still lags behind the time, though "remodelled from the latest researches." Take among a multitude of oversights a few samples. "The Last Judgment by Fra Bartolommeo, S. Maria Novella, Florence," is the title given in the letterpress as well as on the illustration. We need scarcely say that "S. Maria Novello" is a misprint for quite another church—S. Maria Nuova. Further, we read of this fresco that "it was sawn off the wall and placed in a cortile near the hospital, where it is fast perishing." Now the fact is that this noble work is placed beyond harm's way in a museum, where in July last we saw an artist in the Government employ making a facsimile copy in black and white. By a similar oversight, two famous pictures in Lucca by the same master are stated to be still in churches, whereas they at present constitute the chief ornaments in the municipal Gallery of that city. Neither is any account taken of so momentous a transaction as the transfer of the Esterhazy Gallery from Vienna to the town of Pesth; thus the reader will still expect to find in Vienna a "Nativity" by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, which to our knowledge is, together with a much-prized gem by Raffaelle, in the "Landes-Gemälde-Gallerie" of Pesth. It would be tedious to multiply such examples. We may, however, just add that the National Museum formed in the Bargello, Florence, is ignored, and consequently works by Michael Angelo which have been transferred thither are still left in the Uffizii. In like manner, in the sketch given of Raffaelle, we find that the well-known antique group of the "Three Graces" is said to be "in the Libreria of the Cathedral of Siena." This statement—we speak from memory—is behind date more than fifteen years. This famous group was removed from the Cathedral because nude female figures were supposed to be little favourable to the celibacy of the clergy. It then found a refuge in the Picture Gallery, where, for other reasons, it was deemed out of place. It is now removed to the separate Gallery set apart for sculpture under the title "L'Uffizio dell' Opera Metropolitana." We deem it fair to remark that these errors are merely topographical; still they cannot but diminish the usefulness of the Handbook. And, turning to the index, we regret further to report the total omission of the "List of Places Referred to," which from its obvious convenience to travellers was allowed in the second edition to occupy twenty pages. We can speak of its value because we have used it much; and so important, not to say indispensable, is something of the kind, that in the third edition of Burckhardt's "Cicerone" no less than forty-eight pages have been reserved for the register of the towns where the works mentioned in the text are to be found. In short, the revolution effected in Kugler will have the effect of transferring these tasteful and erudite volumes from the portmanteau of the traveller to the bookcase of the connoisseur.

In conclusion, we gladly concede that few works have enjoyed greater advantages; two hundred engraved outlines constitute almost in themselves a pictorial history of art. The original treatise, which formed a kind of new epoch in criticism, was translated by an accomplished lady, and had the further benefit of being edited by Sir Charles Eastlake. The present edition has been wisely entrusted to Lady Eastlake, who not only inherits valuable notes, but has acquired by individual study much valuable material.

A WALK IN THE GRISONS.*

A HABIT of fluent and desultory writing is a dangerous thing, and is apt to bring its own punishment—and that no halting one—upon the man who has allowed himself to fall into it. This is the third book of Swiss travels that Mr. Zincke has published within two years. The first was harmless, and on the whole agreeable enough, though showing possibilities of twaddle. We were able to say of it, with no great stretch of charity, that it was generally sensible and occasionally commonplace, and not overloaded with small travel-talk and incidents. This description may be made applicable to the present volume by omitting the negative and transposing the two adverbs. We verily believe Mr. Zincke to be capable of better things. But let him look to it, for with a volume or two more of such writing as this he will be in peril—grave, if not desperate, peril—of becoming even as A. K. H. B. Great part of the book has really nothing to do with the Grisons, or even with Switzerland, or indeed with one thing more than another. It may have all been very natural to think or say then and there, and a fellow-traveller who heard Mr. Zincke say it on the spot might reasonably have been well pleased with his company. But to print it all in order to give a full view of "the writer's own impressions, feelings, and opinions," is a different matter. Probably most persons who have had much to do with reading and writing have been struck at times by a train of thought presenting itself in a rather more connected way than usual, and have thought afterwards how good it was, and what a mistake they made in not setting it down just as it came. This is an illusion of the mind's eye which it would take some time to explain, but which is readily exposed in practice by noticing what happens when, even under favourable circumstances, a man does adopt the plan of setting down his thoughts at once and just as they come. The result is such as we now have before us; and a perusal of this book should be enough to cure anybody of the supposition that first thoughts are ever the worse for being allowed to grow and transform themselves in the brain before they are put upon paper. Here there is probably matter for a creditable essay or two; but it is involved in twaddle and vain repetition, nor is it the reader's fault if he fails to pick out the good stuff. Needles are useful things, but not very scarce, and one cannot be expected to look for them in bottles of hay.

Moreover the staple of Mr. Zincke's commonplace is in itself of a flat and unprofitable kind. His moralizing is about half a century behind the time. It belongs to that which, without meaning any disparagement to a great deal of really good work, or to the people who did it, one may call the useful-knowledge period, when it was supposed that everybody who lived before the middle of the eighteenth century was unaccountably stupid and absurd, that the doings of such people could now matter very little to any sensible man, and that the steam-engine might be trusted to make all mankind happy and virtuous. Fifty years ago this was excusable, perhaps inevitable. We retain a great respect for *Evenings at Home* and books of that class, but at this day a man with Mr. Zincke's means of knowledge cannot be absolved from the duty of knowing better. Vague abuse of all the lords that ever lived in castles, and vague talk about gunpowder and roads "disestablishing feudalism," do not become a member of a learned profession in 1875. Is Mr. Zincke very much shocked, we wonder, whenever he calls to mind that he holds his own vicarage by an unqualified feudal tenure?

The difficulty of justifying to the reader our estimate of Mr. Zincke's work is the difficulty of selecting from mediocrity. Mr. Zincke is informed at Dissentis that the editor of the Romansch newspaper is a well-educated man, which he sets down as a notable fact, apparently thinking that because Romansch is not spoken by so many people as German or Italian, the people who speak it ought to be barbarous. Then we have a description occupying nearly a page—not of any striking object, not of any unusual incident, but of Mr. Zincke going to sleep in his inn after dinner. We are told how "human concerns became a spectacle which only suggested evanescent fragments of half-formed thought"; a charmingly candid description which leads us round again to our moral—namely, that evanescent fragments of half-formed thought may be excellent things if you do not print them and expect waking people to read them. Presently we find that, when Mr. Zincke has time, he is very fond of telegraphing all over the world to learn what his friends are about, which he thinks much more satisfactory than writing and receiving letters. Then there are various remarks on the tenure and ownership of land which are by no means devoid of sense, and might indeed be worth consulting if Mr. Zincke would take the trouble to disentangle them from the travel-talk and get up his facts a little. He speaks of "that portion of the land which is held as private property" in Switzerland (it takes these eleven words to say *bookland* in modern English, but that is no fault of Mr. Zincke's in particular) as being "completely at the disposal of existing proprietors"; a curious way of speaking as regards some of the German cantons at least, where the power of disposal by will is, or very lately was, almost unknown. A little further on we come to a startling flight in philosophy. For Mr. Darwin's conclusions as to what things are there is provided the valuable support of Mr. Zincke's *à priori* notions of what they ought to be. Somebody told Mr. Zincke that Swiss education now gives oppor-

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* *A Walk in the Grisons; being a Third Month in Switzerland.* By F. Barham Zincke, Vicar of Wherstead and Chaplain to the Queen. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

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tunities of rising in the world to people who choose to make use of them, but the stupid ones must remain as they are:—

> For a moment I was shocked at the hardness of the statement; but I made no reply, for I saw that it was no more than the action of the inexorable law of natural selection applied to moral and intellectual life. It would not be a law were it not inexorable. The analogy, too, of nature requires that it should be applied to man as well as to the lower animals and to plants; and, indeed, if exemptions from it were admissible in any part of the general scheme, they would be admissible least of all in the case of man, for it is of more importance to guard against deterioration that which is highest and best, if we may so speak of any part of the general scheme, than that which is of inferior value—at all events than that which to us appears to occupy a lower place in the scale of being.

It is pleasing and idyllic to see teleology and natural selection thus kiss one another. Instead of criticizing, we will speak in a parable by means of a piece of travel-talk somewhat of the author's own sort. Not long ago we heard a bewildered Englishman asking a Parisian waiter for some *gigot* of veal, and the waiter vainly attempting to explain to him that he was putting together incongruous terms. "Mais, monsieur, veau c'est veau, et gigot c'est gigot." All that we can say to Mr. Zincke's philosophy is that Final Causes are Final Causes and Natural Selection is Natural Selection.

But this is an unusual display of continuous mental activity. After ten pages more, Mr. Zincke has returned to his normal condition; he again abandons himself to receiving, and writing down with a view to publication, the impressions of the moment. He is "a musical instrument possessed of consciousness, but not of free agency." Nature plays on him what tunes she pleases; "first something rude, simple, and clangorous; then something soft, soothing, and varied." The music, as transcribed in these pages, seems to omit the first part altogether. As to the second, it is no doubt soft, and in a manner soothing; but we cannot find that it is much varied. We are bound to say, however, that these flowers of speech abound much less in the latter part of the volume, and to that extent it improves as it goes on. When Mr. Zincke does get fairly launched in an interesting country, and can keep clear of history and social science, he shows that he has an eager and not injudicious eye for nature, and might claim a very fair rank among observers of scenery and natural features if he could persuade himself that the world does not care to know exactly what he had to eat and drink every day, how much his bill came to, and what he said to the landlord. The chapters concerned with Pontresina and its neighbourhood need only some excision of this kind to make them well enough. Possibly they may be found of some use in supplementing guide-books, and at any rate they have for this purpose the merit of being very recent. Of mountaineering in the strict sense there is nothing. One very moderate glacier expedition is recorded, in which Mr. Zincke discovered, as many others have done, that the "experienced mountaineer" of the books is a very elastic term. Certainly the technical language of Alpine craft may be reproached with poverty. The verbal difference between "fit only for practised mountaineers" and "not recommended for general adoption" is not at first sight very great. Yet the first means, at least in general, a place where people who have never been on a mountain before, or who neglect the ordinary precautions, may not improbably do themselves a mischief; the second means a really dangerous place where somebody once went by mistake, and such that it is gravely doubtful whether any one has any business to go there again. The last incident in the book is the most amusing, though perhaps the phrase is improper, for the superlative implies that a positive has gone before, and that is more than we are disposed to warrant. On his return march Mr. Zincke got a guide recommended for exceptional intelligence, who turned out to be Parisian Communard. At a small inn they fell in with a French mountaineer, with whom Mr. Zincke fraternized. Next morning the guide triumphantly announced that he knew all about him. A man who spoke German and had maps about him could be no Frenchman; he was a manifest Prussian spy.

Perhaps we ought to have mentioned that Mr. Zincke seems not unaware that his peculiar way of treating his subject with "fulness and minuteness of detail" may not wholly commend itself to some readers, for he gives various reasons for it in the preface, which are themselves drawn out in much the same style as the body of the work. We may be very perverse, but we remain of opinion that the matter is not mended by the reasons, nor the reasons justified by the matter.

FRUIT BETWEEN THE LEAVES.*

UNDER this somewhat fanciful title the author gives us, not a story as the reader would have naturally expected, but a collection of papers on a great variety of subjects. Some of these papers have already appeared, others are published for the first time. What might have passed muster when skimmed over in the columns of a newspaper invites a severer inspection when published in a permanent form. We doubt indeed whether we should have allowed our eye to rest for many minutes on these essays if we had first come upon them one by one in the various journals in which they appeared. Most certainly when gathered all together, forming as they do two volumes of respectable size, they far exceed all the powers of attention of which we have any command. Such papers as these, which from time to time were useful no doubt in filling up the columns of some journal, should no more be gathered together than the poor cousins who in every family fill up the gaps when dinner parties are given and guests unexpectedly are kept away. Each paper and each cousin certainly helps to give the eye a pleasurable sense of completeness. There is no blank space in the paper, and there is no empty chair at the table to offend. But who would care to dine with a roomful of poor cousins, and who would care to read two volumes of Dr. Wynter's essays? Stopgaps are very well in their place, but we do not want to have them in a collected form. There is this inconvenience too in bringing such papers as these together, that it is seen how closely they resemble each other. In the first volume, for instance, we are told in nine pages "How and Where Toys are Made." In the second volume, under the title of "Toys of the Day," we have the same facts given us, with some change of language it is true, for what had before filled nine pages is now made to fill eleven. It may be found instructive, perhaps, to examine the manufacture of these two papers almost as minutely as the author examines the manufacture of toys. We shall be able to see how he expands an idea, and at the same time expands the words in which the idea is expressed. In his first paper, in writing about the model steam-engines, he had said "These beautiful models serve to train up young engineers—one of the great wants of our country." In the second volume he thus expands this sentence, much in the same way as the fire in the engine expands the water:—"These are certainly not toys to *smash*, but they have their value, and in many cases are doubtless an educational element which influences the tastes of the future man." He goes on to add, "If engineers are to be bred, these pieces of mechanism, requiring thought and care, are no doubt powerful teaching-powers towards the desired end." It is a pity that Dr. Wynter does not give the date at which each paper was written. We should be curious to know how long a period of time it takes for a man who begins by saying of models that they "serve to train up young engineers" to arrive at describing them as "an educational element which influences the taste of the future man" and as "powerful teaching-powers." In what we ought perhaps to call the historical element of his earlier essay he tells us that, though "the implements of real play remain pretty much as they were in the days of the old boys," yet "the old wooden hoop has given place to the iron wire hoop; the tops are now also of metal." This is thus beautifully expanded in the later essay:—

> But when we refer to toys as toys merely, or things to amuse without ulterior aim, we cannot fail to see that the toys of the past generation had their differences from those of the present day. Writing as an old boy, we may say that our toys were stronger and coarser in their make, and far more primitive in their construction. Let us instance the hoop. We cannot help feeling as we see our sons running along a thin iron hoop with a slim steel hook not bigger than a knitting-needle that our hoops—jolly wooden ones, struck with a solid stick—were far more enjoyable, for hearing as well as sight was better gratified. The jolly bang was more wholesome to the nerves than the sharp ring of iron upon iron with which modern boys are content. Again, the solid boxwood top, affording such opportunities for being split in the pound, was a far more honest toy than the little hollow contrivance of metal that goes with a spring, abolishing the deliberate business of winding up with a string, as all honest tops should be wound.

To pass over for the present the wonderful expansiveness which a very simple statement has here been shown to possess, and to come to the facts, we would venture to question whether the iron hoop is quite so modern an invention as Dr. Wynter would seem to maintain. We have no means of knowing how long it is since he made a jolly bang on a jolly wooden hoop, or, with the deliberate business of winding up with a string, spun an honest top. It is, alas! not a few years, according to our calculation, since Plancus was Consul, and in his consulship most certainly there were hoops of iron. "Military toys," we read, to pass to another division of the subject, "mainly come from France and Germany. In the former country they probably serve as a sort of elementary training to fire the war spirit of the nation. Hesse Cassel provides the suits of armour." In the second volume we find the same facts thus given. "The military toys of Germany come mainly from Hesse Cassel. It seems strange that these peaceful people should help to feed the warlike spirit of childhood. The French instinct this way we can account for; but we suppose there is a rising warlike spirit in Germany which the people instinctively see requires fostering." Where has Dr. Wynter been living these latter years that he ventures on the bold supposition that there is a rising warlike spirit in Germany which is not consciously, but only instinctively, seen to require fostering, and which is fostered by the manufacture of toy-soldiers for exportation? If the warlike spirit in Germany is still rising, quiet people may still have some hope in the fact that the Germans may be wrong in their instincts, for in the same page we are told that "there is something derogatory and feminine in sitting round a table setting up toy-soldiers." Perhaps, however, Dr. Wynter means to say that, however derogatory it may be to play with toy-soldiers, yet the manufacture of them is "a sort of elementary training to fire the war spirit of the nation." But then he goes on to tell us that in Prussia these military toys "are made by prisoners under penal servitude, a far better occupation than the oakum-picking and other rough labour to which our prisoners are put." Why it is a far better occupation he no doubt supposes that the reader will instinctively see, for he nowhere takes the trouble to inform him. We can scarcely suppose, however, that the Prussian Government, in its desire to foster the rising warlike spirit in Germany, would have begun, as a means thereto, by setting the convicts to model military toys. Perhaps it was with a similar desire

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* *Fruit Between the Leaves.* By Andrew Wynter, M.D., M.R.C.P., Author of "Curiosities of Civilization," "Our Social Bees," "Peeps into the Human Hive," &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

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to foster the naval spirit of our nation that the Government in England, years ago, instinctively set the convicts to pick oakum. They were to tear to pieces ropes which might have been used to hang them, so as to produce a useful article which would add to the safety of the ships that were to defend their native shores. While metal toys are made in France and Germany for political reasons, wooden toys, it would seem, owe the seat of their manufacture to far baser considerations. We scarcely know at which to be the more astonished, the dearness of wood in England or its cheapness in "the woods of Germany." There, we are told, "pine-trees may be had for twopence a piece," while "the mere wood in this country" of a penny box of toys "would cost the money." When Dr. Wynter begins to instruct those whom he calls "my young readers," it would be well if he would take the trouble to avoid, at all events, gross inaccuracy in his facts. Any child, though it knows nothing of the twopenny trees of Germany, who has ever been sent to buy a halfpenny bundle of faggots, knows that one part of his statement at all events is absurd. But we have often noticed that the more condescending a writer is, the more likely he is to be careless. Perhaps Dr. Wynter considers that his statements are quite good enough for his audience. He rises in a line or two from the price of "the raw material" to more sentimental regions where he breathes more freely. "In the woods of Germany," we read, "the dim shadowy woods (*sic*) are changed into the laughter-giving toys, which brighten up the eyes, and make merry the hearts, of the other little children of Europe." In the second volume this pretty piece of sentiment is thus agreeably varied:—"From out the old sombre pine forests of Thuringia issue the penny boxes of toys destined to make the homes of all Europe ring with joyous laughter—children's tea-things, Noah's arks, filled with only the leading animals, soldiers, &c., and the most 'screechingest' articles that ever delighted the urchin's ear and maddened the old folk."

It is tedious to follow our author through his subject, and show how constantly he has been stealing from himself. It is no doubt in one point of view as innocent a theft as can be well imagined; and yet it requires a certain amount of what in *She Stoops to Conquer* is called "modern modesty" for an author to publish both his original version and his adaptation at one and the same time. Dr. Wynter may with some reason think that such readers as he is likely to meet with will have forgotten, before they reach the middle of his second volume, all the contents of his first. In his method of manufacturing his papers he would seem to have taken a hint from the toy-maker, whose process he describes in much the same terms in both volumes. He says:—

> Elephants, cows, and the whole range of four-legged animals are produced in the same mechanical manner. The lathesman does his work almost mechanically by means of a steel model guide, which directs his tool without his even having to think of what he is doing. In the same way Noah and all his family are turned upon a single piece of wood, the feet of one touching the head of the other, and they have only to be cut off from each other to represent the family from whom the whole generation of men has sprung.

There are not a few writers of the present day who, like the "lathesman," do their work almost mechanically, and who use their pen without even having to think of what they are doing. These two papers, for instance, differ but little, in the mode in which they have been produced, from the process which turns out Noah and his wife. Dr. Wynter wishes in the latter of the two papers to bring in the Bicycle. His transition from a penny toy-box to this "manly toy," as he calls it, "conducive to produce athletism," is not unworthy of the dignity of the subject. "Having descended," he says, "to the cheapest and most infantine toys of the very indigent, we can at a bound revert to the grander toys of the young men of the day." He defends the bicycle as "a capital aid to exercise like football, cricket, and the scores of toys of the young men of the present day." From what he says, it would seem to be the case that, "with the mental strain put upon our young men, the only counterpoise to keep in health is pure athletism." If our young men mostly read the popular literature of the present day, the strain put upon them would not require, we should think, any very grand toy to lighten it. Even an iron hoop to bowl or a metal top to spin, without the deliberate business of winding up with a string, would do all that can be needed.

Among the papers Dr. Wynter has gathered together there are not a few which are above these two on toys. He might, if he had chosen, have made one volume of perhaps one-third of the size which might likely enough have escaped notice. He never writes well; often, in fact, he writes incorrectly. On such subjects as village hospitals and preventive medicine he has something to say which, though not new, is not as yet so widely known as could be desired. When, however, he gathers together into two volumes what we may not unjustly call the very sweepings of his contributions to different journals, and when he gives the same paper twice over, he exposes whatever may be meritorious in his writings to the severe criticism which the large majority of his papers most certainly deserve.

MARSHALL'S HORACE*

WE have sometimes felt inclined to speculate how long the editing and commenting on classical writers will go on, whether each new generation, as it discovers new points of view in history, theology, and metaphysics, will likewise be able to look at and criticize the literature of the ancients in different aspects or with a different spirit. Do any grammatical or metrical discoveries remain to be made? Will any one, even with ingenuity such as Godfrey Hermann's was or as Madvig's is, be able substantially to improve the texts of the greater classical writers? New light upon Greek art and Greek ethnology, upon Roman social life and Roman law, we may possibly have, for statues and ruined temples still occasionally come to light in Asia Minor and the Ægean Isles, and Latin inscriptions in Italy, France, and Spain. But in the absence of any prospect of finding new manuscripts, our data for correcting the text, interpreting the sense, and determining the linguistic usages of the ancient writers are evidently very limited, and scarcely susceptible of addition. Under these circumstances, with the stimulus of curiosity and novelty removed, when all books worth editing well have been really well edited (a consummation now not far distant), may there not be a danger that scholarship itself will lose some of its charm, and come to hold a lower place among the studies to which men give their lives?

The best answer to this seems to be that the same reasonings might have been almost as well advanced fifty years ago, since which time we have nevertheless seen a great deal of new and valuable work done in the way of editing, commenting, and even text-reforming. Minds differently trained and under the stimulus of a different set of ideas have been able to handle old subjects in a comparatively new way, and to reach a perhaps more perfect sympathy with the author's spirit than their at least equally learned and able predecessors. To go no further back than the last ten years, Mr. Munro's edition of Lucretius, and the late Mr. Conington's edition of Virgil, have in their several ways distinctly and considerably increased our knowledge of the mind and the style, as well as of the meaning in particular passages, of both those poets. More remarkable perhaps, because more generally diffused, and not so readily attributable to any special gifts of particular men, is the improvement in the character of the ordinary school and college editions of the classics during the last thirty years. We can remember a time when the commentary was often as hard to a boy as the text, and took little account of the difficulties which he would find; while, if it were more copious, as in the Delphin editions, one soon had reason to distrust its help, and learnt comparatively little of real scholarship from it. In those days, indeed, editions hardly existed specially adapted for the use of boys; and distinguished scholars would have thought it below their dignity to prepare such editions. Now the rivalry of publishers and the great profit to be made out of a successful school-book have changed all this, and we see series after series bursting into the already well-filled field.

Mr. Marshall's edition of Horace, of which the first volume (Odes and Epodes) has just appeared, belongs to one of these new series, that which Messrs. Rivington publish under the name of *Catena Classicorum*, and which counts among the volumes that compose it some excellent performances, such as Mr. Jebb's, and some very poor ones which we need not stop to particularize. This particular volume seems to us to be quite one of the best of the series, and indeed one of the most satisfactory editions of a classic that we have come across for a long time. The notes are clear, concise, and definite, giving the learner just as much assistance as he may reasonably be taken to need, yet not dispensing with the necessity of his exercising his own thought, nor furnishing him with ready-made translations of a difficult phrase. To hit this mean is the great problem of a school edition, and one that can hardly be solved by any one who is not himself a teacher of some experience. You must not lift a boy over every stile, else he will never get the habit of climbing or vaulting them for himself; his ingenuity will not receive the stimulus it needs. Yet you must not leave him unaided in the presence of any really abnormal construction or obscure thought; for the result will be that, if he is painstaking, he will probably spend a disproportionately long time puzzling over it, and perhaps in the end be disheartened by failure; while, if less careful and more hasty, he will contract that slovenly habit which does more than anything else to spoil his chances of becoming a true scholar, the habit of slurring over a difficulty when some vague notion of what the passage may mean has been reached. Our ancestors feared this so much, or had so little sympathy with human suffering, that they scarcely helped boys at all, but left them to make out the most perplexing texts with little or no commentary, but a great deal of birch in prospect. The moderns have perhaps run into the other extreme, yet it is the less harmful extreme of the two. One must at all hazards keep a well-intentioned boy from disliking his work or growing disheartened over it. Mr. Marshall is more frequent than full in his annotations; and evidently aims rather at suggesting to the learner points to be attended to than at actually solving his difficulties for him by supplying a rendering of the Latin. Now and then, as it seems to us, he is content with giving merely a hint, or a reference to a parallel passage, where the phrase is sufficiently peculiar to make the scholar pause for a moment, and where therefore we should have thought the schoolboy entitled to rather more direct help. We are sometimes inclined to doubt whether even the present improved race of schoolboys, with their minds bent from the age of six or seven on getting scholarships, first at Eton or Winchester, and afterwards at Oxford or Cambridge, really turn up the copious references with which modern commentaries supply them. We admit that, if they do, they are pursuing the most improving of all exercises; and

* *The Works of Horace; with English Notes and Introduction.* By J. M. Marshall, M.A., late Fellow and Lecturer of Brasenose College, Oxford; Under-Master of Dulwich College. London: Rivingtons. 1875.

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though we think commentators too much disposed to assume that they will, this is no reason for dispensing with references, but only for sometimes giving a little further explanation. Mr. Marshall does right in illustrating every singularity of use or construction by citations from other parts of Horace, or from the other more familiar classics which may be presumed to be readily accessible; we should wish him only to add now and then a word or two to emphasize the parallelism. In his selection of readings, and his interpretation of disputed passages, we are mostly, though not always, disposed to agree with him. We think, for instance, that it would be possible to show that *veris* in Od. I. 23, 5, *poscimur* in Od. I. 32, 1, *teque* in Od. IV. 2, 69, are readings that ought to be rejected, though Mr. Marshall admits them, doubtfully indeed, into his text. Again, in Od. III. 6, 42, we are not sure that he has caught the full force of *capitis minor* which is said with reference to the fact that, as no longer a Roman citizen, Regulus had no longer any *status familiæ*; at least, if he has, he ought to have explained it, instead of referring the learner to Smith's Dictionary. Several other similar small criticisms occur to us here and there in turning over the pages of his book; but even in differing we recognize the judgment of a sound scholar and the taste of an acute critic, who understands that boys ought to be led to regard their reading even of such an artificial writer as Horace as a training in poetical feeling and art no less than in the delicacies of Latin literary expression.

The brief introductions or arguments which Mr. Marshall prefixes to each ode are models in their way of neat conciseness, giving the learner just so much information as he needs to enable him to appreciate the plan or idea of each little poem, and bringing its salient features into relief. And in the notes he takes frequent occasion to remark upon many of those peculiar bits of poetical usage and skill—poetical dodges, as they may not unfairly be called—which have perhaps done most to make Horace famous, which are the things he is most frequently remembered by, and by which he has most affected subsequent writers. They are the legitimate resource of a conventional writer, and what great writer, possessed of real taste and power, is more markedly conventional than Horace? As Mr. Marshall remarks, he is absolutely indifferent to the distinction between Greek and Roman mythology, ascribing to a deity of the one whenever it suits his convenience all the attributes of some similar one in the other. His geographical epithets are used purely ornamentally, with scarcely a suggestion of the place from which they are taken. Terms such as Calabrian, Apulian, and Umbrian; Thracian, Dacian, Gelonian, and Scythian; Phrygian, Mygdonian, Thynian, Lydian, Syrian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Indian, and Ethiopian; Parthian, Median, Persian, Seric, are thrown about almost interchangeably. And this curious artificiality has passed from form to substance. Love is perfectly conventional in Horace; there seems no reason to fancy that a single one of his odes is written under the influence of any real passion, even if some of the persons mentioned, like the *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*, are real. The whole thing is merely pleasing matter for graceful verse. For the old religion of course one expects no serious feeling, but philosophy is hardly treated more respectfully; and the only poems where we seem to strike a genuine vein of feeling are those in which he is inspired either by the greatness and historic memories of Rome or by the beauties not so much of rural nature itself as of the simple life which may be led among rural scenes. We commonly contrast this conventionality, this purely literary way of looking at things, with the tone of the Greek lyrists whom Horace had before his eyes, and the contrast is made striking by his constant imitation of the form, and occasional imitation of the substance, of their magnificent performances. But in truth he is almost as far removed in spirit and attitude from Catullus and Lucretius as from Alcæus or Simonides. Lucretius is solemnly in earnest; wishes first to convince and instruct, only in a quite subsidiary way to delight; he is so much possessed by the importance of the substance as hardly to care about the form. Catullus, again, although a literary poet in this sense, that he not only paraphrases Sappho but even imitates so thoroughly artificial a writer as Callimachus, is nevertheless not only much less elaborate and artful in his style and versification than Horace, but is perfectly hearty in whatever concerns himself or the contemporary world. Lesbia is no mere name like the Cinara or Lydia or Chloe of Horace, but a very real person, towards whom he is alternately devoted and resentful. And when he attacks, it is at real and well-known persons that his blows are aimed; among them at the great Dictator himself, and his unworthy creatures, Mamurra and Vatinius. Yet Catullus was probably only some twenty or thirty years Horace's senior. The change from Milton and Andrew Marvell to the school represented by Pope is not so rapid, and hardly so complete.

To discuss this phenomenon, however, and the causes of it, would lead us too far from our present purpose. It may be that Horace's popularity, which has now become so much a matter of course as to be hardly worth disputing, is in excess of his real poetical merit; and this seems to be partly due to what one may call his extreme "quotability"—to the fact that he puts in a neat form commonplace moral dicta which every one can understand, whose very neatness of expression makes them seem to contain more than they do; which, moreover, are easily remembered and reproduced with some little pleasure by the middle-aged man who has forgotten most of his other classics. It may also be that Horace has too prominent a place in the teaching of our schools and colleges. This we incline to believe, thinking that their usual fault is to keep the learner in too narrow a round of books, to dwell too much on pettinesses, to leave him with a very inadequate conception of that ancient world which it ought to be the chief object of classical studies to bring before him in its various aspects, social as well as literary. But if Horace is to have this extraordinary importance given him, we do not know how he can be better taught to schoolboys, have his real merits pointed out and his difficulties lucidly explained, than in the way followed by Mr. Marshall. His edition is conspicuously practical, the work of a man who must have had considerable personal experience in teaching, and so has come to understand precisely what it is that boys in the fifth and sixth forms of a good school want and can take in. That he possesses the more refined gifts of a scholar—subtlety, ingenuity, and a polished taste—his book sufficiently proves; and it is no small merit to have so distinctly kept in view his practical object even when it involved the sacrifice of his own predilections, the omission of comments and discussions which, however interesting to a finished scholar, would be beyond the comprehension of an ordinary learner.

TWO KISSES.*

MR. HAWLEY SMART'S novels are generally lively and readable, and this one of the *Two Kisses* is no exception. He writes easily—rather too easily, so far as grammatical niceties are concerned—and with a quiet self-confidence which probably carries off a good many of his improbabilities, inaccuracies, and absurdities with the more inexperienced of his readers. His plots, though slight, are quite strong enough to support their superstructure of incidents, and his characters talk sufficiently naturally, according to the natures which he chooses to attribute to them. But it cannot be said of him that he has made any serious attempt to fulfil his earliest promise, and indeed each of his successive novels seems to show a perceptible falling away in point of legitimate artistic aspirations. He writes for men rather than for women, but he grows too decidedly and universally Bohemian even for such men as frequent decorous drawing-rooms and belong by preference to respectable clubs. We are very far indeed from objecting to a moderate introduction of the Bohemian element. We know that the picturesque is generally to be found coupled with the unconventional. We acknowledge the pleasure of exchanging evening dress for shooting-coat and slippers, or of solacing oneself in the smoke clouds of some "back kitchen" after the crush on the staircase where Mrs. So-and-So has been at home. Nor do we object to associate occasionally—in fiction—with the most consummate scoundrels, or even with the hardened ruffians who are to sell themselves to the Mephistopheles of the piece. We admire an original young woman like Mr. Hawley Smart's Breezie Langton, launched upon life under great disadvantages, but whose natural charms more than atone for her antecedents, and who is touched off with lively appreciation till she makes a pretty and taking picture. But we find that comparatively little of that sort of thing goes a long way with us, and in *Two Kisses* we have little else; while Breezie Langton, in the present heroine, has changed into something both hard and commonplace. The bloodthirsty element is wanting, but the whole of the characters, with scarcely an exception, belong to disreputable or frivolous types. The tone of feminine morality for the most part is what we should expect to find in the *salon* of the mistress of a third-rate French boarding-house, while the morals of the men are those of the smoking-room of some second-rate City club towards the small hours. The women, as it is carefully explained to us, keep to their marriage vows, though it needs no small stretch of Christian charity to believe as much. But they talk slang and are frightfully mercenary; they flirt far beyond the borders of decorum, to say nothing of common prudence; they encourage smoking in their drawing-rooms; have acclimatized the Italian institution of the *Cavaliere servente*; address their admirers by familiar abbreviations of the Christian name, and manœuvre occasionally to make gentlemen kiss them. As for the unmarried heroine, she and her maiden aunts are a household of innocents, and are ciphers in the story. But if the leading ladies are to be considered honest, it is more than can be said for the men. Perhaps the best of them is the husband of one of the ladies in question, who understands and trusts his wife so thoroughly that he encourages her in all her indiscretions, and looks on in smiling complacency while she compromises her character irretrievably. The next best is a young Guardsman who, having gone blindfold to the dogs and the Jews, is persuaded to lay himself out for the hand of a woman old enough to be his mother, but who establishes a character for sterling worth and chivalrous generosity by making an offer in a moment of impulse to the pretty niece he believes to be portionless. Among the rest of the gentlemen are blacklegs, usurers, and City merchants of profound hypocrisy and rascality; and the general atmosphere of the book reminds us of those chapters in the *Fortunes of Nigel* where the hero has sunk below the meridian of the Temple to figure among the sharpers and *bona-robas* of Whitefriars.

All this sort of thing implies a certain acquaintance with certain kinds of life; and yet the knowledge must be more apparent than real, or else the author has drawn heavy draughts on our credulity. There is Major Claxby Jenkens, for instance, who plays the leading rascal through the piece, although many of the minor actors are

* *Two Kisses.* By Hawley Smart, Author of "Breezie Langton," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1875.

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capable of very creditable villany. Major Jenkens lives by his wits, and flourishes in snug apartments. But we cannot understand how he can have feathered his nest so comfortably by merely receiving commissions for acting jackal to money-lenders; or how he has succeeded in compelling his clients to affect to ignore his real character after the many discreditable affairs in which he must necessarily have been mixed up professionally. Although brokerage or usury is his main resource, he occasionally attends provincial races as a betting-man, picks up what he can at pool in the billiard-rooms of provincial inns, fleeces the fast young farmers, scarcely plays "on the square," or at any rate masks his game. In short, he notoriously gains his livelihood by the most disreputable practices; he tells nothing of his antecedents, and has no right to his military title; yet we are given to understand that he belongs to several decent clubs. What is more marvellous still is his extraordinary self-restraint under circumstances of no ordinary temptation. We know the sort of man well; we have so often met him in fiction, if not in real life. Who, the author repeatedly asks, would have suspected that old Jenkens had a soft spot about him? Who, we are inclined to ask in reply, could have failed to be quite sure of it? We knew beforehand that the inveterate old rascal would have some redeeming weakness which might induce the reader to have a sneaking kindness for him, yet we confess we were not prepared for the depths of his sublime and sustained self-sacrifice. Jenkens has a daughter, and that daughter has a settlement of 1,200*l.* a year, and the Major actually administers the money, his co-trustee being as good as a dummy. Yet he scrupulously refrains from diverting any of it to his own purposes, sorely tempted as he must often have been. That may possibly be accounted for by making generous allowance for the influence of the soft spot in his heart, although we should have thought that his inveterate habits of appropriation would have been very hard to overcome. For we give "the Major" credit for really loving his daughter, although he could make up his mind to secrete himself from her for years and to spare her his compromising company. But we cannot understand the abnegation of his behaviour in the crisis of a grand piece of underhand financing, where his self-love had been at stake as well, and where there were no sentimental considerations to influence him. There is one of the principals who employ him on commission, against whom he has a special grudge. It is a certain Roxby, a merchant in the City, and a most sanctimonious scoundrel, who has always succeeded in having the best of Jenkens in their dealings. It is the Major's dearest wish to have the best of the enemy in turn, but he repeatedly declares he will never play him until he holds an exceedingly strong hand himself. At last the fates are propitious; indeed they have dealt him such irresistible force in trumps that he can afford to dispense with skill entirely. He gets wind of a bill to which Roxby has forged a signature. How that shrewd gentleman could have committed such a blunder we do not profess to explain, for his circumstances do not appear to have been in any way desperate; why he should seemingly have made a practice of similar forgeries, we understand still less, as all the time he has been inviting detection by paying advanced rates to a certain firm that they might retain his paper in their own hands. Be that as it may, however, when Jenkens hints at the suspicious signature Roxby turns pale and trembles, and in fact throws up his hand and places himself at the other's mercy. But Jenkens exhibits the most romantic generosity. He contents himself with the barren triumph of enjoying his old enemy's humiliation, and of settling the business immediately in question on the terms he had suggested before. He levies no blackmail on the other's terrors, and leaves the room no richer than he entered it. As passion plays strange tricks with us all, we may admit that Montague Gore, the shrewd, hard-headed barrister whose affections had been seared years before by an early disappointment, might possibly marry a woman of whom he only knew that she did not care for him in the smallest degree; whose life was a mystery she declined to reveal; who had lived in society that was at least doubtful; and who launched into the maddest extravagance, though she had only a few hundreds to her fortune. But Mr. Turbottle, the itinerant "Cheap Jack," is perhaps the most audacious of all these social phenomena. You might have trusted him with untold gold, for it is he who is Major Jenkens's fellow-trustee in charge of the Major's daughter's settlement. Yet in the way of his legitimate business Turbottle swindles the public out of sixpences, and takes an honest professional pride in his sharp dealings. Dishonesty in his case proves the best policy, for he is rich beyond a Cheap Jack's dreams of avarice. At least he can afford to go to prison for a principle; he makes himself at home when he is laid up in a costly Cursitor Lane sponging-house, ordering chickens and wine and all the rest of it, with the recklessness of a ruined spendthrift from the best society. Finally, a promiscuous variety of personages are grouped together in the closing act, utterly irrespectively of character or station, just like the actors in an extravaganza on the stage. There is a marriage and a great marriage feast. The forging merchant gives away the bride to the indignant Guardsman whom he had insulted by inviting him to be the accomplice of his swindling practices; and it is Mr. Turbottle, the Cheap Jack, who gets upon his legs to return thanks for the bridesmaids in the most humorous and successful of speeches.

We might go on multiplying illustrations in confirmation of criticisms that may have seemed harsh; but perhaps we have said enough already to prove that Mr. Smart takes unreasonable liberties with the presumed innocence of his readers. If he has half the knowledge of London life that he professes, he must be aware that ladies like Mrs. Paynter cannot possibly receive any of the *crème de la crème* of London female society into their very mixed circle, although doubtless she finds gentlemen of the highest fashion very ready to throw over their more respectable engagements for her. He must know that Major Jenkens must have been stripped long ago of those virtuous draperies in which the veteran reprobate envelops himself. He must doubt whether Captain Detfield, chivalrously honourable though reckless in money matters, would have consented to receive his bride from the hands of the scoundrel who had made him infamous propositions with regard to her fortune. But if we concede to Mr. Smart the license of letting his characters breathe the most tainted of moral atmospheres, if we suffer him to play fast and loose with probabilities at his discretion, and civilly consent to take for gospel the strange tale he tells in his own way, then we may congratulate him on having written an amusing story. Many of the scenes, taken separately, are good and spirited. The dialogue is often exceedingly lively, especially on the part of the ladies. The correct and self-complacent scoundrelism of Major Claxby Jenkens is sufficiently amusing. Turbottle, the Cheap Jack, is really capital, and in particular his appearance on the booth in the fair is hit off to the life. But, in spite of repeated disappointments, we remain firm in the persuasion that Mr. Hawley Smart is capable of better things. Even in his present book there are graceful touches of feminine nature, and frequent signs that his sympathies are with respectability and virtue, although for some mysterious reasons of his own he will devote himself almost exclusively to the delineation of social Ishmaelites. If he would only try back to his earliest manner, we believe we might give him almost unstinted praise; but unless he speedily reconsiders his ways, we shall fear he has passed beyond reach of warning.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE biographers and eulogists of the late Charles Sumner have three peculiar features in his political life to notice. He was the first, or nearly the first, originator of that theory of constitutional opposition to slavery which made it possible to organize a sectional Free-soil party within the ordinary lines of political conflict. He was called the martyr of Abolitionism; having suffered perhaps a twentieth part of what other and less distinguished champions of the cause had suffered for it, and that under circumstances presently to be noted. And, lastly, having led the Republicans into some of their worst and wildest extremes—and, in particular, having been the author of that extravagant Civil Rights Bill which attempted to force personal association and social equality with the negro upon the Southern people—he quarrelled with them upon issues never distinctly understood or frankly avowed, but well known to be connected with the disappointment of his personal ambition rather than with any difference of political opinion. All these points are definitely brought up and much dwelt upon in the volume before us,* by men who intend to glorify the Senator from Massachusetts at any expense short of a decided condemnation of their friends and colleagues. The Memoir is very brief, very unsatisfactory, and even in a political point of view very incomplete. The eulogies which it is now the fashion in America to deliver on every occasion that can be seized or created after the death of a distinguished partisan are rather below than above the average level of funereal panegyrics. Fluency is the rule, and eloquence is by no means rare, among American public men. But the habit of "high-falutin'"—of using very big and sonorous phrases which need not always bear any particular meaning, so long as they seem to suggest something transcendental and grandiose—leads to a great deal of indefinite verbiage and a signal deficiency of exactitude and of relevancy; so that American harangues, and especially panegyrical speeches, have all that loftiness of indefinite exaltation which so disgusts the ordinary English reader in French discourses, especially in those of French Republicans, without the literary merit, the grammatical accuracy, the verbal and logical precision of Gallic oratory. Still the three points we have mentioned are more or less prominent throughout. It is notorious that the Constitution of the United States recognized the status of bondage—of "persons held to labour" and liable to be given up on the demand of their masters; it is equally notorious that it never used the word "slave." It is obvious that, the fact of bondage being recognized, and the property of citizens of each single State being protected everywhere, the Abolitionists who conspired to abolish slavery without the consent of the Slave States violated the first principles of the Federal compact; while those who endeavoured to maintain that slavery was or could be as matter of right excluded from the general territory of the Union, denied the equality of the States *inter se*—the very essence of Federalism. Hence the consistent and conscientious Abolitionists held themselves outside of politics, and refused to swear obedience to the Constitution. Mr. Sumner saw that victory was not to be gained in this way, and availed himself of the sentiment which had excluded the word "slavery" from the Constitution, as it was excluded from the familiar language of slaveholders, to deny the constitutional rights of the slave States, and to defy as unconstitutional that Fugitive Slave Law which

* *Charles Sumner: Memoir and Eulogies.* A Sketch of his Life by the Editor, an Original Article by Bishop Gilbert Haven, and the Eulogies pronounced by Eminent Men. Edited by William M. Cornell, LL.D. Boston: J. H. Earle. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1874.

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the Constitution expressly required. There is as little doubt that his was the sounder policy as that Garrison's was the more loyal and truthful course. As to his martyrdom, it is a little too absurd to put him before those who actually underwent death, imprisonment, repeated stoning, and maltreatment for the cause; and in justice, not to Brooks, but to the State which re-elected him, and whose high chivalric spirit has since been proved in four years of desperate strife and ten of civil oppression, the true facts of the case should be remembered. Mr. Sumner was attacked in the Senate House, but not by surprise; he had received ample notice, and had full time to defend himself. He was thrashed, not for Abolitionist harangues, but for a laboured and outrageous insult to an aged Carolinian statesman, and because, in a land where duelling was in vogue, he would neither fight nor abstain from those affronts which the local code of honour required gentlemen to resent. The violation of the Senate Chamber was the real gravamen of the offence; and it proved how violent and bitter was the feeling of the South against those to whom they were bound by a compact which Mr. Sumner and such as he were daily breaking. Had he been assaulted in Philadelphia Avenue, it is probable that the sympathies of the Union would have been with the assailant. Finally, there can be no doubt that he was ill treated by his party. His removal from the Chairmanship of the Committee of Foreign Affairs—virtually the leadership of the Senate—was a boon to the country, whose interests his passionate and vindictive temper was constantly endangering; but it was the act of men who were scarcely entitled to sit in judgment on their colleague, and to him it must have seemed an act of base ingratitude. Still a highminded statesman would not on that account have sown disunion in the ranks of the party he had led, with whose extremest views he fully coincided, and for whose worst acts no one was more responsible than he. The bitter, un-Christian temper of the Puritan, so generally characteristic of Massachusetts statesmen, was eminently characteristic of her late Senator; and the fall from the leadership of Sumner to that of Butler, which marks the recent degradation of the Bay State Republicans, great as it is, is not greater than the fall from John Adams to Webster, and from Webster to Sumner.

A Rebel's Recollections *, though told in a light and lively style, and though not generally belonging to the graver class of memories recalled by the great names of the Confederate War, are yet something more than entertaining; they are truly if not profoundly interesting, and really if not largely instructive. Comparing them with all we have learnt from other sources of information, we incline to believe that they represent very accurately the general course of events, the temper of the Southern people, and the spirit and character of the war. We have more than once pointed out the utter absurdity of that Northern doctrine—so constantly repeated during the struggle, when it was needed to justify a war waged to keep an unwilling people under the yoke, and so completely dropped when it would have been inconveniently inconsistent with the determination to make that yoke tenfold heavier than ever—the doctrine, namely, that secession was effected by a conspiracy on the part of statesmen and leaders, and that the Southern people generally were opposed to the war. Those who understand America know that nothing of that deference to a chief or a Cabinet which exists in England is to be found among either section of the people; that, since Washington, General Lee alone has ever possessed the kind of power which would have enabled him to carry the hearts of the people with him without first convincing their judgments. There was a strong minority against secession in the seven original States of the Confederacy; the rest remained in the Union till they were driven out by Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation of War; but in every case secession was the act of the majority, and, secession once resolved on, no Union party remained, except in certain separated sections of Virginia and Tennessee which had never shared the Southern sentiment of loyalty to the State. How completely the war was the people's war; how absurd to them seemed the idea that any power or authority was more concerned in it than themselves; how thoroughly each soldier realized the old Greek idea—so seldom real, though so often affected in modern times—that he was fighting for his own, for his home and lands, for his wife and children, for his own personal rights and happiness, is apparent in every page of this volume, and especially in its earlier chapters. The notion that they were to be paid for their services seemed at first a mere subject for laughter, as it can only seem when a whole people has come into the field to fight for its own hand; and the Southern army was in fact the Southern people in arms. Hence some of its military vices and martial excellences, its strange indiscipline and its absolute devotion. Every private cared for victory as much as the General, and felt that the result was as much his personal concern; he felt therefore personally aggrieved if the General seemed to be going wrong, and was inclined to remonstrate. Stuart, our author tells us, said of this strange soldiery at the outset, "They are pretty fair officers now; they will make good soldiers by and by, they only want *reducing to the ranks;*" and this want, at least in the Virginian army, the experience of war supplied. While the men freely gave their lives, the women not less readily gave the lives dearer to them than their own. No man able to bear arms and remaining at home could face the scornful looks and spoken contempt of the ladies. Their devotion to the cause, their hatred of the enemy, showed itself sometimes in natural but laughable touches of feminine petulance, sometimes in ingenious and graceful acts of tenderness and courtesy to the soldiers, or less graceful acts of spite to the enemy; sometimes in girlish displays of reckless courage or angry defiance, always in patient endurance of cruel losses and severe privations, of bereavement, and of want. We have heard Southern *exiles* complain of their losses; Southern women at home, among a sympathizing society, finding no humiliation in poverty, make no complaint at all. The "Rebel's" testimony to their zeal and kindness is warm and sincere. Of the civil Government he speaks with considerable bitterness; and we believe there is little doubt that the Commissariat of the South was shamefully mismanaged, and that the final catastrophe was hastened thereby; and there is no doubt at all that the President's personal quarrel with General Joseph Johnstone, and his interference at the critical moment with the resistance to Sherman's march, contributed greatly to the fatal result. Mr. Davis was a good War Minister, but not a great General; and he was prone to interfere with matters which, from the conditions imposed by time and distance, he could but imperfectly appreciate. He seems, moreover, to have been wanting in the flexibility necessary to a ruler of men. We cannot think, with the "Rebel" whose criticisms are before us, that he chose his men badly. For example, he chose Lee for the Virginian command at a time when no one else believed in him; most of his Generals, and many of his civil and semi-civil officers, were excellently selected. But, whether personal prejudice or mere accident misled him, he made a few very bad selections; and then his obstinate resolve to support the men he had chosen, which might have been very valuable to Mr. Lincoln on more than one occasion, was disastrous to the interests of the South. The principal charm of this little volume lies, however, not in its political or military criticisms, or even in the general information it affords concerning the circumstances of the South, so much as in its lively sketches and anecdotes of camp life and civil life, of the bivouac and the home, during the long period when the war raged over the greater part of the Confederacy, and absorbed the entire flower of its manhood, the thoughts and life of its women. No one who once gets fairly into the work will like to lay it down unfinished; and no one who reads it through will fail to feel that he understands and likes the Southern people the better for the story.

Mr. Cozzens's account of the *Marvellous Country* * of Arizona and New Mexico is well deserving of attentive perusal, though it requires to be read with discrimination. The writer is not a man of very wide culture or thorough information, and consequently his statements upon historical questions and local antiquities must be taken without too implicit faith, as those of a man who knows little of the general laws of antiquarian science or historical inquiry, and is rather too prone to accept without investigation the first plausible explanation that is offered him. His history of the former civilization of Arizona may be correct to the letter, and again it may not. But at any rate it is interesting to read from one who has visited and explored them a description of the ruins of another of those præ-European civilizations of which America has so many to interest and perplex the student. Those of Arizona and New Mexico do not belong to a very high order, nor do they indicate either an architecture or a social organization equal to those of Peru or Mexico, though Mr. Cozzens is inclined to impute them to a race cognate with the Aztecs. They were existent at a comparatively recent date, and were destroyed, we are assured, not by the European invaders of Mexico, but by the Indian tribe who are now the scourge and terror of the land. According to Mr. Cozzens, the Jesuit missionaries first made their way into this not easily accessible country, and, finding there a friendly people and vast stores of silver, drew after them the tide, not of Spanish conquest, but of Spanish trade. The natives fell under the missionary influence much as did those of Paraguay, and were willing to dig silver for their teachers. But in course of time the Spaniards provoked a collision with the fierce Apaches, and, being by them debarred from access to the mines, deserted the country, leaving their unwarlike subjects at the mercy of the savage intruders, by whose ferocious raids Arizona has been well nigh desolated. The Apaches, however, would need no Spanish provoking to induce them to plunder, slaughter, and enslave any people who could not defend themselves, the more so if their industry and advancing civilization had given them any wealth of which they could be robbed. The noteworthy point is that in this instance alone (with the dubious exception of the Mandans) we have an actual record of a collision between the elder civilization of America and its modern "aborigines," and of the destruction of a settled agricultural people by Red Indians—an example in very late days, and on a small scale, of the process by which, according to some theories, the once vast empire of the Moundbuilders was swept away. The Apaches are still the terror of the entire region. They have closed the wealthiest mines, and still forbid access to them; they make savage raids both on American settlers and Mexican neighbours, robbing and burning, murdering men, carrying off and enslaving women and young girls, and spreading misery and horror for scores or hundreds of miles. Mr. Cozzens nevertheless ventured to visit them in their home,

* *A Rebel's Recollections.* By George Cary Eggleston, Author of "A Man of Honour." New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

* *The Marvellous Country; or, Three Years in Arizona and New Mexico, the Apaches' Home.* By Samuel Woodworth Cozzens. New York: Shepard & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

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of which he gives a full and very graphic description, and returned in perfect safety. The fertile valley in which the lodges of the Apaches are scattered presents a striking contrast to that broken ground of rock, cleft, cañon, and valley which forms the greater part of Arizona, and which renders its scenery as wild, strange, and unlike anything else on earth as that which we have had occasion briefly to depict in speaking of the Colorado and Yellowstone rivers. Some of the illustrations in this volume give a good idea of this kind of country, or at least of its most striking features; and the author's adventures among the fierce Apaches, the quiet Zunis, and other inhabitants of this unparalleled region, if somewhat flippantly told, are both interesting and amusing.

Across America, by General Rushing *, is the narrative of a journey made in 1866, before the opening of the Pacific Railway, from the Eastern States through Kansas, Colorado, Utah, across the mountains to the Western Coast, and through the States on the Pacific seaboard. The story has been told so very often that it seems scarcely worth telling again. General Rushing raves against the Mormons as a consistent conqueror of the South might be expected to do, for daring to maintain practical independence and "local institutions" in the teeth of Federal law; forgetting that they were robbed of everything within the domain of that law, and settled down a good thousand miles beyond its reach. In fact, but for them there would be nothing in Utah worth the attention of a Federal brigadier. Upon the Indian question the writer is more moderate; apparently because he happened to make the acquaintance of one or two men who understood the Red man, and were able to regard the atrocious butcheries committed by Federal generals or Border guerrillas from a point of view more near to that of the victims than to that of the slaughterers. Certain facts and opinions which are in this way scattered through the volume give it its chief interest; the journey itself has been too often made under more hazardous conditions, and described by livelier pens.

Mr. Rœhrig thinks that the Shortest Road to German † for the English-speaking student must be through a comparison of English and German words, familiarizing him first with those which are practically identical in the two closely kindred tongues, then with those in which the English word represents another form of the German—that is, where the root is the same, though the form which we have derived from the Low-Dutch differs from that which our kinsmen have maintained in its High-Dutch shape—and with the rules by which the one form can be inferred from the others; *i.e.* the mode and steps by which the High and Low tongues have diverged. Thus he gives what he calls a rule for metamorphosing German words into English, or *vice versâ*, and a series of examples to be worked according to the rule. The idea is a good one, even for mere practical use; and it would have been better still if the philological fact on which it rests had been more clearly kept in view; few "short roads" are really calculated to save the learner so much trouble, and to save it legitimately. The shortness of the cut in this case arises from the fact that it is really the straight line between the two languages that the author has adopted; no artificial mode of jumping the learner, by other people's aid, over the difficulties through which he ought to pass.

Mr. Hittell's *History of Culture* ‡ is of that brief and general sort which it is tolerably easy for any well-bred man to gather for himself or compile for others, with no special study or peculiar knowledge of the subject. Man is supposed to have passed from savagery through barbarism, Pelasgian Civilization, the Middle Era (middle ages), and the Press age, to the Steam age, in which iron period we are now living. This mode of division is not strictly original, as it reminds one of the Hesiodic order, and of the strange intrusion of the Heroes, like the Pelasgians, into a series with which they have no natural connexion; but it has the advantage of giving the reader a fair notion of the kind of ideas and the sort of information which Mr. Hittell is able to afford.

The Logic of Reason § is a metaphysical work of a very technical phraseology, and a style so obscure to the non-metaphysical reader that he can by no possibility hope to know whether it veils a muddy shallow or an unfathomable profundity. The writer has certainly read books that have baffled most of the critics, and he is so far secure from impertinent handling on their part that not one in ten will be able to understand him, and that one will be unable to say whether he interprets Hegel and Spencer aright or not.

Dr. Sullivant's *Icones Muscorum* ‖, of which the Supplement is now before us, is a profound and elaborate account of the mosses peculiar to North America which have not yet been figured—that is, of the rarer and less known—illustrated by very neat and accurate engravings. It is one of those works whose very perfection impairs their usefulness for general purposes, of which copies should be preserved in the British Museum and other great libraries or scientific institutions, and whose existence it is the duty of more popular treatises to make known to the student.

Homans's *Banker's Almanac and Register** contains a list of the banks of the United States, national and other, tables summarizing the balance-sheets put forth by a few of the most important, and a variety of statistics relating to the movement of the public debt; a useful trade list, but little more.

Mr. James's *Passionate Pilgrim* † is a collection of not ungraceful stories. *Starting Out* ‡ is a tale of the ruder conditions of American life, with a theological purpose, and occasional sketches of the working of Church organizations and the doings of religious "Visitors" in the States, where the poor man's home seems to be no more free from benevolent intrusion than it is in England.

* *Across America; or, the Great West and the Pacific Coast.* By James F. Rushing, late Brevet Brigadier-General, U.S.V. New York: Sheldon & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

† *The Shortest Road to German.* Designed for the Use of both Teachers and Students. By F. L. O. Rœhrig. Ithaca: Andrus, McCham, & Lyons. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

‡ *A Brief History of Culture.* By John S. Hittell. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

§ *The Logic of Reason; Universal and Eternal.* By Laurens P. Hickok, DD., LL.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

‖ *Icones Muscorum; or, Figures and Descriptions of most of those Mosses peculiar to North America which have not yet been Figured.* By the late W. S. Sullivant, LL.D. Supplement, Posthumous. With Eighty-one Copperplates. Cambridge, Mass.: C. W. Sever. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

* *The Banker's Almanac and Register for* 1875. Edited by B. Homans, Jun. New York: Published at the Office of the "Banker's Magazine." London: Trübner & Co.

† *A Passionate Pilgrim, and other Tales.* By Henry James, Jun. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

‡ *Starting Out: a Story of the Ohio Hills.* By Alexander Clarke, Author of "The Gospel in the Trees," &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott. London: Trübner & Co.

It has come to our knowledge that a person, whose name is quite new to us, has solicited gratuitous admission from the Manager of a London Theatre on the pretext that he represented the Saturday Review *as dramatic critic. We beg leave to inform all Managers of Theatres that no one is authorized by us to make any such application; and it may always be taken for granted that any person who makes it is totally unknown to this Journal.*

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE BARODA PROCLAMATION.

THE acts of the Indian Government ought to be judged in England with the utmost caution, and with a constant recognition that those on the spot, acting under the guidance of the Secretary of State, are likely to judge better of what is to be done, because they are much better informed, than outsiders can judge at home with access to none but the usual sources of information. The Indian Civil Service comprises a body of men who have few rivals in zeal, intelligence, and devotion to public interests. The Viceroys of recent times have been singularly well chosen, and of Lord NORTHBROOK it may be confidently said that he has displayed, under many circumstances of difficulty, temper, judgment, and firmness. The Secretaries of State have been for some years among the ablest members of the Cabinets to which they have belonged. They have never suffered Indian affairs to enter into the sphere of party politics, and they have, to say the very least, taken immense pains to be right. Therefore, when the Indian Government seems to make a blunder, and a blunder of a very serious kind, it is not to be too hastily assumed that the blunder has really been made. It is impossible to deny that the Proclamation of the VICEROY with regard to the Gaikwar of BARODA seems open to a very patent objection. But we have at present only a telegraphic summary of its contents, and the objection that suggests itself may possibly be removed when the text of the document is published. The objection is that, whereas the GAIKWAR was at the time of the Proclamation in a state of probation, and was to hold his office till the end of the present year, in order that a fair opportunity might be given him of showing that he would reform his Administration, he has now been summarily deposed, and he and his issue excluded for ever from the dignity of Gaikwar, and yet no new crime nor any new act showing him to be unable or unwilling to govern better for the future has been alleged against him. He was accused of poisoning Colonel PHAYRE, but the Commissioners appointed to examine into the truth of the charge did not agree in their opinion, and consequently Lord NORTHBROOK expressly says that the decision to depose the GAIKWAR is not based on the Report of the Commission, and that no assumption of the guilt of the GAIKWAR has been made. Why then should he be deposed? The telegraphic summary of the Proclamation gives no clue whatever to the answer. Apart from the alleged crime of poisoning Colonel PHAYRE, the GAIKWAR is not stated to have done anything wrong since he had been put on his probation. There might, indeed, have been portions of the evidence furnished to the Commission which, although not justifying Lord NORTHBROOK in concluding that the GAIKWAR had been guilty of an attempt at assassination, showed that the state of things under his rule was worse than had previously been known, and that, therefore, the lenient decision at which Lord NORTHBROOK had arrived in allowing a term of probation must be reversed. But if this is the reason why an immediate deposition was resolved on, the Proclamation would naturally, it might be supposed, have noticed it. Lord NORTHBROOK does not assign any reason for treating the GAIKWAR with sudden severity, and the effect of this is to make it seem as if it had been found very troublesome to know what to do with the GAIKWAR after he had been accused of a grave crime, and those charged with examining into the truth of the accusation had not been able to agree as to his guilt, and that the shortest and simplest plan had seemed to be to get rid of him once for all.

Lord NORTHBROOK was not in any way bound to attend to the divergent opinions of the Commissioners. He had to receive a Report and act upon it. It so happened that the three native Commissioners did not agree with the three English Commissioners; and Lord NORTHBROOK had to say which set was right. The native Commissioners may be supposed to understand the character and demeanour of Indian witnesses better than Englishmen can do; but then English Commissioners have an immense superiority in regard to the power of testing the value of evidence, of judging of its relevancy, and of understanding how much importance is to be attached to the suggestions of counsel. How far the native Commissioners may have been influenced by Serjeant BALLANTINE'S cross-examination it is impossible to say. But it requires considerable acquaintance with the procedure of English tribunals to take cross-examinations at their real worth. In England there is the Judge to sum up, and he points out what part of the evidence has remained unshaken, what suggestions of the cross-examiner are mere unsupported fancies, and what side issues have been raised in order to screen a real issue too dangerous to be left in broad daylight. The misfortune was that the proceedings before the Commissioners looked like a trial, and were not a trial; for, if it had been a trial that had been taking place, there would have been a trained Judge to guide those entrusted to form an opinion. But this was a misfortune merely because the real nature of the proceedings was hard to understand, and because the eminent natives who were asked to take part in the Commission, and the native population generally, might not much like the correct theory of their functions, which was that of making a report, the value of which must be diminished by their want of English forensic experience. Mr. FITZJAMES STEPHEN has published a most lucid and instructive summary of the reasons which induce him to think that the guilt of the GAIKWAR was established by the evidence; and if Lord NORTHBROOK had formed the same opinion, had avowed it, and acted on it, he would have been doing quite right. Whether the advantage or the disadvantage of having had native Commissioners would then have been greater, may be disputed. The advantage would have been that eminent natives would have had an opportunity of bringing their views to bear on the formation of the VICEROY'S decision. The disadvantage would have been that their views would have been found not to have prevailed with him. But at any rate he was the judge, and he might have pronounced a judicial decision the soundness of which would have been beyond criticism. Unfortunately, if the terms of the Proclamation have been correctly transmitted, it looks as if Lord NORTHBROOK had formed an opinion to the effect that the GAIKWAR was guilty, and had acted on this opinion, and deposed the GAIKWAR for being guilty; but, out of politeness to the native Commissioners, had affected not to have arrived at any opinion at all as to the GAIKWAR'S guilt, and to be deposing him merely because he chose to depose him.

That, in one sense, substantial justice has been done is no doubt true. That the GAIKWAR was not fit to rule was true at the date of the Proclamation, and it was equally true last year when Lord NORTHBROOK left him to rule for a fixed period of probation. But it is very unpleasant, when speaking of the Indian Government, to have to fall back upon its doing substantial justice. It ought not only to arrive at a right end, but to arrive at it by defensible and intelligible means. Why this is important, both as regards the Indian public, that it may acquiesce as under a rule of right-doing, and as regards the English public, that it may retain the unimpaired confidence in its statesmen which

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prevents its interfering in Indian administration, it cannot be necessary to set forth in detail. Lord NORTHBROOK'S mode of arriving at substantial justice does not seem to have that character of simplicity, frankness, and directness which ought to mark the acts of a Viceroy. Nor is to be concealed that this Baroda investigation and its results reveal to us one of the greatest difficulties which we have to face in governing India. We do not like to exclude natives, and especially natives of character and position, from helping us to govern; but we cannot make up our minds what real assistance they can be supposed to give us. Are they fit to exercise anything like judicial functions? To avoid saying that they are not, three eminent natives were placed on the Baroda Commission, and their presence was intended to mark their impartiality, and our confidence in their capacity and integrity. But, as it happened, the evidence which seemed conclusive to three Englishmen seemed inconclusive to them. The Englishmen selected were chosen because they seemed to Lord NORTHBROOK as likely to form a correct judgment as any that could be found. Either they were wrong in their conclusions or they were right. If they were wrong, it is difficult to see why we should believe that Englishmen, as a rule, administer what really is justice in India. If they were right, their native colleagues must have erred either because they were incapable of appreciating the bearing of evidence, or because they were, however unconsciously, biassed by a tenderness for a native Prince. So far as the summary of the Proclamation enables us to judge, Lord NORTHBROOK thought the native Commissioners were wrong. He did not say so, but he acted as if they were wrong. Whether this was a wise mode of at once sparing their feelings and yet of doing substantial justice must be left to the decision of those whose practical experience enables them to appreciate what the feelings of eminent natives are really likely to be. But the result remains; when we want to arrive at substantial justice we may have often to deprive ourselves of the assistance of natives, or to show that, if it is given, we do not put a very high estimate on its value.

STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. BIGGAR'S disregard of courtesy, good feeling, and common sense served as an occasion for proving that obsolete Standing Orders can be rendered comparatively innocuous by evasion. The House of Commons seemed to be helplessly confined by the bonds which it has imposed on itself, until Mr. DISRAELI quietly untied the formidable knot. Standing Orders must be implicitly obeyed; but their servants are also their masters. A suspended Standing Order ceased to be operative for a single night; and it would be equally easy to suspend it for a week, for a month, or for the remainder of the Session. Mr. BIGGAR will do well to rest on his laurels, for he has probably reached the summit of his career. Last week he talked and read extracts in an inaudible voice for nearly four hours, with no perceptible object except to annoy his colleagues in the House. Mr. SULLIVAN has the merit of having suggested to Mr. BIGGAR his second and crowning achievement. Although he had himself sufficient good taste to abstain from carrying his threat into execution, Mr. SULLIVAN was the original author of the vexatious experiment. Mr. BIGGAR had the good fortune to turn out of the House not only the reporters, but the PRINCE of WALES and the German Ambassador, and the opportunity will not soon recur. One of his friends asserted that he had not been aware of the PRINCE'S presence, but the opportunity of a transcendent act of rudeness would probably have been heartily welcomed. It is satisfactory to hear from another supporter of Home Rule that in his opinion a member should be a gentleman first and a patriot afterwards. If the House of Commons at any future time ceases to acknowledge the restraints of good breeding, the Speaker of the day will find it difficult to maintain discipline and order. Mr. BIGGAR explained his conduct by the wild statement that he had acted in the interests of the press. He probably intended, as far as his words had any meaning, to suggest that his misuse of a Standing Order might possibly lead to a surrender of privilege.

Unless Mr. SULLIVAN should renew his threat, or Mr. BIGGAR his outrage, there is no need to revise the Standing Orders in a hurry. An evil which has been endured for an indefinite time may certainly be tolerated for a few weeks longer, or even to the end of the present Session. There is no difference of opinion as to the necessity, or rather the convenience, of a change. It is absurd that reporters who are allowed to be present at a debate of the House, or at the sitting of a Committee, should be even conventionally regarded as having committed an offence in the regular discharge of their proper function. When it was lately proposed to summon the printers of two papers to the bar of the House, it was well known that their reporters had, with the assent of the Foreign Loans Committee, merely given an accurate account of the proceedings. Mr. LEWIS, who complained of a breach of privilege, really intended to find fault with the conduct of the Committee. In that instance the House withdrew in time from the false step which had been taken; and the subsequent debates, whatever might be their opportuneness or utility, had the merit of dealing with the question in dispute. Mr. DISRAELI'S motion for a special Report from the Committee may have been open to objection; but it avoided the whole subject of breach of privilege. It is not easy to understand why Mr. SULLIVAN should have afterwards determined or threatened to punish the House for the awkwardness which might possibly have arisen if Mr. LEWIS'S motion had not been rescinded. The argument which is known as a *reductio ad absurdum* is liable to the objection that it chiefly proves the mischief and nonsense of extremes. Almost any kind of practical course exaggerated and misapplied by fools becomes objectionable; but the experiment can only be tried by those who either satisfy the definition, or are content to be foolish on the particular occasion. No general rule of life can be devised which will exactly fit all possible cases. The melancholy ambition of showing that the spirit may be perverted in conformity with the letter is easily gratified.

The power of a single member to exclude strangers, and consequently to prevent the debates from being recorded, does no harm, except when some selfish or injudicious person abuses his privilege at the expense both of the House of Commons and the country. Mr. SULLIVAN proposed to give a practical proof that it was possible to disregard courtesy and common sense; and the experiment, when it was afterwards tried, supported his conclusion. The same form of annoyance has been employed on two or three occasions within living memory, though never with so little reason or pretext. When the whole question of privilege is reviewed, it will be expedient, in accordance with the Report of a former Select Committee, to take precautions against the caprice of eccentric and obstinate members. As the menace against the *Times* and *Daily News* had come to nothing, there was no excuse for exposing the House to grave inconvenience. The best course would be, as is proposed by the Marquess of HARTINGTON, to make the removal of strangers dependent on a vote of the House, to be taken immediately, on the proposal of any member, without debate or amendment. The project of transferring the power of exclusion to the Speaker would be in every respect anomalous, although he necessarily retains the right, under any circumstances, of expelling disorderly intruders. The habitual respect paid to the Speaker is in a great degree due to the limitation of his powers, which prevents him from deciding any question of substance. The expediency of excluding strangers is properly a subject of consideration for the House itself.

If there is no urgent need of hasty legislation, it may be said on the other hand that the evil against which the Standing Order provides a security is almost wholly imaginary. It may be perfectly right that both Houses of Parliament should reserve to themselves power to sit in secret; but they have never exercised their privilege in the course of the last half-century, except in one instance, when, a year or two since, strangers were excluded from the House of Commons during a debate on an unsavoury subject. The more delicate and difficult the question under consideration, the more necessary it is found that the language of Ministers and Parliamentary leaders should be accurately reported. There are conceivable cases in which secrecy might be desirable; but some members among so great a number would almost certainly violate it, with the result of spreading incomplete or erroneous reports. When strangers are spoken of in discussions on the privilege of Parliament, the term is almost always applied to reporters, who are indeed the representatives of the outside community. It would be a mistake to adopt the scheme which was lately erroneously

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attributed to Lord HARTINGTON of distinguishing between reporters and unprofessional spectators. No new Standing Order is needed to prevent disorder or disturbance; and if a Parliamentary secret is to be kept, it is a strange mode of accomplishing the object to confide it to the newspapers. The reasons which have hitherto disinclined the House of Commons to alter the Standing Order have been the rarity of the practical enforcement of an inconvenient rule, and a wholesome jealousy of defining Parliamentary privilege. The House of Commons formerly invented, and claimed as the occasion arose, any privileges which seemed necessary for its protection. The same elastic capacity of defensive warfare still survives in theory. The ancient securities against the encroachments of the Crown may possibly be useful at some future time in repressing the turbulence of a mob. It is not desirable that the House of Commons should be so far subordinate to the press as to accord it special and inalienable rights; yet there could be no objection to an Order that a faithful report of a debate should not be regarded as a breach of privilege. The comments which are habitually published on speeches would have given greater offence to the Parliaments of the eighteenth century than the reports which were disguised by many ingenious contrivances. When the proposed alterations of the Standing Orders are adopted, it will be desirable to obtain, if possible, uniformity of action on the part of both Houses. It happens that in the House of Lords questions of privilege are seldom raised; nor has any peer proposed to exclude either the ladies who sometimes attend the debates or the reporters. Any precautions which may be devised to appease the jealousy of the Commons will probably be thought sufficient by the less sensitive House. The importance of the question has through accidental circumstances been much exaggerated; but it is right to remedy a constitutional or legal defect.

It is difficult to overrate the political evils which would result from the discontinuance of adequate reports of Parliamentary debates. The danger is not remote, for only one or two papers now supply tolerable reports, and the leading journal last year tried the experiment of curtailing the reports in such a manner as sometimes to render them unintelligible. It was then not unusual to find in the leading article of the *Times* comments on passages which were not to be found in the Parliamentary report. If the debates were no longer made public, the great bulk of the community would lose its only chance of hearing both sides of every question. Newspaper writers have many merits, but they necessarily advocate their own views, and their readers seldom consult the paper which might supply an answer. Supporters of unpopular opinions would be the severest sufferers. Even a losing cause has generally defenders in Parliament, but it may find no hearing elsewhere. The great popular authority of political leaders is mainly founded on their speeches, which, in the absence of reports, would be confined within the walls of Parliament. It is as well that an important element of the Constitution should cease to be a breach of privilege.

SCOTCH LEGISLATION.

ONE of the most curious features of the proceedings of Parliament is the mode in which legislation for Scotland is carried on. Scotch business is treated as a thing apart which Scotch members manage for themselves. The questions at issue are, as a general rule, small and local, but still the interference of Parliament is necessary to settle them. The Lord Advocate practically decides what shall be done, but he listens readily to the suggestions of those who are acquainted with the wants of the population, and carries the differences of political parties as little as possible into his decisions. Often the Scotch members hold a little caucus apart and discuss Bills or clauses of Bills that are coming before the House. The Lord Advocate listens to what they ultimately have to say to him, and accepts less formal suggestions made to him privately if he thinks proper. He is a kind of general agent for getting attention paid by Parliament to the wants of Scotland. Not unfrequently, however, Scotch members wish to draw attention to some question in which they are interested, and to raise discussion on it in Scotland. They bring in a Bill purporting to carry out their views, and then what they have to propose is debated by the Scotch members openly in the House, and the Scotch papers have thus an opportunity of commenting on what is said. The object of bringing in the Bills is not to get them passed. It is to ascertain whether the substance of their enactments shall be considered to be put on the list of things with which the Lord Advocate is to deal. If he thinks that the want which they propose to meet is a real want, to meet which it is worth while to invoke the assistance of Parliament, he assents to the Second Reading of the Bill, and then its existence comes to an end. It has answered its purpose, and the Lord Advocate is charged with one little piece of work the more. If he thinks it more advisable to signify, openly and at once, that the proposal submitted to the House is in his opinion an unwise one, he objects to the Second Reading, and seldom objects in vain. The only weak point of the system is that the Lord Advocate cannot command much of the time of Parliament, and Scotch Bills are thus apt to hang over from year to year. What he does manage to effect is generally achieved almost at the close of the Session, when Bills which do not provoke much discussion or opposition are passed with surprising rapidity; and he has generally learnt beforehand what is thought of the clauses of each Bill by the Scotch members who happen to be interested in it, and has agreed to such changes and compromises as he may be willing to admit. Scotch legislation thus passes through two stages. In the middle of the Session there are one or more public discussions in order that it may be decided what suggestions the Lord Advocate shall be induced to take into his favourable consideration. Towards the close of the Session there is a sudden efflorescence of small Scotch Bills, the tenor, and often the clauses, of which have been settled outside the House. The general result is that Scotch business is got through in a way that suits the Scotch. They have a very mitigated, very harmless form of Home Rule. But then it is only possible that they should have it because the questions to be dealt with are small questions, really belonging to Scotland only, and involving no general principles. When a Scotch measure involves principles in which the nation generally is supposed to be interested, things go on in a very different way. The Scotch Home Rule system is at an end, and the Bill is treated as one of Imperial importance. It was, it may be remembered, a Bill dealing with patronage in the Scotch Kirk that first woke Mr. GLADSTONE into life after the torpor of his defeat, and brought him back to Westminster from his mountain retreat. There are not many people, perhaps, who would be stung into a salutary excitement by the provisions of a tiny Scotch ecclesiastical measure; but Mr. GLADSTONE is one of the few, and directly any one of acknowledged Parliamentary position says that a Scotch Bill is more than a Scotch Bill, this Bill is at once an exception, and receives a different treatment from that bestowed on the bulk of Scotch measures. It would be idle, therefore, to ask the Irish members to imitate the Scotch, and get through Irish business in the same quiet pleasant manner. The questions on which the Irish feel most strongly would inevitably be treated, not as purely Irish, but as Imperial questions.

Last Wednesday afternoon was given up to Scotch business. No less than four Bills were disposed of, and the result was that the LORD ADVOCATE took one into his favourable consideration. He disposed of another by saying that he had already a Bill in hand which would carry out its object. The Second Reading of the third he opposed, and it was thrown out by a large majority; but accidentally it had assumed a sort of Imperial character, and Scotch members only formed a small part of those who took part in the division. The sitting of the House came to an end before the discussion of the fourth was closed. The second and fourth Bills referred to matters so very local that it is unnecessary to comment on them. But the first Bill illustrated the advantage of having occasionally a public discussion on a subject which the Lord Advocate is willing to take up. It was a Bill brought in by Dr. CAMERON for altering and enlarging the sphere of criminal appeals, and he told the history of a very curious case which had stimulated him to bring in the measure. A journeyman joiner employed upon a new building, while taking his breakfast, which had been brought him by his wife, observed a woman within the hoarding handing pieces of wood to another woman outside. He expelled the intruder, and took from the woman outside all the wood she had got except three pieces which she refused to give up, which he had not seen her receive, and as to which he unfortunately could not argue with her, as he suffered from an impedi-

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ment of speech which prevented him from uttering the forcible remarks to which, no doubt, he wished to give vent. He was arrested for taking part in the theft, and most foolishly pleaded guilty, intending to explain, but not being able to get the words out, that all he meant was that he owned that he had allowed the woman to retain the three pieces of wood. He was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment, but soon after his sentence the real facts became known, and he was released long before the thirty days had expired. It was then desired to appeal against the sentence, but it was found that only ten days were allowed in which to bring an appeal, and the ten days had gone by. The object of Dr. CAMERON'S Bill was to make the ten days date from the expiration of the sentence, and not from the time when judgment was pronounced, and also to enlarge the discretion of Courts of magistrates to review their judgments. The main advantage of the public discussion of Dr. CAMERON'S Bill was that it afforded an opportunity of re-establishing the character of the joiner in a manner more satisfactory to him than any appeal could ensure, and it was also useful because it started the general question whether appeals should be encouraged. In this particular case it could not be said that justice had not been duly administered; for if a prisoner chooses to plead guilty, the magistrates would naturally pronounce judgment against him, and a general law can hardly be expected to meet the nice case of a man who can just speak enough to plead guilty when he is innocent, and whose voice suddenly fails him when he wishes to explain what he means. As to the general danger of encouraging criminal appeals, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL was able to contribute the fruits of his Indian experience. He had seen how easily frivolous appeals were got up by unscrupulous attorneys, and he thought that the natural proneness of Scotchmen to appeal had better not be carried too far. That a poor Scotchman should have justice done him before the world, that a warning should be given to the public not to make general deductions from a particular case, and that this warning should be specially pointed to the Scotch public, were all in their way good things, and other members could share the views of the LORD ADVOCATE when he said that he had listened to the discussion with advantage.

The measure that failed to commend itself to the favourable attention of the LORD ADVOCATE touched on the great absorbing and national subject of drink. The Bill proposed to take away the appellate jurisdiction in licensing questions from the Quarter Sessions, and to give it to the Sheriffs and the Sheriffs' substitutes. At present borough magistrates give or refuse licences, but there is an appeal to the county magistrates in Quarter Sessions. Mr. ANDERSON, in moving the Second Reading of his Bill, openly avowed that he proposed to take away the jurisdiction of the Quarter Sessions because the county magistrates were not impartial, and he more especially stated that the magistrates of Lanarkshire, to whom the appeal lies from the magistrates of his own borough of Glasgow, were not impartial. They were, he said, canvassed, they were presented with railway tickets, and their bills at hotels were discharged for them by those who wished to bias their decision. Sir EDWARD COLEBROOK entirely denied that there was any foundation for the statement, and said, very properly, that if there were any magistrates against whom such things could be proved, their conduct ought to be brought to the notice of the HOME SECRETARY. It is, indeed, rather strange that magistrates should be corrupted in this way, for the proposal to take away the jurisdiction of the Quarter Sessions is supported by the publicans, so it must be the friends of temperance who thus hocus and bribe respectable country gentlemen. Mr. ANDERSON owned that the Sheriffs strongly disapproved of having duties thrust upon them which might lessen the confidence entertained by the public in their judicial impartiality, and mix up their names in the miserable squabbles of the Licensed Victuallers and their antagonists; but he said that, as it was in contemplation to raise the pay of Sheriffs, it could not be thought hard to force them to assume new duties, however disagreeable to them. That the Bill proposed to take away jurisdiction from men against whom mere vague charges of corrupt dealing were made, and proposed to confer it on men unsuited and unwilling to accept it, were certainly strong objections to the measure, and amply warranted the opposition of the Government. But this was not all. The Licensed Victuallers had taken it into their heads to adopt the Bill as their own. The great beer interest ordered its nominees or submissive friends to vote for it. Sir WILFRID LAWSON called attention to the fact that a circular had been sent to members on the morning of the day of the debate, in which "the United "Licensed Victuallers' Association of Great Britain and "Ireland" had enjoined them to be in their places, and to vote for the Second Reading of the Bill. These persons, as Sir WILFRID LAWSON observed, could not address their own potboys in a more insolent manner than that in which they addressed members of the House of Commons. Sir WILFRID LAWSON is much oftener wrong than right in what he says, but he was unquestionably right in exposing and repelling as an insult such an attempt at dictation. The political action of public-house keepers is, in fact, becoming one of the nuisances of the day; and every exposure of its mischievous effects is valuable. The publicans are now always taking up some cause or other, and the causes they support are those which are calculated to find favour with the most ignorant and foolish part of the population. When a local question is to be decided as to which the friends and the enemies of improvement are at variance, we are sure to hear that the publicans have pronounced against improvement. When an unmeaning Association for some wild political purpose is formed, we are sure to hear that its head-quarters are the back parlour of some enterprising publican. If, however, it comes to publicans ordering members of the House of Commons to be in their places and to vote as the publicans direct, the mere exposure of so arrogant an attempt at dictation is the best remedy for the evil. There are few members of the House who would allow it to be supposed that they were really the patient victims of that vulgarest of all vulgar forms of tyranny.

M. GAMBETTA AT BELLEVILLE.

M. GAMBETTA'S speech at Belleville is a signal though undesigned tribute to the political foresight of the Left Centre. When M. THIERS first separated himself from the Constitutional Royalists, and declared that the Republic was the Government which divided Frenchmen least, it seemed to many Liberals that he had forgotten the lesson of 1848. France had never been so free as under the Monarchy of July. The Revolution which overthrew that Monarchy established nothing. It only made things ready for the Empire by which it was in its turn overthrown. It was but natural, therefore, that men who had seen the mischief done by the last essay towards Republicanism should think that the secret of good government lay with the Orleanists. They alone of French parties could safely appeal to history. They alone could show a record of actual work done as evidence of their willingness and capacity to renew the experiment of 1830 with results as good and more lasting. It is the distinguishing merit of M. THIERS and of those who followed him, that they were not deceived by this plausible reasoning. The Government which is abstractedly the best is not necessarily the Government that divides a nation least. The Government that most nearly answers to this description is the Government that provides the essentials of constitutional liberty in the form which least irritates popular fanaticism. Though these essentials may be more easily secured under a Monarchy than under a Republic, it is admitted that they may conceivably be secured under either. But the partisans of limited Monarchy do not claim divine origin for their favourite institution, whereas the partisans of a Republic do claim for theirs an authority which is tantamount to divine right. Consequently there is much more hope of bringing Orleanists to submit to a Constitutional Republic than there is of bringing Republicans to submit to a Constitutional Monarchy. The former hold that the indispensable substance of good government resides in more than one form; whereas the latter have persuaded themselves that this indispensable substance is never found severed from the Republic. It is exceedingly improbable that, if the Right Centre had succeeded in their design of re-establishing the Monarchy, M. GAMBETTA would last week have been found urging his constituents to give the new Constitution a fair trial. It is far more likely that he would have been denouncing it by letter from London or Brussels. And if it is conceivable that he might have persuaded himself to acquiesce in the new order of things,

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it is impossible to imagine him making such a speech as that he made the other day and carrying his hearers completely along with him. Belleville may be induced to accept a Second Chamber returned by indirect election, and a President chosen by the Chambers instead of by the people; but it only does so by way of consideration for the retention of Republican forms. If it had been forced to surrender those, it would have ceased to take any interest in public affairs, and would merely have bided its time to replace the Monarchy by a Government more to its mind. No doubt this readiness to accept or reject institutions, not for what they are, but for what they are called, is a mark of political childishness; but in dealing with children it is of no avail to treat them as though they were men. Where nothing more important than forms is involved it is usually wise to humour those who have the power of making their hostility felt.

The character and value of the Constitutional Laws had been too much discussed to make M. GAMBETTA'S task at all an easy one. In England, if a measure is brought forward from which any political party hopes to reap great advantage, the authors of it are usually careful to conceal the fact that they expect to profit by its adoption. The late Lord DERBY, being an impulsive and imprudent person, did confess that the object of the Conservative Reform Bill was to dish the Whigs. But, with this exception, every one who was responsible for its introduction was careful to speak on all public occasions as though the sole end the Conservative Government had in view was to secure a more perfect representation of the people in Parliament. Nobody so much as hinted that the residuum might turn out a more pliable political element than the classes immediately above them. In France, on the contrary, each party acknowledges with the utmost frankness that its main end and purpose is to defeat some other party. While the Senate Bill was under review, the organs of the Right Centre did not deny that their desire to see it passed had its origin in the belief that it would have the effect of injuring the Republican party. M. GAMBETTA, therefore, approached the question under a peculiar disadvantage. He had to convince the electors of Belleville that the authors of the Bill had been mistaken in their own handiwork. There was a characteristic boldness in the way in which he set about doing this. He was not content with demonstrating that the Senate would be a less powerful, or a less reactionary, body than the Conservatives in the Assembly supposed. He declared that it was of all others the feature which he most wished to see incorporated into the Constitution. The Chamber which had been intended as a refuge for the dispossessed and the rejected of universal suffrage took shape in his description as the very instrument which the French democracy needs to give it the permanent command of the country. It is no wonder that the politicians of the Right Centre grew nervous when they read M. GAMBETTA'S speech, or that they should try to console themselves with reflecting how terrible a disappointment is reserved for his hearers when his assurances come to be put to the test. The process by which he arrives at his conclusion is exceedingly plausible. The feature in the new Electoral College on which his argument fastens is the representation of the communes. Hitherto, he says, the communes have been mere municipal atoms isolated from one another and breathing no common political atmosphere. In future every municipal election will have something political about it. The peasant's vote for a councillor will be determined by other than merely local considerations. His representative will have something else to do than to see to the mending of roads or the building of bridges. He will have a voice in the choice of a Senator, and, in order to ascertain how he will use that voice, his constituents will have to consider what political changes they wish to see effected, and to compare the political promises by which the rival candidates try to secure their support. When the time of electing a Senator arrives the delegates of the commune will go to the chief town of the department, and there discuss the opinions and the wants of their respective communes. This will be another step in the process of political education, and it is one the influence of which will be felt in every village throughout the country. These delegates will all go back again to their constituents as soon as the election is over, and recount to them what they have heard and said while they have been absent. In this way the peasant will learn that there is no real antagonism between him and the artisan, that the alarms which designing politicians have so often excited in his mind have no foundation in the world of fact, and that as the peasantry, above all other classes, have inherited the conquests of the Revolution, so the peasantry, above all other classes, are bound to be faithful servants of the Republic. When this lesson has been mastered, M. GAMBETTA looks forward to seeing the Republic established with a solidity to which there has never been any parallel in France. The peasant, he says, is the one fixed and immovable element in French society. Let him once be genuinely won over to the Republic, and he will impart to it his own immobility.

It will be seen that M. GAMBETTA argues as though universal suffrage were now for the first time to make its appeal to the French peasantry. To judge merely from this speech, no one would suppose that every one of these peasants whose first introduction to political life M. GAMBETTA describes with so much vigour has a vote for the National Assembly, and under the Empire had a vote for the Legislative Body. How is it, it may be asked, that all this previous political training has gone for nothing? If the mere act of taking part in an indirect election is to work so many miracles, why has the act of taking part in a direct election been so completely barren of results? This is so obvious a question to put that it is surprising that M. GAMBETTA should not have taken some notice of it by way of anticipation. Perhaps it would not have suited his purpose to acknowledge that the suffrage can sometimes have next to no educating influence on those who possess it. If M. GAMBETTA'S predictions about the senatorial elections prove to have any truth in them, their superiority over the elections for the Chamber of Deputies will probably be due to the more manageable size of the constituencies. The peasant who has a vote for the department in which his commune is situated loses all interest in the election from the very magnitude of the area over which the voters are distributed. It is at least conceivable that some of the results to which M. GAMBETTA looks forward with so much confidence might be obtained even in the elections for the popular Chamber, if the electoral districts were made smaller and the number of representatives for each district reduced in proportion. At present, however, the maintenance of the *scrutin de liste*—the system, that is, under which every elector has a vote for all the representatives of his department—is an indispensable condition of membership of the Left. It might be worth while to consider from a Conservative point of view whether it would not be wise to postpone the introduction of an Electoral Reform Bill until after the Senate has been returned. If the Republicans reap all the benefits they expect from the new modes of election which will then be on their trial, they may be able to consider the best mode of electing the Chamber of Deputies with a greater absence of prejudice than they can now bring to the discussion.

THE WELSH MINERS.

THERE is reason to hope that the cessation of industry in South Wales is approaching its close, but many further changes must precede the return of prosperity. The colliers, who by striking against a reduction of wages produced the lock-out, are still unreconciled. They have hitherto been able to maintain the struggle by the employment which they have found in the non-associated collieries; and it appears that there is little sympathy between them and the ironmasters' colliers who have been against their will reduced to idleness. The associated employers have at last agreed to open their pits at a reduction of fifteen per cent. on the wages of last December. As the furnaces are still out of blast, the coal will be sent into the market in competition with the produce of the non-associated collieries. It is hoped that the dissentient coalowners will consequently be compelled to discharge the extra hands whom they have employed since the strike; and in that case the men will almost necessarily submit to the proposed reduction. When thousands of skilled workmen are willing to accept a certain rate of wages, the producers of sale coal will no longer be able to demand higher payment. The whole question involves complications which cannot be thoroughly understood without local knowledge; but it is a clear advantage to the community that a large body of unwilling idlers should be enabled to return to work and to earn wages which still afford a comfortable maintenance.

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There is some reason to fear that further differences may arise between employers and workmen when attempts are made to resume the production of iron. It is asserted that the wages are still too high to enable the masters to put their furnaces in blast. It is even doubtful whether in the actual stagnation of the trade the ironmasters have been losers by the interruption of industry. Some foreign markets have within two or three years been permanently closed either by competition or by the policy of Governments; yet it is almost incredible that a manufacture which was lately more prosperous than any other should be destined to decline or exhaustion.

The loss which has been incurred through the strike and the lock-out is not inaccurately indicated by the traffic returns of the railways which ordinarily convey the minerals. The local Companies which serve the respective valleys have been almost unemployed. The Great Western traffic has suffered, as compared with last year, a loss of several thousands in every week, although by far the larger part of the system lies beyond the reach of the disturbance in South Wales. The greater part of the minerals is shipped at Newport and Cardiff after a comparatively short run by railway, so that the diminution of railway freight represents an enormous proportional loss to the producers and to the receivers of wages. No approximation has yet been made to any device by which the rude comparison of forces in strikes and lock-outs can be evaded. After some experiments, and after observation of the process in other parts of the country, the coal and iron masters have definitively rejected the contrivance of arbitration. It has been found that in many instances men on strike have refused to acquiesce in an adverse award; but perhaps it might be found possible with the aid of the leaders of Trade-Unions to cultivate a nicer sense of honour. A more fundamental objection to arbitration consists in the absence of any definite ground of judgment. Capitalists have been accustomed to decide for themselves whether it was more to their advantage to limit or suspend their operations, or to pay a certain rate of wages. The advocates of arbitration assume that the receipts of the workmen ought to bear some proportion to the profits of the masters; yet it is evident that wages and profits, though they are often closely connected, depend on the operation of different causes. A large supply of labour may tend to lower wages at the same time when a rising market increases the profits of the manufacturer. Lord ABERDARE has on more than one occasion clearly explained the true economic theory to the South Wales miners; but when they find that a depression of trade causes a reduction of wages, they unwillingly listen to reasoning which perhaps seems to them perplexing and abstruse.

One important source of the mineral wealth of South Wales is, happily for those concerned, beyond the reach of more than casual disturbance. The iron trade may be unprofitable, and the household coal may be subject to the competition of the Northern and Midland districts, but the almost inexhaustible supply of steam coal is the best in quality produced in the United Kingdom, or perhaps in the world. A great trade to Birkenhead and Liverpool has sprung up within a few years and rapidly increased; and vast quantities are shipped from the ports in the British Channel. When the tunnel under the estuary of the Severn, now in course of construction by the Great Western Railway, is completed, a direct route will be opened for steam coal to Bristol, to Weymouth, to Southampton, and Portsmouth. The trade to London may be expected to increase largely when it is relieved from the circuitous route by Gloucester, and from the adverse gradient which it involves. A high level bridge over the Severn which would have effected the same object failed for want of funds some years ago; there is reason to hope that no material impediment will prevent the construction of the tunnel. In other respects South Wales is liberally supplied with railway facilities. Three great railway systems give access for the minerals to the centre and North of England, and some of them bring back the ore and other materials which are required for the iron manufacture. It is unfortunate that the friendly relations which prevailed between the miners and their employers have been of late years disturbed; yet it is doubtful whether agitators have as yet acquired any considerable influence in the districts. The great majority of the working population remains outside the Trade-Union organization, though no class of workmen has displayed greater pertinacity in contests as to the rate of wages. It may be hoped that the long continuance of the present struggle will not have left a bitter feeling behind.

The Miners' Conference which has met to discuss the subject of wages, under the presidency of Mr. MACDONALD, seems thus far to have contributed but little to the solution of any difficulties which exist. In his opening speech Mr. MACDONALD enunciated the questionable proposition that the miner had a right to such wages as the trade would bear, and also to what would afford a comfortable subsistence to himself and his family. It is hardly worth while to dispute about alleged rights which their possessors have no power to enforce. An acute and intelligent speaker might have been expected to remember that there may sometimes not be a demand for labour at the price which would reasonably satisfy the workman. It is true that in the long run the standard of comfort established by custom among any class of workmen has a great and wholesome influence on the rate of wages; but the test operates only by reducing the competition for employment. In other passages Mr. MACDONALD spoke vaguely of the right of miners to fix their own rate of wages. No rational employer has made the converse claim of a right to establish a maximum rate. The prosperity of 1873 and the depression of 1875 ought to have convinced both masters and men that the rate of wages is not to be determined by the will of either party. With the qualification that the miner should fix his own wages, if he can, Mr. MACDONALD'S declaration of his rights becomes innocuous. It is evident that, as might be expected, the delegates of the miners are at a loss for a remedy for the low rate of wages. One speaker proposed that all the miners in England should cease working on a particular day. The Chairman answered that the result would be the punishment of the community at large, which may be regarded as neutral in the contest. It may be added that, if all the miners were to strike at once, it would be easier for the employers to replace them with unskilled workmen than for the whole body to subsist when the source of contributions in aid of the movement was closed. Much allowance must be made for the fallacies which are suggested by distress. It is the nature of suffering persons and classes to attribute their misfortunes to others. The miners and their advisers naturally regard the employers as the promoters of low wages, although they gave them no credit for the high rate which prevailed two years ago. It is much to be wished that the colliers of South Wales may exercise their own judgment instead of listening to the counsels of agitators.

THE IRISH COERCION BILL.

SOME of the difficulties which attend the work of governing Ireland have been strikingly illustrated in the recent debates on the Peace Preservation Bill. This is not, in the ordinary sense, a new measure. It is only a continuation Bill, by which certain special regulations for the maintenance of order in Ireland which have been for some years in operation are to be relaxed as far as is thought consistent with public safety. It cannot, of course, be expected that those who object to coercive laws in any shape whatever will be satisfied by such a partial modification of them; but the measure is at least not an aggressive one. It is framed in a conciliatory spirit; it recognizes the improving condition of Ireland; and is, in fact, an important step in the direction of a return to the ordinary laws of the country. It might have been supposed, therefore, that even those who were most stoutly opposed to the principle of coercive laws would have at once accepted it as a gain as far as it went, and endeavoured to make the best of it as an instalment of what they demand. Instead of this, however, it has been denounced as a fresh outrage on an oppressed people, and every effort has been made to obstruct its progress. It is unnecessary just now to discuss how far a Bill of this kind is really required at the present moment. It is the opinion of a large part of the Irish members, and almost unanimously of the whole body of English and Scotch members, that it would be out of the question to abandon altogether the precautions for the preservation of order which have hitherto yielded satisfactory results; and this opinion is supported by the authority of those who are directly responsible for the peace of Ireland. When the Ministry say to the House of Commons, "We "cannot undertake to govern certain parts of Ireland "without these powers," and when it is known that no

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other possible Government could be found on any other terms, discussion is practically at an end. It does not follow that members who were pledged against any departure from the ordinary law were therefore bound to surrender at discretion; but it might at least have been expected that they would, as men of sense, take account of the forces opposed to them, and understand what it was that it was possible for them to accomplish in the circumstances in which they were placed. If the existing laws are so oppressive as is alleged, it must be so far a good thing for Ireland to get them somewhat relaxed, especially as distinct encouragement is held out that, if the country contrives to remain quiet, they will gradually be allowed to expire. Unfortunately it was not until after several nights had been wasted, that the Irish members, warned perhaps by a hint of day sittings to finish the Bill, began to show indications of a more reasonable temper.

It is evident that almost all the objections raised against the Bill in Committee were intended as a protest, not merely against particular parts of it, but against it as a whole. It was practically admitted that no change in the details of the measure could make it acceptable, and the Government was thus, in the first instance, discouraged from making any advances towards a compromise. It is the more unfortunate that the opponents of the Bill should have preferred to vapour about the "divine right of every man "to have a gun," instead of applying themselves to the practical improvement of the measure, because it was one in which the Government appears to have been sadly in want of this kind of assistance. The criticisms which were passed on the framing of the Bill were so far unjust in their special application that they were equally true of almost every Bill that comes before Parliament. The draughtsmen in this instance merely followed their usual plan of referring to a series of previous Acts in explanation of an amending Bill, instead of incorporating in the Bill itself a distinct account of what it enacts. The complaint that nobody could possibly understand the law on the subject was of course obviously an affectation, inasmuch as it has been for some years in operation, and the changes which are proposed have all been distinctly specified by the IRISH SECRETARY. At the same time it is a pity that any Bill should be presented in such a confusing form, when it might so easily be made complete and intelligible in itself, at the cost of a trifle more for printing, and a little more trouble to gentlemen at the Treasury who have a long holiday to recruit in after their fatigues; and it is certainly in the interest of the Government itself that the Bill should be made as unobjectionable as possible. The IRISH SECRETARY has promised to consider what can be done to make the Bill more explicit, and he has also accepted one or two amendments proposed by Mr. BUTT, the more important of which are perhaps those limiting the search for arms to the period between sunrise and sunset, and providing that the warrant of search shall only be exercised in the presence of the persons to whom it is directed by name. It would also appear that in some other respects the Bill is capable of improvement. If, for instance, it is true, as the O'CONOR DON stated, that the county of Dublin had to pay a heavy fine because an old lady who lived in Dublin in perfect friendship with her neighbours was murdered by some of her tenants, who had come for the purpose from a remote part of Ireland, it is evident that the compensation clause may sometimes be applied in an exceedingly unjust and foolish manner; and there can be no difficulty in framing a set of words which shall clearly fasten the penalties of the offence on the really guilty district. This, however, is no argument for striking out the clause altogether, as the O'CONOR DON proposed, with apparently a very imperfect apprehension of its operation. He urged that a fine did not exercise a deterrent influence on the class of persons against whom it was directed, and that agricultural outrages in Ireland ought to be left to be dealt with by the ordinary laws which applied to trade disputes in England. But, in the first place, the persons who are aimed at are not the actual murderers, but the people who encourage murder by their cowardly connivance, and who require to be pricked up to their duty; and, in the next place, agrarian outrages in Ireland differ materially from ordinary trade disputes elsewhere. Here again, however, the object of the clause would be made more apparent, and its efficiency perhaps increased, if the tax were withdrawn when the criminal was given up.

One of the misfortunes of Ireland is undoubtedly the spirit in which Irish members too often apply themselves to their Parliamentary duties. Nobody would say that the Government should be excused for bringing forward careless or ill-digested measures on the plea that there is no use in trying to satisfy critics who have no other object than to get rid of Bills which they dislike; but it is evident that, human nature being what it is, the course which Irish members usually pursue does not offer much encouragement to the Government to make advances in the way of compromise. If there were any chance of securing the immediate abolition of the Coercion laws, their opponents would have a perfect right to press their demands. As that is hopeless in the face of a Government with an overwhelming majority on both sides of the House at its back, all that can be done is to endeavour to improve the details of the measure. It is sometimes complained, and not without reason, that the representatives of Ireland do not exercise that influence on the deliberations of Parliament which they ought to possess, not merely in the interest of their own country, but for the sake of keeping up the fair balance of representative opinion which is essential under a constitutional government. But after such scenes as have lately been witnessed, it is impossible not to ask whether it is not the Irish members who are themselves responsible for their want of weight in the House. It is impossible that serious political discussion can be carried on to any purpose unless there is a sincere desire on each side to arrive at a practical result, and a willingness to obey, not only the formal rules of the House, but also that unwritten code which regulates the intercourse of gentlemen. Nothing would tend so much to simplify the great problem of Irish government as the presence in the House of Irish members careful of their self-respect, and willing, without sacrificing their independence, to accept the only conditions on which they can be of real service to their country.

A BURST BUBBLE.

DR. KENEALY may boast, and probably he has by this time boasted, that he has achieved a certain kind of victory. "He," said the Greek hero, "will have won the "prize in this contest who will, though he is beaten, be re- "corded as having contended with me." Dr. KENEALY has faced a unanimous House of Commons, and he has drawn the fire of two Attorney-Generals of two successive Administrations, of Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. BRIGHT. The collapse of the TICHBORNE bubble was scarcely worth so laborious an expenditure of breath; and, after all, it is not certain that the delusion is finally exploded; yet the mover and manager of the agitation must begin to suspect that the resources of popular folly are nearly exhausted. The race of dupes is gregarious and imitative; and the conversion or hesitation of a few ringleaders propagates itself among the common herd as rapidly as the original craze. Sheep or calves will sometimes run for half a mile along a road in front of a carriage which in vain attempts to pass them. At last one or two of the number, without any apparent reason, turn or stand still, and the remainder immediately follow the example. Dr. KENEALY may possibly have borne with obtuse indifference the brilliant sarcasm of Mr. DISRAELI, and the more serious exposure of his fallacies by Mr. BRIGHT; but he must have listened with alarm to Lord RIVERS'S remonstrance against his breach of confidence, and above all to Mr. WHALLEY'S intimation that the eulogies of Dr. KENEALY in the *Englishman* are not calculated to serve the cause of the Claimant. When high-reaching WHALLEY grows circumspect, his leader must apprehend the defection of his solitary adherent. If the convict at Dartmoor were cognizant of the proceedings of his former advocate, he would probably complain that his own wrongs have been partially forgotten in the pursuit of popularity and imaginary aggrandizement. The Magna Charta Association has but a remote connexion with the TICHBORNE fraud. Mr. WHALLEY is not disposed to abandon his prosecution of Jesuit intrigues in honour even of the modern antitype both of CROMWELL and of MILTON. At the date of Magna Charta there were neither Protestants nor Jesuits; and if two puisne Judges had then concurred with their chief in a conspiracy against justice, they would not have been respectable Non-conformists.

A bad cause was not rendered plausible by any display of

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eloquence, of ability, or even of ingenious sophistry. In the early part of his speech Dr. KENEALY absurdly attempted to conciliate the present Ministers by vituperation of their predecessors. Mr. GLADSTONE's Greek studies were impertinently held up to ridicule because he had taken no notice of an insolent application for his interference with the Judges. The attack on Lord COLERIDGE was as conspicuous for the rhetorical blunder which it involved as for moral obliquity. It would in any case be difficult to persuade the House of Commons that one Chief Justice, aided by two accomplices of his own Court, has been guilty of fraudulent and oppressive conduct. An assailant who wished his charges against Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN to be thought credible ought not to have digressed into a more serious accusation against Lord COLERIDGE. It is highly improbable that two Chief Justices should on different occasions have disgraced themselves in dealing with the same person, first as plaintiff in an action, and then as defendant on an indictment for misdemeanour. According to Dr. KENEALY's statement, Sir JOHN COLERIDGE had admitted his own guilt in knowingly presenting a forged document to the jury, and the Government had afterwards become accessories to his crime by promoting him to the Bench. No motive was suggested for acts which would have been equally foolish and criminal. The evidence adduced was worthy of the charge. In answer to Dr. KENEALY, who had charged Mr. DOBINSON, late solicitor to the TICHBORNE family, with knowledge of the forgery, Lord COLERIDGE publicly stated that Mr. DOBINSON had communicated all that he knew to himself as counsel. It is impossible that even Dr. KENEALY can have thought that Lord COLERIDGE intended to confess his own complicity in a dishonourable proceeding, but the habitual practice of indiscriminate calumny produces intellectual confusion. The mobs which Dr. KENEALY rouses, according to his own assertion, to a state of dangerous disaffection, are probably not careful to distinguish between the action of ejectment and the criminal trial, and they may think that a disgraceful act attributed to one Chief Justice is presumptive evidence against another.

The House of Commons listened with patient courtesy to a prolix statement which was happily suicidal. Even if every assertion of the mover had been correct, there was no pretext for Parliamentary encroachment on the province of criminal justice. For his own purposes Dr. KENEALY had addressed fulsome compliments to the jury which must, according to his present contention, have been either imbecile or dishonest. It is notorious that every person competent to judge of such matters entirely agrees with the jury; and, if the verdict had been erroneous, the House of Commons was not the proper place in which to seek for redress. The fragmentary passages of the trial which were mentioned in the course of Dr. KENEALY's speech would have been unintelligible if the majority of members had not remembered the voluminous reports which were published at the time. The speakers who followed judiciously abstained from any attempt to supply the omissions, and from recrimination. It is not absolutely certain that ORTON would have been convicted if the deliberate perjury of the witness LUIE or LUNDGREN had not been accidentally discovered and demonstratively proved. The daring experiment and its failure probably removed any lingering doubts by which the jury may have been troubled. The courteous and almost complimentary language of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Sir H. JAMES, though perhaps creditable to their taste, had the disadvantage of jarring with the indignation and repugnance which the late agitation excites and justifies. The editor of a scandalous newspaper is not entitled to be treated by members of the House of Commons as their equal. The hallucination on which he depends for notoriety and for his seat in Parliament only deserves notice because it is shared by a numerous section of the populace. It was perhaps worth while to devote one night, not so much to exposure of the error, as to the object of securing a decisive expression of opinion. From this time forth the question ought not to be reopened as if the merits of the case were still doubtful. A few of Dr. KENEALY's followers may perhaps be undeceived by the vote of the House of Commons.

The light which has been thrown on the moral and intellectual condition of a portion of the community is a more interesting subject of observation than the fortunes of ORTON or Dr. KENEALY. It is said that several constituencies were prepared, if the opportunity had occurred, to share or anticipate the wonderful choice of the electors of Stoke. In several large towns, and in London itself, it has been found possible to assemble mobs for the purpose of denouncing the jury which convicted ORTON, and the Judges who are held responsible for their error. While the trial was in progress the mode of reasoning by which the rabble justified its support of the Claimant was intelligible and amusing. If ORTON had been thought to be a gentleman of ancient family he would not have commanded the sympathy which attended the ambitious butcher. Dr. KENEALY pledges his high authority to the proposition that the convict was a perfect gentleman, but it was on the opposite ground that he earned the suffrages of the multitude. The present enthusiasm extends, if its official record may be trusted, to Dr. KENEALY as well as to ORTON. It is evident that many thousands of Englishmen are beyond the reach, not merely of reason, but of the influence of newspapers. To the credit of even minor journalists in London and in the country, no writer, with one exception, can be found to degrade himself by professing belief in a convicted impostor; yet several thousands of ratepayers at Stoke were ready to return a stranger to Parliament because he professed to be the priest of their temporary idol. Antiquarian optimists may find consolation in the continued existence of a layer of unreasoning barbarism under the crust of civilization. The disciples of Dr. KENEALY are scarcely more enlightened than the Kentish countrymen who a generation ago followed an agitator who assumed the well-sounding name of Sir WILLIAM COURTENAY. They had no immediate grievances to complain of, and the pretensions of their leader were absolutely unintelligible. Perhaps they unconsciously struggled to emancipate themselves from a life of prosaic dulness by taking part in a melodramatic burlesque. There is fortunately no reason to apprehend that the believers in ORTON will attempt to organize an insurrection; and probably the current of folly will have begun to ebb after the vote of the House of Commons. The foolish and ignorant portions of the community always dimly suspect that their betters are wiser than themselves. As SOUTHEY acutely remarked, madmen do not believe their delusions as firmly as the sane believe true propositions. Even Stoke can scarcely think that the unanimous voice of the House of Commons expresses an error or a fraud.

M. CHEVALIER'S PROGRESS.

M. CHEVALIER is being entertained in the principal seats of English industry, and at each he has to say something that shall revive the drooping spirits of Free-traders. In the prosecution of this benevolent work he is a little in the position of a theologian who does not believe in a Devil. The more easy it is to prove that, if all men were good, they would be very much happier than they are, the harder it becomes to explain why the great majority of them are so blind to their own interest. M. CHEVALIER finds no difficulty in showing that, if the nations of the world abolished Protective duties, they would become richer and more prosperous. Free-trade means low prices and large consumption; protection means scarcity, and in the end dearth. How is it then that so large a proportion of mankind are still in love with Protection? It is the same difficulty that presents itself to the theologian, but orthodox Christianity gets over it by the intervention of the Devil, whereas the Free-trader has no such resource. Who is it that tempts men to maintain Customs duties, and to harden their hearts against the charms of untaxed tea and coffee? What is the evil principle that stands at the gates of the commercial paradise, and hinders mankind from even desiring to enter in? M. CHEVALIER will perhaps answer, the pugnacity of the human race, and will point to the three millions of soldiers whom Europe now maintains "in order to prepare themselves for the de-"struction of each other." But this state of permanent readiness for war has grown up during the very period that has witnessed the greatest diffusion of commercial freedom. The pugnacity of the human race is probably not greater to-day than it was a quarter of a century ago, and as Free-trade is very much more general now than it was then, it would seem to follow that the danger of war ought to have grown proportionately smaller. Yet M. CHEVALIER has nothing more encouraging to say at Birmingham than that a new conflagration worse than any preceding one may at any moment fill us with pity, horror,

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or disgust. The truth is that Free-traders misplace cause and effect. Instead of peace being the natural result of an unrestricted exchange of products, an unrestricted exchange of products is a natural result of peace. When nations cease to plan how to seize one another's goods, they begin to meditate how they can buy them cheaply. But the power of buying goods cheaply does not change human nature. Men are something more than commercial animals, and even in face of the miserable spectacle which the Continent of Europe now offers it is difficult to wish them different. No treaty with Germany, however advantageous, would reconcile M. CHEVALIER to the loss of Alsace and Lorraine; and though, in replying to an address from the "Midland "International Arbitration Union," he declared that the time is ripe for the establishment of a policy of peace and arbitration, we may suspect that, as regards France and Germany, the *status quo* which he would like to see maintained is only the *status quo ante bellum*.

The error of Free-traders—taking the term as standing for men who make it their special mission to preach Free-trade to a sceptical or careless world—is that they claim too high a dignity for their doctrine. To cheapen foreign produce is not the Alpha and Omega of policy, and those who make it such must in the end meet with disappointment. This same "Midland International Arbitration Union" took upon itself to congratulate M. CHEVALIER on the complete realization of the noble ends he proposed to himself when he helped to negotiate the Treaty of Commerce between France and England. "Mutual interest "and reciprocal deeds of kindness have awakened "fraternal feelings; free intercourse and acquaintance "have removed prejudices; . . . . and now no one "thinks of the possibility of war between France and "England. By the blessing of GOD this Treaty of Com-"merce has done more to promote peace than all former "treaties, whether dynastic, territorial, or political." As it turned out, a more inappropriate sentence than this last could scarcely have been put together. The Union no doubt thought that "dynastic, territorial, or political," was an exhaustive enumeration of all former treaties between France and England, and consequently that it was safe to compare the peace which had followed upon the first Treaty of Commerce with the wars that had followed upon all other kinds of treaties. If they had asked Mr. BRIGHT to prescribe a course of reading for their benefit, they might have known before his speech, instead of after it, that a Treaty of Commerce, very much more liberal in its character than the Treaty of 1860, was concluded between France and England nearly ninety years ago, and that the preamble to that treaty sets out the same hopes and the same objects as the preamble to the later treaty. As long ago as 1786 the two Governments thought that the best way of consolidating and extending peace was to "adopt a system of "commerce on the basis of reciprocity and mutual con-"venience." If Treaties of Commerce are a panacea against war, friendship between France and England should have been assured on the day that treaty was signed. Yet before many years had passed all idea of reciprocity and mutual convenience had given place to a long and bitter war. The results of the Treaty of 1860 have been happier than those of the Treaty of 1786, because the course of events has been different; but if France had remained the paramount military Power on the Continent, and the exigencies of home politics had led NAPOLEON III. towards the Scheldt, instead of towards the Rhine, the Treaty of Commerce would not have proved any barrier against war. Mere identity of trade interests will no more keep nations friends than it will keep masters and workmen friends. There is even a feeling that, when more important considerations come in, it behoves men to show that they can rise above questions of money and tariffs. If M. CHEVALIER thinks this an unfortunate tendency in human nature, we are unable to sympathize with him.

There is another point upon which M. CHEVALIER did not touch in his speeches at Birmingham, but which ought not to be passed over without notice. In England Free-trade as opposed to Protection has long been established. When therefore Free-trade is held up to Englishmen as an object which it still behoves them to strive after, there is some occasion to suspect that the speakers have in their mind duties levied for revenue rather than duties levied for protection. M. CHEVALIER is an economist of too great mark thus to judge questions of taxation. But among those who entertained him at Birmingham there were probably some partisans of our old friend, the free breakfast-table, and it is never safe to allow the assumption that a tax is necessarily condemned because it interferes with free exchange between different countries. All that M. CHEVALIER says about the commercial and economical benefits of Free-trade is perfectly true. But when it has been said and accepted, there remain the facts that in England a very large revenue has to be raised, that it is highly desirable that it should be raised in something like a fair proportion from all classes of the community, and that without Customs duties it would be exceedingly hard to attain this object. Supposing that tea and tobacco came into England without duty, the working classes would only be taxed when they drank strong liquors; so that, in proportion as they became more sober and more frugal, they would cease to contribute to the Exchequer. It is clear that under a suffrage like ours this state of things would be highly inexpedient. The right to determine national policy and the obligation of paying for the policy determined on ought not to be entirely separated. Yet the difficulties in the way of subjecting the working classes to anything in the nature of direct taxation are very great. No system of the kind has been suggested which is not open to objections from which the present mode of raising revenue is free; and while this is the case, it is not unreasonable to feel some jealousy of commendations of Free-trade when applied without qualification to England. That our present scale of Customs duties is capable of further simplication is likely enough, but the process should not be taken in hand without a previous understanding that this simplification is not to interfere with the principle of raising a large part of the revenue by means of Customs duties. In some future era of patriotic enlightenment it may be possible to sit at a free breakfast-table without any alarm as to its political or economical results; but as yet this happy consummation is not even signalled.

THE CENTENARY NUISANCE.

THE Americans have lately been celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Lexington. It was not a very big battle, but it was undeniably a very important one; and it would be absurd to grudge them any satisfaction which they may derive from firing the usual salvoes of congratulatory orations, poems, and festivities. It is melancholy to think, however, that we are probably entering upon a round of such celebrations. Next year will of course see the biggest of all possible celebrations of the inevitable Fourth of July. We pity the unfortunate orators who are perhaps even now cudgelling their brains for something new to say upon an event which has already been the pretext for an unparalleled quantity of nonsense; but we admit that the performance is inevitable. We think, however, with a certain alarm of possibilities nearer home. We in this country are perhaps not likely to celebrate the centenary of our final riddance of a very troublesome set of subjects; for we must confess that, however desirable the result, it was brought about in the most objectionable way and reflected the least possible credit upon our intelligence. But so many distinguished people were born towards the end of the last century, and the taste for such celebrations seems to be so much on the increase, that we may look forward to a deluge of platitudes. The centenary of Byron's birth, for example, as we were reminded the other day by an enthusiastic contemporary, is not far ahead, and the edifying discussion started by Mrs. Beecher Stowe has hardly had time to grow cool. We shall probably have it all over again, together with a discussion as to the propriety of removing the poet's remains to Westminster Abbey. Inferior luminaries abound. The centenary of the birth of Scott's friend, Leyden, is to be celebrated this year with all the fervour of North British patriotism. Worse than all, the era of the French Revolution is approaching, and will give an admirable opening for eloquence still more vehement and a great deal less unanimous than that which will be expended next year in America.

To protest against the custom is of course futile. There are so many orators who like to hear themselves talk, so many small officials who like to be in the chair at a public meeting, and so much willingness in the public to listen to any quantity of twaddle, that the practice is certain to flourish. It is useless to ask for its logical justification, because logic has obviously nothing to do with it. There is no more reason why we should turn our eyes backwards to a distance of precisely 100 years than to a distance of 99 or 101. But the human mind is governed by arbitrary associations, and we must take the consequences. There is, indeed, a rough propriety in fixing some such period. We may say with some approach to accuracy that a book does not permanently take its place in literature till it has lived for a century—that is to say, for about three generations. Such a length of vitality shows, in fact, that its celebrity was not a mere matter of accidental fashion. The first glow of success is generally followed by a period of depression,

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because the second generation naturally despises the taste of the first. The best of sons generally thinks that his father was a bit of a fool. The change of taste which has taken place in our own time, and which is therefore due to our own exertions, seems to be a change from darkness to light. Though we may admit in general terms that the generation which preceded us contained some exemplary characters, we nevertheless regard their ultimate point of attainment as, in some sense, our starting point. We measure our own excellence by our divergence from the paternal errors. But when it comes to a question between ourselves and our grandfathers, we can judge more fairly, for the competition is not so close. The fact, therefore, that a book has suffered an eclipse in the second generation proves nothing specifically against it; for such a reaction is more or less necessary in all cases. The question is whether it will ever emerge again; and if it does, we have some reason to suppose that it is a fixed star, instead of a mere meteor. It is, for example, about a century since the publication of the *Wealth of Nations* and the first volumes of Gibbon's History. Their reputation, though it may have changed in character, still substantially survives; admired whilst the eighteenth-century spirit was still in full force, they were not destroyed by the reaction which came in with the next generation, and their fame may now be regarded as permanently established. We could not say as much for the Johnsonian writings which were then popular, but which seem to have retired permanently from the reading-table to the library under the influence of the general change of taste. What is true of books is true to some degree of events. The frantic enthusiasm which greeted the French Revolution was changed for unqualified denunciation; and we ought by this time to be reaching a position from which we can take a juster view of its true bearings. The passions, however, survive longer in such cases. We can argue pretty calmly about the merits of Washington and Lord North; but we have no great hope that in the year 1889 people will be all of one mind as to the merits of the controversy between Burke and Tom Paine. A centenary celebration of the capture of the Bastille would probably find two parties arrayed against each other with rather more bitterness of feeling than existed in the days of their great-grandfathers. If, indeed, celebrations of such events had to be adjourned until passions had grown cool, we may say that they would never take place until the complete decay of the old order of things. We might possibly celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Hastings without much offence to anybody; but a celebration even of the defeat of the Spanish Armada would cause certain ebullitions of hostility between Mr. Whalley and Cardinal Manning. Millenary would have to be substituted for centenary celebrations if we desired perfect calmness of feeling; but that, of course, is not what is wanted. They are really occasions for the expression of partisan, or at best of patriotic, feeling, and the pleasure of burning Guy Fawkes will pretty well disappear when all the world has been brought to perfect unity of religious faith.

Meanwhile we would suggest that, as such things must be, it would perhaps be as well to celebrate them in a rather different spirit. We should celebrate our fasts as well as our feasts, and sometimes sit in sackcloth and ashes, instead of arraying ourselves in purple and fine linen, lighting bonfires, and firing indefinite salutes. Why should we not sometimes lament the sins of our ancestors, or think of their virtues with a sense rather of humiliation than of self-complacency? In the good old times we used to humble ourselves for the murder of the Royal Martyr; now we never speak of a national crime except to give thanks that we are not as those sinners, our great-grandfathers, and we use historical revolutions only as material for rather ludicrous self-applause. We shout over our wonderful achievements, and declare that we are ready to achieve things more wonderful still. Our ancestors were wise and good and rich; we are wiser and better and richer, and improving at a greater rate than ever was known before. In calmer moments we are quite aware that this is not altogether an accurate statement of the case; but we keep our gloomier thoughts for ordinary consumption, and do not think them, it would seem, sufficiently instructive to be brought out on great occasions. Yet surely an occasional fit of general lamentation over our follies would not be altogether misplaced. There are undeniably "rocks ahead"; and we are not the more likely to steer clear of them if we indulge in a series of jollifications and never temper our exhilaration with an exhibition of humility. The Americans are going to make all manner of fine speeches about the great days of 1776. Why should not we have something to say upon the subject? Let us have a dinner of herbs and water instead of turtle-soup and champagne. Let the Lord Mayor and the Prime Minister and the popular speakers of the day walk in procession through the streets, apparelled in their shabbiest clothes, and drink in solemn silence to the memory of a departed empire. And then let a speaker arise, not to pour out floods of gushing sentiment, and declare that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, but in lugubrious and depressed spirits, endeavouring to provoke tears rather than bursts of repeated applause. Let him think upon the short-sightedness which lost a great empire, or upon the folly which, if the empire had to dissolve, caused the dissolution to be attended with a bitterness which has not yet died out. Let him dwell upon the stupidity which threw away British armies upon hopeless enterprises, the want of unity which paralysed all our plans, and the stupidity of a Parliament which ridiculed Burke and Chatham and believed in the wisdom of North. Let him point out that we have no right to shift the blame off our own shoulders upon those of poor George III., inasmuch as the people were quite as stupid as their rulers. And then let him ask whether we are so much better now; whether we have the true spirit for ruling a great empire; whether Parliament is more given to action and less to talk; whether our military efficiency has improved in proportion to its costliness, and whether, if our ancestors had a Wilkes to represent them, we have not a Keneally. Perhaps too he might find some profitable material for humiliating reflections in contrasting the America of 1876 with the America of the Revolution. It has grown rich and populous, but has it not developed certain questionable products with a still more rapid growth? Might not something be said about log-rolling and wire-pulling and Erie railroads, and antipathies between North and South, and even about the contrast between a Grant and a Washington? To bring out fairly all the unpleasant sides of the contrast, it would doubtless be best that a supply of English orators should be sent to the United States with a reciprocal importation of Americans to us. But in such a case it would be necessary to have a strong force of police present at the various celebrations, or to agree that no demands should be made by either country for damages, direct or indirect, done to over-zealous orators.

Or, if we take the more personal kind of centenary, we might still find room for reflections more profitable than agreeable. If anything should be said about Byron's weaknesses and vices a few years hence, it will probably be to the effect that we ought to congratulate ourselves on our superior respectability. Yet we might ask whether there is not a contrast of a less gratifying kind. If we are more respectable, is it not true that we are less masculine? and if it happens that some of our popular writers are as little bound as he was by the ordinary considerations of morality, do they not sink into a kind of vicious writing more hateful because less virile? We abuse our excellent ancestors for not rewarding the merits of a Burns. It was very wrong, but at any rate they had a Burns; and the art of spoiling a genius by flattery, or encouraging his most morbid tendencies, does not seem to have been entirely lost in modern times. To take stock of our shortcomings as well as of our advantages should surely be part of any wise system for recalling the remarkable men and events of former days. But any such sentiments are inappropriate in the incoherent conviviality which seems to be regarded as essential to centenary celebrations. And therefore we are forced to think that they are not for the most part very profitable performances. Americans will be all the more conceited because they did a considerable thing a hundred years ago, and we shall be none the humbler because we committed a great folly. Perhaps the fittest state of mind for getting through the world is to be neither optimist nor pessimist, but to take things as they come and make the best of them, satisfied that, if the world makes progress on the whole, it is a progress ever at the cost of incessant blundering, waste, and blind contest between chaotic and antagonist forces. If, however, the optimists are to have great field days at frequent intervals, it would be as well that the pessimists should occasionally take a turn. Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Greg should be invited occasionally to add a few shades to the glowing pictures of Dean Stanley and other popular orators. They would be equal to the task.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE SKATING RINK.

IT is not a new remark that a nation's character may be studied in its amusements. It may reasonably be assumed that national sport involves an unbending from that attitude of forced reserve in which people have ordinarily to remain, and so presents to view the pure spontaneous impulses of their common character. It is certain that national peculiarities do somehow betray themselves in the amusements preferred in different countries. Who can fail to see, for instance, a tinge of the melancholy of the Northern temperament in the characteristic sports of our own country? That we are apt to take our pleasures sadly applies not only to the rude sports of the vulgar, but also to the most fashionable of pastimes. What, for example, could be a more dull and joyless kind of sport, at least to a spectator, than pigeon-shooting? The scene resembles rather some gloomy ceremony which has to be got through as quickly as possible with the least amount of fatigue than a play of spontaneous activity flowing from a sense of mirth and jollity. Or, again, to select a quite different species of pastime, what uninitiated person watching a football match with its hot earnestness of purpose, its rude shocks, and its exhausting labours, would imagine it to be a pure diversion? We cannot help thinking, indeed, that the most cheerless pessimist theories of life with which we are from time to time favoured must have been formed after a repeated contemplation of popular amusements; and this hypothesis seems to be supported by the fact that the extreme forms of such theories have sprung up mainly, if not exclusively, among Northern nationalities.

The so-called "Skating Rink" offers, we think, an admirable illustration of this relation of sport to national temperament. It seems to have gained considerable favour among certain classes of English society, and, if not English in its origin (we believe it is the offspring of Transatlantic ingenuity), it certainly bids fair to become a distinguishing English sport. We lately had an opportunity of observing this kind of amusement at a fashionable watering-place, and were much impressed with the happy adaptation of the occupation to our national tastes. The rink is a long room with well-planed boarded floor, and lit and ventilated by

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means of a glass roof. Over the boards careers a dense throng of persons of both sexes and of very various ages, wheeling themselves along on the four tiny broad rollers which do duty for the polished steel blade of the skate. The din set up by these little American machines is something indescribable, though it may roughly be likened to the whirr and clatter of the looms and machinery of a spinning factory. This element of noise gives to the sport one of its characteristic qualities; it has to be performed in speechless solemnity, all attempts at conversation being doomed to ludicrous failure. Another striking element in the amusement is the elevation of bodily temperature, which results in part from the arduous nature of the exercise, and in part from the ratio of the number of performers to the cubical contents of the hall. This plentiful addition of caloric appears to reinforce the active impulses, and so to heighten the intense ardour of the sport. A good deal of the excessive fury of the exercise seems to be directed to the impossible object of compassing a kind of movement having something of the freedom and the grace of true skating. Being desirous to examine the inmost sources of the pleasure of this engrossing pastime, we made good trial of the so-called skates, and were confirmed in the conviction that the motion of the rink has the least possible resemblance to that of the frozen lake. Marvellous *tours de force* may no doubt be compassed by means of these clever inventions, only one must not seek to be graceful or to realize the delicious ease of unimpeded motion.

One can hardly view a scene like this without falling into several curious lines of reflection. Not to dwell on the most obvious suggestions—as, for example, that it is very easy to make anything an amusement if you can only induce a certain number of people to set it agoing, or that most persons will bear a truly awful amount of hardship for the sake of deluding themselves into the conviction that they have been enjoying themselves—we may notice one or two aspects of the sport which seem to have a direct relation to national character. Thus, for example, does not the scene very forcibly remind one of a defect frequently attributed to our nation—namely, a certain slowness and obtuseness of sensibility? The people who frequent the rink appear to perceive no difference between this arduous exercise practised under such painful limitations and the wild free movements of skating. We have heard its votaries seriously maintain that the one is almost as good as the other. That is to say, the feeling of swift flight through keen air, the sense of rapid bound from point to point and of triumph over the limits of space, above all, the delightful feeling of suspended inertia, the consciousness of a corporeal levity and mobility which has, one fancies, an affinity to the sense of flying in mid air—all this, which is the finest essence of skating to a cultivated lover of the art, goes for little or nothing to the frequenter of the rink. Fineness of sensation, and expansion of imagination, the most precious ingredients of true skating, are wholly wanting in this dreary travesty of the sport. Surely Mr. Matthew Arnold might here find a striking illustration of the unideal character of the English mind. One wonders what an enthusiastic young Russian or German, well versed in the poetry of skating, would say of this new version of the pastime.

We may see too in the popularity of this exercise another quality of the British temperament which is very closely connected with its lack of delicate sentiment. We mean that force of active instinct which may be traced in so many of our national customs. We pride ourselves on being an energetic people, fond of action for its own sake; and there is certainly something in this quality which may be set off against our want of ideality. The possession of superabundant activity ready to flow into any channel is no doubt a very valuable thing, and lies at the root of some of the finest qualities of character. Only it is apt to take now and then a mischievous turn, and more frequently still perhaps a grotesque form. The spectacle of a crowd of well-dressed people urging their way in no very graceful fashion on these newfangled "skates," jostling one another freely, and exhausting themselves very rapidly, is a little droll perhaps. The on-looker cannot help feeling a touch of compassion for the performers as being goaded on by some irrepressible demon of activity. The very force of the impulse which thus clamours for a vent seems incompatible with pure enjoyment. Plato's doctrine that all pleasure is a temporary escape from pain might perhaps be aptly applied to the pleasures of the rink. It is hard for the kindly spectator not to wish that these zealous persons were less burdened with the craving for doing something. The amount of pure positive gratification which is derived from all this muscular exercise cannot, one would think, go far to compensate for the vast amount of discomfort which is involved in the possession of such tyrannous impulses. On the other hand it must be admitted that this activity of constitution, even as it shows itself in the exploits of the rink, has a certain respectability of its own. The eagerly active man is commonly the readily practical man, quick to perceive what is feasible, and content to make this his goal. Our inscrutable climate rarely favours us with the conditions of enjoyable skating; but we must have the exercise in some shape, and with fine practical instinct we have hit on the rink as the best available substitute. The enthusiastic German would no doubt ridicule this prosaic solution of the problem. He would never be induced to accept such a spurious semblance of the romantic and delicious sport. If his climate too were to grow erratic and to rob him of his two months' skating season, he would fall back on *Entsagung*, and solace himself with an ideal image of the vanished delight. We, on the other hand, do manage to retain a certain quantum of the real original enjoyment, however small a fraction it may be. Thus, while the imaginative German reaches an ideal world which is closed to the robust and muscular Englishman of whom we are now speaking, this latter manages, by way of compensation, to squeeze a few additional drops of enjoyment out of the realities of life. We need not try to determine which of the two methods brings the larger amount of pure delight.

There is, indeed, one aspect of the rink which appears to suggest that our countrymen have a peculiarly acute and subtle feeling for the proper enjoyment of sport. Play has been ingeniously defined by Mr. Herbert Spencer as a simulation of activities subserving the ends of life. He supposes that in the process of evolution faculties become developed beyond the range within which they subserve the functions of the organism, and that in this case the unemployed energies seek an artificial vent. Very frequently this discharge of redundant energy takes the form of a conscious imitation of the useful action. Thus, for example, one sees in little girls' devotion to dolls, and in boys' games of chase, an amusing mimicry of the serviceable actions of adult life. Now, if this be a correct definition of play, the occupation of the skating rink may be styled play *par excellence*, the very spirit and refined essence of sport. For the actions of the rink are twice removed from the serviceable actions of life. They are the semblance of the semblance of useful activities, the residue of the residue of superabundant vital energy. The ladies and gentlemen of faultless toilet who frequent the rink may indulge the pleasing reflection that, in seeking to reproduce artificially actions which themselves are playful and unnecessary, they are as far as possible removed from the pressure of natural conditions. Is it fanciful to imagine that a dim consciousness of this aspect of the exercise serves in a slight measure to render it so popular with that class of English society which prides itself on being under no necessity to labour for the necessaries of life? Whether this be so or not, the thoughtful looker-on can hardly fail to see the fitness of an occupation which aims solely at reproducing a mode of play to the predominant ideas of our luxurious classes.

We have said enough perhaps to help the attentive reader to determine whether this fashionable pastime reflects very much lustre on English sentiment or intelligence, and we have sufficiently hinted at the side light which it throws on the moral ideas and habits of life of its supporters. It would be easy to moralize on the subject, and to raise the practical inquiry whether people who find amusement in such seemingly barren toil might not be persuaded to take up with a mode of activity involving quite as much destruction of muscular tissue, which would bring in some appreciable amount of good to somebody. But we fear this kind of practical application is of little value in face of the obstinacy of fashionable taste, and we are well aware that we could not bring to bear on this side of the subject the eloquence which Mr. Ruskin would give to it.

PHARAOH AND GALLIO.

EVERY one has heard how an eminent man, perhaps more than one eminent man, of later times has pretended to be dead, in order that he might see what the newspapers said of him. If such a freak were to seize on the mind of one who was merely a great scholar, he might perhaps find that the newspapers said nothing of him at all. But those of whom the story is told were men in political life, about whom something was certain to be said. Now just after a man's death people are more inclined to speak well of him than at any time earlier or later, and, just after a man's death, the chief events of his life are likely to be recorded with some approach to accuracy. So, on the whole, the subject of the biography might not be very greatly grieved by reading the biography. But carry this thought out a little further. What if dead men should be able to know—the vaguer word commits us to no theory as to seeing or hearing—all that is said of them after their deaths? What if it should be a part of some purgatorial system that they should know it all without the power of answering? Think, above all, of those who are not only talked about and written about, but have to undergo the yet harder doom of being preached about. It is sometimes a trial for the living to have to sit and hear statements and arguments which, if they were allowed but a minute to answer, they could at once bowl over. But in modern times the living are not commonly preached about by name, or, if they are, it is in some quotation or reference with which they have no reason for quarrelling. But conceive oneself a "Scripture Character"; conceive oneself one of those beings whose final cause would seem to have been to point a moral from generation to generation. Conceive such a one preached about year after year from countless pulpits, preached about in a set form, attributing to the unhappy "character" some virtue or vice, perhaps utterly foreign to his disposition, perhaps utterly impossible in the state of society in which he lived. The hardship would be that it would press as hard on the saints as on the sinners. It must be almost as bad to be set up as a light and a pillar for something which the light and pillar is conscious of never having done, as it is to be brought out before the company in the character of drunken helot or horrid example.

But for the present we will think only of the sad estate of the latter class. No form of Tartarus could, one would think, be worse than the endless process by which the unhappy Scripture Character is drawn forth, year after year, like a baited badger, to listen, according to our supposition, to the strangest misrepresentations

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of his actions and motives, and that without the forms of the House allowing him the smallest opportunity for a personal explanation. He may have been a great sinner, and may have deserved any amount of punishment; if so, what punishment can be conceived as keener than endlessly hearing himself described as sinning in some particular way wholly unlike that in which he really did sin? In this way, we may look on the punishment as perfectly just; but, as in some other forms of punishment, those who inflict it cannot be looked on as wholly free from blame, while the effect on the spectator is undoubtedly demoralizing.

One of the stock characters to be denounced from the pulpit is "Pharaoh"—happy when he does not get spelled "Pharoah." In Egyptian history there are many Pharaohs; in the dialect of the pulpit there is only one. To make one Pharaoh answerable for the deeds of another is as unreasonable as to make one Cæsar answerable for the deeds of another—to father the crimes of Nero, for instance, on Marcus or Julian. But this does not greatly matter when a Scripture Character is to be improved to edification. The conventional Pharaoh is the Pharaoh who would not let the children of Israel go, *plus* the Pharaoh who caused their babes to be thrown into the river. The narrative in Exodus distinguishes the two as clearly as can be; at a certain stage of the story, it is said in so many words that "the King of Egypt died." And without such distinct statement, no one could believe, even with all allowance for patriarchal length of years, that the King to whom Moses was sent at the age of eighty was his own *quasi* grandfather, the father of the princess by whom he had been adopted. Yet, notwithstanding the impossibility, notwithstanding the direct statement the other way, the two are, we suspect, rolled into one in common belief, and it is certainly not uncommon to preach about them as one and the same. We have heard a sermon which was composed throughout on the supposition that the two Kings of Egypt were the same, but in which, at one stage, the preacher put in the qualification, "if these two Kings were the same." The effect was somewhat as if Cardinal Manning, the other day at Canterbury, when he was describing the disputes of Henry the Second with his Archbishop, had mixed up with them the disputes of Henry the First with his, adding the qualification, "if these Henries were the same." But the Cardinal, though labouring under the common delusion of his class that all the old worthies of England were believers in the cooked-up dogmas of yesterday, had at least got up the most obvious facts of his story. Our preacher, on the other hand, would seem not to have looked at the book of Exodus till his sermon was written. Then, it would seem, it stared him in the face that the single Pharaoh of his discourse was in truth two distinct Pharaohs. The manifest truth of the story called for so much of homage as might be set forth, in Richard the Third's phrase, by "ifs and ands." But to have sacrificed the whole sermon to the mere truth of facts would have been too much, especially as the sermon contained one piece of analogy which might have done credit to more famous preachers. By water Pharaoh had sinned; by water he was to be punished. He who had thrown Hebrew children into the Nile was himself to be drowned in the Red Sea before the eyes of the rescued Hebrews. To be sure Egyptologists tell us that the Pharaoh himself was not drowned with his host; and any one who reads the narrative in Exodus with the care with which he most likely would read any narrative which is not in the Bible, will see that it is nowhere distinctly said that he was drowned. A careless reader would almost certainly take for granted that he was; but it is most certainly not said so. But it might be too much to expect a preacher to attend at all to such ungodly subtleties as this, fit only for the study of the text of pagan writers who have no spiritual application. It would certainly be too much to expect him to sacrifice to any such consideration the beautiful and instructive parallel about the sea and the river. Still there was the distinct statement of the history that the Pharaoh who was punished by water—for punished in any case he was by the loss of his army—was a different man from the Pharaoh who had sinned by water. Here came the trial. Was the beautiful illustration to be sacrificed to the facts of the case? That was more than the preacher could bring himself to. So the beautiful illustration was kept, and the facts were put off with an "if."

But this is not all that the unhappy Pharaoh has to undergo. He is always set up as a gazing-stock in the character of "blasphemer." He defies God; he says, "Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice?" Now blasphemy in the strict sense, the reviling or defying of a divine being who is believed in as divine, is a vice of which modern England has no knowledge. But it has been, and we believe still is, not uncommon in the South of Europe. The Englishman curses and swears, but he does not, in the strict sense, blaspheme. But in Southern lands it is not uncommon for a man in any fit of ill-luck to revile God or the saints, as he might revile any earthly power that had dealt hardly with him. Some of the stories told of William Rufus amount to blasphemy in the strict sense; they imply belief in God's being, and yet defiance of Him. And it is mentioned, as one of the special virtues of St. Louis, that he never in any case used reviling to God or the saints. Now the preacher commonly uses Pharaoh as an example of blasphemy in this sense. He is partly led astray by the custom of our translators, by which, in imitation of Jewish, Greek, and Latin practice, they commonly substitute "Lord" for the proper name of the Deity. Pharaoh is made to defy a power which he acknowledges as "Lord." But what Pharaoh really says is quite different. A message is delivered to him in the name of "Jehovah the God of the Hebrews," a description which most likely was altogether strange to him. He asks who the God of the Hebrews is; he believes in Osiris, Isis, and the rest of the Gods of the Egyptians; of the God of the Hebrews he knows nothing, and will not yield obedience in his name. The preacher may, if he likes, hold up the Egyptian King as one who refused to yield to evidence which ought to have convinced him that the God of the Hebrews was the true God. But of blasphemy after the manner of William Rufus even the stubborn Pharaoh is quite guiltless.

To take another instance, "careless Gallio" has passed into a proverb. "He cared for none of those things." What things? In sermons and proverbs he is the man who is careless about religion, who will not give it a moment's thought. He is careless in his personal capacity; he does not take heed to the things which concern his own soul. But the Gallio of the narrative in the Acts—to say nothing of his character as brother of Seneca—is quite another kind of person. He is a magistrate who does not care as he ought to have cared for a gross breach of the peace. He does not step in as he ought to have done to punish the grossest form of contempt of court done under his own eyes. We saw the other day a report of a Liberationist meeting, where Gallio appeared in another light still. He was the model magistrate, who refused to interfere in the theological controversies of contending sects. So far, so good; but surely it is part of the duty of a magistrate to keep members of contending sects from beating one another, above all to keep them from beating one another in court. When the Jews charged the Christians with "worshipping God contrary to the law," the Proconsul felt much as a modern Judge would feel if he were suddenly called on to decide the controversies of General and Particular Baptists. He drove them from the judgment-seat, a little too scornfully perhaps, but without any breach of substantial justice. "Then all the Greeks took Sosthenes, the chief ruler of the synagogue, and beat him before the judgment-seat; and Gallio cared for none of those things." What things? Surely not the truths of Christianity, of which he had not heard a word, but the disgraceful uproar which was going on in his court, which he ought to have stopped, but did not. He cared for none of those things; he did not take the trouble to interfere to save the unhappy Sosthenes from his beating, or in truth to maintain the dignity of his own office. Let us suppose all the Protestants beating Cardinal Manning, or all the Papists beating Mr. Whalley, under the eyes of a judge or magistrate sitting in court, and the judge "caring for none of those things," doing nothing to save the victim of persecution; then we shall see what was the real fault of Gallio. The fault was a grievous one, but one quite different from that for which he is preached at; he is "careless Gallio" indeed, but careless in quite another way and about quite other things than those which have made him pass into a proverb.

There are plenty of other cases of the same kind. But here are two special ones, two most common ones, out of the Old and New Testaments severally. We have sometimes wished that our preachers would preach, not as Jews to Jews, but as Englishmen to Englishmen; but we really have our doubts. If men are to be misrepresented in sermons, perhaps it is as well that not Englishmen, but Jews, Egyptians, or Romans, should be chosen as the victims.

Sordida fœdatur, fœdante Johanne, gehenna,

said the men of the thirteenth century. But we would not send even King John to the lower depth of being preached at as Pharaoh and Gallio have been preached at for so many ages.

THE MASONIC FESTIVAL.

THE Freemasons have met, paraded, cheered the Prince of Wales, dined together in various circles of mysterious honour, and gone home happy, as far as one can judge from the melodious utterances which were heard in the streets adjoining the hostelries where they broke up for the night. Some of them perhaps may not have been quite so happy next morning, but heroic natures have consolation for headaches in the proud consciousness of great duties performed at any personal sacrifice. A published account of the hidden ceremonies of a fraternity sworn to secrecy obviously carries its own comment with it, and it is to be feared that the newspapers must have suborned agents who, if the old rules of this society were in force, would by this time have been found strewn about with daggers in their hearts, each with a paper attached to it inscribed "A warning to traitors." If these miscreants have any chance of a trial before execution, the best plea we can suggest for them is that the more the secret practices of the Freemasons are exposed the less likelihood will there be of any mystery being discovered. Possibly, however, it may turn out that the reports in the papers were simply fiction. Any one who happened to be in the South Kensington district after noon on Wednesday last would have seen streams of respectable-looking men clad in black, with white ties which set off to advantage their generally rubicund countenances, moving towards the Albert Hall. Nothing could be more decorous and inoffensive than their appearance, but a watchful eye could not fail to observe that each carried in his hand either a paper parcel, or a japanned tin-box, or a bag, or that his coat-tail pockets bulged in an unnatural and suspicious manner. These were, in fact, the higher ranks of the Masonic body on their way to their rendezvous, their superiors having issued a decree that out-of-doors they should dispense

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with decorations, and endeavour, as far as they could, to look merely like ordinary people—an effort in which, we should say from our own observation, most of them perfectly succeeded. They walked in the usual way on their legs, no magical influence interposed to prevent the dust from settling on their boots, they wiped the perspiration from their steaming brows, and partook of refreshment at convenient drinking-bars exactly as the common run of humanity has been seen to do on other occasions, when the weather was hot, and the sense of self-importance somewhat suffocating. Beyond the gates of the Hall, however, the eyes of the profane world could not follow them. Once or twice, it is said, there was a sudden explosion at the doors, followed by the violent discharge of an unhappy person, coatless and bareheaded, who was understood to have been, like the Claimant, a victim of insufficient evidence of identity in the character he had assumed.

As to what passed within the mysterious inner precincts, it is of course impossible to obtain any authentic intelligence. A Mason who is capable of betraying to the public the secret rites which, by every tie of honour and obedience, he is bound to conceal, is obviously unworthy of confidence, and is much more likely to be taking advantage of the reader's simplicity than telling the truth. On the other hand, it is possible, as we have before suggested, that the accounts of the proceedings in the Albert Hall are a pure invention of unscrupulous editors. The *Times* gives a somewhat prosaic version of the supposed doings, and the *Daily News* is guardedly archæological. In the *Daily Telegraph* we naturally find what we expected to find. The lively imagination which has before now dragged from his lair the old savage of the desert, and to which we have more recently been indebted for the fight between Brummy and the dog, is again equal to the occasion. Any one, it is suggested, who "has visited the Coliseum by moonlight"—this, by the way, is an easier feat for a *Telegraph* writer, who has always the moon at command without reference to the almanack, than for other people—"and gazed upon its broken walls, as the silvery beams have danced and flickered in the grim ruins, and pictured to himself the majesty of the place when in Rome's best days it was filled with pleasure-seekers, the gallant courtiers and fair dames of the Eternal City," and all the rest of the well-known jargon, will have a faint idea of the splendour of the scene of Wednesday in the Albert Hall. And what, it may be asked, was this wonderful sight? "Tier after tier of seats, neatly divided off by gangways," "above the tiers, boxes with rows of five deep," and filled with "seven thousand brothers clad in collar, glove, and apron, sitting in rows." It rather spoils the reference to Rome's best days to find that no dames are present, but the writer seems to think that, after all, the only good of women is to infuse a little colour into society by their clothes, and that men, if gorgeously arrayed, answer the purpose just as well. "With scarcely an exception they wore collars of brightest blue, gauntlets of similar colour, and the aprons." "On their breasts, one and all, a thousand jewels glitter in the rays of the sun." These jewels are, it seems, "the reward of upright and worthy conduct in office," and are "of purest gold, curious in device, as often as not boasting emeralds or rubies,"—more often perhaps, we may suspect, imitations in glass—"and always making a brave show on the breasts of those who wear them. The uniform of a provincial grand officer is exceptionally gorgeous; it is of the darkest blue, edged with gold lace fringe and embroidered with emblems, and includes an imperial collar, with pendant trinkets. A Grand Steward blazes in crimson collar and apron. All these together made up "lines of crimson and gold, dark blue and gold, light blue and silver, bejewelled breasts and countless insignia—all melting one into the other, and blending, and filling the vast Hall with a blaze of colour." Then there was a grand procession of the chief dignitaries of Masonry through the Hall, the Prince of Wales was led in, took the oaths kneeling, and was invested with the insignia of the supreme office in the craft. Lord Carnarvon, as Pro-Grand Master, made a speech in which he extolled Freemasonry for its human sympathies and charitable deeds; the Prince replied; and after endless presentations, a couple of hours had been spent, and the ceremony is over. In the evening there were dinners of the various lodges, more childish parade, and empty talk. But the "blaze of colour" was evidently the great object of the function.

It is not yet known what the Pope thinks of this singular demonstration, or whether on Wednesday last the floors of the Vatican shook with subterranean convulsions, plainly indicating the agencies at work. It is extremely unlikely, however, that His Holiness is so simple as to be mystified by the inventions of the newspapers. He will reason out the matter in his own mind, and will find it impossible to believe that a multitude of intelligent and educated Englishmen should come together from all parts of the country, and put themselves in such a state of excitement, for no other reason than to strut about for an hour or two in mystic privacy, dressed in gaudy clothes which they are ashamed to wear in the streets for fear of the laughter of little boys. The English, he will say, are a sensible, practical race, and there must surely be something behind all this which has a real and important meaning, and which is purposely hidden out of the way. It is impossible not to see how much is to be said in favour of this view. Nothing can be more profoundly amazing than the proceedings of the Freemasons as described in the newspapers. We are asked to believe that all these people turned out merely to look at each other, and to hear two or three vapid and utterly meaningless speeches. There is no reasonable person, not a Mason, who can have read the newspapers on Thursday morning without wondering what all this fuss could really have been about. It would appear that the curiosity which has lately been excited by anticipations of this great function has led to the enrolment of a large number of new brethren, and it would be interesting to know what are now their impressions of the mysterious world into which they have been introduced. When we turn to the daily journals for a solution of the marvel, we do not obtain much help from their oracular utterances. The *Times* traces it to the "singular passion in human nature for anything in the form of order, association, and discipline"; but a taste for being called "Grand," or "Right Worshipful," and wearing tinsel trinkets such as would equally gladden the Sandwich Islanders, would seem to have also something to do with it. There is perhaps not much chance of foreign Governments adopting the recommendation of the *Times* to encourage Freemasonry as a security for the State. In this country "Charity and Loyalty" may be believed to be the essential principles of the order, and there can be no doubt that the members are well-meaning enough. But it might be rash to expect that secret societies, if freely tolerated, would necessarily produce equally innocuous results in countries which are politically more volcanic. The reason why Freemasons in England are so harmless may be suspected to be simply that they do not mean anything in particular except a desire to combine conviviality with fine clothes and big names, and an affectation of charitable sympathy which chiefly finds vent in frequent banquets. What would be simply dissipation with anybody else is thus glorified as a virtue. The *Daily News*, after a great deal of Egyptian and other ancient lore, arrives at the conclusion that some people join the Freemasons for the sake of getting something out of them, but that the source of its fascinations is mainly an "innate love of symbolism for its own sake." The *Standard* repeatedly asks itself what can be the mysterious principle of vitality which keeps Masonry going, and does not seem very clear as to the answer. All this doubt and perplexity, however, are not surprising when it is remembered that the late Duke of Sussex, who for many years bent his gigantic intellect to the study of the mystery, was once heard to say that he doubted whether anybody really understood Freemasonry, except himself and perhaps another man.

On the whole, the simplest explanation is perhaps, as often happens, the best. Nothing can be more natural than that Masonry should be particularly flourishing during a period when the great object of every one is to try to mark himself off from the common ruck of humanity by some badge of distinction, however trumpery or trivial. Anybody can be a Freemason who is of decent character and will pay a moderate subscription, and thereupon he finds himself hanging on at the tip of a tail that leads up at the other end to the Royal Family and the highest of the aristocracy, with the prospect that, with due diligence, he may himself one day become a Grand something or other, and wear no end of gorgeous tassels and jewels. A similar ambition is at the bottom of the Foresters, Odd Fellows, Convivial Buffaloes, and other working-men clubs; and even when external decorations are dispensed with, we may trace the influence of the same passion in that eager competition for the letters of scientific societies to stick at the end of a name which goes on among people to whom science is as much a mystic puzzle as Masonry. In another direction, the various classes of teetotalers are held together by the power of badges and titles. After all speculation has been exhausted, Freemasonry turns out to be a very commonplace affair in the midst of its pretensions and parade. It is quite possible for people to be thoroughly loyal and charitable in a plain everyday way, and in their everyday clothes. But the charm of a secret order is that the members lull themselves into the delightful belief that they are somehow of a superior caste to the rest of the world, with a monopoly of special virtues. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," and notwithstanding the spread of education, there is probably always pretty much the same amount of folly in the world, only it sometimes changes the channel by which it finds vent. The best that can be said in behalf of the body which has just been exhibiting itself is that a mob of Freemasons is more harmless than a mob of Kenealyites, but the ruling principle of self-assertion is pretty much the same in each case. Nobody has anything to say against the members of the "great and ancient Order" enjoying themselves in this way, or with any amount of babyish bedizenment and make-believe, but for their own sakes it is a pity that they are not so mysterious as they might be.

PROSPECTS OF ULTRAMONTANISM IN FRANCE.

THERE are obvious reasons why Ultramontanism should be in the ascendant in France just now. What in Germany is considered a symptom of disloyalty is, if only for that very reason, a badge of patriotism in the rival nation. Moreover the national traditions of the two countries point in precisely opposite directions. Germany has for centuries, before as well as since the Reformation, been in open or ill-concealed conflict with Rome, while France, notwithstanding her Gallican proclivities, has always gloried in the title of the eldest daughter of the Church. Nor is there less diversity of national temper than of national traditions. The laborious, plodding, independent intellect of the one people has far less in common with Ultramontane fervour than the imaginative idealism of the other. It is the natural result of this and kindred causes that the Old Catholic movement, which has attained to a

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considerable success in Germany, should in France have found only a single prophet, who is now "uttering a new cry of alarm," but is likely to remain for the present as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. We are not speaking of Father Hyacinthe, who felt from the first that expatriation was an inevitable condition of giving effective utterance to his new convictions. Dr. Michaud is a man of far deeper learning, but without a tithe of the great ex-Carmelite's popular gifts. He wields however the pen of a ready writer; perhaps rather too ready, for his pen is very apt to run away with him. To some of his rapidly succeeding publications we have before now called attention. The latest of these, which has just appeared, under the title *De l'État Présent de l'Église Catholique-romaine en France*, shows no falling off in piquancy of style and positiveness of assertion. The Abbé Michaud is a man who has most unmistakably the courage of his convictions, and he has the further advantage—as it is for some controversial purposes—of being wholly incapable of seeing more than one side of a question. His cry of alarm at "the terrible dangers which menace France and the Church of Christ" is never checked for a moment in its shrill monotony by any passing suspicion that perils of a different, or even opposite, kind may possibly threaten the future either of his country or of the Church. We are far from meaning to imply that M. Michaud is a fanatic or a fool; he is, on the contrary, a man of considerable learning and ability, but he is, so to say, a born partisan. He would be invaluable as the mouthpiece of a political party—and his interest in politics is at least as keen as in theology—for he believes with all his heart and soul in the exclusive claims of the side he has espoused, and knows how to put forward its really strong points in the most telling way. Take, for instance, the following passage, which strikes the keynote of the present volume:—

Oui, je crois que le plus grand ennemi de la France est le catholicisme-romain d'aujourd'hui, soit parce qu'il est la contradiction même du catholicisme véritable, c'est-à-dire du christianisme universel et intégral, soit parce qu'il n'est propre qu'à entretenir dans les âmes le fanatisme, l'ignorance, la superstition et l'hypocrisie, soit parce qu'il est opposé, en principe et en fait, à la véritable science et à la civilisation, soit parce qu'il sape, dans leur fondement même, les libertés nécessaires des gouvernements et des peuples modernes.

He has but one model before him, he assures us with evident sincerity, and that is Christ chasing the buyers and sellers out of the Temple, and pointing out to mankind the Pharisees, the hypocrites of the country.

The most really interesting and valuable part of the volume is the preface, where the author is dealing with historical matter in which he is quite at home, and where he speaks calmly and to the purpose. We cannot help wishing that he would devote more of his time to this class of subjects, which few French theologians are equally competent to handle, and not fritter away so much of his energies on mere pamphleteering, which may produce a momentary sensation, but can leave no permanent impression behind. He begins by criticizing the famous Declaration of the French Clergy in 1682, and observes justly enough that after all the Gallicanism of Bossuet was too degenerate a kind of theology to bear the test of historical or philosophical criticism, and that the Four Articles were a compromise, taken in one sense by the Bishops and divines, and in another and purely Erastian sense by the legists, who interpreted them, according to the well-known phrase of Fleury, into "the servitudes of the Gallican Church." This gave a great advantage to the Pope in his contention against them, as he could always enlist on his side, not only Ultramontane zeal, but the sympathies of those who honestly desired to adhere to the ecclesiastical principles of the early ages. But the final blow was given to Gallicanism, both in its good and its bad sense, by Napoleon I. in his Concordat with Pius VII. M. Michaud is clearly right in saying that the peremptory order sent by that Pontiff to the French Bishops to resign their sees within a short interval, and the prompt deprivation of the twenty-six who refused compliance, were acts sufficient to transform his primacy into an absolute monarchy. And there is abundant evidence in his own recorded words (the "*peut-être*" may be safely dropped) that Napoleon wished the Church to become an absolute monarchy, in the hope of making himself its virtual ruler, by using the spiritual authority of the Pope as an instrument of political domination. No fresh proof of the fact was needed; but it is interesting to have the explicit testimony of the brave and saintly prelate who sacrificed his life for his flock on the barricades of Paris in 1848. In a treatise on the controversy between Ultramontanes and Gallicans, Mgr. Affré says:—

Rien de plus certain d'abord, dit-il, que l'*ultramontanisme outré* imposé au pape à l'époque et dans la rédaction du Concordat de 1801. Le pape croyait sans doute qu'un grand acte d'autorité lui était nécessaire pour sauver l'Eglise de France, après la tempête qui venait de la renverser. Mais *le pape ne croyait pas* que cette tempête si désastreuse et qui avait amoncelé tant de ruines, l'*autorisât à déposer les évêques*, qui avaient bien mérité de l'Eglise, *ni à détruire certains droits*, certaines libertés canoniques, utiles et compatibles d'ailleurs avec la nouvelle situation de la France. Qui lui créa cette nécessité plus impérieuse qu'elle ne devait l'être naturellement? Quel pouvoir vint rendre plus dures les exigences déjà si terribles, créées par des événements inouïs? L'auteur de cette nécessité fut *le gouvernement consulaire*; c'est lui qui contraignit le pape à déployer un pouvoir plus grand qu'il n'aurait voulu l'exercer, et qui le justifia en le rendant nécessaire. C'est lui qui, menaçant de jeter la France dans le protestantisme ou dans le schisme, exigea que *le pouvoir pontifical fût plus ultramontain qu'il ne l'avait jamais été depuis dix-huit siècles*, qui lui demanda impérieusement de sacrifier toutes nos libertés et *de s'élever au-dessus de tous les canons*: qui ne se contenta pas de faire enregistrer la bulle qui consommait ce sacrifice, qui appliquait ce pouvoir sans limites, mais qui voulut encore convertir en loi de l'Etat cette bulle à jamais mémorable. . . Un droit indirect sur la couronne lui fut également reconnu.

This short preface, as we have already observed, is the best part of M. Michaud's book. But his main theme is the present position and future prospects of the "essentially political Ultramontane and Jesuit party which now dominates the French Church." There is no doubt much truth in what he alleges on these points, nor is it easy to exaggerate the wild extravagance of modern French Ultramontanism. Only a twelvemonth ago Bishop Dupanloup felt himself constrained to issue a trenchant pastoral against the follies of the prophecy and miracle-mongers. On the other hand, the Pope has just directed, if we may credit a recent telegram, that special prayers—which are said "obviously to stigmatize the Old Catholics"—shall be used on June 16 next, the two hundredth anniversary of the miraculous vision of Margaret Mary Alacoque, on which we said something two years ago at the time of the Paray-le-Monial pilgrimage (*Saturday Review*, August 16, 1873). But on the excesses, not to say eccentricities, of French Ultramontanes M. Michaud can have little new to say. His professed aim is to strike a balance between the strength and weakness of Ultramontanism, and thus to determine the precise nature of the situation. And here he shows himself decidedly happier in his estimate of facts than in his inferences, where the wish is somewhat too obtrusively allowed to become father to the thought. His ardent Republican sympathies combine with his almost fanatical hatred of Rome and the Jesuits to obscure, if not to distort, his judgment. Thus, when he places first among the existing advantages of Ultramontanism the support accorded to it, from different motives, by all the three monarchical parties, the Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists, he has a solid basis of fact to rest upon. But it is quite another matter when he summarily puts aside this element of strength as a factor in the question at issue by the remark that "none of these three parties has any future in France," inasmuch as, after the model of the Kilkenny cats, they are sure to destroy one another, and therefore "monarchy in France is dead, because it is triple." It would be obvious to reply that the "triplicity" at all events must come to an end within a limited period in the course of nature, and that many conceivable circumstances might occur to decide conclusively, for the time at least, between the other two rival claimants to the throne. But it is sufficient to observe that many politicians whose judgment is fully as good as M. Michaud's do not share his anticipations, and that all dogmatizing on the subject is, at the very best, an insecure basis for any further train of argument. Still weaker is his reply to the second proof alleged for the strong position of Ultramontanism, based on the irreligion or religious indifference of the Republicans, which leaves a clear field for the only form of faith favoured by their opponents. To this argument the author opposes a string of gratuitous predictions. "If the Republicans commit this great mistake now, nothing proves that they will always do so," or that they will not always do so, we may add; "they will be forced to unite against their most terrible enemy, Ultramontanism, as many allies as possible," and therefore "to promote the establishment of an anti-Ultramontane Catholicism in France"—all which, to say the least, requires to be qualified by a *peut-être*. Moreover, on no previous occasion, from the first Revolution downwards, has French Republicanism recognized this alleged necessity of securing the assistance of a purified and Liberal Catholicism. It is perfectly true, no doubt, as is urged a little further on, that "the Republican party is essentially anti-Ultramontane," but then there is the obvious retort that "the Republicans are none the more for that partisans of Reformed Catholicism, being mostly unbelievers or Atheists." And the answer given to this objection is an amusing example of the writer's eagerness to clutch at any straw which may serve to show that the stream is flowing in a right direction. M. Morin, the editor of the *Rappel*, he tells us, died the other day, and sent for a priest to administer the last consolations of religion; whence it follows that the atheism and irreligion of the Republicans is only skin-deep. We will not pause to observe that one swallow does not make a summer, or to inquire whether the priest who attended M. Morin in his last moments was not—as in all probability he was—an Ultramontane. But M. Michaud might surely have reflected that the case he quotes can at most only prove that some Republicans believe more than they care to profess, or repent of their unbelief on their death-bed. It certainly does not prove their preference of Old Catholicism to Ultramontanism, or, as the author puts it, "that between them and the true Catholics there is only an immense misunderstanding based on mere logomachies." Still less is such a notion borne out by the tone of the Republican press. The *République Française* (M. Gambetta's organ) "does sometimes," it is admitted, "publish very regrettable articles, Pagan in the worst sense of the word," but then it also publishes many pages of a different kind, and it may improve hereafter. It may, of course; but as M. Michaud has not offered any illustrations of the "regrettable" type of article in which it not unfrequently indulges, we will venture to supply a specimen, which was reprinted a year or two ago in the *Times*. "Christianity has fatally disorganised civilization, and its advent may be defined as 'the first invasion of the barbarians.' Now all the merit of the barbarians was to arrive at the point where there should be no more barbarians; in the same way the advantage of Christianity is to arrive at the point where there will be neither Pagans nor Christians, but freethinkers, *definitely liberated from every God*." Most Christians will agree that this passage is "regrettable," and nobody will deny that it is somewhat redolent of "Paganism"; but it does not sound auspiciously for the conversion of the *République Française* into an organ of Old Catholic orthodoxy.

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We cannot, of course, follow M. Michaud through his eleven points which tell—and tell pretty heavily, it must be allowed—in favour of the Ultramontane programme in France. But we may just notice the three attenuating circumstances, so to call them, which he urges on the other side, and which curiously illustrate the tendency even of an acute writer of very decided bias to read his own meaning into the facts. He first insists that the Ultramontanes are but a small minority in France, in proof of which is cited Mgr. Dupanloup's complaint that out of 120 students at the higher normal school scarcely ten practise the duties of their religion. That may be some evidence of the progress of infidelity, but surely not of any form of Catholicism. In the next place we are assured that not only are Ultramontanes quite in a minority, but they are at issue with "the public conscience," though not with the present fashion in France. It is difficult to gauge the accuracy or force of this statement, which may be taken for what it is worth. Not so with the third and last consideration propounded, which is a truly marvellous specimen of reasoning:—"How many Roman Catholics are such only by the accident of birth, or by the *convenances* or exigencies of their position, or out of human respect, or by mere habit and routine!" Granted; but did it never occur to the author to ask himself to how many members of every religious body, Christian or other, just the same criticism might be applied? Are there no members of the various Protestant communions who must be accounted, if we subject their motives to the same rigid scrutiny, to be such by the accident of birth or interest or habit rather than by deliberate conviction? Or, to take the Church which is confessedly the object of M. Michaud's warmest reverence and affections, are there no adherents of Eastern Christianity who are "Orthodox" instead of Ultramontane because they happened to have been born in Russia instead of in Italy or France? It is strange that a really clever writer should mistake such hair-splitting for argument. It is more than strange that a writer of M. Michaud's character and learning should condescend to the threadbare twaddle of an Exeter Hall May meeting:—"Papal Rome will fall as Pagan Rome fell; the cases are strictly analogous. The majority of the priests of the one are like the majority of the augurs of the other." We expect this sort of thing from Dr. Cumming and Mr. Whalley; we have a right to expect something better from Dr. Michaud. If he is tempted to complain that we speak as apologists of Ultramontanism, we can only reply that we have a weakness for sound reasoning and fair play, and have a decided objection to one Ultramontane peculiarity which he has borrowed or retained, and that is, acting on the mischievous notion that any stick is good enough to beat a dog with. One may reasonably regret that Bishops like Dupanloup and Maret, who made so vigorous a stand against Vaticanism at the Council, should have so completely shifted their ground since, and that no response should come from the French border to the trumpet call which has sounded so loudly on the opposite bank of the Rhine. But it is not difficult to account for this without recognizing the inherent validity of Ultramontane pretensions, and it is always safer to look facts boldly in the face. No prudent thinker would commit himself to any confident prediction about the political future of France, and to build on such predictions the confident assurance of a coming religious transformation is simply to pile up one unproved hypothesis on another.

A MILITARY HARBOUR ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST.

BY some inscrutable process of calculation Mr. Hardy has ascertained that the British fleet is equal to an army of 300,000 men, and he will probably admit that the strength either of fleet or army depends on a sufficient basis of operation. The naval power of Europe is likely in future years to be distributed somewhat differently from what it has been, and we shall probably be compelled to revert to the ideas and precautions of the age, not of Howe and Nelson, but of Blake and Monk. If we run the eye along our coasts and observe the positions of our military harbours, we shall find that they indicate what history shows, the decline of Holland and the rise of France as the centre of gravity of the naval system likely to oppose our own in Europe. We need not speak of the harbours that everybody knows, but rather of those which are partially forgotten. In a recent discussion at the United Service Institution, Admiral Collinson remarked that Harwich would not take a large ironclad. It is a sixteen-feet harbour at low water, and there is only twelve feet rise and fall, and consequently, with the narrow turn going into it, it is not fit to be used for a heavy-draught ironclad. In the olden time Hollesley Bay was much frequented by our ships, and it forms a good roadstead and is easy of access. Then, going up the coast, we come to that celebrated roadstead Yarmouth, and the changes in the sands opposite that town have been so great during the last two years that it is not fit for an ironclad to go into from the southern side. Formerly ships could approach it through the Cockle Gateway and go out through St. Nicholas Gateway; but within the last year St. Nicholas Gateway has shoaled, and when the fleet went in the other day they were compelled to go out by the Cockle Gateway, and even here there are some patches of twenty-three feet dispersed over it, which, with only six feet rise and fall, would render it hazardous for a heavy ship to attempt to enter. Then comes the Humber, and, so far as ironclads are concerned, it is not a safe place. The reach runs straight up from the sea, and you could not calculate upon being able to go alongside a coal-hulk in the Humber with the wind anything between north-east and south-east. The bubble of the sea would be so great that you could not lay alongside to coal. As for the Tyne, no ironclad would attempt to go in there. The narrowness of the entrance and the strength of the tide render it a port unfit for heavy-draught or long ships, and there is nothing between the Thames and the Frith of Forth in which a large ironclad could calculate on coaling with certainty. Admiral Collinson, therefore, holds that the time has come when it is necessary that a harbour should be made on the East coast. Vessels must be supplied with fuel. If they are not, their efficiency is gone; yet there is no place where they can get coals with certainty from Sheerness to the Frith of Forth. As to the closed harbours, such as the Downs, and Yarmouth Roads, and Hollesley Bay, which are spoken of as places where ships can take refuge from a superior fleet, it is to be observed that, if a superior fleet drives an inferior one into such a place, the batteries on shore cannot protect the latter with the same efficiency as if they were in an artificial harbour where the guns would be outside the ships.

These remarks arose upon the discussion of a paper by Sir John Coode, C.E., on "Military and Refuge Harbours," which proposed Filey Bay as the best site for the artificial harbour which was generally admitted to be necessary. Sir John Coode is well known as the constructor of the great military harbour of Portland, and he has frequently recommended Filey Bay for the site of a harbour of refuge for commercial purposes. But although such a harbour is very necessary, there would be small hope of inducing any Government to undertake it. Now, however, the same site offers itself to supply a manifest necessity of the age, and although we do not assume that this site will be selected, we have little doubt that work will be commenced on some site as soon as our rulers have learned to view the matter as it appears to military eyes. If a fleet is worth 300,000 men, what is the value of a fleet with an effective base of operations? When Mr. Hardy has solved that problem, he will probably be ready to expend 1,000,000*l.* at Filey or elsewhere on the East coast. The necessity of some such work, if it did not otherwise appear, would be shown by reference to Sir John Coode's description of the harbour and naval establishment of Wilhelmshafen on the western shore of the estuary of the River Jahde on the North Sea, immediately to the westward of the River Weser. To make his description more real and pleasant, Sir John Coode mentions that Wilhelmshafen is just the same distance from Flamborough Head that Edinburgh is from London. However, Filey Bay is just north of Flamborough Head, and if we had a naval station there, we should be as near to possible rivals as they would be to us, and, unless British seamanship is greatly altered, it ought therewith to be contented. It would, indeed, be a revival of the ancient antagonism between Yarmouth and the Texel, which grew out of similar circumstances, and died away when they ceased. But unless we can conceive the Texel without Yarmouth, we shall hardly leave for any length of time Wilhelmshafen without such a counterpoise as Filey. There is now at Wilhelmshafen an outer harbour, 720 ft. long by 340 ft. wide, covered by two piers; immediately to the westward of this there is an inner harbour 600 ft. in length and 400 in width; there is then a harbour canal 3,920 ft. in length and 216 ft. in width, connecting the outer harbour with the naval establishment, a larger basin 1,200 ft. long and 700 ft. wide. Around this basin are arranged the various workshops and stores, with three dry docks, having 30 ft. of water over the cills, and capable of receiving first-rate ironclads, such as the *Minotaur*, also slips adapted for constructing and repairing ironclads, with steam factories, &c. These works have been constructed under peculiar difficulties. The excavations have been made in low swampy lands, which had first to be protected from the sea by dykes. Artesian wells had to be sunk to the depth of 900 ft. to procure water for the supply of the establishment. The expenditure up to 1869 was 1,500,000*l.* During the French war the Prussian fleet lay at Wilhelmshafen, the enemy not venturing to approach.

It was assumed in the discussion of this paper that the political changes which have taken place may soon raise Germany into a very prominent and formidable naval Power, and therefore it is morally certain that at some future day the British Government will adopt the proposal for a harbour at Filey. Indeed one speaker quoted Lord Carlingford as having said in the House of Commons that, if ever Germany rose to any prominence as a naval Power, the Government would be prepared to embark in the necessary expenditure to form a port at Filey, but he was not then prepared to introduce such a measure for mere commercial purposes. The commercial utility of a harbour at Filey has been often demonstrated, and the vast trade of the North-East coast deserves all the protection that our navy can give to it. We must remember that our dockyards are still defective in large wharfs with accommodation for men-of-war in war-time and considerable depth of water in all states of the tide. Time will be the essential object, and we might have fifteen or twenty ships coming to a naval station, and requiring at least to lay alongside a wharf. We should also require hundreds of yards of wharfage with deep water at all times of the tide at several points along the coast for the embarkation of stores and troops. We have got little enough of such accommodation, and could well bear the addition to be made at Filey. Such works as are proposed can only be constructed slowly. The preliminary works at Portland were begun in 1847, and the Breakwater was finished in 1871. But of course much more rapid progress

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than this could be made if desired. The total cost of the Breakwater and Harbour Works at Portland was 1,033,000*l.*, and the rough work was done by convicts, who quarried the stone on the island, whence it was run down on trucks and tipped into the sea. The defences of Portland comprise several powerful works. The Verne citadel at the summit of the island is a fort of extraordinary strength. Below the Verne on the eastern slopes of the island are earthwork batteries mounting heavy guns. At the end of the outer breakwater a powerful iron fort is being constructed to guard the entrance to the harbour. Thus Portland has become a strategic harbour adequate to the necessities of modern warfare. It was intended as a counterpoise to Cherbourg, and we cannot help the fact that a new Power now divides the attention which for many years was absorbed by France alone.

We shall grow sensitive about Wilhelmshafen just as our fathers grew sensitive about Antwerp and Flushing when those places were in Napoleon's hands. The danger which was involved in the fortifications of Antwerp and Flushing was very present to the English people, and immunity in that respect seemed then more desirable than victory at a distance. This was the motive of the expedition of 1809, which has been denounced, with the wisdom that follows the event, as a dissipation of England's military resources. We know that, if troops had been sent to Spain, they would have been well employed, because our only capable general was there; and we know also that troops sent to Walcheren were certain to be badly employed, because we placed them under a general of remarkable incapacity. However, such a powerful armament could not help taking Flushing, and the importance of that place, armed as it was, may now be better realized by imagining it in the hands of a powerful Continental dynasty, with batteries sufficiently strong to protect the anchorage in front, and with a fleet riding there within a few hours of the English coast. This view of the expedition of 1809 which rendered Flushing harmless has been well stated by Captain Duncan in his *History of the Royal Artillery*, and he thus becomes an unconscious witness of much weight to the necessity of a military harbour on the North-East coast.

OUR HORSES.

THE British recruit, with his narrow chest and his spindle shanks, begins to become a bore, and it is refreshing for a single night to hear of the country going to the dogs in a new way. The proud Prussian is quietly working our ruin, "horse, foot, and dragoons," as the saying is, and one part of his plan is to buy our breeding sires at whatever prices we put upon them, and take them from us. The commissions of his buyers are practically unlimited, and their instructions are never to miss anything of the right sort. They therefore scour the country in every direction, and buy up the finest sires they can get, at prices with which it is impossible for private enterprise to compete. Since the time when the gold of Pitt raised the price of bread in Paris, there has been no plot so dark, so uncomeatable as this. In a few rare instances, indeed, enlightened patriotism, directing ample means, has foiled the invader's arts. By the patriotic exertions of a number of private gentlemen, Blair Athol was bought for 12,000*l.*, after the Prussian agent had bid 11,500*l.* It may be thought, perhaps, that patriotic gentlemen, belonging usually to one or other House of Parliament, and carrying purses, might pervade the country and repeat the Blair Athol *coup* whenever necessary; and now that the Conservatives are in, and there is an end of all that vile nonsense about economy, the purses may be filled out of the Treasury, and Bismarckian tactics effectually baffled. This is probably the sort of view that some members of the Conservative party took of the duty of its leaders, but we need hardly say that Mr. Disraeli gave no countenance at all to the notion that the Treasury ought to bid against the Prussians. The military aspect of the question is of course, under present circumstances, most insisted on. It may be true that the British cavalry and artillery are not so well mounted as they should be. Every prudent means ought to be taken to encourage the breeding of suitable horses, but we cannot reckon among prudent means the establishment of national studs which would be certain to come to costly grief. After all, however, as an invasion would suspend business, it is difficult to believe that enough suitable horses would not be forthcoming for military purposes. It must be felt, too, that the real necessity of the case is bayonets. If we had enough of them, and of the right sort, the emissaries of Bismarck might scatter gold in every horse-fair in England. It is not foreign gold, but iron, that needs to be prepared against. Mr. Disraeli seems to suggest that, although Government can do nothing, members of the Conservative party can do much for "the future of England," and it is easy to see how a patriotic nobleman may at once serve his country and strengthen his own interest in the State. Let it be known that Lord So-and-So bought the stallion John Bull against the foreign bidder, and that farmers in the district where his Lordship lives are allowed the services of that gifted animal at a moderate figure. My Lord would be doing something for "the future of England," and something also for the interest of any son or nephew who might happen to desire to sit for the county at a future time. If it is feared that Conservatives might thus gain a new footing of power in the counties, comfort may be derived from remembering that there are Liberal peers who know something about racehorses. If we may venture to raise for a moment the veil which properly covers in general the private interests and feelings of public men, we would notice that the death of Sir Joseph Hawley is reported to have disqualified a Derby colt which belongs to the Leader of the Opposition. The qualifications of Lord Hartington for the post of Leader gradually disclose themselves, and even Radical Dissenters, who do not attend races, must own, if they are wise, that it is well that "the future of England" should not be wholly committed to Conservatives. Mr. Disraeli hopes that the gentlemen of England will be animated to the discharge of their duties by the late debate, and will consider that there are other useful animals to produce besides racehorses. Some of these gentlemen may perhaps think that they have done already as much as they well know how. There is the Four-in-Hand Club and the Coaching Club, and there are stage-coaches running out of London in the summer months carrying the public at unremunerative rates to pleasant towns in the home counties, and sometimes "tooled" by members of that class to which Mr. Disraeli looks to do what Government cannot undertake. It used to be said that one of the duties of a landowner was to keep his pocket full of acorns. In our day a new duty of a similar character discloses itself, and if this duty is more burdensome, landowners are richer than they used to be.

But there are some aspects of this question to which neither argument nor ridicule can be effectually opposed. "That perfect animal Faugh-a-Ballagh was allowed to leave this country," and Mr. Disraeli's confidence in "the future of England" means perhaps that he thinks England can get on without Faugh-a-Ballagh; but then Mr. Disraeli's opinion on such a point is of little value. It may, however, be hoped that now that the aristocracy under Mr. Disraeli's teaching is rousing itself to a sense of public duty, our next Faugh-a-Ballagh—when we get one—will not be allowed to leave a country which can so ill spare him. Not that a prohibition of exportation is likely to be proposed; but whenever it becomes known that the greatest horse of the day is coming to the hammer, people will stir betimes at the news, and will ask themselves what is the meaning of Conservative principles and Conservative reaction, and an Association will be formed of three or four moneyed men, probably members of either House of Parliament, and the mighty foreigner will be outbidden, and the greatest horse of the day will remain in his country for his country's good. In the absence of any fresh declaration of international law, it may be assumed that the foreigner cannot buy our horses unless we put them up to sale, nor unless he is the best bidder at the auction. It is difficult to make any proposal to meet Mr. Chaplin's views, except that money might be voted for prizes in horse-breeding, and that would be fanatically opposed. The scarcity of horses which was so much complained of three years ago has already encouraged breeding operations, and the movement is likely to go further. But this is a question of demand and supply which cannot be treated on any but ordinary principles of trade. Horse-breeding is necessarily more uncertain than mutton- or beef-breeding, and Mr. Sturt represented the experience of other breeders besides himself when he told the House that he put his three mares to three first-class stallions at a hundred guineas each, and they had not a foal among them. But there are prizes, and big ones, as well as blanks. Mr. Sturt tells us that in 1825 there was a little mare that belonged to a country apothecary at Newmarket, and her vocation was to go up one street and down another, leaving pills and what not. Well, this little mare of nominal value produced in three consecutive years three of the best animals of their respective years—namely, Rubens, Selim, and Castrel. It must, however, be observed that Newmarket has exceptional advantages, and Mr. Sturt's story supposes neither a miracle nor an application of that system of "bodies of travelling sires wandering about under inspection in different parts of the country" which Mr. Chaplin is understood to recommend. But the story shows that much good is done by stealth, and if country gentlemen, and especially what Sir H. Johnstone calls "the new country gentlemen who have of late years accummulated enormous wealth," would accept his advice and keep good horses for the benefit of their tenants and the neighbourhood, why then we should see what we should see. The function of Government in this matter seems to be confined to keeping itself supplied with horses for military purposes, and adequate prices will in time tempt breeders. No description by Mr. Chaplin or other of the advantages of German breeding-studs will produce the slightest effect on the Treasury Bench. But when an actual profit of 110,000*l.* a year is offered to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he will betray life and consciousness by feeling that his pocket is securely buttoned. Neither directly nor indirectly will he part with public money. Not even a small annual sum for prizes can be extracted from him. Consider, says Mr. Chaplin, the nature and operation of prizes. Owners would have inducements held out to them to retain their mares in the country, and the best stallions would be the means of securing such a number of prizes as to become very valuable property, "so that their owners would be disposed to refuse the large sums for them which they were accustomed to receive when they were bought by foreigners." There never surely was such a subject as this of horses. Almost the only certainty that enters into it is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has his pocket buttoned. A farmer, or small country gentleman, would gain several prizes for a stallion, and he "would be disposed" to keep the horse thus honoured, and refuse the price which the ubiquitous foreigner with his money-bags would be sure to offer for him. We do not say that such patriotism would not occur, but the very point of Mr. Chaplin's speech is to assume its non-existence or insufficiency.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Academy has of late years fallen into a steady-going routine, not to say decadence, which could scarcely have been deemed possible at the time when Burlington House was supposed to promise a great career for British art. Yet people best acquainted with the attitude always assumed by the Academy are now among those who, expecting nothing, can never be disappointed. Accordingly, this hundred-and-seventh Exhibition is just what beforehand might have been looked for; it is not superlatively good, it is not positively bad; it is simply mediocre; in other words, not materially better or worse than its immediate predecessors. Pretty much the same painters are again in the field; forty Academicians and twenty Associates possess vested rights of which they avail themselves largely, though not quite exhaustively or exclusively. The "Outsiders" once again deserve warm thanks for the infusion of young blood, and for much enterprise in the way of rushing headlong into untried spheres. Novelty is thus introduced into the midst of monotony, and the hangers of the year show worldly wisdom when they place on "the line" genius in its first outburst as a foil to force up veterans such as Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., Mr. Cooper, R.A., Mr. Cope, R.A., Mr. Hart, R.A., Mr. C. Landseer, R.A., Mr. O'Neil, A.R.A., and Mr. Thorburn, A.R.A. It has long been plain that the Academy cannot, unaided from without, produce works of a nobility in conception, of a truth to nature, or of a skill in execution which will command the consideration, we will not say of critics only, but of patrons, connoisseurs, and men of high-trained intellect. It therefore becomes almost a matter of life and death that the outlying and incoming talent of the country shall be welcomed, if not precisely with open arms, at least with even-handed justice. And we are glad to say that, notwithstanding some painful cases to the contrary, the present exhibition shows a desire to fulfil the obligations to universal art involved in an Academy possessing a royal charter. Central or prominent places have been accorded to Messrs. Linnell, father and sons, to Mr. Long, Mr. Boughton, Mr. Henry Wallis, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Alfred Hunt, and others no less deserving.

We shall devote this introductory article to a general synopsis of the contents of the Exhibition—in other words, to a selection of the works best worth retaining in memory on a first visit. We may mention that our entrance was at a moment when the sky was clear and the sun bright; thus the general effect proved unusually light and joyous. In fact, whatever may be the ultimate judgment from a severe point of view, we think our readers will not differ from us when we pronounce the present Exhibition particularly diversified and pleasing.

Galleries Nos. I. and II. open quietly and cheerfully as an introduction to more serious performances. Mr. Millais, R.A., at once meets the eye with perhaps the master landscape of the year; indeed, "The Fringe of the Moor" (74) will rank as his most faithful study of nature, not excepting "Chill October" of a bygone season. Another chief centre is "The Sculpture Gallery" (261), by Mr. Alma Tadema, a work which, though mentioned in these columns a year ago when in the Paris Salon, we shall find occasion to speak of again, especially as what was then unfinished is now carried out to completeness. Gallery No. II. falls as usual a little flat. The vast "Testimonial Hunt-picture" (112), by Mr. Wells, R.A.—a work which, we are ashamed to say, we at first sight mistook for a washed-out canvas by Sir Francis Grant—is infinitely inferior to "Volunteers at Firing-point," which some years ago obtained for Mr. Wells distinction in the Academy. Also, in Gallery II., we may mark for favourable notice "The Bearers of the Burden" (101), by Mr. Boughton; "The Barber's Prodigy" (107), by Mr. Burgess; "A Minuet" (125), by Mr. Val Prinsep; "Sain et Sauf" (130), by Mr. Marcus Stone; "The Jolly Postboys" (166), by Mr. Marks, A.R.A.; and a landscape, grand in conception, "The Heavens declare the Glory of God" (128), by Mr. Raven. The last, of course, aims at grave sublimity. Yet, on the whole, we have been struck with the tendency to simplicity and light-heartedness. Venerable Academicians, high and dry, may still cherish a devotion for dark tones; but, for the most part, the mission of art seems now to be to throw sunshine into life. Year by year pictures in a light key are displayed here in springtime, as if in studious contrast to the sombre canvasses of the Old Masters in the Winter Exhibition.

The Great Gallery, which this day becomes the dining-hall of the Academy and of its guests, has been usually taken as the severest test of strength or of weakness. On the present occasion, possibly the best has been made of the materials at command, yet, out of three centres required for decoration, only one has been efficiently filled. "Rachel and her Flock" (218), by Mr. Goodall, R.A., may be counted as among the very few gold nuggets in that Academic conglomerate of dross which has a prescriptive right to the first stratum in this *salle d'honneur*. "Outsiders," such as Mr. Long or Mr. Herkomer, could have added vastly to the *éclat* of the dinner-table this day, but genius is dangerous on walls reserved expressly for Academicians. On the whole, however, the Great Gallery does not look wholly bad, notwithstanding such blots as "The Marriage of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg" (176), by M. Chevalier. The pictures for observation are "The Early Post" (191), by Mr. Sant, R.A.; "The School Revisited" (196), by Mr. Leslie, A.R.A.; "The Crown of Love" (214), by Mr. Millais, R.A. We would specially point to "The Golden Age" (236), by Mr. Poynter, A.R.A., as one of the very few compositions noble and artistic by study of symmetric line, and by obedience to laws known to the old masters, but now almost lost.

The climax reached in the Great Gallery is usually allowed to subside a little in Galleries IV. and V. Here, however, is perhaps the most remarkable portrait of the year, that of "Sir Moses Montefiore" (290), by Mr. Richmond, R.A.; also to be remembered are "The Portrait in the Costume of the Sixteenth Century" (318), by Mr. Pettie, R.A.; "A Venetian Girl" (354), by Mr. Leighton, R.A.; "Sandy Cove" (369), by Mr. Cooke, R.A.; and "The Samphire Gatherer" (439), by Mr. Hook, R.A.

Next comes the "Sculpture Gallery," after which interlude pictorial art, during the present as in previous years, gathers renewed strength in Gallery No. VI. Here hang in conspicuous centres, and as contrasts on opposite walls, two of the most memorable pictures we have seen for many a season. One is "Julian the Apostate presiding at a Conference of Sectarians" (518), a severely historic scene, taken by Mr. Armitage, R.A., from the graphic description in Chap. XXIII. of Gibbon. This stands as the master-work of a painter who in England represents the school of Delaroche. Opposite to it hangs a "Babylonian Marriage-Market" (482), by Mr. Long, a painter who, having been kept waiting on the confines of the Academy, now should win an entrance. We cannot but observe with commendation how a subject somewhat difficult and doubtful has been here treated with refined delicacy. M. Gérôme would have made the situation simply repulsive. Gallery VII. will provoke controversy chiefly by the picture which Mr. Watts, R.A., has been pleased to dedicate "to all the Churches" (584). This novel composition happens to occupy the identical position held a few seasons ago by the much-criticized "Cain," also by Mr. Watts.

"The Lecture Room" is again a refuge for miscellanies, corresponding possibly to the heterogeneous and haphazard doctrines preached habitually by Academicians and other professors within the walls. Here the picture which as a matter of course provokes most comment is Miss Thompson's "28th Regiment at Quatre Bras" (853). This lady won rather too much praise last year; we certainly do not think that she will now improve her position. Yet we shall gladly pay our tribute to her talents when space permits.

The remaining galleries visitors seem to run over rather too rapidly, as if they were tired out. But even in a cursory notice the following works should find a place:—"Turner's Calais Pier—etching in two states of the plate" (1087), by Mr. Seymour Haden; "Outside the Harbour" (1176), by Mr. Henry Moore; and "Summer Days for Me" (1199), by Mr. Alfred Hunt. There seems to have been an effort on the part of the hangers to make compensation for the injury done to landscape art in former years. Great indeed would have been the scandal if Mr. Brett's "Channel Islands" (497) had not been honoured with "the line." Without intending any invidious distinction, we would simply refer the spectator from the brilliancy of Mr. Brett to the heavy opacity of Mr. Vicat Cole, A.R.A., in the "Isle of Skye" (513).

As to portraits, which from time immemorial have been deemed a grievance, we have much to be thankful for. Aldermen, Lord Mayors, and the like, sink for once into insignificance, and in their place are names which are at all events associated with more or less of intellectual eminence. Here are heads which the public will gladly recognize of Mr. Robert Browning, Professor Blackie, Mr. Darwin, Sir Edward Sabine, Mr. Forster, Mr. Theodore Martin, and others. We think it rather cruel that Mr. Gladstone (516), as painted by Mr. Dickinson for the Library of the Liverpool College, should be hung up at the ceiling, where neither the genius of the artist nor of the late Premier can be appreciated.

The present Exhibition is understood to have suffered much from untoward contingencies. The weather, it is said, has shown itself unusually hostile; "the four winters," with accompanying darkness instead of light, have turned many aspirations into forlorn hopes of the future. Moreover, this year the "rejected addresses," "the massacre of the innocents," have been excessively cruel. Whether the pain thus inflicted has involved a commensurate boon to art we cannot, in the absence of positive evidence, presume to judge. But, looking back to past catalogues, we find that there have not been so few pictures hung as at present since 1871; this year the number is 1,236, last year it was 1,433. The difference between the two totals will account for many individual disappointments.

The Exhibition which will open to the public on Monday seems to point to the following conclusions:—continued decadence among the elder Academicians; a corresponding rise in the general standard of artists outside; a perpetual fall in historic art, with correspondent prevalence of trivial modes of treatment; persistent progress in landscape art, encouraged by a little more recognition than heretofore from the Academy. We fear we must add to the list, the pursuit of popularity at any price. Artists stoop to conquer; they surrender all for immediate success.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

THE race of last Wednesday was hardly worthy of Newmarket's great day. Such distinguished performers as Galopin, Holy Friar, and Plebeian were not entered for it, and, it consequently degenerated into a contest of second-rate horses. His friends will probably assert that Camballo ought certainly to

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be included in the first class; but we would rather wait to the end of this month before giving him as much credit as, on the spur of the moment, is usually accorded to a Two Thousand winner. That he showed excellent form last year, and that he possesses in addition the recommendation of good looks, may be freely admitted; but he did not improve as the season drew towards a close, and his last three appearances in public in 1874 by no means increased his reputation. On public running he was inferior to Holy Friar, Galopin, and Plebeian; and his *début* for the present season at Northampton was a melancholy failure. It was urged in extenuation that he was not wound up, but at the same time there were suspicious rumours afloat as to his soundness, and as to the probability of his failing under the ordeal of hard work. Since Northampton the weather has been almost uninterruptedly dry, and the difficulties of training have proportionately increased. But as, despite the hard ground, Camballo continued to stand hard work in company with so excellent a schoolmaster as Thunder, the confidence of his friends revived; and certainly his appearance on Wednesday fully testified that his trainer had not been afraid to send him along. His coat was bright, and he looked hard and full of muscle, and in point of condition there was nothing in the inclosure superior to him. Indeed his twelve rivals were not on the whole remarkable either for their performances or their appearance, though some of them were brought to the post ready to run—and to win, if only they were good enough. Three of the twelve, Gilbert, Leveret, and the colt by Scottish Chief out of Artemis, may be dismissed without further remark, save that Leveret was more fully trained than his stable companion Claremont, yet he had to succumb to him in the race. Balfe, though a small horse, is compact and has great power as well as quality; yet a study of his running as a two-year-old could not end in a conclusion favourable to his chance over a mile course. Appearing at first in matches which he won easily, he afterwards aimed at higher things; but the crucial test to which he was submitted at Newmarket July Meeting he signally failed to stand. In the July Stakes he held a commanding lead for half a mile, and then dropped away so instantaneously that excuses of more than the customary audacity had to be invented in his favour. It was positively affirmed that he shied at a tuft of grass, and was so thrown out of his stride that he could never recover his place. We have heard of horses doing many extraordinary things, and we are aware that they are very timid and sensitive animals; but we never yet heard of one shying at a blade of grass, least of all one trained from infancy on turf and on turf only. When, two days later, Balfe won the Chesterfield Stakes, over a shorter course, in a canter—beating, let it be remembered, Camballo, Claremont, Horse Chestnut, and Craig Millar—a shrewd suspicion was excited that the son of Plaudit had extraordinary speed for half a mile, but did not care for a longer distance. Subsequently Balfe won the Hopeful Stakes, over a half-mile course, again beating Camballo; lost the Middle Park Plate, over a six-furlong course, after running very forward for half a mile; lost the Criterion, a six-furlong race; and beat Earl of Dartrey over a similar distance by a head, and Cataclysm by little more. Thus it will be seen that at half a mile Balfe beat some of the best two-year-olds in training with ease, but that at three-quarters of a mile he was invariably beaten, save in two instances when he had to meet comparatively second-rate opponents. It cannot be asserted that Earl of Dartrey showed more than second-rate form last year, yet his owner was highly dissatisfied with the result of the race in which Balfe defeated him.

It may be remarked in addition that the more Balfe ran—and he was brought out twelve times last year—the less he seemed to relish punishment; so that he finished his two-year-old career with the reputation of being not only a non-stayer, but also not one of the most willing horses to make a struggle under compulsion. Of his speed there was no doubt. Over his own distance he was by far the fastest horse of his year; and his friends appear to have cherished the hope that with age he might gain increased staying powers, or that at any rate his speed would give him such an advantage in the early part of his races as it would be difficult to deprive him of at the finish. As for his chance for such a race as the Two Thousand, it seemed, according to all public running, that Balfe would hold a strong lead to the Bushes, would gradually come back to his horses between the Bushes and the dip, and, what with his inability to stay and his unwillingness to struggle, would altogether compound as soon as the final hill was reached. Of course his friends, relying on the generally moderate character of the field, hoped, and perhaps expected, that he would come away so fast that nothing would catch him; but, as will be seen, the first of these two anticipations was correct.

Craig Millar was another horse whose credentials were of a doubtful character. Beaten by Camballo in the July, and by Balfe in the Chesterfield, it was not immediately apparent that he would go either very fast or very far. At Goodwood he astonished the world by beating Telescope in a canter, and later in the year he secured the rich Buckenham Stakes from Yorkshire Bride—already forgetting the promise of her youth—and the Vertumna colt. This victory was accomplished over the easy T.Y.C. at Newmarket; but at the Second October Meeting Craig Millar was beaten out of sight over the severer Bretby Stakes Course by Mirliflor, Earl of Dartrey, and Lady Love. Again at the Houghton Meeting he somewhat retrieved himself by defeating Moriturus and Yorkshire Bride over the T.Y.C.; but the undoubted lesson to be drawn from his somewhat chequered career was that he showed to much greater advantage on an easy than on a difficult course. Garterly Bell distinguished himself by winning the Criterion Stakes, but his best opponents on that occasion were Balfe, a non-stayer, and Mirliflor, who was so lame that he could hardly limp into the inclosure. He has grown into a nice horse, but he looked rough in his coat on Wednesday, as if not thoroughly trained, and he never showed prominently in the race. Claremont was wonderfully admired as a two-year-old from his grand size and shape, but he was never really prepared for any of his two-year-old engagements, though he succeeded in running Camballo to a length at Stockbridge. Even now he is not nearly trained, nor does it seem possible that he can be got into thorough condition in the short time that remains before the Derby. He ran quite sufficiently forward, however, in the Two Thousand—considering that he was not fit, and that he was never called upon to exert himself more than he pleased—to justify the belief that, when thoroughly trained, he will be a credit to his sire, Blair Athol. An examination of Earl of Dartrey's running as a two-year-old will show that he cannot by any possibility be exalted above the second-rates. On his best form he was about equal to Balfe over a longer course than Balfe likes, and his solitary victory, against nine defeats, was gained in most insignificant company. This year he won the Biennial at the Craven Meeting from Repentance colt and Cataclysm, and as the former beat him cleverly last autumn and the latter run Balfe to a head, it might be taken that he had made some considerable improvement; but the extent of that improvement seems to have been much exaggerated. Breechloader is another horse who always runs well to a certain extent, but never well enough to win. Last year he ran three times, and was placed on each occasion; but a horse who never can get first might for all practical purposes as well finish last as third. Breechloader looked well enough last Wednesday, and as we shall see, performed creditably in the race; but we fail to discover any reason why he should improve on the form he then showed by the Derby day. Picnic jumped into sudden notoriety at the Craven Meeting by his clever defeat of Coomassie; but Coomassie was in turn so easily beaten this week by Horse Chestnut and Tangible, that the pretensions of Picnic were proportionately discounted. He was saddled at the Ditch Stables, and was little liked by those who saw him. Finally, Town Crier was started to make running for Earl of Dartrey, and not for the sake of any chance he himself possessed. Thus it will be seen that the field of thirteen was decidedly moderate in quality, and the appearance of ten out of the thirteen in the birdcage did not excite the usual interest. Balfe and Camballo were admired, the latter particularly, and their style of going when galloping down to the starting-post was also highly commended; but, on the whole, the preliminary inspection was rather a tame affair.

The starter had very little trouble in the performance of his duties, though Balfe displayed a little fractiousness at the post; and the flag fell in excellent time. The race admits of but little description, for directly Camballo took up the running his victory was assured; and though he only won by a couple of lengths, he was never touched or called upon, and therefore it is impossible to say how much he had in hand. The battle for places was much more severe. There were half a dozen well up at the finish, and those who wanted places had to be vigorously ridden out in order to secure them. Picnic came with a great rush at the end, and obtained second honours, while Breechloader just snatched the third place from Claremont and Balfe, who finished as nearly as possible abreast. Breechloader undoubtedly displayed great gameness, for he was in difficulties at the Bushes, and only the combined resolution of his rider and himself would have got him home in the front ranks. Claremont tired from want of condition, and Balfe tired because he was tired of going at racing pace any longer. He held a prominent position up to the Bushes, and then he thought he had galloped enough. We do not give that importance to the result of the Two Thousand which seems to have been generally claimed for it. Granted that Camballo won with extreme ease, we fail to see why he should be such a very great favourite for the Derby. According to the public running of last year, he was inferior to Holy Friar and to Galopin. Why should he be assumed to be their superior now because he has beaten a dozen horses not one of which will be handicapped within 7 lbs. of either of that distinguished pair? A victory in the Two Thousand of course gives the winner a great prestige, but still precedents show that, though the winner of the Two Thousand in nine cases out of ten manages to obtain a place in the Derby, that place is rarely the first.

The characteristic features of a Two Thousand day were reproduced last Wednesday with unswerving fidelity. The large attendance shows that the popularity of the race remains unabated, but perhaps there were not so many horsemen as usual. The dust was as oppressive as ever, and water still seems exceptionally scarce at Newmarket. A feeble attempt was made to water the road to the course, but it collapsed at the two points where water was most needed — at the turn from the Cambridge road to the Heath, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Stand, at the end of the Rowley Mile. There has been much talk about one or more new stands for the accommodation of visitors at Newmarket, but there is no visible sign of them at the present moment. On the other hand, the Stand already in existence at the end of the Rowley Mile has given alarming signs of insecurity. The roof is unsound, and the representatives of the press who used to find accommodation there were driven this week from their accustomed point of vantage. The fall of half-a-dozen heavy men on

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the floor below them would be no laughing matter. The Two Thousand unfortunately took place this year in term time, and consequently there was a more than ordinarily powerful contingent of Cambridgeshire undergraduates. We have never seen young men assemble on Newmarket Heath in larger numbers, or display more objectionable manners. They drove and rode according to their wont; but we have never before seen the Heath so strewn with jagged fragments of their wine bottles. The effervescing mixtures which they drink in such copious quantities hurt no one but themselves; but the bits of broken glass they scatter about so recklessly might inflict serious injury on valuable horses. The Jockey Club should look to this. It is a comparatively small matter, and therefore one with which the Jockey Club is competent to deal.

REVIEWS.

GEIKIE'S LIFE OF MURCHISON.*

THE Life of Sir Roderick Murchison could not have fallen into fitter hands than those of Professor Archibald Geikie. To the peculiar aptitude proved by distinctions already won in the same field of scientific research, and to that sympathy of nationality which seems especially warm between Scotchmen, may be added the circumstance that he was by Murchison's choice designated as the first to fill the chair which bears his name and was mainly endowed by his liberality. It was, moreover, by Sir Roderick himself that Professor Geikie was named his literary executor and biographer. And most faithfully has he fulfilled the duty. It must have seemed indeed a task sufficient to deter any save the most devoted of friends or partisans as well as the most indefatigable of literary workers. An inveterate taker of notes, and keeping up through a long life a correspondence at once wide and various, Sir Roderick had the habit, so tiresome to executors, whether legal or literary, of never destroying the smallest scrap of writing that he either penned or received. Down to minute jottings of daily trifles or mere answers to dinner invitations, the contents of this enormous garner must be gone through for the sake of the few grains of value it might yield under the flail of a patient husbandman. In addition to these materials his biographer has made ample use of letters, notes, and suggestions communicated by friends of Sir Roderick. And, by way of setting in their true light the advances in geology made by him, Professor Geikie has combined with the personal details of his story an outline of the previous contemporary history of the science, showing distinctly what Murchison as a geologist was and what he did. This sketch of the rise and growth of geology in Great Britain necessarily brought in a series of passing notices of the more conspicuous workers in this field, of whom portraits of poor artistic quality engraved from wood are given in the cases of William Smith, Jameson, Wollaston, Sedgwick, and others. The steel engraving of Sir Roderick himself, which forms the frontispiece, is very much better in style, and fairly represents him in his prime of physical and mental vigour.

There was not much in Murchison's early character or tastes to give any augury of his future intellectual eminence, or of the scientific ends to which he devoted the untiring energies of more than half his life. Sprung from an old Scottish family [illegible] unknown in Highland story, and within the last century [illegible] er on the Jacobite side of politics, young Roderick was, [illegible]ree years after his birth, which took place on February 19, 1792, severed from the ancestral home at Tarradale, Ross-shire, his father's ill health requiring a more southern residence, and ending in death within the year at Bathampton. Moving to Edinburgh, Mrs. Murchison placed the boy with his brother under the care of Bishop Sandford, under whose ministry were gathered the little knot of Episcopalians and Jacobites who still lingered in the Northern capital. Her marriage with Colonel Murray, whom she accompanied on service in Ireland, led to young Roderick being sent to the grammar school at Durham, where in the course of six years he won fame by dare-devil pranks and picked up a smattering of Euclid and the classics. His holidays, spent with his mother's brother, General Mackenzie of Fairburn, gave him a burning desire for a soldier's life, and after a short period of practical training at Marlow College he was gazetted to the 36th Regiment at the age of fifteen. Active service soon followed, and the young ensign, as he tells the tale in a spirited letter to his uncle, carried the colours of his regiment at the battle of Vimiera. He had his full share of the hardships and risks of the retreat to Corunna. Cut off from all participation in the exploits of the Peninsula, Captain Murchison chafed under the dulness and ennui of barrack life in Scotland, finding an outlet for exuberant animal spirits in feats of pedestrianism or in the hunting field, turning out somewhat of a dandy in dress, and running up debts, to settle which he could only look forward to the sale of his patrimony. An occasional trip to London brought him into contact with a wider sphere of interest, and a glimmer of his future taste for science is to be seen in his becoming, on the 12th of January, 1812, a member of the Royal Institution, where he attended the lectures of Davy. A short spell of Highland life on his coming of age in 1813 sickened the young laird of all thought of working his estate, and it was not long ere Tarradale was got rid of. His journals now tell of a round of London gaieties in good society, and a trip to Paris, rudely cut short by Napoleon's return from Elba. Hopes of military distinction rising once more, Murchison effected his exchange into the Enniskillens; but, disappointed in his hopes of starting in the Belgian campaign, and further influenced by his marriage with Charlotte, the daughter of General Hugonin, August 29, 1815, he shortly afterwards finally threw up the profession.

It is quite a new revelation on the part of Murchison's biographer that, on looking around for a calling, the ex-captain of dragoons seriously thought of becoming a clergyman, jotting down a goodly list of books in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, under the head of "religion, eloquence, history, *belles lettres*, &c.," and consulting friends as to the feasibility of taking a degree at Oxford or Cambridge. His notions of a clerical lot form a capital illustration of what was then thought of taking orders:—"I saw that my wife had been brought up to look after the poor, was a good botanist, enjoyed a garden, and liked tranquillity; and as parsons then enjoyed a little hunting, shooting, and fishing without being railed at, I thought that I might slide into that sort of comfortable domestic life." His wife's better genius suggested the idea of a year or two of foreign travel, and the sight of the Alps and glaciers of Savoy and Switzerland, with the contact of men like Pictet and De Candolle, first kindled the flame of physical research which burnt in Murchison's nature through life. At the same time a run through the chief galleries of the Continent awakened in him a love and an appreciation of art. Two years thus spent in Italy were followed by five years of ardent fox-hunting at Melton. A note written forty years later tells us that a day's sport in company with Davy, ending in the promise of getting him early into the Royal Society, was the means of finally weaning his mind from this waste of life, and deciding him to follow up the observations he had already made upon the Alps and Apennines. Murchison had henceforth a calling wherein his love of out-door life, combined with his energy of intellect and his sense both of the scientific and æsthetic aspects of nature, found unlimited scope.

In an admirable sketch of the progress of geology in this country during the first quarter of the century Professor Geikie shows the influences which were at work to mould the whole character of Murchison's scientific life, the subsequent records of his career proving how thoroughly he continued to the end under the sway of the circumstances under which he broke ground as a geologist. Without systematic training, and with less grasp through life of theoretical or speculative truth than perhaps any student of equal eminence ever brought to the pursuit of nature, it was by sheer sticking to the observation and accumulation of facts that Murchison fought his way in advance of the knowledge of his time. Having little taste for experimental research, and setting but slight store upon what physicists at large might contribute to the solution of geological problems, totally ignorant too of mineralogy, his main geological idea was to make out not so much the physical constituents of the earth's crust, or the wider relations of cosmical phenomena, as the order or succession of stratification, neglecting the external features of the land for what lay beneath the surface. To collect fossils, and with these for an alphabet to spell out the history of the rocks, comparing them with what other countries had to yield, was a pursuit to which he set himself, hammer in hand, with the same ardour that he had shown with his pencil and note-book among the galleries of Italy, or with his hunting-whip or his gun across the moors of Durham. Starting from the modified Huttonian views generally held by his contemporaries, but with no tenacious dogmatical bias, he found himself at home amongst the band of robust, joyous, and truth-seeking spirits who made up the Geological Society, which from its birth in the winter of 1807 had sprung into vigorous growth. His first field work began under Buckland, the President, who, when Murchison joined it in 1824, finding him one of his aptest pupils, took him down to Oxford, and from the top of Shotover taught him in his own characteristic style the succession of oolitic rocks up to the far range of the Chalk Hills. A nine weeks' tour along the south coast, his wife picking up fossils and sketching the geological features of the coast-line, carried on the lesson of nature, and formed the prelude to rambles yet wider and wider afield till well nigh the whole surface of Europe had been brought under his ken. With Sedgwick for a fellow-labourer and guide he entered in 1827 upon a systematic round of the northern tracts and western isles of Scotland, with the view of determining the true relations of the red sandstone, which the maps and writings of Macculloch had left in much obscurity; and a joint paper by the two friends was read before the Society as the result. His energies as Secretary, as well as the mastery he had by this time shown over the classification of both the earlier and later stratified rocks of these islands, had already given him a forward place among the geologists of the day, when, shortly afterwards, he entered upon the series of Continental excursions which extended from the Straits of Dover through central and southern France to the shores of the Adriatic on the one hand, and through Rhineland, Bavaria, and Austria into Hungary on the other. With him and his wife went Lyell for the first part of the way. In Paris they met Prevost, Cuvier, Brongniart, Elie de Beaumont, and other men of mark; and in Auvergne, besides carrying with them the admirable recent memoir of Mr. Poulett Scrope, they had

* *Life of Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Bart, K.C.B., F.R.S., &c., based on his Journals and Letters.* By Archibald Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S., Director of H.M. Geological Survey of Scotland, and Murchison Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols. Illustrated with Portraits and Woodcuts. London: John Murray. 1875.

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a warm and instructive reception from Count Montlosier. At the quarries of Œningen Murchison had the delight of acquiring the famed fossil salamandrine, gravely set down by Scheuchzer as *Homo diluvii testis*, since named by Owen *Galecynus Œningensis*, allied to the civet, and intermediate between *canis* and *viverra*. This Murchison presented to the British Museum. At Bonn, now joined by Sedgwick, he saw Blumenbach, then seventy-six years of age, but with physical and mental force unabated; and at Bamberg he stumbled upon Leopold von Buch, of whom he gained in later years a deeper impression than was produced by the first passing contact with Germany's greatest geologist.

Raised in 1831 to the Presidency of the Geological Society, Murchison found the great turning-point of his scientific life in the determination to face resolutely the problem of the rocks of older date than those of the secondary series which had hitherto engrossed his attention. Seemingly dry and forbidding, fractured and contorted to an extent that suggested chaos, and believed to contain but few and insignificant forms of organic life, these vast and heterogeneous masses of Palæozoic age had been known by the vaguest of names, as "transition" or "grauwacke" (the uncouth term in use amongst the miners of the Hartz). The key which the genius of William Smith had applied to the Secondary series failed to fit into these underlying masses, which Continental geologists, such as D'Halloy, had vaguely sought to analyse and classify by reference to the mineralogical character of the strata. So little had they engrossed the attention of geologists in this country that in Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, published in the spring of 1833, with a dedication to Murchison, whilst 300 pages were given to the Tertiary deposits, the whole of the fossiliferous rocks older than those above the coal measures were dismissed in twelve lines. Furnished with all the information he could glean from Buckland and Conybeare concerning the slaty rocks or grauwacke, Murchison broke ground at Llandeilo, where the natural sections were most favourable to the observation of the strata below the old red sandstone. On resigning the chair of the Geological Society in 1833 he gave the first detailed account of the work of two years on the borderland of England and Wales, out of which was developed in the course of five years more the famed *Silurian System*. With Sedgwick, whom he always called the first of men, he had at the outset mapped out the fields of their respective surveys, and the friends had met in the course of their first summer campaign, with the view of dovetailing together the Lower or Silurian system of rocks with those which the Woodwardian Professor had grouped under the common name of Cambrian. Thus far no suspicion or misgiving suggested itself of the possibility of that divergence or rivalry which in later years clouded a friendship so enduring and so close. Of the rise and the grounds of this misunderstanding Professor Geikie gives the most exhaustive as well as the most impartial account which has ever appeared. He is no partisan, and is quite ready to admit that scientific errors were committed by Murchison, such as that of classifying the Bala limestones as underlying all the Silurian groups, their true place being the equivalent of that of the Caradoc beds in the Lower Silurian series. This error was pointed out later by Sedgwick. It was perhaps unavoidable at the time. But if Murchison was properly responsible for it, having from the first given up the Bala beds as forming no part of his Silurian domain, it is certain that Sedgwick adopted it and believed it for years, although, according to his own showing, a single traverse from Glyn Ceiriog to the northern end of the Berwyn chain would have sufficed to put the matter to rights. That anything in Murchison's conduct was disingenuous or unfair his biographer convincingly denies. It remains matter for wonder that the intervention of friends, if not a candid mutual understanding, should not have brought about entire unity between coadjutors more desirous of the truth than of self-assertion or self-glory. Together and in thorough harmony they had previously worked out the great Devonian system, and Sedgwick had not only seen, but had in part revised, the proofs of the *Silurian System*. By the time that advanced research led to the work being in great measure recast, in *Siluria*, published in 1854, it had become abundantly clear that none but an imaginary or conventional line was to be drawn between the rival systems. Mr. Bowman, Sir H. de la Beche, and Professor Ramsay had shown that the Silurian mineral characters and fossils ranged far beyond the supposed line of demarcation, and that the terms Cambrian and Lower Silurian were in effect two names for the same series of rocks. Every effort was made by Murchison to remove the cause of offence which gradually led to silence and estrangement between his friend and fellow-worker and himself. A copy of the new edition of *Siluria*, sent as a peace-offering in January 1859 to "dear Sedgwick," with the hope that "the only bitter sorrow he had experienced in his scientific life may pass away, and that the old friendly feelings towards him may return," drew forth merely a formal acknowledgment of the gift, beginning "Dear Sir Roderick." Not until the death of Lady Murchison in 1869 did the feeling of soreness at what Sedgwick causelessly considered unfair treatment at the hands of his old friend give way to the natural flow of kindliness. The letter which expresses his sympathy, and speaks of the bright and to him "thrice happy" days at Cambridge, tells well for the real warmth of his heart, and for the worth of her who could call forth such an encomium.

One of the most characteristic passages in Sir Roderick's life, and the most graphically told by his biographer, is that of the Devonian Battle, when he alone, Sedgwick being unavoidably absent, stood up in the Geological Society in defence of the change they proposed to make in the classification of the rocks in Devon and Cornwall; the greatest change, as Buckland agreed, which had ever been attempted at one time in the geological system of England, making the name Devonian not less comprehensive or familiar than Silurian had already become. By dint of tact and temper, with the friendly aid of Lyell, Buckland, and Lonsdale, the misunderstanding with De la Beche was happily overcome, and the opposition of Greenough and the old school amicably let down. How the triple subdivision of Devonian, Silurian, and Cambrian was extended to Europe, chiefly as the result of Murchison's important work in Russia, is told no less amply in the chapters which follow. The Permian system—for the name of which he stoutly fought against the ridiculous "Dyas" proposed by certain Continental geologists—separated by him from the general mass of the Lower Mesozoic red sandstones, and inserted as the uppermost member of the Palæozoic system, formed another of the decisive conquests upon which his repute as a discoverer permanently rests. Like his other contributions to physical knowledge, it was worked out by patient labour and that practical sagacity which stood him in the stead of genius. Of imagination, as his biographer candidly admits, Murchison had little or nothing. His was not the philosophic spirit which evolves broad principles or ultimate laws in science. He wanted the power to deal with far-reaching questions of theory, and even held them in suspicion or dislike. For the advancing views of the evolutionists he felt anything but sympathy, strangely enough seeing in Darwinism a principle utterly incompatible with the fundamental facts of his system. With glacialists like Forbes or Agassiz he had little in common, shutting his eyes against the rapidly gathering proofs of the range and intensity of ice action upon the globe, though he certainly felt staggered at the notion of Von Buch that the granite boulders on the tops of the Jura had been shot across the valley of Geneva by the power of subterranean explosive forces. To the convulsionist side, with Elie de Beaumont, he clung tenaciously to the last, against the influence of Lyell and the well nigh unanimous band of English men of science, his natural incapacity for coherent logical argument having been aggravated by the want of early training in habits of accurate scientific reasoning. But among his contemporaries there was no observer more keen-eyed, more careful, or more correct. Having the shrewdness, too, to know where his strength lay, he seldom ventured beyond that domain of fact in which his earliest successes were won, and in which through life he worked so faithfully and so well. In that domain he had few equals, and the list of his published writings and memoirs testifies to the energy and industry with which he worked at the labours of his choice. In the official duties which devolved upon him for the last fifteen years of his life, and which might have been a sore burden to one reared in liberty and more used to out-of-door research than to the routine of office or desk-work, he was unflagging, and even zealous, to a degree that would be occasionally galling to functionaries set in high places over him. Always busy, and feeling an interest in intellectual progress which grew in intensity with the multiplicity of truths or aspects which discovery brought to light in nature, he found the means of efficiently ruling and organizing the Geological Survey, whilst doing the honours and sustaining the dignity of his much-loved chair at the Geographical Society, and holding a place of prominence and usefulness in the highest circles of society. That he had faults of manner and of temper no less than of intellect his biographer does not seek to deny. But under these defects, which after all were on the surface of his character, there lay a generous warmth, a sense of honour, and a love of truth which should make the name of Sir Roderick Murchison dear to his age and country. And in making good his claim both as a geologist, and as in the highest sense a gentleman, to the respect and affection of the English public, Professor Geikie has thoroughly established his own fitness to chronicle and to carry on the work of his laborious life.

THE ENGLISH TONGUE IN INDIA.*

THE teaching of English to natives of India must be something wholly different now from what it must have been in the days before the Comparative method had shown that Sanscrit and English are languages which sprang from a common stock. In the work of Messrs. Rowe and Webb, both of them Cambridge scholars holding educational appointments in India, we see the effects which modern research is working in what is, from many points of view, its most interesting field. The line of discovery which was laid open by Sir William Jones has become a living thing in the land which he first showed to be a land not wholly foreign to Western Europe. The first point from which Messrs. Rowe and Webb start, in inviting the natives of India to a rational study of English, is the essential likeness, both in vocabulary and in grammatical forms, between English and all those native languages of India which spring from a Sanscrit origin. Of course we have long passed the stage when any rational person could have doubted the fact; the thing to be remarked and rejoiced at is that the scientific study of language has reached that stage in which its conclusions can in this way be taken for granted as a groundwork of education. And in India the fact that we have reached

* *Hints on the Study of English.* By F. J. Rowe, M.A., and W. T. Webb, M.A. Second Edition. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. London: W. Thacker & Co. 1875.

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such a stage is of more than merely literary or scientific value. The pages in which Messrs. Rowe and Webb so clearly and strongly insist on the original unity of the Englishman and the Sanscrit-speaking native ought really to do something to weigh against the ignorance and brutality of those Englishmen who have thought it fine to insult our darker-skinned kinsmen with the name of "niggers." Of course in the early part of the book, which treats of the history, grammar, and so forth of the English language, we do not look for anything strictly new. What we do find is a story with which we have long been familiar told from a new point of view and to a new set of listeners. Teaching English to Hindoos is not the same process as teaching it to Englishmen. And it is curious and instructive to watch the way in which English is best taught to Hindoos. In teaching English to Englishmen we of course do not forget our relation to Sanscrit; we put it forth as an essential part of the whole story; unless the true position of Sanscrit is taken in, the whole scheme of the relations of languages is not understood. Still this may be perfectly well understood without any actual knowledge of Sanscrit; when the position of Sanscrit is once ascertained, it is not needful for the student of English or England to go on with many or minute illustrations from Sanscrit; this he will find it more to his purpose to draw from the languages with which he has in practice more to do—from the kindred Teutonic tongues and from the Latin and Greek. But in teaching English to Hindoos the comparison with Sanscrit holds quite another place. There may not be very much more room for direct illustration in details; but the comparison now stands in the fore-front. Messrs. Rowe and Webb begin at the very beginning by comparing some of the few grammatical forms which still linger on in English with the cognate forms in Sanscrit. And, throughout their general sketch of the grammar and history of the English tongue, references to the Sanscrit and to the languages which have their source in Sanscrit are brought in whenever they are in place; that is naturally much oftener than would be called for in a book designed for English or for any European learners. Still, from the nature of the case, their illustrations are less commonly drawn from Indian than from European languages. That is to say, the Teutonic essence and the Romance infusion are carefully distinguished, but the analogies and contrasts between English and other Teutonic tongues are less fully dwelled on. Most likely even German, much less any other Teutonic tongue, is not much known among Messrs. Rowe and Webb's pupils. Still it is a great point to keep constantly before the minds of Indian learners the truth that the relation between English and Sanscrit is not a solitary one, but that it is shared by them with many other languages, European and Asiatic.

All this part of the book is done carefully, and on the whole correctly, according to the last lights. Messrs. Rowe and Webb have thoroughly grasped not only the relations between the English tongue and other tongues, but the fact that there is an English tongue. Those of our distant kinsfolk who are under the teaching of Messrs. Rowe and Webb will not have anything about Semi-Saxons to unlearn. They will never be told that plain English words are "derived" from this and that, or that the few relics of our inflexions which we have left are marks of irregularity. And our authors go largely into the line of thought opened by Archbishop Trench, into the history of the meanings of words, how some rise and some fall, which they call the "Degeneration" and "Elevation" of words. But what can Messrs. Rowe and Webb mean by such an ugly hybrid as "Dittonyms," a word which seems to be of their own coinage? "Homonyms" they define to be "words in the same language, which, though distinct in origin and meaning, have the same form and sound." "Dittonyms" are "words of the same derivation and originally of the same meaning, that appear under different form." Such are "eremite, hermit"; "manœuvre, manure"; "crony, crone." But why call them "dittonyms"? Why make a word which, so far as it has any meaning at all, seems to begin in Italian and to end in Greek? And our authors should not have said, at an earlier stage, that "Norman-French was a union of Scandinavian and a debased kind of Latin or French, and was formed by the endeavours of the Norse conquerors of Normandy to speak French." To talk of the "Norse conquerors of Normandy" is rather like talking of "the Saxon conquerors of England"; it is in short just the kind of expression which we should have expected Messrs. Rowe and Webb to keep clear of. And in what sense is the "Norman French" "debased," except in the sense in which every Romance tongue may be called debased? The Normans in Gaul not only endeavoured to speak French, but thoroughly succeeded in doing so. And the half-dozen Scandinavian words which they brought into the French language hardly justify such a word as "union." But this sentence is really the only passage of any importance which we should quarrel with in our authors' account of the English language. Here and there there are one or two particular things that look queer. What, for instance, can be meant by "O. E. *faery*," a word as distinctly of Romance birth as any that could be named? But there are not many things like this, and, on the whole, we are thoroughly glad to see native Indian students of English taught the history and nature of our language in a way in which, only a few years back, no one would have been taught at home.

But the real curiosity of the book lies in the part which contains the advice given to native students as help in the art of English writing. In many cases the mistakes to which an Indian writer of English is tempted are different from those to which an English, or even any European, writer is tempted. For many of them consist of literal translation of idioms in the native languages which happen to be unlike anything English or European. But, besides this, the native seems to labour, and that in a far higher degree, under all the temptations under which an English writer labours. Messrs. Rowe and Webb have to fight against fine writing, against slang, against dragging scraps of other languages into English sentences. All these are evils to which we are well used at home; but in the hands of natives of India they naturally put on a yet more grotesque form, through the constant misapplication of every word and phrase. Here is a specimen:—

> We have met with a student, who, until corrected, thought that a proper and forcible form in which to ask the lecturer in class for some information, was, "If you please, Sir, *what the dickens* does this mean?" and again "*Hang it*, how shall I parse this word?" Another Native, writing a book on the study of English, in some remarks on technical slang, talks about barristers "eating silk"! He had evidently become hopelessly confused over the phrases "eating terms" and "getting silk," which were put side by side in the book from which he quotes.
>
> As a general rule, slang sounds strange and affected from the lips of a foreigner.

Messrs. Rowe and Webb's advice is throughout excellent. Most of it may be summed up in the word "simplicity." Of course when they get into detail, they have to explain a great deal about purely formal matters, the ways of beginning, ending, and addressing letters, and so forth, many of which are purely arbitrary. Here is a specimen of the kind of thing which they have to correct:—

> To
>
> MR. A. B. SMITH, ESQ., M.A.
>
> Head Master of the Budgepoor School.
>
> RESPECTED SIR,—With due respect and humble submission I beg leave to bring to your kind notice that as I am sick from yesterday, being attacked with strong fever, so I request your favour of granting me the leave of absence for two days only.
>
> Your's most obedient pupil,
>
> RAM DAYAL NAG.
>
> Dated the 18th April, 1874.

On this they comment:—

> The mistakes in the above, or some of them, are to be met with in almost every application for leave by Native students. As most of them have been corrected above, or are noticed in Chap. VI., we merely remark here that the word *sick* by itself is seldom used by educated Englishmen to mean anything but *vomiting*; it is only in phrases like *sick-leave*, *sick unto death*, *sick-list*, &c. that the word means "in bad health"; it is also used metaphorically, *I am sick of this* = *I am weary of or disgusted at it.*
>
> Instead of *sick*, the word *ill*, or *unwell*, should be used.

We should not have expected to find Messrs. Rowe and Webb quarrelling with the use of a good English word in its proper meaning. When we have a revised Prayer-book, will one of its occasional services be called "The Visitation of the Ill," or "The Visitation of the Unwell"?

This whole latter part of the book is exceedingly curious. Though many of the faults which our writers point out are such as no Englishman is likely to fall into, other parts of their advice are useful in England as well as in India, and all of them help us to understand what is going on with our language at a new stage of its history. English is now, in India and elsewhere, going through the same process which Greek went through in the age of Alexander. It is becoming the speech—at all events the literary and official speech—of millions whose native tongue it is not. Some changes in language must always take place in such a process. Hellenistic Greek is not Attic Greek. But Hellenistic Greek does not fall away so far from Attic Greek as some of the specimens of native Indian composition fall away from pure English. One cause is to be found among ourselves. By some strange ill-luck the Indian writers of English seem drawn to the worst models of English. Whether the Asiatic or Egyptian writers of Greek were drawn to the worst models of Greek we can hardly say. The Hellenistic Greek which we know best, that of the New Testament, above all that of the Four Gospels, though far away from Attic purity, is seldom strictly ungrammatical, and its deviations from Attic purity are quite unlike the mistakes made by Messrs. Rowe and Webb's Indian scholars. One reason perhaps is that, though in classical Greek there were better models and worse models, there were no models so bad as some of the models of modern English. The Syrian who strove to write Greek could not be misled by anything answering to the *Daily Telegraph*. He could not be misled by anything like the modern "facetious" style. He found no Greek writer who interlarded his sentences with scraps from other languages—one happy result of not knowing any other languages. If an Indian dialect of English grew up, as there are negro dialects both of English and French, that would be the ordinary course of all languages. Negro French, as we once had long ago to point out, stands in much the same relation to Parisian French in which Parisian French stands to Latin. Changes of that kind are natural, and therefore legitimate. But the native Indian style, as described in this book, is something quite different. It is not natural; it is artificial; it is a distinct imitation of the bad models of a language instead of the good. It is a frightful thought that millions of our Indian fellow-subjects are learning to write like Special Correspondents. Messrs. Rowe and Webb have a great work before them in checking the evil.

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BURKE'S PEERAGE.*

BOOKS exclusively about the aristocracy are bought and read by many people who do not belong to the upper ranks. There are some whose knowledge of history is derived from such sources only. The Peerages are very amusing, and, with a little more regard for historical truth, they might be fairly instructive. But they are not studied only for amusement, nor perhaps at all for instruction. The sacred duty of reading them is fulfilled for the most part by a class whose interest in their contents might be supposed to be very slight. Family history is of importance apparently to people of no family. The Peerage is studied by men and women who do not know a single peer. Whether it is that they find in it their own name or one like it, or the name of a friend, or the name of their landlord, or of their county member, or their next neighbour, they like to see it, and year after year such books have a steady sale. And, if they were really of value as family histories, we might rejoice that such wholesome reading was to be had at a reasonable price. A man who sits down to go regularly through his Burke or his Lodge might say to his soul that he had reading laid up for some three or four years at the rate of a page a day. If we could get a Peerage compiled on the principles of Sir Harris Nicolas or Mr. Shirley, we might hope to see a considerable knowledge of the biographical side of English history disseminated among the Peerage-reading class. A good history of the Nevilles or of the Howards would form a valuable addition to our stock. A Peerage in which nothing was taken for granted, on the other hand, would be a very different book from any that Sir Bernard Burke has compiled. And, in examining an ordinary Peerage, such as that before us, and remembering how very slight is the authority needed on which to found an old family, we are first struck with the rarity of such pedigrees as we might expect to find. We are driven to conclude either that an old family is an uncommon thing, or else that old families must be sought in a rank lower than the peerage, and that, paradoxical as it may seem, there is nothing essentially aristocratic in a long pedigree. If we take Mr. Shirley's list of the *Noble and Gentle Men of England*, a rare example of trustworthy genealogy, we shall find, among the three hundred and twenty families he mentions, only ninety, at most, who have peerages, and not more than two or three whose peerages date from the sixteenth century. In turning over the leaves of Sir Bernard Burke's great book abundant evidence on this head is to be seen. Our dukes, for example, all date since the beginning of the reign of James I., if we except those of Norfolk and Somerset, which were forfeited before that period and afterwards restored. Indeed, when James came to the English throne there was not a single duke in the peerage. He speedily created his second son Charles Duke of York—a fact apparently overlooked by Sir Bernard Burke when he says there were no dukes in England from the attainder of the Duke of Norfolk in 1572 to the creation of George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, in 1623. There are eleven English dukedoms now in the list (excluding dukes of Great Britain and of Scotland or Ireland), and the first, Norfolk, alone dates from the fifteenth century; the oldest Scottish dukedom, Hamilton, dates only from 1643; and it is curious to note how large a number in both kingdoms descend from Charles II. The premier English earldom dates only from 1442, and the oldest marquessate and viscounty are more than a hundred years later. But the barons, owing entirely to the usage by which baronies by writ descend to heiresses, are some of them of much higher antiquity. Three date from 1264, and there are eleven earlier than the fifteenth century, while the termination of abeyances adds to the number every now and then. But it is observable that not one of the eleven above mentioned is now in the family in which it was first created; while the number of co-heirs to other baronies is innumerable. The four sisters of the last Marquess of Hastings were co-heirs to thirteen or fourteen. Lord Stourton is senior co-heir to fourteen. The number of persons who may have a part in the representation of a family, on the other hand, is equally great. Mr. Nichols somewhere remarks on the dispersal of the blood of the Marshals, Earls of Pembroke, the last of whom had eight brothers-in-law, who all left children. The third Duke of Northumberland had a coat of his quarterings made out from which it appears that he was a co-heir of the Marshals by thirteen different lines; and a table in the volume before us exhibits the same thing in a curious light. It seems, according to Sir Bernard Burke, that forty-six peers and peeresses "are entitled to quarter the royal arms of Plantagenet." Sir Bernard has his own way of using the name of Plantagenet, which, so far as we know, was peculiar to three persons—Geoffrey, the father of Henry II.; his descendant, the father of Edward IV.; and an illegitimate son of the same king, and never was used by any of our monarchs. But the meaning of the list is nevertheless tolerably plain, and it might in all probability be largely extended. It has more than once been asserted on plausible grounds that Mr. Disraeli is the only English Prime Minister since Walpole who is not descended from Edward I. We need not stop to examine the literal accuracy of the statement, but it is also curious to observe that, many as were the ladies—Sir Bernard would style them princesses—of the same family who married English subjects, there is not a single descendant in the male line of such a marriage known to exist. An ancestor of Lord Devon married a granddaughter of Edward I., Margaret de Bohun; and Sir George Manners, an ancestor of the Duke of Rutland, married Anne St. Leger, a niece of Edward IV.; and these are the nearest now remaining.

Sir Bernard Burke is, in a sense, above genealogical and heraldic accuracy. He is a King of Arms. He may grant coat armour and create pedigrees, but, unfortunately for our pleasure in reading his book, he cannot create history to accord with his pedigrees. When he tells us that the Derings are of "undoubted Saxon origin," or that the family of Loftus "was of consideration so early as the time of Alfred," we feel shaken in our belief of less "undoubted" facts. The first Sir Edward Dering may have been wrong in counting a French knight of the name of Morinis among his male ancestors, and it may be a fiction which places Lord Ely's maternal ancestor at Swineside, in Coverham, rather than at Lofthouse on the sea-coast; but while records exist to prove, as far as they can be proved, both these corrections, we should be surprised to see anything like common historical probability in many of the undoubted facts of the Peerage. In short, scarcely a page can be turned over without finding some vague assertion of this kind; and, considering how very few are the families to which Mr. Shirley allows a place in his list of those which have held lands since the reign of Richard III., it is simply amazing to note how many they are in the present volume. The general accuracy and painstaking care of Mr. Shirley are beyond question; but why, then, does he omit all reference to the Broughams, the Custs, the Cowpers, the Cunliffes, the Dormers, the Gunnings, the Hardinges, the Jodrells, the Trollopes, the Mackworths, the Mildmays, the Neaves, the Pulestons, the Rodneys, the Cockses, and many others whose "undoubted origin" is traced in the Peerage to periods of various remoteness beyond the beginning of the sixteenth century? The work has certainly been much improved since its first appearance. We no longer find the great Duke of Wellington's birth dated on the 1st of May, or the great Duke of Marlborough derived without question from the Despencers. But, on the other hand, the Methuens are still descended from the old Scots lords of the name, the Byrons are still deduced without a break from the ancient barons, the Turnours are still made to have received grants from the Conqueror as "Sires de Tournoir," and the Veseys are still made to represent a branch of the De Vescis. But the book is faulty rather in what it does not tell than in what it does. Who could gather from the royal pedigrees at the beginning that our present sovereign does not even quarter the arms of James I. and of Edward III., or that a French Bourbon is the lineal heir of the Scots Kings before Bruce? And Sir Bernard Burke is as careful not to "gratafy imputtnint curaiosity" as Mr. De la Pluche. He tells us nothing as to the faith of the great folk he mentions. It would be interesting to know which are the "great Catholic families" of which we hear so much just now. He gives us no information as to the comparative wealth of the peers, or how they made their money. He says nothing of the earl who was found working as a collier, or of the baron who was a dockyard labourer. A gentleman who "engaged in commercial pursuits," or who "amassed a fortune by successful banking," sometimes, but not often, heads a pedigree. The compiler seems for the most part also to take genealogical information as he gets it, and is tolerably impartial in his use of it. We have as good a descent offered us for Sir Harry Burrard, whose name, we read, "is of purely Saxon compound," whatever that may be, though it does not occur in Shirley, as we have for Lord Bagot, whose ancestor certainly figures in Domesday. He extenuates much, if he sets down naught in malice. But, in truth, a key to the character of the whole compilation may be found in its very first article. The Duke of Abercorn is preferred to Sir Thomas Abdy, because he is a duke and Sir Thomas is only a baronet, though in alphabetical precedence *Abd* is before *Abe*.

The Peerage might be a very useful book of reference for historians, but it is not. Possibly a perfect Peerage and Baronetage would not pay. The present compilation undoubtedly won its way, when it was first started nearly fifty years ago, by its unquestioning acceptance of people's own accounts of themselves. Since then most of the gloriously absurd pedigrees have been omitted. The late accomplished genealogist, Mr. Gough Nichols, made it a matter of duty to correct Sir Bernard Burke, and succeeded in arguing or laughing the *Peerage and Baronetage* out of many of its finest fictions. Some glaring errors, however, remain. They are chiefly in Scottish pedigrees, and indeed we must allow that it would not be easy to steer clear of some of them. Sir Bernard should not make Lord Polwarth the "chief" of the Scots, but his care in leaving out the famous Coulthart and Erroll marriage must be acknowledged, and so must the difficulties of such questions as that concerning the Colquhoun baronetcy, which seems to have divided itself into three, at some distant period of its erratic course, and which still apparently belongs to two different gentlemen. Among English baronetcies also there are difficulties, and Sir Bernard in one or two cases leaves them undecided. The Perrot title, for example, may be allowed, as it has been acknowledged in Royal Warrants, and Sir Bernard simply omits the Payne title, which is in dispute between two claimants. It may be interesting to note that, though the great Camden published a list of peers in his "Britannia," and Milles a "Catalogue of Honour," in 1610, the first baronetage with genealogies was Collins's, in 1720. It seems, too, that the scheme by which James I. was advised to institute the order was the invention of Sir Thomas Sherley of Wiston.

High as the English peerage stands, it is not in the pages of Sir Bernard only that the names of our most ancient nobility, in the

* *A Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage.* By Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D., Ulster King of Arms. London: Harrison. 1875.

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foreign sense of the word, are to be found. Although some forty families survive which still hold the estates from which they derive their surnames, barely a dozen of them are represented in the House of Lords. And there are other gentlemen whose families were once ennobled, in our sense of the word, but who are now at most country squires. The Scropes, the Ferrerses, the Blounts, the Quinceys, the Harcourts, the Bassets, and the Harleys, represent ancient earls and barons whose titles have been forfeited, or have descended to other families by heiresses. And a large class, too, have never risen above the upper middle rank, like the Dods, the Davenports, the two Cheshire Leighs, the Sneyds, the Dayrells, and those Lovetts of whose respectability George III. expressed himself so highly. None of these names are to be found in the *Peerage and Baronetage*. Yet in any country of Europe except England they would rank as nobles. No doubt many ancient families are included in the peerage, and it will be a loss to England when they stand aloof from politics as they do in America, and too much in France. But so far English people believe firmly in Sir Bernard, and it is not long since we heard of a maid-servant who refused a place in the family of one of the squires just mentioned because she "could not find his name in Burke."

MALCOLM.*

ANY work by the author who produced that exquisite piece of fancy and poetical conceit called *Phantastes* is sure to be worth reading. The gift of creating and presenting to the world thoughts and ideas which are not imitations and reflections is by no means common. That Mr. Mac Donald has something of that gift cannot be doubted. Whether the novel is the happiest vehicle for such a faculty may be questioned. When it is selected, it results either that the author's imagination is confined, if not cramped, or that the concentration which should be a distinguishing mark of a romance is lost. There are books, such as *Les Misérables*, which combine the grandeur and beauty of an epic with the constant excitement of a novel. Such works, however, are produced only by the great masters of the art of writing; and it is not derogatory from Mr. Mac Donald's merits to say that he is not on a par with Victor Hugo.

In the present instance those qualities which belong to a novel have given way to the demands of an imagination which produces many beautiful things, scattered, it must be said, somewhat aimlessly through the three volumes of *Malcolm*. The plot of the book, which should be an important feature in a novel, is perhaps its weakest point. It is entirely unlike any other of the author's plots, and the change is not for the better. His talent does not lie in the direction of describing how hidden things are brought to light by the unwinding of a complicated chain of events. Indeed there are but one or two English writers who have ever gained any real success in the line of framing ingenious and exciting plots by inventing a mystery and gradually unfolding the invention to their readers. This manufacture of puzzles is certainly not the highest form of romance-writing, and most people will be of opinion that the study of character in which Mr. Mac Donald has long ago made his mark is a more exalted branch of fiction than the dovetailing of curious chances which he has attempted in *Malcolm*. Not that the study of character is here abandoned, or is at all less successful than in former instances, but its reality and excellence are out of tune with the ill-managed melodrama of the plot, which hangs upon them like an ill-fitting garment on a fine shape. It is often observed that a passion for doing that which is out of their line seizes upon men's minds. Liston always imagined that his real strength lay in tragedy. An author will always maintain that those passages of his works which are most blamed by criticism are in reality the finest. Out of this spirit of perversity it has perhaps happened that a writer who certainly need not have gone out of his way to find attractions for his work has by so doing produced an incongruous and ill-ordered result. This is an objection which only appears in the course of reading the book. Another one, which appears at once, and which is likely to frighten off a good many readers, is that the book is written almost entirely in Scotch, and Scotch of so idiomatic a kind that words employed by the persons of the story are frequently followed by their English equivalents in brackets. This interruption distracts the attention and arrests the movement, which is often singularly dramatic. There is always a certain amount of effort and fatigue in reading a dialect. The eye is easily wearied with that which may not be wearying, and may even be pleasant, to the ear.

Whoever is willing to struggle with the difficulties and dangers occasioned by the presence of two separate dialects of Scotland in *Malcolm* will find a great deal to reward him for his daring. And perhaps it is no bad thing that some obstacle which may give rise to the exercise of thought should occasionally bar the smooth and rapid progress of the novel-reader. There would be but little fun in walking and climbing excursions if they brought with them no call for exertion. The traverse of a flat road in a well-hung bath-chair would be an undertaking of some dulness. The ease with which all the meaning of an ordinary novel is taken in is about equal to its merit. The faults to be found with *Malcolm* are by no means equal to its beauties. Since the days of Miss Ferrier there has been no better picture of Scotch character in many varieties. There is far less monotony than has been present in the author's former works. Nor does the writer deal with Scotch character alone. Lord Lossie, who, whatever his birth may have been, was thoroughly Anglicized by long companionship with the Regent, is as well drawn as is Duncan the Highland piper. There is a rare skill in attaching the reader to a man whom he cannot esteem. Such a combination of qualities as will produce this effect is commonly enough met with in life, but is with difficulty reflected in the pages of a fiction. None but a writer who had some spark of the true fire could make his readers thoroughly understand the liking of Malcolm for the patron who is so infinitely below him in all but rank and wealth. Lady Florimel, Lord Lossie's daughter, wayward, imperious, selfish from her education, generous by nature, is a lifelike presence in the book. That she is less interesting than many of the other characters does not detract from her likeness to life. There is a bit of dialogue between her and her father which hits off the peculiar relation between the indulgent Marquess and the spoiled beauty. They are speaking of Duncan the piper's refusal of a present sent down by the Marquess with careless munificence to atone for an equally careless insult:—

> "Wasn't it spirited—in such poor people too?" said Lady Florimel, the colour rising in her face, and her eyes sparkling.
> "It was damned impudent," said the marquis.
> "I think it was damned dignified," said Lady Florimel.
> The marquis stared. The visitors, after a momentary silence, burst into a great laugh.
> "I wanted to see," said Lady Florimel calmly, "whether *I* couldn't swear if I tried. I don't think it tastes nice. I shan't take to it, I think."
> "You'd better not in my presence, my lady," said the marquis, his eyes sparkling with fun.
> "I shall certainly not do it out of your presence, my lord," she returned.
> "—Now I think of it," she went on, "I know what I will do: every time you say a bad word in *my* presence, I shall say it after you. I shan't mind who's there—parson or magistrate. Now you'll see."

Perhaps one of the best drawn characters in the book is Mr. Graham, the schoolmaster, with his original and successful method of instruction, his wide sympathies, and his courage of endurance under injustice. His conversation on subjects which are generally treated in books by themselves as if they were things apart from ordinary human life is one of the few instances which can be pointed to of the introduction of a religious element into a novel without offence.

Equally well worked out is the character of Bawby Catanach, who, to use Malcolm's poetical description of her calling, "sits at the receipt of souls" in Portlossie, and supplies a villanous element to the book. Malcolm's language is on all occasions singularly poetical, almost impossibly so for a boy of his education and bringing up. However, no doubt the waiter, who was "no waiter, but a Knight Templar in disguise," may have betrayed the nobility of his birth by that of his sentiments to a close observer. And as a reader is likely to observe Malcolm closely, the same explanation may account for the beauty of his thoughts and language. A better founded objection to him is that he is aggravatingly and impossibly good. Goodness, however, has from time immemorial been the prerogative of heroes. Of late years, indeed, a fashion has arisen of clothing the chief person of a book in surpassingly bad, instead of marvellously good, attributes; of starting by drawing him in the likeness of the Devil, and then laying on as much black paint to him as can be obtained. This fashion, however, has prevailed in a class of book very different from Mr. Mac Donald's, and it is not one which we should wish to see followed. There is so much possible and real beauty in Malcolm's character that one is inclined to forgive him his preternatural piety. His devotion to Lady Florimel has in it something singularly touching, the more because she is utterly incapable of appreciating its worth. Its effect upon her is well described shortly after their first meeting:—

> The humble devotion and absolute service of the youth, resembling that of a noble dog, however unlikely to move admiration in Lady Florimel's heart, could not fail to give her a quiet and welcome pleasure. He was an inferior who could be depended upon, and his worship was acceptable. Not a fear of his attentions becoming troublesome ever crossed her mind. The wider and more impassable the distinctions of rank, the more possible they make it for artificial minds to enter into simply human relations; the easier for the oneness of the race to assert itself, in the offering and acceptance of a devoted service. There is more of the genuine human in the relationship between some men and their servants, than between those men and their own sons.

What results from this devotion readers may be left to learn for themselves. It is rather hard upon them, however, that the fate of the principal characters should not be cleared up at the end of the book. And there is a savour of something unworthy of the author about the promise of another book with which this one is concluded.

* *Malcolm*. By George Mac Donald, Author of "Robert Falconer," "Phantastes," &c. 3 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

WILKINS'S GEORGICS.*

THERE is perhaps nothing in classical verse which so much deserves to be made accessible and intelligible to all kinds of students as the Georgics of Virgil. The more advanced scholar is at this day not badly off with the interpretative work of Conington, to say nothing of Wagner and Forbiger, and the sometimes helpful recensions and prolegomena of Ribbeck. In the edition before us Mr. Wilkins aims at bringing within the range

* *The Georgics of Vergil*. By Henry Musgrave Wilkins, M.A., Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. London: Longmans & Co.

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and apprehension of the middle forms in public schools—for which we agree with him in thinking Conington's notes "too elaborate and too dubitative"—a work more likely to arrest their interest than the Virgilian Epos, and one from which they may gain a better notion both of the structure and the material of highly wrought poetry. There is, however, another section of readers to be thought of, a section in which it would be not amiss if the young student generally could be included—we mean those who may be called "technical" readers, those who wish to study the Georgics by way of comparing the ancient processes of agriculture and horticulture with those of the present time. As Latin scholarship becomes more widely spread, this class is likely to increase, and some day we may expect to find many gardeners and agricultural foremen who, like some Scotch gardeners already, are capable of enjoying and profiting by a practical mastery of the Georgics. Inquiries as to the most serviceable edition for such a type of reader are often heard; and the pages of the *Garden* and the *Gardeners' Chronicle* give frequent evidence of a spirit of inquiry into the treatment of the "Farm and Fruit, Kine and Bees of Old," which points in the same direction. The now antiquated work of Martyn and the modern edition of the Georgics by Keightley come nearest to satisfying this want; but the former is not always to be picked up, and is moreover cumbrous, wordy, and "dubitative"; and the latter, though useful and suggestive in its agricultural and botanical matter, is less a book to use by itself than one which an editor or student of the Georgics should have beside him to refer to. It is rather a wonder that no Principal of an Agricultural College, or Professor of Botany or Geology, applies himself to the task of providing a modern edition of the Georgics, somewhat on the lines of Martyn. At present the class of students we have indicated simply get no satisfactory answer to the technical difficulties which strike them in the text, because our Virgilian editors are mostly without the special knowledge which would enable them to appreciate Virgil's details as to husbandry.

Mr. Wilkins lays no claim to have furnished this sort of information, and therefore cannot be blamed if the class of students for whom he designs his notes remain in the dark as to many interesting matters concerning fields, fruit, and beasts, which it might not be amiss for a liberally educated English youth to know. It becomes clear that wherever he touches on such matters he speaks at second-hand. *Apropos* of the phenomenon, in Georg. II. 30–1 (Quin et caudicibus—radix oleagina ligno), of the olive-roots sprouting from the sapless and separated stem which has been left a mere stump and perhaps devoted to timber uses, he cites a parallel from Pliny in the very words of Keightley, which Conington had quoted already. The difference between Mr. Wilkins and the late Professor of Latin is that the latter puts his citation in inverted commas, and refers it to Keightley by name; the former mentions no name, and leaves it in doubt whether he quotes Pliny at first hand, or, if not, whether he went to Conington or Keightley for his information. Elsewhere, in III. 170–1, in reference to the training of calves to step together in pairs and to draw first a light and then a heavy weight (III. 170–1)—

> Atque illis jam sæpe rotæ ducantur inanes
> Per terram et summo vestigia pulvere signent—

he might have given the reasons of his departure from Conington's view, that "rotæ inanes" meant an empty cart. Simply observing "that 'rotæ inanes' are more probably wheels without a body than empty waggons," he does not give credit to our latest English translator of the Georgics, Mr. Blackmore, for the hint in his version, and its note, that the *rotæ inanes* are wheels unattached, by way of contrast to "juncti orbes,' as thus:—

> Now often let them drag unbodied wheels,
> And scarcely mark the dust with flitting heels;
> Soon must the beechen axle creak and strain,
> And pole of bronze draw well-compacted wain.

To the same clever translator, well up in all rural matters and terms, Mr. Wilkins owes the word "dredge" as an English equivalent for the "crassa farrago" of Varro, Horace, and Virgil (Georg. III. 205), a mixed crop of barley, oats, and vetches, sown on purpose for horses. The excuse for neglecting to acknowledge help is of course the brief and compendious nature of the annotatory matter, and it may be that Mr. Wilkins intended a casual acknowledgment in one passage to do duty for many omissions of the same obligation. But there ought at least to have been a mention of Mr. Blackmore in the preface.

Mr. Wilkins is reticent, if not silent, on many points of difficulty in the Georgics. An old and obvious "crux" is the statement in reference to grafting (II. 32–4):—

> Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
> Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
> Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna;

or, as Mr. Blackmore turns the latter part:—

> On wild-pear stocks engrafted pippins come,
> And stony cornels blush upon the plum.

This passage is capped by another (vv. 69–72), which speaks of grafting walnuts on the arbutus, apples on the plane, chestnuts on the beech, and oaks upon the elm; but the modern creed of botanists and dendrologists is that the scion and the stock must be at least of the same natural family. We cannot, as the vulgar mind has been known to believe, graft roses on cabbage-stalks. It is somewhat disappointing to find Mr. Wilkins utterly ignoring the difficulty in both passages referred to, though Conington has seen the incongruity of a fruit-bearer having a barren tree grafted on it, "an art" indeed by no means "mending nature." And yet, whichever way we take vv. 32–4, there is a difficulty as to the cornelian cherry, red already, reddening with plums that are not ruddier than its natural fruit. Turning to Martyn, we find him perplexed, and doubtful whether our experience and skill or our climate is at fault, in that we fail to achieve the marvels for which Columella, and not merely Virgil, who might be indulging in a poetic flight, vouches; whilst Miller's weighty authority pronounces such experiments to be veritably *hollow*, and does not hesitate to describe them as jugglers' tricks. The most light upon the subject is to be gathered perhaps from the 5th Lecture in Dr. Daubeny's *Roman Husbandry*, which cites the testimony of Pliny and of Palladius in his poem "De Insitione" on the same subject, and accumulates instances from antiquity of scions grafted on stocks altogether different. The late Professor of Botany pleads the analogy of the mistletoe deriving nourishment from the apple, the lime, and the oak, though he does so only doubtfully and tentatively; and is rather disposed to acquiesce in Miller's theory of a deception, such as the boring of the stock and the introduction of alien stems, through a hollow cylinder, into the soil beneath. If we have failed to illustrate the passage, we have at least made out a case for expecting that an editor of Virgil should not dismiss the subject with this sole crumb, "33. *insita, engrafted.*" Again, at III. 51, &c., we think Mr. Wilkins, even in the interest of his middle-form readers, might have thrown more light from modern stock-farming upon the points of a cow; and at III. 79–80 upon those of a horse:—

> Illi ardua cervix
> *Argutumque* caput, *brevis alvus*, obesaque terga,
> Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus.

Such is Virgil's graphic picture of a good steed—one, we suppose, which modern breeders would endorse. Why has Mr. Wilkins held his hand from noting the neat force of "argutum," which Conington impresses by reference to its root, or the *brevis alvus*, which Blackmore exactly realizes as "his barrel curtly drawn"?

In other than these purely agricultural or horticultural matters we have sometimes to complain of Mr. Wilkins's silence. In Georg. II. 123–4 he has no note on the curious observation of Virgil in reference to India:—

> Ubi æra vincere summum
> Arboris haud ullæ jactu potuere sagittæ:
>
> No flight of arrows may surmount the breeze
> Which fans the summit of those Indian trees.

And yet we scarcely see how the allusion is to be understood unless by the help of such a remark as that of Conington, that "to 'overshoot the air at the top of the tree' is an apparent confusion between 'shooting through the air at the top of the tree,' and 'shooting over the tree.'" In a fuller commentary, a good deal of illustration from such writers as Hesiod might be brought to bear on the quaint and metaphorical expressions of the idea of distance in which the old-world poets indulged. Again, Mr. Wilkins takes no notice of a moot passage in the same book, where, in the lines—

> Glarea ruris
> Vix humiles apibus casias roremque ministrat,
> Et tofus scaber, et nigris exesa chelydris
> Creta negant alios æque, &c. &c. (II. 212–16)—

it is at least an open question whether there should not be a full stop after "creta," so as to avoid the awkwardness of making "tofus" and "creta" nominatives to "negant." And again, in a curious passage about the liquors of the Troglodytes (III. 379–80), it is vexatious to find no more information vouchsafed about the description of their drink:—

> Et pocula læti
> Fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis,

than the remark "*pocula vitea, h.e.* 'draughts of the vine,'" which we knew before. Blackmore translates:—

> And blythely pass
> Ale and sour cider for the good wine-glass;

but we are not sure that the suggestion of Martyn, that "fermento atque acidis sorbis" is a hendiadys, and that the liquor referred to is a "cider" made of service-berries, and spoken of by Pliny and Palladius, is not worthy of acceptation. Anyhow, we should read "sorb-cider" instead of "sour cider."

On some difficult or doubtful passages Mr. Wilkins is more helpful. One of these is where Virgil counsels shutting up at home a horse which, however perfect of strain, is beginning to fail, and supports his advice by the words "Nec turpi ignosce senectæ." It seems that Servius connected "nec" with "turpi," *i. e.* "and forgive a not dishonourable old age;" and the poetical version which we have several times quoted seems to breathe something of the same spirit—namely:—

> And pardon age that keenly feels disgrace.

But we have little doubt that Mr. Wilkins rightly takes the words to be equivalent to "nec ignosce senectæ ὥστε turpi *ævo*," or, as Conington explains, "Don't suffer him to disgrace himself in his old age." Mr. Wilkins has done good service, too, in recording that Forbiger in his fourth edition has adopted a transposition of Ribbeck's which, unlike most of his experiments in that way, deserves to carry weight. It is to place immediately after "senectæ," vv. 120–22, "Quamvis sæpe fugâ versos *ille*," &c. &c., and to refer *ille* to "senior" implied in "senectæ." It is a change for the better decidedly, and, as we find from Conington, it was anticipated by Warton, as it was also by Heath. Nor must

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we withhold from Mr. Wilkins the credit of good hits, here and there, in different lines of annotation. At II. 97 he parallels Virgil's praise of the Chian wine (Rex ipse Phanæus), the kingly juice of Phanæ, a promontory of Chian, by a reference to the so-called three kings of Bordeaux—Latour, Lafite, and Margaux. There is a nice bit of verbal criticism where, in reference to G. II. vv. 343–5, and the necessity of spring to maintain young life between the extremities of heat and cold—

> Nec res hunc teneræ possent perferre laborem
> Si non tanta quies iret frigusque caloremque
> Inter, et *exciperet* cœli indulgentia terras—

he fixes upon *exciperet* the sense of "relieving" as expressive of a change between one state and another. The parallel use in Livy, v. 42, is apposite. We hold him to be right, too, in company with Conington, in translating *Oscilla mollia*, in G. II. 389, "Images of pleasant mien," in the teeth of the plausible temptation to believe that *mollia* is *i.q. mobilia*, waving in the wind; as also in taking *enim*, in III. 70, "Semper enim nefice," to be illative and not emphatic, *i.e.* to bear the sense of *then* or *therefore*, and not, as in II. 509, *geminatur enim, in very deed*. Beyond this he seems to us to be judicious in his observations on Virgil's style and usages, as *e.g.* in II. 478, where he has a good criticism of the poet's manner of not owning his indebtedness to other poets by direct mention, and again at III. 345, where he notes the exaggeration of Virgil's favourite device of individualizing things by giving them by epithet the names of people or places famed for them. *Chaoniam glandem* and *pocula Acheloia* are lively and happy images, but it is wearing the usage to tatters to surround the remote Numidian hunter with Spartan hounds and Cretan quivers; "Amyclæumque canem Cressamque pharetram." Annotation of this kind and variety in the Second and Third Books, as well as in those we have not touched on, will commend this edition, especially when re-edited, to the use of middle if not upper forms, but we should still require a more technical edition for a more practical class by a scholar with the insight of Mr. Blackmore or Mr. Holt Beevor into ancient and modern farming.

TWO ENGLISH WORKS ON TACTICS.*

CAPTAIN CLERY has placed on the title-page of his volume a maxim of Sir Charles Napier's implying that young officers on joining their regiments are more tempted to pleasure than to study, and may thereafter "find themselves compromised on service from want of knowledge, not of talent." And his work, which he tells us is issued specially for the convenience of those subalterns who have to pass an examination in the Sandhurst course without a previous residence at the College, embodies a course of lectures delivered by him to the students of that institution. It is a very bold undertaking indeed on the part of any officer, college professor or other, to attempt such a task just now, when the War Office has but a year before supplied the army with the admirable *Précis of Modern Tactics* prepared by Colonel Home, which is, as we pointed out when it appeared, not merely an exceptionally good volume of its kind, but probably the very best study of modern tactics, as a whole, to be at present met with in any language. It cannot be too highly commended for its substance and tone. And if the author of *Minor Tactics* hoped to substitute his treatise in its place with the younger officers of the service, we can anticipate nothing but disappointment for his effort; for what he offers here is neither attractive in form, nor valuable enough in its matter to give a high idea of the teaching within that College where Lord Cardwell and Lord Northbrook tried their brief and unfortunate experiment of putting the junior subalterns of our army from their regiments to school. The very title of the work seems to us a misnomer. For the reader will hardly expect to find a guide to minor tactics including not merely the details of such matters as outpost and reconnaissance duties, rear and advanced guards, and the like lesser operations of war, with chapters on the ordinary combinations of the various arms, but descriptions of great battles, such as those of Dennewitz, Nachod, and Borny. In fact, in attempting to go beyond his promise and to cover the whole subject of tactics, the writer has only contrived to make his volume cumbrous and crowded, without reaching any satisfactory result.

Captain Clery's method of treatment is indeed, in the abstract, simple and well chosen. A set of rules, as that on outposts for instance, is given; and then follow certain examples designed to illustrate them practically; but the work produced in endeavouring to carry out this idea, though obviously the author has approached it with much painstaking care, breaks down at every point because he is deficient in the critical judgment necessary for selection out of the mass of literature that has been perused by him in connexion with the questions he handles. His rules are the conventional rules of books. They have none of the life and reality of such an essay as that of Colonel Hamley which we lately (*Saturday Review*, March 14, 1875) noticed more briefly than it merited. They are the rules of the closet and of maps, instead of those furnished by practical soldiership and real work on the ground; and even if they can serve to interest the student in the subject, which we are disposed to doubt, they will hardly teach him much of the realities of the active machinery of modern warfare. A chapter or two from Boguslawski or Scherff reproduced in an English dress would do this, in our view, far better; and the extracts which Colonel Home's *Précis* culls from the best Continental as well as English sources contain the very teaching which here is altogether wanting. As for the examples given, the undiscriminating use made of them as to date vitiates entirely their practical worth to the student of tactics as they now are. Illustrations drawn from the French revolutionary wars, from the early campaigns of Napoleon, even from the Peninsular struggle of our own army under Wellington, are thrown away in what is designed to be so merely an instructional a work as this. They have their historical value of course; one may almost say of some of the examples adduced, they have their antiquarian interest. Moral teaching may be drawn from many of them just as clearly to-day as from any of the late actions in Bohemia or France which Captain Clery has thrown indiscriminately among them. But this is not the way in which tactics, as they now are, can be taught. We should tremble for the future of our army if its destinies were to be confided to officers who had no better training for the sharp realities of modern war than, for example, the fourteen pages of rules which we find here for carrying on outpost duties, many of them being far from practicable to follow under ordinary conditions, capped however by the very sensible remark, which upsets the whole of the author's scheme, "Such varying conditions affect the strength and composition of outposts that it is difficult to lay down on this head anything that would be invariable." If for "difficult" the author had written "impossible," and if he had set himself to the task of showing what is possible by examples better chosen and less overlaid with details than those he quotes for his authorities, he might have done some service. As the book now stands, it can be of but little value except as a piece of curious reading for those who would dip into the subject from mere love of general information. In fact, Captain Clery's vein seems to us to be plainly marked out for him by his work. Had he studied from the first to make his book what it has grown to be in his hands, a fragmentary series of examples of general interest from military history; had he abstained from all attempts (for where these are made it fails) to teach military students, strictly as such, the prominent parts of their profession in its technical aspect, he might have accomplished a useful work. As a handbook for teachers or learners of the subject named on its title-page, it cannot be of the practical service which the author desires.

General Shadwell has proposed to himself a more modest aim, and has attained a far more satisfactory result. He has been struck by the fact that there is no good account in our language of the memorable campaign of 1799, which had for its theatre the same mountains which are now the favourite playground of Europe. In telling its story in a critical narrative, he thinks his work may prove of use to the younger members of his profession, as well as of interest to tourists who pass over the sites made memorable by the struggles of Masséna, Lecourbe, and Suwaroff; and though we can hardly hope, as he appears to do, that mere "lovers of Switzerland and its mountains" will add this volume to their Bradshaw or Baedeker, we doubt not that many of the more intelligent of them will avail themselves of its pages to learn "how warfare was conducted on a large scale in a country so intersected and difficult." Moreover the main principles by which success was gained in 1799, or indeed in the campaign in the Valtelline a hundred and sixty years before—when, as the narrative appended shows, the Duke of Rohan successfully held two hostile armies in check with his single force of Frenchmen—are invariable and for all time. Minor tactics and their variations here sink into insignificance as compared with the simple secret of selecting an able personal leader, who with a genius for the bold offensive combines a clear knowledge of the right use of the ground. Centuries pass away, and find administrators who dabble in war, like the Directory of 1799, going back, as General Shadwell points out, to the old error, *Maître des sources est maître des bouches*, and seeking in the mountains of a broken country that strategical key which is never found but in the valleys and plains. It is important that no educated English soldier who may some day be brought into practical contact with the problem on our own Indian frontier should be under the influence of this false and exploded doctrine. And it would be quite his own fault if he were so after the perusal of the volume we are noticing.

General Shadwell deserves the further praise of having gone for his history to the very best authority, the admirable account of the campaign contained in the early numbers of the *Swiss Military Review*, and compiled under the guidance of General Dufour. That officer, if not exactly, as our author appears to suppose, the military head of the Swiss army in the sense in which we maintain a commander-in-chief (for the Federation knows no such officer in time of peace), earned his general's title by the only way open to his profession in Switzerland, the actual command-in-chief of troops called into the field; and he was ever a very earnest and clear-sighted student of the profession. His notes on the separate narrative of Suwaroff's passage of the Alps by one of the Russian staff, which General Shadwell has added to the history, as well as those on the Valtelline campaign of Rohan, which is also appended to complete the view of the subject, would of themselves suffice to prove his military knowledge and critical judgment, even had he not left many other scattered memorials of his activity in the same direction. Not the least important part of the book, however, is the chapter of General Shadwell's own Prefatory Remarks, which brings together in a readable form and moderate compass

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* *Minor Tactics*. By C. Clery, Captain 32nd Light Infantry, Professor of Tactics, Royal Military College, Sandhurst. London: Henry S. King & Co.

Mountain Warfare, illustrated by the Campaign of 1799 in Switzerland. By Major-General Shadwell, C.B. London: Henry S. King & Co.

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nearly all that can be profitably said of mountain warfare as a distinct section of military art. There are good reasons, as already intimated, why this should have interest for every British officer of promise; and on theoretical grounds therefore this volume will be a welcome addition to our professional libraries.

Its higher interest, however, is from the historical, we might almost say the personal, point of view. Not that what the Archduke Charles and General Jomini have already treated of can be made altogether new. But their notices of this strange campaign among the Alps are so mixed up with those of other great events of the same year that it needs careful study to separate them. It is just this study that was given by General Dufour; and it is well that his masterly view of the whole struggle for the Oberland and Grisons should be rescued from the pages of an obscure review, and presented to English readers in a fair octavo volume, completed by the additions already mentioned. A study of General Shadwell's work will dissipate for ever from the reader's mind the false halo thrown by Alison's exaggerated praises round the rough old Russian marshal, who tumbled suddenly into the Alpine contest to tumble as suddenly again out of it, and will show its true hero in Lecourbe, "the leader of troops in the campaign who displayed the greatest genius for conducting warfare in the mountains, and under every circumstance showed himself equal to the occasion." What is here said of him in the Alps in 1799 would apply no less to his conduct and skill in the next summer, when on the Bavarian plains under Moreau. And it adds a fresh reflection on the littleness of mind which characterized Napoleon in all personal matters, that Lecourbe's strong attachment to his old chief was made a crime against him which forced him into exile, barred him from all favour with the First Consul, and thus probably deprived the French army throughout its later campaigns of one who, during his various commands, showed every attribute of brilliant courage and skilful leadership that ever made Frenchmen renowned in war. We are properly reminded here by our author, and we take the remark from him with pleasure in parting, that the Archduke Charles, not very fortunate himself in Switzerland, does not fail to do full justice to "the genius and remarkable capacity for war in mountainous regions" displayed by the most skilful of his adversaries in this confused struggle of 1799.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—IRELAND.*

WE cannot affect to regret that the preface to the preceding volume of Irish State Papers was chiefly taken up with a description of the repositories where they are contained. Not only were we in entire ignorance of the nature and extent of these collections, but we have indirectly gained thus much by the arrangement, that the preface to the present volume takes us over the whole ground occupied by the papers analysed in both the volumes. We have thus presented to us in one view an important contribution to the history of Ireland for the first five years of the reign of James I., after the final submission of Tyrone to Elizabeth.

The editors have, we think, judiciously calculated on a considerable amount of ignorance on the part of their readers as regards the administration of English rule in Ireland, and have supplied a good deal of valuable information, both geographical and historical, which should be read in connexion with Mr. Brewer's preface to the last volume of the Carew Papers. Few English people know how limited a jurisdiction was really possessed by the English over Ireland at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The English Pale, as it was styled, consisted of what were called the four obedient counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, and Louth, and beyond these narrow limits the country exhibited a scene of confusion very difficult to realize even to persons most accustomed to the strange scenes still enacted in various parts of the sister island. These were four of the original twelve shires erected by King John in the first half-century after the conquest of the country by Henry II. Seven were in Leinster and five in Munster. But no attempt had been made to divide Ulster and Connaught in the same way till the third and fourth year of the reign of Philip and Mary. Connaught was divided under Elizabeth, and it was not till towards the close of the reign that Ulster was arranged in seven counties. But though the territorial dominion was completed, and in spite of the successive submission of Irish chiefs, the limits within which English authority was exercised were very narrow indeed. A State paper of the reign of Henry VIII. divides the "noble folke of Irelande" into three classes, designated "the King's subjects," "the English rebels," and "the Irish enemies." The latter were the most numerous, especially in Munster and Connaught, and the English rebels amounted to about half their number. And the Irish proverb quoted by Sir John Davys—namely, that those "dwell by west the law which dwell beyond the river Barrow"—represented the exact truth at the time when he wrote. It had long been contemplated to establish Presidents for the separate Provinces to act under the Lord Deputy, and several persons had successively occupied the post in Munster and Connaught during the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth; but during all these years till the accession of James I., the editors observe that "it may truly be said that the duties of the governors were purely those of a general in an enemy's country." The records of the proceedings of these Presidents have been lost, but it is not to be wondered at if under these circumstances they acted as best they could, and to a considerable extent independently of the Lord-Deputy.

At the accession of James there appeared some hope of peace, as the submission of Tyrone was followed by that of other chiefs; but the setting up of the Mass all over the province of Munster soon undeceived the Lord-Deputy, who was obliged to set out against it and put it down. The lesson of toleration had not been learned yet, and indeed has been very partially learned even now; but it may be doubted whether toleration would at that day have served the purposes of the English Government. Yet the forcing Catholics to a Protestant service in the churches which had once been their own of course never had the faintest chance of success. Even those who could understand the language in which "Dearly beloved brethren" was written—and but few of them there were—would of course resent what they felt to be an injustice as well as an insult. And what possible chance was there of putting down a religion whose priests were reported to "swarm as locusts throughout the whole kingdom, being harboured and maintained by the noblemen and chief gentry of the country, but especially by the cities and walled towns, massing and frequenting all the superstitions of the people in their obstinate errors and their contempt of the religion of God and his Majesty's ecclesiastical law." For it must be remembered that this description applies not only to the remote parts of the country, but even to the English Pale itself, the numbers of Jesuits and seminary priests being reinforced by migration from England, from which they had been driven by proclamation. It is strange that the Bishop of Cork should describe the state of things in these words:—"An English minister must needs be beholden to the Irishry; his neighbours love him not, especially his profession and doctrine, they being compelled to hear him" (p. 132)—and yet should be of opinion that the Roman Catholic religion could be extirpated. Their English rulers were utterly unable to understand that the Irish faith in Catholicism was quite a different kind of thing from their own adoption of a creed the principal item of which consisted in abhorrence of the Mass. Even the Bishop of Cork seemed to have an inkling of the truth, when, after describing the religious state of his diocese as follows, "Massing in every place, idolatry is publicly maintained, God's word and His truth is trodden down under foot, despised, railed at and contemned of all, the ministers not esteemed—no, not with them that should reverence and countenance them"—he adds a remark to the effect that the professors of the Gospel might take example, in this respect at least, from these idolaters.

The immigration of English Jesuits was a consequence of the Statute of the 27th of Elizabeth, which contained no reference whatever to Ireland; yet it was seriously contended that it applied to Ireland as well as England, and the President of Munster issued a proclamation accordingly. What else could be expected from a man who was fool enough to believe that the "Irish generally make no great conscience of any religion"? The effect of it may be judged from the following extract from a despatch written by Lord Thomond who governed the Province between Brouncker's death and the appointment of his successor:—

> The continual recourse from beyond the seas and the continual access of priests and seminaries have so infected the towns, cities, lords, and lawyers of this province that it is very hard to bring them to conformity. They will neither respect his Majesty's proclamation or any direction that they give them. They have taken the best course herein that they might in placing some horse among them and appointing good officers, especially at Clonmel and Cashel, where most of the resort of the Jesuits and seminaries is, hoping by that means to have taken some of them; but all in vain, they are so befriended that hardly any of them can be apprehended.

The Lords of the Council and their English rulers in general were perfectly aware that the temporal authority could not be enforced unless they could persuade the people to renounce their religion. As they themselves expressed it, "If diligence be not used to plant knowledge and religion by preaching the Word, the temporal authority rather hardens the hearts than attracts them to conformity" (p. 137). Yet though, as they observed, nothing was further from his religious Majesty's heart than ever to yield to any toleration, the Irish authorities were counselled not to be too inquisitorial, and to beware how they exasperated those who carried themselves with pride and animosity. Especially the President of Munster was instructed to mitigate somewhat of his severity in proceeding against people, if he could do so without its being noticed as an acknowledgment of error on his part. In reply the Lord-Deputy states that a learned clergy is specially requisite for the towns of Waterford, Cork, and Galloway. But unfortunately a learned clergy is what the people of Ireland have had to do without from that day to this, though the scandals of the beginning of the seventeenth century have not been repeated at any rate to the same extent in the nineteenth.

From an information of the Archbishop of Dublin to the Privy Council it appears that, after having many times seriously admonished the Archbishop of Cashel, who held Emly, Lismore, and Waterford *in commendam*, he was enjoined by the Lord-Deputy to visit these and some other dioceses upon a representation of the foul disorders and abuses committed by that Archbishop in the government of his dioceses. The enumeration of the Archbishop's delinquencies extends over several pages. The greater part of them consist of allegations that the churches of the diocese are not served, and that the profits all find their way into the pockets of

* *Calendar of the State Papers relating to Ireland of the reign of James I., 1606-1608; preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office and elsewhere.* Edited by the Rev. C. W. Russell, D.D., and John P. Prendergast, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

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the Archbishop or one of his sons or other members of his family, simoniacal contracts having been in most cases entered into. Twelve livings were held by the Archbishop in person, and about as many by each of his four sons. And the account of Cashel and Emly is wound up with the following words:—

> There be some other livings in these two dioceses of Cashel and Emly whereof some poor men, priests and others, carry the name, but they have little learning or sufficiency, and indeed are fitter to keep hogs than to serve in the Church. And I fear if the truth were known these are disposed as ill as the rest; it seeming strange unto me that in so civil a province, and in the compass of 40 miles (which is the length of these two dioceses, as I am informed) there is not one preacher or good minister to teach the subjects their duty towards God and his Majesty.

Sir John Davys informs Lord Salisbury that after all the infliction of 12*d.* for non-attendance at church in the county of Meath, the reformation wrought in this kind is principally effected by the civil magistrate, and that though the exemplary punishment of the Archbishop of Cashel "will add credit to religion," it were nevertheless to be wished that they who find great beams in his eye would also pull out the motes out of their own.

The editors of the volume have scarcely made any mention in their preface of the stirring events which are detailed in the correspondence of the latter half of it, extending nearly to the end of the year 1608. This was but natural. They have very properly considered that it was their business to enable students to read their volume with profit, but they have not gone out of their way to analyse documents which are in themselves easy to understand, and in fact tell their own tale. They might with great ease have lengthened their introduction considerably if they had in their own language told the exciting incidents connected with the flight of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, and the escape of Lord Delvin from the castle of Dublin, by letting himself down the length of a rope of thirty-five yards, and his subsequent acquittal in spite of his being designated as "composed of the malice of the Nugents and the pride of the Geraldines" (p. 356). It would be a tempting story to any editor. Meanwhile we must refer our readers, if they would know what the volume reveals of his projects, his arrest, his escape, and the warrant for his pardon, to the index to this volume, where three columns are devoted to this name.

Not less interesting is the account of the rebellion of O'Dogherty, chieftain of Innishowen, and the seizure and recovery of the castle of Derry. By his death, which happened in the summer of 1608, quickly followed by that of Tyrconnel, which was reported in a letter from Venice of August 8, Tyrone's power was considerably weakened, and an easier way laid open to the arrangements for the colonizing of Ulster, the six northern counties for the most part being reckoned as having escheated to the Crown. For more particulars on this subject we may refer to our last article on Mr. Brewer's volume of Carew Papers, or to the fuller account given by Mr. Brewer himself in the preface to that interesting volume.

BLUEBELL.*

WE do not think we are very exacting in our requirements, or that we hold an extravagantly high standard of excellence, when we say that we consider grammar an essential element of good writing. We say nothing of artistic treatment, nothing of a well-sustained dramatic plot, of pleasantness of circumstance, of delightfulness of character. These are points in the construction of a modern novel which that critic would be a bold man, not to say Utopian, who should demand as necessary in these days of feminine fluidity; but we take our stand on syntax, including in it about as much refinement of diction as we should expect from an upper-class servant. Hence we are unable to believe in the literary fitness of a writer who thinks that "whom I know would not be acceptable" will parse; who gives "*malheur de mer*" as French for sea-sickness, and a "matitudinal *table-d'hôte*" as learned writing; who makes one of her real English ladies say, among other elegances, "I bet," "Can this be—kid?" which choice bit of slang, we venture to assert, not half our readers will understand; and who bursts into her mother's room with the exclamation—"Where does this *rara avis* hail from? I never clapped eyes on such a beauty. Miss Seraphin is not a patch on her!" All the characters in the book talk in this strain; and a very neat pocket dictionary of slang might be constructed out of the author's familiar language. Arranging a dance is called "fixing up a prance." Coming to England is "crossing the herring-pond." Rivalry, admiration, and love are described under the terms of "the 'beauty' Captain of the battery cutting in, and making rather strong running too, partly because he considered her 'fetching,' and, partly, he said, 'from regard to Leigh, who was making an ass of himself.'" A well-educated girl wonders why a certain young man "goes soldiering on." Bluebell, if she does not say aloud, thinks "hugger-muggering with Bernard" a pretty way of describing flirting; boats are frequently "tittuppy"; men laugh in "guffaws" and "screech encouragement to their cattle"; when coals are thrown on to waning embers, they "respond with a cheerful fizz to the needed aliment"; gentlemen talk to ladies of the "tuck and tin" sent to them at school. And these are not characteristic expressions of certain people, but are specimens of description and conversation taken at random, some of which are Mrs. Huddleston's own, and some put into the mouths of her people, and all of which are extracted indifferently as we turn over the pages.

The incidents of *Bluebell* are on a par with its style. One of the circumstances at which the reader is, we imagine, expected to laugh is that where Miss Prosody, a prudish governess, thinking a crazy buggy will be upset in crossing a still crazier bridge of planks, "whipped off her stockings, and proceeded to wade, to the exposure of a very attenuated pair of calves. Freddy and Lola hung upon Cecil, powerless with laughter, comparing her to the thin-legged aquatic birds in the Zoo; but the Colonel, with rather a suspicious guffaw, rushed to her aid, relieving her from her hose, and, as she afterwards recollected in deep confusion, a pair of knitted garters." Another incident is a game at hide-and-seek played by officers and young ladies, when Bertie Du Meresq, the Don Juan of the book, hides in a cupboard with a certain Crickey Palmer, a young lady he had never seen before, and whom he attempts to kiss. The manœuvres of fast young ladies to have "a good time" alone with bold young men at a sleighing party also come in as the bricks out of which this temple of vulgarity has been built; a "to-boggining party" is described as rivalling the coarse humours of a Greenwich fair; and if *Bluebell* is to be accepted as a faithful picture of Canadian manners, the amount of romping, flirting, vulgarity, and kissing accepted as of the natural order of things in the Dominion is simply surprising, and to Englishwomen must be not a little revolting.

Of the story not much can be said, for the plot is very thin, and what there is of it is hackneyed. There is a silly, blundering young man of honest heart and honourable intentions who loves "Bluebell," otherwise Theodora Leigh, sincerely, and of course in vain. And there is a flirting young man, who makes love to all the girls he sees, kisses them indiscriminately all round, and holds on and off with Cecil Rolleston, the one he really likes best and eventually loves with the largest amount of truth granted him by the author, in a manner that argues very little self-respect on the part of the young lady, and less manliness on the part of Don Juan himself. He, indeed, is about one of the most contemptible characters we have met with for a long time; and the way in which he cajoles Bluebell, a mere child of seventeen, has an unpleasant flavour that suggests more than is set down. And there is the reckless, handsome young sailor, who marries Bluebell out of hand and secretly, and who turns out to be her cousin, unknown, and the designated heir of her old grandfather, Lord Bromley, who in years gone by had disinherited his son because of an imprudent marriage with a penniless nobody.

As for the girls, they match the men. Cecil Rolleston, who has the most character of the bevy, might have had a great deal more with advantage. Her love for Bertie Du Meresq is too craven and wanting in dignity for the reader's sympathy and respect. When she offered him herself and her fortune it might have been thought that his refusal would have effectually cooled her ardour; and when she discovered again and again his infidelities and inconstancies we might have imagined that some flash of womanly pride would cure her of her infatuation. But she goes on yearning and loving and yielding just as before; and only parts from her unstable beloved at the end, on a misapprehension. Even when he is dead, and she is comfortably married to a worthy fellow who gives love for indifference and reality for hollowness, she laments her former lover so deeply as to devote a winter to hunting; and as "carelessness of life is certainly conducive to steadiness of nerve," she becomes noted in the county "for going with the most unflinching straightness," giving those who saw her the impression of wishing to break her neck. "She had a separate stud of hunters, and rode independently of her husband, who followed the amusement in a less erratic style than his wife, and in more moderation." But "Time's 'effacing finger' prepared the way, and since the birth of her only son Cecil's heart was vitalized by a second passion as strong, though different to, the first." In which happy and ungrammatical condition we see the last of the second heroine of *Bluebell*, the one who looked in the beginning as if she had something of a backbone to support her, but who turns out to be as molluscous as the rest, only with more appearance to start with. As for Bluebell herself, she is very little removed from a fool. Her very portrait promises nothing better than the persistent unredeemed folly of her career:—

> A rather tall, full-formed young Hebe was Theodora Leigh, of that pure pink-and-white complexion that goes farther to make a beauty than even regularity of feature; her long, sleepy eyes were just the shade of the wild hyacinth; indeed, her English father always called her "Bluebell," after a flower that does not grow on Transatlantic soil.
>
> But they were Irish eyes, "put in with a dirty finger," and varying with every mood. Gooseberry eyes may disguise more soul, but they get no credit for it. Humour seemed to dance in that soft, blue fire; poetry dreamed in their clear depths; love—but that we have not come to yet; they were more eloquent than her tongue, for she was neither witty nor wise, only rich in the exuberant life of seventeen, and as expectant of goodwill and innocent of knowledge of the world as a retriever puppy.

And her language is—we think we shall express it best by saying—according to the author's ideas of the normal language of a Canadian belle. "Shut up" is her mild method of expostulating with her aunt; "stuff," her answer to young Jack Vavasour's compliment; "Like them! it's just like a hearse, bar the colour, which is frightful, and I wouldn't have come if I had known I was to be driven in such a fire-engine," is her sympathetic response to this same Jack Vavasour, when he asks her if she likes the scarlet plumes with which he has decked his horses on the day

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* *Bluebell.* A Novel. By Mrs. G. C. Huddleston. 3 vols. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1875.

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when the garrison sleigh club gives a *fête*, and takes out the young ladies of the place to upset, kiss, squeeze, and "spoon." Her conduct is of a piece with her manners. She suffers Bertie Du Meresq to make love to her in secret; meets him in secret; and carries on her deceptions with the skill of a veteran rather than with the innocence of the "child" she is assumed to be. Then, when she comes to England—"crosses the herring-pond" according to Mrs. Huddleston—she gets up a flirtation on board with Harry Dutton, a young sailor utterly unknown to her, and soon after she arrives at Liverpool consents to an elopement and a secret marriage. We think this is pretty well for a child of nature; and we confess that, for our own part, we should prefer our daughters to be rather more children of art, and by consequence more ladylike, less forward, and more trustworthy.

We confess that a book of the kind and quality of *Bluebell* has no charm for us. We grant that it is good-tempered and free from all strain of morbidness, but it is poor, shallow, vulgar, and inartistic. The story represents nothing but the fast and silly commonplaces of a knot of idle men and women who pass their time in flirting, and whose flirting goes to the very verge of impropriety. There are scenes in it of extraordinary coarseness, as in that "ejection" into the snow of the adventurous Miss Tremaine, at the garrison sleigh club party, when "her crinoline, rising as she descended, spread out under her arms, looking like an inverted umbrella":—

> Jack and Bluebell were suffocating with laughter they vainly tried to hide, and Bertie, who was on foot, took in the situation at once, and rushed to the rescue.
>
> "Put your arms round my neck, Miss Tremaine," cried he peremptorily.
>
> The poor girl, half crying with shame and cold, did so, and Du Meresq, grasping her firmly round the waist, endeavoured to drag her forth.
>
> "It's even betting she pulls him in," cried Jack, in a most unfeeling ecstasy, for Miss Tremaine was no pocket Venus—rather answered the Irishman's description of "an armfull of joy."

The end of this charming scene is that Bertie and Lilla go off, but not to her own home for dry clothes as proposed. Instead of this they make a solitary *détour*, where they make love uninterruptedly; and the end of the whole chapter is that Bluebell is upset, when she and Jack Vavasour, the reins, the horses, the rugs, get rather "mixed," while she is nearly suffocated. Among so many subjects for reprehension it is difficult to single out the worst, but the extracts we have given will sufficiently show that Mrs. Huddleston can neither write English, nor paint a modest girl, a lady, or a gentleman, as we understand these terms in England.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. SAINT MARC GIRARDIN* is well known as one of the best representatives of the old Liberal school which, both at the Sorbonne and in journalism, maintained the high character of French wit and courtesy. Coming a little later than M. Guizot, M. Cousin, and M. Villemain, he continued with extraordinary brilliancy the traditions left by them, and his excellent *cours de littérature dramatique* showed how successfully an alliance can be made between common sense and talent of the most genuine kind. M. Saint Marc Girardin had the happiest way of exposing sophistry and denouncing shams. To the amazement of everybody, he managed to gain the assent of large and enthusiastic audiences whilst showing the hollowness of their favourite idols; and he even ventured to point out the numerous flaws in the character of that darling of "Young France," Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The lectures on Rousseau, subsequently received as articles for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, now form the substance of two elegant duodecimos printed under the superintendence of M. Ernest Bersot, member of the Institute, and one of M. Saint Marc Girardin's staunchest friends. We can only wish that every party chief in literature and politics found so impartial and trustworthy a critic as the late Sorbonne professor. M. Bersot's introductory notice is a touching and appreciative tribute to the memory of a distinguished man.

The preface which M. Littré has added to his new collection of essays† is stamped with a character of sadness which we much regret. He talks of bidding farewell to "a past which has no future." We hope that his sombre presentiments may prove groundless, and we would gladly accept this volume only as a fresh instalment of literary labours which have lost nothing of their vigour and their interest. M. Littré's essential qualities—method, solidity, and completeness—are conspicuous in every page of his new book. In this respect he is a striking contrast to most of his brother journalists, and the articles he contributes to the *Débats* are elaborate essays rather than sketches such as Jules Janin and Philarète Chasles would have delighted to produce. But it is in the *Journal des Savants* that he finds his natural home, and from it are borrowed most of the papers he has now collected. They are of an extremely varied character. History and poetry, erudition and the science of religion, have all contributed their share, and the English reader will no doubt be attracted by a long disquisition on Shakspeare's plays. The volume ends with a metrical translation of some of Schiller's lyrics, and a few original pieces.

M. Charles de Rémusat has already more than once turned his attention to English metaphysics, and his volumes on St. Anselm, Lord Bacon, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury need only be named to revive in the minds of many students the memory of pleasant and profitable reading. These works appear to have formed part of a general history of philosophy contemplated by M. de Rémusat, but which is published now in detached fragments. The two volumes before us cover the period comprised between Bacon and Locke, the latter occupying the most prominent place, and receiving the largest share of attention.* In order to grasp accurately the true character of English thought, it is necessary that we should know first the political history of the nation, the beginnings of its laws, its literature, and language. M. de Rémusat devotes to this subject a striking introductory chapter, in which he explains the relations which existed between philosophy (or rather metaphysics, as we should say here) and religion from the era of the Reformation to the eighteenth century. The figures of Robert Grossetête, Bradwardine, and Roger Bacon are the principal ones described by him, and his object is to show that even up to the present time England has a decided bias towards empiricism in philosophy and Calvinism in religion. Theological and political characters occupy almost as much room in this gallery of portraits as metaphysicians properly so called, and we find Hooker, Chillingworth, Baxter, Isaac Barrow, and Jeremy Taylor noticed in nearly as much detail as Hobbes, Cudworth, and Newton. The fourth and concluding book is entirely devoted to Locke, in whom M. de Rémusat recognizes the best representative of the philosophy of the eighteenth century, the teacher of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Condillac.

M. André Albrespy's work† may be regarded as the political programme of French Evangelical Protestants; it is an interesting volume, written with care, and distinguished by great moderation in the statement of principles. Many writers have during the last few years endeavoured to explain why our neighbours are still fruitlessly attempting to obtain the freedom enjoyed by certain nations of the old and the new world, and are continually oscillating between the rule of the mob and that of a Cæsar. In order to solve this problem, M. Albrespy begins by discussing elementary principles, and defining the true nature of authority, liberty, reaction, and progress; he then shows how Germany, England, the Netherlands, and the United States of America have arrived at the possession of rational freedom, and he details the abortive attempts made by France in the same direction from the sixteenth century to our own times. His conclusion is that religious belief is the condition *sine quâ non* of the enjoyment of true liberty, because it alone gives us the key of political stability. The philosophers of the last century represented happiness as the end of life, whereas the accomplishment of duty alone ought to be the object of our efforts, mutual respect for one another's rights being the true principle of liberty. M. Albrespy energetically denounces the pretensions of the Ultramontanist party, but he is equally severe against pretended Liberals who seek to destroy all belief in a positive religion as being an infringement of the rights of conscience.

The sixth volume of M. Merle d'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation in the time of Calvin" treats of Scotland and Switzerland, more especially Geneva‡; it begins with a retrospective view of the state of religion during the reign of James IV., and comes down to the death of Cardinal Beatoun. The part relating to Switzerland is more developed; it shows us Calvin settled in Geneva and gradually establishing his severe rule in spite of opposition. The revolution which took place in 1538, the expulsion of the reformers and their arrival at Strasburg, are next related, and a whole chapter is taken up by Calvin's correspondence with Cardinal Sadolet. The reformer's marriage and the civil war of 1540 at Geneva conclude the volume. This octavo is a posthumous work; M. Merle d'Aubigné intended to complete the History of the Reformation in two more volumes, and he has left materials for the whole of the eleventh and the beginning of the twelfth; some competent person will, we trust, be found to finish the undertaking according to the author's original plan, so that the last portion may not have a fragmentary and disjointed character.

If we consider the intellectual history of Italy we shall find that the language and the literature of that country must be studied separately, because, although there still exist many spoken dialects which have contributed a large number of the words indispensable in everyday use, still the Tuscan idiom, and especially the variety spoken at Florence, has prevailed and is becoming the national language of Italy. For this reason M. Etienne has in his new work§ left the philological element unnoticed, giving to the history of the Italian language merely an introductory chapter, and a few separate remarks whenever necessary. The great merit of his book is that it is entirely original; the author, instead of following in the track of Ginguené, Tiraboschi, Corniani, and Mazzuchelli, has studied independently the writers whose works he analyses, and twenty years of researches throughout the rich domain of Italian literature, combined with numerous visits to the country itself, have eminently qualified him for his task. The idea of unity is the leading one in M. Etienne's book; already proclaimed by Dante, it was neglected by Petrarch and Boccaccio, but the writings of Lorenzo de' Medici, and still more those of

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* *Jean-Jacques Rousseau, sa vie et ses ouvrages.* Par M. Saint Marc Girardin, avec une introduction par M. Bersot. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Littérature et histoire.* Par E. Littré. Paris: Didier.

* *Histoire de la philosophie en Angleterre, depuis Bacon jusqu'à Locke.* Par Charles de Rémusat. Paris: Didier.

† *Comment les peuples deviennent libres.* Par André Albrespy. Paris: Sandoz & Fischbacher.

‡ *Histoire de la Réformation en Europe au temps de Calvin.* Par J. H. Merle d'Aubigné. Vol. 5. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Histoire de la Littérature italienne.* Par L. Etienne. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

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Machiavelli, brought it forth distinctly. Guicciardini was tempted to discuss the advantages of a united Italy, and the historians favourable to the rule of the Medici, Ammirato especially, opposed it in no measured terms. From Florence the idea passed to Turin, where it found refuge at the court of sovereigns who, as early as the commencement of the seventeenth century, had cherished the hope of founding a kingdom of Northern Italy; and the Piedmontese publicist Botero went so far as to advocate forcible conquest as the best means of bringing about this result. His notion, however, had few supporters, and even the unity of the language seemed in danger, the local dialects or *patois* having received an unexpected amount of favour. A reaction set in during the epoch of the "Encyclopédie," and the events of the French Revolution tended to bind together the different States of the Italian peninsula, producing a movement similar to that which has lately taken place in Germany.

M. Montégut's amusing excursions through France * may be heartily recommended to our readers. We have formerly noticed his journey to Burgundy; he now takes us to Bourbonnais and Forez, introducing, as opportunity offers, characteristic descriptions of persons or places conspicuous in the political or literary history of France. Thus Vichy naturally brings with it the name of Mme. de Sévigné, who spent there part of the summers of 1676 and 1677. M. Montégut thinks that, if there ever was a person who could truly be called happy, it was Mme. de Sévigné, who unconsciously obtained a place in the foremost rank of France's greatest writers, and arrived at immortality without thinking of it. From the delightful Marchioness to Honoré d'Urfé the transition may seem a little abrupt; but travellers must not be particular, and when we see the *Astrée* becoming immediately after its publication the popular novel of the day, we are inclined to think that Fame is as blind a goddess as Fortune. M. Montégut remarks that even M. Offenbach's *Orphée aux enfers* has not created greater enthusiasm than D'Urfé's pastoral novel, and, strange though it may seem, for two whole centuries its reputation stood unimpaired. We are told that a society of German lords and ladies even applied themselves to reproduce in real life the adventures described in it, just as some enthusiasts, frantic about Balzac, tried to realize some years ago the experience of Rastignac, Delphine de Nucingen, and Mme. de Mortsauf. M. Montégut admires *L'astrée*, and calls it "an almost great book." We can only say, *De gustibus*, &c.

M. Didot's bulky monograph on Aldus Manutius † is a valuable contribution to the history of the Renaissance movement. After a brief survey of Greek literature, which the learned author calls the intellectual progenitor of the Western world, we have an account of the vicissitudes of Hellenism from the disruption of the Roman Empire to the fifteenth century. England, and more particularly Ireland, encouraged at a very early period the study of Greek, and it was from these two countries that Charlemagne borrowed professors and lecturers for his schools. M. Didot holds that the growth of the Pontifical power was fatal to Hellenism, and that the great Eastern schism struck the death-blow to real scholarship. As we get nearer the epoch of the revival, the details supplied by our author are more precise and more numerous; a list of the celebrated persons who took part in the movement is given, with chronological and bibliographical references; and thus step by step we are led to the central portion of the book—the life of Aldus himself. This is followed by a copious appendix containing, amongst other noteworthy things, a number of letters in Greek (together with a French translation), addressed to the illustrious printer, chiefly by Musurus, by his father-in-law Gregoropoulos, and other members of his family. These documents, belonging to M. Didot's private collection, have never before been published; they were brought to France from Venice by the late M. Renouard, who, it may be remembered, composed an elaborate history of the three Manutii. The volume is illustrated with portraits and facsimiles, and completed by an excellent analytical index.

The third part of M. Jules Favre's History of the National Defence Government is now before us ‡, including a narrative of the events coming between the armistice with the Prussians and the taking of Paris by the Versailles troops against the Commune. We shall not follow the author through the details of occurrences with which we are but too familiar, and which a host of publications have described over and over again. There is one point, however, which deserves a few words of notice. M. Jules Favre in his first chapter traces the misfortune of his country and the disasters of the Prussian war to the system of despotism which France had unwisely adopted, and to the moral degradation brought about by the Empire. We quite agree with him in this; but whose fault was it that the Napoleonic *régime* was so readily welcomed and so promptly established? It was simply due to the disorganization of the Republican party at the time of the *coup d'état*, and the terror inspired by the ever-growing energy of Radicalism. The President of the Republic merely took advantage of those bickerings and petty quarrels which unfortunately helped to split up the Liberal majority just when unity of action was most desirable. M. Favre's concluding chapter is a kind of profession of faith, or political programme for the France of the future. Liberty, respect for the law, a system of taxation graduated according to the means of the persons taxed, instruction and education developed as much as possible, arbitration adopted in cases of strikes—such are the plausible features of a scheme which ostensibly keeps aloof equally from the *ancien régime* and from extreme theories.

M. Jules Favre's idea is, after all, a kind of compromise. M. de Pontmartin, the critic of the *Correspondant*, the rival of M. Sainte-Beuve, prefers well-defined situations, and no one will persuade him that a moderate or Conservative Republic is possible in France. See his article on M. Thoreau-Dangin's *Essais historiques* in the eleventh volume of the *Nouveaux Samedis* *, a volume which contains a series of criticisms, often extremely just, on the productions of the day. M. Jules Janin, M. Nisard, the author of *Volupté* himself, sit for their portraits to M. de Pontmartin, and are estimated with considerable fairness.

M. Jacquinet † has spent a good deal of time in a library, and the notes he jots down there on a few favourite books are well worth perusing. His thoughts are condensed into short paragraphs; sometimes he is satisfied with giving a striking quotation and leaving the reader to meditate upon some political, social, or literary truth tersely worded. Amongst other remarks is one relating to the expression so often employed in common conversation—*un honnête homme;* there are certainly very few epithets so indiscriminately used as *honnête*, and the meaning given to it may be regarded as a pretty accurate test of the morality prevailing amongst the society which uses it.

M. Simonin's travels to the United States ‡ were the result of a mission entrusted to him by the French Government; we must not, therefore, expect from him imaginative pictures, amusing anecdotes, and details of a dramatic kind such as those, for instance, with which Baron de Wogan entertains us. He is very strong on mines, railways, and commercial enterprise; but those subjects were precisely what he had to discuss, and we must say that he has performed his task in a creditable manner. In America, as M. Simonin remarks, changes are of such frequent occurrence, and of so sweeping a nature, that yesterday leaves no traces behind it, and to-morrow makes us forget to-day. It is the more necessary, therefore, that the traveller should note down his observations with some minuteness, because they are likely to be the only evidence of a phase of civilization which, in the course of a few months perhaps, will have disappeared for ever. The country and the colony of the Mormons, the Nevada silver mines, and the present condition of California, have supplied our author with some of his most interesting chapters; and the two concluding parts, relating to the immigrants and the Redskin Indians, show us the struggle between European civilization and the last remains of those unfortunate tribes who inspired M. de Chateaubriand with his richest descriptions of character and scenery.

With M. Thomas-Anquetil § we are invited to sports on a large scale such as tropical climates alone can boast of; the elephant is the hero of the volume, and around him the wild buffalo, the crocodile, and the cobra-capello move harmoniously together. Unfortunately our author, though extremely popular with general readers on account of the stirring episodes in which he delights, appears to have been snubbed both by Orientalists and by the French Minister of Marine, and he is rather offended in consequence. M. Foncaux accuses him of knowing nothing about Buddhism; thereupon he replies by an attack directed not only against M. Foncaux, but against his wife—an attack which we cannot help thinking in very bad taste. If M. de Chasseloup-Laubat, who for a short season ruled over the destinies of the French colonies, had only listened to M. Thomas-Anquetil, what an amount of mischief might have been prevented! First and foremost, the Machiavellic designs of "perfidious Albion" in China and the extreme East would have received their death-blow; for, incredible as it may appear to some persons, England is quite as wicked, politically speaking, in these modern times as in the days of "Pitt and Coburg." M. Thomas-Anquetil's warnings, we are sorry to say, proved quite ineffectual, for no one will listen to him. These recriminations form the subject of an appendix, entitled *observations critiques*, which terminates his amusing volume.

The lecture on Count Cavour published by M. Fontanès was originally to have been delivered to the members of an educational society at Rouen ‖; the authorities, however, dreading an address which must necessarily touch upon politics, would not allow it to be given, and it is now published in the shape of a pamphlet. We can perfectly understand the motive which influenced the authorities. The question of a free Church in a free State is one of the topics indissolubly connected with Cavour's name; and the present aspect of religious matters on the other side of the Channel is such that the smallest allusion to it would create endless controversies, and call forth innumerable protests.

Numerous as are the books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles which have been lately published on the subject of education, we doubt whether many writers could be named who have in a small

* *En Bourbonnais et en Forez.* Par Émile Montégut. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Alde Manuce, et l'Hellénisme à Venise.* Par Ambroise-Firmin Didot. Paris: Didot.

‡ *Gouvernement de la défense nationale.* Par M. Jules Favre. Vol. 3. Paris: Plon.

* *Nouveaux Samedis.* 11e série. Par M. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy.

† *Livre de lectures, ou fragments d'études sur l'homme et la société.* Par M. Jacquinet. Paris: Didier.

‡ *A travers les États-Unis.* Par L. Simonin. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *Aventures et chasses dans l'extrême Orient.* Par M. Thomas-Anquetil. 2e partie. Paris: Charpentier.

‖ *Cavour: conférence.* Par Ernest Fontanès. Paris: Sandoz & Fischbacher.

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compass given more proof of good sense than M. Tallichet *; the article he has devoted to education in the last number of the *Bibliothèque universelle* is one of the most remarkable of a series which we hope will be reprinted as a distinct volume. Whilst we are speaking of this periodical, let us mention likewise M. Assezat's paper on heredity, and the discourse on political liberty by M. Secrétan. Another laudable feature of the *Bibliothèque universelle* is the blameless character of its novels. Readers who admire what is called M. Zola's "powerful style" will of course be inclined to think that M. Louis Favre's *Pinson des colombettes* is rather "slow," so thoroughly are modern Parisians accustomed to scenes borrowed from the gutters, and to characters familiar with every abomination.

M. Charles Deulin's writings form a happy exception to this rule, and his new volume is in every respect equal in point of merit to the *Contes d'un buveur de bière.*† The manners and social physiognomy of country towns have already been portrayed by many a French novelist, the two most recent being Balzac and Champfleury; and it might seem dangerous for a comparative novice to challenge a parallel with the author of *La grenadière* and the realistic painter to whom we owe *Les oies de Noël.* M. Deulin, however, leaves us nothing to regret except that his sketches are on so small a scale. They remind us of M. Meissonnier's pictures, and the amusing description they give of Flemish life opens before us a world with which very few people are acquainted.

The few English readers who care for French poetry should make the acquaintance of M. François Coppée ‡; his lyrics and his plays are characterized by a great deal of imagination, and are written in an easy, agreeable style. The thirty or forty pieces reprinted from his "red note-book" are a good specimen of his talent.

* *Revue suisse et Bibliothèque universelle.* Avril 1875. Lausanne: Bridel.

† *Histoires de petite ville.* Par Charles Deulin. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Le cahier rouge.* Par François Coppee. Paris: Lemerre.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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No. in Order of Merit.	Name.	Total of Marks.
1	Hill, Micaiah John Muller	[illegible]
*2	Hewett, John Prescott	[illegible]
*3	Brodie, Vernor Alexander	[illegible]
4	Darrah, Henry Zouch	[illegible]
*5	Harris, Robert Liston	[illegible]
6	Reynolds, Herbert William Ward	[illegible]
*7	Bayley, Charles Stuart	[illegible]
*8	Adamson, Harvey	[illegible]
9	Kensington, Alfred	[illegible]
*10	Macleod, Roderick Henry	[illegible]
11	Wheeler, Percy Cotterill	[illegible]
*12	Vere, Aubrey Foster	[illegible]
*13	Walker, George Casson	[illegible]
*14	Grant, John Andrew	[illegible]
15	Kennedy, Robert Muirhead	[illegible]
16	Hamblin, Richard Ebb	[illegible]
17	Maude, Henry	[illegible]
18	White, Herbert Thirkell	[illegible]
19	Gill, John Edward	[illegible]
20	Morrieson, Edward Currie	[illegible]
*21	Younghusband, Arthur Delaval	[illegible]
22	Holmes, William Cuthbert	[illegible]
*23	Hammick, Murray	[illegible]
*24	Macpherson, William Charles	[illegible]
*25	Joseph, Hugh Gore	[illegible]
26	Russell, Samuel	[illegible]
*27	Barrow, Oscar Theodore	[illegible]
*28	Harris, Edward Branson	[illegible]
29	Wolfe-Murray, Francis D'Arcy Osborne	[illegible]
30	Frazer, Robert Watson	[illegible]
31	Douglas, Sholto James	[illegible]
*32	Dumergue, John Willoughby Francis	[illegible]
33	Cox, Harry	[illegible]
*34	Campbell, Duncan John Alfred	[illegible]
*35	Lyon, George Kenneth	[illegible]
36	Vaughan, Thomas Edward	[illegible]
*37	Jenkins, Thomas Lowten Layton	[illegible]

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THE PEACE PRESERVATION BILL.

THE Peace Preservation Bill has at last passed through Committee after a fierce discussion over almost every single clause. The time of the House has been engrossed with these discussions for many nights and many mornings, and all other public business has had to give way in order that a measure which the Government declared to be indispensable to the public safety might be carried. The Irish members fought the Bill step by step, and the whole question of having a Peace Preservation Act at all was raised over and over again while the House was in Committee. As Mr. NEWDEGATE pointed out on Thursday night, this is a practice which retards in a lamentable degree the progress of business, but it is a practice to which the Conservative party had free recourse when in Opposition, and it is scarcely for them to complain that a weapon of which they made in their time such liberal use should be turned against themselves. Mr. DISRAELI stated that he did not complain of the opposition which the Irish members had offered. Many Irish Coercion Acts have been passed in the memory of those who are now Parliamentary leaders, and not a few were met with an opposition far more factious and discreditable than has been offered to the present measure. Nor have the efforts of the Irish members been altogether in vain. The Government made concessions which were not without importance, and some of the opponents of the Bill recognized at last the fairness and courtesy of the Government. Mr. DISRAELI rather imprudently described this recognition as the best message of peace that had been issued for a long time, which provoked a declaration that the matter was too serious for the bandying of compliments, and that, if the Government thought the Irish were on the whole tolerably well satisfied, they were greatly mistaken. What Irishmen who do not go into details and who regard all Peace Preservation Acts as invasions of the independence of Ireland may think or say it is impossible to conjecture; but those who know what has really taken place this Session can scarcely fail to admit that the law as it will now stand will be much less severe than the law as it stood before. The special restrictions of the press, for example, are altogether abrogated, to the great delight of, among other persons, Mr. CHARLEY, who told the House that the freedom of the press was like air to him, and that he positively could not live without it. If he spends his recess in an Irish town he will probably have an opportunity of breathing his favourite atmosphere in a very exhilarating form. Irish members, too, cannot help admitting that the IRISH SECRETARY listened with patience and attention to their reasoning, and that he allowed himself to be influenced by it as far as his conception of public interests would allow. It is fortunate that he should have been able to yield something, and yet so to yield as to give the impression that he was yielding, not through weakness, but through a wish to do right. It would have been a great misfortune if he had come down to the House and had stated that he had considered everything, that he knew absolutely and entirely what was necessary, and that he intended to be deaf to all argument. Possibly he might in this way have pushed his Bill through a little more quickly; but he would have created a painful and irritating impression that Irish members could get nothing like justice from Parliament, and that all their representations, all their deductions from local experience, all their arguments on behalf of their constituents, were overborne by the silent, blind tyranny of an English majority.

A short history of the concluding sittings of the Committee will suffice to show the objections—some trivial and almost ludicrous, some not without weight—made by the Irish members, and the spirit of combined liberality and firmness with which they were met by the Government. On Friday of last week the IRISH SECRETARY stated that he was ready to allow that charges should only be disposed of by summary process when the accused agreed to forego the benefit, or wished to escape the nuisance, of a defined and regular trial; but he insisted that, if the accused once accepted trial by summary process, he should not be permitted to appeal against the decision. Mr. BUTT proposed that the Government should begin with what he termed a clean board, and that all existing Proclamations should cease to have effect on a given day unless they had been previously renewed. The IRISH SECRETARY successfully opposed the proposal, on the very intelligible ground that he did not wish to have a clean board, that he was continuing old legislation, not inventing a new system. That there should be a rate for compensation to sufferers, imposed on districts where an undetected crime had taken place, was insisted on by the Government as a necessary means of setting the population against the criminal, but it was conceded that the burden should only be imposed when the Grand Jury expressly stated that material evidence had, in their opinion, been withheld by some person resident in the district. This subject was again discussed on Monday, and much difference of opinion, extending to English members, was exhibited on the point whether occupiers only should bear the burden, or whether owners should share it with them; and it was ultimately decided, in accordance with the views of the Government, that the occupiers alone should be made to pay, as they alone composed the class of persons who required to be stimulated to give evidence. That the Government should retain the power of entering places where seditious meetings were being held, and of searching for and seizing papers, was conceded without much opposition; but on a further question whether the clause should operate for two or five years, the Government, which asked for the longer period, had, on a division, a majority of only two—a striking instance of the unexpected chances of Parliamentary warfare, for the member who had moved to limit the operation of the clause did not think it worth while to go to a division, and no division would have been taken had not another member insisted on it. In the same way, though it was admitted that the Government must have power to order the Habeas Corpus Act to be suspended in protected districts, it was contended that the Judges should have power to order an arrested person to be brought before them, not with a view of releasing him, but to ascertain that while in prison he was not improperly treated. Lord HARTINGTON explained that he was really responsible for the clause, which was merely being continued from the Act of 1871, that he had drawn it without the assistance of any lawyer, and that he then found it acceptable to the House, and thought it a very good clause in its way. The Government had no difficulty in prolonging the operation of this product of Lord HARTINGTON'S zeal, but there was a considerable minority against the clause, as many English members did not relish the notion of a British subject, not only being imprisoned indefinitely, but also of being liable to receive any treatment in prison to which his hard

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fate might subject him. The detention of prisoners without trial, and the area in which the power is to operate, were the subjects of further discussion on Tuesday, and a strong, though unsuccessful, appeal to the Government was made to be satisfied with the power of detaining without trial for a year, and to withdraw the authority of the Lord-Lieutenant to prevent prisoners from communicating with their friends, Mr. SULLIVAN more especially going into a really touching, though perhaps irrelevant, explanation of the delight he had experienced when on one occasion during his own imprisonment his little child had been smuggled in as the physician's daughter. The subject of the prohibition to carry arms without licence, which had on several occasions occupied the attention of the Committee, afforded almost the only matter for discussion in the concluding sitting of Thursday; and it was naturally conceded by supporters of the Government that, although a general rule must be laid down, many very harmless persons were subject to an annoyance which in their case was needless. More especially it was recognized that an Irish member who had stated that, after having had to take out a licence, he had gone out partridge-shooting for a fortnight, and had only brought down a brace of birds in the time, was by no means a dangerous person. These are small things, but good-humoured discussion, if it wastes time, smoothes asperities, and if the casual remarks of one or two Irish members did not precisely deserve to be called a Message of Peace, yet it was obvious that the Irish members generally were in a much better humour at the conclusion than at the beginning of the labour of the Committee.

But, although it may have been highly beneficial that the Irish members should be allowed to have their way to the fullest extent they could wish, the protraction of the debates on the Peace Preservation Bill has thrown into confusion the arrangements made for the conduct of the remainder of the business of the Government. Mr. DISRAELI accordingly on Thursday night made a statement of the course which, under existing circumstances, he proposed to take. He displayed, however, less than his usual tact and adroitness in doing so. He got himself into difficulties which he might easily have avoided. He fixed the discussion of the Budget for a morning sitting, and it is obvious that the Budget, of all subjects, having a special interest for men of business, ought not to be discussed at an hour when only those who are men of leisure can attend. From the embarrassment in which his ill-advised announcement had placed him he was fortunately rescued by Sir CHARLES DILKE, who offered to give up Friday evening to the Government. But Mr. DISRAELI also thought it necessary to warn the House that the Government did not intend to suffer by the protraction of the Irish debates, that it meant to pass all its Bills, and would keep Parliament sitting till they were passed. Mr. GLADSTONE protested, with his usual warmth and copiousness of language, against this menacing announcement; and Mr. DISRAELI must have immediately felt that his language had not been sufficiently guarded. Every Prime Minister is obliged to say now and then that he will insist on this or that measure being carried; but to say in May that the House shall sit until it has passed every Government measure was something very strong and unusual. What Mr. DISRAELI meant was clear and reasonable enough. He meant that the Government intended to be in the same position with regard to their Bills as that in which they would have been if so much time had not been spent in discussing the Irish Bill. But he did not say this; he said much more than this; and the leader of the House should not make such a mistake. Mr. DISRAELI had also to declare what he proposed to do with reference to the Privilege of the House affecting the reporters of its debates; and he gave notice of a motion touching part of the subject embraced in Lord HARTINGTON'S Resolutions. But he was obliged to admit that he had forgotten to take into account the wider scope of Lord HARTINGTON'S proposal, and that this proposal deserved full discussion. He had wished to get the subject out of the way by a simple plan, and he found his plan too simple. This was another mistake, and no one admits he is mistaken with more candour than Mr. DISRAELI. It is a very difficult task that a leader of the House has to fulfil, and great allowances should be made for Mr. DISRAELI; and although he has lately, perhaps, made more blunders than might have been expected, yet his leadership should not be judged merely by these blunders. It should be taken as a whole, and if it is so taken, there is much more to admire in it than to blame.

GERMANY AND BELGIUM.

THE principal use, and perhaps the principal object, of Lord RUSSELL'S motion was to induce Lord DERBY again to say what he had said before, and to characterize the correspondence that has recently passed between Germany and Belgium as a perfectly amicable one. There has been no menace on the part of Germany, no interference with the independence of Belgium. Germany thought that there was a defect in the laws of Belgium which operated disadvantageously to Germany. Belgium replied that the same defect, if it was a defect, existed in other European codes. Germany, admitting that this was true of its own code, offered to remedy the defect on its own part, and asked whether Belgium would imitate its example. Belgium replied that it thought that the alteration ought to be made, not by two particular nations, but generally by all the principal nations, and that, if the guaranteeing Powers thought fit to make the alteration, Belgium would follow in the same path. Nothing could be more harmless on both sides. England has on several occasions been invited to alter its law to meet the views of other Powers, and has sometimes acceded to the request, and sometimes refused it. That Belgium should have been asked to do the same thing was not at all offensive to it, and no reply could have been more courteous and prudent than that Belgium would do in the matter whatever the Powers that guaranteed the independence of Belgium thought fit to do for themselves. The suggestion of Germany was by no means theoretically unreasonable, nor based on an imaginary grievance or danger. A Belgian subject wrote to the Archbishop of PARIS offering to assassinate Prince BISMARCK if he was paid an adequate price. The ARCHBISHOP did what a man of honour was bound to do, and communicated the proposal to the German Government, so as to place Prince BISMARCK on his guard. That Prince BISMARCK'S life is in continual danger is a notorious fact, and he is dogged wherever he goes by persons who think that they will do a great service to the Catholic Church if they kill him. When a fanatic or a ruffian wrote to an Archbishop proposing to kill Prince BISMARCK he did a very wicked thing, and what, it would seem to most people, must be an illegal thing. The question was whether it was an illegal thing, and the Belgian Government said that under the Belgian law it was not illegal, to which the German Government replied by inviting the Belgian Government to make such an act illegal for the future. Lord RUSSELL seems to have supposed that under English law it would clearly be illegal, and, if this was the case, the German Government would have the advantage of being able to show that one at least of the guaranteeing Powers had already its law shaped as Germany wishes to see the law shaped generally. But it is very doubtful whether an incitement to assassination under the peculiar form of asking another person whether he will, by paying money, incite the person asking the question to commit a murder is a crime under English law. Lord RUSSELL put the illegality on the ground that it was a disturbance of the QUEEN'S amity, and he referred to PELTIER'S case. There, however, the indictment was not for inciting to kill, but for libel, PELTIER having advocated in a public print the murder of the FIRST CONSUL. This was reasonably held to be an offence against the KING'S amity; but in the Belgian case there was no publication in the ordinary sense of the term, and Prince BISMARCK is not the head of a Government. He is only a person in the employment of a foreign prince, and it is stretching the authority of PELTIER'S case far beyond what it will go to say that it authorizes the proposition that any person in England who writes to say that he is willing, if paid, to kill a public servant of a foreign prince commits a crime punishable by English law.

There was also another subject of discussion between Germany and Belgium which has not caused the slightest difficulty between the two Governments, but which has been made the theme of much outside criticism. The German Government complained that some Belgian Bishops had issued pastorals calculated to stir up strife in Germany, and that an address of sympathy to a German Bishop who

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had undergone legal punishment had been presented by the authorities of a Belgian charitable Society. The explanations of the Belgian Government on this head were treated as satisfactory by the German Government, and nothing further was said in reference to it, the only point kept open being that of incitements to assassination. But the friends of Belgium, or at least the adversaries of Germany, are more Belgian than the Belgians themselves. They asked what the demand of the German Government really came to. Are not the subjects of one Government to be allowed to criticize the conduct of another? If the authorities of a charitable Society may not say that they think a foreigner has been harshly treated by his Government, how are the journals of the country to venture to speak their minds on the matter? Thus the independence of the Belgian press was indirectly attacked, and it was shown what would be said and done in England under similar circumstances. How grand and bold would be our reply if we were invited to prevent an English newspaper from saying that Prince BISMARCK was making a gigantic political mistake in his ecclesiastical legislation, or English Catholic Bishops from issuing what pastorals they please, or English ladies from sending Ultramontane deputations to the martyrs of Westphalia! We certainly should do no such thing if we were invited to do it, and there is not the remotest chance of Prince BISMARCK making the request. We are far off, we cannot be touched, we have our own insular habits, we do not consider our Government compromised by the action of individuals. We give every one a chance, and do not think much of most of those who take the opportunity given them. We have had our GARIBALDI celebrations; we have now our Carlist Committee. We welcome indifferently Syrian Patriarchs and Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY. We rush to see a Cardinal in his new dress, and we cherish Dr. CUMMING. In other countries there are other ways of going on. Philosophically it may perhaps be said that every nation has a natural inherent right to behave precisely as England does; but in practice this is a natural right which, like many natural rights, is often suffered to sleep. It is all a question of degree, and of what practically prevails in each country. If the German Government asked so much, it might, as is argued, equally well ask that the Belgian press should be made to write to order. But the German Government has not said a word as to the Belgian press. When it did remonstrate, it was met by the statement, not that the Belgian Government could do nothing, but that it had done everything. It had stopped, quietly and by indirect influence, but still effectually, the issue of obnoxious pastorals. It had ascertained that the address of the charitable Society was an imposture, and had been got up by two persons pretending, without authority, to represent others. It brought to the notice of the German Government the strenuous and successful appeal which it had made to the good sense and patriotism of men of all parties not to sow the seeds of discord between Belgium and Germany. If the parties to the controversy are in harmony, they may surely be suffered to manage their own affairs as they please.

But it is quite fair criticism to say that, when Germany asks other people to do right, she should begin at home. The very irritating remarks about the French army which have lately filled the columns of a portion of the semi-official German press, and which Prince BISMARCK could have stopped in a moment if he pleased, have caused much uneasiness in France. There has been what is termed a French scare. It is thought that the military party in Germany is bent on getting up another war, with or without excuse, before France is ready for the contest. Germany could now fall on France and crush her, and take away some more fortresses, and ask for twice as much money as it got four years ago, and so cripple, degrade, and ruin France that Germany might be sure of a long period of sweet, secure, well-earned repose. As things are now, France has at least got Belfort left, and is growing rich again, and has got, at any rate on paper, a very large army. These things make honest Germans anxious, and they do not like being anxious. France must be as nearly annihilated as civilization will allow, and then Germany will enjoy perpetual serenity of mind. These are said in France to be the views of a very influential set of persons in a very high position in Germany; and the French fear, not altogether without reason, that these views may prevail with the EMPEROR and the nation, and thus France may have to go through another war without having done anything to justify it. A more cruel and wicked thing than for Germany to go to war now simply to save itself from anxiety could scarcely be imagined; and even the French, whose fears might make them unjust, own that the great bulk of the German nation, and the EMPEROR himself, would recoil from so base a proposal if put forward in a naked and distinct form. It may be added that such a proceeding would be contrary to the whole policy on which, so far as is known, Prince BISMARCK has consistently acted since the termination of the last war; and nothing could so damage him in his struggle with the Vatican as to be guilty of a clear act of grievous misdoing. But the French scare, although it is warranted by no serious probability of danger, is not altogether unreasonable. The provocations or menaces of the German semi-official press are enough to make Frenchmen uneasy. Prince BISMARCK cannot both eat his cake and have it. On an average he fines or imprisons an editor a day, and he cannot plead that the portion of the press which he takes under his protection is a free, independent, and sacred institution with which he cannot meddle, and for which he is not responsible if it goes wrong. It is no excuse that the German press writes for Germans and not for Frenchmen, and that the purpose of its menacing articles is not to provoke a war, but to cheer Germans under the fatigues of military service. If they want cheering, they must find something else to cheer them. The French scare will probably soon die away, but it is to be hoped that the provocations of German newspapers which have the air of writing under inspiration will die away also.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

MR. SULLIVAN will probably have attained his object of forcing the House of Commons to alter its Standing Orders. The rule under which strangers may be excluded by the action of a single member was originally useful; and long afterwards it remained without mischievous effect in an assembly where a decent regard for the feelings and convenience of others traditionally prevailed. Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. SULLIVAN have proved that it is possible to make the present discipline of the House intolerable. If they continue their experiments in the same direction, they may probably discover other methods of rendering the orderly conduct of business impossible. The whimsical motive by which Mr. SULLIVAN supposed himself to be actuated forms no excuse for his troublesome activity. The profession of reporting or writing for newspapers, conventionally described as the Press, stands in need of neither championship nor vindication. The representatives of journals have but a slight interest in the present controversy; and, whatever may have been the case with their predecessors one or two centuries ago, they have been subjected to no recent affront. The rule which either wholly or occasionally excludes strangers was adopted before the modern system of reporting was known. When Mr. BIGGAR lately distinguished himself by disregard of ordinary conventions, the second personage in the realm shared the exclusion to which the reporters were, together with other spectators, subjected. While shorthand writers are entitled in common with other sections of the intelligent and respectable community to all consideration, it is an affectation and absurdity to claim special privileges on their behalf. Among many inconclusive arguments the most irrelevant was the mention of persons afterwards celebrated who had at some time occupied places in the reporters' gallery. Lord CAMPBELL was not Lord Chancellor when he reported for the *Morning Chronicle*, nor was Mr. DICKENS, when he was employed on the same journal, the most popular of novelists. There are few trades or professions from which eminent men have not emerged; but no occupation is entitled to exceptional preference because it may have been pursued by a future dignitary of the State or the law. Mr. SULLIVAN boasts of his exemption from the wholesome fear of being called "no gentle-"man." Perhaps he would be more sensitive to the imputation of using commonplace twaddle and cant. The House of Commons has seldom listened to such fustian declamation as the statement that "the sun has set on the "last day of press slavery." Unrestricted admission to the gallery of the House of Commons is not an inseparable attribute of freemen.

Mr. MITCHELL HENRY and Mr. NEWDEGATE seem to have provoked Mr. SULLIVAN's wrath by their just but unseason-

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able criticisms on the methods recently adopted by some of the reporters. It is a serious misfortune that respectable London journals should replace their reports of Parliamentary proceedings by abridgments which tend more and more to diverge from an accurate record of the debates. A coloured summary interspersed with graphic comments on the tone and style of the speakers is easier to the reporter than either a full transcript or a skilful condensation of a debate; but as soon as the copyist assumes the character of a critic, all guarantee for fidelity and for fairness is lost. The reports of the debates have for some generations furnished the best political education of Englishmen. The slow changes of opinion which have sometimes finally disclosed themselves in the unforeseen results of general elections have been largely caused by the arguments of statesmen who seemed at the time to be condemned to perpetual exclusion from power. It was because Sir ROBERT PEEL had for many years sustained with unequalled ability the weaker cause in Parliament that he was appointed in 1841 by general consent leader of the House of Commons, and absolute Minister. Mr. SULLIVAN'S favourites of the gallery, or those from whom they receive their instructions, do nothing but mischief in depriving the country of the opportunity of hearing both sides of a question. The custom described by Mr. MITCHELL HENRY of giving in country papers full reports only of the speeches of certain subscribers to a club or association is, if it is correctly described, something between an absurdity and a fraud. The remedy of an official report would be utterly insufficient. Only a few laborious students would toil through a shorthand report in which the speeches of Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. DISRAELI and of the dullest member of the House would be published in equal detail. It fortunately happens that the *Times*, after some vacillation, has resumed its old and laudable practice of giving full reports. If it had definitively imitated the bad example of some of the minor daily papers, a serious change would have been effected in the Constitution.

It is creditable to the Irish supporters of Home Rule that several of their number have disclaimed all sympathy with the rude and vexatious conduct of Mr. SULLIVAN and Mr. BIGGAR. As Sir G. BOWYER truly observed, the practical argument which had been used, though effective for the immediate purpose, was nevertheless fallacious. If, as he added, rights were exercised without regard to other people, the world would become uninhabitable. Mr. SULLIVAN has only demonstrated that the rule which was formerly innocuous was ill suited to an assembly which contains himself and Mr. BIGGAR. When Mr. SULLIVAN is deprived of his present weapon he may, if he thinks fit, move every five minutes that the House be counted, even when it is inconveniently full; or, as Mr. DISRAELI remarked, motions for the adjournment of the House or of a debate may be incessantly brought forward by any two members who wish to bring the House into disgrace. It might have been collected from the informal report of the proceedings after strangers were excluded on Tuesday night that Mr. DISRAELI was at last convinced of the necessity of disarming the SULLIVANS and the BIGGARS by a tardy concession; and this has proved to be the case. It seems that Mr. HARDY, who had devoted much attention to the subject, was about, when he was interrupted, to intimate some difference of opinion from his chief. The majority of the House evidently agreed with Lord HARTINGTON that it was time to introduce a change, and the Conservatives probably regretted the mistake of the PRIME MINISTER in allowing his own proper function to be assumed by the leader of the Opposition. The error, which is only one of time and of tact, may be easily retrieved. Mr. DISRAELI has now given notice of a Resolution of his own, and the annoying incident of Tuesday evening furnishes a sufficient excuse for the change of policy. Three weeks hence the irritation of the House will have subsided, though it would be vain to hope for an improvement in the taste and judgment of two or three contumacious members.

The Resolution before the House at the time when the galleries were cleared had nothing to do with the privilege of excluding strangers. Lord HARTINGTON proposed that a report of the debate should no longer be considered a breach of privilege, unless the House itself had previously forbidden the publication, or unless there had been wilful misrepresentation. The issue of wilful misrepresentation would be difficult to try; and it would be enough to confine the proposed immunity to fair and *bonâ fide* reports. Mr. DISRAELI'S reluctance to part with any power which had been formerly assumed by Parliament is not unpardonable. Old and conspicuous members acquire a superstitious reverence for the forms of the House of Commons; and Mr. DISRAELI, notwithstanding his general exemption from prejudice, has, like his most eminent predecessors, always been a stickler for privilege. The importance of the entire controversy has been greatly exaggerated. All parties are agreed that the actual practice should be unchanged, though some are more eager than others to adjust the rules of the House to the existing state of things. Solemn denunciations of Mr. DISRAELI'S backwardness and hesitation are altogether out of place. When the consideration of the subject is resumed he may gracefully defer to the wishes of the House. It would have been imprudent to prolong an obstinate resistance which might have impaired the general confidence in his skill and management. The tedious duration of the Peace Preservation debates has been unfairly attributed to want of vigour on Mr. DISRAELI'S part. This charge would have been more plausible if several members of the Opposition had not voted in various divisions in favour of amendments proposed by the Irish Home Rulers. It is impossible to force an important measure through its successive stages if any considerable section of the House desires or encourages delay.

CARLIST BELLIGERENCY.

FOREIGNERS who sympathize with the religious and political principles of Don CARLOS naturally wish that he should, in default of substantial assistance, receive every mark of respect and consideration. Many politicians in France and a few in England think that the happiness of Spain would be promoted by an absolute Government reigning by virtue of a claim of hereditary right, and devoted to the maintenance of Catholic uniformity. Irish sympathizers are perhaps a little embarrassed by the democratic associations which they are accustomed to combine with orthodox zeal; but in all countries except Spain itself, where the clergy seem to be neutral, the Carlist cause finds favour with the Ultramontane party. In consequence of some riotous proceedings at Gratz, directed against Don ALFONSO, brother of Don CARLOS, many members of the Austrian aristocracy have paid formal visits to one of the Archdukes who is connected with the Spanish Prince. It may be conjectured that the POPE himself, if he were only certain that Don CARLOS would succeed, might be inclined to prefer him to his equally devout cousin. M. VEUILLOT, who possesses and deserves the confidence of the Roman Court, is an avowed supporter of Don CARLOS, and has received from the Pretender himself a formal letter of thanks for his advocacy. The secular admirers of absolute government place less confidence in ALFONSO XII. than in his rival. It is true that no kind of liberty exists at Madrid, nor is there any reason to suppose that the present restrictions will be relaxed; but the young KING himself at one time professed his attachment to constitutional principles, and some of his advisers have in former times recognized the authority of the Cortes. Don CARLOS, on the other hand, has consistently condemned all newfangled devices for restraining the power of kings.

It is desirable that, as far as possible, international questions should be determined without reference to political controversies. A belligerent is entitled or is not entitled to recognition, not because he represents any special principle, but according to the nature of the contest and the forces of which he disposes. It is in general advisable to abstain from noticing a civil war until it becomes necessary to adopt some practical course. The established Government is likely to take offence at the acknowledgment that rebellion has assumed a substantial shape, although it may itself have been compelled to treat the insurgents as legitimate combatants. There is no inconvenience in postponing the recognition of the belligerent rights of the Carlists. It is true that they maintain a regular war, and that they hold exclusive possession of a part of Spain; but they have neither a navy nor a commercial marine, and no question of blockades or of captures has hitherto arisen, or been expected to arise. The QUEEN'S Proclamation at the beginning of the American Civil War was issued at the request of English supporters of the Federal cause, for the

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purpose of guarding against the complications which might have been caused by attempts on the part of American cruisers to exercise rights which could only be conferred by a state of war. As it happened, the American Government itself had anticipated the English recognition of the belligerency of the South, yet the Proclamation was the cause and pretext of much of the unjustifiable vituperation by which English patience was afterwards severely tried. No future English Government will be disposed hastily to risk a quarrel with an established Government by according recognition to insurgents. If Don CARLOS can establish his authority over Spain, he will be recognized, not merely as a belligerent, but as actual ruler of the country which he will have conquered.

The theory of recognition and of international sympathy has in modern times been not only modified, but reversed; nor can there be any doubt that the change is in accordance both with policy and with justice. In the days of the French Revolution national grounds of quarrel were constantly confused with the internal controversy between the Monarchy and the Republic. To the end of his life BURKE blamed the English Ministers for refusing to identify themselves with the cause of hereditary right; and, although PITT refused to adopt BURKE'S principles to their full extent, his Government was constantly allying itself with Royalist conspiracies and opposing Jacobinism abroad as well as at home. When a reaction took place after the fall of NAPOLEON, the Liberal party in England, afterwards reinforced by CANNING and his followers, supported a policy which was inspired by antipathy to the Holy Alliance and by good will to almost every revolutionary movement in the Eastern or Western hemisphere. When the Civil War broke out in Spain after the death of FERDINAND, Lord GREY and Lord PALMERSTON gave active aid to the infant QUEEN on the express ground that her title rested on the authority of the Cortes, and that she was supported by the supposed friends of constitutional liberty. The partial disappointment which ensued had something to do with the later adoption of stricter theories of neutrality. It has been found that the Liberal party in a civil war is not necessarily devoted to constitutional freedom; and that English interests are but remotely connected with the forms of government which may prevail in foreign States. It is in truth an impertinent intrusion to meddle with the internal, and sometimes with the external, quarrels of independent nations. The benevolent neutrality which was demanded first by the Northern Americans and afterwards by the Germans implies the formation of a judgment which may be resented as officious. It is now distinctly understood that any Government which is obeyed by a nation, and which seems likely to be permanent, will, as far as England is concerned, be regarded as legitimate. The recognition of the Spanish Republic was postponed on the well-founded assumption that it had neither root in the country nor reasonable prospect of duration. It was in deference to the urgency of the German Government that Marshal SERRANO was afterwards recognized; and the same courtesy was still more readily extended to King ALFONSO. It cannot be denied that Don CARLOS is a belligerent; but there is no need to add to his strength by formally allowing his pretensions. The only objection to his cause which is entertained by judicious English politicians is that he represents perpetual civil war without a reasonable hope of ultimate success. The same disinclination would be felt to the useless struggles of a Constitutional Monarchy against a legitimate King, or of a Royalist party in opposition to an established Republic. No European has yet mastered the theory of the quarrel which has been prosecuted, at the cost of much misery and many lives, for a long series of years in Cuba. Some Americans sympathize with the insurgents because Cuba is a Spanish colony, and because rebels are always supposed to have Republican affinities. Englishmen incline rather to the side of the colonial Government, not on account of its merits, but because the rebels are evidently unable either to overthrow the Spanish dominion or even to maintain a regular war. It is wholly indifferent to foreign spectators whether one or other party prevails in the chronic civil wars of the South American Republics. In every case it is desirable that one of the two belligerents should, if possible, be strong enough to crush opposition and to establish peace.

If Don CARLOS can obtain possession of a seaport, and equip a few ships of war, he will not fail to be recognized as a belligerent. In the meantime it is unnecessary to define the relations of those who cannot come into contact with one another. The recognition of ALFONSO XII. implies no approval of the proceedings of his Government. It is a strong measure to silence all the respectable University Professors in Spain, and to send some of them into exile without any affectation of legal proceedings; but the Spanish Monarchy is acknowledged, not on account of its wisdom or beneficence, but merely because it exists. The curious observer may readily conjecture that the Government of Madrid is bidding against Don CARLOS for the favour of the clergy and of the most bigoted part of the community. It is possible that the experiment may produce unexpected results. There is no motive for fighting in defence of a Government which shares the worst faults of its opponents. It would be wiser to rely on the party which desires the union of freedom with order. The moderate Liberals of Spain are probably a minority, but they have more energy, and therefore better prospects, than the supporters of reaction. For the present despotism and intolerance are dominant both in the Carlist camp and in the Court of Madrid.

FRANCE.

THE French Assembly has not been told by any person in authority that this is the last vacation it will see, but there is a general and accepted conviction that the elections will be held in the autumn which is almost as conclusive as a formal Ministerial announcement. The election of the Senate must by law be followed by a dissolution, and to expect the country to go without a Senate for more than a few months, after so much time and labour have been spent in creating one, would be to underrate the practical sense of Frenchmen. Whatever doubts politicians may have entertained of the working of a Second Chamber, while it was still undecided whether there should be a Second Chamber at all, all parties seem resolved to make the most of it now that it has been constituted. This is one of the favourable symptoms which mark off French political opinion as it is from French political opinion as it used to be. It is not so very long since the advanced Republicans would have insisted on seeing in the Senate nothing but an instrument of reaction. It is not so very long since the fact that the advanced Republicans were hopeful of making the Senate minister to their own purposes would have made it detested by the Conservatives. As it is, each party looks at the side of the shield which pleases it best, and in this way arrives at an unexpressed agreement to make the Senate as much of a reality as possible. The first result of this determination will be the hastening of a dissolution.

If the Assembly is to get through all the business set down for it before its final dispersion, the deputies must make up their minds to a hard summer's work. It may be expected, however, that the massacre of the innocents will be early and complete. Putting aside any measures that may be necessary for carrying on the business of the country, there is not much inducement to legislate on more than one or two subjects. The WALLON Constitution as it stands is perhaps the shortest in the world, and a nation which likes to see provision made on paper for a large variety of political contingencies may discover numerous points on which it needs to be supplemented. But there is no inducement to entrust this work to the existing Assembly. Its action is equally distrusted by all parties. The Republicans look forward to a great accession of strength at the general election, and they naturally prefer that the Constitution should be completed by a Chamber more in accordance with their own views. On the other hand it is part of the Conservative creed that a Constitution framed by two Chambers must be less Radical than a Constitution framed by a single Chamber, and its professors naturally wish that the finishing touches shall be given to M. WALLON'S work by a Legislature which possesses this inestimable security against over-haste. There is a sense in which both anticipations may be justified by events. It is probable that the majority in the new Chamber of Deputies will be sufficiently Republican to put an end to monarchical hopes. It is also probable that the Senate, whatever may be its political complexion, will embody a very decided representation of social Conservatism. A Legislature made up of these

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elements will represent French opinion with more than usual accuracy. It seems clear that, in spite of the personal influence exercised by many Royalists, there is no considerable section of Frenchmen that wishes to see either the Count of CHAMBORD or the Count of PARIS placed on the throne. If this is so, there are only the Republic and the Empire for Frenchmen to choose between; and notwithstanding the progress which Bonapartism made under the Duke of BROGLIE'S patronage, it is still probable that its adherents are greatly outnumbered by the Republicans. The French peasant came out of the war with a good deal more of political intelligence than he had when he went into it. It was an immense advantage to the Republican party that they were for the time the acknowledged leaders of a singularly united nation. However the Legitimists may have reviled M. GAMBETTA since the war, they were honourably willing to obey him while it lasted, and the tempest of popular hatred in which the Empire had disappeared was too violent to allow of any resistance on the part of the Bonapartists. To the sense of power in the Republic conveyed by M. GAMBETTA'S Administration succeeded the sense of prudence conveyed by M. THIERS'S Administration. The peasant had seen that the Republic could govern strongly; he now saw that its strength could be devoted to the repression of disorder and the promotion of material prosperity. The greatest mistake of the anti-Republican party has been their refusal to appreciate the impression made on the peasantry by the war of the Commune. They have always argued as though the atrocities committed in Paris had somehow been set down to the discredit of the system in power at Versailles. The real fact was that the more the Royalists dwelt on what the Commune had done the greater became the gratitude of the peasantry to the Republic which had been victorious over the Commune. If M. THIERS had left office before the Versailles troops had entered Paris, the Republic would have retired with him, but it was useless for the Royalists to appeal any longer to the fears of the rural population when the Republic had shown itself able to suppress so formidable an insurrection. There is some hope, therefore, that the new Chambers may show a sense and temper which have been too rare in French Legislatures. It will be strange if France is reserved to convince the world how Conservative a Republic can be after such conspicuous exhibitions in the opposite direction; but it certainly seems possible that this may be her destiny. In some respects, no doubt, Frenchmen are very well suited to play such a part. They have so often proved that political extravagance need not extinguish practical sense, that there will be a certain fitness in its falling to them to prove that practical sense can in the long run control political extravagance.

The two measures which seem likely to occupy most of the Assembly's thoughts between now and the dissolution are the Press Law and the Electoral Law. It is admitted by the more Conservative Republicans that some additional securities must be provided against the abuses of journalism before the state of siege can be prudently raised, and the Government will not be anxious to go to the country with the discredit of maintaining the state of siege still attaching to them. There may be some warm debating in the Assembly if the Government Bill turns out to be very severe in its restrictions; but the consciousness that a little liberty is better than none may perhaps moderate the tone of the Republican Opposition. There is nothing to be gained by defeating a Bill which, at all events, will make the position of the journalist somewhat easier than it is now; indeed the co-operation of the Left will probably be needed to enable the Government to concede even so modest an improvement as this. The proportions of the Electoral Law will be very much smaller than they were expected to be in the first instance. After much searching of heart, the idea of subjecting the suffrage to any effectual restriction seems to have been abandoned. Politicians who have no admiration for universal suffrage may still congratulate the French Conservatives on the wise conclusion at which they have arrived. The real vice of universal suffrage is not the vice which has excited most alarm. What has frightened Frenchmen has been the violent language and extreme proposals of the workmen in the great towns. What ought to have frightened them was the profound indifference displayed by the voters in the rural districts. If the limitation of the suffrage could have taken effect in this latter direction—if, that is, some of those millions of voters who ordinarily take no interest in politics, and only flock to the polling-booths when their fears happen to be unusually active and unusually unintelligent, could be removed from the electoral list, it would no doubt be a sensible improvement. But all the proposals that have from time to time been made for lessening the number of voters have aimed at excluding the workmen in the great cities. The fault of this plan is that, instead of turning off the steam, it simply closes the safety valve. The revolutionary workmen of Paris or Lyons are an appreciable element of danger in the French political system. But they are far more dangerous outside the Legislature than inside it, and the only effect of shutting them out from representation would be to restrict their energy to the one field in which it is really formidable. Nature has provided them with arms which they can use to some purpose, and the law has provided them with votes which they can use to very little purpose. Still, so long as they can use their votes, they are to some undefined extent less likely to want to use their arms; whereas if this alternative is closed against them, they will have nothing left to do except to plan insurrections. Such strength as the Executive can command to put down revolution will not be lessened by the presence of their representatives in the Legislature, while the occasions that call for the exercise of that strength will, to say the least, be fewer.

THE TENANT-RIGHT BILLS.

SIR THOMAS ACLAND'S Tenants' Compensation Bill finds little favour even among the farmers in whose interest it is framed. At the late meeting in Salisbury Square, while the Government Bill was mentioned with general disapproval, Sir THOMAS ACLAND was described as the advocate of obsolete theories. It is indeed sufficiently evident that the best mode of satisfying the demands of the tenant-farmers would be to introduce the principle of compulsion into the Government Bill, and not to promote a competing scheme. Sir THOMAS ACLAND proposes to import into every contract of tenancy a covenant by the landlord to compensate the tenant for certain improvements. The claim for unexhausted manure is, as in the Government Bill, limited to two years; and a longer period, not yet defined, is allowed for chalking, manuring with undissolved bones, and some other more durable improvements. It is remarkable that no provision is made to compensate the outgoing tenant for drainage, which is the most effective of all similar operations; but probably Sir T. ACLAND would be willing to correct the oversight, and in the majority of districts drains are made by the landlord. Although the Bill is in its essence compulsory, it would be possible to escape from its operation by agreement. The main difference between Sir THOMAS ACLAND'S Bill and the Government measure consists in the provisions for evading the operation of the Act. Sir THOMAS ACLAND proposes that, where there is an agreement between landlord and tenant providing the compensation to which the tenant would be entitled under the Act, the claim shall be founded on the agreement, and not on the general Act. The Chamber of Agriculture seems on a division to have adopted an amendment to the same effect. If the principle of compensation is to operate equally in both cases, it can matter little whether proceedings are taken under the Act or under the agreement. The question whether the agreement provided full compensation would give rise to interminable disputes. Although Sir THOMAS ACLAND'S Bill is well and carefully drawn, nearly the same object might be effected by introducing compulsory clauses into the Duke of RICHMOND'S Bill. In either case the object of the tenant-farmers can only be obtained by a defeat of the Government; and it would be impossible in the present Session to induce the House of Lords to reverse its unanimous decision. According to one of the advocates of compulsion, scarcely any of the county members are prepared to vote against the Government measure, and only a small minority could be expected to support Sir T. ACLAND'S alternative proposal. Mr. RODWELL, who is justly considered the special representative of the farmers of Cambridgeshire, has repeatedly declared his hostility to interference with freedom of contract. If the leaders of the Opposition in the House of Commons take the opportunity of paying court to the county constituencies, they must act in direct opposition to their political allies and former

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colleagues in the House of Lords. Such an alliance would involve other conditions than assent to interference with the property of landowners. The extension of the household franchise to counties would be more unpalatable to the farmers than any mode of dealing with the law of tenancy.

In his speech at Salisbury Square Mr. FAWCETT rested the argument for compulsion on the supposed expediency of promoting agriculture and increasing the supply of food. As a political economist Mr. FAWCETT would probably admit that the nature and uses of agricultural produce have little or nothing to do with the question. It is not because men eat bread and meat, or wear woollen clothes, that the growth of corn or the breeding of cattle is entitled to legislative favour. In the present day all commodities may be measured by their money value; and it is more advantageous to earn in any other branch of industry the price of two loaves of bread than to produce one loaf. Mr. FAWCETT must in consistency contend that every law and custom which directly or indirectly interferes with production ought to be abolished without reference to any private interests which may be involved in its maintenance. The proposition may possibly be defensible, but it leads to wider consequences than compensation for unexhausted manure. It has not of late years been thought expedient to suppress Trade-Unions by law, even when they are established for the express purpose of making the necessaries of life artificially dear. At the late meeting of the delegates of miners no recommendation commanded more general assent than the suggestion that the output of coal should be systematically kept within the narrowest limits. The Agricultural Labourers' Union was certainly not established for the purpose of reducing prices. Its leaders, including the ingenious person who boasts of having formerly been a ploughman, consistently denounce the policy of PEEL and of COBDEN, on the ground of its having favoured competition to the disadvantage of home-grown produce. To alarmists who would gladly put down combinations of workmen for the promotion of dearth, it is the common and conclusive answer that freedom and its consequences must be taken together. The landowners rely with similar confidence on the fundamental institution of property. If a man may own land, it follows, as a general rule, that he may part with its possession for a time on such conditions as he may arrange with any person who desires to be his tenant. In other commercial relations the interest of both parties is regarded as sufficient security for the public expediency of the bargains which they may make. It is true, as Mr. FAWCETT said for another purpose, that no general rule is universally applicable. The law already regulates to a certain extent the conditions of agricultural tenancy; and, if a clear case of necessity is established, the limitation of ownership may be made more stringent. But the presumption in favour of freedom of contract can only be displaced by forcible reasons. The famous award of CYRUS, though it was founded on considerations of general expediency, has never been regarded as consistent with justice. The boy to whom the coat belonged was held to have a better claim than his competitor whom the coat would fit. Probably no two farmers or manufacturers are exactly equal in skill, in industry, and in the other qualities which promote industrial success; but it would be an innovation to turn an old and prejudiced occupier out of his holding or his business to make room for a more enlightened successor.

If the present tenure of land largely and demonstrably checks production, there may perhaps be a case for legislative interference, though the precedent is in the highest degree dangerous; but nothing can be vaguer than the common assumption that large masses of capital are withheld from the improvement of the land in consequence of risks to which tenants are exposed. It is not alleged that any competent persons are deterred from engaging in the business of farmers through the absence of tenant-right; but it is asserted that high farming is discouraged by want of security. Few residents in the country could quote instances in which farmers have preferred other investments for their money, because they were unwilling to trust their capital to the land. English farmers are in fact probably the best in the world, and the most liberal in their outlay on improvement. The cases in which they have been arbitrarily deprived of their investments in cultivation must be rare; as they are scarcely ever quoted by the advocates of compulsory relations between landlord and tenant. The customs of different counties in many cases provide a security to the outgoing tenant which would not be enlarged by a compulsory Bill. The Duke of RICHMOND'S measure would, in districts where the custom is unknown or insufficient, be tacitly adopted by the great majority of landlords and tenants, though any unforeseen bad effects which it might produce would be guarded against in future contracts. A compulsory Bill would at the outset cause much litigation, and the further result would probably be a composition in the form of a money payment for the claims which outgoing tenants would uniformly prefer, although they might have made no improvement. The incoming tenant would be compelled to purchase under pretext of compensation the goodwill of his predecessor, and consequently a saleable value of land would gradually be created in which the owner would have no share. The corresponding system in Ulster has often been explained, and perhaps it has been historically justified. It is said that the original occupiers converted waste land into habitable farms, and that the tenant-right which is transmitted through successive holders fairly represents the original outlay. In England there is nothing analogous to the alleged reasons for Irish tenure; and if tenant-right were saleable at the rate of some years' purchase of the rent, the landlord would be poorer to that amount, while future generations of tenants would receive no benefit. The debates in the House of Commons will be prolix and perhaps passionate, but they will scarcely be as instructive as the late discussion in the House of Lords.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER.

MR. GLADSTONE'S friendly letter declining the invitation to attend the Lexington Centenary is not perhaps of much interest in itself, but the manner in which it has been received in America deserves to be noted as a warning to a certain school of English politicians of the folly of trying to be civil to people who do not want your civilities. To be sure, as THACKERAY has somewhere remarked, a man does not usually mean to insult you when he asks you to dinner; and Mr. GLADSTONE, with that simple confidence in human nature which has survived even his inquiries into Vaticanism, no doubt took the invitation as a compliment in perfect good faith. It is not unreasonable, however, to imagine that it may have been capable of another interpretation. The *New York World*, for instance, expresses its surprise that Mr. GLADSTONE, who sympathized with the South during the Civil War, and proclaimed that JEFFERSON DAVIS had created a nation, should have been expressly chosen to represent England at a celebration of American patriotism, while such true friends of the Republic as Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. FORSTER, and Sir C. DILKE, were taken no notice of whatever. The *New York Tribune* also thinks that the invitation to the former enemy of the Union was a mistake, since "the only "cause which England or England's representative can, "with any show of reason on their side, offer for rejoicing "that the United States had gained their independence is "obviously that the mother-country was well rid of "them"; and "Mr. GLADSTONE," it adds, "in every word "of his courteous and carefully worded letter betrays "this embarrassment and difficulty in writing it." In other words, the *Tribune*, the exponent of a large body of American opinion, thinks it quite impossible that an English statesman can honestly say he is glad of the loss of the United States, except as a way of expressing his contempt for the people of that country; and the *World* pushes the same conclusion still further when it suggests that, for anything that appears to the contrary, Mr. GLADSTONE is still of the same mind as he was during the war, and that "his guarded and satirical "letter of apology" is probably meant only as another thrust at the American Union.

Those who have not read, and still more those who have read, the letter thus criticized, will wonder what it can possibly have contained to wound so severely the susceptibilities of those to whom it was addressed. Mr. GLADSTONE fully recognizes the justice of the American cause, expresses in the strongest terms his admiration of its leaders, and rejoices at their triumph. At the same time, he does just hint that the contest between North and South must have led the Americans themselves to view with some sympathy and indulgence a war for the unity of empire, and that the issue of the former struggle with the

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mother-country was sensibly influenced by the intervention of Powers whose motives were not of the highest kind; and he also adds that the greatness of the position of the States in "the family of man" imposes on them responsibilities which they would do well not to forget. But, after all, this is a very trifling shading down of a burst of generous and evidently sincere congratulation. What, then, is it that has excited so much disappointment and bitterness in the States? The extracts which we have given from some of the New York papers, and which have no doubt been echoed through the country, help us to an answer. It is clear that what was wanted was not so much friendly felicitations on the progress and prosperity of the United States as some disclosure of that quivering agony and humiliation with which—as every American is in his heart convinced—England writhes whenever her thoughts turn to the rich prize she has forfeited. There is no trace of this in Mr. GLADSTONE'S civil letter, and consequently it has given offence. If it had only shown any smartings from the old wound, the pride of the Americans would have been flattered; but the parade of good-natured contentment with all that has happened is resented as an insulting and insufferable affectation. The feeling of the Americans on this point is, in fact, very much akin to that of a lady who, after having quarrelled with her lover, is disappointed to find that he is perfectly reconciled to his fate, and convinced that everything has happened for the best. This is undoubtedly the opinion of most people in England, but of course nobody in the United States will ever believe that the old country has recovered from the crushing blow, or ever will. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the existence of this feeling implies any serious ill will on the part of America towards England. There is no reason to imagine that any section of the people of the United States want to do England any harm; all they desire is that, as a salutary moral experience, and entirely for her own good, she should be impressed with a deep sense of her own humiliation and inferiority. What vexes them is that England should be able to get on and hold up her head without them. Their enjoyment of their own prosperity is marred by the reflection that it has not involved any sensible diminution in the power and greatness of the country from which they detached themselves. This feeling, which, though morbid, is not exactly malicious, is probably the real explanation of the temper of the United States to this country. America has not yet reached that stage of confident maturity when a nation can be content with itself without always uneasily measuring itself with others.

Apart from the curious reception of Mr. GLADSTONE'S letter, the celebration with which it was connected also presents a significant study of American character. Nothing can be more natural and proper than that a nation should commemorate the patriotic efforts to which it owes the strength and greatness to which it may have attained; but the childish element which is apparently inseparable from most things on the other side of the Atlantic comes rather ludicrously to the surface in the fever of Centennialism which is just now spreading through the country. The United States is now drawing close to the end of the first hundred years of its existence as an independent State, and it is thought to be necessary to celebrate with the utmost amount of ceremonial and enthusiasm, not merely the crowning anniversary itself, but also the separate anniversaries of all the big or little events which led up to it. Thus it has happened that no fewer than three towns have got up centennial celebrations of the so-called battle of Lexington, not without some signs of rivalry and heart-burning as to the amount of glory shared by each in the events to be commemorated. The British General in command at Boston in April 1775 secretly despatched a midnight expedition to destroy the stores which the Massachusetts Committee of Safety had collected at Concord; and though the troops partially effected this object, they were set upon by armed farmers or "minute-men," as they were called, as they marched home, and after some loose skirmishing were obliged to beat a hasty retreat. The first shot was fired at Lexington, through which the troops marched on their way to Concord, but there was also fighting at Concord and Boston; and there has ever since been a standing controversy as to the comparative degrees of glory acquired by the respective towns. Accordingly they resolved to have a separate celebration a-piece, each as the special birthplace of the Union; and these have been attended in succession by the PRESIDENT, Cabinet Ministers, and other public men, following the track of the British troops. One of the orators at Concord declared that "the 19th April pervaded him through and "through, and he could talk for a month"; and there has been, as may be supposed, abundance of oratory of the kind usual on such occasions, with plenty of denunciations of monarchical tyranny. At Lexington a lady appears to have somewhat fluttered the proceedings by suddenly turning tables on the opposite sex. CÆSAR, she reminded them, had his BRUTUS, CHARLES I. his CROMWELL, and GEORGE III. his "minute-men" of Lexington. "By the final "fearful fall of oppressors everywhere," she concluded, "let ours take warning." There can be no doubt about the genuineness of the enthusiasm exhibited by the people in the immediate neighbourhood of these celebrations; but, as far as one can judge from the reports in the American journals, the various ceremonies appear to have been somewhat interrupted by the disorderly behaviour of the mob, and some thankfulness is expressed that centenaries do not happen very often.

AN IRISH PERMISSIVE BILL.

THE discussion on the Bill for prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in Ireland on Sundays left the two chief arguments against such a prohibition entirely unanswered. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, who opposed the Bill, and Mr. GLADSTONE, who supported it, both assumed that the one thing which Parliament had to do was to ascertain the opinion of the majority of the Irish people on the question. Mr. GLADSTONE'S major premiss is perfectly sound. With certain obvious qualifications, Ireland may be properly and justly governed by Irish ideas on those matters as to which Imperial interests do not call for uniform legislation. Mr. GLADSTONE apparently thought that the minor premiss, that the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sundays is one of those matters, proved itself. It is true that there is the precedent of the FORBES MACKENZIE Act in Scotland, and, if Parliament could never repent of an error, the fact that public-houses are compulsorily closed on Sundays in one of the three countries might be conclusive as to the right of the drunkards of another to have a similar protection conceded to them. It must be remembered, however, that Scotch members are not infallible, even in matters relating to their own country, and before extending the FORBES MACKENZIE Act to Ireland it would be well to consider the nature of the legislation which it is proposed thus to play with. That there are great and patent differences between the circumstances of Ireland and England in regard to the sale of liquors on Sundays may at once be conceded. A population which drinks whisky is not so dependent on the public-house as a population which drinks beer. The latter liquor needs to be drunk fresh, while the former can be taken home on the Saturday and, if it is not drunk in the interval, kept till the following day, without sustaining much injury. It is doubtful, however, whether those who use this argument are quite alive to the use which may fairly be made of it. The declared object of the Bill is to put down drunkenness by removing the opportunity for getting drunk on the day when the poor man has time on his hands, and to some extent money in his purse. In England it is admitted that it would be a hardship to close the public-house against him, because in England the poor man drinks beer, and even Sir WILFRID LAWSON would concede that beer which has been drawn the day before and kept in a hot room during the night is likely to taste a little flat. But Ireland is blessed with a more accommodating liquor, and there is nothing to prevent the poor man laying in his little stock of whisky on the Saturday and enjoying it in the family circle during the intervals of divine service the next day. This is certainly a pertinent distinction, but it is one which would come more naturally from the advocates of prohibitory legislation in England. We can understand an enthusiast being anxious to shut public-houses in England on the Sunday, because there would at least be a chance that the poor might prefer to go without beer altogether rather than drink it stale. But we do not understand the enthusiast who allows his imagination to run riot over the spectacle of every man going home on Saturday night with his whisky bottle under his arm. It is bad enough that men should get drunk in public-houses; but, bad as it is, it is infinitely better than that men and women should

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get drunk in private houses. The danger of the latter result is immeasurably greater in a whisky-drinking country than in a beer-drinking country. There is no reason, we fear, to suppose that the experience of Scotchmen is in any way opposed to this view. Whatever the FORBES MACKENZIE Act has done, it has not made Scotland a sober country even on Sundays. But for the unaccountable silence which the speakers for and against the Bill maintained on this part of the question, we should have said that it needs no proof that women are exceedingly open to the temptation of drink, that it takes a very strong hold on them when they have once yielded to it, and that they are very much more likely to yield to it if it finds them out at home than if they have to seek it at the public-house. It is true that, if husband and wife get drunk in their own room, there is not the same violence done to public order as when the husband gets drunk in the public-house and makes a more or less noisy progress through the streets in the direction of his home. But even a gain to public order is dearly bought at the cost of a radical demoralization of the whole people; and that this would be the consequence of any measure which gave women more facilities for getting drunk does not admit of question. A drunken father's influence over his children is bad enough, but a drunken mother's is far worse.

In this case, therefore, Irish ideas, supposing them to be in favour of closing public-houses on the Sunday, are in reality injurious to Irish interests, and Mr. GLADSTONE will hardly contend that the Imperial Parliament is bound to give Ireland its own way when that way is plainly a bad one. Even assuming, however, that the consequences we fear would not follow upon the adoption of this Bill, it would still be the duty of the Imperial Parliament to reject it. There are many points as to which local opinion may fairly be left to judge what is best for local advantage; and though in a given case Parliament may doubt whether local opinion has judged wisely, it may be content to leave its doubts to be confirmed or disproved by events. But the right of sober persons to buy liquor which they wish to drink, have the means of paying for, and can find publicans willing to sell, is not one of these points. The present Bill does in effect concede the principle for which Sir WILFRID LAWSON annually contends with so much humour and resolution. It is a Permissive Bill for Ireland, just as Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S Bill is a Permissive Bill for every parish where the majority of the ratepayers happen to sympathize with the United Kingdom Alliance. The objection to the Permissive Bill is that Parliament has no right to surrender the sober minority in any parish to the tender mercies of the drunken majority. ST. PAUL'S declaration that he would eat no meat while the world lasted rather than make his brother to offend is sometimes quoted in defence of this sort of legislation; but ST. PAUL nowhere says that he will make other people eat no meat while the world lasts, lest they make their brothers to offend. If a man finds by experience that he cannot keep sober unless he gives up drinking altogether, it is at once his duty and his interest to become a total abstainer. But the theory of prohibitory legislation is that under these circumstances it is at once his duty and his interest to make everybody else a total abstainer. What the Permissive Bill proposes to do for every day in the week, and for every parish which likes to make use of the power vested in it, the present Bill seeks to do for one day in the week and for Ireland only. But the sober part of the population ought not to be deprived of Parliamentary protection by the mere fact that they live on the other side of St. George's Channel. There is nothing that can be alleged on behalf of the Bill for prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in Ireland on Sundays which may not equally be said on behalf of the English Permissive Bill. If public-houses are to be closed on Sundays because Irish opinion is decidedly in favour of such a measure, why may not public-houses be closed altogether in any English village where an equal preponderance of opinion is in favour of doing without them? On the other hand, the one decisive argument against the Permissive Bill is equally condemnatory of the Irish measure. That argument is, that if Parliament ought not to take away the right of the decent part of the community to drink in moderation because there is another part of the community which drinks to excess, it ought not to recognize such a power in smaller and less representative bodies than itself. This obligation is equally imperative whether the body claiming to exercise the power is a meeting of English ratepayers or a caucus of Irish members. The time for Parliament to interfere is when the use of liquor passes into the abuse of it. If the House of Commons is really in earnest about putting down drunkenness, it need only pass a law enacting that drunkenness shall be taken to be an aggravation, not a palliation, of offences committed under its influence. Instead of being deterred from getting drunk by the fear of getting into some scrape which they would have avoided if sober, men are now induced to get drunk by the knowledge that their drunken condition will stand them in good stead if they do get into a scrape. Bills such as these do but aggravate the evil they are designed to check, because they foster the mischievous theory that the drunkard is more sinned against than sinning. So long as this remains the fashionable view, there can be no effectual legislation against drunkenness.

LOST KNOWLEDGE.

IT has been observed that, while the boast of the world's progress and of its discoveries of new knowledge is in everybody's mouth, people do not take note as they should of the treasures of knowledge and experience which are for ever passing out of it. Every man of mature age who has used his opportunities carries away something at his death which is irrecoverable when once the voice is silent, the hand still, and which one would like to have put on record somewhere, and preserved as part of the universal stock of experience. Yet if an attempt is made to carry out this natural desire the results are disappointing. Things have a way of going into very small compass, and what is most vital and personal in any man's memory is incommunicable. The living witness most often cannot bequeath more than the dead form of his recollections. The wisdom, the humour, the good stories, the true maxims, all marked by the character of their generation; the humanities that sweeten the worst of times; the salt that is not wanting in the most corrupt—age after age the veil of oblivion sinks over and envelops them all. How small is our knowledge of what is past, whatever the date, compared with what is lost of it! Dr. Johnson in one of his Lives of the Poets remarks that the materials for a biography die out in two or three years. Yet every generation contains some whose business it is to set on foot traditions. There are within the knowledge of all of us young persons, probably insignificant and unnoticed, who would be very interesting to us if we could but recognize this mission in them; especially if any prevision could tell us that in them our memory would last more distinctly, with more truth of detail, more picturesqueness of outline, than in any other living creature. Becoming conscious of this, it would be impossible not to be solicitous for their good opinion, not to be careful that nothing unworthy of our reputation should transpire before them, not to aim at doing ourselves credit in their presence. We should feel as if always sitting for our portrait if we knew that through them we should live longest—an idea, a person, a fact—after we disappeared out of the region of sense; that our name, invested with an individuality, would pass their lips in the ears of an unborn generation; that our words would be repeated as they were spoken; that our form, action, countenance would be revivified through their descriptions; that an image of ourselves would rise real, though transient, in another scene than that we know; that some ghost of our living self would flit before the coming time through their means. It is of no use, however, posturing ourselves for the chance of this prospective celebration, for the future chronicler lies hid. If we set ourselves guessing, a thousand to one we should guess wrong; for with the best memory and the most vigilant observation, chance and fancy have more to do with the use of these powers than any deliberate will or intention.

This fleeting, visionary, possible measure of fame, such as it is, represents the biography of the million, more than many of us can reasonably reckon upon; but even biography two-volumed and full-blown depends upon these chroniclers for most both of its use and of its charm. They bring before the reader, not what the man did—which seems, if we think of it in our own case, so little a part of ourselves—but what he was. They make the difference between a dead and a living record. If we can imagine the feelings of those who know that, whether they wish it or not, their life will certainly be written by somebody, who cannot read an obituary notice in the *Times* without reflecting that their turn will come some day, we can fancy how anxious they must be that something of their real selves may shine through the words, words, words, the flatteries, the bad hits, the mistaken surmises and interpretations that too often make up the account. For we really cannot suppose any respectable shade being pleased by flattering blunders. If he is still open to any terrestrial interests, if his name is still dear, it must be as attached to its owner, with all his characteristics and even failings, himself surviving in it.

A knowledge of the facts which go to make up character is of course a distinct thing altogether from the power of picturing character. A picture of character, however well delineated

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and true to its subject, has been assimilated and, so to say, digested by the writer's mind. It does not show us the man through his own words, manners, aspect, but only the effect which these and his actions combined have produced upon an acute observer. Clarendon's characters give his own summary; they do not supply us with material on which to form our independent estimate. It is the pure gift of reproduction that some possess, manifesting itself accidentally and without intention, which brings a man and the times he lived in suddenly within our reach, carries us back, and revives the dead. Lively picturesque chroniclers who are to do so much for their generation are of course scarce. Most people are too full of themselves or their objects to note the instruments through which these objects are attained; and mere busybodies or scandal lovers are a distinct species. But some men are born observers and readers of their kind, of what people say and do, apart from any personal concern. How people look when they say and do anything, with what words, what deportment, what tricks, graces, mannerisms—all this is interesting to them, constitutes their intellectual exercise and amusement. Passion, malignity, prejudice, alike disqualify one for taking in correct impressions, and committing them to memory intact. Few things are more delightful than the conversation of such persons where their powers of expression and other social gifts do justice to their matter—some country rector perhaps, whose life has brought him in contact with every class of the community, and who has found something to exercise his talent in them all. How schoolmasters, and learned doctors, and original thinkers, and fine ladies, and country magnates, and rusties, relics of another state of things, rise and stand before us and say their say by turns! Or it may be the last, least distinguished member of an illustrious literary circle, or some sole lingerer of an exclusive coterie fondly dwelling on the memories that are now his world. What strange exciting intercourse have we been holding; what darkness closes over all when death breaks the magic spell of graphic narrative! Or perhaps it is some keen-sighted, active-minded, well-memoried old maid, whose life has been passed in one spot, herself the depositary of other memories, the receiver of old confidences. What can she not tell of the old times—which of all old times are most universally interesting—the times out of our reach, but with which we still own some personal relations! Taking her in the vein we are transported into another world; she rises into the historical. Old scenes, old state and courtesies, rivalries, courtships, bitternesses, diversions start into being; and always with some marked differences from the received notions of the characters and incidents concerned. The private view very rarely indeed coincides with the view which the outside world has settled into. The images retained, the words and action which emphasize them, all present another picture from our previous conception. The character which posed so gracefully in common fame and report looks a good deal more lifelike and less typical of the lofty virtues, while names which have had an ill sound till now are humanized by redeeming points and shine in unexpected merits.

But oracles of this sort are not to be had for the seeking; the present is with most people an absolute superseder of the past. Nothing is more unsatisfactory than the effort to probe a memory. More especially is the expectation vain that people will remember best what is in itself most important; their personal interests must have been concerned before a sufficient primary impression is made. We try to get from the rustic of average intelligence what the place he has lived in all his life looked like when he was young, and we are astonished at the oblivion that hangs over things which are called within the memory of man. He has never had words to describe a scene or an effect to himself. So the vanished old hall has left nothing describable in his mind. What he has to say of its vanished inhabitants is hardly more distinct. The old squire used to walk past his door with his hands behind his back; his daughter, once the cynosure of some neighbouring eyes, is solely remembered for the little dog walking close at her heels, which had one jacket for summer and another for winter. Not that such research is ever wholly fruitless. The old fellow warms up. He has had his triumphs, his jealousies, above all, his grievances; and he cannot talk of them without some visions of past days rising before his auditor. The bed-ridden old matron, reviving old scandals, lets out old habits and manners by the way; but it needs natural powers above the common, and also a mind at leisure from itself, to have much to tell of a past which in no other way concerned self but that it interested a mind open to impressions.

But much of the knowledge that passes away has little relation to this aspect of the question. What a store of learning passes out of the reach of ordinary men when a great scholar dies, or a skilful doctor, or a subtle, hard-headed lawyer. And it is learning of a kind which they cannot leave behind them, for the gatherings of a lifetime cannot be passed on in the form in which they exist in the mind's experience. The old labourer who has spent his life's strength on one farm cannot transfer his intimate acquaintance with the soil, and with every hedge and ditch and drain which have been his world. Every person whose business makes him acquainted with the characters of men, through contact with their good and bad qualities, carries away with him much important knowledge, not transferable. How many rogues must rejoice when the ideal detective quits this lower scene! But, besides this, there are labours and natural products of which the knowledge has died out, or is dying out as we write. We all know of lost arts the secret of which expired with the possessor, but how long will there exist the man who has inhaled the full and exquisite sweetness of the cabbage rose? We do not believe that the flavour of the golden pippin, so dear to our forefathers, lasts in living memory; and so of other delights. How few can recall the exhilaration of the old-fashioned country dance; how few remain who saw Mrs. Siddons act, or heard Tom Moore sing, or Sydney Smith joke, or Coleridge talk. Still, while the few live, we who hear them know something; but the soul of their memories is fast passing out of the world. And to descend to more familiar examples. When a good cook dies—one invested with a genius in intimate correspondence with all the materials of her art, who can foresee the influence of a condiment or an essence upon all with which it comes in contact, who understands combinations and prognosticates results hidden from the vulgar—what knowledge dies out with her, knowledge incommunicable! Not that she would wilfully withhold it, like Lady Bustle, commemorated in the *Rambler*, who had culinary secrets which she resolved should perish with her; whose orange pudding was concocted with such mystery, "while the household was dispersed in all directions till the oven door closed upon it, and all inquiries were vain." The real mysteries of the kitchen need no such reserve; they are knowledge in action not reducible to words, else would not so many a confection dear to memory be a memory only. Other sauces of as subtle a refinement of flavour, other puddings of as ethereal an excellence, may be in being as we write; but the particular combinations that enriched and poetized our youth, and swell the heart in recalling them, are a lost knowledge, things irrecoverable, alms for oblivion.

Throughout all this range of losses we are lamenting over the inevitable. The world has not room for all knowledge; in every active state of society new knowledge must supersede the old. If all people who had nothing else to do employed their leisure in reproducing their past, they would not find hearers. Old-world histories owe much of their attractiveness to their rarity, and each age has worthies of its own who must not be neglected for those who preceded them. Yet such reflections may have their use in taking down that common assumption that we are in any literal sense the heir of all the ages; that we succeed to all that is good in them, that their amplest wealth is added to our own. Rather, as every period has some grace and charm peculiarly its own, so it has a knowledge and wisdom in harmony with it not to be inherited under new conditions. And as with communities so with the individual; whatever can be written passes on, but that which belongs most intimately to the man, and constitutes his worth, and makes him what he is in men's eyes, dies with him. When we lose such a friend we rarely can point to the heir of what was most distinctively his own.

THE PURSUIT OF EXCLUSIVENESS.

THERE is an old saying about one half of the world not knowing how the other half lives, which is usually applied to the ignorance of the upper classes with regard to the struggles and sufferings of those at the foot of the social scale. Its application, however, might be turned the other way with equal truth; for the lower classes can have no adequate conception of the trials to which those above them are subjected in the ordinary course of their existence, or they would probably be less eager to bring themselves within the range of similar experiences. It is admitted on all hands that society is at the present moment in an extremely uncomfortable and critical condition, and there is reason to believe that the cause of this is simply that too many people are trying to get into it. It is obvious, therefore, that, if any means could be found for checking the pressure from the outside, it would be an immense relief to the poor people who are already almost jammed to death in the crush within, as well as to other people who are foolishly endeavouring to get themselves into the squeeze. Something might perhaps be done by the dissemination of information as to the actual state of the case, but the difficulty would be to get outsiders to believe it. In France, when all the seats in an omnibus are full, a placard marked *complet* in large letters is hung on the door, so that all who run may read the warning and give up the chase. In the same way large posters announcing "All Full" are exhibited at the doors of the opera house in the Haymarket when Messrs. Moody and Sankey perform, and indeed these considerate gentlemen even go to the trouble and expense of sending sandwich-men all over London to publish the fact that every place is taken. Such, however, is the perversity of human nature that this last proceeding has, it is understood, rather had the effect of increasing the crowds at the doors. Whatever might be the effect of precautions of this kind in the case of society, there is no one who has authority to enforce them. It is no use announcing that a place is full unless the doors can be closed so that no one else may enter; and this is just the difficulty of a social enclosure which is practically open on every side, so that any one who has sufficient energy and impudence may take his chance of getting in. The number of people who have incomes of from three to twenty thousand a year, and who think they are as good as anybody else, and entitled to go anywhere if they only find room, has of late years greatly increased, is increasing, and there is not much chance of its being diminished. Existing arrangements were of course never intended for such a multitude, and any attempt to expand the accommodation appears to result not in giving more ease, but only in attracting more company.

Under these circumstances, it is pitiable to observe the desperate

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struggle of fine people, or at least of those who think they are, or wish to be thought, fine, to enjoy a little of the exclusiveness which was once their pride. In other days, not so very remote, it was the fashion for ladies and gentlemen to walk by the side of the Serpentine on Sunday afternoon; but this had after a time to be given up because everybody else came too. The Zoological Gardens then afforded a select retreat, but this too was soon invaded by the general throng; and at the present moment it is difficult to say where people who do not wish to be inconveniently hustled can find a place to walk in. The same fate has overtaken the fashionable world on the racecourse and on the cricket ground, and, in fact, in every direction. Lord's, once so quiet and respectable, is now converted into a suffocating bear-garden whenever a popular match is played. Ascot, and even Goodwood, are rapidly undergoing a similar transformation, and before long we may expect to see them swamped by much the same sort of ruffianism which has to be encountered at Epsom or Newmarket. The sudden growth of the crowd between Putney and Mortlake on the boat-race day is another example of the increasing difficulty of seeing anything quietly. A dozen years ago the gathering by the side of the river was little more than a snug family party. In all districts within easy reach by railway the hunting-field gets to be as thronged and busy as a fair, and the grouse are mobbed on the moors. The block in Rotten Row and at the afternoon drive obeys the same law of continuous inflation as the crowds which look at it. The Academy has come to be a mere packing-case for a wriggling mass of human creatures hopelessly wedged together. In all public places it is much the same, and even at Court the number of Drawing Rooms has had to be extended in order to provide for the increasing stream of presentations. Nor is the squeeze confined to town. All the world goes to the Lakes or the Highlands in the holidays, and the quiet watering-place has ceased even to be dreamt about. On the other hand there is observable a growing tendency to resist, or escape from, the general movement by, as it were, railing off against the multitude all sorts of special enclosures, to which only a select company has the right of admission; but as yet it does not appear that these expedients have been attended with much success. The high palisades of Sandown Park may perhaps be sufficient to keep out the roughs who cannot afford to pay the gate-money, though it is understood that by some mysterious means a very unpleasant element introduced itself at the recent meeting; but it is scarcely possible to keep out people whose company may not be desired, but who can afford to pay admission-money however high it may be carried. At Prince's Club exclusiveness has, it is said, been carried so far that only elected members are admitted, and the unity of husband and wife is rigorously ignored. The ferocious blackballing which goes on in some of the Clubs is no doubt also a protest against the universal overcrowding from which society is suffering.

How far this state of things is likely to continue or extend it is difficult to say. The country is every year growing richer, more prosperous, more disposed to amusement, and less inclined to respect social distinctions which, in the absence of any desire to infringe them, had formerly the force of law; and the crush of new people pushing in everywhere is not at all likely to fall off. Something of the same kind has no doubt always been going on, though in a modified degree, and the complaints which are now so constantly heard might easily be matched in the plays and novels of an earlier period. There has, in fact, always been a cry that London was getting too big, and everybody too much jostled, and it is possible that the apprehensions of the present day may prove to be, to some extent, as groundless as those of the past. There is still a good deal of room left up and down the country, though particular haunts or avenues may be unpleasantly thronged. At the same time it cannot be denied that something is lost in this swarming life beyond the mere gratification of a snobbish exclusiveness. There is in mobs a certain tendency to degradation. It is impossible, for instance, that conversation of the kind which used to be cherished in small circles of cultivated men and women, more or less intimately known to each other, secure in mutual confidence, stimulated by community of tastes, and protected against those rude intrusions of alien natures which at once break up the spell of such a group, can survive the multitudinous habits of modern days; and one of the chief sources of taste and refinement is thus deteriorated, if not destroyed, for this kind of association applies not merely to literary or philosophical talk, but to music and all the forms of art. It may be said that people who wish to protect themselves against the overspreading wave can do so by choosing their own companions, and shutting their doors against the rest of the world. But practically this can scarcely be done. The gregarious life around us tends to the rapid multiplication of acquaintances of all kinds, if not through ourselves, at least through others near to us; and unless a man had the strength of mind to cut himself off from almost all surroundings—which, besides, might be a step entailing other disadvantages—he would still find himself exposed to contact with a numerous society whether he liked it or not. As the tendency of the various classes to equality increases, fashion acquires additional power, inasmuch as people moving in flocks and crowds are naturally impelled to imitation, and subject to the contagion of impulses. This is another peril to independence and originality of thought and taste, while it also encourages the anarchy of social life. The majority gets to be the master, and, from the very nature of its composition, is incapacitated from making head against rude intrusions or breaches of discipline. The only consolation is that, as the pressure of overcrowding grows, a partial reaction may be set up against it; and that it may come to be understood, by sheer force of physical demonstration, that everybody cannot possibly be everywhere at once, and that it is necessary to break up into detachments, if only for the sake of having a chance of seeing about one.

ECCLESIASTICAL MATTERS IN SWITZERLAND.

THERE is perhaps no Continental country where at this moment the three parties who are at issue with one another about the question of Church and State are so sharply defined as in Switzerland. On the one side are the Ultramontanes, who will recognize the validity of no civil laws which they regard as incompatible with the interests or prerogatives of the Church, and who miss no opportunity of asserting their position. Thus, for instance, the episcopal directories for 1875 contain the names of all the parish priests who have been dispossessed by the civil authority, or have not been re-elected by the parishes according to the original custom, all acts of the State or of the congregation to the contrary being treated as null and void. On the other hand, those, whether among statesmen or the populace, who are resolved to maintain at all costs the civil supremacy over the Church, are zealous in devising fresh checks against the Ultramontane agitation. Between these stands a third, which in England would be called the Liberal party; but in Switzerland, as in Germany, that name is appropriated by the strenuous upholders of what we should consider an oppressive or persecuting policy in religious matters. This "middle party," which is rather oddly described in German newspapers as that of "the ecclesiastical Manchester men, who do homage to the principle of sovereign individualism," do not care to discuss the motives and tendencies of the Ultramontanes, but wish Church and State to go their separate ways in peace. To this party some members of the Cantonal Council of Geneva are said to belong; it cannot claim a majority in any of the various bodies composing either the Federal or Cantonal Governments. The *Neue Züricher Zeitung* appears to be its organ. Most of the Cantonal Governments make a great point of the hostile attitude of the Roman Curia, especially as instanced in the Encyclical of March 23 last, and are supported by the great body of the people in their determination to carry on an energetic resistance. This is conspicuously the case with the Cantons of Bern, Soleure, Aargau, Geneva, Basle, and St. Gall; and the National and State Council, which compose the Federal Assembly, as well as the Federal Council, pursue the same policy, of which they gave evidence in the banishment of Bishop Mermillod, the dismissal of Mgr. Agnozzi, the Papal Nuncio, and the acceptance of the new Federal Constitution and Marriage Law.

The burning question at this moment is one arising out of the decree of the Bernese Government in January 1874, banishing the sixty-nine deprived Catholic parish priests of the Jura, and all who had signed the collective protest of the previous February against the proceedings of the Government (see *Saturday Review*, October 3, 1874). Against these stringent measures several complaints were lodged both with the Federal Assembly and the Federal Council, but no final decision has up to this day been given. The Federal Assembly in March of last year referred the question to the Council, whereupon rumours got wind which greatly disquieted the so-called Liberal majority. It was whispered that the Federal Council was disposed to receive the Ultramontane appeal favourably and to reverse the sentence of banishment, or that at all events its attitude was doubtful, and there were serious differences of opinion among its seven members; the Ultramontanes accordingly were preparing to bring back their exiled pastors in triumph over the French border, while the opposite party talked of resistance and reprisals. We may just remind our readers in passing that the Federal Council (*Bundesrath*) is the supreme executive and administrative authority in Switzerland, and consists of seven members, elected for three years by the Federal Assembly (*Bundesversammlung*), which latter body is made up of the National Council (*Nationalrath*) and States Council (*Ständerath*) combined, and holds the supreme legislative authority in the country. The recent change in the Constitution, which guarantees to every Swiss citizen the right of settling wherever he pleases within the Federal territory, supplied a powerful argument against the validity of the sentence of the Bernese Government, and the only question that could fairly be raised was whether the new article (of April 19, 1874) was to be held as having a retrospective force. To this juridical argument was added a political one. The middle party already referred to was said to exercise considerable influence over individual members of the Federal Council and Assembly, and the members of the French and Austrian diplomatic service were suspected to be bringing their influence to bear in the same direction; they were known to be assiduous in their attendance on the ministrations of the parish priest of Bern, who had been expelled from the Catholic Church in that city on account of his opposition to the State laws. Even the Prussian Ambassador, General von Röder, was reported to profess himself no admirer of the ecclesiastical policy of his Government. This combination of political and juridical considerations sufficed at least to suggest the likelihood of a neutral attitude on the part of the Central Government; they might perhaps declare for the separation of Church and State, as the easiest way out of the

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difficulty; but the famous formula of Cavour is an abomination with modern German and Swiss Liberals, who greatly prefer a salaried Church which they can manipulate at will to a "free Church" which is left to manage its own affairs, though it may be stripped of all privileges or emoluments. The clever writer to whom we are indebted for some of the facts already mentioned will accordingly hear of nothing of the kind. He will not even allow that the new articles of the Swiss Constitution can have any retrospective force, and seems to think it a conclusive refutation of such a view to observe that, if they are applicable to the case of the exiled priests in the Bernese Jura, they are equally applicable to "the Papal agent," Mgr. Mermillod, who would be able to avail himself of the same plea for returning to Geneva. Indeed he insists that the right is still preserved to the Cantons, by Art. 50 of the new Constitution, of providing for public order against clerical aggression, irrespectively of any rights guaranteed to individual citizens. That is a question of course for Swiss jurists to decide; but, if he is right, Germany is certainly not the only country to which Mr. Disraeli's too famous contrast between the constitutional liberties of Englishmen and of foreigners may be referred. The writer however considers that the maintenance and further development of the Church policy of the Bernese Government is not only among the most elementary and obvious duties of true statesmanship, but constitutes the special and distinguishing glory of modern Switzerland in the eyes of civilized Europe. He waxes enthusiastic, not to say eloquent, on the subject. "In Switzerland," he exclaims, "we are resolved on no account to give up the contest or to prosecute it otherwise than heretofore. On the contrary, there is everywhere seen a fresh activity, I might almost say a fierce determination to prosecute our ecclesiastical programme, which fills all foreigners with respect for non-Ultramontane Switzerland."

And then he proceeds to prove this. No sooner was the rumour spread of a disposition of the Federal Council to dally with Ultramontanism, than sixty members of the National Council (nearly half that body) assembled at Pfistern, and declared that if the Federal Council allowed the appeal of the Bernese priests, the Federal Assembly should be convoked at once. The greater part of the Swiss "Liberal" press warmly applauded this resolution. Among the Catholics, it is added—we must of course remember that this is the report of an ardent partisan—"The freethinking Church organization is increasing with almost incredible rapidity." In the Canton of Bern most of the people took part in the elections for the Synod, including a third of the population of the Jura, and thus accepted the State organization of the Church. The Synod consists of eighty-eight members, representing 66,000 Catholics—that is about the number of Catholics in the Canton—and is to meet this month to discuss the constitution of the Swiss National Church. On June 14 the first national Synod of this "Swiss Christian Catholic Church" is to assemble at Olten, and at this meeting not only the organic rules—drawn up by the Old Catholic Theological Faculty at Bern—but the election of a Bishop also will be discussed. The declarations of adherence to the Synod, we are told, are coming in so rapidly that from sixty to eighty parishes will at once place themselves under the jurisdiction of the new Bishop. Besides the Cantons mentioned just now, which had long since taken up the cause, there is now alleged to be every prospect of the formation of a large "Christian Catholic" community at the very seat of the Bishop of St. Gall, and the suicidal indiscretion of the Ultramontane leaders, which was prominently exemplified in the Encyclical of last March, tends to precipitate the crisis.

But still the Federal Council holds its hand. On March 27 last came out the long expected decision, which really decides nothing. It merely invites the Cantonal Council of Bern to reconsider its decree of banishment of January 1874 against the Catholic clergy, and to report whether it wishes to maintain the sentences, and, if so, to explain the reasons "which make this exceptional measure necessary." On receiving this report the Federal Council will decide on its course of action. All that can be gathered from this is that the Federal Council apparently recognizes the abstract lawfulness of such exceptional measures on the part of the Cantonal Government even under the new Constitution, and that it certainly assumes its own right of supreme control over them, which is alleged—on what grounds we do not very clearly comprehend—to be open to dispute. It has come to be understood, however, that the Bernese Government has privately intimated to the members of the Council its readiness to withdraw the sentence of banishment as soon as the new Synod is constituted; but as this private agreement came to light through one of the members, and has encouraged a renewal of "Ultramontane excesses," the Government no longer holds itself bound by it.

Let us repeat distinctly that we give the preceding details of the alleged progress of the Old Catholics—or, as they call themselves in Switzerland, the "Christian Catholic" Church—under reserve. They do not correspond at all accurately, especially as regards the Bernese Jura, with previous information coming from other quarters, equally unfriendly to Ultramontanism, and there is not much internal evidence of the writer's competence to form an impartial judgment on the subject. But as to the political aspects of the controversy the facts are correctly given. And, in Geneva at all events, the high handed action of the State has resulted in the division of the professing Catholics into three separate and mutually antagonistic communions. In that Canton the Catholic outnumbers the Protestant population by nearly four thousand, partly through conversions, but in great measure also through French immigration; and the jealousy fostered among the Protestants by this new invasion, as they probably regard it, of the original headquarters of Calvinism may have helped to aggravate their resentment at the assumption by Mgr. Mermillod, in contravention of the Concordat of 1832, of the title first of Vicar-General and then of Auxiliary Bishop of Geneva. At any rate he was summarily, and somewhat roughly, expelled from the city, and took up his residence at Ferney, four miles off, which is just over the French border, where he has held his little court ever since, and directs the movements of his followers quite as effectually as before, and with such superadded authority as a mild martyrdom may confer upon him. Meanwhile the Geneva Government took into its own hands the administration of Church affairs in the city, and for a time Father Hyacinthe was content to act under its auspices; but he soon discovered that his "Liberal Catholic" allies were "neither Liberal in politics nor Catholic in religion," and the threatened seizure of Notre Dame, a church built by Ultramontane subscriptions about twenty years ago—which has since actually taken place—helped to bring matters to a crisis. He separated himself accordingly from the "State Catholics," and is now at the head of a third body numbering somewhat under a thousand souls, who repudiate the Erastian politics and lax creed of the former no less than the Romanizing of the Ultramontane majority. Whether he will be able eventually to come to any understanding with the "Christian Catholics" and their future Bishop remains to be seen, but they do not appear to have very much in common at present. It would be interesting to know what proportion of *bonâ fide* Catholics have really thrown in their lot with these last, and how their cause is regarded by impartial lookers-on. The opinion of religious Protestants on the spot, not mixed up with the political dispute, was, as we happen to know, far from favourable to them a twelvemonth ago. And it is worth noting that the distinguished French Protestant pastor, M. Pressensé, has expressed the strongest disapproval of the ecclesiastical policy of the Swiss as well as of the Prussian Government.

THE POLLUTION OF RIVERS.

IT may be hoped that the Government will deal effectively with the pollution of rivers, which has become an intolerable nuisance. We might almost say that this question of drainage is the most important question of the day. Drainage, said Lord Salisbury, in introducing his Bill on the subject in the House of Lords, must be put somewhere. You cannot put it in the air; you cannot always put it on the land; and when you cannot put it on the land you necessarily put it into a river. But it is not likely that the practice of putting drainage into rivers will be much longer tolerated, and it seems to follow that it must go upon the land. The absorbing and deodorizing property of earth supplies the only hope of disposing satisfactorily of drainage. The towns in the valley of the Thames are under legal compulsion to divert their sewage, and they have incurred heavy expense in purchasing land over which it may be spread. Some towns afford natural facilities for disposing of sewage, while in others the necessary arrangements involve great difficulty and expense. A considerable breadth of gently sloping land should, if possible, be secured. The sewage of the town must be pumped to the highest level of this land, and then, if it be properly managed, it will permeate and fertilize the land, and gradually descend to the lowest level, where it will pass off as colourless water, and reach the river into which hitherto the sewage has been directly poured. Long and varied experience has shown that sewage farms can be conducted without nuisance, and, under favourable conditions, profitably. But it would be impossible to go on for ever pouring the sewage of a town over the same limited extent of land. The necessity of providing an adequate extent of land may impose hereafter heavy burdens of debt upon the towns. But this necessity must be endured. The modern system of accumulating large masses of population at particular points compels attention to sanitary rules which small old-fashioned towns might neglect.

The ordinary sewage of towns is not, however, the most noxious matter that enters our rivers. The refuse of manufactories of all kinds, of dye works, of paper works, and of distilleries, has produced in many of our most useful streams a fearful amount of pollution. The stench from the Clyde at Glasgow produces sickness. A clergyman who lives near St. Helen's says that the river there is not only offensive out of doors, but penetrates into every room of his house, even when the windows are shut; that its action is felt in the kitchen, where it turns the copper vessels almost blue. The Mersey emits in summer a very offensive smell. The Calder is equally disagreeable, and we are told that a letter has been written with the water of this river instead of ink. It was stated before a Committee of the House of Commons that a light was applied to the water of a stream near Bradford and it burnt. A stream called Bourne, which flows into the river near Durham, is at times as yellow as ochre and as thick as glue. Lord Salisbury visited Manchester the other day and can testify that the river there is in a bad condition. He was told by a high municipal authority that an unfortunate man tumbled into that river and, before he could be rescued, swallowed a dose of the water, of which he died. Similar descriptions might be given of almost all the rivers of those districts of England and Scotland in which

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mining or manufacturing industry prevails. The amenities of river-side scenery have been almost entirely destroyed, and the poetry which relates to rivers must be to the inhabitants of such districts unintelligible. The Tweed has been described by Commissioners as a polluted and offensive river, and some of its tributaries help to give to it the character which they have already acquired. We do not know as to the Teviot, but it is at least doubtful whether a horse which had to carry a man for his life would be suffered to drink its water. The lugubrious aspect of the Thames is not caused wholly by pollution. Water is abstracted above Teddington Lock by Water Companies, and the tide now runs down more rapidly than it did before the embankment was completed; and from both causes there is very little water at Richmond, and that little is not very clean. From Richmond downwards the banks of the Thames have for the most part a muddy reek. They are not perhaps positively noxious, but a boat's crew does not cling to them a moment longer than it can help. It is true that the sewage of London is now carried down to the outfalls at Barking Creek and Erith, and therefore the mud of the Thames at Mortlake cannot fairly be said to be mainly sewage, but still it doth somewhat smack.

The brief summary given by Lord Salisbury of his Bill scarcely enables us to judge how far its provisions are likely to be effectual. A strong feeling has been aroused as to the necessity of legislation, so that any reasonable Act that may be passed will be supported by public opinion in its application. But the objection which people have to being rated to pay for the expense of the improved drainage of a district will not be removed either by any enactment or by the Parliamentary eloquence by which it may be supported. The truth is that people, whether they like it or not, will have to pay largely for improved drainage. That which is being done in the valley of the Thames must be done everywhere, and it cannot be done without heavy cost. The drainage of a district, says Lord Salisbury, is not a matter which can be entrusted to local authorities, and this is evidently true. Local authorities have been trying experiments in so-called deodorization, and otherwise endeavouring to get round a difficulty which must be directly met. It is time that some general principles were established to which all local authorities might conform. A state of things has grown up which would, if unreformed, gradually convert a large part of England into a cesspool. It appears that the duty of hearing prosecutions under the Bill is to be added to the business of that convenient officer, the County Court Judge, who will thus add to his other duties that of deciding on the purity of water. The County Court Judge, it seems, will be able to do pretty much as he likes. In former Bills ten standards were laid down in reference to the character and ingredients of matter which might be thrown into streams, and it was made an offence to transgress any of these standards. The difficulty that was felt with regard to these standards was that they struck too far, and that on the one hand they would include water flowing from perfectly innocent sources, while on the other they were not sufficiently stringent to affect the very nuisances against which legislation was directed. It is therefore proposed to forbid the pouring of filthy, noxious, and polluting liquids into streams, and to leave it to the County Court Judges to decide what liquids possess the forbidden qualities. If it were desired to render the new jurisdiction of the County Court Judges as little onerous to them as possible, the Bill takes proper means for doing so. The view under which it is framed is that, in dealing with nuisances, it is better to trust to the common sense of the tribunal to which the cases are referred than to lay down a number of unwieldy chemical tests. We cannot help thinking that a Bill thus framed will give very little trouble to the County Court Judges or anybody else. They may fairly think that that which has been ought to be, or may be still. Since County Courts were established the rivers of the West Riding of Yorkshire have never flowed with pure water, and it may well be thought that, in the interest of cloth-making, these rivers should be left as they are, and only further and flagrant advances in the way of pollution punished. A Judge who has held his office for some years will have grown used to the state of things around him, and he will no more expect pure water at Bradford than he would expect roses and lilies at Temple Bar. The Legislature having fixed no standard, a Judge may be led by habits and associations to fix in his own mind a low standard. However, the Bill, as we have said, proposes to forbid the pouring of filthy, noxious, and polluting liquids into streams, and to leave it to the County Court Judges to decide what liquids come under those designations. A reader of the Blue-books may perhaps think that a Judge would be certain to convict in many flagrant cases, such as those books contain. But theoretical and practical standards of perfection and purity, whether physical or moral, are apt to differ. Some years ago a family from the West of England took a house in London, and on coming into possession they were much disturbed at the presence of certain noxious insects, which they in their ignorance supposed to exist only in the abodes of poverty and filth. Considering the nuisance intolerable, they refused to pay rent for the house; a trial at law ensued, and the Judge told the jury that a tenant of a London house could not expect to find it absolutely, but only reasonably, free from the nuisance complained of. It is easy to see that the same principle might produce decisions as to pouring "filthy, noxious, and polluting liquids" into streams which might disappoint those who expect a considerable reform under this Bill.

The clause against putting solid matter into streams is not likely, however, to occasion much difficulty. Nobody can suppose it to be right to tip the refuse of a stone quarry into a river. With respect to sewage, it must either be freed from its polluting qualities or be kept out of the stream. This also is plain enough. It can mean nothing less than compelling all towns to do that which the towns in the valley of the Thames are now doing. A Judge is unlikely to believe in any patent plan of deodorization, and he will hold that sewage is sewage, and must be diverted from the river. As regards manufactories and mines, a distinction is made according to the length of time for which they have poured liquids into streams. If they have not done this for more than twelve years, they will be bound to make the outflow harmless within two years, or be absolutely forbidden to allow it to proceed. With regard to those who have a longer prescription, the Government have felt that they could not do more than provide that the best available means should be used for making the liquids harmless. The Local Government Board will be empowered to do necessary work in case the sanitary authorities fail in their duty. If it be really intended that the Local Government Board shall use this power, we may see in the country a beginning of sanitary improvement worthy of the name.

A FRENCH AGONY COLUMN.

THERE is something very curious in the steady, unfailing regularity with which a certain class of personal advertisements find their way day after day into the second, or, as it has been called, from the broken-hearted accent of some of its appeals, the agony, column of the *Times*. Every morning there is sure to be at least one; sometimes there are two or three; but it is rarely that they exceed that number. What strikes one as strange is, not that such advertisements should appear, but that there should be so systematically always one or perhaps two or three, and scarcely ever any more. It seems to suggest that the sum of human misery or anxiety which can find expression in this manner approaches to a fixed quantity, and is never much above or below a certain point. It would be natural to expect that there would be occasional fluctuations, that at times there would be a larger crop than usual, while at other times it would fail altogether. An eminent statistician once calculated that a dog and a half were lost every day in London, though what became of the half-dogs nobody knew; and it would appear that, on the average, one human being and a half every day cause anxiety to some other human being, for which the anxious persons find relief by advertising in the *Times*. It might have been supposed that facilities for this method of correspondence would tend to encourage and develop it; but it is evident that this is not the case. Indeed the tendency in recent years has been rather the other way. In the early days of English newspapers personal announcements were common enough, and it is probable that they were a great help to able editors in filling their columns, and that readers, in the dearth of more important news, found them amusing. For some reason or other, however, they have been steadily going out, until they have now reached a level which seldom alters. Whether this is to be taken as an indication of the absence of mystery, or at least of a love of mystery for its own sake, in our domestic life, or whether it is simply that English people from their practical turn of mind prefer a less public kind of secresy, is a question we cannot undertake to decide; but the fact remains that this sort of advertisement nowadays claims a very small part of the space which might be at its command. This is the more singular because, wherever else the same sort of thing has been introduced, it has expanded rapidly. The New York papers, for example, the *Herald* especially, have pages of "Personals." All sorts of people daily inquire about, threaten, or make assignations with, one another, and the extremely frank and open style of the advertisements has outraged even the ordinary license of American opinion. The experiment is now being tried in Paris; but it is as yet of course impossible to say with what results. The *Figaro*, which aspires to be the leader of the French press in novelty and enterprise, has been the first to establish a column, or rather, as many columns as people will pay for, for communications of this kind. An advertisement supplement is attached to each Sunday number, but only three or four have as yet been published. How far the *Petites Annonces du Dimanche*, at a franc and a half a line, are genuine, it is impossible to say. It is known that when a new pump is set in operation it is sometimes necessary to pour a little water down in order to give the sucker a start; and it is open to suspicion that some of the *annonces* in this instance may have emanated from the same source as the witty text which accompanies it. All we shall attempt to do will be to give a few samples of it, and leave others to judge for themselves.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes one in looking down these curious pages is that they express very little of that serious and desperate anxiety which has gained for the similar column of the chief English journal its peculiar name. Solicitude seems to be invariably qualified by a sense that existence is still possible, and that other consolations may be in store. Mme. B. announces that she is very anxious to obtain tidings of M. B.—"Un homme fort brun, de 41 ans, taille moyenne, plutôt grand que petit"—here is a tone of lingering love, perhaps intended to lure the wanderer back; at least she will not have him depreciated, though he has fled—"type accentué, yeux fleur de tête"; and then she adds that it is supposed he is off to the colonies, in a way that may perhaps be taken to indicate that in

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the meantime, and apart from the remote chance of his return, Mme. B. is free from the encumbrance of a husband. In another case a father is reminded with delicate politeness of the existence of a child whom he has abandoned. Baron L. is informed that his daughter has just made her first communion in a muslin frock at twelve sous the mètre, a veil of tulle at twenty-five sous, and shoes at three francs; but, it is added, she was not less pretty on account of her cheap attire, nor did she less fervently pray for the father who had neglected her.

A little further down we find a wife admitting that she had quitted her husband, determined never to return to him, but appealing to him to make some show of paternal protection for the sake of their daughter. He is asked whether he would like Estelle, who is an exceedingly intelligent little girl, to sit as a judge on his conduct. "Estelle ought to believe us united"—so runs the message—"until the day when she can understand the reasons which have separated her parents. Therefore, be at the door of the convent on Thursday next, and play your part of husband as I mean to play mine of wife. It is only a comedy of an hour which will not happen very often, and it is no more to me than to you." Mme. V. appears to have requested the assistance of a friend to arrange a domestic difficulty, but the friend prudently declines. "I cannot," he says, "accept the mission you would entrust to me. To reconcile a mother-in-law and son-in-law is hopeless, especially after certain irritations (*froissements*). Moreover, the intervention of a third party in such affairs always does more harm than good." He therefore recommends the mother-in-law to go to the son-in-law herself and try to make it up with him, remembering that "the husband is both legally and morally the stronger." Mme. Gabrielle F., who describes herself as "inquiète," asks for a description of the "signalement physique" of a certain Freemason who has apparently been advertising for a sympathetic companion. A benevolent person who happens to be acquainted, not with this particular Freemason, but with Freemasonry generally, supplies the following information, which we give in English, as printed in the *Figaro*:—"The masonic sign is made by putting the hand to the mouth, then descending it down to the chest, then to the right breast, then bringing it to the mouth again, thus forming the square; you will thus at once be able to recognize your man."

Many of the *annonces* are clearly enough only advertisements under a flimsy disguise, which can hardly be intended to deceive any one. One begins:—"The homage rendered to science belongs to the domain not of flattery but of duty," and then goes on, after the manner of the country clergyman in our own country, who has derived inestimable benefit from a pill the recipe of which he is anxious to communicate for a shilling's worth of stamps, to mention a marvellous cure of which gratitude compels the publication. "I have a child who has been ill for a year. She could walk only with the aid of crutches, and could set only the point of the right foot on the ground. Now my child runs, jumps, and walks without the slightest lameness, and those who saw her six months ago cannot believe the fearful malady she had then in her hip. The author of this remarkable cure is an orthopédiste, Dr. V——," and then follows the address. One can fancy the worthy doctor's blushes at finding himself thus made famous. Here is another communication of this class:—"A. Z. The young American lady whom you admired so much for her sonorous voice and brilliant complexion, was very pale, and could only whisper, six months ago. You should hear with what enthusiasm she now speaks of the Mariana wine." The next one we need not attempt to translate:—"A. C. J'ai suivi tes conseils, docteur de mon âme, et j'ai maintenant un estomac d'autruche et une voix de rossignol, grâce au vin Mariana. Marie W." Applications for situations are cast in a similar form. "MM. V. et E. Nantes" are informed that now is the time to show that they are really the friends of the undersigned. He wishes to earn a livelihood, and will be content with little. Another is as follows:—"You remember our friend G. X.; he is desirous of a place as secretary, *rédacteur*. You know how modest he is in his expectations, in spite of his good education and practice in writing. He is really a *rara avis*." A retired captain seeks employment on the strength of "his probity, morality, and his unexceptionable references recommending him to those who want a trusty and devoted person," and of having been wounded at Wissembourg. Nor, it may be supposed, does so interesting a part of French life as match-making fail to be reflected here. Numerous agencies are announced, and there are also specific offers, such as, "Un lord cherche une orpheline, sans dot. Sympathie." In another column we find, "On désire marier une orpheline, ayant une immense fortune, avec un noble de haute famille." This young lady would perhaps suit the lord, if she could but shake off her troublesome *dot*. But perhaps she herself might prefer "Un monsieur d'une des premières familles belges, 45 ans, extérieur distingué, éducation de premier ordre, décoré de plusieurs ordres, grand musicien, nom connu, 10 m. livres de rente," who would be content with "une jolie personne de bonne famille," with 20 mille livres. In the next paragraph, however, the lord will find exactly what he wants—"Une demoiselle honorable, distinguée, sans fortune," who wants to marry "un homme bien élevé." A widowed "functionary" of 38, with 25,000 francs de rente, and two children, would marry either a spinster or widow, who has at least 100,000 francs, but will have nothing to say to any children but his own. A distinguished young man, speaking several languages, and an excellent musician, would like to make the happiness of a lady having an independent fortune and artistic tastes. That no one may be left without a chance in the matrimonial market, Léontine Rachel appropriately winds up the column by offering "to restore to your wife her complexion as a bride, and to make your daughters so lovely that they will marry without difficulty and without dowry." How far any of these advertisements are really genuine it would perhaps be rash to say, but it is possible that the fashion thus set in fun may be taken up in earnest.

BREECH-LOADERS *VERSUS* MUZZLE-LOADERS.

ONE of those impulses—scarcely to be distinguished from panics—which periodically sway the British public has suddenly, and we venture to believe without adequate reason, inflicted upon us a reopening of the whole question of breech-loading *versus* muzzle-loading for heavy guns. We say for "heavy guns" in contradistinction to field guns and guns, so called, "of position." It is not clear, indeed, that the opponents of our existing weapons do not intend to include our field guns within the range of their criticism; but as the arguments and considerations applicable to field guns are in the main quite distinct from and independent of those which have reference to heavy guns, and as the stress of the controversy at present lies upon the heavy gun side of the question, it will be convenient for the moment to assume that it is our heavy ordnance alone which it is proposed to revolutionize. Still, even limited thus, the prospect becomes a sufficiently serious one. The least part of the evil which must result from a deliberate reopening of the question is its cost, and that can hardly fail to be enormous, not merely on account of the experiments which will have to be made, but because of the tremendous expenditure which would be involved in substituting some other system of artillery for the system which we have introduced at a cost of at least 4,000,000*l*. But the cost seems to us by far the least of the evils disclosed by the prospect now opening out before us. A far more serious point is the uncertainty which will thus become established with regard to our national armaments, and a sort of doubt as to the perfect efficiency of those armaments, which will be instilled into the minds of our soldiers and sailors. Nor are we able to contemplate without dismay the prospect of the reanimated inventor, whose name is legion, with his patent nostrums and infallible devices for correcting imaginary defects, and his resuscitated schemes which have been submitted to Committee after Committee, shown to be worthless, and put by until some such recurrent opportunity as the present should afford him the means of again pressing them upon public notice. Finally, it appears to us a matter of no small moment that from time to time the country should be exposed to a tide-wave of popular prejudice or feeling in a matter which is essentially one to be scientifically and dispassionately treated. We will say at once that, if we believed for a moment that the agitation which has been created against our existing ordnance had any foundation in any real necessity for such disturbance, or if we believed that the expression of what is called public opinion in this matter at all represented the views or feelings of the services concerned, we would willingly face all the evils which we have indicated above, and as many more as might be necessary to ensure our possession of thoroughly trustworthy armaments, or to secure the confidence of our navy and soldiers in the weapons which we possess. No outlay upon experiments or upon the introduction of new systems of artillery can be so costly in the long run as the continued complacent expenditure of money upon inefficient or untrustworthy or untrusted weapons; any amount of doubt and distrust in such weapons is preferable to a false sense of security, and a whole army of inventors of the most irrepressible and unpractical type may be accepted as a less evil than the stagnation of inefficiency. But we think the country has some reason to complain when these things are all inflicted upon it without any cause whatever—in face of the extraordinarily successful growth and unexampled development of our artillery power, in face of the entire confidence with which our big guns are regarded both by the army and the navy, and in the absence of any sort of substantial complaint of inefficiency or failure. It would be easy to enter an indignant protest against what is in fact a wanton disparagement of probably the finest artillery *matériel* in the world; but it will perhaps be more profitable to call attention to one or two of the more prominent considerations in connexion with this question, and to state generally the grounds upon which we hold that there exist no sufficient reasons for reopening the old controversy between breech-loading and muzzle-loading for heavy guns. The subject is so large a one that we must do this in the briefest possible manner.

One of the chief arguments by which the reopening of the question has been supported is the general approval expressed by Continental artillerists for breech-loading as compared with muzzle-loading. As to this point it is proper to observe, in the first place, that there is no foreign nation which has had a tithe of the experience of England with regard to heavy guns, whether we consider the range of experiment with guns of every make and description, or the very practical experience acquired in the cautious introduction, under the vigilant eyes of large numbers of hostile critics, of guns of a heavier type than those possessed by any other country. It is urged that the experience acquired in the arsenal or on the practice-ground should not be set against the experience acquired in actual warfare. This proposition as it stands could not be accepted without

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considerable qualification; for, as a matter of fact, in all that relates to the ballistic power of guns, and in all points of scientific gunnery, the experience of the practice-ground is actually far more valuable than any which can be acquired in the field; and so also problems as to the strength of guns can be more accurately worked out at the proof-butts than elsewhere. But, even admitting the argument, what does it amount to? What experience have foreign nations had of the use of heavy naval guns in actual warfare? The only nation which of late years has had any considerable experience in that direction is America, before whose guns we were invited not many years ago, when the *Miantonomah* visited these shores, to fall down and worship. Every one at that time went Rodman-mad, just as every one at present is breech-loading-mad. But happily the tide was stemmed. A big Rodman gun was bought, and made a terrible exhibition of itself at Shoeburyness; a noble advocate of the system made a public recantation; and a Special Committee of Congress subsequently made a Report to the effect that this much-extolled American system of heavy ordnance is a complete failure, and that no fewer than 258 of the guns had burst. America therefore is out of the comparison, and we are left with the European nations, not one of which has had any experience in actual warfare with the huge rifled naval guns with which we are now immediately concerned. We would willingly refrain from paying the advocates of breech-loaders the bad compliment of supposing that they seriously believe that the fact that the German artillery employed breech-loading *field* guns in the late war with (so far as the system of guns was concerned) but questionable success, furnishes any sort of argument or presumption in favour of loading "Woolwich infants" at the breech instead of the muzzle. If we reject this extraordinary argument—as assuredly we must if we would treat the subject reasonably—it follows that in this matter of experience with big guns it is really the foreign artillerists who should come to us and not we who should go to them. Again, even assuming that foreign Powers have good grounds for their preference for breech-loaders, this preference is at present absolutely of an abstract kind, and has not found practical expression in the adoption of any one accepted or pre-eminently successful type of gun. This is a point which is too commonly overlooked. The advocates of a breech-loading system, which is essentially a system of detail, are quite as much at variance among themselves as regards the merits of any particular embodiment of the principle which they approve as they are at variance with our system which they oppose; and if any one supposes that we should be any nearer in agreement with the foreign artillerists, or any further removed from the pressure of such arguments with regard to their views on this subject as are now commonly employed, if we were to adopt any given breech-loading system to-morrow, he would be very much mistaken. If the opponents of the existing system were to succeed in overturning it, we should then be only on the threshold of our difficulties; and the public would then learn—it may be with some surprise—that those who are so unanimous in depreciating our existing guns have really no other common ground of agreement, and are by no means unanimous in desiring to see Sir Joseph Whitworth's steel, or Mr. Lancaster's rifling, or somebody's breech mechanism enthroned in its place. And when, after exactly the same costly trials as have given us the Woolwich system, we had arrived definitively at some new weapon (and we suppose it will be admitted that it would be inconvenient in the event of war if we were always experimenting and never coming to a decision), we should be at once exposed to a new agitation arising out of the disappointed expectations of defeated inventors, and then, as now, we should be reminded that we were at variance with the whole current of foreign professional opinion. Before leaving the question of how far we ought to be influenced in this matter by the example of other nations, it is worth while to notice the remarkable fact that, with the exception of France, Germany, and Russia, and partially of Austria, all the naval Powers of Europe at present use muzzle-loaders, and not breech-loaders, for their heavy naval guns. Thus, if we are not misinformed, Denmark, Norway, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Holland, and Turkey have armed their ships with muzzle-loading guns.

It is commonly urged that breech-loading possesses for big guns inherent merits which are not shared by muzzle-loaders. A recent article in the *Times* enumerates these as follows:—(1) Greater facility of loading; (2) greater control over the charge; (3) greater control over the recoil; (4) increased length of gun; (5) less exposure of the men; (6) greater rapidity of fire; (7) saving of labour; (8) facilities for examining the condition of the bore; (9) reduced size of embrasure. It may be worth while to glance as briefly as possible at these points successively. As to (1) this is really a begging of the whole question, and it is a conclusion which is based upon false analogies and an entire misconception. The false analogy is that of the breech-loading rifle, into which it is certainly more handy to pop the cartridge by the breech than to ram the charge down the whole length of the barrel. But in a great gun weighing thirty or forty tons the breech mechanism needed to resist the strain due to the heavy charges of powder required to be used is unavoidably so cumbrous (for example, the breech-piece of the Krupp 12-inch gun weighs a ton), that in fact the shot-chamber is a considerable way up the bore. Into this shot-chamber the shot has to be rammed, and the difference in ramming the shot into its position from the back of the bore or from the front is, under these circumstances, inconsiderable, while, if mechanical loading is employed, it is simply inappreciable. Then, in addition to ramming in the shot and cartridge, which is common to both systems, the breech-loader entails the opening and closing of the ponderous breech. It will, we think, almost certainly appear that, even with human agency, breech-loading in very long guns is actually, on the whole, considerably less easy than muzzle-loading, instead of being, as is popularly supposed, easier. If mechanical agency is employed, the advantage will be more markedly on the side of the muzzle-loader. (2) We must confess that we do not know what this means. If it means that a charge larger in diameter than the bore can be employed in the breech-loader, then the answer is simple. Such a charge can also be employed, by a very simple contrivance, in the muzzle-loader. (3) Here again we must profess our inability to understand what the *Times* means, and it must, we think, be obvious that the control of the recoil of a gun cannot possibly hinge upon whether the shot and charge have been introduced at the back instead of the front. (4) This advantage, *in certain positions* and *under certain conditions*, may be admitted; but the ingenious mode of serving guns by hydraulic machinery which has lately been tried on board the *Thunderer*, and is now being applied to other ships, disposes of it by rendering the length of the gun a matter of comparative indifference. This system of hydraulic artillery is sometimes treated as if it were an expedient cunningly devised solely to get muzzle-loading out of a difficulty. As a matter of fact, it is only one of its incidental recommendations that it does so. Hydraulic loading is proposed because some form of mechanical loading has now become imperative, and the application of hydraulic power to this purpose is the most promising form of such mechanical loading. We may perhaps find in the success which has hitherto attended this system an explanation of the almost desperate urgency of the advocates of breech-loaders to get the question re-opened before the final success of hydraulic gunnery should have deprived them of the most powerful of the arguments which, so long as it was merely a question of human agency, could be urged with some effect in their favour. (5) Here, too, mechanical loading cuts the ground entirely from under the feet of the breech-loader—for obviously if a gun can be loaded without any men at all, the argument as to exposure fails. (6) This argument is based upon a fallacy, which cannot be too emphatically exposed. Big breech-loaders are not quicker, but slower to load than big muzzle-loaders. Indeed, comparative trials between the English and Prussian guns at Shoeburyness in 1872 showed that even a breech-loading field gun cannot be loaded quite so rapidly as a muzzle-loading field gun, a result which quite coincides with the experience of former trials; and as the size of the breech mechanism increases, so the disparity in rapidity of loading increases, until we find that in fact the big breech-loader is actually a comparatively slow gun to load. (7) This alleged advantage may, we believe, be confidently negatived, for very much the same reasons as those set forth under (1) and (6). As regards (8), this is quite a fanciful recommendation, and in practice it is not found that there is the slightest difficulty in examining the bores of our big guns. (9) This is merely a question of muzzle-pivoting, and it is quite as practicable to fire a muzzle-loader out of a small embrasure as it is to fire a breech-loader.

The alleged inherent advantages of breech-loading, when critically examined, thus contract into a very small compass; and leave a sum of advantages not comparable, as we consider, to the one and indisputable merit of muzzle-loading—simplicity and strength.

And, on the other hand, what is alleged against our existing system of naval ordnance? Absolutely nothing. Although Admiral Sherard Osborne wants to see guns made of some homogeneous metal which he happens to have in his eye, he is not able to point to a single instance of a Woolwich gun of the existing construction bursting on service. Can this be said of any other known system of gun construction? Is it not a well-known fact that Krupp was compelled to give up his solid steel guns in consequence of numerous failures, and that the Krupp big guns are now built-up weapons, which differ from the English guns mainly in being made of steel throughout instead of being only lined with that material, and in costing about three times as much? And is it not also a fact that even the latest patterns of Krupp steel guns have failed to furnish uniformly satisfactory results. As for the metal which Admiral Sherard Osborne advocates, it would be interesting to know upon what actual performances it rests its claim; and what the connexion may be between this metal and breech-loading is a matter which artillerists may well be excused if they find it hard to understand.

The subject is so large a one that to exhaust it within the limits of a single article would be impossible. But we have perhaps said enough to show that it is one which should be approached with the greatest caution, and that we ought not to allow ourselves to be hurried into an extravagant expenditure, or into doubt and uncertainty, merely on the random assertions of irresponsible advisers.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

THE conclusion has daily gathered strength that the present Exhibition is under, rather than over, the very moderate average of recent years. The "statistics," as the President was pleased to dignify the bald statements made at the annual

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dinner, are suggestive of growing numbers more than of higher quality. It appears that the works sent for exhibition were, in 1873, 4,169; in 1874, 4,481; while in the present year no less than 4,800 products have sought admission. Sir Francis Grant observes on these figures that they show "an annual increase in the number of works of art sent for exhibition; the number this year being 319 over last year, and 631 over the year previous." The President adds:—"I think it well to mention these statistics, that the public and the general body of artists may appreciate the difficulties which annually beset the Academy in the selection of works for exhibition." But the President, whose duty at the dinner table is to make things pleasant all round, stops short of the painful conclusions to which these figures irresistibly point. We beg leave to supply the omissions as follows:—The works accommodated this year are 216 less than last year; at the same time the numbers sent in this year are in excess of last by 319; these two sums added together prove that the rejections in 1875 have been 535 more than in 1874. Not to dwell longer on this painful state of things, which has brought disappointment and even calamity into many households, we will sum up the "statistics" by the startling figure of 3,392 as representing on the present occasion the contributions rejected or crowded out. The number actually accommodated is 1,408, being not quite a third of the total sent in. It is only a few years ago that Sir Francis Grant at the annual dinner boasted, before Her Majesty's Ministers and others, that all the works "accepted" had been placed; since then the situation has evidently not improved. The Paris Salon, which opened Saturday last, devotes no less than twenty-five rooms to its national and cosmopolitan collections. Our Royal Academy in comparison is but a private, not to say a commercial, establishment. Primarily it promotes the interests of its members in particular; after that it devotes any remaining space and opportunity to the interest of art in general.

The further "statistics" are read correctly as follows:—Of sixty Academicians and Associates ten are absent—not more than an average; also are absent the whole of the "Honorary Foreign Academicians," including such great names as Messrs. Gallait, Gérôme, and Meissonier. It becomes but too evident that these and other foreign artists do not care to contribute; the kindly overtures made by our Royal Academy have been received with indifference and, practically speaking, with refusal. Yet still the Catalogue reprints the names of these artists for show, just as it inserts sundry professors whose names are supposed to have a value when written on paper. The Academicians and Associates whose absence will be most felt are Mr. Thomas Faed, R.A., Mr. Herbert, R.A., Mr. Lewis, R.A., Mr. Webster, R.A., and Mr. Davis, A.R.A. The fifty-three Academicians and Associates who honour Burlington House with their presence contribute the comparatively modest total of 172 works; but of these it is alarming to discover that Mr. Frith is not content with less than eight, nor Sir Francis Grant with fewer than six, nor Mr. Thorburn with a smaller number than seven. It would have been a gracious act if either of these gentlemen had made a little way for their unprivileged brethren. Against the 172 works from the Academy stand no less than 1,336 from "outsiders"; this looks, we must confess, as something like fair play to rising talent, and goes far to justify the President in the assertion "that though it is quite possible the Council, in making the selection, may err in judgment, yet he is quite sure they are influenced by the most conscientious and kindly desire to fulfil their onerous and often painful duties with carefulness and justice."

That historic art is not quite extinct some few pictures are present to prove, among which may be specially named for intellectual grasp of a noble thought, "Julian the Apostate presiding at a Conference of Sectarians" (518), the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mr. Armitage, R.A. The scene with outlying circumstance which swells this pictorial narrative is recounted in the 23rd Chapter of Gibbon. The scoffing historian, laying flattering unction on the great "Apostate," says that "a devout attachment for the Gods of Athens and Rome constituted the ruling passion of Julian"; again he writes, "the pious Emperor"—who had proved his piety by initiation into the mysteries of Eleusis—"acknowledged and adored the Eternal Cause of the universe." Julian, we know, wore the cloak of dissimulation for ten years, and then declared himself openly the enemy of the Christians. The scene of the picture is laid about A.D. 361, at the very time when the Emperor invited to his palace the hostile sects, in order that he might enjoy the spectacle of their furious polemics. It is added that Julian, before he dismissed the company, became perfectly satisfied that he had nothing to fear from the union of the Christians. The situation, it will be easily understood, is eminently pictorial and dramatic; the composition before us shows Julian seated at the head of a marble table; behind him stand Pagan priests jeering, before him are ranged the Christians, some in calm thought, but the greater part in vehement speech and gesticulation. The painter has well managed to hold evenly the scales of justice; it is not easy to say on which side the advantage lies; yet the Christians are ennobled in form; their heads have a dignity, force, and fervour worthy of apostles or martyrs. On the other hand, it must be admitted that Julian looks profound as a philosopher, grave as a judge; he does not move a muscle. The head is a veritable portrait taken from a coin. Accessories help to carry out the story; above the monarch rises a statue of Minerva, and in the background are seen artificers engaged in rebuilding the heathen temples—a favourite work in that reign. We cannot be very certain of the locality; perhaps the artist avails himself of a common license; the choice must lie between Constantinople and Athens; we know both cities pretty well, yet cannot identify the locality here depicted. This perhaps is not very remarkable, considering the persistent upturnings to which these ancient sites have been subject. The distinguishing merit of the picture lies in the scrupulous realization of the scene, in the searching reading of character, and in the symmetry and concentration of the composition. The colour, as is usual with the artist, is kept subordinate to the intent, or rather, it goes for little or nothing; the execution, which is wholly without ostentation, has the merit of serving as the perspicuous language for conveying the ideas. The work naturally possesses characteristics in common with the school of Delaroche. It will engrave well; indeed a composition of this historic import deserves to be made widely known.

The large Gallery—otherwise the "Salle d'honneur"—presents an unusual aspect; this year it contains little more than half the pictures hung last time, one reason being that the canvasses selected are of inordinate size, such as that dedicated to Lord Wolverton's bloodhounds (217), a work by Mr. Goddard, which, from its total violation of anatomic form, might with advantage be transferred to some provincial museum of stuffed animals. The hanging this year, though greatly decried, especially by those who have been turned out, we find on the whole to be well calculated and effective, especially as to symmetry of space and balance of colour. But, whatever system of arrangement be adopted, certain penalties must inevitably follow; thus in this large Gallery, which is understood to present almost insurmountable difficulties in the hanging, we find that moderate-sized pictures such as "Mary, Queen of Scots, and Christopher Norton at Bolton Castle" (211), by Mr. Elmore, R.A., and "The Orphan of the Temple" (219), by Mr. Ward, R.A., are dwarfed in proportion and rendered comparatively insignificant in effect. Neither of these painters, we are sorry to say, is this year in strength to bear any trying ordeal. Mr. Elmore is happy in the selection of his subject. Mary, Queen of Scots, has always been popular. She is here seen sitting and knitting, while on the opposite side Lord Scrope and Sir Francis Knollys are discovered playing at chess. Mr. Froude is made to vouch for the incident. The art is rather of the olden and obsolete school. A generic background of brown is supposed to bring all the figures and draperies together. Yet we gladly recognize a noble motive and a high type which nowadays are merits seldom met with even in the Royal Academy. Mr. Ward, R.A., is certainly far from his best when he depicts Marie Thérèse, daughter of Louis XVI., "The Orphan of the Temple" (219), sketching the tower of her prison in Paris. The execution, in seeking delicacy, loses accustomed strength; and the colour, in the surrender of an inveterate blackness, degenerates into a chalkiness, not however wholly unpleasing. Specially to be commended is the graceful figure of Marie Thérèse, showing a tenderly-modelled profile. Mr. Ward has for many years commanded respect by a certain stately, not stilted, reading of history, which, however, he occasionally decks out too profusely with draperies.

We are sorry to differ diametrically from Mr. Disraeli when, at the Academy dinner, he hit upon the great discovery that our English school is supremely distinguished by the faculty of imagination. But as a piece of oratory, though quite irrespective of positive facts, the following passage deserves to be held in remembrance:—

> I would [says Mr. Disraeli] observe that what has most in my opinion distinguished of late years the English school is the faculty of imagination, and, Mr. President, you know well that the English artist has developed that faculty under very great disadvantages. He is not favoured by a climate of inspiration. He is not surrounded by a sublime nature. He does not dwell in cities glittering with symmetry [*sic*] under purple skies. He is not surrounded by human beings whose flashing forms and picturesque gestures stimulate his invention and often afford a happy hint of expression and grace. For him there are no bannered processions parading the squares and streets of fair cities to animate his fancy amid the fall of fountains and the carolling of sacred bells. No, sir; he lives in a studio invaded too often by London fog. If he walks forth for relaxation, he wanders in streets of hideous monotony. His living studies are the constable and the cabman. Instead of a procession, he encounters a blockade of omnibuses. Instead of bursts of harmony, he is greeted by the scream of the subterranean railway. And yet this man by his imagination, by that divine gift alone, can give us a canvas breathing with human passions, in scenes of romantic loveliness, and with every accessory of splendour and of grace.

We are bound to say that a more baseless fabric of a vision has never been invented, either in poetry or pictorial art. We simply ask where these "scenes of romantic loveliness, with every accessory of splendour and of grace," are to be met with. We happen within our small experience to know the whereabouts and the contents of very many studios, and public Exhibitions are of course open to everybody. On behalf, then, of anxious inquirers, we beg leave to ask Mr. Disraeli for the name and address of "this man" of "imagination" and "divine gift" possessing "every accessory of splendour and of grace." The Academy scarcely affords the clue to the discovery. We naturally turn to Mr. Watts, R.A., and yet the composition which he presumes to dedicate "to all the Churches" (584) is not very much superior to the hymns sung by Mr. Sankey. Then we next look to Mr. Poole, R.A., but only to find that "Ezekiel's Vision" (129) is a kind of thing about on a level with what is done at the Crystal Palace or Cremorne. We are glad to think that, taken for all in all, our English school

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has never been so sound as at present; but that it should be extolled for its obvious failings seems a little too much: literalistic transcripts, and not imaginative creations, are assuredly its strength

RACING AT NEWMARKET AND CHESTER.

THOSE who fondly hoped that, as the favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas had carried off that race easily, so the favourite for the One Thousand would achieve a corresponding triumph, were doomed to a sad disappointment. There was much more reason why Per Se, in a field of six, should be a strong favourite than why Camballo should have been trusted to defeat a larger field of very superior antagonists. Per Se had only just failed to pass through the most trying ordeal to which a two-year-old can be subjected, and the Middle Park Plate was snatched from her by the shortest of heads, and that only after she had been to some extent disappointed in making her final effort. Directly or indirectly, however, she succeeded at her first essay in public in beating the most prominent performers of her year. Subsequently she attempted to give Waisenknabe 22 lbs. over the Bretby Stakes course, and was just beaten by a head. Considering that last week Per Se had only five antagonists to beat—namely, Chaplet, Tartine, Spinaway, Renée, and a sister to Musket, unknown to fame—and also that she was very well, and enjoyed the confidence of all connected with her, the task set for her to accomplish did not seem very arduous. Yet she signally failed in the effort, and her defeat is another instance of the uncertainty of filly races in the spring. Of the five antagonists we have named, Chaplet, according to public running, was by far the most formidable. A year ago she won the First Spring Stakes in a canter from a large field, and though she lost form during the summer, she recovered herself in the autumn, and in the Prendergast Stakes achieved a clever victory over Camballo, Punch, Breechloader, and Garterly Bell. This performance placed her quite in the front rank of the two-year-olds, and undoubtedly she would have been a very warm favourite for the One Thousand, had it not been rumoured that she had been found inferior to Stray Shot. There were several mistakes both in the calendar and the cards about the time of the First Spring Meeting; and not the least important was that Chaplet was formally notified as struck out of the One Thousand Guineas. Naturally, Stray Shot became a great favourite; but when the day arrived Stray Shot was the absentee, and Chaplet was there to do battle in her place. Such mistakes are to be regretted, and provoke comment which had better be spared; but, as it happened, Stray Shot must have been nearly a stone better than Chaplet last week to have won the race. Tartine's best performance last year was her neck defeat of Yorkshire Bride, and Spinaway, after having been beaten by the moderate Timour and New Holland, wound up the season by turning the tables on the latter, and by beating Seymour, which was a far better credential of merit. On the whole, and taking into account the dubious position which Chaplet occupied for some days before the race, the One Thousand Guineas looked a certainty for Per Se, and in the palmy days of the Danebury stable we can imagine how she would have been supported. The Rowley mile, however, found out any deficiency of staying ability, and at six furlongs not only Per Se, but four also out of the remaining five, had to cry enough. Spinaway, the daughter of two such excellent stayers as Macaroni and Queen Bertha, did credit to her parentage, and won, to all appearance, simply through preference for the longer distance. Per Se is not entered for the Oaks, and Chaplet and Stray Shot are disqualified by the death of their nominator, Sir Joseph Hawley, and therefore the way is apparently made smooth at Epsom for Lord Falmouth's representative, who will find no difficulty in getting over the last half-mile. *Apropos* of the disqualification of Chaplet and Stray Shot, we may observe that the Jockey Club, at the suggestion of Lord Rosebery, have appointed a Committee to consider the expediency of framing a rule to prevent nominations from becoming void by the death of the nominator. It is a real grievance that persons purchasing horses, either as yearlings or at sales of studs, should find them prohibited from competing for the great prizes of the Turf because the vendors, who are generally the nominators, may happen to have died in the meantime; and we may look forward to such a relaxation of the rule as, while maintaining all proper safeguards against fraud and collusion, may give the *bonâ fide* purchaser the full benefit of his investment.

Turning to the general racing of the week, we find nothing on the first day calling for attention. On the second a race between Horse Chestnut, Coomassie, and Tangible was a sort of Two Thousand trial for Picnic, who at the Craven Meeting had beaten Coomassie. The speedy Horse Chestnut proved himself too fast over the easy T.Y.C. both for Tangible and Sir A. de Rothschild's horse, the latter of whom finished last of the three. Opinions were widely divided as to the comparative merits of Boulet and Polonaise over the Cesarewitch course, and by making good use of the time and travelling briskly backward and forward between the Stand and the Ring an enterprising speculator might easily have accomplished the coveted feat of taking six to four both ways. A complaint was made afterwards that all the betting was not carried on in one spot, and that hence contradictions might frequently occur; but really, as long as betting is allowed at all, there seems no reason why it should not go on on different parts of the Heath, or what grievance there is in different persons taking different views of the chances of a race and wagering accordingly. The end of the conflict of opinions was that Polonaise, another of the staying sort for which Mr. Bowes is so famous, won very easily from Boulet. On the Thursday there was a brilliant race between Charon and Bella, each of whom was penalized 5 lbs. for the First Spring Two-year old Stakes, and, as Bella changed her legs at the finish and lost a little ground, Charon won and contributed something at the first essay to Lord Wilton for the money he gave Mr. Chaplin for him. Friday's racing began with a rare event, a match over the Beacon Course; but one of the pair, Mr. Fox, has never been a sound horse, and so long a journey over hard ground was not likely to do him much good. He broke down at the Bushes hill, but was still so superior to his antagonist that he struggled on on three legs, and was only beaten after all by half a length. Far more interesting was a succeeding match between Town Crier and Levant. Town Crier was the trial horse of Kaleidoscope, who beat Levant at Sandown Park, and Lord Rosebery's dissatisfaction with her defeat on that occasion was the cause of the present match being made. They met at 19 lbs. for the year, and Town Crier, who ran very fast in the Two Thousand for half a mile, got off on this occasion also with the lead, and made the running at his best pace. Nor could Levant fairly get on equal terms, for, though she looked promising at one time, she could not keep her place, but died away, and in the end Town Crier won rather cleverly. Only three contested the Newmarket Stakes, and the interest in it was confined to the contest between the Repentance colt and Moriturus. The former made the whole of the running, and won in a canter; and if it be true that he is 10 lbs. better than Spinaway, he must be a formidable antagonist to Holy Friar and Camballo on the Derby Day. It will be seen that in the general racing the First Spring Meeting showed little advance over the Craven Meeting; indeed, but for the Two Thousand and One Thousand, last week would have been very barren of incident.

The Chester management were not slow to understand that modern race-owners care more for money than for glory, and that if they wanted to maintain their meeting in any prominent position—not to speak of restoring to it something of its former grandeur—they must dip deeply into their pockets. On each of the three days there has been a race with five hundred pounds added, and yet this liberality has failed to produce such results as were hoped for. The promoters of Chester races must turn the five hundred into a thousand next year, and even then they may be outstripped by more ambitious and more enterprising competitors. There were some close finishes on the first day, but the only really remarkable events were the victories of Archer on Spectator and Bella, both of which were achieved by fine riding. Spectator, however superior in class to his antagonists in the Grosvenor Stakes, was out of his distance in a mile-and-a-quarter race, and he was also giving away an extraordinary amount of weight, no less than 44 lbs. for the year, to the closest antagonist, and his victory under such circumstances reflects credit both on himself and on his jockey. Bella, again, in the Mostyn Stakes was giving 7 lbs. away to all her opponents, among whom were the highly-tried Levant and the heavily-backed Merry Duchess. At one time Bella appeared to be winning easily, but she has an unfortunate trick of stumbling, as she showed at Newmarket, and, stumbling on this occasion also, she was with difficulty recovered, but running very gamely she managed to regain her position and win by a short head; Levant, who seems only a half-miler, being an indifferent third. So far Bella has proved herself the speediest animal of her year, and her owner is certainly compelling her to make hay while the sun shines. She has already done a season's work long before the season has attained its zenith.

Despite the increased amount of added money, the Chester Cup shows no signs of a return to its former distinction. All the money in the world cannot make the Chester course other than it is, a wretched merry-go-round affair, too narrow for a dozen horses to gallop abreast on it, and where a horse can never fairly get into his stride till he reaches the straight run in, at which point the race is well nigh over. Good jockeys detest the course on account of its dangers, for of course they must all try to get the inside track as near the rails as possible; and good horses, we verily believe, hate it also, for, always going round a bend, they can never thoroughly extend themselves. The field this year was as moderate as could well be conceived for a race of such value, and the best public performers of the nine who came to the post were Dukedom and Polonaise. The remainder included Freeman, once the property of Mr. Merry, and a horse of the most uncertain disposition, Black Watch, and Quail, and therefore it may be readily imagined that the scale of weights was not high. Freeman happened for once to be on his good behaviour, for though he was disappointed more than once, and at one point of the race seemed inclined to turn sulky and give up the struggle, he made up his lost ground at the finish with great rapidity, and won in the end rather cleverly. He had the advantage of being ridden by Glover, the strongest of our light-weight jockeys, who drove him vigorously along, and forced him in almost in spite of himself. The public form of Dukedom seemed good enough to trust him to win in such company under a by no means immoderate weight; but either the distance was too far for him or he could not get round the turns, for he only succeeded in finishing a moderate third. Though there were only nine runners, the race was not devoid of its customary casualties, for the Irish representative, Ben Battle, who, we see, is described by the Special Correspondent of one of the daily papers as a "great ragged fiddle-headed brute,"

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came into collision with Quail about five furlongs from home, and knocked both her and himself out of the race. We notice that another sporting writer, while lamenting the fate of Quail, hints that she was overweighted, and recommends her admirers to wait patiently till she gets a few pounds off her back, when it may be hoped she will win a big race again. Considering that Quail is an aged mare, and carried the fearful burden of 7 st. 4 lbs., it is difficult to imagine how much further the leniency of handicappers is to be shown in her treatment. For our own part, we are sorry, in the interests of sport, that aged horses with feather weights on their backs should have any admirers at all; and we are confident that the fewer big races such animals win the better will it be for the future of racing. We would rather hear that the aged Quail had paid the last debt of nature than that, carrying some ridiculously light impost, she had managed to secure another race—great, not in reality, but in name only.

REVIEWS.

ELZE'S ESSAYS ON SHAKSPEARE.*

THE French translator who rendered "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" by "O mon Dieu! qu'est-ce que c'est que cela?" happily expressed in that severely lucid version the mental attitude of his countrymen towards much of our illustrious poet; they think him a fine creature on the whole, but often a brilliant monster rather than anything else, a being whose uncouthness becomes positively uncanny, and calls for an exorcism. The Teutonic family, on the other hand, has shown a spirited resolve to consider Shakspeare family property, and not to give him up to be monopolized by the parcel of Low-Dutch islanders among whom he chanced to be born. Indeed, if the keen and persistent study of Shakspeare can do it, our elder brethren have more than vindicated their birthright. Everybody remembers Goethe's rapture in *Dichtung und Wahrheit* over the discovery of Shakspeare—the very thing he and his friends wanted to deliver them from the yoke hard to be borne; how they made Shakspearianism their fashion, almost their mania, and showed their worship, among other things, by translating the very jester's doggrel with not less felicity than has attended classical versions of "Humpty Dumpty." But these things were the ecstasies of the morning; during the last hundred years German Shakspearianism has passed through the phases of frank, direct enjoyment, laborious scholastic exegesis, philosophical and æsthetical analysis, and is now one of the many things which satisfy the final test of intellectual importance in Germany—that is, it has a literature of its own. Important contributions have lately been made to that literature by the *Jahrbücher* of the German Shakspeare Society, of which, since 1867, Dr. Karl Elze has been editor, and in which originally appeared the series of essays now republished in this pleasant volume. It was well worth while to translate them, seeing that they "bring before the student the opinions and theories of the foremost living Shakespeare scholars in Germany," though we should be disposed to qualify the remark of the translator that the essays generally "are of an essentially æsthetic character." Æsthetic inquiry consists in asking why a beautiful thing gives us pleasure; and two of these essays might with accuracy be called æsthetic—namely, that on the *Merchant of Venice* and that on *All's Well that Ends Well*. But, of the others, four deal mainly with questions concerning the dates, the references, the materials, or the history of the plays; those, namely, on "The Date of the *Tempest*," *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *King Henry VIII.*, and "*Hamlet* in France"; while the remaining three, on "The Supposed Travels of Shakespeare," "Sir William Davenant," and "The Orthography of Shakespeare's Name," belong to the province of critical biography. Æsthetic considerations are, it is true, everywhere brought to bear on the determination of facts; but, if we wished to describe accurately the contents of the book, we should say that it consisted of essays partly æsthetic, but chiefly historical and biographical.

The first essay—"On the Date of the *Tempest*"—is an excellent specimen of the learning and the ingenuity which mark all these papers, and at the same time it illustrates, in one or two points, the kind of weakness which is incidental to the last refinements in criticism of this sort. Malone's theory, it is well known, assigns the *Tempest* to 1611, and this date has been accepted by all the latest commentators. It rests on two main arguments—first, that Shakspeare used Silvester Jourdan's *Discovery of the Bermudas*, published in 1610; secondly, that, according to Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, the *Tempest*, then a new piece, was acted before the King at Whitehall on November 1, 1611. Now Dr. Elze holds with the opinion that the entries in the *Accounts of the Revels* which refer to Shakspeare are forgeries, and he maintains that the coincidences between Jourdan and Shakspeare do not warrant the hypothesis that the latter borrowed from the former. Dr. Elze himself contends that the *Tempest* was produced in 1604. He arrives at this year by fixing an inferior and a superior limit, and both these limits are derived from a passage in Ben Jonson's *Volpone* which has not been considered by previous critics. Lady Politick Would-Be pays a visit to Volpone, who is feigning illness, and turns the conversation to the Italian poets, with a fluency which brings Volpone to the verge of madness:—

> LADY P. Here's Pastor Fido—
> VOLP. Profess obstinate silence;
> That's now my safest. (*Aside.*)
> LADY P. All our English writers,
> I mean such as are happy in the Italian,
> Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly;
> Almost as much as from Montaignié.

At whom is this thrust? Who is the English writer who is accused of stealing from Montaigne? According to Dr. Elze, there is but one passage in the Elizabethan poetry to which this charge can be clearly and definitely brought home, and that is Gonzalo's speech in Act ii. Sc. 1 of the *Tempest*:—

> I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries
> Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
> Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
> Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
> And use of service, none; contract, succession,
> Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
> No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
> No occupation; all men idle, all,
> And women too, but innocent and pure;
> No sovereignty.

This is almost word for word from Florio's translation of Montaigne's essay on the ideal country which he styles "antarctic France." "It is a nation (would I answer Plato) that hath no kind of traffick, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politick superioritie; no use of service, of riches, or of povertie, no contracts, no succession, no partitions, no occupations, but idle; no respect of kindred but common; no apparel but natural; no use of wine, corne, or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction and pardon, were never heard amongst them." Florio's translation of Montaigne appeared in 1603; the *Tempest* therefore, argues Dr. Elze, cannot be earlier than 1603. On the other hand, *Volpone* was acted as early as 1605; the *Tempest* therefore cannot be later than 1605; and so we get as its date 1604. This year chosen, it remains for its defenders to explain two things; first, that valedictory tone which is so manifest in the *Tempest*, where, when Prospero vows to break his wand and bury his book, it is hardly possible not to fancy that a mightier magician is saying farewell to the scene of more wonderful enchantments; secondly, the philological objection that the number of double endings is large—a sign of a very late play, the percentage in the *Merchant of Venice* (according to Hertzberg's calculation in the German Shakspeare Society's edition of Schlegel and Tieck), being fifteen; in the *Tempest*, thirty-two. Dr. Elze boldly meets both difficulties by saying that the *Tempest* is (in a sense) Shakspeare's farewell to the stage. He succeeded early, he wrote with marvellous facility—we may remember what Heminge and Condell said, that "his mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot on his papers"; at thirty-four he had written, besides his two narrative poems, at least twelve plays; at the turn of the century he was probably already at the zenith both of fame and of fortune. In May, 1602, he bought William Combe's property—107 acres of arable land; in July, 1605, he acquired the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe. So, Dr. Elze says:—

> If we fix the *Tempest* in 1604, the farewell which the poet therein seems to take of poetry accords wonderfully with his transition to the activity of a proprietor of lands and capital, for this transition was most obviously completed by the acquisition of the tithes. At the same time it need not be doubted that Shakespeare, even after this time, may have once or twice re-entered the service of the Muses; in other words, that the *Tempest* was not his last play, but that he—as in our own day is customary with travelling artists—may have come forward with a drama for the last, very last, and positively the last time; but in the main his dramatic career and regular production closed with the *Tempest*.

Happy country in which the phenomena of penultimate appearances are confined to itinerant artists! is one's first reflection. The next thing that occurs is a doubt whether, when Shakspeare wrote of breaking a wand and burying a book, he was secretly thinking that a different rod might be needed for the tithe-payers of Welcombe, and another book, namely a ledger, was henceforth to engross his attention; and if he did not quite mean even this, does the "valedictory" argument matter so very much either way? Shakspeare was one of those poets who think less about themselves than about the world around them, or, to use the majestic antithesis which has seen its best days, he was the most "objective," the least "subjective," of poets; and it does not appear why the lines which he gives to Prospero should have anything to do with his really quitting the stage himself, except in so far as they suggest that, when he wrote them, he felt weary, and had passing before him, as in a dream, what that rest might be. Dr. Elze urges, too, in support of his argument, that in 1604 "the Earl of Southampton was particularly stimulated by the desire to win the wild natives of America over to civilization and Christianity"; whereas by 1611 the Earl was presumably less enthusiastic about this enterprise. Now "Caliban represents the native American, and Prospero the Earl of Southampton" (p. 17). Further, in Act ii. Sc. 2, Trinculo mentions dead Indians and sea-monsters among the spectacles with which the citizens of London were amused, and it is known that between 1604 and 1605 no fewer than eight live Indians (including a baby) had been seen in that

* *Essays on Shakespeare.* By Karl Elze, Ph.D. Translated, with the Author's sanction, by Dora L. Schmitz. London: Macmillan & Co.

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city, of whom Dr. Elze gives careful biographies; so that it is absurd, he holds, to suppose that as late as 1611 the spectacle of Indian corpses could have been thought much of; in fact, "had Shakspeare alluded to this exhibition as late as 1611, it would have been without either wit or effect" (p. 18). At the risk of being classed with that "mixture of demon and animal" which is represented by Caliban, we must say that we still believe in 1611; first, because the genuineness of Cunningham's Shakspearian entries is still an open question; secondly, because the great improbability of Shakspeare's activity as a dramatist having ended in 1605 is only evaded by saying that his "regular" production closed with the *Tempest* (p. 26); thirdly, because, though Malone has not proved that Shakspeare got any one detail from Jourdan, he has undoubtedly proved, if proof was necessary, that Shakspeare probably had Jourdan in his mind.

The best essay in the book, to our thinking, is on "*Hamlet* in France," a most interesting and curious history of that which might be described as a struggle of the French mind with a cosmopolitan conception of life. What is really instructive in the chapter is the curious view which it opens into the depths of human self-complacency, showing how each critic thought either that he and no one else understood *Hamlet*, or else that *Hamlet* was not worth understanding. Voltaire, to begin with, not only thought, but said, that he had first raised "To be or not to be" into poetry by his translation beginning:—

> Demeure, il faut choisir, et passer à l'instant
> De la vie à la mort, et de l'être au néant.

Voltaire's work was completed by Jean François Ducis (1733–1816), who between 1769–1792 turned out six of Shakspeare's tragedies entirely remodelled, including a new and chastened *Hamlet*. Laharpe, who was permitted to call Voltaire "papa," and, indeed, to emend his poems, made one kind concession. "I am far," he said, "from wishing to compare a monstrous tragedy like Shakspeare's *Hamlet* with *Semiramis*; but I admit that in the English poet *the Ghost is far better conceived*, and excites far greater horror, than that of *Ninus*." Le Tourneur's prose translation of *Hamlet* (1776–1782)—he also translated Young's *Night Thoughts*, *Ossian*, and *Clarissa Harlowe*—was better than anything before it, and converted Diderot to an estimate of Shakspeare which excited Voltaire's fury. Chateaubriand called *Hamlet* a "royal Bedlam"; the precursor of the Romanticists allowed Shakspeare's genius, judged from the standpoint of Shakspeare's time, but completely condemned him from the standpoint of art; in a word, he pretty nearly agrees with Voltaire in considering him a drunken savage. In 1821 Guizot and Pichot produced a new edition of Le Tourneur. In 1822 English actors appeared for the first time in Paris, played *Othello* and the *School for Scandal* at the Porte St.-Martin, and utterly failed. In 1827 and 1828 this failure was retrieved by the companies of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Dublin, who set up a theatre of their own in Paris, in which Kemble played Hamlet and Miss Smithson shone as Ophelia; Duport's criticism being almost restricted to observing that Ophelia lacks reticence and Hamlet courtesy, while as for Hamlet's observations to the Ghost ("Old mole," &c.), these are surely the most disrespectful and the most grotesque ever addressed by a son to a parent. Guizot's judgment was both penetrating and sympathetic. He was probably one of the earliest Frenchmen of genius who really comprehended Shakspeare, and his general verdict—that our poet excels in matter, but fails in form—is almost the necessary conclusion, in so far as it is unfavourable, of a French critic. Villemain was just at the "Sturm und Drang" point of view; Shakspeare is for him a lawless giant; but Villemain understood the gravedigger scene, and on the character of Hamlet he says, "By a strange combination, Shakspeare has represented feigned madness no less frequently than real madness—nay, he has even contrived to mix them together in the strange character of Hamlet, and to blend in it flashes of reason with the tricks of crafty simulation and the involuntary distraction of the mind"; a notable advance from the older French view that Hamlet is merely an interesting and complex madman. Barante, however, the historian of the Dukes of Burgundy, in his treatise on *Hamlet* (1824) was the first to conceive *Hamlet* as a work of art, supported and pervaded by a single thought; but then came the revolution in French poetry begun by the Romanticists, and for awhile everything but the historical drama was secondary, though George Sand's *Étude sur Hamlet* did something. In 1847, a stage arrangement of *Hamlet* by Alexandre Dumas and Paul Meurice was produced at the Théâtre Historique; the play was abridged, enlarged, rearranged, in short, reconstructed; but the version had the merit of extending an acquaintance with *Hamlet* beyond French literary circles to the French people. It had a run of 135 nights, and brought in 400,000 francs. Rouvière was Hamlet; "Hamlet et Rouvière," says Dumas, "pendant vingt ans ne firent qu'un." The translation of Shakspeare by M. François Victor Hugo (in prose) gives the first place to *Hamlet*. A more recent translation by the Chevalier de Chatelain expresses a laudable desire to present the unadulterated Shakspeare, but it is based on the acting edition formerly in use at the Princess's Theatre, and is by no means free either from omissions or from additions. Dr. Elze defines three causes which hinder the acclimatization of Shakspeare in France; first, the Alexandrine is unsuited for a translation of Shakspeare, and French blank verse is still immature; secondly, the French have not yet made Shakspeare a subject of philological study; thirdly, they do not yet possess a philosophical system of æsthetics.

In dwelling at length on what is perhaps the most distinctive paper of the series, we have left ourselves but small space to speak of the rest, which indeed could not be examined in sufficient detail within our limits. In the chapter on the "Supposed Travels of Shakspeare," if there is not much that is positively new, there are many examples of that ingenious combination which is often Dr. Elze's *forte*, and sometimes his foible. The result is this—there is not good reason to believe that Shakspeare was with Leicester in the Netherlands in 1586, and "Will, my Lord of Lester's jesting plaier," is probably William Kempe; still less is there any sound evidence that from Holland Shakspeare proceeded to join a company of English comedians in Germany. Nor is it probable that Shakspeare visited Scotland, either in 1589, when English actors played at Perth, or in 1601, when the Lord Chamberlain's company played at Aberdeen. But that Shakspeare had travelled in North Italy is made likely, if not certain, by the local colouring in the *Merchant of Venice* and *Othello*, colouring which, in contrast with that of Ben Jonson and of Webster, bespeaks an eye-witness. As to Valentine embarking at Verona for Milan, Dr. Elze gets over the difficulty by suggesting canals; but we confess this seems to us not very satisfactory. Undoubtedly Shakspeare gives his readers the impression that he has been in Italy; the only question is, does *Macbeth* give them a less vivid impression of his knowing Scotland? All lovers of Shakspeare will enjoy this book; and the greater their devotion to Shakspeare the more secure will they be against permitting those theories of a learned ingenuity which sometimes move a smile, either to fascinate them overmuch, or to diminish their appreciation of the sterling merits which on the whole characterize Dr. Elze's criticisms.

GAIRDNER'S HOUSES OF LANCASTER AND YORK.*

IN this compact volume—one of the series called *Epochs of History*—the obscure and stormy period of the Wars of the Roses is treated by a master of the subject. It is a period which is not only one of the most obscure in English history, but also one in which people in general take little interest. No religious feeling, no clearly defined political principle, was involved in the struggle; there is little romance and no hero, and in these days nobody feels much drawn to either one side or the other. It is a time of confused fighting up and down England, of stabbing, smothering, and chopping off of heads; and with some such vague idea most people rest content. Any one who begins seriously to study English history will probably discover that there is no period upon which he is so weak as that of the Wars of the Roses—weak, not so much in actual knowledge of the events of the time and the actors, for these he can learn from Shakspeare, as in appreciation and comprehension of the causes and results of the contest. To such a student Mr. Gairdner's present work will be welcome. Starting with a slight sketch of the decadence of Edward III., it takes in the history of England from the accession of Richard II. to that of Henry VII.—the period, as the author observes, covered by a regular sequence of Shakspeare's historical plays. Part of this ground he has already gone over in his Prefaces to the *Paston Letters*, and the account now given of the administration and fall of Suffolk, the rebellion of Jack Cade, and the political career of the Duke of York may serve as a useful introduction to, and epitome of, his former more vivid and detailed narrative. As readers of the Prefaces know, his sympathies are with Richard Duke of York, although he is studiously fair and calm towards every one concerned. York's conduct has been variously judged. According to one view, he was an ambitious and selfish schemer, who caught at every opportunity of embarrassing the existing Government. By Mr. Gairdner, on the other hand, his actions are set in the best light, and he appears as an honest and moderate man, anxious to do the best he could for the country, and not even putting forward his claim to the throne till it had become necessary to do so for his own protection. "Many historians," the author observes, after describing how Richard took his seat on the King's throne in the House of Lords, and delivered to the Chancellor a statement of his claim to the crown,

> have been of opinion that he had been ambitious to vindicate this claim all along; but it must be confessed that before this time he had always conducted himself with remarkable moderation, and when we consider the bad faith he had repeatedly experienced from the opposite party, owing to the weakness of the King and the overbearing character of his consort, we can quite well understand that he may have been led to advance its pretensions from other motives than mere ambition.

Even in Mr. Gairdner's hands, however, Richard of York remains a somewhat colourless figure. Able as he certainly was, and honest and upright as he may have been, it is his misfortune that he has failed to leave a distinct impression of himself upon the pages of history. Except the accounts of the insults his foes heaped upon him at his death, there are no stories about him, no sayings attributed to him, nothing that takes hold of the popular memory.

In this he differs greatly from his three sons, who have each a marked and distinct character, albeit not of the best. For the eldest and most successful, Edward IV., Mr. Gairdner claims the merit that, with all his defects, "he was a king more in sympathy with his people than any sovereign that had been seen in England

* *Epochs of History.* Edited by Edward E. Morris, M.A. *The Houses of Lancaster and York; with the Conquest and Loss of France.* By James Gairdner, Editor of "The Paston Letters," &c. With 5 Maps. London: Longmans & Co. 1874.

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since the days of Edward III." No countenance is here given to the theory that he was a subtle politician who hid beneath his outward carelessness and self-indulgence deep schemes of absolute monarchy. Mr. Gairdner treats him as the pleasure-seeker he seemed, "a jovial companion, but a poor statesman." The account, brief as it is, of the series of *coups d'état* and revolutions which makes up the reigns of Edward V. and Richard III. is one of the most interesting parts of the book. Mr. Gairdner carefully points out that "Richard was not a usurper in the strict sense of the word. He did not seize, but was invited to assume, the crown; and the body by which he was invited so to do had all the weight and dignity of a regular Parliament." Together with his ally Buckingham he had skilfully turned to his own account that dislike of the Woodvilles which united a strong party of the nobility; but "there was no real sympathy between him and the greater part of those who for the moment supported him, and it was inevitable that, when he had attained the crown, feelings of a different kind should begin to show themselves." Conscious of his insecure position, he worked as hard as any modern king for popularity, and to a considerable extent won it; but it is plain that the nation at large was falling into the listless state of mind brought on by years of revolution, and would not exert itself either to support or to overthrow him. From the first his behaviour towards his nephews damaged him. "It is true," Mr. Gairdner writes with a kind of grim humour, "King Edward himself, out of a confidence which was certainly misplaced, had appointed Richard the guardian of his children after his death, but the mode in which he exercised his rights was exceedingly suspicious." Then came the murder, of which no reasonable doubt can be entertained; and, callous as the public mind had grown, this was more than it could view with indifference. The fearful accounts of Richard's remorse, handed down "from such as were secret with his chamberers," at any rate show what people thought a man who had committed such a crime must feel. Still, as has been truly remarked, the murderer was not swept from the earth by a torrent of popular indignation; all England did not rush to join the standard of revolt raised by the Duke of Buckingham; Richard had an easy triumph, and the citizens of Exeter were ready with their congratulations and their offering of two hundred gold nobles. His removal of his nephews was most likely looked upon as a private sin for which he might well be suffering in nightly visions a foretaste of damnation, but which was no affair of his subjects. The levying of benevolences no doubt roused more active resentment. Mr. Gairdner indeed lays stress upon the indignity with which his corpse was treated as expressing "but too plainly the disgust excited in the minds of the people by his inhuman tyranny." But it may have been only the brutal policy of the victorious party, determined to brand the fallen man as a usurper and a tyrant. The barbarities legally practised upon a traitor would serve to justify any similar indignities which party zeal might inflict; and all courtesy and chivalry, all decent show of pity for a defeated enemy, had long been banished from the struggle.

In the earlier part of the book the way in which the long war with France affected and influenced the whole course of home politics is brought out with admirable distinctness. Henry V. conquered France in order to keep England; and what are nowadays called "dynastic" rather than military considerations brought about the brilliant achievement of Agincourt. "Unless," says Mr. Gairdner, "he could succeed in desperate enterprises against tremendous odds, and so make himself a military hero and a favourite of the multitude, his throne was insecure. He succeeded; but it was only by staking everything upon the venture—his own safety and that of his whole army." His immediate purpose was answered:—

> Not to-day, O Lord,
> O not to-day, think not upon the fault
> My father made in compassing the crown!

is the prayer Shakspeare puts into his mouth before the battle; and after that day all England was ready to join in the prayer. He died leaving his doubtful title to an infant nine months old; but, as Mr. Gairdner points out, there was no attempt to dispute his son's right. The nation had but one thought, that of maintaining the French conquests. How they gradually slipped or were wrested from its grasp; how Henry VI., Suffolk, and Somerset blundered and mismanaged, and altogether made an extraordinary display of their own incompetence; and how, in fine, the fabric of Henry V.'s policy crumbled to pieces, is told, briefly indeed, but with clearness and spirit. Henry V. himself, in his kingly days at least, is perhaps treated too purely from a political and military point of view, and the strong religious, almost Puritanic, element in him, is hardly brought out at all; but in compensation Mr. Gairdner, by combining historical and traditional features—for he believes to a great extent in the Madcap Hal of legend—draws a lively picture of him in his earlier form. This respect for tradition indeed is perhaps pushed rather far when the much-disputed tale of the Chief Justice is told as if it were as certain a fact as the battle of Agincourt.

We must own that in a history by the editor of the *Paston Letters* we should have hoped to find more about the condition of the people in general. Mr. Gairdner is so fully competent to depict the life of the nation in the fifteenth century that it is the more disappointing that he should not have done so. We long for a few touches to bring before the young reader the condition of society which the Paston correspondence reveals—its keen eye to the main chance, its cold-hearted trafficking in marriages, its litigiousness, its private wars, law and the strong hand reigning by turns. At a somewhat earlier period, the Peasant Insurrection forces upon the historian's notice the condition, wishes, and strivings of the poorer classes; and here Mr. Gairdner's narrative, though a fair account of the actual events, is marked by a certain harshness of tone towards these "bondmen clamouring for emancipation, and journeymen artificers who believed in the natural equality of man." Though, in treating of the circumstances which fostered the spirit of revolt, he mentions the increased value of labour, he omits to notice the exasperating attempts of the wagepayers to restrain, as far as Acts of Parliament could do it, the natural rise of wages, and to prevent the labourers from migrating in search of better employment. He quotes, as if with sympathy, the contemporary poet Gower's likening of the movement to a rising of asses that disdained the curb and oxen that refused the yoke; and appears to regret that this "dangerous spirit among the lower orders" was not more severely chastised. After mentioning the granting of an amnesty, he adds that at the same time commissions were "sent out to repress and punish any future movements of the like description, which were only too likely to arise from the lenity displayed on this occasion." Yet we know that the insurgents had been headed and hanged by wholesale, "aliquando suspensis super unam trabem decem et novem." One would almost suppose that Mr. Gairdner desired rulers like Louis XI., who, he tells us further on, "walked about in the company of hangmen," and by "this familiarity with men of low rank," including his barber, "identified the interests of the people with those of a king who was always affable, always accessible." To return to the Peasant Insurrection, we should like to know if Mr. Gairdner has any new light on the question whether John Tyler of Dartford, who slew the commissioner for insulting his daughter, was or was not identical with Wat Tyler of Maidstone, who was slain by Walworth. Mr. Gairdner here adopts the common theory which makes them one and the same; and yet, unless Stow, from whom the story of the daughter comes, made a slip of the pen, it would seem that they were distinct.

We must find space for an extract from the admirable summing-up of the character and tendencies of the fifteenth century, with which Mr. Gairdner concludes:—

> The fifteenth century was not an age of really great men. Amid schisms in the Church, wars, rebellions, and disputed successions in every kingdom of Europe, it seems to have been impossible for any mind to realise to itself one grand idea, to work out one great work, or to set forth one great thought. The best minds of the age looked back upon the past and regretted the chivalry that was passing away. Order was the one great need of the time, and as yet men could see no order except of a kind already past recovery, which they were vainly endeavouring to restore. So for the peace of the Church they burned heretics and put witches to open penance, while, adhering to the traditions of a moribund chivalry, they plunged Europe into war and anarchy. The one direction in which there was a visible movement in men's minds was in a revival of ancient learning. . . . Commerce and money-getting went on, and the spirits of men, broken by invariable disappointment when they attempted anything higher, became generally sordid and mercenary. . . .
>
> But from the commercial enterprise of the day arose those discoveries which in the end, perhaps, had most influence in the formation of a new era. New coasts, new seas, new islands, and in the end a complete New World, were successively revealed. The thoughts of men were expanded, their imaginations fired with new ideas. Old philosophies insensibly passed away as the ambition, the enterprise, and the avarice of a new generation found channels which had been hitherto unknown. The world, even the material world, was found to be much larger than had been supposed. As for the world unseen, was it likely that popes and councils had taken the true measure of that?

As an account of the political history of England during the fifteenth century, this book will be of the greatest service both to teachers and learners. It is the work of one who not only has devoted special thought and study to the period of which he treats, but knows how to convey his own knowledge to others. Throughout it is written in the simple and straightforward style which young readers both understand and like far better than the vague picturesqueness which modern writers so often affect. There is a definiteness and clearness about Mr. Gairdner which is refreshing by contrast with much that one reads nowadays, and it is by no means the least merit of his work that it is really well adapted to its purpose as a school-book.

LONE LIFE.*

THERE is naturally a tinge of sameness in the successive narratives of this author, who is determined that the world shall know what vicissitudes of climate he has experienced, what extraordinary companions he has met with, and what magnificent specimens of game he has shot. A sportsman who has been "Everywhere," not half, but "All round the world," "Afloat" as well as "Ashore," in the "Far West" and on the "Lone" prairies, must have some difficulty, not only in giving an air of novelty and variety to his adventures, but even in selecting distinct and suitable titles for his books. We have taken this opportunity to give a glance at Mr. Parker Gillmore's previous publications, and we feel justified in saying that in some respects the book before us is an improvement on the beaten tracks of his shooting and hunting. Either from sheer restlessness, ennui, or love of adventure, the author thought fit to try what a twelvemonth in a Canadian wilderness would be like. He went out alone, though not unarmed. No brother officer, no companion tried in scenes of difficulty and danger, accompanied him. His equipment appears to

* *Lone Life: a Year in the Wilderness.* By Parker Gillmore, Author of "Prairie and Forest," &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

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have consisted of rod and gun, flies and ammunition, warm clothing' and such stores of food in tins of preserved soup, bacon, and lobster and so forth, as would enable him to defy the rigour of the winter. The place of intellectual comrades was, however, filled by a half-caste French Canadian, a good specimen of the Red Indian, and a lad of the same race termed "Sugar." The two volumes are mostly made up of the details of a twelvemonth's residence in the very depths of the forest, including a desperate fight with this same Frenchman, who turned out to be thievish, treacherous, and vindictive. Then the author had to pass several days in a swamp where he lost his way, and he had divers encounters, more or less exciting, with bears, cariboo, and other game. The adventures were certainly not commonplace. The descriptions, though the writing power is not quite equal to the author's gift for observation, are forcible; and he is evidently a man of resolution, endurance, nerve, and resource. There are one or two little incidents that might have been omitted, and some satirical remarks about modern society strike us as not very happy imitations of Thackeray's style. The sporting narrative, moreover, is mixed up with some love affairs, and complicated by an extraordinary proposal of marriage made by an ancient squaw on behalf of one, or both, her daughters. Still the production is so much that of a man completely at home with rod and gun, axe and paddle, log-hut and canoe of birch bark; the pages are so full of well-selected instances of the cunning and dexterity of wild animals, and of those little bits of natural history which outweigh oft-repeated stories of the greediness of unsophisticated trout or the savagery of a she bear anxious about her cubs, that a good deal will be found to repay perusal.

It is only fair to the author to give a summary of the twelvemonth passed with such queer companions, with so few comforts and appliances, and in such uncivilized regions. Mr. Gillmore, attended by Antoine, by the lad Sugar, by a few Indians who served as porters and appear to have carried about fifty pounds weight each, and by a couple of dogs, reached his winter quarters at the end of autumn. There, on a small promontory of open land projecting into a rushing river, they built a shanty or log-hut, twelve feet by eight, with a door at one end and a look-out hole at the other. There was no fireplace, but a stove made all snug within. The roof was covered with birch bark, and chairs and tables were extemporised from trees fallen or cut for the purpose. For this part of the work the Canadian was excellently qualified, but he turned out a very sluggard in other matters, and was always looking after his traps, and adding to his store of furs, instead of replenishing an empty larder. However, the trio managed to get through the winter in tolerable comfort. The days were passed in shooting; venison and feathered game supplied their meals; and they contrived to catch trout in the rivers during a hard frost by breaking holes in the ice, while they might have made sugar from the juice of the maple tree, but wanted a pot of sufficient size for the boiling. The breaking up of the ice and the return of spring were signalized by the sudden departure of the Frenchman, who had made up his mind for a trapping expedition among the Red Indians of the upper waters of the Ottawa. This fact and the plague of insects—sand flies, breeze flies, and moose flies—determined the author to start himself for the "Upland barrens" and Lake Schudic. Here he was hospitably received by some Red Indians, and the ancient squaw already spoken of did her utmost to prevail on him to marry one of her daughters; the qualifications of the elder being that she was without a rival in paddling a canoe or selecting an encampment, while the second could distance all others in making moccasins and packing game. The attempt to vindicate women's rights in this way having signally failed, Mr. Gillmore left the village, and he appears next to have camped out for some weeks or months; changing his situation repeatedly, and, in company with the nephew of an old chief and the boy already mentioned, shooting deer, wild duck, ruffed grouse, squirrels, and other game of feather or fur. It would seem, however, as if even the author's hardened frame were not proof against fever and sickness, for he was prostrated for two weeks, became unconscious, and owed his recovery, we suspect, mainly to a good constitution, pure air, and the really touching attention and watchfulness of his Red companions. After this the party turned southward again; but were nearly swamped while crossing a lake in a gale of wind, and they reached the old log-hut erected in the previous autumn. About this time, however, a slight difficulty was caused by the return of the French Canadian, Antoine, who was in the worst of tempers, and who, being venturous enough to engage in a hand-to-hand fight with the author, was knocked down, and then vanished as speedily as he had come.

Shortly after this episode there occurred a more pleasing one in the arrival of a German missionary with his wife. They had been living for twelve years amongst the most distant Indians of the North-West, and beyond the reach of even such adventurers as the Hudson's Bay Company. This excellent man, by the description given, seems to have been admirably fitted to deal with primitive savages. He was a mechanic as well as a scholar, and on one occasion he enforced obedience to the Eighth Commandment by the practical use of a broom-handle, and by displaying a skill in fence which, we have little doubt, was worth many severe homilies. A desire to accompany this self-denying pair for a few miles on their way home led to the author being lost in the swamp. He went with Carl and Breda Schmidt by canoe, and intended to return by a short cut overland; but having omitted to take his compass, he fairly lost his way, and had to pass two nights in a horrible morass, devoured by mosquitoes, without tobacco, and with no means of lighting a fire. After suffering hardships which are no subject for laughter, he managed to reconnoitre his position by climbing a tree, to shoot several plover, to catch trout, and to knock over a specimen of the great Northern diver. Some excitement was further imparted to this part of his trip by an encounter with a bear that disputed with him the possession of a dry and sandy cave, reminding us of that where Robinson Crusoe found the dying he-goat, and by the discovery of the remains of a Red Indian, who had perished from either sickness or hunger. The corpse was like a mummy. Then, too, three hungry wolves dogged the steps of the wanderer with such determination, and with eyes like those of Tennyson's black-bearded kings, that it became necessary to warn off the intruders by shooting one of the lot. From this unpleasant predicament Mr. Gillmore was finally delivered by three Indians, somewhat against their will. They took him for the *Manitou*, or Great Spirit himself, and were only prevented from getting off by Mr. Gillmore's alacrity in seizing their bark, containing blankets, ammunition, and all that a savage most values. After this the story draws to an end. The old chief and his wife, who had thought the white man lost, received him with open arms; but a melancholy termination was caused by the irrepressible Frenchman, between whom and the Indians there sprung up a deadly quarrel about the possession of some valuable furs. Antoine declared they were the lawful results of his chase; the Indians, on the contrary, affirmed that he obtained them by promises of payment never kept; and the quarrel grew so serious that the half-caste drew his revolver, and might have cut everything short had not the author dodged the shot. A second barrel, however, like that of Dirk Hatteraick in the cave, shot the Meg Merrilies of this story, in the shape of the handsome daughter of the chief. And we must refer our readers to the work itself if they wish to know how the poor savage died in a week afterwards, and how the Indians were foiled of their revenge by the conduct of another devoted female savage, who cut the bonds of the half-breed and enabled her lover to escape into the forest. We must say that some of Mr. Gillmore's stories have a curious resemblance to Scott's; for while the death of one woman has just reminded us of *Guy Mannering*, so the delivery of the scoundrel of the book has some similarity to the escape of the "Whistler" at the end of the *Heart of Midlothian*. We are left to guess whether the thief and murderer got away to his own people, or met a not unfitting retribution in the fire which, as so often happens in summer and autumn, devastated a large area of the forest. We hardly know what to make of two figures whom the author brings into this melodramatic conclusion. One is a Catholic priest, and the other a nun who turns out to be the daughter of a half-pay Peninsular veteran, with whom certain tender passages had been exchanged some twenty years before. We own to preferring the camp life and the dissertations on the habits of the lynx and the wolverine to these "purple" scraps. They suggest a not very favourable comparison with *Stories of Waterloo*, or *Wild Sports of the West*, in their day deservedly popular.

We think it was Captain Mayne Reid who first dethroned the Red Indian from the pinnacle to which he had been raised by Fenimore Cooper, both for physical activity and moral elevation. The disclosures made by Mr. Gillmore of the savage's life and peculiarities enable us to take a just measure of his worth. A single white man, thoroughly equipped with the best of powder, the longest-sighted rifles, and the most powerful telescopes, will deal more destruction amongst moose and cariboo than any three Indians. But, for intuitive knowledge of the habits of wild beasts, for ability to approach them at rest, to follow them when wounded, to detect the difference in colour between the skin of a deer and the "cold grey stone" under which the animal may be reposing, there is still an Uncas or a Chingachgook who has no superior and few equals. On one or two occasions even the author's practised glance, long used to the intricacies of swamp and bush, could see nothing at all but sticks and leaves, while the Redskins could make out exactly the position of the game, and could see just where to put in a bullet with fatal effect. Their appetites, of course, were enormous, and periods of enforced fasting and hard work were followed by meals where they picked out the tit-bits, and gorged to repletion. Nor were there wanting specimens of that sententious and compressed oratory of which we have heard something ere now. There were two dogs, already mentioned. One met with a tragical end in a trap set for beasts, while the other deserted his master in his need, came back alone to the Indian village, and turned out to bark at Mr. Gillmore's return, as he would have done to a tramp or a beggar. On discovering his error the dog carefully avoided his master for days, but we doubt whether the explanation given of this conduct by the Indian lad may not presume too much on the existence of genuine sorrow in our own species. "Dog the same as man—he do bad, he too much ashamed." The old chief, too, settled his wife's proposal to mate her daughter with the stranger, in language which might be useful elsewhere to prevent the misery of ill-assorted marriages. "The Red squaw wither in the white man's home, like the leaves before the winter wind; no more would she live without the wigwam and the canoe than the moose without the forest and the barren." In short, the picture drawn of these tribes, who are gradually receding before civilization, does not appear to us to err either in the direction of undue depreciation or lavish praise. But, in all probability, the faithfulness, devotion, and gratitude shown by these simple-minded hunters were returns for the kind treatment which

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they experienced at the hands of their leader. Incidental notices of the skill or cunning of wild animals show that love of slaughter is by no means the predominant passion of this sporting writer. Some hours or days must have been spent in acquiring the information compressed into six or seven pages as to the peculiarities of the musk rat, the strong affection of the male for the female, and the skill and pertinacity with which a pair construct their home. On other occasions he watched a lynx dash into a covey of grouse, and a couple of the same race, known as *peshoo*, quarter their ground like well-trained setters, till they came on what they were hunting for. In the author's view these animals confine their depredations to hare, grouse, squirrels, and small game. At the same time they are fierce and intractable, when captured, according to the author's experience, and we might be inclined to prefer his version to stories of their becoming attached to their owners like dogs, were it not for the precedent of the Indian cheetah, which can be made obedient as well as useful in the chase.

We here take leave of the author, and can assure our readers that he is never dull. His moderation in slaying, his endurance of discomforts, his descriptions of forest life and scenery, drenching storms, and rapid torrents, give worth and animation to his pages, without laying him open to the charge of writing for mere effect. But we should recommend any of the tribe of sportsmen who are perpetually asking certain well-known journals to find out for them inexpensive quarters, with free shooting, in attractive climates, not to follow his example, unless they can make up their minds to rough it on hard couches and monotonous fare.

BULGARIAN POPULAR SONGS.*

MR. VERKOVITCH, of Serres, a Bosnian Serb who deals in ancient coins and medals, has long been actuated by a fixed idea. Firmly believing that the Slavonic subjects of the Porte are the descendants and direct representatives of the ancient and even præ-historic inhabitants of Macedonia and Thrace, he was naturally anxious to find preserved in their memories some records of their glorious past. Stimulated by his enthusiasm and his promise of pecuniary reward, various persons familiarly acquainted with the popular mind began to collect for him the songs and stories current in those parts. At first the stream of oral tradition ran slowly, and bore along with it little but rubbish. But after a time it grew less turbid, and objects to all appearance precious began to gleam amidst its waves. At last the happy collector was enabled to announce a discovery which, although not so important as that of Priam's treasury, stirred the learned world with a thrill of agreeable curiosity. It was in the year 1867 that he startled the readers of the *Bulletin de l'École française d'Athènes* by informing them that a number of songs had been collected which proved that traditions about Orpheus were still current among "the mountaineers of Macedonian Thrace." Of these songs he gave a detailed description under the title of *Chants du Rhodope*, and the original texts were reported upon by M. Albert Dumont in a series of letters, first published in the *Bulletin*, and then reproduced in the sixth volume of the *Archives des missions scientifiques* at Paris. Meanwhile Mr. Verkovitch's discoveries went on increasing, and assumed a more and more important and even alarming appearance. Not only did they, in his opinion, pour a flood of light upon the hitherto obscure life of Orpheus, but they served to illustrate the history of Alexander the Great, they described the arrival of the Slavonic peoples in Europe, and they clinched a variety of such arguments as were calculated to drive most antiquaries to despair. At length the French Minister of Public Instruction thought it was high time to interfere, so he commissioned M. Auguste Dozon, then Chancellor of the French Consulate-General at Belgrade, and the author of a well-known work on the *Poésies populaires serbes*, to report upon the whole collection. His investigations resulted in the work now before us.

Mr. Verkovitch, it seems, is of opinion, not only that the ancient Macedonians, Thracians, &c., including Orpheus and Alexander the Great, were Slavonians, but that those Slavonians were "the sole authors of the civilization falsely attributed to the Hellenes." The modern Greeks have suffered a great deal at the hands of Fallmerayer; but his criticisms were as nothing compared with the sweeping charges brought against the Hellenic race by Mr. Verkovitch, and by a certain Mr. Rakovsky, whose *grécophobie*, according to M. Dozon, has led him to consider the ancient Greeks as Turanian savages. Having thoroughly persuaded himself of the truth of the above-mentioned ideas, Mr. Verkovitch set to work, as we have already mentioned, to collect evidence in their favour; and eventually he became the happy proprietor of 177 poems, running to the length of about 85,000 lines, and containing rich materials for an edition of what are to him "the Vedas of the Slavonians inhabiting the Balkan Peninsula." The chief contributor to this great stock of information is a certain Yovan, originally styled Ekonomof, a designation which he afterwards exchanged, at Mr. Verkovitch's suggestion, for the more Slavonic surname of Gologanof. For some time the schoolmaster of Krouchevo, he gave up tuition at the pressing instance of Mr. Verkovitch, and opened a modest establishment for the sale of such drinks as are dear to the heart of those wandering minstrels, the carriers called "Kiradjis" or "Pomaks." From those nomads Yovan has gleaned a rich harvest of verse, but not without toil. For religion has in those parts set its face against the profane practice of singing old songs, the Mohammedan Imam objecting to them on the ground that they bear witness to the previous existence of a mythology and a nationality other than Ottoman, and the orthodox prelate denouncing them and excommunicating their singers because they support the Bulgarian as opposed to the Greek side of the ecclesiastical feud now raging in the Slavonic provinces of Turkey.

Those among the poems collected by Mr. Verkovitch, which he supposes to refer to Orpheus, speak of a semi-divine being, hero or king, named Orfen, Ourfen, Fren, Frenouché, or Forlen. His mother is a *yuda* or nymph, his aunt is the morning-star. He can at will attach wings to his shoulders, and by their means soar aloft into that region of the sky in which, while still alive, he is ultimately compelled by the divine will to take up his abode. His chief attribute is a magic flute, by virtue of which he not only performs such miracles as were worked by Orpheus and Amphion, but also enchants and destroys all kinds of noxious monsters. The following summary of one of these poems will serve to convey an idea of the nature of their contents. A priest of the god Koleda enters a grotto sacred to that deity. In his hands he holds a radiant book and a golden flute. He is about to offer a bird as a sacrifice to the deity. Within the grotto he finds a sleeping hero, dressed in a golden mantle, grasping a golden flute. The priest arouses the slumberer, and is about to consume him with fire. But the hero begins to play upon his magic flute, and the priest falls lifeless to the ground. Thereupon enters a nymph who induces the flute-player to desist. As soon as the music stops the priest revives, and the intruder confides to him the story of his life. "I live in heaven," he says, "and there serve God. Having fallen in love with a young princess, I descended from on high to marry her. But on arriving at the palace, I found her not, wherefore I beseech thee to ask the god Koleda whither she has fled." The priest offers up prayer and sacrifice, and Koleda replies that the princess is in heaven, whither Orfen must fly if he wants to marry her. Orfen drops a few natural tears, but soon wipes them away, re-seeks the skies, and is no more seen on earth.

Of Alexander the Great, says M. Dozon, the memory has not entirely died out in Macedonia. At all events Mr. Verkovitch's collectors have procured for him certain traditions about that monarch. One of these narrates how the father of the young "Leksandr" obtained a wondrous horse with a bull's head. Many kings and princes essayed to mount it, but in vain. At length the young Leksandr boldly leapt upon its back, perched there "like a bird upon its nest," and instantly tamed it. And when Leksandr came to man's estate, he rode that horse into many lands, until he reached the empire of India. In vain did the Indian King oppose him. Leksandr rode into the midst of his army and exterminated it. The horse was wounded unto death, but before expiring it bore its royal rider out of peril. This is a sufficiently historical narrative, but some of the other poems wrap themselves in mythological obscurity, representing Alexander—perhaps under the influence of classical tradition—as the son of a dragon to which his mother had recourse when terrified by the threats of her childless lord, the King Felesina.

Besides the stories about Orfen and Alexander, Mr. Verkovitch has been so fortunate as to obtain a number of songs bearing, in his opinion, upon the much-vexed question of "the arrival of the Slavonians in Europe." His idea seems to be that the accounts given by the Byzantine historians of the incursions of Slavonic barbarians during the sixth century of our era are mere fables, due to Greek malice and jealousy; that the Bulgarians and Servians and other South Slavonians were originally natives of India, but have been settled in their present homes for at least more than two thousand years, and that they have preserved in their songs and stories traditions which throw great light upon their former Indian home, as well as upon the course which they followed after leaving it and thence streaming into Europe. From the brief analysis of some of those songs given by M. Dozon, we gather that they describe how certain nations grew too populous, and sent forth their youth, or at least "the individuals less than one hundred years old," to seek for new homes, and how the son of the reigning king led the expedition, which was undertaken by divine command. But the spot from which the emigrants started, the lands they traversed, and the country in which they established themselves after having exterminated the savages who previously occupied it, are described in so vague and unsatisfactory a manner that the evidence which Mr. Verkovitch prizes must seem to other judges valueless.

If the historical parts of the poems, however, are too hazy for practical use, it must be admitted that some of their mythological utterances speak with a preciseness and decision which to Mr. Verkovitch must be satisfactory in the extreme. Most of them, it is true, prove nothing in particular; but there are others which testify in the most straightforward style to the existence of divine or supernatural beings hitherto unknown or unauthenticated. Here is an outline, borrowed from M. Dozon's sketch, of one of these strange compositions, the original of which runs to the length of 2,464 verses. It is supposed to explain the origin of those arts of reading and writing for which the ordinary Bulgarian of the present day evinces no extraordinary proclivities. At the mature age of three hundred, King Cheta marries the young Vœlkana, but has no heir. The Sun becomes enamoured of the youthful queen, induces her to trust herself to a deceitful

* *Les Chants populaires bulgares. Rapports sur une mission littéraire en Macédoine.* Par M. Auguste Dozon. Paris: Imprimerie nationale. 1874.

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swing, and swings her right up into the solar halls. After a long stay there she returns to the earth and presents Cheta with a son named Sada. When three years old the youthful prince leads a band of his father's subjects into foreign parts. After a time he prays for a wife, and a nymph who has been sent up into heaven to learn reading and writing wishes to be sent to him in reply. But she is told not to be impatient, seeing that she has been already a whole year in heaven undergoing instruction, but has only got as far as the letter R. When she has reached Ф she is told she may do what she likes. Accordingly, her education proceeds, and Sada remains a bachelor. At last, however, the happy moment arrives. The nymph descends from heaven provided with two golden tablets, and in the course of a month teaches Sada to read and write. The prince indites a letter to his father inviting him to his marriage, but the old king is unable to become acquainted with its contents until the nymph has rendered him as well instructed as his son. After which all goes well.

We have dwelt long enough upon the nature of these songs. Now let us turn to the question of their authenticity. It is evident that, if they are genuine, they form one of the most important contributions to comparative mythology which have of late years seen the light. On the other hand, if they are not absolutely genuine, they are most mischievous, and deserve the promptest exposure and condemnation. M. Dozon, who has seen the original texts, speaks of them in a mocking tone, but commits himself to no decided opinion. He goes so far, however, as to vouch for the good faith of Mr. Verkovitch and his agent Gologanof, otherwise Ekonomof. He describes the former as an honest enthusiast, who gains nothing, but even loses much, by the pursuit of his hobby; and the latter as a man "timid, of a soft and sympathetic character, devoid of all poetic enthusiasm"—a simple-minded person, in short, incapable of such mental efforts as would have been necessary had he attempted to forge the enormous mass of poetry which he professes to have collected. At the same time he admits that some critics may not unreasonably assert that, as political reasons have before now given rise to literary impositions, so they may have had their share in the production of the "Songs of Rhodope." On the whole his judgment seems to be favourable to the authenticity of those poems, although he does not agree with Mr. Verkovitch in identifying Orfen with Orpheus, or in linking the migration they describe with an exodus of Indians destined to settle down in Macedonia under the name of Bulgarians.

We entirely agree with M. Dozon in his doubts. We have not had the privilege he enjoyed of inspecting the original texts, but we find in the specimens he has given us sufficient reasons for regarding Mr. Verkovitch's discoveries with the utmost distrust. That numerous popular songs and stories are floating about in the region he has been exploring is doubtless true, and much that has been written down by Yovan Ekonomof and his other agents is most likely genuine. But some of the evidence now before us is suspicious in the extreme. If not altogether spurious, many of the songs have evidently been manipulated in order to make them tally with preconceived ideas. We are half inclined to think Mr. Verkovitch must have come to a similar conclusion himself. M. Dozon's report was written in 1872, though the titlepage is dated 1873, and the wrapper 1874. "At this moment," says M. Dozon, writing nearly three years ago, "Mr. Verkovitch is printing at Belgrade, sumptuously and at his own expense, a first volume containing about seven thousand lines, accompanied by a French version, of which the author is a Bohemian. This volume ought to appear towards the end of the autumn." What has become of this Vol. I.? Nothing can be heard of it in places where booksellers most do congregate. At Agram they are ignorant of its existence; at Gratz it has long been looked for by Slavonic eyes in vain. But the principal objection we have to make to the authenticity of these poems is that they prove too much. Very little indeed is known about the deities worshipped by the old Slavonians. But there exist in songs and rites certain allusions to them from which some idea as to their nature may be formed. Among these songs are some which are sung at Christmastide, and which are called Kolyadki. This name has been explained in various ways. The majority of Slavonic philologists regard it as an adaptation of the Roman *Kalendæ*, the word having been introduced into the Slavonic languages by way of Byzantium; but some mythologists have traced it to a supposed god Kolyada or Koleda, though they could produce but little evidence to show that such a deity ever held a place in the Slavonic Pantheon. Now in these songs the god Koled or Koleda is mentioned by name repeatedly, and a tolerably precise account is given of the worship paid him—in caves, by priests, with sacrifices of birds. Again, the existence of a Cherny Bog, Czernibog, or Black God, was in olden times maintained by Slavonic mythologists, but modern scholars have exploded the idea. In these songs, however, he figures as a being about whose existence and power there cannot be the slightest doubt. But most fatal to the pretensions of the songs to be accepted as evidence is the occurrence among them of certain names apparently belonging to the Hindu mythology. Mr. Verkovitch, as a disciple of M. Rakovsky, who believes that the Slavonians came direct from India, may possibly have let it be known that he would like to acquire poems in which Hindu gods figure. This may account for the two "Trinities" which M. Dozon quotes, the first composed of Brahme, Ura, and Survina, and the second of Koleda, Surina, and Vishnu Boga. M. Dozon will not allow that the last-mentioned deity "has anything in common with the Vishnu of the Hindu *trimurti*," asserting that the name is merely a form of the adjective *Vishny* or Highest. We are so unfortunate as to differ from M. Dozon. Finding Vishnu in one "Trinity," Brahme in another, and Survina, or Surina, or Surva [the Sun, cf. Surya] in both, and knowing that at least some Bulgarian mythologists would be gratified at recognising in the poems collected by Mr. Verkovitch links connecting Bulgarian with Indian mythology, we are of the opinion that Vishnu and Brahme are echoes from the Hindu Pantheon. We have even heard of a song, in another collection, in which Siva figures along with Vishnu and Brahme, but this sounds almost too good to be true. M. Dozon has been so kind as entirely to translate, and partly to quote in the original, the song in which "Vishnu Boga" figures. According to it, the gods Koleda and Surina were on the point of destroying this sinful world, when Vishnu Boga interfered to save it, consenting to become incarnate, and to be born as a mortal man of a "Golden Mother." The only wonder is that his descent is not simply designated an Avatar. After having examined this wondrous specimen of Mr. Verkovitch's witnesses, we need scarcely adduce any further evidence in justification of the utter distrust with which we regard this latest contribution from the already suspicious field of Bulgarian folk-lore. To our eyes a great part of it seems to be about as trustworthy as were the materials on which the credulous M. Jacolliot founded his amusing work, *La Bible dans l'Inde*.

MELLISS'S ST. HELENA.*

THAT belt of sea dividing the Western from the Eastern continent which is called the Atlantic Ocean varies in depth from one mile probably to eight or nine at least. Its groups of islands north of the Equator—the Bermudas, the Azores, the Canary, and Cape Verde isles—rise from the edges of the broad submarine shelf that stretches far outside both the opposite coasts. But in the South Atlantic, though its bottom has not yet been well explored, we have reason to suppose the existence of a central plateau, midway between Africa and South America. There is a shallow space just below the Line, on the 20th west meridian, with soundings at a few hundred fathoms. West of this, towards Brazil, lie St. Paul's Island and that of Fernando Noronha; to the eastward, about an equal distance from the centre, is the Isle of Ascension; south-east of which again, nearly seven hundred miles, is St. Helena, thus placed at one side of the mid-South Atlantic archipelago. Its precise situation is in 15° 55′ South latitude, 5° 49′ West longitude, 1,140 miles from the African and 1,800 from the American shore. This singular geographical position of St. Helena is a matter of high interest both to the science of terrestrial physics and to those of distributive botany and zoology. It has been discussed in the journals of the Linnæan Society, with reference to the old question of the former existence of a continent now submerged by the Atlantic, from the evidence still presented by the insular productions, vegetable or animal. But the geological structure of St. Helena, as described in the book under our notice, does not seem to support the hypothesis of a continuity at one time existing between the main portions of land in the tropical zones. Mr. Melliss, Government surveyor and engineer of the island, reports it to be nothing more than an extinct oceanic volcano, nearly half the crater of which now lies under water, while the remaining half, like one part of a broken bowl, with its semicircular mountain ridge from 2,000 ft. to 2,700 ft. high, constitutes the Sandy Bay or southern district. The northern, eastern, and western quarters of the island, lying on their respective sides outside the Sandy Bay ridge, are wholly composed of the layers of mud, rubble, and lava, deposited there by overflows of the old volcanic crater. There is no trace of granite, or of any primitive or plutonic rock. The entire area of St. Helena measures but forty-five square miles, its length scarcely exceeding ten miles, its width being eight. Yet in this diminutive and extremely isolated province of the British Empire, to say nothing of its having been the prison and grave of Napoleon, we find much that is worthy of study.

St. Helena, discovered by the Portuguese at the beginning of the sixteenth century, was held by them during a hundred years; and then, for half a century, by the Dutch; after which time the English took possession of it through the agency of our East India Company, when abandoned by its former owners. The Dutch, nevertheless, made two attempts, in 1665 and in 1673, to recapture the island which they had previously chosen to quit; but it was preserved to our nation by the valour of British sailors, and no foreign Power has since attacked this remote oceanic fortress of the realm. Its history for the last two centuries is not, indeed, very eventful; but three serious mutinies of the military garrison, and the residence of the deposed French Emperor at Longwood, are something to show in the annals of a tiny country 4,000 miles away. The mutineers of 1693, who killed Governor Joshua Johnson, those of 1783, with whom Mr. Daniel Corneille had to contend, and the last gang of insurgent soldiery, promptly put down by General Beatson in 1809, were red-coat rascals debauched by an idle life, and by the cheap sale of ardent spirits. Yet their audacious performances, ending with the gallows for their ringleaders, in some sort redeem from dulness the chronicles of St. Helena. Napoleon, too, though his sojourn in the island, from October 15, 1815, to his death on May 5, 1821, was a prolonged fit of the sulks, has bequeathed to it some personal reminiscences which it

* *St. Helena: a Physical, Historical, and Topographical Description of the Island, including its Geology, Fauna, Flora, and Meteorology.* By John Charles Melliss, A.I.C.E., F.G.S., F.L.S. London: Lovell, Reeve, & Co.

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was the fashion, till lately, to consider romantic. It is more profitable, from the originality of the subject, to examine the details of local administration under the sumptuous and easy sway of the old East India Company, till forty years ago, when the government of the island was transferred to the Crown. The annual expenditure of the Company at St. Helena was 80,000*l.* or 90,000*l.*, including the Governor's salary of 9,000*l.* a year, which approaches that now paid to the governors of our largest and richest colonies. Great sums were laid out on fortifications and batteries of artillery, wharfs, and roads, an inclined plane up Ladder Hill with a tramway for rope-drawn waggons, and other works of reputed utility. But these pecuniary indulgences, with the spending of a large amount of pay received by different military corps, added to the money which a thousand passing ships continually brought to Jamestown, had rather a pernicious effect. The population of St. Helena numbers at the present day 6,860, of whom 4,844 were born in the island, consisting of mixed European and Asiatic races from the crews of East India trading ships, with a sixth part of negroes from Africa, kept in strict separation. These islanders were never inclined to rural industry. Instead of cultivating the soil, much of which, being decomposed basalt, ought to be very fertile, and growing the variety of products favoured by their genial climate, they have subsisted upon the disbursement of English revenues. They have now left off even growing yam, and feed much on Indian rice; even their fruit-trees have ceased to bear, as the soil itself is sadly impoverished by all the manure of the island being allowed to be washed out into the sea. Estates are mortgaged, country houses are shut up, the gentry depart, and the farmers sink into bankruptcy; while ships from India or China, even those still sailing round the Cape, no longer need to stop at St. Helena. As a commercial or as an agricultural seat of colonial industry, it does not appear now likely to pay, and its function in the arrangements for suppressing the slave trade has been superseded. But Mr. Melliss contends, with some plausibility, that it should not be expected to prove itself a self-supporting colony. It is a fortress like Gibraltar, the key to the whole South Atlantic, and of the greatest value to our naval and political power. The War Office and the Admiralty, if not the Colonial Office, should take care of St. Helena as an Imperial possession which has real and obvious importance.

The climate is delicious, or at least agreeable, nearly all the year, except in the one town of the island, which lies in an oven inclosed between lofty walls of rock that radiate the heat of the tropical sun. On the higher ground, open to the fresh south-easterly trade winds, the temperature in summer rises to 72·8 degrees, and falls in winter to 53·2 degrees; but the atmosphere is moist, from the vast expanse of surrounding sea. Being comparatively near the Equator, the seasons make but a slight difference in the length of the days; the shortest, which is our longest, June 21, has eleven hours and eight minutes of daylight; and December 21, at St. Helena the longest day, lasts two minutes over thirteen hours. Sea-fogs and drizzling rains in autumn, squalls of wind and rain in winter, gentle showers in spring, and a few vehement storms relieving the heat at the close of summer, keep the island cool in that tropical latitude; the central mountain peaks are daily visited by clouds. All this sounds pleasant to an English reader of voyages and travels. St. Helena may perhaps yet vie with Madeira, though not to be recommended, because of its dampness, for patients with diseased lungs. Its climate is a healthy one for our countrymen; it resembles that of New Zealand, which of all British colonies and other lands abroad best suits the children of English parents. St. Helena is innocent of yellow fever, cholera, and the other characteristic maladies of tropical regions. It is exempt from the visitation of hurricanes, typhoons, or cyclones, and feels little of earthquakes. But huge tidal waves, called "rips," or "rollers," come about February from the north-east, caused perhaps by the meeting of the Gulf Stream with the cold flow of Antarctic waters to the Equator, and the effects of their fury in 1846 at Jamestown harbour are vividly described.

The animals and plants found on the island have occupied the diligent attention of Mr. Melliss since his mind was led to that subject by the late Sir William Hooker, thirteen years ago. His collections of specimens have been examined, identified, and described by several accomplished men of science in England. The result is here presented in the catalogues, according to a proper classification accompanied by minute details of each species and its local peculiarities, which form the most important part of this volume. They are beautifully illustrated by the aid of chromo-lithography, from drawings by Mrs. Melliss; and in such pictures as that of the pretty black and white bird, Ægialitis Sanctæ Helenæ, or that of the Sium Helenianum, a superb umbelliferous plant of the genus Angelica, it becomes a pleasure to study their forms and colours. To the reader less conversant with the terminology of those branches of natural history, a share of entertainment is offered in various anecdotes of the habits of animals, and the circumstances of their capture. Napoleon at Longwood, for instance, was much annoyed by the rats, one of which jumped out of his hat when he was about to put it on his discrowned head. He turned them to his amusement by instituting rat-hunts in the rooms of his house, where five or six men with sticks, and as many dogs, would rush in with lighted candles an hour after dark, and, quickly stopping the rat holes, commence a battue of justifiable slaughter. The pair of venerable tortoises in the Governor's grounds at Plantation, which are more than a century old, but are not natives, will easily carry a man on their backs. Certain fishes that haunt this shore have met with queer adventures, more or less authentic, as in the case of a dolphin which the boys while bathing caught by the tail and dragged to land; and that of the shark which, having swallowed a soldier with his greatcoat, musket, and bayonet, was taken sick and easily secured. There is a tunny-fish, or albicore, so called, which is cut up and sold very cheap as "St. Helena beef"; but the stranger who has dined upon it thinks he has eaten good veal cutlets. The fisheries, by nature very abundant, seem to be as much neglected as the other industrial opportunities of St. Helena, and nets are scarcely used, but only the hook and line. From the collection of shells made up by Mr. Melliss it would appear that the marine molluscs about this island resemble those of the African and South American coasts; they are identical, moreover, with some in the Indian Ocean and in the Mediterranean, as well as in the West Indies. But Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys does not agree with the late Professor E. Forbes in regarding this as a proof of the former close geographical alliance between the Eastern and Western continents. He would rather attribute the existing distribution of marine animals found at St. Helena to their conveyance thither by certain oceanic currents. We may fairly expect that he will soon be enabled by his observations in H.M.S. *Challenger* to come near a solution of the problem.

The chapter on snakes at St. Helena may be as short as that famous one in the natural history of Iceland, and for the same very satisfactory reason. But a great deal is to be said of the insects, not only the indigenous species, but also those imported; ninety-five of the order Coleoptera being enumerated, of which thirty-six at least have been unintentionally brought there by man. The late Mr. Francis Walker and Mr. T. Vernon Wollaston have contributed much to the entomological part of this work. It has considerable scientific interest, but that which will engage popular notice the most readily is the description of the havoc wrought by the termites, or white ants, since 1840, at Jamestown. This destructive pest is a consequence of the slave trade. The species belonged originally to tropical America, and was carried by the Brazilian vessels employed in the traffic to the west coast of Africa. Many slave ships captured by the British cruisers on that coast were sent to the Admiralty Court at St. Helena for judicial condemnation. The termites landed and took up their abode in the island very quietly, but some time afterwards were perceived to be devouring books and papers, clothes and furniture, in a very unscrupulous manner. This insect has the most determined and consistent method of getting through a volume on the library shelves. He cares only for the pages inside, and, having made an entrance by some imperceptibly small hole, will consume every particle of the printed paper, and then depart in peace, leaving the bound cover, and the gilt or marbled edges of the leaves, apparently untouched. Mr. Melliss says that the ants in the Public Library showed a sensible preference for theological literature, probably because such books remained longest on the shelves undisturbed by colonial readers. But their voracious appetite for houses, as well as for articles of furniture, has inflicted still more lamentable losses on the community of St. Helena. Sixty thousand pounds will not cover the damage. When Sir Charles Elliott arrived there as Governor in 1863 he had to reconstruct nearly all the public buildings, which were crumbling into heaps of dust. In the case of timber edifices, as of books, the termites have a deceptive trick of eating all the substance while leaving the outside film of paint, which thus becomes a thin empty shell. Trees are inwardly consumed in the same manner, all but the external layers of bark, until the sudden collapse and fall of the tree, like the unexpected ruin of the house, shall bring a startling revelation of the secret mischief. Corks are eaten out of the mouths of bottles; paper wrappings of parcels laid together are removed so as to mix their contents; the staves of wine-casks are taken off, letting out the wine; tin cases of sardines or preserved meats are penetrated by the insect depositing a corrosive paste on the metal; even an iron chest has been entered through the putty of the seams. This terrible foe to every kind of property is a little creature, a third of an inch long, of a dirty white colour, but in the swarming season puts on two pairs of gauzy, fawn-coloured wings; these are cast off when it settles to its work. It dies when exposed to sunshine, and thrives only in darkness, moisture, and perfect stillness. A certain proportion, one to eight or ten, of the white ants, furnished with a pair of red forceps, serve the insect commonwealth as soldier sentinels. Where the surface upon which they are working is too hard to be entered, they build covered galleries of their sticky brown paste, through which their destroying armies march to the first yielding spot; or they can suspend these galleries in the air, like tubular bridges, across an intervening space.

The botany of St. Helena was made a theme of interesting comment by Dr. Hooker at the British Association meeting in 1866, with reference to the herbarium, now at Kew, which Dr. Burchell formed sixty or seventy years ago, further assisted by a catalogue of Dr. Roxburgh's, before the ancient indigenous flora had been mostly destroyed. A hundred species formerly growing there have been exterminated by the wild goats, or by the struggle for existence in competition with imported plants. The outer zone of the island, a mile or two wide from the sea cliffs, was once a luxuriant forest, but is now a brown rock adorned only with a few poor lichens, or with the quaint Mesembryanthemum cryptanthum, a cluster of green or yellow water-bags, or the Pelargonium sempervivum, called "Old Father Live for Ever" from its power of retaining vitality for months without any moisture and without any soil. Inside and above this rises a

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middle zone of land overrun with our common furze and bramble, and bearing a few hardy trees. The upper or central region, four miles long and two miles wide, around the mountain ridge, still keeps what is left of vegetation peculiar to St. Helena, some forty or fifty species, not reckoning the mosses, lichens, and fungi. This fast perishing remnant of an old plant-world seems to be not only curious but also rather beautiful, as shown in the picture of Melhania erythroxylon, or redwood, with its large pendent flowers, changing day by day from white to pink, and from pink to dusky red, these three colours being sometimes displayed at once on a single stem. But we must refer the naturalist to the very complete and well-arranged work of Mr. Melliss and his assistants for more particular information.

OPEN! SESAME!*

IN the full flow of her nonsense the author of *Open! Sesame!* begins a fresh chapter by "asking those readers who have accompanied me thus far to suspend their judgment of my story until they learn the reason for which various conditions of life, hitherto untouched, are woven into the narrative." "Much," she goes on to say, "that may at first sight appear incomprehensible, superfluous, or overdrawn, is necessary to the plot of the story, and much that is likely to provoke criticism will be found to have been introduced with a totally different intention to (*sic*) that arrived at by guessing." We shall next have some dull preacher in his pulpit, or Mr. Biggar in the House of Commons, asking his hearers to suspend their judgment of his discourse, and their yawns too, until they learn the reason for his prolonged tediousness. There is nothing that we have found incomprehensible in this story, for there is nothing that falls within the province of the understanding. No man of sense to whose unhappy lot it falls to read such a novel as this troubles himself about understanding it. He is satisfied if he can arrive at the last page of the last volume before a deep sleep has overtaken him, or before his impatience has sent the book flying to the other end of the room. The author would have done well, if she really hoped that she could move her reader to suspend his judgment, to have made her entreaty to him at the outset. By the time he has reached the second volume she is too late. He had for more than three hundred pages been coming to the decision that it was a dull silly story, without a single character in it, a single page, a single line, of the slightest literary merit. When Snug the joiner presented the lion he did not wait till he had roared oh! before he turned to the ladies and asked for their forgiveness. He apologized first, and roared afterwards. Our author talks nonsense first, and then asks for a suspense of judgment. She is scarcely fair in this. She wishes to have all the advantages that belong to a mesmeric story, and at the same time, just at the end, to assert her claims to be reckoned among common-sense people by showing that, after all, the spiritual manifestations could be for the most part easily accounted for. She can thus swell out her volumes with the rant of Spiritualism, and refer the impatient reader to that part of the story where he will "learn the reason for which various conditions of life, hitherto untouched, are woven into the narrative." She can run, she hopes, with the silly hare, and ride at the same time with the sagacious hounds. What are the various conditions of life that have been untouched till they were woven into *Open! Sesame!* we are at a loss to guess. We have read of earls before, and countesses too. Artful sisters-in-law are common enough, and so are wicked captains. With ghosts, whether they turn out to be real ghosts or are superfluous and overdrawn pretenders, necessary indeed to the plot of the story, but "introduced with a totally different intention to that arrived at by guessing," we have been for a long time on terms of the most intimate acquaintance. Heroines are as plentiful as blackberries, and wherever there is an heiress there of course is to be found "a suite of rooms dedicated to her special service, and fitted in a style of luxury incompatible with anything under thirty thousand pounds a year." There is nothing in the least strange, moreover, in a will which plunges everybody at the opening of the story into all kinds of difficulties, and keeps them there till the third volume is near its close. If we might use the metaphor which the author herself introduces, we would venture to say that the materials of which her story is woven have been quite as well worn as any old cloth which the art of the manufacturer turns out as new shoddy.

The heroine, Miss West-Norman, has, as we have said, an income of 30,000*l.* The property consists of "fourteen thousand acres of arable and pasture land, Milwood in the county of Gloucester, the little place in Scotland, and the Cumberland lead mines." Her name is Everil, she has dark blue eyes, and bronze-coloured hair, and she has the Earl of Valence for her cousin. What more was wanting for perfect happiness? Unhappily her father only "left her the bulk of his fortune on condition that she marries Lord Valence." If she refuses to have him, "her money, with the exception of a few thousands set apart for her personal maintenance, goes to the earl." At first sight there seems no great hardship in this. Many a heroine has married an earl, and many a heroine, we hope, will marry an earl. But a nobleman at the beginning of a story is very different from a nobleman at the end of a story. Everil of course refuses to fall in love with her cousin, and gives the preference to Captain Staunton instead. The Earl's wicked sister-in-law, Mrs. West, who we are often told was "a Cat," did all she could, not only to hinder the match, but also to ruin her brother's health, and even to destroy his life. If Everil refused to marry the Earl, all her property would go to him, and, if he died without children, it would pass to "the Cat's" only child, whom we may not improperly perhaps call the Kitten. She plays her part artfully enough, but an earldom and 30,000*l.* a year are not so easily kept apart, and in the end she gets beaten. The Earl was what is now called a Spiritualist. In days gone by he would, young though he was, have been called an "old woman." He had seen all kinds of spirits, and was gifted with mysterious powers. His sister-in-law had worked upon his fancies, and had manufactured a special spirit who used to appear to him from time to time, and warn him that he would certainly die next February. He is ready nevertheless to marry Everil, though he asks, in language that comes in like an earl but goes out like a clown, "Will she be cognizant of the mystery that surrounds me, and become frightened of (*sic*) it and of myself?" He has a faithful friend in one Mr. Bulwer, who sets himself to fight against "the Cat," and who is described as "the stimulant of his enervating life—the brandy to his seltzer-water." We feel thankful that our author did not follow the example of other lady novelists and write "the stimulant of his enervating life—the B. to his S." Mr. Bulwer reproaches the Earl with "imbuing his sister-in-law with the idea" that her child will probably succeed to the title. The Earl pleads in reply "that there is a bond between us, unknown to the world, which forbids our separation." He slips away from his reproving friend, and at the piano plays "a superb crash of chords that herald a martial march." Superb though the crash was, he had played in a state of unconsciousness, for when his friend, noticing that "the Earl's fingers still move languidly about the keys, but his eyes are closed," gave him a shake, and asked if he was playing in his sleep, he answered, "'Have I been playing?' with an air of the most profound ignorance." Mrs. West leads Everil to look upon the Earl as "an invalid—a bookworm—a lunatic," at the same time that she brings on to the stage a wicked, but handsome, Captain, who is to fall in love with Everil and marry her in ignorance of her father's will. Everil, who is apparently meant to be all that is charming and good, is eager enough to marry the Captain, but by no means willing to lose her "annual rent-roll of thirty thousand a year." When first she heard of the conditions of the will—it was after she had seen the Captain—she fled to her room, "fitted up as it was in a style of luxury incompatible with anything under thirty thousand pounds a year," and "with her hand pressed upon her heart, breathed audibly, like an animal that has gained the sanctuary." The young lady has a hard part to play; she wants to keep her money and her lover too. As the author says, "Everil West-Norman recognizes there is a hard task before her, not only to gain her wishes, but to make her wishes focus to one point." In the end, with the entire approval of the Captain, as soon as he understands the terms of the will and the delicate state of the Earl's health, she resolves on marrying her cousin. There is an understanding between her and the Captain that he meanwhile shall keep single. "'*I shall wait, Everil,*' he answers meaningly." Everil was introduced to the reader as a woman "warm-hearted to a degree." There is something very painful to a mind not utterly corrupted by the false literature of the age in finding that a woman can thus write of a woman. All the pompous language in which the author delights does not hide the shame of such writing as this. At times she burst out into some such rant as the following:—

> Is there then something in this mysterious affinity of soul—something so awful, so transcendent, so overwhelming, that it repulses us from instead of attracting us to one another? I believe it. I believe that perfect union of spirit was not intended for this earth, and that if it is ever consummated it is soon cut short again.
>
> Have any of the faithful loves by which men of talent have made women famous—on which, by pens dipped in the gall of satire or despair, they have dilated in prose and verse, stamping immortality on their genius by letters traced in their own hearts' blood, been happy loves?
>
> And had they been gratified instead of disappointed—had all things gone well with them, would they have been inspired to write as they did, or sunk into the sloth and apathy of incarcerated and well-fed animals?
>
> There are some herbs that require to be trodden on and crushed before the sweetness of their perfume is perceptible. So sit at home and take your ease, daughters of the land; eat well of the fat and drink of the lees, but don't flatter yourselves that the inspirations of your lords (if they have any inspirations) are drawn from the contemplation of your well-bred propriety. There is a mistress, called Memory, which every man who lives by his wits is bound to keep; and if he have no memory he will in all probability soon cease to live at all. The most prosperous husbandman is he who has best stored his garners with grain from the last year's crop, with which to meet the exigencies of the coming dearth.

The marriage takes place, but Everil gradually comes to like her husband, much more indeed than the reader does, who is utterly weary of the spiritualistic or mesmeric rant with which he fills his diary and the author her volumes. He is ever sitting down at a table and writing at great length his experiences and the manifestations he sees. He does not keep at all to the present time, but has a great deal to tell of a mysterious Doña Emilia in Spain and a Marquis Borghesa in Italy, whom he had mesmerised or who had mesmerised him. These apparently were real manifestations, but in addition to them he has the spirit manufactured by "the Cat," his sister-in-law, with which he is often conversing. He records, with an incorrectness of language only too common in his lordship, how "a ball of vapour appeared to elongate," and how at last "it burst, or seemed to do so, diffusing its brightness over

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* *Open! Sesame!* By Florence Marryat, Author of "Love's Conflict," "No Intentions," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1875.

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the base of the vaporous matter, which simultaneously elongated and rose higher in the air." If, as we fear, the author of *Open! Sesame!* is read in the parlour, she is scarcely correct in saying that "elegance of language and diction has been entirely relegated to the servants' hall." If we had our way, it would be not to the servants' hall, but to the dust-heap beyond it, that all such stories as these, with all their elegance of language and diction, should be "relegated."

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. WRIGHT, encouraged no doubt by the success of an amusing *Caricature History of the Georges*, which he published a year or two since, has now applied himself to a task of a much more formidable character. This is no less than a general history of caricature * in all ages, in its literary as well as its artistic forms. It is obvious that a survey of this kind, if carried out to its full extent, would supply materials for quite a library by itself, inasmuch as there is scarcely any department of life upon which satire and ridicule have not been directed. Mr. Wright, however, has had the good sense to form a less ambitious estimate of what was required of him, as well as of what it was possible to do, and has been content with tracing the spirit of caricature "through those branches which have contributed most towards the formation of modern comic and satiric literature and art in our own island." It may perhaps be doubted whether even in this circumscribed form the subject is not too wide and varied for treatment within such narrow limits as those of the moderate-sized octavo to which Mr. Wright has confined himself, and whether he would not have done well to reserve some parts of it to be dealt with separately. Taking the work, however, as it stands, we get a very good general view of the characteristics of the chief schools of caricature. First we have some account of grotesque art and literature in Egypt, Greece, and Rome; and then several chapters on mediæval satire and burlesque, which bring us down to the period when the literature of the different countries of Western Europe was becoming more independent and distinctly national. We come next to the early political caricature of England and Holland, and the concluding chapters are devoted to the Georgian period. It would be idle to attempt to follow such a work in detail. The extent of the subject, and the variety of aspects which it presents, render it unavoidable that a general survey of this kind should be to some extent fragmentary and superficial. It is rather a handbook which indicates where the reader should make further researches for himself, than a treatise which satisfies curiosity by its own explanations; but, as far as it goes, and taking it merely as a *catalogue raisonné*, it is a very amusing and instructive volume. It should be mentioned that it is fully illustrated by Mr. Fairholt.

Mr. Heckethorn, in writing his history of secret societies †, appears to have taken a good deal of trouble to very little purpose. He had originally intended only to translate an Italian work on this subject—*Il Mondo Secreto*, by Signor de Castro; but, as he pursued his researches in other directions, he resolved to compose a work of his own. In forming this decision he was also influenced by the fact that Signor de Castro was, in his opinion, too indulgent to various Italian political sects who were no better than brigands. There can be no doubt that Mr. Heckethorn has read a great many books on what he calls this "fascinating subject," but the value of his contributions to its history is seriously injured, first, by the obscure and affected, and sometimes barely intelligible, language in which he occasionally expresses himself; and, next, by the absence of any specific authorities for the statements in his text. He does indeed give us a list of the books which he has consulted, but as he does not tell us in which of these books is to be found the authority for any particular assertion, the list is of course useless for the purposes of verification, and might as well have been omitted. The general arrangement, too, of Mr. Heckethorn's book is confused and perplexing; and it is difficult to understand the admission of a number of societies which are not secret, though they may be to some extent mystic, into an account of secret societies. Mr. Heckethorn appears to be himself a follower of Jacob Böhme, in whose writings, he declares, lie the germs of "all the discoveries in physical science hitherto, and yet to be, made." Of the modern Freemasons he has a very low opinion, which is perhaps not without foundation. "Selfishness," he says, "an eye to business, vanity, frivolity, gluttony, and a love of mystery-mongering, concealed under the specious pretence of brotherly love and a longing for instruction—these are the motives that lead men into the lodge"; and, in illustration of the imbecility of Masons generally, he quotes some reports of lodge speeches from a Masonic newspaper conducted by members of the fraternity—such as, "Brother D. had presided at a dish, and it had afforded him much satisfaction, inasmuch as he had had it in his power to make some brethren comfortable," "Brother W. felt a little nervous, but hoped to be an ornament to the lodge." Another brother said of the President of the evening, "The way in which he had worked the ceremonies that evening was a great treat to the lodge," and so on. In a book of this kind there can hardly fail to be a good deal of curious and interesting matter; but, on the whole, it is an unsatisfactory production. The writer has probably some knowledge of his subject, but does not know what to do with it.

* *A History of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art.* By Thomas Wright. With Illustrations Chatto & Windus.

† *The Secret Societies of all Ages and Countries.* By C. W. Heckethorn. 2 vols. Bentley.

The title * which Mr. Percy Greg has chosen for his little volume of thoughtful and manly verse sufficiently indicates the conditions under which it was composed. He has sought relaxation in poetry from the pressure of close laborious work in more prosaic fields of literature; and one of the charms of the book is perhaps the impression which is conveyed of the writer's own keen enjoyment of his escape into freer and more buoyant air, like the gladness of the steed when it quits the road and touches the grass. The pleasure which Mr. Greg has thus secured for himself will be shared by his readers. They will find the thoughts of a very original, independent, and passionately earnest mind, expressed in verse which is always spirited and graceful, and which at times rises to the higher strains of meditative poetry. A certain positive turn of mind, and that directness and incisiveness of style which are the result of literary practice, now and then give perhaps a feeling of hardness to the lines, and there is also at times a certain want of weight and volume in the words which are associated with important ideas. On the whole, however, Mr. Greg's verse not only shows the hand of the craftsman, but has, above all, the very considerable merit that it always means something. Indeed we could imagine persons of a certain stamp who might find it too clear and sensible for poetry, according to their notions. The book is divided into two parts, one of which contains miscellaneous poems, while the other is devoted to pieces relating to the Civil War in America, or, as the writer, who has strong sympathies with the South, calls it, "The Lost Cause." Among the more remarkable pieces in the first division is one depicting the death-bed of Julian the Apostate, and his philosophical resignation at quitting a world from which the old Gods have fled, and in which everything is being changed. He is thankful to be out of it, and thinks that men may yet regret

> Olympus, and the genial rule of Jove,
> And the wide license of the olden time
> To each man's creed and every nation's Gods.

Whether Julian really foresaw the old world crumbling away in this manner may perhaps be doubted; but the picture is none the less a powerful one. "The Martyr of Faith," "Hallowed be Thy Name," "The Problem Answered," and some other pieces, deal with religious questions in an independent yet reverent tone. In the "Decadence of England" (1870) there is a fine ring of patriotic faith and courage; while the Letter "To a Lady"—a Woman's Suffrage lady—and the "Definitions" exhibit the writer's powers of sarcasm, which in the former might perhaps bear softening. We are tempted to quote a couple of lines from the second:—

> What are the People? The good men and true
> Who cheer *me*. What's the mob? Why, the fools that cheer *you*.

Among the other poems, "The Last of the *Alabama*," and "The Ninth of April, 1865," show much command of both passion and pathos.

The want of a guide to the correct pronunciation of the proper names of the Old and New Testaments must often have been felt by many persons, and even clergymen are exposed at times to a momentary hesitation on coming suddenly upon some strange and perplexing word. It is the object of the *Accented Bible* † to provide assistance in this respect. The editor, the Rev. A. Taylor, has not attempted to lay down a complicated system of accentuation, or to enforce a pedantic precision. We observe, for instance, that, with a judicious respect for inveterate English usage, he lets Samária alone. He has been content with providing the means of avoiding such palpable errors or anomalies as are to be obviated by a simple reference to the grammatical or phonetical structure of the original languages. The present edition is intended for the hand, and the type is therefore not very large. A larger one for use in public ministrations would seem to be required; and by its aid a moderately careful "literate" might hope to encounter unharmed the snares and pitfalls even of the formidable 16th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

There could perhaps be no better testimony to the merit of Miss Martineau's version of Comte's most important work ‡, of which a new edition has just been issued, than the fact that it was so highly approved by the author himself that he substituted it for the original in the authorized catalogue of his writings, and that it has in consequence been retranslated into French for the benefit of Comte's own countrymen. It is hardly necessary to say that it is in the *Positive Philosophy* that Comte is seen at his best as a scientific investigator, before he wandered off, under the influence of Ste. Clotilde, into the craziness of the *Positive Politics*.

De Tocqueville's famous work on American democracy § has rather gained than lost in authority since its theories have been brought to the test of practical experience. Even where the consequences to which he pointed have not actually happened, this has been due to the force of circumstances rather than to any serious error in the principles which he traced out. In any case, whatever may be thought of De Tocqueville as a political prophet, there can be no question as to his philosophical discernment and aptitude for the scientific study of his subject; and his book will therefore

* *Interleaves in the Workday Prose of Twenty Years.* By Percy Greg. London: Trübner & Co.

† *The Accented Bible.* Edited by the Rev. Alex. Taylor, M.A., Chaplain to the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn. Printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode.

‡ *The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte.* Freely Translated and Condensed by Harriet Martineau. 2 vols. Trübner.

§ *Democracy in America.* By Alexis de Tocqueville. Translated by Henry Reeve. New Edition. 2 vols. Longmans.

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always have a high permanent value. It is impossible to suppose that any one who can appreciate his terse, vigorous style in the original would think of reading him at second-hand even in the best translation that could be imagined; but of course those who cannot read French must accept such interpretation as they can find. Unfortunately, there is only one English version, and that is Mr. Reeve's, which, if it is better than none at all, is a very poor substitute for the original. When this translation was first published we pointed out (*Saturday Review*, March 8, 1862) some of its more conspicuous defects, such as, in addition to verbal blunders, the dull verbosity into which Mr. Reeve had habitually expanded his author's clear, concise, and graphic sentences, "ceci fait" swelling into "when these preliminaries are terminated," "homme" becoming "individual" or "party," and so on. The brightness and animation of the style was thus in a great measure sacrificed, and a flabby solemnity substituted for what in the original is full of life, grace, and manly vigour. It is needless to say that such blemishes as these could not be wholly got rid of except by employing a more competent hand to do the work all over again; but at least glaring errors might have been expected to be corrected in a new edition. As far as we have observed, this has not been done, and blunders which we pointed out in 1862 remain in the edition of 1875. The memoir of De Tocqueville, which introduces the translation, is the same old article out of the *Edinburgh Review*, and no use has been made of the valuable materials which have since been furnished by Mr. Senior's note-books and correspondence.

In a series of four compact little volumes we have a reprint of Shelley's writings * in prose and poetry from the original editions, under the supervision of Mr. R. H. Shepherd. The two volumes just issued are the last, and complete the work. Vol. III. contains the posthumous poems published by Mrs. Shelley in 1824, the "Masque of Anarchy," with Leigh Hunt's preface (1832), the "Wandering Jew," and the Notes to "Queen Mab"; while Vol. IV. is made up of a couple of Shelley's early tales and other prose writings and letters, not of much value or interest, except as indications of the poet's character.

"Each of us," says the author of *The Better Self* †, "has some gift. A boy we knew had the singular faculty of getting, in a wonderfully short space of time, all the meat out of the many thin legs of a lobster—a feat which drives most of us to the verge of despair." Mr. Friswell does not mention what is his own gift, but it might be described as picking the thin legs of namby-pamby commonplace. "The *Better Self*," the writer tells us, "by no means concerns the best self or the highest ideal, but simply a move"—he might perhaps with equal grace have said a shove—"upwards towards something a little higher than the dead flat upon which we have of late settled." And this moral and intellectual elevation is to be promoted by the study of Mr. Friswell's twaddle about babies, mothers-in-law, "Advice gratis," and so on. People will thus learn that children ought to be treated kindly, but not petted too much; that quarrelling is really very sad, and that it is honest to pay your debts, with plenty more of the same deep philosophy.

Miss Smedley, who served on Mrs. Senior's staff during the inquiry which that lady, at the instance of the Local Government Board, made into the condition of pauper girls, has brought together the principal official Reports on both sides of the controversy which followed, together with an introduction and notes.‡ As may be supposed, Miss Smedley is an earnest supporter of her leader's views as to the advantages of boarding-out children in families over the system of collecting them in large numbers in a great school.

Mr. Bartley has already done good service by his inquiries into the condition of the poor in London and elsewhere; but his latest work, *The Parish Net; How it's Dragged, and what it Catches*§, is scarcely so satisfactory as his previous ones. In the first place, the title is unpleasantly sensational; in the next place, there is an obvious inconsistency in offering fiction, even though founded on fact, as a ground for practical reforms. Mr. Bartley has, no doubt, a thorough acquaintance with the subjects of which he treats, and his sketches may be accepted as, in the main, substantially accurate; but his arguments would have been much more effective if they had been based on a literal matter-of-fact statement of what he knows. In some instances, indeed, he gives in a foot-note the information which has been worked up into the story of the text; but, if the plain truth is enough for his case, there is no need of casting it in an imaginative form. The author may perhaps plead that he has written in this way for the sake of securing popularity for a work which would otherwise be apt to be regarded as dry and dull; but people who require to be tickled by such devices are hardly those from whom serious help is to be expected in reforming the abuses of the Poor Law system. After 252 pages of story-book, we come to some eight pages of practical comment—a very small allowance of bread to so much sack. Mr. Bartley dwells upon the pauperizing tendency of bringing up children in workhouses, the "careless and imperfect investigation" of cases by the Guardians, and the tendency of the system to be "hard upon the deserving, while it encourages vice and indolence by its leniency to the undeserving and reckless." He also urges the importance of private and public charity co-operating "on a sounder basis, a basis of prevention, which will promote Independence, Care, and Thrift, instead of destroying these essential qualities." All this is no doubt very true in its way, but the question is how it is to be carried out. It is very easy to blame the Guardians for their careless investigations, but any one who has any acquaintance with the sort of questions which are continually brought before them, and the class of people they have to deal with, will understand the difficulties of the case. Mr. Bartley himself admits that legal relief must be confined only to those who are in absolute indigence, but he suggests that "when charity is in complete and harmonious working with legal relief, the function of the Poor-law will be simple," inasmuch as charity will then take the place of outdoor relief. No doubt if private charity would only relieve the Poor-law of the most perplexing and difficult part of its work, that would greatly simplify the responsibilities of those who have to administer it; but it would do so only by shifting them to other shoulders. There is no magic in charity which will prevent its doles from being less demoralizing than those of the Guardians, and there are many reasons why it is likely to be distributed less efficiently. The only effectual remedy for chronic pauperism is the cultivation of thrift, and the best way to teach thrift is to make those who neglect it feel that they must expect to suffer for it. It is not a malady which can be cured by any pleasant process.

The author of *Waterside Sketches* * evidently understands the handling of a rod, and has a good store of interesting and useful information to communicate as to various forms of his favourite sport, in Devonshire, the Midlands, the Aire Valley, Ireland, and elsewhere; and, when dealing strictly with his subject, he writes in a clear, straightforward way. Unfortunately he has succumbed to the delusion which has affected so many amiable anglers since the days of Izaak Walton, that he is bound to write about fishing in a sentimental or funny way, or in both ways alternately. The reason is no doubt that fishing is such an awfully dull business, except to the fisherman himself, that it is thought to be necessary to mix it up with other things in order to make it in the least degree attractive. It may be taken for certain that the more capable an angler is at his own proper work the less he allows his thoughts to wander to anything else, and that the affectation of philosophical meditation and poetical tenderness by the river-side is pure fudge. The present work is, apart from its practical merits, an irritating example of this unfortunate craze. The writer has something to say about fishing, but his attempts at word-painting and his jocosity are very trying.

The sort of local literature which is represented by *Lancashire Songs* † must, from its apparent profusion, be supposed to be popular in those districts in the common dialect of which it purports to be written; it is really, in nine cases out of ten, however, only vulgar doggrel in a sham tongue, and is equally destitute of philological and literary interest. Here and there perhaps we may come upon a genuine local word, but, for the most part, the vocabulary embodies merely the corruptions of vulgar pronunciation. Lancashire speech as here indicated is not, in any sense, a language by itself, but simply ordinary English misspelt in accordance with the mispronunciation of ignorant people; and the fun, if there is any, of this sort of thing quickly evaporates. Old is spelt *owd;* around, *areawnd;* crown, *crewon;* home, *whoam;* nicely, *noicely;* life, *loife;* more, *moor;* and so on; and we have only to replace the familiar orthography in order to see how bald and stupid the whole composition is. Once in a way, a song or a poem of this kind, like the well-known "Come whoam to the childer and me," may be acceptable for its homely simplicity, but the mere perversion of grammar and spelling is poor sport by itself.

"The country I have described," says the author of *Summer Days in Auvergne*‡, "being comparatively unfamiliar to English people, I do not think it necessary to apologize for the publication of the following pages, and in publishing them hope they may lead some of my readers to travel over the same ground." This announcement is followed by an account of such strange and unfrequented places as Boulogne, Paris, Nevers, Clermont, and the Puy de Dôme country, written with that exquisite simplicity which imagines that what is new to the author must necessarily be equally so to others, and that nobody else in the world has ever had an opportunity of looking into Murray's Handbooks. In the course of his remarkable adventures in unknown parts of Europe this enterprising traveller spent a week or two at the dismal little baths of Mont Dore in Auvergne, where people go to have asthma, cold-in-the-head, sore-throat, and rheumatism steamed out of them. As these baths are not much known in England, being chiefly used by natives, the brief chapter giving a description of them is not without interest, but this is hardly an excuse for a volume of 170 pages made up of second-hand gossip.

How I Spent My Two Years' Leave § is another book of equal, though more unabashed, emptiness. It purports to be written by "An Indian Officer"—a somewhat vague term—who has "knocked about" a good deal, and now publishes his experiences for the benefit of "dearest friends." He left India in 1873, came to England by the usual route, taking Naples, Rome, Vienna, and

* *The Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* From the Original Editions. Third and Fourth Series. Edited by R. H. Shepherd. Chatto & Windus.

† *The Better Self: Essays for Home Life.* By Hain Friswell. King & Co.

‡ *Boarding-Out and Pauper Schools, especially for Girls.* Edited by Menella B. Smedley. King & Co.

§ *The Parish Net; How it's Dragged and What it Catches.* By G. C. T. Bartley. Chapman & Hall.

* *Waterside Sketches.* By W. Senior ("Red Spinner"). Grant & Co.

† *Lancashire Songs.* By Samuel Laycock. Manchester: Heywood.

‡ *Summer Days in Auvergne.* By H. de K. Bentley.

§ *How I Spent My Two Years' Leave.* By An Indian Officer. S. Tinsley.

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Paris in his way, and then made a run to America. There are always Indian officers going about making holiday in this way, and the present one may be taken as an example of the ordinary soft-headed subs who rush off on furlough with the glee of lads from school, bent on getting as much amusement and excitement out of it as possible. He gabbles over his adventures in that rattling slangy way which suggests the accompaniment of a cigar and tumbler, and has an evident relish for his own gossip, however much it may bore others. In Italy and France he was struck by the politeness of the people, "all scrapes, bows, smiles, and taking off hats," and he seems from the following remark to have experimented on it in a peculiar way:—"If, for instance, you tread on their toes even, by accident *or otherwise*, they will instantly turn round, and with smiles apologize most graciously." In Belgium he and a friend were saluted with "Ha, roast beef John Bull; Got damn," and "only had to stop and advance towards the ruffians when they took to their heels and ran for their lives." He made a point of drinking a quart of half-and-half on landing at Folkestone, and in London of course dined at the "Rag," where he "smoked some superb regalias," and, "after drinking more wine than usual, the inevitable 'peg,' which has become quite an 'institution' here, was introduced, and we broke up, all very well pleased with ourselves and the world in general." Here are some more of the simple-minded young man's profundities:—"London strikes foreigners as a wonderful place on a Sunday." "What a glorious day the Derby of 1873 was! A party of us left our club in a drag and four, well provided." "What a contrast this great city is at two in the morning, when returning home from your club." He cannot sympathize with the working classes when they become insolent; but he thinks a great deal of the blame of the late "strikes," "union, and indignation meetings," lies with the masters. "They have no right to work their people to death. A worm will turn," &c. One of the night sports of London is, it seems, medium-baiting. "Leaving our watches, card-cases, and purses behind us, nine of us, under perfect discipline, marched out to do for this place"—that is, a spiritualist *séance*. "We took with us proper dark-lanterns and Pompeii lights. No force was to be used unless they showed fight, when of course they would be attacked, the lights put out," &c. Unfortunately "the first time, by some blunder, it did not come about"—perhaps the discipline was after all not quite perfect after dinner—but he is glad to hear his friends have since made some successful raids. He has a fling at "that most objectionable creature the 'Shar,'" and is generally contemptuous of the notice taken in London of "Bengalee writers, Baboos, and even Khitmutgars." Still he considers it "a piece of insolence for any Christian to dare to tell a Buddhist he is wrong and on the road to hell." He visited his birthplace in Cornwall, but found that "in point of civilization" it was very far behind the age. On his voyage to the United States he was "amazed to find some Americans actually gentlemen!" There were also some clergymen on board, and he remarks, "It is very noticeable with what disdain cultured gentlemen"—including, we suppose, the author—"look upon priestcraft in this age. Here was an instance of it; they (*sic*) were regarded as a parcel of old women." "With a few fellows from St. James's Square," he went to hear Sir Samuel Baker at the Geographical, but they soon got weary of it, and tried the music-halls, which were more to their taste. It will be seen that this book presents not only a curious study of character, but an example of the sort of worthless rubbish which publishers can nowadays be found to print.

Mr. Guillemard * having made a tour round the world, first to Australia, then to Fiji and Honolulu, thence to San Francisco, and so across the United States home again, has felt bound to write a book about what he saw. He appears to be an intelligent observer, but without any special faculty for seeing more than any ordinary eyes can see; and the consequence is that a considerable part of his work is filled with a repetition of information which almost everybody knows by heart. The narrative, however, is written in a smooth, easy style, which, if seldom graphic, is at least never dull, and in one or two chapters Mr. Guillemard has really something to tell. He gives, for instance, an interesting account of Tasmania, of the resources of which he speaks favourably, though it cannot be denied that it has been going back in prosperity during the last twenty years, in consequence of a diminution in the supply of labour caused by the gold-rush to Victoria and by the exclusion of convicts. The convicts, he says, did nearly everything for Tasmania, opening up the centre of the island from north to south with a fine road, building bridges, wharves, churches, and public buildings of all kinds, clearing thousands of acres of heavy timber and dense scrub, and many of them settling down as respectable hard-working farm-labourers; and the colony has suffered from having prematurely cast off such valuable help. A stay of three months in the colony convinced Mr. Guillemard that, though it is in many respects a fine country, there is a want of vigour and enterprise among the inhabitants. The annexation of Fiji to Great Britain had not been finally settled when he was there, but it was regarded as certain that it would take place, and his opinion was that the condition of the islanders, as well as the prosperity of the white settlers, would thereby be materially improved. Cotton is rather going out in the islands, but coffee is coming in, and sugar is also being introduced with a fair prospect of success. Roads are much wanted, and some difficulties may be expected in regard to the tenure of land. The coast tribes, thanks to the missionaries, are well disposed, and the mountain tribes are not at all likely to interfere with the settlers. Mr. Guillemard's account of the Yosemite Valley is also worth reading, if only because of the plain, quiet way in which he is content to deal with a subject which he knows to be beyond his powers, instead of imitating the futile efforts of the word-painting gentlemen.

In a medium quarto * we have sixteen photographic pictures by Mr. D. L. Mundy of the chief scenes in the hot-spring district of New Zealand, which exhibits some of the grandest and most curious volcanic phenomena in the world. The photographs are excellent as works of art; the clouds of steam, the play of the boiling water, the terraces of siliceous deposits and incrustations resembling white marble, and the other features of this remarkable region, are rendered with admirable effect; and Mr. Hochstetter's descriptive notes supply the necessary explanations.

* *Over Land and Sea.* By Arthur G. Guillemard. Tinsley Brothers.

* *Rotomahana; and the Boiling Springs of New Zealand.* Sixteen Photographic Views by D. L. Mundy, with Descriptive Notes by F. von Hochstetter. Sampson Low & Co.

In an article on Dr. LEONARD SCHMITZ'S *republished* "History of "Rome," *which appeared in the* SATURDAY REVIEW *of April* 10, 1875, *the work was described as* "*highly creditable for* 1847" (*the date of the author's preface*), "*but not altogether what we* "*should have looked for in* 1873" (*the date of the edition before us*). Dr. SCHMITZ *writes to us to say,* "*It is not I who* "*published the book in* 1873, *but the publisher to whom the copy-*"*right belongs.*"

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—Madame MONTIGNY-REMAURY, from Paris, with Papini, Lasserre, &c.—Tuesday, May 18, at Quarter past Three, at St. James's Hall.—Trio in D, Op. 70, Beethoven; Quartet, E flat, Mendelssohn; Duet, Piano and Violoncello, Rubinstein; Solo, Violin, Papini; Solos Piano, Chopin, Schumann, Silas, &c. Tickets, 7s. 6d. each, to be had of Austin, Lucas & Co., and at the Regent Street Entrance.—Professor ELLA, Director.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The EIGHTY-FOURTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, *Secretary.*

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THE

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THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

THE recent utterances of the German semi-official press caused much uneasiness at Paris, and this uneasiness was brought to a very feverish point by an article which appeared in the *Times* last week, and in which it was intimated that there really was some danger of a new war breaking out. The contempt felt by the French for their own journals is so profound, and in many respects so well merited, that as to much which concerns even their own Government they wait to know what is really going on until information sent from Paris has been printed in London and sent back to Paris. As to foreign affairs the French have no means of learning anything from their own press, and they find it necessary either to ignore foreign affairs altogether, or to talk as if the idle rumours and suggestions of their own press were not, as they know is the case, invented at Paris, or else to see what the English papers say. A disquieting article in the *Times*, therefore, puts the Bourse in a flutter, and it so happened that, at the very moment when the disquieting article of last week reached Paris, the Bourse was in a very sensitive state, and a great crash was the result. The origin of the mischief was a purely local one, and consisted in the endeavour of one celebrated speculator to keep the shares of a Company at a high price, and in the endeavour of his adversaries to force him to buy more and more shares at a high price until he could buy no longer. He had arrived at the end of his purchasing powers just as the notion of an impending war, suggested by the *Times*, arose to trouble the market, and thus had the honour of collapsing in the moment of a public, and not of a merely private, crisis. The agitation of the French Stock Exchange did not, therefore, supply an accurate measure of the real amount of political uneasiness felt at Paris. But there can be no doubt that there was much uneasiness, and it was natural that this uneasiness should be felt. There was good ground for it. The menacing language of the German press was not due to a mere escapade. It probably represented the views of persons who have great influence with the Court of Berlin. That Prince BISMARCK shares these views to the full extent is improbable, as he has consistently tried since the end of the war with France to uphold the peace of Europe; but the military party in Germany is disposed to look on another war with France as inevitable, and is always discussing when it would best suit Germany that the war should begin. Prince BISMARCK has himself said that, if France is bent on another war, he shall take care that it comes while Germany has the advantage of preparation. What is hard on France is that, when France gives no signs of wanting a war, when, as the official German organs are now instructed to say, the Cabinets of Berlin and Versailles are on perfectly satisfactory terms, the German press should be allowed to state that France is bent on a speedy renewal of the war, and is preparing for it. The French naturally feel distrust when not only war is suddenly spoken of by German journals as a near possibility, but when they themselves are misrepresented in order that war may seem possible.

So long as we look only at the official relations between France and Germany, the recent rumours of war seem totally baseless. The French are said to be arming; they are not arming. They are said to be bent on war; they are not bent on war. What really seems to have caused the commotion in Berlin was not any belief that the French were getting ready for another struggle, but something quite different. It was the apprehension that that alliance between Austria, Italy, and France which the Emperor NAPOLEON had arranged, and which only broke down because the EMPEROR made war too quickly, and with too little success, may be renewed. This is the real German scare, and this scare began from the time when the Emperor of AUSTRIA and the King of ITALY met at Venice. What happened at that interview with regard to ecclesiastical questions no one knows, except a very few persons, of whom Prince BISMARCK is probably one. But Ultramontane agitators treated the meeting as a grand occasion for getting their views put forcibly before persons who were not altogether unwilling to listen to them; and although official assurances were immediately issued that ecclesiastical subjects had not been mooted at all by the sovereigns at their meeting, the Germans were given to understand that something had really taken place at Venice which was not quite to Prince BISMARCK'S taste. The subsequent conduct of Austria and Italy has been so reassuring that it is now said that the German mind may be quite easy. The Austrian Reichsrath and the Italian Parliament are so constantly doing something which their clerical adversaries pronounce to be abominable, that it is impossible for the most credulous Germans to believe that they are much subject to Ultramontane influences. If, again, there is any statesman who may be trusted not to allow himself to become the tool of intriguing priests, it is Duke DECAZES. But although it is impossible to pretend that, under present circumstances, the adversaries of Prince BISMARCK have any chance of forming a Catholic league against him, yet that an alliance on the basis of common ecclesiastical aims may be formed between at least France and Austria is the acknowledged and favourite dream of Ultramontanes. The Prussian Government is now carrying much the strongest measure it has as yet proposed in the development of its ecclesiastical policy. It proposes to sweep away all the institutions of all religious orders, with the avowed object of rescuing education from the influence of monks and nuns. This is a very vigorous step, and the more vigour Prince BISMARCK shows, the more bitterness he provokes. He has force on his side, and his adversaries are burning to get the balance of force on their side; and there can be no doubt that the real question between the contending parties is whether the German Empire is to continue to exist or not. The Governments of France, Austria, and Italy not only do not favour the enemies of the German Empire, but are ready to go great lengths to show that they do not. But the enemies of the German Empire are always hinting that a grand change is soon to begin, that they are succeeding wonderfully, and that the downfall of the detested Prussia is virtually an accomplished fact. The counterstroke of the German Government is immediately to set rumours afloat about the mobilization of the German army. Thus an irritation is kept up, and an amount of apprehension and anxiety is excited, which the real facts are very far from justifying. The Ultramontanes suggest that they have secretly secured the assistance of some powerful friends. The German Government replies that they have got no friends, and that, if they had any, it would crush these friends before they knew what they were about. It is not wonderful that in such a state of things big talk should beget fear, and fear panics, and

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panics Stock Exchange catastrophes, while all the time peace has never been seriously endangered.

Almost anything a little out of the common way will suffice to reassure people who begin to see that they have been alarmed without any very obvious cause. On the present occasion a tacit understanding has been come to that the visit of the CZAR to Berlin shall be taken as enough to make every one happy. A little ingenuity would have sufficed to discover new causes for disquietude in the meeting of the EMPERORS, for it might have been suggested that directly Germany had made sure of the neutrality of Russia, it would feel itself free to fall on France. But the French think that the visit of the CZAR will do for the termination of their panic because the CZAR is a friend of France and a good man who would not take the trouble to go to Berlin and be seen kissing the Emperor WILLIAM on every possible occasion unless he had satisfied himself that his aged relative was not harbouring any improper designs against the security of an innocent and unoffending nation like France. The Germans, on the other hand, resolve to see, in this new manifestation of the affectionate ties which bind the two EMPERORS, a barrier to those ambitious hopes of which they cannot affect to think lightly. The visit of the CZAR was, it is said, not originally intended to have any political signification whatever. It must have seemed to him curious that he should arrive by accident in the quality of the terminator of a panic. As he happened to be coming, the German Government made the best use it could of his visit by taking occasion of its occurrence to reaffirm the policy on which Prince BISMARCK has consistently relied since the close of the French war as the real guarantee of European peace. The tranquillity of Europe is, to his mind, safe from peril so long as Russia, Germany, and Austria act together, and are determined that there shall be no war. The German papers are now instructed to let it be known that Russia and Germany are working heartily together, and that Austria is working with them, so that peace may be assured. It is perfectly idle to speak of disarmament as the key to European peace. There is no more chance of the great Continental Powers disarming than there is of England getting an efficient army. They cannot, and will not, disarm, and so long as the struggle between the Church and the State lasts on the Continent in its present form and intensity, there must be a possibility of war breaking out, although there may be, as there is now, very little probability of its doing so in any short space of time. If ever the existence of the German Empire is so firmly assured that its enemies do not think it worth while even to dream how it may be cut short, then, and not before then, the present phase of European trouble will pass away. Those who live to see that day will, however, in all likelihood have anxieties of their own, and will be as familiar with panics, and Bourse catastrophes, and reassuring meetings of sovereigns, as the generation that preceded them.

FROM EASTER TO WHITSUNTIDE.

THE general result of what has taken place in Parliament during the few weeks that have elapsed since Easter is favourable to the Government. Much time has been spent over the discussion of the Peace Preservation Bill which the Ministry had hoped would have been devoted to the consideration of other measures. Questions, too, which arose almost by accident have awakened far more interest than the proper business of the Session; and Mr. DISRAELI was far from happy in his management of the House when considering the curious points of privilege which excited and interested men of all parties. Still the Government has pushed some of its own measures forward. It so conducted the debates on the Peace Preservation Bill that even Irish members, subject to the general reservation that they must not be taken to be ever satisfied with anything, acknowledged that they had been well treated. The Budget was only open to serious criticism on one point; and although the discussion of this one point provoked a lively debate, yet the Government could not be much damaged when all that they were blamed for was for a failure in that adroitness in hoodwinking the taxpayers which cleverer people would have shown if they had been in office. The little Bills which the Ministry have invented glide gently along their appointed course, and will probably appear before long in the Statute-book, not so much in the shape of what are ordinarily known as laws, as in that of excellent pieces of authoritative advice. The two main conceptions which animate the Ministry, and on which they fondly rely to guide them through all difficulties, are that British subjects must be advised, not coerced, and that everything that requires the trouble of a decision may be decided by County Court Judges. It is wonderful how very simple legislation becomes when boldly dealt with in this way. Up to the extremest point possible people are to cut their own knots for themselves, subject to wise advice as to how to cut them; and then, if the knots really cannot be cut in this way, there is always at hand, as a cheap and practicable ALEXANDER, the County Court Judge, whose knowledge and leisure are universally recognized as being equally boundless. Lord CAIRNS got out of the embarrassment in which the Judicature Bill had placed him by postponing it to another year; and the legal measures of the Ministry have called forth so little comment in the Lords that Lord SELBORNE has found time to bring forward once more his visionary project for a School of Law. Perhaps the most satisfactory feature of recent Parliamentary history is the reappearance of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT in their proper position. Lord HARTINGTON has fulfilled all the expectations of his leadership which could reasonably be entertained. He has stuck to his post, he has avoided every appearance of factiousness, he has listened to the recommendations of practised advisers, and he has made a considerable number of commendable speeches which were open to no other objection than that they failed to command any attention. But he does not affect to be supreme where greater lights are willing to shine. Mr. BRIGHT spoke as no one else could have spoken in the KENEALY debate, for no one but Mr. BRIGHT could address the supporters of Dr. KENEALY in the character of a sincere and familiar friend pointing out the absurdities by which they had been deluded. On the Burials Bill he made a speech which, if not altogether relevant in point of logic, showed how a great orator, prompted by strong personal feeling, can touch the hearts of men of all parties. Mr. GLADSTONE has appeared on the scene with all his wonted ardour in defence of the Terminable Annuities which he loves so well; and a debate on the closing of Irish public-houses afforded him an opportunity of correcting a misconception as to his celebrated dictum that Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas. He explained that what he really said was that Irish ideas ought to prevail, but only so long as they did not trench on the field of Imperial interests and duties. The explanation comes rather late, but in such a matter late is certainly better than never.

The House of Commons has, however, had other things to think of much more entertaining than the measures of the Government. It has disposed of the great KENEALY question, and it has busied itself about its own privileges. The preliminary discussion as to petitions, which preceded Dr. KENEALY's grand day of battle, was eminently useful. It was not quite clear what petitioners might say and what they might not say, and it was very desirable to have it recorded that they may attack any one except the QUEEN and members of the two Houses of Parliament. Some doubt had apparently existed whether they could be permitted to make charges against Judges, but every one will now know that petitioners may state anything against Judges that they think fit to state. Some members, too, had felt a reluctance to present petitions containing what they believed to be wholly unfounded accusations against high public officials of indisputable integrity and honour. But it will henceforth be recognized that the presentation of a petition is a purely ministerial act; so that, for example, if Mr. WHALLEY were asked by a constituent to present a petition for handing over all School Boards to the Jesuits, he would be bound to present it, and yet would be totally free from the imputation that he coincided with its prayer. The KENEALY debate was a memorable example of what the House of Commons can do when seen at its best. It can call to its bar the disseminators of erroneous views, the utterers of calumnies, the fosterers of delusions, hear patiently what they have to say, decide and record its decision in a way so conclusive and so indisputable that the matter is ended at once and for ever. In a single evening Dr. KENEALY was heard, refuted, and disposed of. He was refuted principally by himself, for when he had to state

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what he really meant, he found that he had nothing to say. No serious charge on which he was prepared to insist, no grievance that he could even suggest, called for a serious remedy. A little abuse, a few wandering remarks, some side attacks on people who had nothing really to do with the trial of ORTON, and his case was over. His big bubble had been pricked, and collapsed visibly in the sight of all men. As was remarked, with much good sense, in the next number of the *Englishman*, the poor convict must now languish out his time at Dartmoor, and Dr. KENEALY must attend exclusively to Magna Charta. Mr. DISRAELI was at his best in dealing with this KENEALY question. He was studiously courteous to a man who had just completely failed, and was only mildly derisive when he expressed confidence in the army even though Dr. KENEALY was disappointed. Most of his speech was devoted to praising Judges and complimenting ladies; and he did not stretch the triumph of the House of Commons as a supreme arbiter in the matter by dwelling upon it too pointedly. What at one time threatened to be a great nuisance was got rid of as quietly and effectually as possible.

That Mr. DISRAELI was equally happy when the question of privilege subsequently arose, no one can venture to say; but what HOMER does not sometimes nod? The difficulty caused by the publication of a letter addressed to the Foreign Loans Committee might have been easily overcome if it had at once occurred to Mr. DISRAELI to invite the House to authorize a statement by the Committee of the circumstances under which that letter had been made public. Unfortunately, as he frankly owned, he did not think of this until a whole evening had been wasted, and the unmeaning process of calling unoffending prisoners to the bar had been sanctioned. This was a blunder; and so it was a blunder when, the general subject of reporting being raised, Mr. DISRAELI first said that he would do nothing to change the rules of the House, and left the matter to Lord HARTINGTON, then decided to take part of Lord HARTINGTON'S work out of his hands, and then owned that the whole subject must be taken into consideration. But it is to some degree true that there has been a gain in the Government not having at once seen what it ought to do. The House has been educated by experience. Members who imagined that they could, at a comparatively early period of the Session, talk a Bill out which the majority was determined to carry, have ascertained their mistake. Theory whispers that talk must win; but theory in the person of Mr. BIGGAR with his Blue-books and BLACKSTONE broke down. That fair reports should be protected, and that strangers shall be excluded only when a really good reason can be given, are propositions that are universally admitted. But the notion that the press is an oppressed institution, of which Mr. SULLIVAN and Mr. COWEN are the professional avengers, has been dispelled, and members who recklessly use the power of turning strangers out have found that their conduct awakens an amount of irritation, even among members of their own clique, which is more than they can endure. Mr. DISRAELI did not avoid the appearance of some weakness and much hesitation, but he altogether avoided the appearance of domineering, and of a carelessness for those interests of the House which may be out of view at the present moment, but which history suggests should not be neglected. Even if he seemed to be more vehement and dictatorial than usual when he proclaimed that the House should sit on and on until every Government measure had been passed, it was so evident that he was only actuated by a temporary wish to be applauded for firmness that no bad impression was produced. All that can be said is that, in the management of the House when nice and delicate questions might arise, it was confidently supposed that he would show himself especially strong; and that in this, one of his strong points, he has not been quite so strong as was anticipated.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE BUDGET.

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had every reason to be satisfied with the discussion on his Budget. Three principal members of the official Opposition found every possible fault with his plans; but nearly every independent member who spoke on either side of the House repudiated their captious objections. It was no small triumph for Sir S. NORTHCOTE to conduct with success a direct encounter with Mr. GLADSTONE. The subsequent speeches of Mr. LOWE and Mr. CHILDERS did nothing to retrieve the fortunes of the party. In an elaborate speech, said to have been delivered in his best manner, Mr. GLADSTONE committed the characteristic error of making a fuss about nothing. Nothing could be more legitimate in its way than his comment on Mr. DISRAELI'S hasty promise to abolish the Income-tax; but it was not worth the while of a great financier to rest his case on a rhetorical flourish of an amateur adversary. Mr. DISRAELI has never seriously pretended to a knowledge of finance; and at the general election he was unluckily tempted for a moment to bid against a rival who had offered the constituencies an enormous bribe. Mr. GLADSTONE'S sacrifice of fiscal expediency to party considerations was far more blameable than Mr. DISRAELI'S inconsiderate promise. The oversight which had been committed at Aylesbury was partially corrected by the appointment of the most competent member of the party to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Mr. DISRAELI'S imprudence might have been fully condoned if there were not some reason to suppose that he was responsible for the only objectionable part of the Budget of 1874. Sir S. NORTHCOTE'S position would be unassailable if he had not remitted a penny in the pound of Income-tax when there was a risk of a deficit. Mr. CHILDERS'S arguments would have lost all their force if the current year had commenced with an estimated surplus of two millions. Having once deferred to his political chief, Sir S. NORTHCOTE wisely intimates his intention of not tampering any further with the most unobjectionable source of national revenue. Mr. GLADSTONE is perfectly consistent with his own professions, if not with his practice, in maintaining the opinion that the Income-tax ought to be abolished as soon as it can be spared. No other Minister has been more ready to continue the tax, and to increase its rate for the purpose of facilitating various reductions of taxation; but for more than twenty years Mr. GLADSTONE has pointed to ultimate abolition, though his authority has not been reinforced by any convincing argument. It is wholly immaterial to inquire with Mr. GLADSTONE into the promises which Conservative members of the party may have given to anti-Income-tax Associations. The present majority has the good sense to entrust the conduct of public affairs to its leaders; and, as long as Sir S. NORTHCOTE is resolved to maintain the Income-tax, the supporters of the Government will vote for his proposals.

It is perhaps natural that Mr. GLADSTONE should attach great importance to the manner of stating the public accounts; but when Chancellors of the Exchequer and Secretaries of the Treasury engage with their predecessors in discussions on the details of balance-sheets, the House of Commons excusably ceases to listen. Except by an indirect process, no man and no nation was ever made richer or poorer by book-keeping. It is right that the public accounts should be kept in the newest and most scientific way, but receipts are not made larger or expenses smaller by adjustment and classification. Mr. GLADSTONE solemnly declares that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has three paramount duties. "The first is to reduce the expen-
"diture of the country; the second is to keep the income of
"the country above the charges; and the third is to present
"nothing to the country and the House of Commons except
"figures that will bear careful and searching examination."
Mr. LOWE'S definition of a Chancellor of the Exchequer as an animal which produces a surplus was simpler and more accurate. It is absurd to say that it is at all times the duty of a Finance Minister to reduce public expenditure, for the expenditure may possibly be too low, or it may be exactly the amount which is necessary or expedient; and it is the duty of the Cabinet and of the great administrative departments rather than of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to determine the wants of the public service. The second of Mr. GLADSTONE'S enumerated duties corresponds with Mr. LOWE'S proposition. As to the statement of the accounts, the duty is of secondary importance. Fortunately for himself, Sir S. NORTHCOTE understands the details of balances and the mysteries of double-entry almost as well as Mr. GLADSTONE himself; and Mr. W. H. SMITH corrected an inaccurate criticism when he reminded Mr. CHILDERS that interest on Treasury loans is properly placed to the credit of revenue. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had, as he confessed, been unnecessarily candid in stating that he had allowed certain payments into the Exchequer to be delayed that they might be included in the receipts of the current year. He ought to have foreseen that a laxity extending over two or

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three days would provoke Mr. GLADSTONE'S indignant reprobation. Trifles of this kind are perhaps worthy of notice, but not of an elaborate attack from a great orator and financier. Something would have been gained by persuading the House that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was not master of his business; but as it happened that Sir S. NORTHCOTE was provided with an answer to every detailed criticism, Mr. GLADSTONE would have acted more prudently in devolving his task on some less responsible subordinate.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S attack on the scheme for providing a Sinking Fund seems to have impressed Sir S. NORTHCOTE with unnecessary astonishment. It would have been more surprising if a deviation from any method formerly adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE had not been summarily condemned. For some years the late PRIME MINISTER had been constantly in the habit of dilating on the urgent necessity of reducing the National Debt. At one time he was profoundly convinced by the arguments of an ingenious writer that the Debt ought to be paid off before the coal-fields are exhausted. On other occasions Mr. GLADSTONE seemed to have persuaded himself that it was a moral duty to discharge an obligation to a creditor who had neither the right nor the desire to exact payment of the principal. The conversion of a certain portion of the Debt into Terminable Annuities provided for the payment of corresponding amounts; and under the operation of the general law, surpluses arising in prosperous years were more directly applied to the same purpose. Last year, when it was known that the surplus would be large beyond all former precedent, Mr. GLADSTONE thought it more expedient to buy a majority than to reduce the Debt. Sir S. NORTHCOTE, when he succeeded to office, adopted the later and less heroic policy of his predecessor, and distributed the whole amount of the surplus among the payers of rates and taxes. He now proposes to dedicate all future surpluses up to a certain amount to the payment of debt, not by any complicated machinery of Annuities, but by direct purchase of Consols. It is a fair criticism on the plan that it is entirely prospective, inasmuch as there is no estimated surplus in the present year; but if debt is to be paid, Sir S. NORTHCOTE'S plan is preferable to Mr. GLADSTONE'S. It is indeed not improbable that future Parliaments may decline to raise taxes for the payment of debt; but it is also possible that, in appropriating the surplus for the relief of taxation, they may be perfectly in the right. It is not a sound argument for the complicated system of Terminable Annuities that it fetters the discretion of the House of Commons. It is, as some speakers remarked, not impossible that, since taxation is now comparatively light, the country and the House of Commons may at last be willing to provide a Sinking Fund. The popular opinion of the day is sufficiently plausible to have a fair chance of lasting for a limited period.

The burden of the Debt as compared with the wealth of the country has probably been reduced by two-thirds within the last sixty years; and with continuing prosperity it will become relatively lighter and lighter. The slow but inevitable depreciation of the value of gold tells wholly in favour of the debtor. A minutely accurate calculation would perhaps prove that a certain loss was involved in the discharge of any portion of the Debt. The direct gain is no greater than that which is produced by investing money at 3¼ per cent. The announcement of Sir S. NORTHCOTE'S scheme has raised the price of the Funds, and if the result proves to be permanent, the reasons for paying off the Debt are, to the extent of the rise, already weakened; but on the other hand it may be urged that the balance of expediency is redressed by a proof that the credit of the country would have been raised if it became necessary to raise further loans. The reduction of the Debt would enable Finance Ministers to dispose more freely of their resources; and the possession of a large surplus revenue, which was voluntarily appropriated to a purpose of little urgency, might be convenient in the contingency of an unexpected demand. The proposal of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER seems to be approved by all advocates of the payment of debt, except those who are officially bound to find fault even with the adoption of their own principles. A machinery will have been provided by which Parliament can reduce the Debt, if it thinks fit, without the strain of an annual vote for the purpose. If financial authority permanently inclines to the doctrine of paying off the Debt, the fiction by which the interest is to be estimated at 28,000,000*l.* may gradually acquire the sanctity which can only be conferred by time. The country and the House of Commons will pretend to believe that the annual expenditure is larger by five or six millions than the actual amount. Foreign Governments, capitalists, and the world at large will not fail to entertain additional respect for a State which has a large annual surplus disposable at any moment for the necessities of peace or war. At the same time, Mr. GLADSTONE'S susceptibilities will be consulted by the creation from time to time of a small amount of Terminable Annuities. If the Sinking Fund is maintained, the result will be regarded with general satisfaction; and, in the opposite and more probable event, no harm will have been done.

THE MEETING OF THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE Assembly has met, and has decided that there shall be no more by-elections. It might have been expected that before coming to so trenchant a resolution the Assembly would have asked the Government to say at what time they hoped to have got through the necessary public business, and to be able to fix the date of the general election. But the thought of a dissolution is so terrible to a great majority of the deputies, even of those who have made up their minds that it must take place in the present year, that they are not anxious to know the bad news an hour sooner than is necessary. It is believed that the Cabinet does not wish to prolong the Assembly's existence beyond the present summer, and the tone of the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER seems to indicate that the leaders of the Right Centre are on this point at one with the Cabinet. If this is the case, the month, if not the day, which is to see the last of the much-abused Assembly of 1871 is perhaps already fixed. There must at all events be a very general conviction that it is fixed, or more deputies would have been found to support M. WOLOWSKI'S amendment to the first clause of the Bill for suppressing by-elections. M. WOLOWSKI made the very reasonable suggestion that the Assembly should not pledge itself to keep the vacant seats unfilled until it knew when the general election was to come on. He was willing that no by-elections should be held for the present; but he proposed that, if by the 1st of August the date of the Dissolution had not been fixed, all the vacant seats should be filled up at once. This amendment had two strong recommendations. It recognized the nearness of a dissolution, and thereby would probably have put an end to any schemes for postponing it beyond the autumn, and it saved the Assembly from throwing an apparent slight upon the constituencies. If the general election is really not far off, there is much to be said in favour of suspending by-elections. But so long as the date of the general election remains undetermined, it will be possible for the enemies of the Government to represent that the Ministry and the majority of the Assembly are alike bent upon stifling public opinion, and that now that they have got rid of by-elections, they will set to work to find excuses for postponing the general election. A little time back M. WOLOWSKI would probably have been supported by the united Left, and by the Left Centre. As it was, he only found 179 deputies to vote with him. On the assumption that the Left Centre and many deputies even of the Left are sufficiently persuaded that the object of M. WOLOWSKI'S amendment is already virtually secured, inasmuch as the date of the dissolution will have been announced by the Government long before the 1st of August, this change is perfectly intelligible.

It seems impossible, indeed, that the Cabinet should have any wish to go on with the existing Chamber any longer than is unavoidable. It seems to be conceded on all hands that, if anything happened to the present Ministry, it would have no successor like itself. The enterprise in which M. BUFFET had so nearly failed was Marshal MACMAHON'S last attempt at Parliamentary Cabinet-making. If this had come to nothing, he would have chosen his advisers without regard to their position in the Assembly. What nearly came to pass then would probably come to pass now if M. BUFFET were to be defeated by some chance combination of parties, and if the MARSHAL were once more to find himself embarrassed by a Ministerial crisis. So long as it is believed that a dissolution is near at hand, no such combination of parties need be feared. A large majority in the Assembly wish that the present Ministry should be in office at the time of the general election; and, provided that the notion of a dissolution is not allowed to

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slip too far into the background, they will be prepared to vote so as to keep them in office. No party in France quite knows what are the limits of Ministerial influence at election time, and almost every party thinks that, as it cannot have exactly the Executive it wants, the present Ministry is the best substitute that can be obtained. The Right Centre are satisfied because they have the largest share of places. The Left Centre are satisfied because the second most important office in the Cabinet is filled by one of their leaders. The Left, who are altogether excluded, are satisfied because they know that any possible successor to the present Cabinet, chosen during the lifetime of the Assembly, would be decidedly less liberal. The Moderate Right are satisfied because they feel that a more Conservative Minister than M. BUFFET would not be able to make head against the Imperialists. All these sections, therefore, are agreed in wishing to make no change on the eve of a dissolution. But, if it should turn out that no dissolution is intended, the motive which unites them in support of the Ministry would cease to operate. The Conservatives, with no general election in prospect, and with by-elections suspended, would feel their spirits rising, and would at once begin to dream of reconstructing the old monarchical majority. The Republicans, who have waited so long on the chance of getting an Assembly which shall really represent the country, would feel that their patience had been abused, and that nothing was to be gained by suppressing their natural irritation. The hopes of the one party and the fears of the other would soon bring them together in opposition to the Government. Though they would be powerless to construct a Ministry in common, they would find it extremely easy to destroy one. The longer a dissolution is put off, the more danger there is that some such coalition may be attempted, and with this possibility in view the Government can scarcely be under any inducement to maintain their reserve much longer.

Probably they would be ready to speak their mind at once if they could first arrive at an agreement upon the question whether the elections shall be held under the present system of the *scrutin de liste* or under the system, or some modification of the system, of *scrutin d'arrondissement*. There is certainly a great deal to be said against the *scrutin de liste*. So long as every voter in a department has as many votes as there are members, there will always be large minorities which are apparently left unrepresented. If London returned its members on the same plan as Paris, the City and Westminster would be swamped by Southwark and Finsbury. The French Conservatives feel that, if the constituencies were more split up, they would have many more chances than they now enjoy. They reckon especially on the strength of the local influences which they might be able to command. In the department these go for little, because the influence of a great landowner or manufacturer in one district is neutralized by the influence of a great landowner or manufacturer in another district. In the arrondissement each might have things his own way, and though by this means the Liberal landowner would be relieved from the necessity of taking the Conservative in the neighbouring arrondissement into his calculations, the latter probably feels that he has usually the worst of the compromise. It is not unlikely that the importance of adopting one or the other of these rival systems is a good deal exaggerated. It is very hard to predict what universal suffrage will say on any given occasion, but we are inclined to believe that, however the constituencies may be arranged, it usually contrives to say pretty much what it wishes to say at the moment. It may be indifferent or deluded, but it is not silenced. The weakness of the Conservative party in France is due much less to their inability to return their fair proportion of members to the Legislature than to the apathy which leads them to assume that it is of no use trying to return their fair proportion. If they did try, they would probably find that the existence of a powerful minority would greatly strengthen the position of the moderate element in the majority, and in this way secure the return of a far less extreme candidate than would have been chosen if the minority had only sulked in their tents. But then this is a sort of influence which a French Conservative rarely cares to exert. He probably hates his moderate opponent quite as cordially as his extreme opponent, and very possibly thinks him the more dangerous enemy of the two. He only cares to return the man who exactly represents his own views, and if there were a deputy for each arrondissement, he thinks that he might have a better chance of doing this. In so far as he succeeded, the result would probably be mischievous. In a French Assembly there is always considerable danger that opposing views will be represented in their crudest and most violent forms, and all schemes which have for their object the more exact representation of minorities tend to exaggerate this feature in the representative body. The more complex the constituency, the more necessary it becomes to rub down these differences in the preliminary process of agreeing upon a candidate. Probably the choice which M. BUFFET and his colleagues will ultimately make between the two systems will be determined by less abstract considerations than any that have been here enumerated.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

THE people of the United States, who will for the next two or three years celebrate once a month some patriotic centenary, may probably regard with sympathy and approbation the rupture of one of the remaining links which connect the Dominion of Canada with the mother-country. If a Bill which has lately passed the Canadian Parliament is not disallowed by the Crown, the appellate jurisdiction of the Privy Council will be in a great measure superseded. The Canadian House of Commons lately considered a Bill for the establishment of a Colonial Court of Appeal. During the progress of the measure a private member moved that the judgment of the proposed Court should not be subject to any Imperial appeal; and it is not a little strange that the Ministers should have at once accepted the amendment. A change of a revolutionary character ought to have been either introduced or strenuously resisted by the Government. It was in vain that the former Minister, Sir JOHN MACDONALD, protested against an innovation which seemed to him the first step to separation from the Empire. The House of Commons passed the amended Bill by a large majority. In the Senate it was carried by the casting vote of the SPEAKER. In this instance a laudable English precedent was disregarded; for it is the traditional duty of the SPEAKER in the English House of Commons, on the rare occasions of his necessary interference, to give his casting vote in favour of the existing law. It will not be worth while to engage in a conflict with the Canadian Parliament if it persists in its sudden decision; but the GOVERNOR-GENERAL or the SECRETARY of STATE might properly allow an opportunity for further consideration of the matter. The Bill itself possesses little practical importance, for it still allows unsuccessful litigants in the Courts of First Instance the option of appealing, not to the new Supreme Court of the Dominion, but to the Privy Council. The whole number of Canadian appeals is inconsiderable; and it may be added that all disputants on Courts of Appeal generally overrate their importance in comparison with the tribunals of original jurisdiction, which really control nearly the whole mass of litigation. The significance of the Canadian Bill consists in the haste and levity with which a sovereign prerogative is abolished. Autonomy in its technical and proper sense means nothing more or less than exemption from the appellate jurisdiction of a superior.

In former times, jurisdiction, whether immediate or appellate, generally involved profit as well as dignity. At present only a few practitioners are interested in the maintenance of the appellate power of the Committee of Privy Council. During the discussions of the last two or three years it was often asserted that the colonies attached much importance to the privilege of appealing to the QUEEN in Council. It now appears that the Parliament of Canada prefers to keep its appeals at home. If the establishment of juridical independence is recommended by considerations of expediency, or even of local pride, the wishes of the Canadians may be indulged without reluctance. If, on the other hand, the measure indicates a desire for independence, it will not be obstinately resisted. The bond which unites the colonies with England has become indefinitely elastic; and there is no reason to believe that its capacity of extension is yet exhausted. At a recent festivity at Philadelphia the English Minister at Washington ventured to boast that England was in some respects more free than the United States. He might have added that the authority of the mother-country over the larger colonies is the most tolerant and the least perceptible of all known kinds of government. No other Empire has at any time allowed its

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dependencies to repudiate at pleasure the appellate jurisdiction which has connected them with the central power. Canada and the Australian colonies have now for many years been governed by Ministers responsible only to themselves, and they have possessed and exercised the power of taxing English importations. The concession of internal independence may not have been dictated by pure generosity, but it was a remarkable proof of good sense. The Americans may fairly claim the credit of having first impressed on the minds of English statesmen the difficulty of repressing the ambition of disaffected colonists. The Canadians will never celebrate a Declaration of Independence followed by a war.

The difficulty of satisfying present or past colonists is illustrated by the indifferent success of Mr. GLADSTONE'S complimentary letter. It was not his fault that he was placed in a dilemma which has been forcibly stated by one of his American critics. He would have given general offence if he had professed to regret the independence which was acquired by the people of the United States a hundred years ago; yet, when he courteously expresses satisfaction with the result of their secession, he is reproached with his supposed depreciation of the loss which was suffered by England. It is, as the representative of American susceptibilities logically proves, impossible that an Englishman should rejoice in the separation, unless he thinks that the colonies were not worth retaining. In other words, it is impossible to dance to the piping or to weep with the moaning of the greatest and thinnest-skinned of nations. Mr. GLADSTONE, although his language was profusely sympathetic, failed to combine grief with joy in the due proportion. It is to no purpose that he exhorts his young friends to study the history of the American rebellion, when he hints that the British Empire has survived the disruption. The colonists who still retain and cherish their allegiance to the Crown are almost as difficult to please. They resent equally the slightest attempt to interfere with their proceedings, and the faintest suggestion that they will not be retained by force if at any future time they should desire formal independence. As far as the great self-governed colonies are concerned, the duty of a judicious Minister or Governor consists almost wholly in the exercise of tact, and in a fine perception of the analogies and consequences of responsible government. Lord GRANVILLE was less successful at the Colonial Office than in the other public departments which he has administered, because he betrayed too plainly his leaning to the policy of allowing the colonies to go. Lord DUFFERIN on his appointment to the government of Canada adopted the more judicious course of announcing on all occasions his genuine sympathy with the greatness and unity of the Empire. He had some difficulty in persuading the party which now governs the Dominion that it was his duty to take the advice of his actual Ministers as long as they remained in office; but his impartiality is now fully appreciated, and the popularity which he enjoys is well deserved. He may probably attach little practical importance to the transmission of judicial appeals from Montreal or Toronto to London; but the sudden renunciation of one form of connexion with the Crown must have produced an unpleasant impression. The opponents and successors of Sir JOHN MACDONALD'S Administration have often been accused by their adversaries of imperfect loyalty, and of a disposition to encourage annexation. The Opposition will not fail to enforce its habitual charges by reference to the recent vote. It is not known whether the constituencies will approve of a change which apparently points in the direction of secession. The Ministers can scarcely be acquitted of undue haste in adopting as an amendment a proposal which they had not included in their Bill.

On the whole, there is reason to hope that the unfortunate results of the American rebellion will not be reproduced in the relations between England and the existing colonies. It is even possible that the genius of Englishmen for political fiction may prolong for an indefinite time the nominal connexion of Australia, Canada, and Southern Africa with the Imperial Crown. Only one of the great English dependencies is open to the possible attacks of a foreign enemy; and all of them might by slight exertions protect themselves against any inconvenience to which they could be exposed in a European war. The exclusive commercial policy which contributed to the loss of the North American colonies has long since been abandoned by England; and a stronger proof of liberality is afforded by the toleration of obsolete colonial prejudices. Communities which professedly acknowledge the sovereignty of the Crown devote their legislative energies without remonstrance to the restriction of English commerce. It is not even certain that the Imperial Government would have prevented the conclusion of a Treaty with the United States by which Canada would have imposed differential duties on English goods. A Declaration of Independence on the part of any colony would scarcely furnish ground hereafter for a centennial commemoration. The celebrated cargoes of tea which were thrown into Boston harbour have no antitype in modern articles of commerce. The Governors appointed by the Crown are at least as respectable and as efficient as elected Presidents, and apparently they are not less popular. The occasional reversal of a colonial judgment by the Committee of Privy Council has not hitherto been felt as a serious grievance.

THE IRISH COERCION DEBATES.

ALTHOUGH Mr. DISRAELI threatens the House of Commons with a long and busy Session, it is some consolation to know that the Peace Preservation debates are over for the present, and that in all probability five years must pass before they are resumed. To the ordinary English mind it seems more important that murder and outrage should be repressed or prevented than that constitutional forms should be scrupulously regarded where the feelings and opinions of a large section of the community are not on the side of law and order. At the same time, exceptional legislation ought not to exceed the necessities of the case; and it is possible that the relaxations included in the original draft of the Bill, and the concessions made during the discussion by the Government, may not have seriously impaired the securities for public safety. Incidentally the debates and divisions may have produced some advantage in accustoming supporters of Home Rule to seek Parliamentary redress for real or imaginary grievances. Even Irish members are subject to some amiable weaknesses of humanity; and they probably regard with diminished antipathy Ministers who yield to their more moderate demands, and members of the Opposition who court their alliance by dividing in favour of their motions and amendments. It is also interesting to learn that the sternest band of patriots is sometimes liable to internal differences of opinion, and that opponents belonging to the same country are far more odious in their eyes than the tyrannous alien from England. One of the most amusing episodes in the long discussion was the fierce denunciation by Home Rule orators of the officious interference of an Irish Conservative member. The Government had inadvertently adopted a clause which would have given facilities for procuring firearms to disaffected or disorderly inhabitants of towns. Mr. BRUEN proposed that licences should be granted on the certificate of county magistrates only to occupiers of land, who are in general the favourite clients of Mr. BUTT and his allies. When Sir M. H. BEACH professed his disposition to accept the amendment, he was loudly taunted with undue deference to a faction which Mr. SULLIVAN designated by the novel nickname of Ultramarine. The name is evidently borrowed from the term Ultramontane; but it is not altogether clear whether Mr. SULLIVAN looks at the Irish Channel from the Eastern or the Western shore. When the Irish Legislature sits in Dublin, the voice of the native minority is apparently to be altogether silenced. The IRISH SECRETARY might well ask why he was precluded from adopting any suggestion which might proceed from Irish members on his own side of the House.

Mr. DISRAELI'S natural tact and long experience ought to have saved him from the mistake of professing to regard Mr. DOWNING'S civil language as a message of peace from Ireland. An essentially pugnacious party is never more sensitive to a charge of good temper and moderation than when it consciously finds its characteristic wrath temporarily abated. It was not to tender messages of peace that the Home Rule members were elected; and it is easy to understand the indignation of Major O'GORMAN and Mr. BIGGAR against a colleague who seemed capable of being conciliated. As might have been expected, Mr. DOWNING himself took the first opportunity of declaring that he had been misled by the blandishments of a faithless Government. If he could have anticipated that difficulties would be thrown in the way of townspeople who desired to carry

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guns, Mr. DOWNING would never have acknowledged the courtesy and consideration of the Government and of the House. The compliments which were paid by Mr. DISRAELI to the Irish members were for the most part undeserved. They have done their utmost to delay the progress of general business; and they discussed again and again in Committee the principle of the Bill which had been decided on the second reading. Mr. BIGGAR'S four hours' speech must be placed exclusively to his personal credit, but it is impossible to acquit his colleagues of deliberate waste of time. Their best excuse was to be found in the support which they occasionally received from the regular Opposition. Lord HARTINGTON consistently acted in the spirit of his speech on the second reading by supporting his successor in office, who was merely continuing the policy of the Liberal Government. Other members of the Opposition took opportunities of embarrassing the Ministers by voting in favour of various amendments. Some of them may have thought it undesirable that Irish members should feel themselves a separate section of the House of Commons; nor were they perhaps wholly insensible to the consideration that a time might come when Irish votes would once more decide a party contest.

One of the latest modifications of the Bill may be regarded as an improvement. In certain cases the writ of Habeas Corpus is not to be suspended; but on the return of the writ the Lord-Lieutenant's warrant will furnish a conclusive answer. There seems to be no ground for the apprehension that frivolous motions for writs will occupy the time of the Irish Courts. Vexatious legal proceedings are much more expensive than interminable discussions in Parliament. It is possible, if not likely, that hardship and injustice might result from the suspension of the writ. It is not expedient that persons who are imprisoned without conviction or trial should be kept for an indefinite time in custody. Lord SPENCER'S vindication of his own conduct in answer to Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, while it relieved him from all suspicion of cruelty or negligence, suggested the possibility that a prisoner might casually incur a severe punishment when he was only detained for purposes of security. Solitary confinement is not less painful because it may be the accidental result of the emptiness of a gaol. There is no reason to fear that any English Government will be guilty of intentional inhumanity. The Irish members seem occasionally to forget that some of their constituents may perhaps be both innocent of agrarian crime and its possible or probable victims. Every relaxation of provisions which are devised for the protection of the peaceable part of the community is regarded as a triumph by Mr. BUTT and his friends. The majority which always supports Peace Preservation Acts has for the most part no opinion on the necessity or utility of particular clauses. It is necessary to repose a certain amount of confidence in any Government which may for the time be charged with the maintenance of the public peace; and it may be assumed that every safe relaxation of coercive laws will be readily and eagerly made. Among many hasty declarations into which Mr. DISRAELI was tempted at the beginning of the last general election was an attack on Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government for its domestic policy in Ireland. Ministers are fortunately more conscientious than the same persons when they are leaders of Opposition, and the present Government has no more repealed the Peace Preservation Acts than it has abolished the Income-tax.

The IRISH SECRETARY has improved his Parliamentary and official position by the industry, the firmness, and good temper with which he has conducted the Bill through the House of Commons. In the earlier debates Mr. DISRAELI sometimes interposed with ready tact. Unluckily, the tedious progress of the measure, coinciding with several troublesome debates on Parliamentary privilege, subjected the leader of the House to a charge of indecision and weakness. It would seem that Mr. DISRAELI, who is not in general unduly sensitive, prides himself not without reason on his skill in managing Parliamentary business. In his annoyance at an imputation which was not altogether groundless, he has lately adopted a tone which was more characteristic of his earnest and conscientious predecessor than of a political Epicurean. The extravagant declaration that the Session should be prolonged till all the Government Bills were carried was followed by a threat that the House should be mulcted of its immemorial Whitsuntide holiday, and by an affected doubt whether it should be forced to sit on the Derby day. The recess which has nevertheless commenced will perhaps restore an equanimity which has been unusually and unnecessarily disturbed. Mr. DISRAELI is neither a financier nor a master of the details of public business; and he has never distinguished himself in legislation; but he had hitherto possessed and deserved the credit of understanding human nature, or that form of it which is displayed in the House of Commons. Even if he had not lately complimented the Irish members on the moderation and regularity of their opposition, he has for many years been accustomed to the prolixity which is inseparable from patriotism. It is not to be expected that sixty Home Rule members would exhaust in a day or a week their ingenuity of obstruction. Few of their amendments have been proposed on more than three or four different occasions, and the Committee, which might have lasted far into the summer, is at last at an end. Englishmen are for the most part incompetent to judge of the alterations which have been effected in the coercive laws; and, according to Mr. SULLIVAN, Irish Conservatives are precluded from the expression of an opinion on Irish affairs. There is reason to hope that political conspiracies are not at present actively promoted, and agrarian crime is not extraordinarily prevalent. Five years hence it may be possible to diminish still further the restrictions which shock the constitutional mind. Before that time a general election will have intervened; but there is no reason to apprehend an intermission of vigilance, or a diminution of the fluency which distinguishes the opponents of Coercion Bills.

MR. BEESLY'S MARTYRS.

PROFESSOR BEESLY, who will be remembered for the part he took in endeavouring to extenuate the atrocities of the Sheffield Unionists, has just come forward on behalf of some other heroes of the same school. These are the cabinet-makers who were sentenced the other day to a month's imprisonment for dogging and otherwise annoying their fellow-workmen who had refused to join in a strike. For this kind of coercive discipline—"grinding down recalcitrant elements" is the fine Comtist phrase for it—Professor BEESLY has, it appears, the highest admiration; and if it could only be generally introduced, we should no doubt see a good many social changes. He has published a letter in which he says he "should like to "be at the prison-doors when they"—the heroic cabinet-makers—"come out, to shake hands with them, and to "show in all the most public ways that I approve their "conduct and honour their constancy." He suggests, therefore, that some means should be taken "to make it "clear that these men were not criminals but martyrs"; and it has accordingly been arranged that on the Saturday afternoon when they are released from gaol they shall be met by a great concourse of admirers, that Professor BEESLY shall go through the ceremony of exchanging with them what is called the right hand of fellowship, and that then the whole body shall march off in the usual way, with bands and flags, to hold a meeting in Hyde Park in celebration of the glorious martyrdom. It is natural to ask what is the "noble constancy" and "noble firmness" which Professor BEESLY so much admires, and we have only to turn to the reports of the recent trial to find it fully explained.

The five cabinet-makers were tried last week at the Old Bailey for conspiring together to molest workmen in the employment of Messrs. JACKSON and GRAHAM, the upholsterers, with intent to coerce the employers to cease to employ the workmen, and to coerce the workmen with a view to induce them to leave their employment. It was stated by the prosecution that there was no desire for the severe punishment of the prisoners, and that all that was wanted was to settle the question whether this kind of molestation was lawful. It is obvious that the question was one, not between employers and workmen, but between workmen and workmen, and that it is in the interest of the latter that they should be protected against intimidation from any quarter in disposing of their labour. It seems that the employers in this instance had substituted payment for what is known as "piece-work in the lump" for payment by the hour, and that this gave great offence to the Cabinet-makers' Union, the leaders of which ordered a strike. The employers had apparently no difficulty in obtaining other workmen to fill the places of those who had struck; and the latter then endeavoured to frighten the new-comers away by placing

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pickets at the doors of the factory. It was not alleged that the pickets had attempted in any way to lay hands on the men at work, or had done more than remonstrate with them, and threaten to have them "blacked"—that is, marked as "black sheep," with whom Unionists would not work; and the question for the jury was whether this kind of molestation came within the meaning of "coercion" in the Act. It was shown that nine or ten men were engaged in the picketing, and that it was systematically carried on for about three months. During that time the pickets were constantly going up and down near the factory, watching the men at work, and sometimes speaking to them. One of the men thus beset said that nothing disagreeable was said or done by the pickets, and another thought it "rather "amusing than otherwise." But there seems to be no doubt that others were more sensitive, and found it extremely unpleasant to be watched in this way, even though there was nothing violent in the behaviour of the pickets, and that it had the effect of keeping workmen away from the factory who would otherwise have been glad of employment there. The Judge explained the law on the subject very clearly. There must, he said, be such molestation or obstruction as might subject a person to an indictment, such, for example, as following any one about persistently from place to place, or watching the house where he worked in an irritating way. It was for the prosecution to show that the watching and besetting were carried on in such a way as to operate to the extent of annoyance, apprehension, or loss; and, if the jury thought that this was made out, they must find a verdict against the prisoners. This was, in fact, the conclusion at which the jury arrived, and we should think that it is that which most people would form from reading or hearing the evidence. It is clear that the proceedings of the Unionists were intended to be, and had the effect of being, offensive to the men employed at the factory. Nine or ten men took it in turns to be always hanging about the place, asking the workmen to come away, and in some cases threatening them with the black mark if they remained; and there can be no doubt that, as a rule, the men who were subjected to this sort of treatment did not like it. Some of them might not be so distressed by it as others, but its general effect was to deter men from taking employment at this shop. As the Judge said, there are cases in which picketing may be perfectly lawful, and it is no doubt often difficult to say exactly at what point legitimate persuasion leaves off and coercion begins. But in this instance the persistency with which the besetting was kept up for several months, and the personal threats of "blacking" which were used by the pickets, sufficiently prove the temper and object with which the watch was kept; and we do not see how the jury could possibly have arrived at any other decision than that which they gave on the evidence before them.

It is necessary to observe that, although there is the greatest difference in form and degree of criminality between the outrages of the Sheffield saw-grinders and the behaviour of the London cabinet-makers, the spirit and the object of their acts were precisely the same in each case, and that they were both directed against the reasonable liberty of the citizen. Every employer has a right to carry on his business in his own way, with the help of such workmen as are willing to work for him; and it is not less important to the men than to employers that this principle should be firmly maintained. It has been clearly proved in this case that there are men who are quite ready to accept employment on the terms offered by Messrs. JACKSON and GRAHAM; and it would be monstrous and intolerable if other persons were to be allowed to prevent these men from earning a livelihood in their own way by systematic and persistent annoyance. It is perfectly true that in an indirect manner a great deal of coercion is practised among all classes of the community. Everybody likes everybody else to go the same way as himself; and there is always a disposition, when persuasion fails, to try the effect of some kind of punishment, such as sending a man to Coventry, withdrawing custom from his shop, and so on. It may be very hard that such things should be done, but, on the other hand, it is necessary that freedom of action should be respected as far as is consistent with public order. In the present instance the dissatisfied workmen had an undoubted right to quit their employment, and to say that they would not work with anybody who accepted the new terms; but then the other men had an equal right to accept the terms, and to be protected from interference in going to and from their work. It is not as if the Unionists had only once in a way urged the new comers to join the strike, or had sent circulars to them on the subject. The gravamen of the offence lay in the intentional and persistent annoyance, carried on daily and systematically for several months. Not long ago there was a great outcry among some of the Unionists in Scotland because a man at Dundee had been sent to prison for, as it was said, only just looking in at the window of a shop. It turned out, however, that this looking in at the window was kept up by relays of men, who took it in turns to stand before the shop of an obnoxious tailor, and "glower" at his workmen. It may be thought that the men who were stared at in this way can hardly have been much the worse for it; but still, if the practice was steadily persevered in for a length of time, it would become a serious nuisance. The Unionists sometimes contend that picketing is their only way of meeting the "black list" of employers. It should be observed, however, that a black list is perfectly allowable on either side as long as it is simply a resolution not to employ or to work with a particular workman or set of workmen. It becomes an offence only when it takes the form of an attempt to prevent other people from exercising a similar freedom of choice in regard to their employers or working associates. One of the counsel for the cabinet-makers remarked that it was good law to say that workmen might refuse to work for a certain number of hours or in company with A. B. C. or D.; but he forgot that what his client and the other prisoners were being tried for was not for refusing to work under conditions which, for any reason, they disliked, but for trying, by unjustifiable annoyances, to hinder other men from taking work on terms which contented them. Every one has a right to throw up work on his own account, but not to coerce others into doing so. It is probable that in this case the picketing was purposely reduced to its mildest form in the hope of keeping on the safe side of the law. It is easy to see, however, how intolerable an engine of oppression what is called "peaceful watching" might become if performed by an organized band and kept up for a length of time. It is perfectly clear that, if independent workmen were let alone, they would take their own course, and that picketing is kept up solely as a means of annoyance and coercion; and it is this which makes it an offence against social order. Apart altogether from the legal aspects of such conduct, it is certainly strange to find it commended as an example to others by any person of intelligence and education. It might be logically inferred from Professor BEESLY'S letter that he would like to see the coercive action of the Trade-Unions introduced into other spheres of life; but there is, of course, no serious reason to suppose that, in the event of any difference arising between himself and other persons in his own class or profession, he would be prepared to resort to the course of action which he so urgently recommends to ignorant working-men. There can be no doubt that, if this sort of annoyance were once legalized as a weapon in the hands of the Unionists, it would be apt to be applied to other purposes; and questions of politics as well as of wages might thus be brought under the influence of organized intimidation. It is impossible to be too jealous of any infringement of those principles of personal freedom upon which not only the good order, but the healthy progress, of society depends.

CLIMBING BOYS.

LORD SHAFTESBURY'S speech in moving the second reading of the Chimney Sweepers Bill amounted to nothing short of a grave, and to all appearance a well-grounded, indictment against the competence or the impartiality of magistrates. The extracts which he read from the Report of the Royal Commission on the Employment of Children, which was published in 1864, might very well have been taken from a similar Report made before it was made unlawful to send children up chimneys. One master sweep after another gave evidence of the cruelties still used in training children for a trade which most people had supposed to have been abolished. Ever since 1840 it has been illegal for sweeps to have apprentices under the age of sixteen, or to allow an apprentice under the age of twenty-one to go into a chimney. But more than twenty years after these things had been forbidden by Act of Parliament, the Royal

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Commissioners found that they were still commonly done. The master sweeps either defied or evaded the law by employing children of six or eight years old—six especially being described by them as a "nice trainable age." The training in question consisted mainly of the physical preparation necessary to make them good climbers. Indeed, except for this purpose, nothing is gained by taking them young. To work a sweeping-machine does not require a preliminary practice of ten years before a boy is formally apprenticed. But the process of climbing chimneys does require to be begun early. By the time that a boy can hit as hard as his master, it might be dangerous to rub his bleeding knees and elbows with scalding brine as a preliminary to sending him up another flue. At six years old the flesh is more capable of being hardened, and the master sweep can apply the brine without risk to himself. Occasionally, the Commissioners found, even all this training fails to harden boys sufficiently. No process has been discovered which will save a sweep from being burnt to death if his master has imprudently sent him to put out a fire in a chimney without first ascertaining that the air is cool enough for him to breathe. Nor will any amount of preparation protect a boy against the risk of contracting the fatal disease known as "sooty," or "chimney-sweep's" cancer. Lord SHAFTESBURY assures us that the eleven years which have passed away since the Commissioners made their Report have not worked any change in the employment of climbing boys, and, considering that the defects in the law have remained unremedied all that time, we have little difficulty in fully believing him.

The reason why this unlawful employment of children goes on with so little check is the reason by which most violations of law can be explained—the impunity extended to transgressors. In some towns, presumably towns where there are stipendiary magistrates, the practice of sending boys up chimneys has been abolished. In London Colonel HENDERSON says that the police have not been able to discover a single instance of boys being so employed. In Edinburgh the LORD PROVOST tells the same story. But in Liverpool the chimneys of the Town Hall itself have been swept by climbing boys, and swept with the knowledge of the Town Council. Perhaps the notoriety which Liverpool has obtained for brutal assaults has made it difficult for the authorities to take cognizance of any offences which stop short of murder. A municipality which allows men to be kicked to death in the open street, and refuses to take any special precautions against the recurrence of similar crimes, cannot be expected to be squeamish about the possible roasting to death of a chimney-sweep. It is fair to say, however, that the Liverpool Town Council does not stand alone in this latter respect. As regards toleration of murder by kicking, it can claim an unapproached pre-eminence, but as regards the lesser crime of manslaughter by burning, other equally respectable persons sail quite as near the wind. A large proportion of the public, says Lord SHAFTESBURY, quoting and adopting the language of the Royal Commissioners, either connive at or directly encourage the employment of climbing boys, and this feeling is shared "by "noblemen and magistrates." When the employer shuts his eyes to the fact that his chimney is swept by a boy instead of by a machine, and still more when he prefers to employ a sweep who brings a boy with him rather than a sweep who brings only a machine with him, it is not to be expected that the sweep should be mindful of the law. The risk of detection is very much lessened if the employer and the servants encourage him in breaking the law; and it is reduced to nothing if, as is sometimes the case, the police know that the authorities very much prefer that the law should not be put in force. This is the case in Liverpool, and also in Bath. The law is systematically broken in both towns because the police do not consider it part of their work to see that it is obeyed. Policemen are but men, and when they know that their superiors do not desire that they should do their duty, they will easily find means of leaving it undone. Even when, from oversight or design, it happens, as it will occasionally, that a master sweep gets prosecuted for breaking the law, he has still the magistrates to look to. Lord SHAFTESBURY told a story which deserves to be preserved, from the singular legal ingenuity displayed by the heroes of it. In a case which occurred near Nottingham it was proved that a sweep entered the house with a boy, and that a brush, not a machine, appeared out of the top of the chimney. The magistrates felt no doubt that the brush had been held in a human hand, or that the hand belonged to the boy who had entered the house with the sweep. To less carefully trained minds a conviction would have seemed inevitable. The law forbids a sweep to send any apprentice up a chimney who is under the age of twenty-one, and here a boy, evidently not more than ten years old, had been sent up. But these profound lawyers knew that in construing a penal statute it is impossible to be too strict, and they knew also that in determining questions of age the eyesight is above all things to be distrusted. The boy looked nine years old, but there was no evidence that he was not over twenty-one, and for lack of that evidence the sweep was acquitted. "It was mentioned in the justice-"room," says the witness who tells the story, "that the "presiding magistrate had in his own house flues that "would not admit the use of the machine, and that boys "were used instead." Unfortunately, even the Judges cannot be altogether acquitted of over-indulgence in this matter. Lord SHAFTESBURY mentions that in the present year, and also in the year 1873, sweeps have been tried for the manslaughter of boys who have died from climbing chimneys, and in each case the offender has only been sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Perhaps the most striking evidence of the indifference with which a professedly humane public regard the torture of climbing boys is supplied by the speech of Lord BEAUCHAMP. Speaking as the representative of the Government, he stated that he did not expect much from the Bill, and upon this point we are afraid that he is not unlikely to be right. Lord SHAFTESBURY simply proposes to allow no one to carry on the trade of a chimney-sweep without a licence, and though this is an improvement on the existing practice so far as it goes, it does not appear to us to go nearly far enough. Whether the change that is really needed is a change in the law or a provision for ensuring that the law is better carried out, is a matter on which the Government might not at the moment have had an opinion, but the least they should have instructed Lord BEAUCHAMP to say is that, as they did not consider Lord SHAFTESBURY'S Bill likely to answer its purpose, they would consider whether some amendments might not be introduced into it in Committee. As it was, Lord BEAUCHAMP was left to his own discretion, and a very singular use he contrived to make of it. It is really hard to say whether the compliment he paid to Lord SHAFTESBURY or the platitude in which the compliment was enshrined is most worthy of admiration. Much more, he thought, would be effected by Lord SHAFTESBURY'S speech than by registration or licences. This amazing statement shows a childlike faith alike in Lord SHAFTESBURY and in the power of Parliamentary oratory which could never have been expected from Lord BEAUCHAMP, and indeed it can only be attributed to a recent attendance on the ministrations of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY. To believe that any peer is able to put down the employment of climbing boys, without the aid of either police or magistrates, by merely raising his voice in the House of Lords, is to invest him with something very like miraculous power. If this is Lord BEAUCHAMP'S estimate of Lord SHAFTESBURY, we may look to see some interesting results from the peculiar form of hero-worship to which he has so unexpectedly become a convert. Meanwhile, when the Bill is in Committee it is to be hoped that, if the Government think it necessary to say anything on the subject, they will choose a mouthpiece who believes a little more in the efficacy of legislation and a little less in the efficacy of the legislator.

LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

IN noticing some time ago * a few instances of coincidences in literary expression, we remarked upon the difficulty of determining whether they were or were not accidental. Mr. Mill, as he says in his Autobiography, was annoyed by the reflection that there were only a limited number of tunes in the world; and it might be added that there are only a limited number of good things to be said. An epigram is a combination, it may be, of a dozen words. The whole number of existing words, and therefore the whole number of combinations of twelve words, is strictly finite. Hence, if any one should arrange from the dictionary all possible sets of phrases of a given length, he would discover every good thing that has ever been said within those limits; and most good things are comprised within very short limits indeed. The plan is quite at the service of anybody who likes to try it; we need only caution him that he must not only make his good sayings, but know when he has made them, which is sometimes the

* *Saturday Review*, February 14th, 1874.

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more difficult task of the two. Meanwhile, as such a process is theoretically possible, we should not be too sceptical as to the possibility of entirely independent writers sometimes hitting upon the same epigram or illustration. A curious illustration of the possibility is given in the notes to that most remarkable poem the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám. Nobody, it might be thought, had discovered more remote combinations of ideas than Donne, and one of his most farfetched conceits is given in the lines:—

If we be two, we two are so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but does if the other do.
And though thine in the centre sit,
Yet when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect if mine comes home.
Such thou must be to me, who must
Like the other foot obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I begun.

Donne must have felt tolerably certain that nobody ever hit upon that particular bit of quaintness; and yet Omar had written in Persian five centuries earlier:—"You and I are the image of a pair of compasses; though we have two heads" (*sc.* our *feet*) "we have one body; when we have fixed the centre for our circle, we bring our heads (feet) together at the end." Omar, as all readers of poetry ought to know, anticipated modern ideas in more ways than this; and perhaps we ought to be more interested when we find him expressing a thought which is common to all philosophers. When he says, in reference to human destiny:—

The ball no question makes of ayes and noes,
But right or left, as strikes the player, goes;
And He that tossed it down into the field,
He knows about it all, He knows, He knows!

we may be reminded of Webster's phrase, in the *Duchess of Malfi*, "We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and bandied which way please them." The Englishman and the Persian, the Christian and the Mahommedan, are impressed by a similar feeling of the impotence of man; but the metaphor is tolerably obvious, and illustrates the permanence of certain philosophical thoughts, not a coincidence of special idiosyncrasies.

There are indeed certain arguments which seem naturally to embody themselves in particular illustrations. Locke's illustrations of the Indian tortoise which supports the world, and of the prince who refused to believe in ice, are so happy that they become intolerably trite; and their very felicity suggests that they may have been hit upon independently. That would certainly be the case with Paley's celebrated watch argument. We call it Paley's, for he has made it his own by the clearness with which he works out the illustration; but it is to be found in many previous writers. Paley probably borrowed it from Tucker, to whom, as he frankly acknowledges, he owed many obligations of the kind; but Tucker was far from being the originator. We find it, for example, in Clarke and Bolingbroke, and done into queer verse by that dullest and most respectable of men, Sir R. Blackmore:—

In all the parts of Nature's spacious sphere
Of art ten thousand miracles appear;
And will you not the author's skill adore
Because you think he might discover more?
You own a watch the invention of the mind,
Though for a single motion 'tis designed,
As well as that which is with greater thought,
With various springs, for various motions wrought.

The same illustration is to be found before this in the earliest English deist, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in Hale's *Primitive Origination of Mankind*, and in Niewentyt's *Religious Philosopher*. It is more curious, however, to find that it even preceded the invention of watches. Cicero, *De Naturâ Deorum*, says:—"Quod si in Scythiam aut in Britanniam sphæram aliquis tulerit hanc, quam nuper noster effecit Posidonius, cujus singulæ conversiones idem efficiunt in sole et in lunâ et in quinque stellis errantibus, quod efficitur in cælo singulis diebus et noctibus: quis in illâ barbarie dubitet quin ea sphæra sit perfecta ratione?" It is obviously impossible to say how far any of these writers borrowed from their predecessors. It is not easy, indeed, in matters which have been for centuries the field of eager speculation, to hit upon an entirely new argument or illustration, and an inquiry into the genealogy of ideas would lead us into many difficult questions. One odd case may be mentioned. Bentham's moral philosophy is pretty well summed up in the sacred phrase about the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Who first struck it out? Bentham himself says that the principle occurred to him in reading Priestley's *Treatise on Government*; but the phrase is not to be found in that, nor, it is said, in any of Priestley's writings. Bentham's editor finds a very similar expression in Beccaria; but meanwhile it had been used by an earlier writer, whom, one might have thought, it would have been natural to consult in the first place. "The moral evil or vice," says Hutcheson in his *Inquiry*, "is as the degree of misery and number of the sufferers, so that that action is best which procures the *greatest happiness of the greatest number*." This, too, is no accidental phrase, but expresses the result of an elaborate piece of reasoning. We may give an instance of a more trifling kind where we are unable to say whether the coincidence is accidental or designed. Mr. Disraeli not long ago brought an accusation against Mr. Gladstone's Government of blundering and plundering. The jingle was generally supposed to be suggested by Lord Derby's previous witticism about meddling and muddling. Mr. Disraeli, however, might possibly have found it ready made. Coleridge, in his *Essays on his own times*, talks of an old naval Captain who said, in reference to some unmentioned Government, "call it blunderment or plunderment, or what you like, only not a Government!" Mr. Disraeli is skilful enough in his appropriations, and brilliant enough in his original capacity, to be capable either of inventing or adopting such a formula.

The question, of course, occurs most frequently in poetry. Some writers, such as Pope and Gray, whose style was highly polished, have naturally spared themselves labour by polishing the good things of other people. The impetuous Byron might pour out the thoughts of others, which had become lodged in a very retentive memory, without troubling himself to distinguish them from his own. His poetry is full of such coincidences. When he says, for example, in reference to Canning and the House of Commons,

The hounds will gather to their huntsman's hollo,
And where he leads the duteous pack will follow;

he was doubtless thinking of the often-quoted passage in Bolingbroke's letter to Sir W. Wyndham. Another phrase seems to imply a more distinct process of adoption. The lines

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain
Than thus remember thee!

are simply a translation of Shenstone's phrase in the epitaph on Miss Dolman:—"Heu! quanto minus esset cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!" The appropriation, indeed, seems to be avowed; but in many cases it was probably unconscious. Goldsmith, who belonged to the school of Pope in form, if not in sentiment, has made some appropriations which are more in Pope's method of deliberate acquisition. The familiar phrase

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,

comes from Young—"Man wants but little, nor that little long." It is said, however, that it was first printed between inverted commas. The apparently trifling change in the phrase just gives it the neatness which is required for ensuring it proverbial currency. It is possible that the same might be said of a theft for which Campbell was attacked by Hazlitt. The phrase

Like angels' visits, few and far between

is less logical, but slightly more euphonious than the verse in Blair's "Grave":—

Like angels' visits, short and far between.

The alliteration may have determined the greater success of the later form. Meanwhile, it is curious that an earlier and less familiar poet had approached very closely to the same expression. John Norris, the author of the *Ideal World*, says, in one of the poems printed in his "Miscellanies":—

How fading all the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone.
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

The thought was familiar to him; and he says elsewhere:—

Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,
So neither do they make long stay;
They do but visit, and away.

It is rather hard that Campbell and Blair should have got credit for a saying which he approached so nearly more than once. To return to Goldsmith, however, we may observe that we may trace him in other appropriations. The excellent song of "Madam Blaize," for example, is an adaptation; and so is the epitaph on poor Ned Purdon, the bookseller's hack,

Who led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

Swift has the same sentence about "poor G——":—

So little justice had he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

And one or both doubtless borrowed from a French epigram about the Sieur Étienne, of whom it is said:—

En ce monde, il eut tant de maux
Qu'on ne croit pas qu'il revienne.

We might perhaps trace another suggestion in the verses about lovely woman stooping to folly. Her only mode, we know, of bringing repentance to her lover is to die. Fielding gives to one of the chapters in *Tom Jones* the heading, "A receipt to gain the lost affections of a wife which hath never been known to fail in the most desperate cases"; and the receipt is the same as that recommended by Goldsmith—the death, that is, of one of the persons chiefly concerned. But another coincidence is more curious. The following simile in the *Deserted Village* has been described as "perhaps the sublimest in English poetry":—

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Gilbert Wakefield quotes a passage from Claudian as giving the original of this comparison, which, as a member of the Alpine Club would probably say, is more poetical than correct. There is, however, a closer parallel in a writer more likely to be familiar to Goldsmith. Bossuet says, in the funeral oration on Condé, that the Prince was "semblable à ces hautes montagnes dont la

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cime au-dessus des nues et des tempêtes trouve la sérénité dans sa hauteur, et ne perd aucun rayon de la lumière qui l'environne." Perhaps Bossuet was the intermediate step between Claudian and Goldsmith.

Another trifling appropriation of Goldsmith's seems to be an echo from Young:—

I only would repress them to secure,

says Goldsmith, in the *Traveller*, of the "blooms" of Freedom; and Young has in his *Night Thoughts*:—

I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.

Young had a talent for epigrammatic forms of language deserving comparison with Pope's, though he generally makes a copybook phrase (*e.g.* "Procrastination is the thief of time") where Pope coins a proverb. But his phrases are often pointed enough to impress the memory, and he has been frequently quoted or appropriated. Young says, for example:—

What ardently we wish, we soon believe;

and Cowper changes it into—

What ardently I wished, I long believed.

Another parallel, where Young was the plunderer and not the plundered, gives a more interesting thought. Sir T. Browne says, in the *Religio Medici*:—"In brief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God." Young has—

The course of nature is the art of God.

It is curious to compare these aphorisms with the converse statement of Burke—"Art is man's nature." The two views which make nature the divine art, or art human nature, are philosophically combined in the well-known passage from the *Winter's Tale*, where Shakspeare substantially explains that the distinction between art and nature is ultimately arbitrary. Together these passages might form a motto for Mr. Mill's essay *On Nature*, which works out Shakspeare's theory at length.

The name of Shakspeare suggests infinite echoes in later literature. We may recall a couple of tolerably familiar instances from the same scene which might suggest some minute criticism as to the relative merits of different forms of expression. "To be honest, as this world goes," says Hamlet, "is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

An honest wise man is a prince's mate,

says Fletcher, in the *Triumph of Love*; and elsewhere:—

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man.

Pope's version is better known:—

An honest man 's the noblest work of God.

We may add a phrase from Defoe:—"An honest man is the best title that can be given in the world." We leave it to examiners in English literature to decide which of these expressions is the best, and why. The other phrase follows Hamlet's remark that Denmark is a prison:—"There is nothing, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so; to me it is a prison." In Howell's letters we find him writing from his prison, "There is a wise saying in the country where you sojourn now; 'Ce n'est pas la place mais la pensée qui fait la prison.'" Everybody remembers Lovelace's version of the same truth:—

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

Shakspeare, we should say, gives the thought most accurately in both cases, though his phrases are perhaps not so calculated for proverbial use.

We will end with another coincidence from Howell's letters. He thus versifies a statement of St. Augustine:—

If I wert Thou, and Thou wert I,
I would resign the Deity;
Thou shouldst be God, I would be man—
Is't possible that love more can?

With which we may compare Mr. George Mac Donald:—

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde;
Have mercy on my soul, Lord God,
As I would do were I Lord God,
And ye were David Elginbrodde.

Perhaps it is the fittest mode of concluding an article upon borrowing, designed or accidental, to admit that we have been guided in some of the coincidences we have noticed by previous investigators; but there is an abundant field for further discovery.

COLCHESTER.

THAT one of the earliest seats of Roman power in Britain should to modern ears be mainly suggestive of oysters is really by no means inappropriate. The shell-fish, as the unscientific call it, was so favourite an article of Roman food that its remains are often set down among the signs of Roman occupation. Not, however, that Camalodunum or Colchester, inland as it stands, is in itself a seat of the oyster-fishery. But, if not the seat, it was long the head; the town had a jurisdiction over the neighbouring coasts, something like that exercised over other waters by London and Bristol. And no town in England has a longer history than that which was taken in one age by Boadicea and in another by Fairfax. That Camalodunum is Colchester there can be no reasonable doubt. Whatever be the origin of the Latin name, its likeness to so purely English a formation as Maldon is merely accidental. An attempt has, we believe, been made to move Camalodunum somewhere a long way to the West, on the strength of a passage of Tacitus, which does at first sight seem to connect the foundation of the colony with the revolt of the Silurians. But the reference must be, not specially to the Silurians, but to the general movement throughout Britain of which the exploits of Caractacus were only part. In the story of Boadicea Camalodunum appears, along with London and Verulam, among the chief Roman possessions in South-eastern Britain. No place can have so good a claim to that rank as a place where the walls of the Roman city are still standing, and where most of the later buildings are either actually quarried out of Roman materials or built in close imitation of them. The first site, the British site, of Camalodunum, has been placed, not where Colchester now stands, but at a little distance, at Lexden, a spot where fancy has certainly been busy at work, and has turned a large gravel-pit into the kitchen of old King Cole. However this may be, there seems no reason to doubt that the first Roman site, the site where the first colony of veterans dwelled in their unwalled town around the temple of the lately deified Claudius—Seneca had another name for the change in him—was the same site which was afterwards occupied by the walled city. The site, on a considerable height, as heights go in Essex, and faintly—very faintly—approaching the peninsular position of Shrewsbury and Besançon, was surely one which the eye of the Roman engineer would mark from the beginning. The oppression of the colonists brought on them their destruction, and the Temple of Claudius could defend his worshippers for two days only. Rebuilt doubtless, and well defended, Camalodunum became one of the chief seats of Roman dominion. As Caer Collun—in various spellings—it figures in the British lists, and the colony has been personified in the mythical Coel, famed as the father of the sainted Empress Helen, more famous as the hero of a popular rhyme. How the city passed into English hands we have no record; Henry of Huntingdon knew no ballad of its conquest to match the precious song of Anderida. But some ages later, in the great days of Edward the Unconquered, Colneceaster, Colchester, as we now find it called, was the seat of a gallant exploit. In 921, while the King—the Lady was dead—was fortifying so many points in other parts of England, a general movement, as it would seem, of the people of Essex, Kent, and Surrey, drove the Danes out of Colchester, and slew all that were in it, save some who escaped over the wall. After the Conquest, under the rule of Eudo, the son of Hubert of Rye—that Eudo who shared William's perilous ride as he escaped from Valognes, and who fills so great a place in the local history—the great abbey of St. John arose on the southern side of the town, followed after a few years by the growth of the priory of St. Botolph on the same side of the town, but closer under the walls. Contemporary with the abbey, the work most likely of the same founder, was the castle, the vastest, though by no means the most striking, of its class. In later history the annals of the abbey are ennobled by the fate of the last Abbot, who died, like mitred Whiting of Glastonbury, rather than betray his trust. And castle, abbey, town, and priory are all brought together in the last great event in the long history of the veteran colony. In the siege of 1648, the abbey, the possession of Sir Charles Lucas, the royalist—in 1648 one is tempted to say the rebel—defender of the town, became a post of the Parliamentary besiegers; the priory was brought to its present state of ruin by the besiegers' cannon, and the castle and its precinct were the scene of the death of Lucas and his companion. The disciple of Spelman must be puzzled whether to see in him a royalist martyr winning his crown, or a sacrilegious intruder falling under the curse of the founder of the abbey.

The main historic interest of Colchester is the abiding impress of its Roman origin. The chief lesson to be learnt by an examination of its remains is one which is taught by several Continental cities, but which Colchester brings out more strongly than any other place in England. This is the way in which certain forms of construction sometimes abide through all changes of architectural style, and of everything else. At Trier masonry of thoroughly Roman character is used at least up to the eleventh century; at Perigueux and some other of the cities of Southern Gaul it cannot be said to have ever gone out of use at all. So it is at Colchester; the masonry of the best preserved and most undoubted piece of the Roman wall is reproduced in its essential character in a neighbouring church tower of the fifteenth century. And between these two extremes lie a crowd of intermediate examples of the same law, among which the vast pile of the castle and the stately ruins of St. Botolph's Priory stand conspicuous. In going through the Colchester buildings we have to distinguish between three kinds of brickwork. There is, in the walls at least, real Roman brickwork left untouched in its place, parts of the defences which withstood the first East-Saxon attack. There are also, in many of the buildings, real Roman bricks which have been, as at St. Albans, used up again in new constructions. Lastly, it is quite plain that the art of brick-making either never died out or else came to life again on the old site, and that, at all events from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, bricks were made which more or less nearly imitated Roman models. The real Roman bricks can commonly be distinguished by the distinctive mortar cleaving to them, which is lacking in the others; besides this in the later work many bricks are intermingled of a size and thickness which we feel sure, so far from

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being Neronian, cannot even be Stilichonian. But if, on the one hand, careful examination shows a large part of the bricks of Colchester to be of a later date than might be thought at first sight, it also proves, what is of far greater importance, how long the old Roman tradition of building went on on the old Roman site.

First of all among the buildings of Colchester come the walls. It would be rash to commit oneself to the assertion that every part of their circuit is strictly of Roman date; but it is certainly all—allowing of course for patchings here and there—of Roman work, and a great part, on the west side especially, is, one cannot doubt, Roman in date. That all is so it would be most rash to affirm. To say nothing of any later patchings, Edward the Elder, after the recovery of the town, is recorded to have repaired the wall, and he doubtless repaired it in close imitation of Roman brickwork, as his son repaired the walls of Exeter in close imitation of Roman masonry of stone. The walls, in their present state, are sadly shorn of their ashlar; and, simply because Colchester is an inhabited town, they nowhere stand up with the majesty of the forsaken walls of Anderida. The wall of Colchester is recorded in the long account of the inhabitants and customs of the town preserved in the Great Survey. Outside of it there lay the common land of the burgesses. As almost everywhere in Britain, the gates, save one plain arch on the west side, have utterly perished. There is nothing to set even against the New Port of Lincoln, far less against the mighty gateways of Trier, Aosta, or even Nîmes. Still the walls of Camalodunum are among our most precious remains of their time. The circuit is very nearly perfect; in some places they stand free; everywhere they can be seen by going down courts and alleys. As so often happens in these Roman towns, the old line of defence no longer answers to the actually inhabited space. As at Chester, there are void spaces and gardens within the walls, while in other parts the town has spread itself far beyond them. Modern Colchester spreads itself away from its river over the ground to the south. This is doubtless partly owing to the foundation of the castle, the precinct of which takes up a large part of the northern side of the town. For at Colchester we must talk of sides; we cannot, as we commonly can in a Roman *chester*, talk of quarters. There is, now at least, no strongly marked cross at Colchester, such as there is at Gloucester, Chichester, and the city which is specially Chester. Here again the foundation of the castle, and the large space taken up by its precincts, may well have disturbed the ancient arrangement. The successive enlargements of the ecclesiastical precinct have, in the same way, caused modern York to keep but little of the lines of ancient Eboracum.

The castle of Colchester has been in different ways specially lucky and specially unlucky. It is specially lucky in being well preserved and cared for, and in having its preservation secured by a large part of it being put to the reasonable and appropriate purpose of a local museum and library. It is specially unlucky in the silly dreams of which it has been made the subject, and in the results which those dreams once had on the building itself. Being built in Colchester, the castle is built largely of bricks which are Roman in at least the wider sense. On the strength of this fact a local antiquary some years back fancied, like Mr. Hepworth Dixon the other day at the Tower of London, that the building was Roman in date, and believed that the Norman castle was actually itself, as it stood, the Temple of Claudius. Delusions of this kind might have been passed by without notice by the modern inquirer, were it not that some nonsense about "podium" and "adytum" is still written up in the castle itself. Moreover, at one of the corners of the castle, some former owner, possessed, it would seem, with the same craze, has carried up the turret into something which might really pass for a tomb by the Appian Way or on the road from Caserta to Capua. But no sane person can doubt as to the date of the fortress of Colchester any more than as to the date of the fortress of London, though we have not at Colchester such minute records as those which Mr. Dixon tramples under foot in the case of the Tower of Gundulf. It is a castle of the square Norman type, but covering a greater expanse of ground than Rochester, or even than London. It is therefore low in proportion to its height; no one would think of calling it a tower. Its vast rectangular mass is broken only by the apsidal projection for the chapel in the east wall, as in the later example at Kidwelly; in the Tower of London the apse is made in the thickness of the wall. The style is plain throughout, with all the original windows of the narrowest and simplest Norman type. The inside is divided into two courts, but a dead wall divides them. There is nothing at Colchester like the arcades of William of Corboil, nothing even like those plainer arcades of Gundulf which so strangely reproduce in miniature the vast pile of St. Sernin at Toulouse. Far vaster in mere bulk, the castle of Colchester has nothing to compare with the architectural detail of that of Rochester, any more than it can rival it in the general effect which the Kentish keep owes to its grand position. The Colne is not the Medway, and the castle of Colchester does not overhang even the Colne. It does not soar over the town, but simply stands within its walls. Low and spreading, standing on the same level as the rest of the town, it is simply the chief among the buildings of the town, while the tower of Rochester looks down, with a distinct personality of its own, on church and city alike. Between the castle and the town wall lies the castle green, where Lucas and Lisle paid, by perhaps a hard doom, the penalty of their broken faith. Stones mark, so it is said, the place both of the victims and of the firing party.

At Colchester, however, we must not be led away from our bricks even by thoughts of the great civil war. The castle is a study of the local use of Roman materials—the twofold sense of those words must never be forgotten. The bricks are used in various ways; a marked difference in their use may be seen in the upper and lower parts of the walls; but there is nothing to suggest any difference of date; all, we cannot reasonably doubt, is the work of Eudo. In the churches of all dates the bricks are largely used; but there are only two among them which call for any special notice. The first is Trinity Church, with a tower of distinctively Primitive type built chiefly out of the bricks. Its western doorway has a triangular head; the arch from the nave into the tower is St. Benet at Cambridge translated from stone into brick. But the midwall shafts, strange to say, are lacking; as if the mind of Colchester was so wholly set upon bricks that the art of turning a stone column was unknown there. The other and far greater and more famous piece of ecclesiastical brickwork is the ruined nave of the priory of St. Botolph. The eastern part of the church most likely perished at the Dissolution; and it is plain that the nave alone was both longer and higher than it is now. Its neighbour the mitred abbey was, to judge from surviving drawings, built after the same fashion; but that has utterly perished; a great gateway, of far later date, alone survives. As it is now, St. Botolph's comes next to St. Albans as an English example of ecclesiastical Romanesque in brickwork. One other piece of antiquity of the same date must be mentioned—a Romanesque house, called in the map by the strange name of "Hamos Saxon hall or curia," lying a little way out of the main street to the north. And, not many years back, Colchester is said to have had a treasure, common in Italy, but, one would think, unique in England, a town-hall or guild-hall of the same style. But of this the drawing of a single Romanesque doorway is the only monument.

TOUTS AND TURF CORRESPONDENTS.

A LETTER from a well-known and highly respectable trainer which appeared the other day in a sporting journal is very significant of the embarrassing conditions under which the racing of the day must be conducted. To his surprise the trainer came upon a paragraph in one of the racing papers intimating that one of his horses was indisposed. Now it was true enough that the animal had been slightly ailing, but it certainly had not occurred to Mr. Porter, the trainer in question, to publish the fact. Naturally he set to work to elucidate the mystery, and to find out which of the members of his establishment had taken the liberty of communicating with the press. It turned out on inquiry that a couple of his stable boys had been invited to spend an evening with the local Correspondent of a sporting journal, and that they had repaid their entertainer's kindly hospitality by helping him to intelligence for a sensational telegram. Whereupon Mr. Porter goes on to remark that this habit of pumping by touts and agents is being pushed to most intolerable lengths; that the blandishments and other seductions to which their virtue is exposed are too much for ordinary stable lads; and that he knows from his personal experience that this system of espionnage disgusts many gentlemen who might otherwise be inclined to devote themselves to racing. No doubt Mr. Porter knows what he is talking about. As one of the most trusted trainers of the late Sir Joseph Hawley, he may have heard that gentleman speak his mind very frankly as to many of the abuses which he would gladly have reformed had he only received the support of the Jockey Club. But the fact is that, were the "purification" of the Turf taken in hand to-morrow, we do not see that Mr. Porter would be relieved from the annoyances of which he very naturally complains. Even if all racing men were admitted by ballot into a close corporation where the qualifications for membership were ample means and unblemished honour, touting and tampering would go on as briskly as before, if they did not, as is probable, receive a fresh impulse. For the outside public would continue to make their bets, and, as it might be assumed in that case that all horses would be run "on the square," it would be the better worth while to be enlightened as to their condition and the results of their trials. And the lights of a crack stable cannot be hidden under a bushel. Unfortunately it is one of the first necessities of training that you must have long stretches of springy ground for the gallops, and these can only be found on commons and downs from which it is impossible to exclude the inquisitive public. The horses must be taken out for their exercise, and they cannot elude the eager eyes which are watching for them with more or less of knowledge. If the weather is clear, racing-glasses may be directed on their action from commanding points of view, while each thicket of gorse in the foreground may conceal its spy. The cough which, as is fancied, came out of a favourite's chest, the slight halt in his gait when he has knocked his leg in the loose box, may set the telegraph wires vibrating in all directions; and even if his coat looks a little rougher than the breeze might account for, the circumstance is promptly reported for the benefit of those interested. Of course on the eve of a great event the emulous vigilance of the touting gentry is redoubled, and the irritation of the trainer increases

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in proportion just when he is most painfully sensible of his responsibilities. To time a horse or to try him must be made a matter of subterfuge and strategy, and recourse must be had to all manner of vexatious expedients, which may often lead to deceptive conclusions. The trainer may have to rise in the darkness of the morning, announce his intention as a surprise, and order the horses out forthwith. Even then, for all he knows to the contrary, his stables have been picketed and his movements dogged. When he should be thinking of the trial and nothing else, his head is turning uneasily over his shoulder, and his eyes are wandering about, trying to penetrate the mist or detect enemies in the bushes. And, after all, may not the lads he has put up in the saddles be learning as much as himself, and can he trust them? For the class of assistants employed is even more likely to make secresy impossible than the open training-ground. You must have a number of watchful eyes in your employment, whose vigilance you can hardly evade, because it is the business of their owners to be everywhere, and their ambition to let nothing escape them. What they do not know they guess. They throw themselves into their calling with an assiduity which may often be remarked in the idlest and laziest of scapegraces when they happen to devote themselves to an interest in horseflesh. Stable lads and apprentices may be steady enough as far as the hours they keep and their habits of living go, for it is the interest of the master to look to their morals as well as to their nerves and bodily condition. But they are compelled to breathe, to say the least of it, a tainted moral atmosphere. In a sport whose noblest patrons consider it no insult to be complimented on running their horses straight; where scandals are every now and then cropping up among gentlemen who are rich and ought to be respectable; where the most generous construction is put on the common phrase of "a good thing," and where the cleverness of a "plant" goes far to condone its rascality, it is no wonder that sharp stable lads on their promotion should be ready to trade on the secrets of the stable.

In former days people of this class were comparatively exempt from temptation. There was no one who greatly cared to tamper with such very small fry. The serious betting which discounted the chances of a field was confined, as a rule, to the greater events, and to a limited ring of gentlemen and professionals. The horses that carried the money of their stables were placed in the charge of attendants who had the confidence of their employers. One or two recognized organs of the Turf managed their reporting from the training districts openly and above-board. There were touts no doubt, but, generally speaking, they were in the pay of private speculators, and were only sent down on special occasions. On these occasions the owners and their trainers might sometimes venture to rise in self-defence, assuming the responsibility of overriding the law with sneaks and scamps whom the law's representatives would regard with very little favour. We can remember, for example, when, on the morning of an important trial that had got wind in some way or other, two noblemen had the surrounding covers beaten out by way of preliminary. They picked up all the gentlemen they flushed, deposited them in vans, drove them away, and finally uncarted them at a safe distance. This incident took place not so very many years ago, but such high-handed expedients would be much less worth trying nowadays. For since then the fraternity of "Our Racing Correspondents" has amazingly increased with the journals that retain their honourable services. The old sporting weeklies still exist, and have to compete with some others of an equally high character; but besides these there is a number of cheap dailies which confine themselves strictly to the gossip of the Turf. They must fill their pages somehow, and they have to satisfy the hungry curiosity of the customers who are so ready with their pennies at the railway station of a morning. They are entered for a hot race for news with eager and unscrupulous rivals, and for news upon subjects in which their customers have a very deep personal interest. The City man, when he opens his *Times*, turns naturally in the first place to the money article, to note the fluctuations in the securities he holds, or in the commodities on which his trade profits are depending. As a rule, however, the City man may be said to be playing more or less upon velvet. He does not play for inordinately heavy stakes, and if he suffers a loss he can probably bear it. The purchasers of the cheap sporting papers are embarked in an infinitely more exciting line of business. Theirs is commonly wild speculation, and they are constantly occupied in trying to come to safe conclusions on the most shadowy and suspicious scraps of information. The odds are that, if their informants mislead them, they stand to lose all they have invested and a great deal more than they can comfortably afford. They are impecunious young officers, youths in offices, small tradesmen, struggling clerks, apprentices, and shop-boys. They know nothing in the world about the points or merits of any particular horse; as how should they? They are simply gambling upon abstractions on the strength of infallible prophecies and exceptional information from the training centres. Probably they blindly follow the lead of one favourite journal, which, on the whole, is about the wisest thing they can do; for if they attempt to reconcile the conflicting recommendations of many, they will only condemn themselves to much superfluous mental anxiety. At all events, the editor whom they single out for their guide knows more than they, and it is his interest to guess as shrewdly as possible. Although he writes of course with a serene affectation of infinite knowledge, he dare not ignore altogether the chapter of accidents, and facts would contradict him too flatly if he declared that each separate event could be made matter of mathematical calculation. But if he stood father confessor to every trainer in the kingdom, he could scarcely assume with more confidence that he supplies his clients with as good information as each trainer may be supposed to possess. With him, as with the trainer, the problem is to make those comprehensive comparisons which shall forecast results to a nicety. Here the services of his local Correspondents come in to give him a commanding advantage. He digests and combines in judicial articles the information he gathers from a variety of quarters; but he prints his numerous despatches just as he receives them, in order that his readers may have the satisfaction of verifying his summing-up for themselves. A sensational item is worth anything to him. Very frequently, although it may be absolutely false or more or less ingeniously invented, nothing may perhaps occur to demonstrate its falsehood. A horse may be supposed to get the better of a cough, or he may strain a sinew and steadily mend again; and even if circumstances should plainly falsify an announcement, one rumour follows so fast upon another that the earlier fictions are forgotten in favour of later ones.

What sort of people these Correspondents may be, and how they set about their tasks, we can only imagine. But, as we may safely assume that they have not the gift of an Asmodeus, that they have not the privilege of penetrating the tiles of the stables to observe everything that is going forward within, we can only conclude that they draw on their imaginations when they do not content themselves with commonplace news. When we read that such or such a horse went out for his gallops, and to all appearance never went better, so far we feel we may trust them. Not that the information is worth much, for it is rather the exception when horses fairly break down, and then the ill-news travels apace. When, however, the touts tell us anything more important we take for granted that, in the words of the note so often appended to startling telegrams from abroad, the news "wants confirmation." But if news of consequence should be ultimately confirmed, it may be assumed that it has been come by in an underhand or dishonest way. We can understand how, in their anxiety to justify their honourable appointment and prove themselves worthy of their modest pay, the touts must lay themselves out to tamper with more or less ingenuous youth. We can imagine the sporting gentleman drawing boldly on his credit with his employers in "standing" glasses of gin and water to a couple of odoriferous stable boys, that he may open their hearts and seduce them into babbling. We have no doubt that trainers and owners have every reason to object to this system; but so long as the million will insist on being, as a body, the most munificent patrons of the Turf, we fear that it is more likely to be developed than repressed.

THE FOREIGN LOANS COMMITTEE.

THE Foreign Loans Committee has now, it would appear, completed its inquiries, and even those who in the first instance may have had doubts as to the prudence of the experiment will probably admit that it has so far been justified by its results. By and by we shall of course have the Report of the Committee setting forth the conclusions at which it has arrived; but even if its labours were arrested at the present stage, it would still have rendered a service of the most useful kind by merely giving publicity to so much curious and instructive information on a subject of general interest. It may perhaps be thought that the Committee fell into a minor indiscretion in regard to the admission of an unattested letter as part of the evidence; but the irregularity has since been corrected by the writer of the letter coming forward as a witness, and, on the whole, the proceedings of the Committee have been conducted with caution and propriety. No one has been forced to give evidence against his will, nor have the witnesses who appeared been subjected to more than that gentle pressure which seemed to be required to make them explain their own meaning. There is no reason to suppose that the investigation has now been closed on account of any exhaustion of matter, but discretion has been shown in not prolonging it unnecessarily. A sufficient number of typical cases has been examined for the purpose of exhibiting the general character of the system, and though the Committee might have gone on taking evidence for weeks or months, this would only have added to the bulk of the Blue-book without throwing any new light on the subject under consideration. There is not much variety or invention in the management of financial operations, and the ordinary routine of syndicates, pocket-orders, and the employment of respectable agents to cover disreputable tricks is pretty closely followed in each case. The history of one great loan is very much the history of the rest, except as to the degree of recklessness with which the promoters may have operated, or the extent of the ruin which they may have spread. The general organization and processes of the business appear to be invariably of a stereotyped kind.

It cannot be said that the result of this inquiry has been to bring out much, or indeed anything, that is absolutely new. It was already known in a general way that a heavy toll was levied on any financial project passing through the City by a knot of speculators and brokers who played into each other's hands; but the mysterious inner circle of speculative finance has never before been so plainly and completely exposed to the public view. Everybody is now aware

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how syndicates are formed, what "put and call" means, and how the market is rigged in order that simple investors may be duped by fictitious quotations. Apart from the more serious aspects of the subject, the evidence taken by the Committee almost equals that of the Tichborne case as a study of human nature. We have glimpses of struggling clerks in back alleys of the City suddenly blossoming into wealth, dealing in millions with great capitalists, and bestowing a generous patronage on art and racehorses. On the other hand, nothing can be more touching in its way than the incident of the eminent capitalist, eager to tell all he knows, but painfully restrained by physicians and Queen's Counsel tugging at his coat-tails, and entreating him to be silent. The gallant sailor who is also a barrister and financial agent, and who goes forth to battle with a wily world armed only with a noble simplicity of mind; the enterprizing speculators who modestly suggest that, in addition to the command of the Stock Exchange at home, they should have a flotilla of gunboats placed at their disposal for service against foreign debtors, or it may be creditors; the mysterious go-between who has no profession in particular, but "takes an interest in any financial business he can," and who found the complicated accounts between the various persons concerned in the Honduras loans so trying that he succumbed to "nervous exhaustion, went to Germany, and read no newspapers"; and, above all, that unfortunate person who has 93,000*l.* of other people's money in his possession which he has been for years most anxious to surrender, only he has never been able to determine who ought to have it—all help to make up a very animated and amusing group of characters, such as would make the fortune of half-a-dozen novels. The main interest of the inquiry, however, naturally centres in the illustrations which it offers of the general course of financial operations; and it is fortunately possible to deal with this side of the subject without touching upon any personal questions of a delicate nature.

"We cannot protect the public; business is business"—this is pretty much the first and the last word of the evidence as to the relations of the Stock Exchange to various disreputable kinds of financial business; and it is spoken by Mr. de Zoete, the Chairman of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, who, it may be supposed, ought to know. When Mr. de Zoete was first examined, he was asked whether, if one broker were authorized by the contractors of a loan to sell at 1¾ premium and another to buy at the same, and if these transactions were published under the authority of the Stock Exchange as genuine dealings, that would be considered a healthy state of things, and he replied that he could not say it would be. Again, he was asked what his Committee would do if they knew that there was an agreement that the contractors of a loan were to take back nineteen-twentieths and sell it at 12 per cent. less than the issue price to a person who would then sell it at a premium, perhaps through members of the Stock Exchange; and he replied that he could hardly imagine such a case, but "possibly" the Committee would not grant a settlement. The subsequent confessions of other witnesses show very clearly that such practices have not only been quite common, but that the Stock Exchange has given them every encouragement; and at the close of the investigation, and in the face of all the disclosures which have been made, Mr. de Zoete comes forward to declare that "business is business"—in other words, that the Stock Exchange exists solely for the purpose of enabling its members to make a good living, no matter what may be the character of the transactions to which they lend their countenance and protection. What sort of business the Stock Exchange is in the habit of doing will be gathered from various instances which were brought before the Committee. It is well known that the power of the Stock Exchange in a great measure depends on the authority which it has assumed to refuse a quotation to any stock except on certain conditions which it has laid down. One of its rules is that an application for a special settling day for bargains in foreign loans must be accompanied by a certificate from the contractors or agents stating the amount allotted to the public, and that the loan has been publicly negotiated by tender, contracts, and otherwise. This is, it must be remembered, not a rule which has been imposed on the Committee of the Stock Exchange from the outside. It was framed by itself in the days when it still believed itself to be the guardian of public honesty, and the necessity for such a rule is sufficiently obvious. The object is, of course, to provide some security that the goods which are brought into the market shall be genuine and substantial goods, and not mere fictitious values; and the Stock Exchange cannot complain that its conduct should be tested by its own regulations. Now it is perfectly clear from the inquiries of the Select Committee that this regulation is practically a dead letter, and that it constantly happens that quotations are granted to loans which have not been taken up by the public, but are still under the hatching care of a private syndicate. In the various cases which were investigated by the Committee, the course of action was almost uniformly the same. A foreign Government arranges with a contractor for a loan to a certain amount; the contractor comes to terms with a number of capitalists, who advance the money necessary for preliminary operations; and a loan is then publicly brought out for a very much larger amount than that which is to go to the Government in whose name it is raised. The next step is to make the bonds "marketable," that is to say, to force them up to fictitious premiums by means of sham dealings. The syndicate places a large amount of bonds at the disposal of various brokers, some of whom are authorized to sell and others to buy. The effect of such transactions is of course precisely the same as when a man passes a piece of money from one hand to another. When buyer and seller are thus acting in collusion, it is easy to establish any nominal prices that may be agreed upon; and simple people outside the ring who do not know the sort of game which is being played are led to fancy that these are the real prices of the market, and an honest measure of the value of the bonds.

The whole affair is of course obviously a fraud, and it is impossible to imagine a more forcible illustration of the evil influences of the system under which it is practised than the readiness of men of reputation and position to come forward and justify it. In regard to the Costa Rica loans, Mr. Kirkman Hodgson asked Mr. Fleming, of Robinson, Fleming, and Co., "If you sell 5,000 bales of jute, and your partner buys 3,500 in, is that a sale of 5,000 or 1,500?" The witness at first said it was a sale of 5,000 bales, but after some hesitation, he was obliged to admit that it was really a sale of only 1,500 bales; but he denied that there was any analogy between such a transaction and buying back on 'Change. It must be evident, however, to any reasonable person, that the two cases are strictly parallel, and Mr. Hodgson showed this very clearly. "The Government of Paraguay," he said, "issues a loan, and at the same time secretly gives orders to its agents to buy back; they do buy back three-quarters, and then declare to the public that the whole of the loan has been allotted, whereas 75 per cent. has been returned." Baron Erlanger, who argued that these fictitious purchases were "very real," when asked whether people would have applied if they had thought that the loan had gone back into the hands of the persons issuing it to such an extent as it had done, replied that "it was very material to the public that a certain amount should be placed, and whether it was placed in the hands of Peter or Paul was perfectly immaterial." "There are plenty," he added, "who go in because they see a premium." In this view of the case the fact is ignored that the placing is not a solid transaction, but a pretence, and that the premium is simply a lie, deliberately concocted in order to defraud the public. Mr. Albert Grant also ventured upon some rather remarkable statements on this point. He actually went so far as to say that he could not see how a man holding a Government bond of 500*l.* was worse off because the Government raised only 562,000*l.* instead of 2,000,000*l.*; but he was forced to admit that when a railway had to be made, it was desirable that there should be sufficient funds for the purpose; and also that when a man bought a bond part of its value was dependent on the means and credit of the borrowing Government, and that the fact that the Government was secretly paying a high price to the agents depreciated its credit. But then he tried to qualify this admission by saying that it was only experts who could understand these things, and that the miscellaneous public looked only at the prospectus. This, however, would seem to be the more reason why the prospectus should tell the truth, in order that the public may know the real conditions of the bargains in which it is invited to take part. He also remarked that borrowing was generally a private transaction; but it is obviously absurd to call a public loan, based on a published prospectus, a private affair. All that is asked is that the prospectus should honestly state the circumstances of the case.

Mr. Cazenove was pushed up even more helplessly into a corner. He was asked why the rule that all contracts of promoters of Joint-Stock Companies should be disclosed in the prospectus should not be applied to foreign loans, and all he could say was that it would affect a mercantile house materially to have its contracts published, and that foreign Governments might not like it. He took the case of a Government arranging with a leading house to whom they already owed 3,000,000*l.*, and asked, "Why should the public know that the Government had been owing the house that money for, say, a year?"—that is to say, why should the public which is asked to lend money be allowed to know the true financial position of the borrower? We should imagine that it is only people like Mr. Cazenove who are capable of asking such a question, or requiring an answer. He afterwards acknowledged that, if it was known that a Government which offered bonds to the public at 80 was selling them to other persons at 64, and none "taken firm," nobody would subscribe. And then he fell back on what is, in fact, the only argument of the Stock Exchange—to impose any restrictions would be to drive away "good business." Mr. Cazenove should have remembered that, as in the fable of the boys and the frogs, what is fun on one side is ruin on the other. He also went on with characteristic logic to predict that the revenue of the country would suffer under the head of profits made from trade, if any check were placed upon Stock Exchange transactions, just as if the money would not equally yield trade profits in other hands.

Mr. Lowe has summed up very pithily and distinctly the general result of this inquiry in the question, "Does not the evidence come to this, that there are a number of persons who wish to borrow, and some who wish to lend, and that there are other persons who stand between and hinder?" And this Mr. Cazenove could not deny. "Well, then," said the Chairman, "would not bringing the lender and the borrower into direct communication be an improvement, so that, even without the intervention of a broker, a man might come and get scrip?" In point of fact, this is sometimes done already; and there can be no doubt that the possibility of providing for a general extension of this principle is the practical issue which has now to be decided.

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ADMIRAL SHERARD OSBORN.

THE life of Rear-Admiral Sherard Osborn comprised nearly all the professional experience that it was possible in these quiet times to attain. He made two voyages to the Arctic Seas, he served actively and with great distinction in the Black Sea during the Russian war, and he performed a particularly valuable service in China in 1857. He had thus proved his energy and fertility of resource under a great variety of circumstances, and he was naturally regarded as capable of high command, in case our navy should be called upon to take part in a European war. So long as officers of his type are plentiful in our service, we need not greatly fear the effect of changes in the art of war, provided that we maintain an adequate fleet of ships of the most approved construction. We may be sure that, with anything like equality of material force, the invention and audacity of British seamen will assert their old superiority over all European rivals. But still it must be remembered that we have not, and cannot have, anything like that reserve of naval strength which we possessed when our navy maintained unshaken supremacy at sea, and this fact renders all comparisons between the present and the past deceptive. Our ships, as far as they go, are at least as good as the ships of any other Power. We have, it may be hoped, many officers to command them as Sherard Osborn would have done. But in a great war the demands on our navy would be heavier and more various than they have ever been before, and we have not anything like the number of ships to meet those demands that we used to have.

Sherard Osborn entered the navy in 1837, and had opportunities of gaining much valuable experience in the next twelve years. In 1845 public attention began to be powerfully attracted towards the Arctic seas. Enterprising servants of the Hudson's Bay Company had explored in a series of journeys the mainland from Behring's Straits eastwards to the Great Fish or Back's River, and had ascertained that there was a line of coast washed by sea. Here, then, was the long-desired passage northward of America discovered as far as Back's River, and all that was wanted to complete it was the establishment of a communication between that point and Barrow's Strait or Melville Sound, which had been traversed by Parry in his first voyage, coming from the East. It seemed but a short link that was wanting to complete the chain, and the Admiralty was persuaded to send out one more expedition under Sir John Franklin, whose disaster was the cause of several other expeditions, which afforded to young officers opportunities of acquiring experience of the highest value. In May 1845 Sir John Franklin sailed from the Thames for Baffin's Bay, whence he confidently hoped to make his way to Behring's Straits. No news had come from him in 1848; alarm was felt, and energetic steps were taken for his relief. One expedition under Captain Kellett was sent up the Pacific to Behring's Straits to work eastward in the hope of meeting Franklin. Another under Sir James Ross was sent up Baffin's Bay to follow as nearly as might be in Franklin's track. Both these expeditions failed. Grave apprehensions began to prevail, and as the honour of the naval service was concerned to rescue comrades who, if alive, must be exposed to fearful hardship, the Admiralty was inundated with proposals from officers to search the Arctic seas. Among the plans submitted to the Admiralty was one by Lieutenant Sherard Osborn, who mentioned "Felix Harbour, the Great Fish River, and Simpson's Strait," as places where it was likely that the missing travellers might be found. In January 1850 Captain Collinson, in the *Enterprise*, and Commander M'Clure, in the *Investigator*, sailed for Behring's Straits, intending to work thence to the eastward. The *Investigator* made her way from the west to within thirty miles of water which Parry had reached from the east, and Commander M'Clure explored by land, and satisfied himself that a channel existed to complete the passage, although it was then blocked by ice. The *Investigator* lay in Prince of Wales's Strait, and communication thence with Melville Sound, which Parry had reached from Baffin's Bay, was only barred by ice. Thus the North-Western Passage was discovered. The summer of 1851 did not release the ship. She only shifted her position to the Bay of Mercy, where she passed her second winter. In the spring of 1852 Commander M'Clure with a sledging party crossed the ice to Melville Island, which had been Parry's winter quarters, and there found a notice left by Captain Austin, the leader of another expedition which had been sent out in the preceding year, and in which Sherard Osborn served. The *Investigator* passed a second winter in the Bay of Mercy, and in 1853 relief came from another and larger expedition sent out from England. Hope of saving Franklin had now been almost abandoned, and serious alarm was felt for Collinson and M'Clure. It was determined, therefore, in 1852, to send four ships under Sir Edward Belcher, which on their arrival in the Arctic seas were to divide themselves so as to search in both north and west at the same time. Two of these ships under Captain Kellett, searching to the westward, discovered the *Investigator* and rescued her crew, but left the ship fixed immovably in the ice. The other two ships commanded by Sir Edward Belcher, and having among the officers on board of them Lieutenant Sherard Osborn, penetrated towards the north and north-west, and wintered to the north of Bathurst Land. Next spring Sir Edward Belcher sent out travelling parties under Commander Richards, Lieutenant Sherard Osborn, and other officers, who traversed a great extent of land, much of which was previously unsurveyed, but failed to find any traces or gather any intelligence of Franklin and his ships. But little progress was made this summer by the ships. They were compelled again to winter in the ice, and next year Sir Edward Belcher determined to abandon not only the ships under his immediate command, but also those under the command of Captain Kellett. Accordingly he concentrated the crews of all the ships at a point to which other ships had been sent from England, and embarked them there and brought them home. Meanwhile Captain Collinson, in the *Enterprise*, from which the *Investigator* had parted company, had entered Behring's Straits, made an independent discovery of the North-Western passage, but, being blocked by ice nearly in the same region as the *Investigator*, turned back to the westward, emerged from Behring's Straits, and returned to England. After the return of all these expeditions news was obtained from Esquimaux that a large party of white men had died of starvation on the banks of the Great Fish River. Hereupon Lady Franklin sent out a steamer-yacht commanded by Captain M'Clintock, and a sledging party sent out by him, directing its course towards Cape Felix, found tents, blankets, clothes, and other relics, and, further on, a cairn, in which was a tin case containing a paper with a brief narrative of the doings and sufferings of Franklin and his crews, coming down to the day on which the survivors started from that spot on their last journey to the Great Fish River. It will be remembered that Sherard Osborn, in his plan submitted to the Admiralty, had named Felix Harbour and the Great Fish River as places where Franklin's crews were likely to be found. Remarkable evidence was thus afforded of his professional skill and insight.

The practical training of two Arctic voyages prepared Sherard Osborn for service of another kind which followed. Within a few months after his return to England he was appointed commander of the steam-sloop *Vesuvius*, and attached to the fleet employed in the Crimean war. A good idea of the sort of work he had to do may be gained from a passage of one of Captain Marryatt's novels which describes a fight between the boats of an English frigate and some horse artillery belonging to the army corps of Marshal Davoust, who held command at Hamburg. In the spring of 1855 Commander Osborn was placed in command of a squadron of steamers employed in the blockade of Kertch. Shortly afterwards he took part in the capture of that place, where vast stores collected for the Russian army in Sebastopol were destroyed. A light squadron was now employed on similar service in the Sea of Azov. It was commanded by Captain Lyons, and on that officer's lamented death Commander Osborn succeeded him. At almost every available point on the sides of that inland sea were collected enormous magazines of every kind of provisions which could be supplied either by the waters in front or by the fertile plains in the rear. Hay, corn, and salted fish were there accumulated in vast quantities; while excellent roads ran round the coast by which these stores were almost daily conveyed to the Crimea. Commander Osborn traversed this little sea with astonishing celerity, performing every kind of service, burning stores, shelling batteries, measuring the speed and power of his little vessels with troops of Cossack cavalry, and coasting along and driving them with his long-range guns from point to point, till he convinced them that they could neither preserve the stores entrusted to them nor protect themselves from severe loss. At Gheisk, corn and hay were stacked for full four miles along the coast, and nearer the town were piles of timber, cured fish, naval stores, and boats. A considerable force of infantry and cavalry was collected for the protection of this town. Captain Osborn (he had been promoted to post rank during this campaign) anchored his gunboats as close to the shore as he could, landed his seamen and marines in four divisions at intervals of a mile, and directed them to advance simultaneously upon the enemy's defences. The Russians fought resolutely, keeping up a steady fire of musketry till our men closed with them; but fortunately the wind blew in shore, and carried the smoke of our guns, and of the burning stores also, when they began to take fire, into the eyes of the enemy, hindering them from seeing our proceedings. The whole of the vast magazines were utterly destroyed. With the approach of winter, Captain Osborn withdrew his squadron from the Sea of Azov, expecting next year to return and perform even more destructive operations. But before that time the war was over. The prostration of the Russian armies in the Crimea, which convinced the Czar of the impossibility of maintaining the contest, was due in no small degree to the destruction of all their sources of supply in the Sea of Azov.

In the spring of 1857, on news of a rupture with China, Captain Osborn was appointed to the *Furious*, and directed to escort a squadron of gunboats to Hong Kong. He performed this difficult service without disaster; the gunboats changed the character of the war, and in all the successful operations which followed Captain Osborn took a prominent part. After the treaty of Tientsin was made, Lord Elgin resolved to ascend the river Yang-tse-kiang, ostensibly to judge what ports on its banks he should require to be opened to our trade, but having also in view the diffusion of a belief in our irresistible power which the sight of a British squadron in those waters could not fail to produce. The Admiral employed on this service Captain Barker of the *Retribution*, who had under his command the *Furious* and other vessels. The squadron ascended above Nankin; but the *Retribution* was too deep in the water to proceed further, so the other ships, under Captain Osborn in the *Furious*, went on without her. The

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intricacy of the navigation increased daily; but all difficulties yielded to Osborn's persevering resolution and seamanlike skill. Commander Ward, too, surveyed the channel with great diligence and accuracy; and, piloted by him, the squadron reached Hankow, six hundred miles above Nankin, in safety. The descent of the river was equally well managed, and the voyage produced on the Chinese the impression desired by Lord Elgin.

After this service Captain Osborn's health failed, and he came home. In 1864 he was appointed to the *Royal Sovereign*, a vessel adapted to test the new system of turrets proposed by Captain Cowper Coles. Captain Osborn reported that 12-ton guns had been used successfully at sea, and otherwise showed the excellence of the turret system, but the ship was soon afterwards paid off. In 1871 he was appointed to command the *Hercules*, one of the finest of our cruising ironclads, but he was obliged to ask to be relieved before the term of his command expired. In 1873 he became rear-admiral.

His sudden death ends a remarkable career. He seems to have had all the qualities which in former ages made distinguished admirals, and especially an open mind receptive of all the new ideas of an age which has made perpetual changes in shipbuilding and gunnery. While we lament the loss of this valuable officer, we derive comfort from this review of his career, because it shows that the old skill and spirit of our navy lived in him and, we believe, in many others, his comrades in the exploits which made him famous.

THE LOSS OF THE *SCHILLER*.

IT is difficult to say anything new on such an event as the loss of the *Schiller*. The demand for quick passages causes risks to be incurred which every now and then turn out disastrously. Repeated warnings have been given during the last few years, and they remain unheeded. The story of the present calamity is simple in the extreme. During the three days preceding it the weather was so thick that no observations could be taken. On the night of Friday week the fog suddenly increased, and in fifteen minutes it was impossible to see the length of the steamer. Sails were at once taken in, the engines were reduced to half-speed, and the number of men on the look-out was increased. This account of what was done and left undone is derived from the officers of the ship, who may be supposed to consider it satisfactory. Whether it ought to be so considered will perhaps appear by reference to our own experience of fogs on land. London in winter is sometimes wrapped in fog so dense, that a coachman cannot see the length of his own carriage and horses in front of him, and perhaps at the same time the suburbs, or some of them, may be tolerably clear. Suppose that a coachman driving into town at the rate of ten miles an hour comes suddenly into dense fog, and thereupon opens his eyes as wide as he can, and reduces his speed to five miles an hour. If a collision occurred, that coachman would not be absolved from blame. It would be said that he ought to have stopped or turned back, or at least to have proceeded at a walk, and employed a person to walk at his horses' heads with a light. The only difference between this case and that of a steamship is that in the former a carriage and horses and two or three persons are in peril, whereas in the latter a fine new iron ship, a valuable cargo, and 355 lives are staked upon a hazardous experiment. When the matter is thus looked at, it seems almost incredible that so great danger should be incurred for so inadequate an object. In the case of the carriage, we should feel that it was hard to lose our dinner-party or theatre, but still better that than broken bones. But in the case of the steamer the paramount object is to keep time at Plymouth, and everything is made subservient to that. It is known throughout the vessel that the Scilly Isles are near, and the officers at any rate must know that a ship, and particularly an iron ship, among the granite rocks of Scilly would fare like a China bowl travelling by rail in company with saucepans. At great risk and cost a lighthouse has been established and maintained upon one of these rocks, and it is said that on a clear night the light of it may be seen sixteen miles. It is also said that on the night of Friday week this light could not be seen half a mile. It would seem that under such circumstances navigation ought to be conducted as it was when there were no lighthouses, and if captains of steamships would only adopt this principle, such shipwrecks as this of the *Schiller* would be avoided. If you cannot see where you are going, you should lie-to till you can; and if you cannot get into port to-morrow, you must wait till next day or next week; and you should think this better than not getting into port at all. Of course if it were the case of a man-of-war on urgent service more risk may be incurred; but then it may be minimized by the use of precautions which centuries have made familiar. But this is only a commercial steamer with a character for punctuality to maintain. It is believed that the Scilly Isles are so near that the light ought under ordinary circumstances to be visible. It is known that dead-reckoning is liable to error, and that there is often a current near those isles which cannot be exactly estimated. These are the dangers on the left hand, while on the right hand there is unlimited sea-room. The vessel is under perfect command, and an alteration of her course would make her safe; but then she may be delayed in reaching Plymouth, and her approach will not be signalled from Scilly according to custom. So she proceeded until the increase of fog caused alarm. Her engines were now reduced to half-speed, her course was altered, and the number of look-out men, who could not see the ship's length, was increased. Almost immediately afterwards the ship struck heavily on the Retarrier ledge, it being about 10 o'clock at night. It seems that the right thing was done, but done too late. The ship was known to be approaching a cluster of rocks and islands covering fifty or sixty square miles, and as likely to catch her as a net behind wicket is to stop a cricket-ball. Her course had been S.E. by E. ¼ E., and according to the evidence taken by the Receiver of Wreck, it was altered at 9·30 P.M., only half an hour before she struck, to SS.W. Her new course would make an angle little less than a right angle with her former course. The object of this change of course must have been to give a wide berth to the Scilly Isles, but unfortunately the course for making a quick passage had been held too long. There was ample sea-room in the south-west, if only the ship's head had been turned to it rather earlier. It is remarkable that this change of course was not mentioned in the first accounts published of the wreck. It is a fact of great significance, and it can hardly be doubted that the right thing was done, but done too late.

It has, however, been reasonably asked why, if commercial steamers will run these risks, they do not adopt precautions which are traditional in men-of-war. We hear nothing about the use of either the "deep sea lead" or the "hand lead" on board the *Schiller*. Yet the use of both under uncertainty or difficulty has been the means of safety to our cruisers from early times. We will take the first instance which occurs, which is that of Commodore Anson in 1741, feeling his way from Brazil round Cape Horn to assail the Spaniards in the Pacific. The historian of his voyage tells us that when they had passed the latitude of the river Plate, they had soundings all along the coast of Patagonia, "these soundings, when well ascertained, being of great use in determining the position of the ship." They noted the depth and also the nature of the bottom, which is exactly what it is said should have been done on board the *Schiller*. The only difference was that Anson did this more for the benefit of others than of himself. But still his conduct shows that the practice of taking soundings was familiar in the Royal navy a hundred and thirty years ago. The very next page of the same narrative shows how careful seamen managed in a fog. They had so thick a fog that it was impossible to see two ship's lengths, and the whole squadron disappeared. On this a signal was made, by firing guns, to bring to with the larboard tacks. "We ourselves immediately handed the topsails, bunted the mainsail, and lay to under a reefed mizen till noon, when the fog dispersed." The ship thus managed sailed into the Pacific, harried the Spaniards, made a valuable prize, and got safe home; but if she had preferred haste to speed, she would have been lost long before reaching the scene of her destined service. We have accumulated enormous stores of knowledge since that time; but we are too much in a hurry to make use of our knowledge. Hold your course and run the chance is the rule on which ocean steamers are now navigated. The sea round the Scilly Isles is as well known as any sea can be. The depths and nature of bottom are no doubt marked on charts, and it is open to any captain who has the requisite apparatus to do what Anson did off the coast of Patagonia. If he did this he would find out his position, at least well enough to show him what course not to steer. An island does not, except very rarely, jump up sheer out of profoundly deep water, and besides the Scilly Isles are many and widely spread. Soundings carefully taken might be expected to indicate a ship's approach to these islands, and, indeed, we are told by Professor Thomson in the *Times* that the fifty-fathom line of soundings is four miles distant from the Retarrier ledge, while a naval officer states that soundings of eight or ten fathoms might have been got shortly before the ship struck. We await further information as to what was done or not done on board the *Schiller*. The Captain did his duty diligently, and died courageously, but there seems to have been something wanting, not in him, but in the system which he worked. If commercial steamers will run risks only proper for men-of-war, they should take similar precautions, and this, it appears, they do not do.

It avails not to follow the miserable narrative of what happened after the ship struck. There was the usual terror and confusion, more than half the boats were destroyed or rendered useless, and only two, or at most three, got away from the ship. The passengers and crew mostly took refuge in the pavilion or the masts. Unhappily it was near low water when the ship struck, and as the tide rose it gradually drowned those whom the upper works for a time preserved. An iron ship breaks up rapidly among rocks, and when she sinks there is almost nothing floating to which a man may cling. Even the masts, being of iron, disappeared as soon as they fell over the side. It may, however, be justly answered that ships are built to cross the ocean, and not to be dashed against saw-like granite rocks. The ship was well supplied with life-belts, and some of the survivors owed their lives to them. The only effect of the guns fired was that the signalman on shore supposed that the *Schiller* was passing all right, and telegraphed accordingly. When help came it was too late to save more than a few men, who still kept themselves afloat. Out of 355 passengers and crew only 43 were saved. The women, all but one, perished. It may be said, perhaps, that a better system of signalling from the ship, or a better look-out on shore, would have brought help sooner, and saved many lives. It may be said also that some system should be adopted to prevent the ruinous confusion which arose on board after the ship struck. Certainly, if ships are to be managed

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on the principle of saving time at any risk, passengers should be instructed how to behave in case of shipwreck. With all the Atlantic behind and around her, this ship went and knocked her head against the rocks of Scilly. Germans are not generally in a hurry, and it may be hoped that they will take measures to have their Atlantic trade more prudently conducted.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

WE do not quite agree with those who pronounce the picture of the year to be Mr. Long's "Babylonian Marriage Market" (482). Yet no composition has proved so popular, save Miss Thompson's battle-piece. The artist is particularly fortunate in his subject. Herodotus records a custom among the ancient Assyrians which he declares to be the wisest he ever heard of, whereby husbands were found at public auction, not only for the youngest and most beautiful women, but also for the oldest and the ugliest. The arrangement, which commends itself alike for its ingenuity and simplicity, was that the high prices paid by the rich for the fair should be transferred as a dowry to the ill-favoured ones, and thus it is said "the rich man's taste was the poor man's gain." The picture opens with a foreground whereon are ranged in a row the aspirants for matrimony at any price; the scene is supposed to be laid at Babylon, but we have observed similar specimens of humanity at Thebes and Cairo imported from Nubia; indeed, anthropologists have a right to object that the races do not belong so much to the Tigris and Euphrates as to the banks of the Nile, while the girl standing for view on the auction platform has the fairness of a Circassian; but perhaps this, in common with other markets, was supplied by the importation of exotics from afar. It may be further objected that the painter seems to have taken his art and gathered his materials from experiences in Spain, and possibly also in Morocco or Algiers, rather than from such historic monuments as the Nineveh marbles now in the British Museum; in short, his motives are modern; the picture might have been painted by some Murillo of the nineteenth century. But after making every deduction for errors almost inevitable, we cannot but recognize in the beauty of the forms a fine æsthetic sense, and in the general treatment much artistic skill. Beauty is properly made to prevail among the women—some, in fact, little more than children—while ugliness has been appropriately shunted into a corner; yet if we may judge from smiles in faces which cannot be a fortune, the chances for matrimony were formerly more evenly balanced than now. It may seem far from the mark to seek from the picture a moral, especially as few didactic pictures are worth anything in point of art; but this we will say, that we have never before seen a subject which lies on the confines of license treated with more decorum. The lady submitted for sale—in skin the fairest of the fair—and displayed in the process of being undraped by a swarthy slave—appeals not to passion, but simply to the sense of beauty. And the spectators, for the most part coming for business, seem intent on their bargains. M. Gérôme and other French artists would have sought a sensation somewhere between allurement and repulsion; here in this English picture we recognize a higher sentiment, while the art is not lower.

Beauty of form, romance in sentiment, and warmth of colour are borrowed as heretofore from Southern climates or from Eastern kingdoms. The further an artist goes northwards the worse he fares in these respects; and it is a singular fact that while Scotch metaphysicians are given to æsthetics, Scotch artists seem to be denied the æsthetic sense altogether, as witness such works, excellent notwithstanding in many ways, as "Too Good to be True" (153), by Mr. Orchardson, A.R.A.; "Jacobites" (1217), by Mr. Pettie, R.A.; "Always Tell the Truth" (561), by Mr. Nicol, A.R.A.; "Highland Pasturage" (49), by Mr. Peter Graham; and "Strayed Sheep" (288), by Mr. MacWhirter. Unfortunately Mr. Faed, R.A., is absent, otherwise we should have had the pleasure of adding his name to the list of Scotch artists who seek character at the expense of beauty, and cultivate realism in total contempt for idealism. The disciples in this Northern school, with few exceptions, also love darkness rather than light, not precisely because their deeds are evil, but because, born and nurtured among mountains and mists, the light-giving sun comes as an exceptional accident in nature. Contrasted with these men who put their genius under a cloud are the artists who turn their faces southwards to the sun and flood their canvases with light, such as Mr. Goodall, R.A., Mr. Leighton, R.A., Mr. Hodgson, A.R.A., Mr. Long, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Topham, and Mr. W. V. Herbert. We were about to include Mr. Brett, for this year, in his romantic yet realistic landscape, "Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands" (497), he has again chosen one of those happy moments in our Northern climate when the spectator might easily imagine himself transported to the shores of the blue Mediterranean.

The Southern and sunny aspirations of our English school reach a zenith in the refulgent atmosphere which Mr. Goodall, R.A., has cast around "Rachel and her Flock" (218). Rachel, it is written, "was beautiful and well favoured," and here she comes with her father's sheep to water them at the well. She is seen gliding gracefully over an undulating, open tract of pasturage; the landscape land which, from the time of the patriarchs down to the present day, remains in the rude simplicity of nature. The sky has the serenity which seems to pertain to those primæval plains, and the flocks follow in the steps of the shepherd as in the times of the Hebrew psalmist. The artist has been at great pains to preserve an unbroken unity of sentiment; no discord breaks upon the idyl. Indeed so completely has Mr. Goodall settled his style that we need scarcely add that in a similar spirit he has embodied "A Seller of Doves" (582), and the figure of "A Blind Fakeer on the Day of Palm Offering" (586).

Mr. Leighton is another of our artists who tends more and more to typical forms and to a colour responsive to some paramount idea. These conditions consort pleasingly in "The Venetian Girl" (354), a small head which owes nothing to classic art save as it is universal, and little to the school of Giorgione or Veronese, except so far as the spirit of romance happily descends from mediæval to modern times. The head is a gem, almost a cameo, though not in profile; its finished beauty bespeaks unerring taste. "Little Fatima" (345) is inferior; and wholly in a different mood has been conceived "The Eastern Slinger at Moonrise scaring Birds in the Harvest-time" (398). Here a nude peasant, burnt by the sun to the colour of baked clay, is seen on a platform above a field of golden corn crying aloud and raising his arm, sling in hand. The figure is assailant in more senses than one; it stands as a terror to the birds which prey upon the corn, and it starts up into the leaden yet lurid sky as a surprise to spectators who in Academies are taught to look for something more conventional. The picture is experimental and daring rather than pleasing or satisfactory. The figure in its isolation appears as a fragment snatched from some larger composition. It might in fact almost find a place among the grand wall paintings of Signorelli at Orvieto. The attitude is that of an athlete; the muscles are sharp and rigid in tension; in short, this Eastern slinger belongs to the same order of creations as the discoboli in classic art and the soldiers surprised while bathing as seen in the cartoon of Michael Angelo.

Religious art is again on the verge of extinction, yet we cannot refrain from paying a tribute in passing to noble conceptions by Mr. Watts, R.A. Christ, after the imaginative manner of the Old Masters, is placed mid-air among clouds. The head, though it differs somewhat from the accepted type, is expressive of love mingled with sorrow; one hand points towards the heart, as if to say, How much I have suffered, and how great is My love, while the other is held out as if to draw all men unto Him. Beneath the drapery nestle children, a common symbol of universal charity. The idea, as usual with this artist, is not so much carried out in detail as indicated in broad generalization. Yet we receive the attempt gladly as the forestalment of a project to illustrate through pictorial art the thoughts and deeds which from age to age have proved potent in the progress of humanity. But while nowadays the world may have special need of such teaching, we cannot but feel that it can ill afford to lose the individual studies by which Mr. Watts has raised the art of portrait-painting to a high intellectual aim. We still entertain the hope that an imaginative art may not prove incompatible with more imitative work. Titian and Raffaelle painted portraits while they were severally occupied with the "Triumph of Ariadne" and the "Disputa del Sacramento." In truth, portraiture falls well into historic painting, just as biography has often been carried on conjointly with the writing of history. We may add to the very few pictures which have even remote religious tendencies, a refined and careful composition which takes its text from the Proverbs, in the words "Children's Children are the Crown of Old Men" (226). Mr. Dobson's art is a not unpleasing compromise; it is akin to the school of Raffaelle; it lies between Sassoferrato and the modern Germans; of late Mr. Dobson's flesh tones and draperies have gained in transparency and colour. We regret to remark that the Academy again presents few sights more melancholy than Mr. Thorburn's aspirations to religious art. We should simply pass by as unworthy of notice the weak canvas which assumes the ambitious title of "The Recording Angel" (1198), did it not usurp a place on the line to the exclusion of works far more worthy. Such art, if art it can be called, is on a level with the well-meant efforts of masons to promote piety on tombstones.

A generic school which for want of a better term may be called antiquarian rather than strictly historic has fortunately obtained a footing within the Academy and other Exhibitions. It is not strictly historic, because the characters are often imaginary beings; but it is archæologic, inasmuch as remains first brought to light by the excavator, and then placed as dead objects in museums, are conjured into life by the creative powers of the painter. This style is by no means indigenous to the English soil; like much that is good, it has a foreign origin. Ingres in his later years resuscitated the domestic life of the old Romans; and followers in the same track still survive in Paris. In London a leading representative of the class is Mr. Alma-Tadema, correctly described in a German Dictionary of Contemporaries as "ein Schüler von Baron Leys der malt mit archäologischer Treue Scenen aus dem Privatleben der Römer, Griechen und Aegypter." "Water Pets"—fish in a small pond—(902) is a composition which exemplifies the archæological proclivities of the painter; here the human interest is subordinate to the accessories; the face and the figure of the lady, who lies not very elegantly at full length prone on her stomach, are not so well drawn or painted as the draperies and mosaics. The artist's strength rests in his illusive realism, and perhaps even more in a constructive faculty whereby out of fragmentary and scattered materials he can build up a picture which a Roman living in the time of the Empire might see little to find fault with. Mr. Alma-Tadema gathers his data

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from the best sources; his portfolios are filled with studies of floor mosaics, wall-paintings and marbles decorative in colour or statuesque in form. Here, for example, he introduces a plateau from the Treasure of Hildesheim, which, if he has not painted from the original in Berlin, must at any rate have been taken from the "facsimile galvanique par MM. Christofle." But the artist reserves his strength for the large and prominent composition "A Sculpture Gallery" (26), exhibited a year ago in the Paris Salon in a comparatively unfinished state, under the title "Sculpture; portraits commandés"—the portraits being, at least in part, furnished within the circuit of the artist's family. "Sculpture" is a companion to the picture of last year entitled "Painting"; the central incident is well chosen; a slave whose semi-nude anatomies are as startling as they are carefully studied, turns an imposing vase on its pedestal, as is still the custom in studios when visitors wish to see a great work from all sides. The hall is crowded with a multitude of works, statues seated and standing, bassi relievi, antique lamps, &c. &c., and the question has not unnaturally arisen in our mind whether all these objects could by any chance have come together at any one time. For example, the marble vase already mentioned is now in the National Museum of Naples; the female seated figure is the well-known Agrippina, the mother of Nero, in the Capitol; the bust of Pericles is in the Vatican; the infant Hercules is equally well known, though its present whereabouts we do not at the moment happen to recall; lastly, the "Minerva Patera," part of the "Hildesheim Treasure," was dug up in the north of Germany in 1868, and is now in Berlin. It can then be scarcely surprising that at first sight our impression was that the composition challenged criticism as a defiant anachronism. However, further reflection suggested the possibility that, if the date of the picture be placed sufficiently forward—say, about the second century of our era—all the works depicted might be present in one gallery. Nevertheless it is but too evident that no one sculptor could have made them all, and the artist has to reconcile as best he can the patent fact that he has painted not the gallery of a collector, but the workshop of a sculptor who lives by what he produces and sells. The execution is acknowledged on all hands to be consummate. On the whole, the conclusion would seem to be that the revivers of dead archæology lie very much under the same disadvantage as modern scholars who reproduce Latin verses. And yet when we turn from this "Sculpture Gallery" (26), by Mr. Alma-Tadema, to "Ann Page and Slender" (56), by Mr. Cope, R.A., we cannot but feel how much more fortunate are the old Romans than Shakspeare and the characters he depicted. It is not the first time that Mr. Cope and other venerable Academicians have made the genius of our greatest dramatist responsible for the most hackneyed of pictorial commonplaces.

THE OPERAS.

THE opening of the Opera season at both houses this year has been marked by various new appearances. Amongst these have been, at Drury Lane, that of Mlle. de Bellocca, and, at Covent Garden, that of Mlle. Zaré Thalberg. Mlle. de Bellocca's first appearance justly made a very favourable impression. Her voice is strong and melodious, her singing finished, and her acting good. Somewhat too much of enthusiasm was excited by her rendering of the drinking song from *Lucrezia Borgia*, which she introduced, it must be said very inappropriately, in the lesson scene in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. Nothing could be more out of character than Rosina's selecting such a song, and its execution was not striking enough to excuse the incongruity. However, there is good reason to suppose that the singer will deserve and take a high rank on the stage. Mlle. Thalberg's performance in *Don Giovanni* at the other house was full of merit and yet fuller of promise. The opera was further distinguished by the assumption, for the first time in England, of the hero's part by M. Maurel. In this he gave another proof that he is both a singer and actor of unusual capacity. To say, as has been said, that in this part he rivals, and even surpasses, his master, M. Faure, is absurd. In the first place, M. Maurel has not M. Faure's dignity and grace of bearing; in the second, he has not M. Faure's experience. But no doubt M. Maurel is the best substitute that can be found for M. Faure. Amongst well-known operas the *Huguenots* has been given at both houses. At Drury Lane Mlle. Titiens displays the same resources of passion and skill in singing and acting and the same command over them for which she has long been known; and Mme. Trebelli-Bettini acts and sings Urbano with the delicacy and spirit which belong especially to her. The page, as she represents him, is the very essence of boyish sportiveness controlled by a courtly manner; and it would be difficult to find a fault in her singing of the two airs in the first and second acts. At Drury Lane Signor Castelmary appears in Marcello, the part filled last season by Herr Behrens, and the change is an improvement. All that is wanting to Signor Castelmary's representation is a greater volume of voice. This natural advantage is enjoyed by Signor Bagagiolo, who plays the part at Covent Garden; if his singing could be combined with Signor Castelmary's acting, the result would be admirable. But although good acting adds greatly to the importance of Marcello, this is one of the few characters of dramatic interest in which a fine presence will go far to carry through a good singer who will not take the trouble to act, and it is therefore well suited to Signor Bagagiolo. At the one house M. Maurel, and at the other Signor de Reschi, raise the part of Nevers to the importance which it ought to have, but which is frequently missed by want of combined dramatic and vocal capacity. It is only just to make allowances for Signor Galassi, who at Drury Lane plays St. Bris, a part associated there with that fine singer and actor, the late Signor Agnesi. At the same time a St. Bris with neither fire nor dignity, and with no vocal excellence to atone for their absence, makes a serious blot upon a performance of the *Huguenots*.

The most important event of the season has been the production at Covent Garden of *Lohengrin*, which is promised also at Drury Lane. In the matter of the production in England of this work hope has been long deferred; whether its realization will be found by the public the boon which some have thought to find in it, remains to be seen. In any case, great credit is due to a manager who carries out the task of producing such a work with the grandeur of general effect and the care of detail which Mr. Gye has brought to it at Covent Garden. The splendour of the armour and other trappings employed was indeed on the first night of performance somewhat too dazzling for the circumstances represented; but that is a defect which with others will be cured by time. That on the occasion of the introduction to the London stage of the so-called Music of the Future there should have been some opposing spirits in the audience who gave evidence of their disapproval was only natural; but, to make up for this, the general enthusiasm expressed at the end of the opera was greater than could have been reasonably expected. Many of the audience must have been startled at this new manner of opera which has hardly any affinity with that of the Italian stage. Herr Wagner's theory, as illustrated by *Lohengrin*, is that conventional forms are mistakenly employed in opera, which should represent in music the natural course of speech and action in real life; and that consequently the system of airs and full closes is wrong. That it is artificial cannot be doubted; but so it must be remembered is the translation of emotion from ordinary speech into music. People in real life certainly do not, when they wish to relate an interesting story, turn their backs to their hearers and describe their adventures in a florid air; nor do they at a moment of supreme anguish, when action is before all things necessary, delay to give expression to their passion in song; both of which things frequently occur in Italian opera. But, on the other hand, when a man and a woman are concocting a vile plot together as do Friedrich and Ortrud in *Lohengrin*, they do not convey their ideas to each other in recitative; and there is no orchestra at hand to tell the condition of their minds more fully than does their own singing. A stage play is, like a picture, an artificial representation of life, in which the obtrusion of objects taken straight from nature and untouched by art only spoils the desired impression of reality; and what is true in this respect of a play is yet more true of an opera, inasmuch as there the representation is of a yet more artificial character. Herr Wagner's theory, however, is nothing but admirable in its contention that the dramatic plan and construction of an opera should be considered of the greatest importance. There are too many fine operas which lose in attraction from the baldness or confusion of their story, and the most violent antagonists of Herr Wagner can hardly deny that he is right in thinking this to be wrong. He believes that the dramatist and the composer should be animated by the same spirit, and he has obtained this agreement by writing his own stories, the poetry of which in the original is of a high order.

For *Lohengrin* he has selected a story of singular beauty. The time is the tenth century; the scene Antwerp. In the first act Henry the Fowler has arrived at Antwerp to levy a force in order to repel Hungarian invaders. The act opens with an address from the Herald, accompanied, as are all his speeches, with a blare of trumpets, and this is followed by a chorus of loyalty from the people of Brabant, to which Henry replies in a fine recitative, wherein he explains his present object, and goes on to question Friedrich of Telramund as to the disturbances which have lately taken place in Brabant. Friedrich in reply explains that the last Duke of Brabant upon his death-bed confided to him the care of his two children, Gottfried and Elsa. One day, he says, Elsa took Gottfried into the forest and returned without him. Her guilty terror, when questioned, proved that she had caused his death, and Friedrich shrank in horror from the marriage with her which the Duke, her father, had designed for him, taking as a wife instead Ortrud, daughter of the Prince of Friesland. He ends by formally accusing Elsa of her brother's murder, and claiming the Duchy of Brabant for himself as nearest of kin to the last Duke. Elsa is presently brought in to answer the accusation, and in a passage of beautiful melody relates that she has had a marvellous dream, which has consoled her in her sorrow. A knight of angelic beauty and power has in this vision appeared to her, and that knight, and none other, will she take for her champion. In accordance with her desire, this champion is twice summoned by the herald, without effect. Elsa then falls on her knees and prays, and meanwhile an excitement is observed among the attendant crowd, who discern a strange appearance on the river, which presently becomes visible to the audience in the shape of a swan drawing a boat which contains a knight clad in glittering armour, who approaches the banks of the river, and steps from his boat on to the shore. The chorus which announces his arrival is so fine that it was not surprising that the audience should on the first night commit the great blunder of demanding a second time a passage which cannot but be marred by repetition, as it depends upon the gradual working up to an overpowering effect both in music and action. The stranger

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knight offers to become Elsa's champion on condition that she will, if he conquers, marry him and never ask his name. She joyfully agrees to this, recognizing in him the knight of her dream, and the combat between him and Friedrich is soon ended by the defeat of the latter. The act ends with a fine chorus of glory to the stranger knight. It will be seen that in this act there is a good deal of dramatic action, and a great opportunity for scenic magnificence, which is used to the utmost at Covent Garden. Elsa is played by Mlle. Albani, whose appearance is well suited to the part, and whose acting has much grace and feeling. Her singing, too, is finished and expressive to a great degree, but she is rather overweighted by the demands made upon her. In order to be heard through the crash of the orchestra, she is forced to strain her voice, which is remarkable rather for melodious quality than strength. M. Maurel's performance of Friedrich is rather disappointing. The part calls for a certain ruggedness in acting which M. Maurel does not convey; and his voice too is not equal to the strain put upon it. Signor Nicolini's perfect knowledge of his trying part is very creditable to him. The music lies constantly in the high register, and now that Signor Mongini is gone there is hardly a tenor who can do full justice to it. Signor Nicolini sang the phrase of farewell to the swan, in the first act, and the passages with Elsa in the last, with real feeling; but their effect was marred, as many of his effects are, by the constant tremble in the voice, which, as the Germans say, is employed by French singers to spread out their poor resources. His costume was brilliant and glittering, but suggested an unfortunate likeness to a king on a handsome twelfth-cake. Herr Seidemann, who represented Henry the Fowler, might be expected to be peculiarly at home in the part. He knew his music, and that is all that can be said for him. Signor Capponi's fine voice told well in the declamatory passages of the Herald. The chorus plays a very important part in the first act, and indeed all through; on the first night there was a great want of certainty in the execution of the music; and the trumpets, which also have a great deal of work, were almost constantly out. These, however, are faults which may disappear with time. The acting of the chorus is in this opera no less important than the singing; a chorus trained to the conventional attributes of Italian opera, where all raise their hands and shake their heads in concert like marionettes, cannot be expected to fall at once into the kind of acting required in *Lohengrin*. Those who have seen the opera in Germany will remember how the first appearance of the swan was gradually communicated to the whole of a vast crowd. A stir and murmur arose in the outskirts, and increased gradually to a storm of excitement which produced an impression such that the spectator longed to rise from his seat and see if he too could discern the portent in the distance.

The second act opens with the dialogue already spoken of between Friedrich and Ortrud, in which they plot against the happiness of Lohengrin and Elsa. This long dreary recitative has been judiciously cut for representation at Covent Garden, but it would bear yet more cutting. Two attempts are made by them to oppose the progress of the wedding, but without effect; and the act concludes with the entrance of the procession into the minster. A fine effect in this act which may be obtained from the gradual crowding of the stage as day breaks was rather missed; and the entrance of a warder carrying a lantern, who unlocks the great gate of the fortress, and should let in a flood of daylight, seemed absurd, as the stage was already so light that a lantern could not possibly be necessary. The introduction with the violins to the last act is in itself marvellously beautiful, and its execution by the orchestra, under Signor Vianesi's direction, was admirable. Its movements have a tenderness and penetration which exalt the imagination, and suggest to it the supernatural events which are to follow. After the melodious bridal chorus, which is known in England from performance at concerts, follows the interview between Lohengrin and Elsa, in which she breaks her promise and asks him his name, and which is interrupted by the entrance of Friedrich, who comes to kill Lohengrin, but is killed by him. The scene changes in a somewhat clumsy fashion back to the banks of the Scheldt, and Lohengrin, revealing to the assembled Court that he is a Knight of the Holy Grail, prepares to depart as he came with his mystical swan. As he is on the point of going, Ortrud rushes forward and reveals to Elsa that the swan is no other than her brother Gottfried, transformed by Ortrud's sorcery. Lohengrin falls on his knees and prays, and presently the swan resumes his proper form, while a dove descends and draws away Lohengrin in his boat. That there is much beauty in the story of *Lohengrin* will be seen; that there is much in the music will be heard by those who care to go. Whether this will be found by the public to atone for the dreariness of some of the opera, and for the absence of the system of airs to which they have been so long accustomed, cannot yet be determined.

SIGNOR SALVINI.

SOUMET'S tragedy, which in the Italian version called *Il Gladiatore* is performed by Signor Salvini's company at Drury Lane, is a play which, with some disagreeable elements in the plot, is full of strong situations and dramatic interest. In the first act Origen, a Christian, is discovered in the catacombs of Rome, lamenting the oppression of the Empire, and hoping for the day when his religion shall spread over the world. To him enters Neodamia, a slave and a Christian, to make confession that she is loved by Flavian, her master, who wishes to marry her, but is not a Christian. Origen assures her that if this marriage will not turn her from her religion she may enter upon it without fear of wrong-doing; and, comforted with this knowledge, she leaves the stage, to make room for the Gladiator, who enters at the head of a band of slaves. He tells Origen that the slaves are ready to rise in revolt, and begs for the help of the Christians against the Roman oppression. Origen expounds to him the doctrine of forgiveness, and the Gladiator bursts out into a passionate recital of his wrongs, and protests against the power that has crushed him. To a question from Origen as to the particular nature of his sufferings, he replies by telling how he was chained up by Faustina to witness the horrible murder of his wife, upon which, according to the revelation of a sorceress, depended Faustina's chance of becoming a mother. In the night the Gladiator set fire to the palace, and escaped with his own newly-born daughter to Egypt. Is it any wonder, he asks, that after this he should be filled with hatred of mankind, and that forgiveness should be to him as madness? At this point news is brought that Faustina herself is coming into the catacombs, and all fly to a remoter station, except the Gladiator, who remains concealed behind a pillar. Faustina on her entrance explains that she has come in search of Neodamia, her rival in the love of Flavian. The Gladiator steps forward and reveals himself to Faustina, who recognizes him and asks him where is his daughter, with whose life that of her own son is mysteriously bound up. He relates how he lost her when they were living together on the banks of the Nile, and has sought her since in vain. Faustina bids him take whatever money he wants and go instantly in search of her; but first she requires his services for one day; he must find his way secretly into Flavian's house. "Or vuoi vendetta di Flavian?" asks the Gladiator, joyful at the prospect of striking down one who has power over his fellow-men. Faustina replies, "No, seguimi." "Ti seguo," answers the Gladiator, "aspettando dal Cielo il fausto giorno ch' io faccia al tuo corpo empio . . . vendetta."

In playing the Gladiator Signor Salvini loses of necessity something of the advantage which his fine presence gives him in Othello. There is no magnificence of costume to attract the eye, and the air of subjection imposed by long oppression on a strong nature, which the actor gives with good discretion to the Gladiator, is a contrast to the dignified bearing of the Moorish general. But the first speech of the Gladiator shows that this subjection is only a habit on the surface; a violent spirit breaks out in the exclamations of anger with which he enters; and here, where one expects to find Signor Salvini's force of voice and action employed to display the passion of the man, he makes so moderate a use of them that his apology for the roar of the lion, which, from his constant combats with wild beasts, has got into his voice, seems unnecessary. Again, the relation of his agony on the occasion of his wife's murder before his eyes gives an opportunity for passion with which a great actor might "drown the stage with tears and cleave the general ear with horrid speech." The words of this recital are delivered by Signor Salvini with great force, but without the depth of feeling from which force in such a situation should spring. As an actor he is safe so long as no great call is made upon his mental resources; and it is for this reason that the scorn of the last lines, "Non cadde, non cadde il cielo, e tu di Dio mi parli?" is by far the best point in Signor Salvini's delivery of the passage. So, in the scene with Faustina, one is again disappointed by the little use which the actor makes of the means at his disposal. In the line after Faustina's promise of freedom in case of his finding his daughter, "Tornerò dunque come gli altri un uomo," the sudden expansion of the Gladiator's whole frame with joy and hope is well given; but neither of the suppressed hatred of Faustina, nor of the tenderness at the memory of his daughter, nor of the vindictive expression with which he leaves the scene, does the actor make all that could be made. It is no bad test of an actor's power to observe the attitude of his audience after a scene of great passion. When Signor Salvini has left the stage at the end of the first act there is great applause, but there is no vivid impression. The feelings of the spectators are not so wrought upon that they can for a moment forget that they have been looking at a piece of acting. They admire the physical force and the powerful voice of the actor; their hearts do not seem moved by the grief and the hope of the Gladiator. The truth is that the greater part of audiences nowadays do not like to have their feelings deeply disturbed; they love to take their ease in their theatre; they love to see a great display which they can praise from the calm eminence of their untroubled minds; they do not care to fall within the power of another's mind, and carried by it into forgetfulness of themselves. Not long ago an objection was made to the performance of a great actress by a member of an educated audience in these terms:—"This is not the kind of acting which I care about; she upsets my feelings and makes me cry." This is precisely the position which many playgoers now assume.

The second act of *Il Gladiatore* is laid in the gardens of Flavian's house. He is entertaining his friends at a banquet, and explains to them his intentions respecting Neodamia, who presently enters, upon which he sets her free and makes arrangements for their marriage the next day, first in the Temple of Juno, afterwards, in deference to her wishes, by a Christian ritual, somewhat after the fashion of a Roman Catholic and Protestant marriage in the present day. When Flavian has left the stage Faustina enters, and, affecting an interest in her, tries to dissuade her from her marriage with Flavian by various means—amongst others, by showing her a letter which she says proves Flavian's inconstancy. It is only when she finds these

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means fail that she reveals herself as the offended Empress, and Neodamia's rival, and signing to the Gladiator who has come in with her, and remained hidden, she sweeps from the stage. The acting of Signora Giovagnoli, who plays Faustina, is in this scene, as through all the play, admirable. The hypocritical love, the conceded scorn and hatred, the final outbreak of her fierce nature, could hardly be better given. The Gladiator, left alone with Neodamia, finds himself unable to carry out the task set him by the Empress of killing her. He is touched by her innocence and gentleness, and instead of becoming her assassin, promises to be her protector. The curtain falls as they go together to seek the aid of Flavian. Here is another occasion for impressive acting which Signor Salvini misses. The conflict of emotion in his mind, and the revulsion of feeling when he gives up his chance of freedom to save the girl whom he has undertaken to kill, are but faintly indicated, and in place of the overpowering tenderness for Neodamia which may be taken as a foreshadowing of the subsequent discovery of their relationship, the actor preserves towards her a demeanour which is merely polite. The third act passes in the Temple of Juno; as the Gladiator is revealing to Flavian the infamous designs of the Empress, a tribune sent by her arrives to command his immediate return to the amphitheatre, where a great spectacle is in preparation. He appeals in vain to the sanctuary of the Temple, for to a slave no such appeal is allowed. He stands at the foot of Jove's altar and delivers a speech of fierce invective against the impotence of the god to protect him. In this speech, though it is delivered with energy, the action is of the most conventional kind, and only the words with which the Gladiator goes out have any semblance of real emotion. Then follows a scene between Faustina and Flavian, in which Signora Giovagnoli again exhibits a fiery passion, and then comes the interruption of the marriage of Flavian and Neodamia, by the arrest of Origen, who is brought into the presence of the priest, guarded by lictors, for having insulted the Gods. Neodamia upon this, in spite of a desperate appeal from Flavian to her love, declares that she too is a Christian, and is led off in custody with Origen. This scene is well played by all concerned in it.

The fourth act discovers the arena of the amphitheatre, with the spectators looking down from the back. The Gladiator is summoned to slaughter the Christians, and in a speech of fine irony assures the people that he will do his duty. Then comes the discovery that it is Neodamia whom he is to kill; he appeals in vain to the populace on her behalf, and is about to slay her in order to save her from the lions, when he discovers by a mark upon her shoulder that she is his long-lost daughter. Upon this Faustina interferes to save her son, whose life is mystically bound up with that of Neodamia, but only succeeds in obtaining a day's respite. There is considerable power in Signor Salvini's representation in parts of this scene. The first appeals to the people for Neodamia's life are well discriminated from those which are made after the discovery that she is his daughter; and the first rush to clasp her in his arms has more of tenderness and self-forgetfulness than the actor has shown before. The last scene contains a tremendous situation. Neodamia is in prison; Faustina rushes in to save her, and is followed by Flavian. They are about to escape when a tribune rushes in with the news that the populace are in revolt clamouring for the blood of the Christians, and are even now besieging the prison doors. Flavian and the tribune go out to assemble the guards and disperse the mob, and the Gladiator comes in through an opening which he has broken in the wall, having fought and killed a tiger in his progress from cell to cell. The play now rises to a climax of intensity. Faustina is in despair at the prospect of her son's death. The palace is in flames. Every escape is barred. The Gladiator for a few brief moments holds Neodamia in his arms, and finds peace in her love. At the lamentations of Faustina for her son his fury breaks out; he follows her across and around the stage, heaping reproaches and curses on her, while she cowers before him. Then, as the clamour of the mob without increases, he takes a desperate resolve to save his daughter from their outrage, and, like Virginius, stabs her with his own hand, as Flavian and the populace rush in. Signor Salvini in this scene, as throughout his performance, trusts to the supremacy of the physical force which he possesses and calls it into full play while he altogether subordinates the workings of the soul, just as some managers prefer a scenic effect to the utterance of a poet; and no doubt the actor and stage director are both right if they desire to satisfy audiences disposed to resent any invasion upon their thoughts and feelings.

Il Gladiatore is better suited to Signor Salvini's powers than *Othello*. There is no opportunity in his performance of *Il Gladiatore* for the brutality which, in some parts, disfigures his rendering of the Moor. But his representation confirms the impression that he is an actor of resources in every direction, save that of imagination and passion.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF WILLIAM, EARL OF SHELBURNE.*

IN giving to the world this Life of Lord Shelburne, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has well performed a task for which readers will be grateful to him. The political history of Lord Shelburne's time, and the part which he himself played in it, are subjects of uncommon interest; and this Life strongly illustrates many events of an exciting period. The book opens with an autobiographical fragment which is attractive both from the force of its style and from its matter. The account of Lord Shelburne's family history is singularly interesting, and the proof which it affords of how much his education and the forming of his character were due to his own pains is a striking evidence of the powers of his mind. From the age of four to fourteen he says that "his education was neglected to the greatest degree." After the death of his grandfather, who ruled both his family and the country under his control with a monarchical sway, he obtained neither affection nor particular care from any one except Lady Arabella Denny, born Fitzmaurice, a woman of a remarkably strong character, as is shown by one incident related of her by Lord Shelburne. Her husband's brother, a man of a brutal temper, devoted himself to making her life unhappy. She was unwilling to complain to her husband lest she should set the two brothers at variance for ever; but, finding that her nerves were unequal to the constant struggle, she formed and carried out a singular resolution. She learnt privately to fire with a pistol until she became a good shot, when she took an occasion to exhibit her skill to her brother-in-law, telling him that, unless his ill-usage of her ceased, she would take means to stop it; after which his conduct to her became entirely changed. With this manly courage and determination she combined, Lord Shelburne says, a most womanly manner and mind; and it is not surprising that she should have had a considerable influence over him. "She inculcated into me," he writes, "a sense of duty towards God, the publick, and my neighbours which has never quitted me." In the days of which Lord Shelburne writes it was customary to go up to the University at an earlier age than now. He himself went at the age of sixteen from a private tutor, who was excessively narrow-minded, to Christchurch, where he fell under a tutor who in that respect was not much better. There, however, he read law, some history, part of Livy, some of the Orations of Demosthenes, and by himself a good deal of religion, upon which he makes an observation which offers a curious contrast to a prominent line of thought of the present day:—

> Surely it is natural for a person of the least reflection, if they are taught to believe in the Bible, &c., to be restless till they know the sum of what it contains, and come to some decisive judgment upon a subject so interesting as their future existence and eternal welfare. The certainty of ninety-nine out of a hundred never bestowing a thought upon the subject tells a volume in regard to mankind, and opens a very extraordinary view of the world, accounting for a great deal of otherwise unaccountable matter.

Immediately after this the autobiography diverges into a striking account of the condition of politics at the time of the writer's entry into public life, and the causes which had led up to it. A passing tribute is paid to the powers of Louis XIV., who is described as a king in every sense of the word. "He identified himself as few kings do with the public, with whom he was one and the same. Monsieur de Montyon sent me several letters which passed between Louis and Colbert and his other Minister, which evidently prove his great economy and that he never let go his authority—a great point. He had great qualities if not great talents." Louis XIV. was indeed fortunate in having such a Minister as Colbert, without whom the circumstances of his reign might have been much less happy. Another recognition as keen as brief is made of the merits of Cromwell, who, the writer observes, had always been caricatured rather than painted by historians. William III., "a formal, sagacious Dutchman," is said to have been led by a ruling passion for war, "and war against the French, for which it is easy to trace a complication of motives. Nothing can be more false and absurd than the enthusiasm entertained for his character, on account of his supposed love of liberty. He saw too much of it in Holland, where, by his plans for undermining it and by his ambition, he sowed the seeds of a great deal of the confusion and corruption which put an end to the Government of that ill-used country." Lord Shelburne goes on to draw lively pictures of many eminent characters before and of his time; among others, of Sir Robert Walpole, who, according to Lord Melcombe, was inconceivably coarse and low-mannered, but, as the writer says, "by all that I have been able to learn, out of sight the ablest man of his time and the most capable." Lord Carteret, Sir Robert's rival, whose daughter Lord Shelburne afterwards married, is described as a man of singular attractions, a fine scholar, and overflowing with a deep and comprehensive wit. But the greatest interest here will be found in the descriptions of Fox and Pitt, to the latter of which considerable space is devoted. To attempt in a briefer space to convey any notion of this would only be to spoil it. Some anecdotes related of Frederick, Prince of Wales, exhibit forcibly the strange childishness of his character. In the year of the rebellion, when a general shock was caused by the announcement of the rebels' arrival at Derby, and when the Royal standard was erected at Barnet, the Prince was found playing at blindman's-buff with his pages. On one occasion Mr. Hamilton was sent for in such haste that he was carried away from his dinner with one of the pages in a hackney-coach to the Prince, who directed him to go instantly in search of the Duke of Marlborough, supposed to have left the Opposition to go to Court:—"But in a few minutes' conversation (the Prince) forgot the business so far as to insist on his first staying a game of cricket with him and the pages, with little bats and balls, in a large room at Norfolk House." In 1757 Lord Shelburne, then Lord Fitzmaurice, determined to join the

* *Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquess of Lansdowne; with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence.* By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Vol. I. 1737-1766. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

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army, and was placed by his father in the 20th Regiment, under General Wolfe, to the excellence and perseverance of whose character the writer bears a strong testimony. With the account of his joining the campaign the autobiographical portion of the book is concluded.

For the services which Lord Fitzmaurice rendered in the expedition to Rochefort, as well as at Minden and Kloster Kampen, he was rewarded by the rank of Colonel and an appointment, unjustly deprecated by the Newcastle Whigs, as aide-de-camp to the King, which appointment brought him into communication with Lord Bute. As this was an important point in his career, it may not be out of place to quote here the character of Lord Bute drawn by Lord Shelburne, which is given later in the book. One must remember in reading it, according to the warning of the writer of the Life, that the character was written many years after the events to which the chapter where it is inserted relates, and that the fact of Lord Bute and Fox having, long before the date of its writing, quarrelled with Lord Shelburne, should be weighed against the bitterness of some of the expressions:—

It is not easy to give a just idea of the character of the Earl of Bute, as it consisted of several real contradictions and more apparent ones, with no small mixture of madness in it. His bottom was that of any Scotch Nobleman, proud, aristocratical, pompous, imposing, with a great deal of superficial knowledge such as is commonly to be met with in France and Scotland, chiefly upon matters of Natural Philosophy, Mines, Fossils, a smattering of Mechanicks, a little Metaphysicks, and a very false taste in everything. . . . He excelled most in writing, of which he appeared to have a great habit. He was insolent and cowardly, at least, the greatest political coward I ever knew. He was rash and timid, accustomed to ask advice of different persons, but had not sense and sagacity to distinguish and digest, with a perpetual apprehension of being governed, which made him, when he followed any advice, always add something of his own in point of matter or manner, which sometimes took away the little good which was in it or changed the whole nature of it. He was always upon stilts, never natural except now and then upon the subject of women. He felt all the pleasure of power to consist either in punishing or astonishing. He was ready to abandon his nearest friend if attacked, or to throw any blame off his own shoulders.

Lord Shelburne was employed as at once the most natural and the best medium of communication between Lord Bute and Fox, and brought the negotiation to a successful close; but his own expectation of seeing it turned to the purposes of peace was disappointed. He alone in the House of Lords spoke for the withdrawal of the troops from Germany; and Fox, having seen Lord Bute after the speech, wrote to Lord Shelburne a letter of expostulation, which is quoted in page 124, and in which he speaks of Lord Bute's affliction at the course adopted by Lord Shelburne, concluding by observing that "A man who follows his own interest, if he makes no undue sacrifices, either private or public, to the worship of it, is not dishonest or even dirty"; a piece of morality which was hardly up to Lord Shelburne's own standard. Meanwhile Barré made a violent attack upon Pitt, asserted by Walpole to have been prompted by Lord Shelburne, in the House of Commons, and later Mr. Bunbury threatened a motion in the same House for a cessation of hostilities in Germany. Fox prevailed upon Lord Shelburne, however, to dissuade Bunbury from his purpose. Lord Shelburne, writing long afterwards of the events of the Session, says, that on the occasion of the Vote of Credit, Lord Bute was strongly for asking only for a single million, while the Duke of Newcastle and the Chancellor of the Exchequer—Lord Barrington—thought two were necessary:—

Lord Bute alleged it to those who were of opinion against the German war as a proof of the sincerity of his intention in that respect; but as men mostly are not without two motives, and men of his character especially, one which they tell the world and at last persuade themselves is the true one, the other, which they scarce venture to own to their own minds, I should imagine one of the latter kind operated on this occasion, which weighed somewhat in the resolution of turning out the Duke, viz., that he panted for the Treasury.

Lord Shelburne played an important part in the negotiations which led to Fox accepting the lead of the House of Commons in 1762. When he first took this step he contemplated giving up the Pay Office, to which course he imagined the weight of public opinion must drive him; but he subsequently changed his mind, thinking that his unpopularity had decreased, and arguing ingeniously that such a sacrifice might rather help than hinder any abuse of him, being "esteemed an affectation of disinterestedness put on to cover some great job." In 1763 Fox's desire to be raised to the Peerage and yet retain the office of Paymaster, which he clung to when he assumed the leadership of the Lower House, gave rise to the report of Lord Shelburne's "pious fraud." It is shown conclusively by the chapter which is headed by these two words that there was no fraud in the matter. Nothing could be more natural than that Lord Shelburne should suppose that Fox both intended and ought to resign the Paymastership on his going out. Calcraft, who was supposed to be Fox's particular creature, held the same opinion, and, as he wrote to Lord Shelburne, expressed it firmly to Fox. Rigby, too, was against him. Walpole reports that at the height of the quarrel Fox, walking along St. James's Street, encountered Rigby's chariot, and began to vent his complaints. For all answer he received, "You tell your story of Shelburne; *he* has a damned one to tell of you; I do not trouble myself which is the truth"; after which startling reply, Rigby, who, Walpole says, was the man whom Fox most loved, ordered his coachman to drive away. The mere tradition that the Earl of Bute was the person who spoke of Lord Shelburne's conduct on the occasion as a "pious fraud" is greatly outweighed by the presumptive evidence against such a likelihood adduced in the chapter which treats of the affair, where many curious details will be found. As is known, the matter ended, as far as Fox was concerned, in his becoming Lord Holland and retaining the Paymastership, thus fulfilling his original desire. But it did not there end as it concerned Lord Shelburne, whose reputation suffered long from the unjust view of his conduct taken by Fox.

In 1763 Lord Shelburne accepted the Presidency of the Board of Trade, in which position he found himself for various reasons and on many points at such disagreement with the Secretaries of State that but a few months after his entering upon office he sent a note to Lord Bute threatening to resign. He was at the time dissuaded from this intention, but did resign later after the failure of the negotiations between the King and Pitt, of whom, it may be remarked, his opinion was undergoing at this time a considerable change. The author of the *Life of William, Earl of Shelburne*, observes that, "after giving due weight to altered circumstances,"

there can be little doubt that both absolutely and relatively the greatness of the character of Pitt had been slowly forcing itself on the mind of Shelburne, who, though neither at this time nor subsequently remaining blind to the many failings and faults which disfigured and impaired it, was now far removed from the frame of mind in which two years before he had written to Blackstone at Oxford expressing no very high opinion of the popular hero. He also knew that Pitt had expressed a favourable opinion of him, and praise coming from such a source doubtless had some effect.

Lord Bute wrote to console him for the ill-natured remarks made upon his retirement, and to assure him of his belief in the King's regard; but not much later the King showed openly at Court his displeasure with Lord Shelburne for the part which he took in the affair of Wilkes, and at the same time all communication between him and Lord Bute ceased.

The chapter which follows these events exhibits something of Lord Shelburne's life in retirement, glances at the hatred entertained for him by Walpole, who seldom lost an occasion for blackening his character, and gives an account of Lord Rockingham's negotiations with him. Lord Shelburne's return to public life had taken place by the end of 1765. The last chapter of the volume, which is headed "Repeal of the Stamp Act," gives a clear view of the position of the Government upon this subject. In the course of the chapter it is said that, "as Burke claimed the glory, so must he, the ablest of the old Whigs, bear the responsibility of the Declaratory Act":—

"Parliament," it has been said in his defence, "was, in the opinion of the most judicious and temperate statesmen of the time, legally competent to tax America, as it was legally competent to commit any other act of folly or wickedness, to confiscate the property of all the merchants in Lombard Street, or to attaint any man in the kingdom of high treason without examining witnesses against him or hearing in his own defence." The argument is correct, but what would have been thought if Parliament, after an unsuccessful attempt at committing one of these acts of folly or wickedness, had met, and in the face of the whole world and at the moment at which it was acknowledging the practical impossibility of accomplishing the immoral object it had aimed at, had to this confession coupled a solemn declaration of the right it possessed to try again another time. Posterity would probably have hesitated which was the greatest, the folly or the wickedness of such a course.

After this come some interesting extracts from Lady Shelburne's diary, containing, amongst other remarkable points, an account written for her by Lord Shelburne of Birmingham, whither they had gone on a visit. Then comes the triumph of Pitt. The victory of the Rockingham Administration, it is well observed by the author, was one of the kind which are fatal to those who win them. It was generally believed that the repeal had only been obtained under pressure from Pitt; and it was thus natural that what seemed the stronger hand should be universally desired at the helm of the State. Under the new rule Lord Shelburne was made Secretary of State, in spite of a strong dislike entertained for him by the King. But Pitt carried things with a high hand, and was no more disposed to submit to dictation from the King than from the aristocracy. The volume concludes with a curious letter from Choiseul to Guerchy on Pitt's ceasing to be a commoner, which, as Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice justly says, was the first mistake which he committed. "Il nous paroissoit," wrote Choiseul, "que toute sa force consistoit dans sa continuation dans cette Chambre (des Communes), et il pourroit bien se trouver comme Sampson après qu'on lui eût coupé les cheveux." The second volume of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's book, of which the plan is set forth in the preface, will be looked for with much interest.

PENNINGTON'S LIFE OF ERASMUS.*

THIS Life of Erasmus, as regards its subject-matter, might be considered a companion volume to Strauss's *Life of Hutten* which we noticed some months ago. But the treatment is very different. Mr. Pennington is a painstaking, but not a graceful or very appreciative, writer, and he falls into the common error of Protestant divines of treating Erasmus primarily as a theologian and reformer, whereas he was primarily a scholar and a wit. Any estimate of his character based on the former hypothesis is sure to be unfair, and to measure his religious sincerity by his conformity to the doctrinal standard of the Thirty-nine Articles is to mistake his position altogether. Bishop Wordsworth has shown in his preface a juster appreciation of the state of the case than the author. The classical revival and "other circumstances," as he

* *The Life and Character of Erasmus.* By the Rev. A. R. Pennington, M.A. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1875.

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rather oddly expresses it, "seemingly unfavourable to Christianity" —*i.e.* to the progress of the Reformation—became conducive to it. But the service rendered to the movement by men like Erasmus was rather incidental and external than direct. Alike in his temperament, his aims, and his belief he differed essentially from Luther:—

> Erasmus, like Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio in Italy, and like the author of *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, and Chaucer in the fourteenth century, and like our Colet in the fifteenth and sixteenth, desired to see a Reformation of the Church *within* the Church, and proceeding *from* the Church. The Reformation which he wished for, and which Colet advocated in his celebrated sermon preached before the English Convocation at St. Paul's, in 1511, was rather a Reformation of *manners*, of bishops, clergy, and people, than of *doctrines*.
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> But he hoped that by the circulation and study of the Holy Scriptures, and by the reading of the writings of the Christian fathers, and by the discipline of such schools as his learned friend Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, had founded and munificently endowed (and for which Erasmus provided religious exercises of devotion), and by the indirect influence of classical literature and elegant scholarship, and by his own sportive pasquinades and satirical raillery on religious pilgrimages, such as that to the shrine of St. Mary of Walsingham, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, and on other abuses which he exposed to ridicule with the caustic wit of a Rabelais, many of the worst corruptions and errors of Romanism, which he regarded as due to ignorance and barbarism, and to the influence of scholastic theology, would gradually and quietly melt away and disappear.

The early training of Erasmus, like that of Hutten, from whom in many respects he differed widely, served to inspire him with a natural distaste for scholastic theology and the monastic life. And it was against these peculiarities of the dominant religious system that the keenest shafts of his merciless satire were afterwards directed. But this dislike to the schoolmen was evidently due in great measure to their writing such bad Latin, and there is no reason for questioning the substantial accuracy of his statement, in a letter to Cardinal Campeggio, that his censure of the monks was not aimed at the system, but at those who were unfaithful to the letter or spirit of their vows, and that he had said no more than Popes and Saints who, like St. Jerome, were themselves monks, had said before him. The author says very truly that "it would have been better if no attempt had been made to drag forth Erasmus as a gladiator into the theological arena," but he fails to observe that in saying so he pronounces a severe criticism on his own volume. Erasmus undoubtedly took a genuine interest in what may be called the literary side of theological literature, and especially in the study of the Greek Testament, which then had all the charm of novelty. He said to his friend Dean Colet during his first visit to England, "I struggle to devote myself to the study of sacred literature; I hate everything which detains me from it"—which last remark must however be taken with some reserve. His biographer is obliged to admit that on his second visit to this country he did not seem very eager in these pursuits, and we certainly cannot endorse his somewhat paradoxical opinion that "the new learning" was valued by Erasmus "only so far as it was subservient to the attainment of an improved knowledge of Holy Scripture, Christian Antiquity, and the lives of the Fathers." That he valued these subjects only in their connexion with the new learning would be a less inaccurate, though of course an exaggerated, statement. He often expressed a wish that every language except Latin and Greek was proscribed. And his sense of the relative importance of literature and doctrine is strikingly illustrated by his whole attitude towards Luther and the Reformation generally. It is true that he had not the moral courage, or rather the indomitable audacity, of Luther, but it is most unfair to charge him with shuffling and cowardice, and to talk of "a melancholy reverse to the" favourable side of "the picture," because he refused to follow the great leader into open revolt against the Church of Rome. There was nothing in his antecedents or convictions to predispose him to such a course, and there was much to hold him back. When in 1519 Luther sent him a courteous letter, chiefly on the strength of his new preface to the *Enchiridion*—a work containing very different doctrine from his own—Erasmus replied very cautiously, telling the Reformer that he had not read his works, and could therefore express no opinion about them; but that he had looked into parts of his *Commentaries on the Psalms*, which pleased him, and he hoped they might do good. Soon afterwards he wrote to Cardinal Wolsey that he had only read two or three pages of Luther's works, and that he "had feared he would bring an odium upon literature, which is already too much suspected of evil." Luther, on the other hand, rejoins soon afterwards that the more he reads Erasmus the less he likes him, that he had very false notions about justification, and that "a man is not a good Christian because he understands Greek and Hebrew." He at last entreated Erasmus, after praying that the Lord would give him a better spirit, at least to remain neutral if he would not help, and not to write against the Reformation; to which Erasmus very characteristically replied that he at least doubted the truth of Luther's teaching, and "besides I dread the ruin of literature." The violence of the Reformers at a later period, and the outbreak of the Peasants' War, increased his repugnance to what he now openly denounced as an immoral and paradoxical doctrine; and he also complained, not without reason, that by the alarm they had raised they had destroyed all freedom of discussion within the Church, and made internal reform more hopeless than ever.

There was indeed, as Mr. Pennington more than once takes occasion to lament, a decidedly latitudinarian element in Erasmus's mind, and a "rationalistic spirit constantly appears in his writings." But it was the kind of easy latitudinarianism which clings to authority, and likes to be comfortably housed, as George Eliot somewhere expresses it, in "a large, roomy, universal Church." It made him say that he would as soon have been an Arian as an Homoousian if the Church had so decided, but it taught him to shrink instinctively from the narrow tyranny of sects. Mr. Froude may be right in saying that the practical effect of such principles, if generally adopted, in the then state of the world, would have been to make the educated infidels and leave the multitude to a degrading superstition. But men like Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, who had a good deal in common with him, did not perceive this at the time, and were certainly not infidels themselves. We are sorry, by the by, to observe that Mr. Pennington has gone out of his way to quote and endorse Mr. Froude's outrageous charge against "the philosopher of the *Utopia*" of taking a delight in whipping, racking, and burning heretics. More, like Erasmus and many other moderate men of their day, was thoroughly scared by the excesses of some of Luther's followers, which at least convinced him that his extreme theory of toleration, extending even to atheists, advocated in the *Utopia*, were too far in advance of the age to be acted upon. But the worst that can be truly said of him is that he took part officially in the execution of the existing laws against heretics—cruel enough no doubt to our notions—just as, to cite the impartial testimony of Mackintosh, "many judges since his time have enforced criminal laws which punish secondary crimes with death, and in which no good man not inured to such inflictions by practice could have taken a share." And to the last More declared that these severities were rendered necessary only by the violence of the Reformers, and that he heartily wished both sides could agree to trust to the final triumph of truth.

One point which we are very apt to forget, and which Mr. Pennington does not seem distinctly to realize, it is important to bear in mind in dealing with such a career as that of Erasmus, whose sympathies are at one time with the Papacy and at another with its assailants. The notion of a definite and chronic separation of Catholics and Protestants did not become familiar to men's minds till a quarter of a century after his death. Even Luther himself was very slow to acknowledge it. The cry for reform of the Church had long been popular in Europe, but an unintermittent tradition of centuries made the idea of ecclesiastical unity almost an axiom of the public mind. Both the rival parties in the Church instinctively looked to the action of a future Council, like that of Constance, to adjust their differences. It was only when this hope had been disappointed by the long delay and subsequent miscarriage of the Council of Trent, that the final division of Western Christendom into two hostile camps was gradually and reluctantly admitted as an accomplished fact. But still it must seem strange to those who insist on making Erasmus into a Protestant hero that he should all along have kept on such excellent terms with the Antichrist of Luther's denunciations. When he went to Rome in 1509, he was cordially received by the reigning Pope, Julius II., who promised to place him among his penitentiaries, and was introduced to Cardinal Medici, the future Leo X. His *Praise of Folly*, which, like the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, bitterly satirizes the vices and absurdities of monks and priests, was read by Leo X. without a word of reproof; and Erasmus afterwards addressed the Pope in a rather fulsome letter as a man of "great piety and polite learning," and received a very courteous reply. The second edition of his New Testament was dedicated to Leo, who issued a brief approving it. And at a later period the stern Paul III. wished to include Erasmus in his batch of reforming Cardinals, and on his declining the honour did actually appoint him Provost of the College of Canons at Deventer, commending in a very flattering brief his piety, probity, and learning, and distinguished services to the Apostolic See. But the end was then drawing near. At midnight, on July 12, 1536, he died calmly at Basle, where he had been obliged to take refuge on account of his disease, though "on account of the difference of religious sentiments"—Protestantism had been legally established there seven years before—he would have preferred ending his days elsewhere.

We will conclude with an extract from the Panegyric pronounced by Erasmus in 1500 on Prince Philip of Burgundy, which is interesting as a record of the impression made upon him by Paris, which still retained its high academic reputation as the *Schola* of Latin Christendom. As the oration was delivered at Brussels, there was no special temptation to draw a highly coloured picture, and Erasmus is no doubt expressing his real opinion of France and the French Church:—

> This city has advantages, one even of which it is difficult to find in most towns—a flourishing clergy, an almost unrivalled school, a senate as venerable as Areopagus, as celebrated as the Amphictyonic, as illustrious as the ancient senate of Rome. By their happy assistance the greatest blessings are united in their city—enlightened religion, profound learning, and the administration of justice. The clergy are learned; the learned are pious; and both learning and piety are united in the senators.

TOM THUMB.*

WITH a feeling for consistency similar to that which induced the conscientious representative of Othello to blacken himself all over, M. Gaston Paris has embodied his ideas about Tom Thumb in one of the tiniest of volumes. But, as in the case of the

* *Le Petit Poucet et la Grande Ourse.* Par Gaston Paris. Paris (Librairie A. Franck) 1875.

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hero whose deeds it commemorates, its little body is "animated by great intelligence," and it contains within its very small compass the results of as much research as might have been devoted to the composition of an awe-inspiring folio. The researches, moreover, of M. Gaston Paris, and of the new school of French criticism to which he belongs—one which unites the "painful" accuracy of the Teuton with the brilliant vivacity of the Gaul—are always sure to deserve our respectful attention, even if we do not always accept the conclusions to which they may give rise. It is indeed a misfortune that their fruits are not more familiar to us. We are sufficiently well acquainted with the blunders of the "divine Williams" or the "Sir Peel" type which ordinary Frenchmen are apt to perpetrate when dealing with foreign affairs; but few Englishmen, outside a narrow scholarly circle, are aware of the rich and rare treasures contained in such modern French periodicals as the *Revue Critique*, the *Revue Celtique*, and *Romania*, for all of which France is indebted to the enthusiastic band of genuine scholars to which M. Gaston Paris, M. Paul Meyer, and M. Gaidoz belong. The monograph now before us has long been in print, and public attention was called to it some time ago by Professor Max Müller, but it was not published till recently. Like its hero it was lost for a time to the world, but at length, under the impulse of the triply secular jubilee of the University of Leyden, at which the author was present as an official representative, it was allowed to see the light. Of its contents we will now proceed to give some brief account.

While the Semitic peoples, says M. Gaston Paris, inhabiting vast plains and enjoying a clear air and an equable climate, paid special attention to the sky, and early learnt to worship the luminous bodies which traverse or stud it, the Aryans, natives of a mountainous district, and exposed to the climatic vicissitudes of the Highlands of Central Asia, gave more heed to the violent convulsions of nature, and bestowed their sincerest adoration upon the spirits who were supposed to hurl the thunderbolt and to fly abroad upon the wings of the storm. Thus the five great planets then known, together with the sun and moon, formed the sacred heptade of the Babylonians, a combination of which the memory is still preserved in the week of what are so often inaccurately called the "Latin races." It is true that the titles of the Assyrian deities, changed by the Greeks into those of Hellenic gods, and then a second time altered by the Romans, have disappeared during this double transformation. But the names of their Latin substitutes still designate at least five days of the week in many South-European languages, although they have been supplanted by those of old Teutonic divinities in one great portion of Europe, and by a partly numerical nomenclature in another. In spite, however, of the evidence apparently borne by the frequent occurrence of such names as *Mardi* or *Mercredi*, the ancient Indo-European religions do not appear to have comprised anything approaching to a planetary cultus, and the European peoples are said not to have originally possessed any names whereby to designate the planets, but to have borrowed the subsequently employed designations from Eastern sources. Our ancestors, indeed, before they were subjected to an astrological influence from without, appear to have regarded the lesser lights of the nightly sky rather with a pictorial or topographical than with a religious eye. In the constellations they looked more to the lines supposed to connect the stars than to the stars themselves, and to many of them they gave designations savouring rather of earthly than of heavenly influences. Some of these designations still prevail in analogous forms among nations now widely differing in creed and speech, their similarity bearing strong witness to the original unity of what now appear at first sight to be widely differing races. By none is this evidence more forcibly borne than by those which a great number of the European peoples apply to the constellation of the Great Bear.

The hypothesis that the name of the Bear arose from a linguistic misconception has been so clearly explained by Professor Max Müller in the Second Series of his *Lectures on the Science of Language*, that there is no need to do more than refer to the fact that the same Sanskrit word *ṛiksha*, meaning bright, probably from a root *ark* or *arch*, signifying to be bright or to make bright, was applied to the stars, and also became the name of the Bear, "so called [says the Professor] either from his bright eyes or from his brilliant tawny fur." The latter derivation appears a little doubtful, but whatever may have been the reason for conferring such a title upon a rather dull and dusky animal, or even if it were bestowed upon the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, it seems probable that the reason may be accepted which is assigned for its being applied to the constellation which was originally "the stars," then "the Bears," and finally "the Bear," or in Greek *Arktos*. Thence arose in the course of time a "Bear-ward," Arcturus, and eventually a Little Bear; and thus, says Professor Max Müller, "the name of the Arctic regions rests on a misunderstanding of a name framed thousands of years ago in Central Asia." As early, however, as the period when the Odyssey was composed, the Greeks knew the Great Bear also under the name of the ἅμαξα, or four-wheeled waggon, and the idea expressed by this name appears to have found general acceptance in the minds of the Aryan Europeans. To the common people, at least, in most parts of Europe, the Great Bear is known as a waggon, of which the stars *α*, *β*, *γ*, *δ*, represent the wheels, and *ε*, *ζ*, *η*, either the shafts or the three beasts of burden, horses or oxen, which draw it. Neither in the memorials of old Teutonic speech, nor in those of the Slavic, Lettic, or Finnic races, says Jacob Grimm in his *Deutsche Mythologie*, is there to be found any designation for the group of stars in question which is connected with the name of the Bear, although that animal plays so important a part in the folk-lore of all the Northern peoples.

Above the star *ζ*, which occupies the middle point of the Bear's tail or the Wain's team, is a very small star to which popular consent has attributed the functions of the conductor of the team. As the Greeks imagined a Boötes or herdsman, or an Arcturus or Bear-ward, so other nations have conceived the idea of a *Postillon* or *Cavalier*, who rides on the central horse of the team, or of a driver, called in Teutonic lands *Fuhrmann*, or *Knecht*, or *Dümeke*, or *Dümke*, and named by the Walloons *Pôcè*. In this small driver M. Gaston Paris recognizes the tiny but intelligent being known to us by the name of Tom Thumb—*Pôcè* being equivalent to *Poucet*, a derivative of *pollex*, analogous to *Däumling*, *Dümeke*, or *Thumbkin*. About this celestial car and its driver a number of legends have grouped themselves. According to one, a peasant yoked three horses to his cart one Good Friday. As they would not move, he cried out, "Get on, in the name of Satan!" Whereupon he disappeared from the earth, and has been condemned ever since to drive his cart in the sky. Another tells how a carter said he would give up his share of Paradise if he might be allowed to go on driving for ever. And now he may be seen driving in the heavens by night. Till midnight his cart mounts; after midnight it descends. In Switzerland it is affirmed that it may be heard at midnight to turn with a crash. In some places the celestial wain is called the Waggon of Elias, being the chariot in which he, as afterwards the Saviour, was borne to heaven. At one time it seems to have been considered the Car of Thor, from whom it was afterwards transferred to St. Peter or St. Martin or to Charles the Great—if, indeed, it be allowable to explain by reference to that monarch such dubious designations as the Swedish Karlvagn or our own Charles's Wain.

The genuine folk-tales about the being whom we know as Tom Thumb—as distinguished from his English legends, which seem to belong rather to literature than to folk-lore—agree in describing his birth as having been brought about in a supernatural manner. He is the actual or the adopted offspring of a married couple who have long desired a child in vain. At length they are made happy by the arrival of a tiny boy, who always remains exceedingly small. But he is, like most undersized people, extremely vivacious, and so intelligent is he that he soon learns to drive his father's team. For that purpose he nestles in the ear of one of the horses. This incident M. Gaston Paris considers the central point, the leading feature of the story. The next in importance, in his opinion, is that in which the hero is swallowed by an ox or a cow, an episode which has been expanded in some variants of the story into a series of similar catastrophes due to the heedless appetites of different animals. Our dwarf is also described as a being of a thievish character, for he assists in stealing oxen and other valuables. On these grounds he has been compared by Mr. Schenkl to Hermes, who on the very day of his birth stole the oxen of Apollo, and secured his safe return to his mother's grot by passing through just such an aperture as gave Thumbkin access to some of the objects of his theft. There is a Greek vase, moreover, on which a little Hermes is depicted in a cradle shaped like a shoe, just as Tom Thumb is described as having been cradled in his father's shoe.

One peculiarity of the Tom Thumb legend is, according to M. Gaston Paris, that it belongs exclusively to the Slavonic and Teutonic peoples. Neither in Italy nor in Spain has he been able to find any trace of the story, or even of the name, and its existence among the Wallachians, Albanians, and modern Greeks he attributes to Slavonic influences. The Walloon name Pôcè, and a French version of the story, he explains as being probably of German extraction, and Perrault's tale of *Le Petit Poucet* he sets aside as a mere literary composition. Finally, he draws the conclusion that, as the story belongs exclusively to the Slavs and the Teutons, it probably "received its definite form at the epoch in which they lived together, and formed a separate group in the Indo-European family"; but that at the same time the coincidence, which cannot be regarded as fortuitous, between the Hermes myth and the Tom Thumb story, permits us to attribute the oldest features of the legend of the tiny herdsman or driver to the far-off period when the seven stars of the North were represented only as seven great oxen roaming through the field of the sky.

There is a great charm in the method of explaining our nursery tales which invests them with a vast antiquity and a profound mythical significance. But the evidence upon which its results are based is sometimes hardly as conclusive as might be desired. In the present instance the identification of the heavenly driver or herdsman with the tiny hero of the folk-tale appears to rest mainly upon the fact that the two beings are known by similar names, *Pôcè*, *Poucet*, *Däumling*, *Dümeke*, and the like. But such designations may have been intended to be not individual but generic. Any small creature may have been styled Thumb-long, *Daumenlang*, *Tommeling*, Tom Thumb. From a similar metaphor arises the name of the pygmy, the smallest of mankind, though not as small as the "Divine personage of the size of a thumb" called in Sanskrit *Bâla-khilya*, who formed part of a family, numbering sixty thousand members, which was produced from Brahma's body, and which surrounded the chariot of the Sun. And it is not clear that the small hero of the folk-tale was originally connected with the idea of thumb-size. In Russia he is known as *Malchik-s-palchik*, the "finger-long little one," *palchik* being a diminutive form of *palets*, a finger, and he is supposed to spring

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from his parent's accidentally cut off little finger. For this discrepancy M. Gaston Paris accounts by supposing that the primitive meaning of the Slavonic word now represented by the Russian *palets* or the Polish *palec* was "thumb," but that it afterwards acquired the sense of finger, and that the Russian tale, after the change in the meaning of the word took place, was altered so as to be in accordance with the new signification. But both of these hypotheses seem to be hazardous. It is true that *palets* and *pollex* sound alike, but *palets* seems to be nearer akin to *palka*, a stick, *palitsa*, a club, and so to be descriptive of a finger or toe, as one of the twigs as it were into which the hand or foot branches. And the chopping off of the mother's little finger does not sound at all like an incident invented in consequence of a linguistic transformation. Afanasief, in the fifth volume of his *Russian Popular Tales*, gives three versions of the story. In the first and third the hero springs from a little finger which his mother cuts off while slicing cabbage, and in the second from a finger which his father loses while chopping a plank into splinters. But whether M. Gaston Paris is or is not correct in hazarding the above-mentioned suppositions, at all events we have to thank him for an exceedingly interesting and suggestive essay, and one which may well be commended to the attention of all scholars who are concerned in the resolution of the attractive problems which relate to the origin and meaning of Popular Tales.

LETTERS TO SIR JOSEPH WILLIAMSON.*

WE would not venture to say, without turning to the book to make certain, whether the name of Sir Joseph Williamson is found in Lord Macaulay's History. Most certainly he is not one of those characters whose living portraits stand out on Lord Macaulay's pages, and can never fade away from the memory. Yet he held high offices; he was an ambassador and a Secretary of State, in the time which comes within Lord Macaulay's secondary range, and he lived on through the whole of his immediate period. But a "pliant courtier and model official," as he is described by the late Mr. Christie, the editor of the present volume, could not, even in yet higher posts, have left much mark on his age, and he seems to have played no part at all in public life during the reigns of James and William. Perhaps he is likely to be best remembered at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he had been a Fellow, and of which he was in the end a benefactor. A man who rose from small beginnings to an official position just short of the highest, and who in those days of successive proscriptions seems not to have drawn on himself the persecution of either side, we may believe to be accurately enough sketched in the outline given by Mr. Christie. A man who was less than a "pliant courtier and model official" could hardly have risen so high; a man who was much more might perhaps not have risen any higher—might not have risen so high—but he would surely, in one way or another, have left a greater name behind him. In fact, Mr. Christie would seem, perhaps according to his duty as a *quasi*-biographer, to have made the best of his hero. Evelyn tells us how Williamson, being a clerk in the office of Secretary Nicholas, was "transferred" to Sir Henry Bennett, afterwards Lord Arlington; how Bennett, "loving his ease more than business, remitted all to his man Williamson, and in a short time let him so into the secret of affairs that there was a kind of necessity to advance him." "By his subtlety, dexterity, and insinuation, he now got to be Principal Secretary, absolutely Lord Arlington's creature, and ungrateful enough." Mr. Christie, however, quotes Evelyn as calling Williamson "exceeding proud," while, at least in the copy of Evelyn before us, the words are "exceeding formal." This is in 1674. Two years before this we find Williamson admitted to the place of Clerk of the Council in succession to Evelyn's father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne. "This place," Evelyn adds, "his Majesty had promised to give me many years before; but upon consideration of the renewal of our lease and other reasons, I chose to part with it to Sir Joseph, who gave us and the rest of his brother clerks a handsome supper at his house, and after supper a consort of music." Evelyn clearly disliked Williamson, perhaps on account of his rise; but this could not have been his only reason, as he speaks very respectfully of Sir Stephen Fox, who had risen from much lowlier beginnings than Williamson.

Mr. Christie's collection deals with Williamson in his character of plenipotentiary to the Congress at Cologne. Of the colleagues in his embassy, Sir Leoline Jenkins—whose name, a form of *Llywelyn*, has by some of Williamson's correspondents been turned into *Lionel*—bears exactly the same kind of reputation as his own. He is best remembered at Jesus College. The third, the Earl of Sunderland, who never actually joined his colleagues, stands out in full life in the pages of Lord Macaulay. The letters are from various correspondents in England, who send his Excellency all the news, public and private. The very first sentence of the first letter gives an illustration of one comment of Evelyn on Williamson's character. Evelyn says, in a passage of his Diary which must have been put in long after the date, that Williamson was "so inward with my Lord O'Brien, that after a few months of that gentleman's death he married his widow, who, being sister and heir to the Duke of Richmond, brought him a noble fortune." Evelyn adds, "It is thought they lived not so kindly after marriage as they did before." That they lived very kindly before is plain from the constant references to Lady Katharine, Lady O'Brien, throughout the letters; part of Williamson's goods were lodged with her ladyship when he set forth to go beyond sea. Lord O'Brien afterwards seems to have got various grants of crown land through his wife's interest with Williamson.

The time to which the letters belong is the years 1673 and 1674, the time when England, to her shame, was engaged in a war against the United Provinces in partnership with France, when the secret treaties between Charles and Louis the Fourteenth had lately been signed, and when the Declaration of Indulgence and the Stop of the Exchequer were recent events. The former of the two was cancelled in the session of Parliament which was going on while Williamson was on his diplomatic mission and the sacramental Test was imposed. As the letters are letters not from Williamson but to him, they tell us little or nothing about the negotiations with which he was busy; but they tell a great deal about everything that was going on in England, from the gravest public affairs down to the smallest personal gossip. We hear much about the endless promotions of him who crept up from Sir Thomas Osborne into Duke of Leeds, but who is best known in the intermediate stage of Earl of Danby. We hear also of the promotion, more speedy and on different grounds, of Louise de Querouaille—the Madam Carwell of our forefathers—into Duchess of Portsmouth. We come across the famous Schomberg in an earlier stage than that in which we are most familiar with him; and one subject which fills many letters is the late naval battle with the Dutch, and the alleged misbehaviour of the French in the action. The second marriage of James, Duke of York, is often touched on and becomes the subject of many rumours. In short, Williamson's correspondents send him all the news, great and small. It is rather curious that, though there is such constant mention of the Lady Katharine or Lady O'Brien, there are no letters of her own in the collection, though from Lord O'Brien, her husband, there are several.

We have got a little way on with our letters, when, in a letter from William Bridgeman, then a clerk in the Secretary of State's Office and afterwards himself Under-Secretary, we light on the announcement that "his Royal Highnesses match with Princess of Inspruch is quite off." This "Princess of Inspruch" is Claudia Felicitas, daughter of the Archduke Ferdinand Karl, whom Mr. Christie oddly calls "Archduke of Innspruck." She presently became the second wife of the Emperor Leopold, a character in which her predecessor is still more oddly spoken of as "Empress of Austria." Presently we get a notice of "Mr. Blood the elder," the "notorious ruffian who had attempted to assassinate the Duke of Ormond and afterwards steal the Crown from the Tower," but who had been pardoned and was now in high favour with the King. At a later stage Blood appears as a correspondent of Williamson. We are also in the thick of the fear of Popery, and we see the second Duke of Buckingham in the character of a zealous Protestant. Henry Ball wrote on June 6, 1673:—

> My Lord Duke of Buckingham is returned from Yorkshire, where he has been making new recruites to his regiment, and it's said that, so jealous were ye comanalty there of Popery, that not a man scarse would come into his Grace 'till he had gone and publiquely with his officers tooke the Sacrament at Yorke. The whole towne do nothing but predend to jealosyes of ye growth of Popery, and have the strangest reports from divers parts of Wales of their numerous meetings and nightly trainings, and furnishing themselves with arms, etc.

A few days later J. Rosse, the King's Librarian, writes in a more sportive style:—

> His Grace of Bucks hath taken great pains, and the Sacrament almost in all the churches of his Lieutenancy in Yorkshire, on designe to raise his 700 men, but the people hearken as little to his devotion as (I believe) heaven to his prayers, soe that had hee not prevailed with some officers of his militia to pick them up (for the most part) out of the traine bands, hee had returned *re infectâ*.

The Duke of York has resigned his post of Admiral, and we read:—

> Its not to be writt the horrid discourses that passes now upon his Royall Highness surrendring; they call him Squire James, and say he was alwayes a Romanist; that he is retireing into the countrey, and is so angry att the management of affaires, that he is resolved not to meddle with State affaires more, which makes all sober men very sorry and much troubled.

Another form of the national alarm comes out in a letter from Sir Thomas Player, from Guildhall:—

> Wee are mighty busy here swearing against the Pope, and yet here wee are discontented, for my Lord Mayor and the Town Clarke have, by a precept they have sent out, made the law to extend to all livery men and governors of hospitalls, to sextons and parish clerkes, and this hath coated our liverys and courts of assistance, and the poore clarkes are not able to sing one line of Sternholt in tune for feare of being turn'd out of their places.

Sir Thomas makes himself merry with the general state of things, how "the Government begins to thrive marvellous well, for it eats and drinks and sleeps as heartily as I have known it, nor doth it vex and disquiet itself with that foolish, idle, impertinent thing called business." "There is not," he further complains, "a place in the world so fruitful in lying stories as London, and, though the falseness of these stories is usually within two or three days laid open to the world, yet the people are ready to receive new ones, and to believe them till they also are detected." Here is a specimen:—

> A pleasant rediculous story is this weeke blazed about, that the King had given Nell Gwinn 20,000*l*., which angrying much my Lady Cleaveland and Mademoiselle Carwell, they made a supper at Berkshire House, whither

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* *Letters addressed from London to Sir Joseph Williamson, while Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Cologne in the years 1673 and 1674.* Edited by W. D. Christie, C.B. 2 vols. Published for the Camden Society, 1874.

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shee being invited was, as they were drinking, suddainly almost choaked with a napkin, of which shee was since dead; and this idle thing runs so hott that Mr. Philips askt me the truth of it, beleiving it, but I assured him I saw her yester night in the Parke. The people say there has been 100,000*l.* given away within these last five weekes, so ready are they to blaze pernitious lyes.

Of the "pride" or "formality" attributed to Williamson by Evelyn we get a curious notice in a letter from J. Rosse, which savours almost of rebuke:—

I have that unalterable respect for your Ex^cy that though I seeme impertinent I cannot but lett you know that some of the fine Gentlemen that went with you (wee thought to honour you) have complained of an alteration of your deportment towards them, as more high than they expected: it runs through the gallery, &c. (as you say), not a little to your disadvantage, with the constructions and censures usuall in such cases, which I thinke it becomes my friendship to hint to you, both that you may observe and guess the censures and take notice of those that leave you, as they intend soon as they find conveniency if you are like to stay there this winter.

Altogether, like all writings which were never meant to go beyond those by and to whom they were written, these letters help us to much that throws light on the time. They should be taken alongside of those parts of the Diary of Evelyn which belong to the same period. Pepys does not go down so late. He mentions Williamson more than once, but within Pepys's range the future Secretary was still in inferior posts.

ALICE LORRAINE.*

THE author of *Lorna Doone* has attempted a difficult task—namely, the acclimatization of an Antigone or Alcestis on the less heroic soil of English womanhood. He has undertaken to show that a high-bred, pure-hearted, unselfish British maiden is as capable of supreme self-sacrifice as any of the most perfect models of devotion in Sophocles or Euripides. And, the better to carry his public along with him, he has interwoven with his main plot pictures of rural life in Kentish orchards and on the South Downs which cannot but captivate even the casual reader, and which no one could produce who had not thoroughly realized the delicious summer scenery of the one and the singular coombs and uplands of the other. If his heroine succeeds in obtaining a verdict of sympathetic acquittal at the bar before which he pleads a justification of her "ultima ratio" of escape from odious nuptials, it will be largely due to the pictorial skill of the advocate that he induces English readers to condone a virtual suicide, and to regard the sweet and hardly-used maiden who conceived herself driven to it as a model to the last of the purest and finest type of English girlhood. Pleasant as are the Mabels and Phyllises of his tale, sprightly and natural as are the three daughters of Parson Struan Hales, who plays a considerable part in it, none of them so winds herself round the heart of the reader as Alice. Her love centres in father and brother rather than in sweetheart, and, though not without the weaknesses of woman, she has them just enough under command to extort admiration for courage without forfeiting any of the charm of feminine softness.

Beneath the crest of a long-backed Sussex hill in a deep embrasure, the Lorraines had had their dwelling since the days of the Conqueror. Partly owing to crippled fortunes and diminished acreage, and partly because of the student life of the head of the house at the date of the story (1811–14), they lived apart and went nowhere. Sir Roland, a widower, had his heart in his books and his daughter Alice, and was perhaps a little inclined to undervalue his thoughtless but generous-natured heir Hilary, who was eating his terms at the Temple in obedience to his father's wishes, and in despite of his own predilection for the sword rather than the pen. In Coombe Lorraine's best suite of rooms there still lives, at the age of some eighty years or more, Sir Roland's mother, the Lady Valeria, a relic of the Court of George II. She is a worldly old dame, who is disinclined to surrender the dominion which she had exercised over her husband to the extent of making him tie up his property so far in advance that even the joint consent of Sir Roland and Hilary is unavailing to mortgage the estate, however urgent the need, during the life of Alice. To this element of importance in the family history Alice unites another, in the part she is found to play in the will, and the provisions for a distant posterity, of an ancestral astrologer, the Carian Agasicles, whose daughter Artemise, two hundred years before, had eloped from her father's seaside castle, which, though triply guarded to landward against Carian rogues, proved too accessible from the sea to a handsome comrade of Raleigh. The astrologer had forgiven the theft and had come to England to see his daughter and die there, leaving behind him the repute of a wizard, supposed to haunt Chancton Ring, and a document which was to be searched for and brought from his special sanctum by a female descendant in a comet year (two hundred years after his own time). Of her who was to perform this office the old man had written, "The virgin will be brave and beautiful, ready to give herself for the house, and of swiftly growing prudence"; and when the prescribed term of days and years is up, Sir Roland sends his darling—a little scared, but quite equal to the task—to the astrologer's chamber, where in a recess she finds little but dust, mouldy deeds, and a dirty cushion. There is, however, a box, or casket, of peculiar metal and workmanship, and when Lady Valeria's curiosity leads to Sir Roland's examining with her the documents and the box, it is found that the key is missing—the key which, in a postscript, the astrologer curses his servant for having lost. This lost key is, next to Alice, the most important factor in the story, if we except perhaps the periodical portent of the Woeburn, an outburst of water in the parish of Coombe Lorraine which takes place twice in five hundred years, waxing speedily into a great roaring torrent, "fetching more water than Adur river," gathering blackness as it goes, and each time it appears boding ill to the ancient house which it cuts off from the church and village. The old wife Nanny Stillgoe's saw ran:—

When the Woeburn brake the plain,
Ill it boded for Lorraine.
When the Woeburn came again,
Dearth and death it brought Lorraine.
If it ever floweth more
Reign of the Lorraines is o'er;
Only this can save Lorraine,
One must plunge to save the main.

It further appears that traditions associate the third visitation, which is now impending, with the loss of family honour. A course of circumstances tends to bring this about, though to so high-minded a race the thing might seem impossible. The light-hearted Hilary makes a summer excursion from the special pleader's chambers to the cherry orchards of Applewood in company with a fellow-pupil, Gregory Lovejoy, son of Martin Lovejoy, the Grower (*i.e.* market gardener), a Kentish man of Danish extraction and homely common sense and plain-dealing, and the master of Applewood Farm. The episodic chapters about this idyllic home of cherries and strawberries, girt about by the most delicious walks and trout streams, and peopled with good, hearty, honest folk, are so pleasant that we could like to dwell on them; but it must suffice to say that Hilary falls over head and ears (as well he might) with pretty Mabel, the grower's daughter, picks strawberries and cherries with her, accepts her tuition in trout-fishing, and very soon wins her heart, and precipitates an engagement not likely to please his fastidious sire, or Mabel's either, who is bent on wedding her to a grower like himself. Of course, when Hilary speaks of the matter to his father, high words bring on a rupture, which his uncle, Parson Hales, eventually heals to some extent by persuading Sir Roland to let Hilary go into a marching regiment, and, if he is of the same mind in three years, time, after experience of Spanish ladies, to marry Mabel Lovejoy. Meanwhile the projects of Lady Valeria for the good of the house in which she has a dowager's interest embarrass simple-hearted Alice in a struggle with a *roué*, Captain Stephen Chapman, son of Sir Remnant Chapman, a cynical old reprobate whose broad acres have swallowed up some of Lorraine, and who hopes to compass his son's reform and join the two estates by a marriage with Alice. The Captain is a sot and a *fainéant* who left the army at the outbreak of war, and the heroine's scorn for such a lover nerves her to all sorts of word-fence with her managing grandmother, persuasive arts with her fond father, and strange slights towards the Captain himself, by way of putting off so hateful a union. Unfortunately, however, the meshes of the web around her become closer and tighter. Hilary, who had saved his colonel's life at Ciudad Rodrigo, and been the first, though wounded, to enter the breach at Badajos, gets bewitched by a Spanish donna, whose father's house he had saved from pillage, and who, with her sister, had afterwards nursed him till his wounds were healed. Hilary proves temporarily false to his home-love, Mabel — a dereliction of duty no doubt needful to the plot, and to our thinking more tolerable and natural than those changes of mind in the heroines which modern novelists so much affect. The chapters of which the scene is laid in the Peninsular campaigns show that the author has grasped the history of the war, and contain an excellent sketch of "Old Beaky" in his happiest posture. Sharp letters from Uncle Struan, from Alice, and from Mabel's brother recall Hilary to some extent to his old love, but a complication arises out of a commission entrusted to him by Lord Wellington to take charge of 50,000*l.* in specie to be delivered to him by Count Zamora, the father of his Spanish *innamorata*. The donna gets him again in her toils, tempts him to an assignation (rudely terminated by a knock he gets on the head from her guerrilla lover), and illustrates the wise king's warnings against strange women by assisting Count Alcides d'Alcar, Mira's lieutenant, to get hold of the 50,000*l.* which Hilary was to convoy to General Hill's division for the pay of the British army. Wellington pities the young captain, especially as he guesses there is a lady in the case, lets him resign his commission rather than be tried by court-martial, and after a series of misadventures on the way home, Hilary reaches Coombe Lorraine shabby, footsore, and in sailor's slops, just after the bursting of the Woeburn has thrown all the neighbourhood into consternation, and made matters ripe for some serious crisis of the family honour. Uncle Struan, the parson, takes him in and nurses him without his father and sister knowing aught of his return, till one unlucky day the parson goes a-hunting, and his nephew gives his fair cousins the slip and tries to get a sight of Alice. The interview near the Woeburn flood is too much for him; he is seized with a fit of epilepsy and with difficulty gets home to the paternal roof.

By a curious irony of fate the prodigal's return brings a turn in the long road of ill luck. The sordid Chapmans and the honest grower have their several schemes of providing for the 50,000*l.* which are the price of Hilary's reinstatement with unblemished name in Wellington's army. It is only with blameless Alice, who has

* *Alice Lorraine: a Tale of the South Downs.* By Richard Doddridge Blackmore, Author of the "Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone." &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

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never left her father's house, that things go ill; and while Mabel Lovejoy steals away the hearts of all Hilary's home folk, she has to learn that she must bear her burden alone. Pathos reaches its height when the noble girl, loathing the suitor whose hand she is urged to accept for the honour of the house, vainly seeks every other alternative, blends preparations for a terrible last resort with tender nursing of her sick brother (ignorant of his complicity in her sacrifice), seeks her father's study for a last appeal, is driven frantic by a meeting with her bridegroom of the morrow, dresses herself in plain white, says her evening prayers, kisses a lock of her dead mother's hair, takes a last look of sleeping Hilary, and, walking out past her favourite bower in a bitter January night, commits her soul to God and her body to the Woeburn. How a *deus ex machinâ* interposes and brings back the dead to life it would be scarcely fair to tell; and we must refer readers to Mr. Blackmore's own pages for the precise mode in which the astrologer's box and last commands are connected with the ransom of Hilary's honour, without recourse to the dower of Mabel or to the Chapmans. We are not concerned to justify Alice's choice of a mode of escape from the degradation to which her honour and purity could not submit. Her plea till the step was taken was *Noblesse oblige*, and it is but fair to add that, when she is rescued from the waters, she is sufficiently shy and ashamed of what she has done.

Besides the clever weaving of the plot, a great merit of *Alice Lorraine* is, as we have already hinted, the life and beauty of its descriptive passages. Everywhere there is the poetic landscape-painting which bespeaks an artist who has thrown himself into his work. We seem to accompany the passengers in the grower's van as they descend upon the Weald of Kent; to sit with the guests under the hospitable shade in out-door dessert on a Sunday at Applewood; to discriminate the slowly waking spring at one point of the story from the mellow autumn of another, and in the last volume to realize the hardest winter of the century and the strange unearthly darkness which preceded it. Not unwelcome to the scholar and classical reader will be the Horatian and Theocritean reminiscences which haunt Mr. Blackmore when he gets amid buds and blossoms and ripe fruit, and the hues and scents of summer fruitage. Here is the sketch of the spot where the Applewood party feast on cherries and sip madeira on special holidays:—"By the side of a pebbly brook—which ran within stone-throw of the house, sparkling fresh and abundant from deep well springs of the hill-range—they came to a place which seemed to be made especially for enjoyment; a bend of the grassy banks and rounded hollow of the fruit-land, where cherry, and apple, and willow-tree clubbed their hospitable shade, and fugitive water made much ado to ripple down the zig-zag rill." But perhaps Mr. Blackmore's special excellence is his gift of humour—a gift never misused in the service of ill-nature. It is not easy to give samples of this, because it pervades the whole book. Sir Roland and Alice are always checking themselves or each other, or getting taken to task by Lady Valeria, for a kindly irony which is in truth the author's quaint way of seeing things. The old grower teems with quaintness; witness his commentary on "the green herb for meat"—to wit, "to come to table with the meat." Parson Hales, when he spends an idle Sunday at Applewood, finds it the perfection of enjoyment to sit at church as a listener, exhausting the sweetness of the familiar Lucretian sentiment. In one of his dicta, by the way, we think that he or his author must be prepared for criticism. When pleading Hilary's cause to his father, he tells him he would never have fallen in love had he been allowed to smoke. "Cupid hates tobacco." Is this so? Certainly not in modern experience, though it is fair to remember that Mr. Blackmore's story is of sixty years ago. Many readers will welcome a certain laudation of old ways, when English maidens looked for less free and easy suitors than nowadays, and when tobacco was an offence to them, not a matter of toleration and perhaps experiment. For the rest, we will only say that Mr. Blackmore's *Alice Lorraine* will sustain his reputation as one of our best English novelists. Seldom have we come across so fresh and pleasant a prose idyl.

HINDUISM AND CHRISTIANITY.*

THE perusal of this book has given us great satisfaction. All of us may read much, and many of us are so situated as to hear much, of missionary work in India. When it is so, the oral accounts of the soldier or civilian often cast a deep shade over the roseate hues of the mission reports. The truth no doubt lies between the two. The sanguine teacher rejoices over a convert whom a dispassionate observer condemns as an interested time-server. And both may be wrong. The convert may not be a credit to his new faith, but in most cases he has given up more in a worldly sense than he can hope to gain by its adoption. Men of the highest position and of the clearest judgment, like Lord Lawrence and Sir Bartle Frere, whose knowledge and fairness cannot be gainsaid, speak with some satisfaction of the progress which Christianity has made in India and with hope for the future. Still it is generally admitted that the success has been comparatively small, and quite out of proportion to the means employed in the work of conversion. The causes of this partial failure are not far to seek; the differences and contentions among Christians, incompetency and unfitness on the part of many of the missionaries, and the un-Christian lives of men who bear the Christian name, but are actuated by little of its spirit. The mischief done by mere professing Christians is incalculable, for men everywhere are apt to judge the tree by its fruits, and evil makes a deeper impression than good. Precepts of love and charity are rudely enforced by the stick or the boot-toe of the passionate; and temperance, soberness, and chastity have been sadly illustrated by the inebriety and libertinage of Europeans. A great change for the better has come over the lives of Englishmen in India; there is a much higher standard of morality, more self-respect, more tenderness for the people, a deeper feeling of responsibility as Christians and as members of a governing race. Still the words of Xavier, the greatest of modern apostles, are as true as ever, and ought to be felt by every man whose way of life lies in heathen lands. "The living exhibition of the Christian character is the first great instrument of Christian conquests over idolatry," said Xavier; and there can be no doubt that the exhibition of Christian virtues in the public and private lives of its professors must be the most potent instrument of conversion. The Indian mission roll bears the names of men who have covered themselves with honour by their self-devotion and life-long exertion; but there are not many who can be said to have achieved any great success. The qualities required in a missionary are peculiar and almost indefinable. Learning is necessary, but is of itself insufficient. Faults of temper made Henry Martyn, the accomplished senior wrangler, far less successful than the imperfectly educated Carey. Faith and zeal are indispensable, but must be tempered with patience and discretion. Ardent faith is in danger of showing impatience towards those who refuse to believe, or of exhibiting a pity which is not less repellent. Language is another great difficulty. The tongues of India are numerous, and their idioms and forms of expression are so different from our own that very few men succeed in speaking any of them well; what then can be said of preaching? The most accomplished linguist could not preach for five minutes without faults of expression sufficient to excite the amusement and divert the attention of his auditors. Lastly, there has been a want of knowledge of the religion of the people and of the modes of thought prevalent among them. It is this which has led to the publication of the work before us. The Hindus are no simple heathens. Their religious belief, though varying in its objects, is deeply rooted, and it has been worked out with marvellous subtlety and power of reasoning. So, as of old, the simplicity of the Gospel has been to some of them a stumbling-block, to others foolishness. The conversion of a Shānār village in Tinnevelly, or of a tribe of Kols in Chota Nagpore, is comparatively an easy work. These poor simple heathens have indeed some form of religion; but it is far removed from ordinary Hinduism, and their conversion cannot be said to brighten the prospects of success with the mass of the people. The system of caste which, with our notions of freedom, seems an intolerable burden and restraint, is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of success. The native convert is cut off from all his old associates, he is an outcast from their society, his parents and children shun him, his wife may desert him, and he is looked upon as one dead. Cases have been known in which funeral rites have been performed for a convert as if he had actually ceased to live. This is a terrible ordeal, and the faith and conviction must indeed be strong which enable a man to brave and endure it.

Mr. Robson is a Scotch missionary. He has had, as he tells us, twelve years' experience of mission work, and he has diligently studied the people among whom he has dwelt. Though sanguine of ultimate success, he fully realizes the difficulty of the enterprise and the forces arrayed in opposition. He has measured the strength and weakness of Hinduism, and he says very truly that

> Generally, among friends of missions, there is an undue depreciation of Hinduism—an ignoring or an ignorance of the amount of truth and vitality still to be found in it; whilst, amongst those indifferent or hostile to missions, there is an equal ignoring or ignorance of the falsehood which vitiates that truth and poisons that vitality. Not only does Hinduism contain a subtle philosophy, express high moral truths, and enjoin many social virtues; it even in one guise or other embodies many of the leading truths which Christianity teaches. But there is in it an ineradicable vice which neutralizes all that is good, which has paralysed and must paralyse all those efforts at reform within Hinduism that more enlightened Hindus have made and are now making, and which leaves Christianity the only hope for India.

To bring out the leading principles of the various forms of Hinduism, to show where they are in harmony and where and how they differ, is the task Mr. Robson has set himself; and he is well fitted for the undertaking. He is as free as a man can hope to be from intolerance, he shows great acuteness and clearness of perception in dealing with the abstruse and complicated problems before him, and he generally succeeds in conveying an intelligible apprehension of their significance and bearing. The book is not large, but it is thorough as far as it goes. Its value to the missionary in India can hardly be overrated, for it offers a clear and simple exposition of the religious forces with which he will have to grapple, and an easy introduction to that knowledge which is essential to success.

Three thousand years ago, or thereabouts, the religion of the Aryan immigrants found expression in the Vedic hymns. These give indications of a primitive monotheism which had grown into nature worship. The various powers and phenomena of nature are addressed in the hymns as personified beings, each in his turn supreme. There were religious rites and sacrifices, but their grand

* *Hinduism and its Relations to Christianity.* By the Rev. John Robson, M.A., formerly of Ajmer. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co. 1874.

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object was the attainment of worldly happiness and prosperity. Of a future life the early Hindus seem to have had a very indistinct notion, but immortality was considered a gift that might be granted by the gods. In this, as Mr. Robson says, there is little resemblance to modern Hinduism, and in fact a few Vedic verses and formulas recited by priests who have no knowledge of their meaning are almost all that is left of the Vedas in the religion of the present. After a brief review of the Vedic period the author passes over some six or seven hundred years, until the time when the caste system had become fully developed and Brahmanism was in the ascendant. Philosophy had now made some advance, the doctrine of transmigration had taken firm root, and the tendency which the Vedas had shown to the recognition of various gods had grown into Pantheism. Sacrifice had assumed a more important position, and a belief in the almost irresistible powers of asceticism and austerities had taken firm hold:—

The priests [says Mr. Robson] adapted their religion to the ideas of the philosophers with a consistent logic such as could be witnessed in no country but India. It was natural enough that they should take advantage of the doctrine of transmigration by prescribing ceremonies and purification to attain beatitude in a future state of existence. It was natural enough, too, that they should not be behindhand in the practice of those austerities, which gave them an odour of sanctity with the people and of ridicule with the sceptics. But what shall we say of their declaring austerities to be the source of the power of the gods themselves, the origin of their very divinity? When religion had reached this point it had evidently run to seed and was smitten with decay.

Brahmanism went down before the teachings of Buddha, of whose life and labours Mr. Robson gives a brief sketch. Transmigration, which was a leading principle of Brahmanism, now became the very keystone of Buddhism. Man's future state was made to depend upon his works in this life. On this foundation was raised a system of morality more pure than any other the East has produced. But as works were said to depend upon man's own will, not upon Divine impulse, the existence of God was ignored, if not distinctly denied. Heavens and hells were a part of the system, but existence even in heaven was a burden, and the *summum bonum* was to be quit of all existence, to obtain final quiescence by *nirvāna*, or absorption into the inactive soul of the universe. Buddhism became supreme in India about the beginning of our era, but although Brahmanism was depressed, it was not crushed. It struggled long in vain, but it learnt from its adversary, and in time recovered its ascendency. By the tenth century it was again paramount, and in the twelfth Buddhism may be said to have become extinct. Hindu philosophy had a great part in this restoration. Mr. Robson gives a brief outline of the six different schools, but our space will not allow us to enter into any account of their doctrines. The last of them, the *Vedānta*, was certainly evoked during the struggle with Buddhism. As to the rest, it is a moot point whether they preceded Buddhism or arose during its ascendency. The older they are the less is the probability of their having received any inspiration from Greek sources. Colebrooke's opinion was that they were entirely independent. If it be so, the Hindus have, in their *Nyāya* or logical school, established the only logical system which is not directly traceable to the teachings of Aristotle.

Passing on to the revival of Brahmanism, we have chapters on Pantheism and on Vishnu worship and Siva worship. These "typify two opposite poles of religious thought which have always been found, and must always be found, among men—the one the Vaishnava, looking to God as the Author of all good; the other the Saiva, looking to man as by his own deeds attaining to the good he desires." This is, indeed, the main point of difference, but the two sects often trench upon each other's ground. The Vaishnava worships a Deity who condescends to man; the follower of Siva seeks, by penance and austerity, to raise himself to God. So the Vaishnavas maintain that the Deity has often manifested himself in various *avatārs* for the good of the world, and the god is worshipped under various forms, but more especially as Rāma and Krishna. The repetition of the name of Rāma, shortened to Rām, is a most efficacious religious devotion, and such a hold has this got upon the minds of Hindus that it has even been adopted by the followers of Siva. We cannot follow the author through his analysis of the leading doctrines of the two great sects, but he brings them out with great force and clearness, always keeping a sharp look-out for any point of analogy or of marked opposition to Christianity. In his summary of the effects of Hinduism he says:—

Hinduism has spread throughout India, not as a reformation, but as a conservation. It has taken advantage of all existing superstitions, however gross, immoral, and criminal, and, supplying all with a philosophical basis, has crystallized each into a hardness, and given to the whole a solidarity which makes it now doubly difficult to attack any one of them. It has recognized and vindicated the distinctions of class and tribe, freezing all together instead of fusing all together; making different classes of the same village live together with fewer common sympathies and interests than the French and Germans, making patriotism, as we understand it, an unknown thing, nationality an impossibility for the Hindu till Hinduism be swept from India.

A chapter follows on the relations of Hinduism and Mahommedanism. This seems to us the weakest in the book. The author's knowledge of Mahommedanism is evidently very imperfect. A curious little mistake in the second page is sufficient to show this. In speaking of "the old Arab superstition of worshipping the Kabah at Mecca," he explains that the Kabah "is simply a black stone—possibly an aerolite—in the Mosque at Mecca." But the Mosque itself is the Kabah, the black stone within it is called the *kiblah*, and to this all Mahommedans turn their faces when they pray. Mr. Robson has, we think, underrated the past effect and living force of Mahommedanism. The followers of the Prophet in India amount to fifty millions, but they have long lost the command of their great converting weapon, the sword, and so the faith now makes no appreciable progress. It has become degraded by saint-worship, and has been leavened by Hinduism, but it is far from being effete. The old intolerant zeal still actuates its followers. It is repressed, not dead, and would burst forth, like a suppressed fire, if circumstances should ever afford it a vent. The Hindus are certainly profiting more largely and more eagerly by the advantages of education, and this is charged against the Mahommedans as a proof of apathy. But such an imputation is unfair. Like Roman Catholics and others at home, Mussulmans object to a purely secular education, and because they cannot obtain for their children that teaching which they consider necessary, they often keep them from the Government schools and place them under the charge of private teachers.

The concluding chapters on Hinduism and Christianity, on their affinities and antagonisms, and on their present and future relations, are of course the most important part of the author's undertaking. He deals with them calmly and dispassionately, neither despising nor underrating the strength of Hinduism nor despairing of the ultimate triumph of Christianity. He sums up in a few words the broad distinctions:—

Christianity [he says] teaches the personality, Hinduism the impersonality, of God. Christianity makes holiness an essential in God, Hinduism makes it an accident. . . . Both religions teach that salvation is the chief end of man, and that to show the way of salvation is the chief end of religion; . . . but it is when we come to the way of salvation that the resemblances and contrasts of the two religions become most striking. In both we find the idea of vicarious atonement, of the incarnation, and of striving to be like God; . . . but in Hinduism these truths, severed one from the other, as from their true centre, have become corrupted and powerless, as limbs severed from the living body.

English education spreading a knowledge of the science of the West has already shaken the foundation of Hinduism in the minds of many, faith in their *Sāstras* has been destroyed, and, the void remaining unfilled, a speculative theism has sprung up and made some advance. The Brahma Somāj founded by Ram Mohun Roy made no great progress, but since it was joined by Keshub Chunder Sen it has received a new impulse, and its creed has been reduced to two very simple principles—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. But this system, as Mr. Robson justly observes, is further removed from Hinduism than Christianity is, and therefore less likely to be acceptable to the mass of the people. The author gives statistics to show the progress of Christianity, but upon these we will not enter. Its hopes for the future rest upon the spread of education, the Christian lives of its professors, and perhaps, above all, upon the efforts of its enlightened converts. Men like the Rev. K. M. Bannerjea, learned in all the wisdom of the Brahmans, and acquainted with all the weaknesses, prejudices, and aspirations of the people, can appeal to them with more force and persuasion than the most able and zealous of European missionaries. Under the teaching of such men Christianity may cease to be regarded as a foreign faith and the religion of a dominant race. But under their teaching it will adapt itself to the character of the people, or, as Mr. Robson, with breadth of view and true liberality of sentiment, expresses it—

There can be no doubt that Christianity will assume in India—must indeed assume if it is to be universally triumphant—an Indian form. If the religion of Christ is a world's religion, it must be capable of assuming the form best suited for each nation of the world. It is absurd to suppose that a race which has shown so strong an individuality, especially so strong a religious individuality, as the Hindus, can, in adopting Christianity, follow closely the European models. To suppose so would be tacitly to allow that Christianity was a European, not a cosmopolitan, religion. The countrymen of Buddha and Kapila, of Sankara and Rámanuja, may be trusted in following Christ to follow Him directly, and not merely as interpreted by their European teachers. That they are already beginning to do so, that they are beginning to take an independent and distinct position, is one of the best proofs that can be given that Christianity may be the religion of India, and the Christian Church a rallying centre of Hindu patriotism.

FAMOUS BOOKS.*

MR. DAVENPORT ADAMS believes that an Englishman ought to study the masterpieces of his national literature; and we can so far heartily agree with him. He also thinks that he can encourage the study by giving short sketches of the history, character, and tendency of some of our most famous books. We hope that this opinion also is correct. If we are not quite confident, it is chiefly owing to an excess of modesty in Mr. Adams. He has been content to analyse rather than to criticize; to give us long quotations from books rather than to pronounce upon their merits, and generally to content himself with general expressions of admiration, which are indeed unobjectionably bestowed, but which are perhaps rather wanting in discrimination. It is of course impossible for us to say whether Mr. Adams would or would not have succeeded had he been more ambitious. As a general rule, it is a mistake to complain of anybody for not putting himself sufficiently forward. The critic is only too apt to place himself in a position resembling that of a connoisseur in a picture-gallery who should get between his hearers and the masterpiece which he is praising. There is, however, one danger about Mr. Adams's plan. His aim is to stimulate the industry of students, but he may

* *Famous Books.* By W. Davenport Adams. London: Virtue, Spalding, & Co. 1875.

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possibly be providing excuses for idleness. In these days of competitive examinations, young gentlemen are on the look-out for any means of making secondhand knowledge go as far as original reading; and it is possible that some such persons may save themselves the trouble of reading such a book as Sidney's *Arcadia* by studying Mr. Adams's careful accounts of its characteristics and getting up some of his quotations. However, there is no fear—or, perhaps we should say, no hope—of the needs of such students being insufficiently supplied; and we trust that more serious readers may be encouraged by Mr. Adams. Certainly when we read his table of contents we are led to ask once more the old familiar question, What is the use of fame? How many people in England, for example, have really read Shakspeare or Milton? How many, not specially crammed for an examination, could trace to their source quotations from some of our most familiar writers? Let us run over Mr. Adams's list. Some of the books which he mentions—such, for example, as *Ferrex and Porrex* and *Ralph Roister Doister*—are interesting only to the antiquary. Nor would it be fair to expect modern readers to take a very lively interest even in Sidney's *Arcadia*. Mr. Adams is of course shocked at Hazlitt's vigorous attack upon that performance; the *Arcadia*, says Hazlitt, "is a riddle, a rebus, an acrostic in folio; it contains about 4,000 far-fetched similes and 6,000 impracticable dilemmas; about ten thousand reasons for doing nothing at all, and as many more against it; numberless alliterations, puns, questions, and commands, and other figures of rhetoric; about a score good passages that one may turn to with pleasure, and the most involved, irksome, unprogressive, and heteroclite subject that ever was chosen to exercise the pen or patience of man." Mr. Adams of course replies that, granting all this, the book has still great beauties of thought and preaches a noble strain of morality. If indeed we were to infer from Hazlitt's remarks that Sidney was simply a bore and a fantastic pedant, we should be grossly wrong. On the contrary, we may admit that he deserved the admiration of his contemporaries, although he shared their faults. But it is an equally legitimate inference that no merit of morality or thought can make a book live in spite of long-winded affectation. All great books owe their permanent vitality to their style. A man may be a saint and a philosopher, but we could not listen to his sermons if his voice was bad and his manner ungraceful. And though for Sidney himself and for his friends his substantial virtues were of more importance than his style, the case is altered for posterity. It is in vain to ridicule the modern taste for sensation novels by way of set-off. They doubtless are bad enough, and will be forgotten a generation hence. But the eloquence of all the critics will never persuade modern readers to enjoy a book which not only suffers from grievous faults of style but from faults that belong to a very different generation. If Hazlitt's estimate of Sidney was unfair, his estimate of Sidney's book as adapted for modern reading is correct enough.

There are, however, other books on Mr. Adams's list to which the objection hardly applies. They have become unpopular chiefly from changes in the language or some slight peculiarities of style. In that case a little study will enable the more intelligent reader to overcome his first disgust, and by degrees he may learn to acquire a relish for the quaintness of our earlier writers. There is no reason, for example, why such books as Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, or Selden's *Table-talk*, should not amuse a modern reader who is prepared to qualify himself by a very small amount of trouble. And yet that small trouble acts so effectually as a preventive that we should doubt whether one well-educated person in ten has ever dipped into such books, or whether a much larger proportion has ever heard of them. Setting aside a few enthusiasts in seventeenth-century literature, how many people know anything of Overbury's *Characters*, or of Quarles's *Emblems*, or even of Browne's *Religio Medici*? Nay, if we come to a later period, we may doubt whether many of the people who have dipped into the *Spectator* sufficiently to say that they have read it have ever extended their researches to the *Tatler*. Chesterfield's Letters are more often mentioned than studied; and even the inimitable *Robinson Crusoe*—the most popular of the books on Mr. Adams's list—hardly occupies its old position in the schoolboy's library. Mr. Adams indeed apologizes for including it in his list, and only does so because he thinks that some of the information which he gives about the author's materials will be new to many hasty readers. He adds the *Essays of Elia*, on the ground that it is "scarcely a popular book." If Lamb cannot be called popular, we must draw the line at a very low point; for a person who has not read and enjoyed Lamb must have very small claims indeed to a knowledge of English literature. And yet we fear that there may be some ground even for this melancholy conclusion; and that, as Lamb failed to gain much popularity in his lifetime, his popularity may still be limited to a narrower circle than we are sometimes inclined to think. If that be so, we are certainly bound to wish well to Mr. Adams's enterprise; though the question naturally occurs, if a person does not care to read Lamb or Steele or De Foe themselves, will his appetite be much strengthened by a brief analysis of their books?

We may say, however, that Mr. Adams has done what he could to make his book as attractive as such an analysis can be. He has not only studied the history of the books themselves, but he is able to quote appropriate remarks from many recent critics. If he keeps himself a little too much in the background, he may thus point the way to other sources of information. He indicates his own taste sufficiently, though he does not obtrude it upon us. For the most part we agree with him very well, and if we prefer Addison to Steele, we admit that he can produce very excellent authorities, though not the general opinion, on his own side of the question. There is indeed one variety of criticism of which we have already noticed an instance, which does not appear to us to be quite satisfactory. It arises in part from a confusion of two different points of view. If, says Mr. Adams, Pepys was a mean and subservient kind of person, we must remember the character of his age. If Chesterfield's morality savours rather of worldly wisdom than of the Sermon on the Mount, we must remember that Chesterfield was a courtier in the reign of George II. Now this is very true, and for some purposes much to the point. There are occasions when such a recollection is necessary to forming a fair judgment of a man. A perfectly pure-minded writer a century ago would use words which are now significant of utter indecency. A man who has mixed in a demoralized society may have a certain laxity of opinion on some matters, though his general tone of opinion may be elevated; and we must guard against the illusion produced by applying our own standard of morality and manners. But Mr. Adams and some other writers seem to make a different, and, as we fancy, a very illogical use of the argument. Chesterfield, they say for example, was a worldly and cynical man; but then we must excuse him because he lived a hundred years ago. In the first place we should be inclined to dispute the force of the apology. There were a great many noble moralists a hundred years ago. Chesterfield, as he had good cause to know, was the contemporary of Johnson as well as of Butler. Grub Street was not in those days a higher school of morality than Kensington Palace, and the bench of bishops was as worldly as the rest of the peerage. And yet Johnson and Butler preached a morality as elevated as that of the present day; and perhaps in some respects were manlier than most contemporary moralists. But, be this as it may, the argument based upon it is still more unsatisfactory. Chesterfield, says Mr. Adams, advised his son to intrigue with a married woman. That is immoral advice, but it is justified by a quotation from Mr. Hayward, who puts the parallel case (as he thinks it) of a virtuous man recommending his son to fight a duel. Letting this argument pass—though we cannot admit that the English aristocracy of that day did in fact think adultery a venial offence, or would have generally recommended it to their sons—still it proves, not that Chesterfield was moral, but that his immorality was caused by his surroundings. Mr. Adams has no right to turn round upon us and suppose that, because he has explained the origin of Chesterfield's vicious doctrine, he has proved that it is virtuous. The argument might be a good excuse for Chesterfield if we were asking whether or not he deserved punishment. It is no proof that his teaching is now elevating; it is the very contrary. As a matter of fact, it was condemned in his own time by all honest people; and we all remember how Johnson passed sentence on him, in terms almost too emphatic for modern ears. And, in spite of a few platitudes about virtue, we will venture to say that Chesterfield was really a cynic and a worldling, though a man of strong sense and considerable refinement of taste. His immorality was that of his time, but of the most worldly men of his time; and it is utter sophistry to make out that it was, for that very reason, good for our time.

SOME OF OUR GIRLS.*

WE wish we could take the very comfortable views of human nature which seem to animate Mrs. Eiloart. We say nothing of their silliness, their want of true psychological perception and lifelike presentation; we merely envy the consolation which any one who reflects on the troubles and difficulties besetting our imperfect human nature must find in the belief that it needs only such very small causes to bring forth such very great moral results, and that the densest minds want but the faintest touch to be reformed, enlightened, and inspired. If we found that the sight of a baby could create an influx of womanly tenderness in the heart of a female brute, and if the female brute herself was conscious of her own brutality, and in a pathetic kind of way recognized the moral purity and intellectual superiority of those above her, we should expect to reform the whole class to which she belonged without loss of time or much expenditure of trouble. But this is exactly where Mrs. Eiloart's theoretical philosophy breaks down. It is very consoling, very pretty, very easy to work on paper; only, unfortunately, it is utterly untrue.

Such a person as Madge Timbs, the workhouse girl, is out of drawing everywhere. She is too brutish for the sentiment which she displays on occasions; or, having so much sentiment, so much perception of better things, she would have had less brutishness. The faculty of recognizing moral purity in others and unworthiness in oneself is incompatible with the stolid animalism with which Mrs. Eiloart has credited her poor workhouse waif. Consciousness of one's own failure is at least some sign of intellectual activity and of a conscience by no means dead; and if Madge knew that she was so bad, she was necessarily better than her belief. Any one who goes among the degraded classes whence Madge sprang knows that the worst, the most repelling and unconquerable, thing about them is their moral and mental blindness, their ignorance that sin is sinful and vice vicious. The thief is not ashamed of his calling,

* *Some of Our Girls.* By Mrs. Eiloart, Author of "The Curate's Discipline," "Meg," &c. 3 vols. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1875.

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though he may be afraid of detection, and the street-walker does not envy the virtue of the fine ladies who pass her by with shrinking tread, if she does envy their dresses and jewelry. When these outcasts come to the knowledge of their own vileness, they have come to the beginning of the end; but all forces want time for development; changes are not wrought by magic, and the perception of beauty, whether artistic or moral, is a matter of time and education. For Madge to have suddenly evolved even the rudiments of a soul because a resuscitated baby opened its eyes, is no more true to nature than another novelist's picture of the gutter child who burst into tears of artistic gladness when for the first time he saw a rose-tree in full bloom. The sudden smiting of the dead rock and welling out of living water is essentially miraculous. It may serve as a poetic type, but it is out of place in a book meant to be a picture of real life. As we have said, this theory of the sudden convertibility of vileness to morality is comfortable; but it is a theory that does not bear to be reasoned on, and which all experience proves to be fallacious.

The four girls with whom the story is concerned are Millicent Pembury, a rich young lady, beautiful, in bad health and low spirits, occupied in bemoaning her hard fate in having had a dishonourable lover, whom she would not forgive and could not forget; Polly, or Pauline, Brooke, a merry, bright, cheerful, brave, thoughtful, and pretty little nursery governess, the daughter of a chemist, and all that a woman should be, albeit tainted with the heresy of "woman's rights," yet in herself so charming a heretic that the most conservative maintainer of woman's natural place of submission must love her, and the most bitter opponent of her school must perforce exclude her from his list of the condemned; Susan Smith, a pert young London servant, not without good points well brought out, but described with a somewhat unnecessary amount of kitchen detail; and, finally, her companion Madge Timbs, the workhouse girl and female human brute of whom we have already spoken.

Given these four girls, it is easy to see what the line of each must needs be. The rich young lady, Millicent Pembury, beautiful and with pretty gowns, eating out her heart in the very indolence of grief, loving no one but her faithless, perjured Horace, and selfishly indifferent to everything but her luxury of woe, is to be roused up into generous human activities, and taught the joy that springs from virtue and philanthropy, when that of love has failed. Polly Brooke is to be still further tried in the fire of adversity in order to show the contrast between selfish sorrow and philanthropic heroism, and to be the good angel of Millicent. Susan Smith's fate at the first seems doubtful. She is either to be kept from graver evil, unsatisfactory as she is by reason of holes in her stockings and a love of chignons, artificial flowers, high-heeled boots, kid gloves that do not fit, crochet, and the like; or, if she is intended to point a moral and to show the destruction to which tow pads and smart bonnets infallibly lead young women, she is to be brought low as a practical sermon on the evils of finery. Happily Mrs. Eiloart is merciful, and Susan Smith is not destroyed; while Madge Timbs is to be humanized, and, as our author calls it, womanized, by means of that maternal instinct which we wish we could believe to be as strong, as general, and as purifying as Mrs. Eiloart says. How all this is accomplished belongs to the art of the book; but the art is small and the story uninteresting.

Of the minor female characters we may label Mrs. Danvers, Millicent Pembury's aunt, the embodiment of clever and energetic selfishness; Amanda Brooke, Polly's stepmother, the embodiment of spiteful self-indulgent silliness; Mrs. Gordon stands as the emblem of matronly virtue, united with self-righteous hardness and want of charity towards human weakness; Adela is the lovely woman who stoops to folly and pays the penalty with her happiness and life as lovely women do not often pay it; and Mrs. Williams is the sketchy outline of an incompetent married drudge. But, as no one has very much to do, the action lags, and the plot is always threatening to run itself dry. Indeed it is so very small a plot at all times that we wonder at each stage how the author will find material for the requisite number of pages that are to follow—how such a microscopic amount of gold-leaf is to be beaten out thin enough to cover such a comparatively large space. It is done, however, and we have our three orthodox volumes, with the proper number of pages, words, and letters, forming a kind of literary cruse of oil that is more wonderful than nourishing. One volume would have held the whole of the story with ease; and compression would have concealed something of its pervading weakness.

There are four young men to represent Mrs. Eiloart's gallery of modern gentlemen, of whom one is good, one bad, and two indifferent, neither bad nor good, only disagreeable. The good young man is Gordon Tynsdell, the illegitimate son of Mrs. Gordon's husband; the bad is Horace Gordon, her own son; while a certain Mr. Tomlyn, who is in love with Polly, and a Mr. Tilburne, who is in love with Millicent, are shadowy personalities for whom we are unable to find appropriate characteristics. The sole bit of plot, rightfully so-called, is when Amanda makes mischief between Pauline and Gordon Tynsdell because she is half in love with that estimable young doctor herself, and thinks she would like to marry him, though he is so poor. And this sole bit of plot is out of harmony with the characters. Vain, self-indulgent, fond of show and finery and ease of living before all things, Amanda was not the kind of woman to care to give up her place in Uncle Sampson's well-appointed house for the sake of any man in the world. Could she have loved a lover or husband better than she loved a comfortable position, she would have had more depth of character than Mrs. Eiloart allows her. But then Mrs. Eiloart is not a reasoner, and her plots are never well considered. Things however right themselves before it is too late between Gordon Tynsdell and Pauline Brooke, and the story ends happily for all for whom halcyon days are possible.

Mrs. Eiloart's weakest places are decidedly in her grammar and psychology. Parts of the syntax in *Some of Our Girls* are singularly original. "They did not care very much for their knowing the latitude of Timbuctoo nor the history of the Byzantine Empire" is a sentence we would recommend to her reconsideration. "The little one that made Millicent Pembury and we feel as if we were sisters" is also a phrase which we should not like to see given as a sample of good English; but we endorse the sentiment, if we wince at the words, uttered by Mrs. Baines when she says, "There was never a man yet that 'ud get on with a wife that thought it too much trouble to order a dinner."

Of the presentation of Madge we have only to add that we do not accept her as the natural result of the workhouse system, as Mrs. Eiloart seems to represent her. She is of a wretchedly bad type, and nature was her first foe. Workhouse training may not be the perfection of its kind, but it is better than no training at all; and if it sometimes turns out such girls as Madge Timbs, we do not think it is merely because workhouse babies are not kissed and hugged, and the nurses do not talk baby nonsense to them as is usual with the children of affectionate and well-to-do parents. The children of the class that fills our Unions get but scant allowance of kisses and nursery nonsense from their own mothers; and the brutality characteristic of it extends even to the babies. Mrs. Eiloart, however, had a case which she wished to work, and she could not afford to discriminate accurately. On the whole we cannot praise *Some of Our Girls* very warmly. The best character in the book is Polly Brooke, who reminds us somewhat of that delightful Maggie in *The Wooing O't*, but is less natural. With this one exception, no one in the story has the true ring; and when the style is bad, the story poor, and the characters thin, not much room remains for admiration.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE latest publication of the indefatigably prolific octogenarian historian of the Popes * betrays no decay of the author's peculiar ability, while in a manner revealing the secret of his ability to perform so much. The department of historical composition cultivated by Ranke ignores all that the historian usually finds most troublesome. The difficulties of history have been enormously increased in our day by the demand that the writer shall portray the nation as well as its rulers, take account of social phenomena as well as of political occurrences, and explain particular transactions by the aid of general laws. These vast and varied departments have no existence for Ranke, who confines himself to that part of the historical domain which admits of illustration by means of archives and official correspondence. His works have accordingly rather the air of State papers than of histories, and admit of being prepared with great rapidity by an accomplished and practised political writer with full access to official sources of information. The present work is a characteristic example of his method. It is called into existence by the recent extensive publications of records from the Austrian archives, and may be defined as a quasi-judicial report as to how far these are calculated to modify the general estimate of the feelings and motives of the principal European Courts at the outbreak of the French Revolution. There is little respecting the popular aspect of this stupendous movement, or the causes which had long been silently preparing it; not of course that so enlightened a writer can be blind to their existence, but that he is conscious of no vocation for dealing with them. It is characteristic of the writer that he lays great stress on the individual action of Marie Antoinette, which he agrees with Jefferson in considering one of the main causes of the ungovernable character assumed by the Revolution. The work is distinguished by all the writer's habitual lucidity and dispassionateness, and will disappoint no reader who is careful to estimate it from the author's own point of view.

Friedrich von Hellwald's History of the Development of Civilization † from the earliest ages to the present day belongs to the same category as the works of Buckle and Radenhausen, without showing any remarkable advance upon either. Considered as a narrative, it exhibits lucidity, masculine force of style, and the useful faculty of condensation, while it offends by a prevailing spirit of paradox, and a disposition to cavil at accepted views, although, on the author's own showing, the theories which have emerged victorious from the struggle for existence should have the best title to his respect. As a thinker, he belongs to that section of the materialistic school which especially prides itself on the supposed discovery that all human progress may be reduced in the last resort to a superiority in physical strength, and which recognizes in all collective human action nothing but phases more or less disguised of the universal selfishness with which it is idle to quarrel,

* *Ursprung und Beginn der Revolutionskriege, 1791 und 1792.* Von Leopold von Ranke. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Culturgeschichte in ihrer natürlichen Entwicklung bis zur Gegenwart.* Von F. von Hellwald. Augsburg: Lampart & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

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as it is the indispensable condition of the perpetuation of the race. One ideal is just as good as another, all being equally empty and unattainable, and only valuable as incentives to human energy. When it is added that this worship of brute force is combined with an ample infusion of Schopenhauer's and Von Hartmann's pessimism, it will be inferred that Herr von Hellwald is not a remarkably pleasant writer; it must be added that, though learned and diligent, he is fully as pretentious and dogmatic as the least well-informed of his school. Like most mere materialists, he has appropriated a limited number of sound ideas, chiefly from the writings of naturalists, which he confidently propounds as affording a short cut to the solution of all problems, in the spirit of the retailer of a universal nostrum.

Professor Beckers's oration on the hundredth anniversary of Schelling's birth * is the tribute of an enthusiastic admirer, who strives to vindicate the object of his homage against the charge of a mystical theosophism, and to demonstrate the consistency of his later speculations with those of his youth. The world has arrived at an opposite conclusion upon both points, which it is hardly likely to modify at this time of day. Professor Beckers finds, indeed, enough of incontestable praise to bestow on the splendour of Schelling's imagination, and the comprehensiveness of his conception of the universe, but this principally applies to those earlier writings which the orator's argument compels him to represent as immature.

The two excellent series of lectures and pamphlets published by Lüderitz † continue their progress, without any addition calling for special notice.

It is not quite clear whether the idea of providing German travellers in general, and German naval officers in particular, with a manual of directions for the prosecution of scientific research‡, originated with men of science or with the Imperial Admiralty itself. In any case the former have to acknowledge the encouragement and liberal support of the latter, and have modelled their labours on the pattern of the official publication of another Admiralty, the English *Manual of Scientific Inquiry*. While modestly acknowledging the inferiority of his work to its prototype in several respects, Professor Neumayer expresses his conviction that it will be found superior in sundry others. The English authorities might do well to take the hint, and revise their own publication by the aid of its youthful rival. The co-operation of so many men of eminence can hardly have failed to evolve some decided improvement. The collection contains twenty-eight condensed, yet comprehensive, miniature manuals of scientific research on as many various subjects, drawn up by an equal number of physicists, naturalists, and travellers, comprising, among others, Bastian, Fritsch, Günther, Kiepert, Peters, Schweinfurth, and Virchow. The range of subjects suggested for investigation is a wide one, including, besides all the usual branches of natural history and physics, philology, præ-historic archæology, statistics, medicine, and agriculture.

The Barea § are a primitive agricultural people in the northern highlands of Abyssinia. Professor Reinisch's grammar and vocabulary of their language constitute the first of an intended series of similar philological treatises on the languages of North-Eastern Africa, probably intended as ancillary to the author's adventurous speculations as to the affinity of African languages in the mass to the tongues of Europe and Asia. The work is principally compiled from materials collected by Herr Munzinger, Governor of Masuah, and general representative of Egyptian interests in these regions, and well remembered in connexion with his services to the British expedition to Abyssinia. A preface contains some interesting particulars respecting the manners and customs of the Barea, and their neighbours, the Kunana. The religion and government of both tribes may be termed truly patriarchal, being wholly founded on their respect for the aged—an interesting proof that superiority of physical strength is not necessarily paramount even in an uncivilized community.

The attention recently directed to Yarkand has induced H. von Schlagintweit ‖ to publish notes of his journey performed in that district some eighteen years since. They cannot under the circumstances be as devoid of value as they certainly are of entertainment.

Dr. Locher-Wild ¶ has an excellent case, to which he does some injustice by his method of presenting it. He wishes to establish the doctrine of heredity, and his extensive reading enables him to adduce numerous pertinent, and to a great extent conclusive, facts in its support. His style and manner, however, are deficient in the sobriety requisite for the treatment of a scientific subject, and it must be feared that one effect of his treatise will be to beget doubts of his own earnestness, and at all events to indispose scientific men to give him a serious hearing. This is the more to be regretted as he is probably correct in the main, and his observations have an important bearing upon several philosophical controversies of the highest interest.

The last work of the illustrious and lamented Ewald* manifests undiminished strength of intellect, with perhaps even greater energy and precision of language than of old. It is impossible for us to discuss here so pregnant and condensed a work, further than by the remark that Ewald is thoroughly in his place as a commentator on the Old Testament division of his subject, for the intellect of no Hebrew priest or prophet could wear a more thoroughly Semitic cast.

Dr. Luthardt's defence of the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel† is distinguished by ability and fairness. After weighing all the attainable evidence very carefully, and by no means at an immoderate length, he decides that the historical evidence is decidedly in favour of the authenticity of the Gospel. The internal evidence he seems to consider to be on the other side, but he maintains the inferior cogency of this class of testimony. The peculiarity of the Apocalypse he feels to be a great difficulty, but contends that it may conceivably be a work of the Evangelist notwithstanding. The value of the work is greatly enhanced by an accompanying bibliography of the literature of the controversy.

Dr. Schneider's investigation into the principles on which *prænomina* were borne by the Romans‡ is principally based on Mommsen's, and is chiefly valuable for rendering the conclusions of that scholar, hitherto only published in periodicals, more generally accessible.

The *Heft Kolzum*§ is a Persian grammatical work of rather modern date, the seventh part of which is said to contain "a clue to the labyrinthine gardens of Persian poetry and rhetoric." Such a work could not but be highly acceptable to Rückert in his double capacity of poet and Orientalist. He translated a considerable portion of it; and Herr W. Pertsch has now performed an acceptable service by extracting his version from the periodical where it has been buried for half a century, and republishing it in a separate volume.

Paul Krueger's edition of the fragments of the Verona manuscript of Justinian's Institutes ‖ is a facsimile, with a critical introduction.

German literature already possesses so good a biography of Cornelius ¶ in Riegel's work, that a second memoir, even from the practised pen of the biographer of Raffaelle, might have seemed superfluous. Herr Förster explains, however, that his work is rather to be regarded as belonging to the class of memoirs than of finished biographies, the text being principally designed as a vehicle for a rich store of correspondence by Cornelius, or relating to him, in the possession of his representatives. The interest attaching to these documents undoubtedly justifies their publication. They contribute materially to our knowledge, not merely of the incidents of Cornelius's own career, but of the history of German art, and especially of that department of it of which Cornelius was the especial representative. The influence of the Romantic school of German literature in bringing about a reaction towards Catholicism in art is very clearly to be traced in Cornelius's first letters from Rome, where the movement originated about the time of his arrival in that city (1812). The purely æsthetic character of the reaction is equally apparent, as well as its combination with an ardent and exclusive feeling of nationality utterly at variance with the Panromanism which the Vatican in these days desires to inculcate. The present volume brings Cornelius's history down to his residence at Munich, and leaves him engaged in the execution of his great frescoes, and in his unfortunate disputes with the architect Von Klenze, a man described as in all respects a contrast to his own frank, unsuspicious, and unassuming character, and consequently much better adapted to the atmosphere of a Court.

A little volume of reminiscences of Grillparzer, by August von Littrow-Bischoff **, though not wholly exempt from the taint of book-making, is nevertheless acceptable as a record of the veteran dramatist's kindly disposition and simple habits, as well as of his intellectual distinction and freedom from the petty vanities and jealousies of literary men. Living apart from the principal literary centres of Germany, his conversation is not especially rich in anecdote or criticism; some interesting particulars of his contemporaries will nevertheless be found, as, for example, of his dramatic successor, if he can be said to have had one, Friedrich Hebbel.

The announcement of Schiller's correspondence with his sister and brother-in-law †† excites expectations which the publication

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* *Schelling's Geistesentwicklung in ihrem inneren Zusammenhang. Festschrift.* Von H. Beckers. München: Franz. London: Nutt.

† *Sammlung gemeinverständlicher wissenschaftlicher Vorträge. Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen.* Berlin: Lüderitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Anleitung zu wissenschaftlichen Beobachtungen auf Reisen, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die Bedürfnisse der Kaiserlichen Marine.* Von Dr. G. Neumayer. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Die Barea. Sprache-Grammatik, Text und Wörterbuch.* Von Leo Reinisch. Wien: Braumüller. London: Asher & Co.

‖ *Die Pässe über die Kammlinien des Karakorum und des Künlün.* Von H. von Schlagintweit-Sakünlünski. München: Straub. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Ueber Familienanlage und Erblichkeit. Eine wissenschaftliche Razzie* Von Dr. H. Locher-Wild. Zürich: Orell & Co. London: Asher & Co.

* *Die Lehre der Bibel von Gott, oder Theologie des alten und neuen Bundes.* Von H. Ewald. Bd. 3. Heft 2. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Asher & Co.

† *Der johanneische Ursprung des vierten Evangeliums untersucht.* Von Dr. C. E. Luthardt. Leipzig: Dörffling und Franke. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Römischen Personennamen.* Von Dr. A. Schneider. Zürich: Orell & Co. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Grammatik, Poetik und Rhetorik der Persen. Nach dem siebenten Bande des Heft Kolzum dargestellt.* Von F. Rückert. Neu herausgegeben von W. Pertsch. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

‖ *Codicis Justiniani fragmenta Veronensia.* Edidit P. Krueger. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Peter von Cornelius. Ein Gedenkbuch aus seinem Leben und Wirken.* Von E. Förster. Th. I. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

** *Aus dem persönlichen Verkehre mit F. Grillparzer.* Von A. von Littrow-Bischoff. Wien: Rosner. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Schiller's Briefwechsel mit seiner Schwester Christophine und seinem Schwager Reinwald.* Herausgegeben von Wendelin von Maltzahn. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

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itself fails to redeem. The letters are almost wholly of mere family interest, and only significant—valuable would be too strong a term—for an occasional glimpse of the bent of Schiller's studies. Thus in one of the earliest letters, written at the age of twenty-three, we find him requesting his future kinsman to send all Lessing's critical writings, two plays of Shakspeare, and the philosophical works of Mendelssohn—pretty clear indications of the intellectual course he was destined to pursue. He also asks for books on the history of Mary Stuart and Don Carlos, the themes of two of his subsequent tragedies, and of Charles I., which he very probably meditated undertaking. The remainder of the correspondence would not argue any very strong intellectual sympathy between him and his relatives, though there seems to have been real mutual regard. Reinwald, the brother-in-law, was twenty-two years Schiller's senior, a man of worth and learning, and of some creditable achievement as a philologist, but morose and hypochondriacal. Christophine Schiller had married him rather from compassion than affection, but the union proved happier than could have been reasonably anticipated under the circumstances. She must have possessed a much stronger constitution and more equable temperament than her famous brother, whom she survived for forty-two years, dying universally respected at the age of ninety. The volume is eked out by two of Reinwald's historical essays, a brief notice of Schiller from his pen, some family recollections written down by Christophine at an advanced age, her funeral sermon, and her portrait as a young girl, which is worth all the rest.

Goethe's correspondence with Johanna Fahlmer* is more interesting, although adding very little to our knowledge of his biography. Johanna was a connexion of the Jacobis, about five years Goethe's senior, and her influence on him was principally exerted in maintaining and confirming his connexion with the philosopher. She appears to have been endowed with superior qualities of mind and heart, and Goethe, who, in allusion to her relationship to the Jacobis, playfully calls her "aunt," evidently felt a warm regard for her, although he became comparatively estranged after the dissolution of his intimacy with Jacobi. The correspondence extends from 1772 to 1777, or from about three years before Goethe's settlement at Weimar to two years later. The letters, or rather notes, are wholly unimportant in themselves, but are interesting as examples of Goethe's ardour and volatility as a young man, so different from the gravity and stiffness of his maturer years. A few letters from Johanna's daughter are appended, one of which is remarkable for its favourable testimony concerning Goethe's wife, who is said to improve greatly upon acquaintance, and to have displayed much liberality on occasion of the distribution of the property left by his mother.

E. Schmidt's essay on Richardson, Rousseau, and Goethe † was originally designed as a celebration of the centenary of *The Sorrows of Werther*. The writer discovered, however, that it was impossible to give any satisfactory account of Werther without a thorough investigation of its relation to the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and the pursuit of this inquiry conducted him to Richardson as the fountain-head of all modern sentimental fiction. One conspicuous merit of Herr Schmidt's essay is that his treatment of his subject is to a great extent historical; he is less concerned with merely literary criticism than with the genesis of the books themselves, and the historical traces of their influence on contemporary literature, easily verified by quotations. The parallel between the three writers in respect of style, of feeling for nature, and other characteristics common to them all, is also clear and exact, and, on the whole, we obtain a refreshing feeling of having our attention directed to something real and substantial. An appendix, along with other curious matter, contains an analysis of a typical specimen of one of the numberless absurd imitations of "Werther," Miller's *Siegwart*.

The second and concluding volume of Baron von Friesen's studies on Shakspeare ‡ treats of the earlier dramas, *Hamlet* excepted, down to 1601. The key-note of the author's criticism is boundless admiration for Shakspeare; he insists upon the entirely unique character of his genius, and totally rejects the view which regards him as merely the most conspicuous member of a school. He evidently would feel little sympathy with the estimate of Marlowe as a potential Shakspeare, recently set forth with so much eloquence. We should be glad to see his remarks extended to the productions of Shakspeare's maturer years.

Herr Köstlin's abridged History of Music § is too exclusively national; foreign composers do not receive their proportionate share of notice, and even the German are scarcely treated at sufficient length to render their peculiar characteristics properly intelligible. The author seems more of a man of letters than of a musician, and the best parts of his work are those relating to the departments of his subject which can hardly be studied without the aid of books, such as the history of the early Netherlandish school, once the rival of the Italian in sacred music.

The most recent of several attempts to realize Goethe's conception of an Iphigenia at Delphi is by C. Ernst *, and may be pronounced at least as successful as any of his predecessors. The language is dignified, and the poet is fairly penetrated with the sentiment of the situation, which, however, unless Goethe's conception be reinforced by combination with some additional element of dramatic interest, is scarcely adequate to the production of a powerful effect.

* *Briefe von Goethe an Johanna Fahlmer.* Herausgegeben von L. Urlicha. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Richardson, Rousseau und Goethe. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Romans im 18ten Jahrhundert.* Von E. Schmidt. Jena: Frommann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *W. Shakspere's Dramen, vom Beginn seiner Laufbahn bis 1601.* Von H. Freiherrn von Friesen. Shakspere-Studien. Bd. 2. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Geschichte der Musik im Umriss.* Von H. A. Köstlin. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

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RUSSIA AND EUROPE.

IN the volume of memoirs of M. ODILON BARROT which has lately been published, the author describes how at an early period of the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE he urged in the Chamber that France should oppose Russia and help Turkey in every possible way, on the ground that the real struggle was not between Russians and Turks, but between the civilization of Russia and the civilization of Western Europe. The civilization of Russia was a form of civilization which to an enlightened French Liberal was odious and terrible; it was an organization for imposing on Europe the supremacy of barbarians, and M. BARROT represented opposition to Russia as a moral rather than a political duty. LOUIS PHILIPPE cared for politics much more than for morals; he was very much afraid for his throne, and dreaded above all things that the CZAR should treat him as a revolutionary upstart. The declarations of M. BARROT produced, therefore, very little practical effect, but they expressed with point and vigour the view taken of Russia by those who at that time considered the civilization of the West as committed to their especial charge. Everything, however, changes in this world, and it has so happened that a few months after M. BARROT'S death, and just at the time of the publication of his memoirs, Russia is regarded as the best ally of civilized France, and the reigning CZAR is hailed as the pacificator of agitated Europe. Nor is it only at Paris that he is regarded as the good friend of peaceful, well-behaved people. Every form of welcome, praise, and adulation was showered on him at Berlin. He is to the Berlinese the cherished guest of their beloved EMPEROR. He understands the true position of Germany, and sees that the basis of this position must be maintained. He shares the wise views of Prince BISMARCK, and will countenance nothing that could impair the influence or threaten the unity of Germany. Other Powers follow his lead. If the German newspapers are correct, the English Government has taken an active part in bringing about a peaceful solution of the obscure difficulties which lately endangered the peace of Europe; and Austria and Italy, by working in the same direction, have, as it were, recorded in the presence of the CZAR their desire to live and act in harmony with Germany. This is certainly a very different position from any which forty years ago the critics of Russia could have believed a Czar would attain. The Emperor ALEXANDER appears not as the representative of a domineering tyranny, not as the master of innumerable, untamed, plundering Cossacks, but as the blessed and gentle friend of nations whom he helps to live at peace with each other. Something of the strange revolution of feeling with which civilized Europe now greets a Czar is due to accident, and something to the personal character of the CZAR himself. He has gained the triumphs of a peacemaker because men's minds were exactly in the state which made them determined that somebody should be a peacemaker, and the somebody who came most easily and naturally to hand was the CZAR. He has also on so many occasions inspired a conviction of his personal kindness and distaste for wars of ambition that it is impossible to suppose that the world is mistaken about him, and that to make peace and to save suffering Europe from a new and useless struggle is not the most congenial task he could have to perform. But accident and personal character never take us to the end of political questions. The power of Russia as a guarantor of peace depends on something of a less casual and of a wider character. It flows from the change which has passed in recent times over Russia itself, and from that division of Russian interests in regard to the affairs of Europe which enables contending parties each to appeal to Russia as its possible or probable ally.

A great change has passed over Russia in the last forty years. It is not that Russia has greatly modified what is essentially and strictly its policy. When M. ODILON BARROT thundered against Cossack barbarism, it was chiefly by the sorrows of the Poles that he was inspired. The wrath and protestations of Liberal Europe were of no avail. Russia has gone on year by year, first conquering and then absorbing Poland. The end of Poland is as the end of Troy or Carthage. It is a mere great name of the past. It is not now even thought worth while to keep up any affectation of governing Poland in any way different from that in which other provinces are governed; and when, two years ago, the special Governor of Poland died, he was not replaced. Catholicism also associated its woes with those of Poland, and if the civil liberty of the Poles was to perish, it was claimed that at least their religious liberty should survive. Russia has turned a deaf ear to the appeal, and the efforts of the Government to expose all the subjects of the CZAR to the influence or predominance of the same form of religion have been continually more unremitting and successful. The Greek Church is a very good Church in its way, and very prosperous, but its prosperity is singularly connected with its political usefulness. In Asia Russia is always enlarging its boundaries and carrying conscription, protection, railways, and orthodoxy into the homes of new tribes. The Caucasians were at one time the subjects of much interest to Englishmen, and the Caucasians are now as much wiped out as the Poles. The extension of the boundaries of Russia to Constantinople may still be only a dream of patriotic Russians; but without spending a sixpence or firing a gun Russia has regained the command of the Euxine, and exercises that influence at Constantinople which is due to the perception of the Turks that other Powers are far off and undecided, and that Russia is near and knows its own mind. But forty years ago, and from the close of the great Napoleonic struggle, Russia had a policy apart from its purely Russian policy. It was the great stay, guide, and leader of absolute government in Europe. Russia was the sworn foe of revolution, and was ready everywhere to crush revolution or to order that revolution should be crushed. It was everywhere the central source of what its friends called Conservatism and its enemies called tyranny. Everywhere it threw a cold and blighting shade over those who were endeavouring to make the nation to which they belonged better and more free than it had been. This pernicious influence of Russia was swept away once for all by the Crimean war. Thenceforward Russia was contented to stand aside and to let other nations go on in their own way. Russian domineering was at an end, and Russia had nothing more than the influence of one great Power among many. Coming on a footing of equality into the range of Western civilization, it entered on phases of internal improvement to which this contact with more advanced States gave rise. The serfs were emancipated, learning was encouraged in perhaps a faint but still perceptible degree, the position of the middle classes was improved, the elements of national progress were carefully fostered. Russia became enough like the States of Western Europe to mediate between them.

To succeed as a mediator, a Power must be at once strong and free from the spirit of a partisan. England to a large extent fulfils these conditions, and therefore the intervention of England, which is always made in the interests

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of peace, is by no means unavailing. But Russia, for the purposes of European warfare, is stronger than England, and there is no Power which it can wish to see predominating too exclusively. In some ways it is more attracted towards Germany than towards any other nation. A country in which religion is carefully and completely subordinated to the State cannot regard with any complacency the efforts of the Ultramontane enemies of the German Empire, and, as Germany is the only Power that in a war could do Russia any serious harm, Russia naturally entertains towards Germany that kind of friendliness which is due to respect or fear. In both countries, too, a strong military Government determines the national policy, and strong military Governments are always disposed to row in the same boat. Nor are the family ties that bind the Courts without distinct effect, and the interests of Berlin and St. Petersburg can always be discussed in the amicable sphere of sociable and familiar intercourse. But Germany is too near Russia, too strong, and too dangerous to be looked on as a friend whose unchecked advancement inspires unmixed delight. Russian civilization is mostly of German origin, and the Russians are too human not to dislike superior persons who do them good, and are paid for doing it. Germany has taken the place which France once aspired to take as the chief check on Russian ambition. The Danube is now defended as a German river just as Constantinople used to be defended by France as the key of what was claimed as a French lake. It is Germany that now encourages Austria to hold up its head in modest independence of the Power which once saved it in the hour of the Hungarian insurrection. Italy, too, has been forced by its religious difficulties into an intimate alliance with Germany, and Russia thus finds that Germany is not only strong in itself, but strong in the alliances which it can command. France alone remains as a possible rival to Germany. It is very natural, therefore, that Russia should not wish to see France crushed and enfeebled more than it has been, although in 1870 Russia preferred the certain and easy gain of setting aside the Treaty of Paris to the hazards of interference in the interests of France. Russia wants to see France once more moderately strong, and the allies of Germany raised to a greater degree of independence. It is by the maintenance of peace that these objects can be best obtained, and therefore Russia is very ready to act as a mediator and peace-maker. The exact character of the interference of Russia in this capacity is well illustrated by the reply reported to have been made by Prince GORTCHAKOFF to a German proposal for a general disarmament. The view of the Russian negotiator was that the proposal could not at present be entertained, because it was entirely in the interest of Germany. The German military system is so complete that disarmament would not lessen its real strength. The army on a war footing might be less, but everything would be ready for war if war came. In France, in Austria, in Italy, and it might be added in Russia itself, a military system on a pattern like the German is only in course of formation. When other countries are as ready for war as Germany, then, and not till then, it might in the eyes of Russia be reasonable to talk of a general disarmament. Time and peace may be trusted to create a state of things on which Russia will look with approval. Russia has therefore intervened in favour of peace, and the Germans, as they really wished for peace, welcomed the intervention; but it must be remembered that Russia also intervened in favour of time being given to other nations to lessen the military preponderance of Germany, and Germans may therefore feel that the peace which has been for the present secured will not be for them without causes of grave reflection, and, possibly, of considerable anxiety.

THE DEPOSITION OF THE GAIKWAR.

THE documents that have now been received from India leave little more to be learned as to the course taken by the Government there, although they apparently suggest that the Home Government intervened at the last moment in a manner of which it will be interesting to hear the explanation. A summary of the Reports of the Commissioners shows that the six Commissioners consider it to have been proved that the GAIKWAR was secretly in communication with some of the servants employed by Colonel PHAYRE, and that poison was actually administered. The three English Commissioners hold that the evidence distinctly proves that the attempt to poison was made by persons instigated by the GAIKWAR; and they couple with the poisoning the fact of the servants of Colonel PHAYRE being bribed by the GAIKWAR, which all the Commissioners admit. Two of the native Commissioners find that, although poison was administered, and although the GAIKWAR had given bribes to Colonel PHAYRE'S servants, the evidence is not sufficient to show that the bribes were given to procure, and did procure, the attempt being made. The third native Commissioner alone "could not persuade himself to believe that the GAIKWAR was in any way implicated "in the attempt to poison." When these Reports were received Lord NORTHBROOK proceeded to consider them and to do his duty in the matter. His duty was to take them as sources of information enabling him to decide. He was the judge, and the sole judge. The Commissioners had nothing to do but to listen to evidence, record it, and tell him what they thought of it. Lord NORTHBROOK did decide. He decided that the GAIKWAR was guilty of having attempted to poison Colonel PHAYRE. He embodied his decision in a Government Resolution, in which he first pointed out the true functions of the Commission. It was not a judicial body, and had never been intended to act judicially. It was merely a Commission having for its object to help the VICEROY to decide rightly. After examining the Reports submitted to him, Lord NORTHBROOK came to the conclusion that the GAIKWAR'S guilt had been proved. It may be taken for granted that the VICEROY decided rightly, and that the GAIKWAR had attempted to murder Colonel PHAYRE. It was proved that poison had been administered to a man whose servants the GAIKWAR had bribed, and the English Commissioners were unhesitatingly of opinion that one of the purposes of the bribery was the administration of poison. This was sufficient to lead Lord NORTHBROOK to act on the supposition that they were right, unless he could see that they had strained the force of the evidence beyond what it really proved. Examining the evidence for himself, but with the guidance of those Englishmen whom he knew to be men specially competent to form a right opinion, he found that he could come to no other conclusion than that the GAIKWAR was guilty. It was not a case of giving the prisoner the benefit of a doubt. It was an act of State that Lord NORTHBROOK had to perform, and he was bound to say, one way or the other, what he considered to be the truth. Nor is there any reason to suppose that Lord NORTHBROOK felt any doubt. The benefit of a doubt ordinarily means the benefit of a doubt which a jury feel, not the benefit of any doubt which any casual outsider can suggest. Lord NORTHBROOK was taking the place of a jury, and there was no doubt in his mind of which to give the GAIKWAR the benefit.

The natural sequence of Lord NORTHBROOK'S decision would have been the deposition of the GAIKWAR as a man whose guilt had been established. Whether, if this course had been followed, Lord NORTHBROOK could have been fairly said to have made a mistake at any previous point, is extremely doubtful. It has been objected that it was a mistake to appoint a Commission consisting of natives as well as of Englishmen, and that it was a still greater mistake to allow this Commission to sit publicly, and to give their proceedings a character which was naturally misinterpreted into a judicial one. But the proceeding must be taken as a whole. There was always Lord NORTHBROOK in the background, as the supreme arbiter and judge. He wanted information, and he wanted to know what impression the evidence produced made upon minds of different training and habits. He wanted Commissioners, not to decide for him, but to tell him what they thought. He might think that, as it was mere impressions that he wished to be conveyed to him, he should like to have the impressions of natives as well as of Englishmen. Their impressions might not be worth much, but they might be worth something. As it turned out, it was worth something to him that all the native Commissioners agreed that poison had been administered, and that Colonel PHAYRE'S servants had been bribed by the GAIKWAR. If natives of eminence chose to assume the position, not of judges, but of reporters, their services in that comparatively humble office might be slight, but acceptable. It is true that, if they did not mistake the real character of the functions they were discharging, many of their countrymen misconceived their mission. They supposed that the native Commissioners were appointed to protect an Indian Prince, and that,

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unless they announced themselves to be convinced of his guilt, he would be safe. But Lord NORTHBROOK'S Resolution would, if it had stood alone, have cured this misconception. It would have placed the office of the native Commissioners in its true light, although possibly natives of equal eminence might not have been willing in future to serve on a similar Commission whenever occasion might arise. In the same way there were undoubtedly some disadvantages attending the mode in which the proceedings of the Commission were conducted. But if the sittings of the Commission had not been public, the natives might have thought that something was being done of which the Government was ashamed, that the evidence was being cooked, and that the GAIKWAR was a doomed man whether innocent or guilty. If the sittings of the Commission were to be public, and the evidence against the GAIKWAR was to be produced, and insisted on by the professional representative of the Government, it was difficult to deny that in fairness the GAIKWAR ought to be represented by counsel, and that, with the whole strength of the Government arrayed against him, he ought to be allowed to get the best legal assistance that money could buy. This concession led, no doubt, to what was temporarily a bad result. It permitted a practised advocate to weave the webs of a dexterous cross-examination without a Judge being present to sweep them away. Everywhere this would be dangerous. It would be dangerous even in England, where there is at any rate a Bar able to take at their real value the bullying, the suggestions, and the astonishment of a good cross-examiner. But in India the natives thought the arts of a cross-examiner were necessarily decisive, and that a God of strength or light, or whatever they discovered Serjeant BALLANTINE'S name to mean, had come from the skies to remove the mists that had seemed to gather over the innocent head of the good GAIKWAR. Here, too, the mischief was only temporary. There was a judge to whom the cobwebs of cross-examination were of the merest gossamer, only he was a long way off. The Resolution of Lord NORTHBROOK would have sufficed to show, and possibly might have sufficed to teach the natives of India, what the ultimate judge of the affair thought of the cross-examination which in their artless way they had thought so effective.

Everything seemed to point to one conclusion. The Commission had sat and had reported. Lord NORTHBROOK, the sole judge, had decided that the GAIKWAR was guilty. The natural penalty of guilt was deposition, and the GAIKWAR has been deposed. But here comes in the Proclamation, with its mysterious treatment of a clear case. The GAIKWAR has been found guilty; he is deposed; but it is stated that he is not deposed because he is guilty. He is deposed without any reference to the Commission or to the finding of Lord NORTHBROOK. The VICEROY solemnly records that the GAIKWAR has attempted to assassinate the English Resident at Baroda, and then says that he allows his mind to be unaffected by that trifling circumstance, and that he deposes the GAIKWAR because he thinks him a bad ruler. It is like a Judge saying to a prisoner who has just been convicted of a burglary that he will pass over the verdict of the jury in this particular case, but must give him seven years' penal servitude because he has long been known unfavourably to the police. How this has happened no one not in the secret can pretend to explain. Perhaps it may be explained in Parliament; perhaps it may never be explained. The Proclamation is to all appearance the work not of Lord NORTHBROOK, but of the Home Government. In fact, Lord NORTHBROOK is overruled by it. The decision of the VICEROY is ignored. Lord NORTHBROOK found the GAIKWAR guilty, but the Proclamation does not assume that he was guilty. A totally different view, too, is taken of the functions of the Commission from that which Lord NORTHBROOK took. Its members are no longer looked at as collectors of materials to enable some one else to decide. They are regarded as judges, and because they were divided in opinion their views are set on one side. As this has been the result, the Commission was no doubt a huge blunder, and its proceedings were a huge blunder. It was a blunder to create a tribunal containing equal numbers of Englishmen and natives. It was a blunder to allow cross-examination to affect the minds of the native Commissioners without there being a presiding Judge qualified to place the results of cross-examination in their true light. It is even difficult to see how it can be said that substantial justice has been done. If the GAIKWAR was guilty, it is substantially just that he should be punished, and, as there is no reason to doubt that Lord NORTHBROOK was right, it is substantially just that the GAIKWAR should be deposed. But it is a most curious way of rendering substantial justice to say that a man's guilt is not proved, and then to punish him because after all his guilt is incontestable. Up to the point when Lord NORTHBROOK leaves the scene everything is clear, consistent, and decisive. After that the Home Government would seem to have intervened and everything is obscure, wandering, and incoherent. That there may be some satisfactory explanation of the course taken by the Home Government is possible. It may even be said to be probable, but this probability reposes exclusively on the confidence which Lord SALISBURY'S character and his successful administration of India are calculated to inspire.

MR. BRIGHT'S IRISH LAND BILL.

THE Landed Proprietors (Ireland) Bill is one of the strangest measures ever introduced into Parliament, and perhaps the most remarkable of all its peculiarities is that it bears the name of Mr. BRIGHT. The full title is "A "Bill to Facilitate the Creation of a Class of Small Landed "Proprietors in Ireland." The proper designation would have been, Two Bills tacked together for dealing with different descriptions of land by wholly dissimilar methods. Mr. P. J. SMYTH and Mr. P. MARTIN, who share with Mr. BRIGHT the authorship of the double measure, may be supposed to have contributed in the first Part a string of singular proposals which relate to waste land. The second Part of the Bill is an expansion of the clauses which were introduced by Mr. BRIGHT into Mr. GLADSTONE'S Landed Estates Bill. Nevertheless Mr. BRIGHT is responsible for the wild suggestions which excite no surprise as proceeding from his coadjutors; and it must be assumed that he approves of a scheme entirely unlike his own for the encouragement of small freeholds. It may be convenient to dismiss for the present the subject of voluntary purchases made by tenants from limited owners. In the second Part of the Bill some attempt is made to conform to the ordinary principles of law, and the language of the draftsman is approximately intelligible. The scheme for compulsory purchase of waste lands can only be interpreted by conjecture; though, if it were passed into a law, it would have created a revolution in proprietary right. The framer of the Bill has not even taken the trouble to authorize by direct enactment the compulsory purchase which is the main purpose of the measure. Mr. BRIGHT and his colleagues have reached an advanced stage in their project when they refer in the 5th Clause to the "land so proposed to be "purchased." There is no earlier mention of purchase, nor could any reader have inferred from the preceding clauses that any purchase was proposed. Owners indeed are by the 4th Clause allowed an opportunity of objecting to "anything proposed to be done"; but compulsory purchase is an act which might have been thought to require an express provision; and it is only by reference to the right of objecting that any power to do anything is conferred.

Having nearly reached the end of his task, the enlightened legislator suddenly recollects that he has not defined the waste land which is his only subject-matter. His 16th Clause runs thus:—"And be it enacted that in "the construction of Part I. of this Act (except where the "nature of the provisions or the context of the Act shall "exclude such construction) the expression 'waste lands' "shall mean any lands lying together which on the "average of the entire tract would not let for more than "two shillings and sixpence per acre per annum to a "solvent yearly tenant." With lands of pretensions so modest the legislators propose to deal at the discretion of certain nominees of the Government. The Lord-Lieutenant is empowered to appoint four unpaid Commissioners, being Irish proprietors, who are, with the Chairman of the Board of Works, to be incorporated. The Commissioners may either make or adopt any survey, report, plan, or estimate of value concerning any waste lands required for the purposes of the Act. If they deem it advisable that any waste land shall be reclaimed, they may require the owner to undertake the work; and, in default of such undertaking or performance, they may forward the report, with their opinion, to the Lord-Lieutenant, and publish notices for the purpose of enabling persons interested to object within a short term to "anything in the said report proposed to 'be done." If objections are raised, the Lord-Lieutenant

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is to appoint some person whom the objectors are to attend "at such convenient place or places within the parish or "one of the parishes wherein such land so proposed to be "purchased for the purpose of reclamation or improve-"ment shall be situate." It may be repeated that the local description contains the first mention of any proposal to purchase. The person appointed by the Lord-Lieutenant is to hear evidence; but he is not even directed to decide or to report, and henceforth he disappears from the scene. The Lord-Lieutenant is, according to the Bill, not bound by the opinion, if any, of his nominee, though he must wait till the inquiry is concluded. If he is then of opinion that "the benefit to be derived from the "reclamation of such waste lands and improvements out-"weighs the damage to be done thereby, and that such "purchase, reclamation, and improvement may be effected "without material detriment to the lands, property, or rights "proposed to be entered upon, interfered with, or affected; "and that the lands, property, or rights so proposed to be "taken, entered upon, interfered with, or affected, may be "adequately compensated under the provisions of this "Act, he may allow such purchase to be made, and sanc-"tion such works, if any, as the Commissioners deem ne-"cessary for the purposes of reclamation." This is the second mention of purchase in the Bill; and the draftsman has not thought it necessary to define the purchaser, though it is probably intended that the land should be bought by the Commissioners. How land is to be compensated it is not easy to understand, but the authors of the Bill were probably thinking of the landowner. The issue which is to be in the first instance determined by the Lord-Lieutenant is vague and perplexing. The damage inflicted is suffered by the landowner; but it is doubtful to whom the preponderating benefit is to accrue. As the land is to be "compensated," the damage may probably be reduced, while the benefit will still be subject to ambiguity. The Commissioners, if they are to be the purchasers, must provide the purchase-money, if at all, under the provisions of the 17th Clause. "The expenses which may be incurred in effectuating the "purposes of Part I. of this Act shall be advanced by "the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland to the "said Waste Land Commissioners of Ireland out of the "moneys authorized by the provisions of the Landlord and "Tenant Act, Ireland, 1870, to be issued to the said Com-"missioners of Public Works." The purchase-money of undefined tracts of land, even though they may be worth only two-and-sixpence an acre, is oddly described as "expenses "of this Act." The Commissioners of Public Works are directed to advance or to lend the money; but there seems to be no security for repayment. The Commissioners are to buy land wholesale, and to sell it or let it by retail. Speculations of this kind are sometimes profitable; but they are also subject to risk. If in any case the Commissioners have miscalculated, the Commissioners of Public Works or the Government must bear the loss.

The lands are to be divided into farms of not less than ten or more than a hundred acres, which are to be provided with roads, drains, and fences at the discretion of the Commissioners. A large part of the waste land of Ireland consists of bog; but it is not stated whether the Commissioners are to undertake works of arterial drainage. The farms are to be let on leases of nine hundred and ninety years to tenants who will undertake to reclaim and improve the land. Assignment of a farm without license of the Commissioners is to involve forfeiture; so that they may, if they think fit, tie up the land in a perpetual entail. It may be admitted that such an abuse of power is not probable; but it ought not to be rendered possible by the language of an Act of Parliament. The Commissioners, still dealing with the funds of the Public Works Commissioners as expenses of the Act, may lay out and maintain on their half-crown lands any number of model farms, and they may also distribute prizes "for improvement of the land, good con-"duct, or otherwise," to the occupiers of their farms, or to labourers employed thereon. No public functionary in the United Kingdom has hitherto either exercised indefinite powers of compulsory purchase, or been allowed to distribute public funds at his discretion in the cultivation of land, the promotion of agriculture, and the encouragement of industry and virtue. Mr. BRIGHT has frequently asserted, in defiance of the pledges of his former colleagues, that the precedent of the Irish Land Act is applicable to Great Britain. If it were possible that the Landed Proprietors Bill should be passed, he would not fail to extend the principles of the measure to every grouse hill and deer forest in England or Scotland. The limitation of value in the Irish Bill might be justly described as a mere detail. There is no reason why the same policy should not be applicable to all lands which in the opinion of any projector might be increased in value by compulsory subdivision. The absurd supposition that the produce of land in England might be doubled is now for the most part repeated as an argument for giving the tenant a share in the property of the landlord. It would be not less relevant to a law by which a Government Commission should be enabled to declare that "the benefit to be derived from improvement outweighed "the damage to be done thereby." A notice to owners to see that their lands were better cultivated, on pain of immediate expropriation, would be strictly analogous to the provisions of Mr. BRIGHT'S Landed Proprietors (Ireland) Bill.

BURMAH AND WESTERN CHINA.

THERE is reason to apprehend a war with Burmah arising from the same causes which have often produced quarrels with semi-barbarous potentates. It is suspected that the murder of Mr. MARGARY and the failure of the West China expedition were instigated by the Burmese Court, although the actual violence was perpetrated by the Chinese. It is more certain that the KING has, in defiance of treaties, prevented the establishment of trade between the English dominions and the Western provinces of China. It is no longer considered expedient or lawful to open markets by force against the will of the parties immediately interested; but it may be perfectly justifiable to assert, even at the cost of war, a right of way which already legally exists. It is not to be endured that a potentate occupying a strip of territory between India and China should, in disregard of his own engagements, permanently stop the road. The first Burmese war, which occurred fifty years ago in the days of Lord AMHERST, at one time caused some anxiety to the Court of Directors and to the Government of the day. The second was begun and ended by Lord DALHOUSIE, with the result of annexing the important province of Pegu to the Indian Empire. Mr. COBDEN took occasion at the time to prove in one or more characteristic pamphlets that, as the English Government was of all others the most lawless in its ambition, the war immediately in question was the most unjustifiable of all its enterprises. As a similar demonstration would have been forthcoming if the war had arisen on other grounds in Europe, Africa, or America, Mr. COBDEN'S arguments received less attention than they may perhaps have deserved. The Peace party of the present day will scarcely attribute to Lord NORTHBROOK the appetite for conquest which was certainly not alien from the character of Lord DALHOUSIE. No policy of annexation is likely to find favour either in Downing Street or at Calcutta, but, if war commences, it is always possible that it may become necessary to suppress an independence which has been found troublesome and dangerous. In the meantime it may be taken for granted that the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF has judged rightly in urging the despatch of troops into British Burmah. No other argument is so likely to produce a salutary impression on the KING and his advisers, and it concerns the honour of the Indian Government to provide for the safety of the mission which is about to attempt a peaceful settlement of the dispute. If a rupture occurs, it is desirable that the contest should be short and decisive.

If the King of BURMAH can be induced to abandon his hostile policy, nothing can be further from the wish of the Indian Government than to take possession of his territory. It is probably not desirable to come into immediate contact with the Western provinces of China. The Government of Pekin will always evade responsibility for any violence which may be committed, perhaps at its own instigation, against Europeans on a remote frontier. It is not at present known whether the late attack on the mission was approved by the Imperial Government. Mr. MARGARY had proceeded in safety from Shanghai to the Western frontier; and he believed himself to have established friendly relations with the officers of the district where he was afterwards murdered. It may be possible to avoid a national quarrel by accepting the assurances of the Chinese Government; but if the two Empires became conterminous, local disputes might at any time cause difficulties at Pekin. Notwithstanding

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the military inefficiency of the Chinese in former wars, the Imperial Government is incomparably more formidable than any other Asiatic Power. The greater part of the territory which had been detached from China by Mahometan revolts has been already reconquered; and it is understood that the ruler of Karkhand regards the advance of the Chinese with well-founded alarm. Even if the obstacles interposed by the King of BURMAH were removed, it may be doubted whether Western China would be easily opened to British trade; but the merchants who are anxious to try the experiment are perhaps the best judges of their own prospects; and the Indian Government has access to the advice of diplomatists and soldiers who are thoroughly familiar with the obscure politics of Burmah. Questions will probably be asked in both Houses of Parliament as to the probability of war. Lord SALISBURY shares the general disinclination of English statesmen to hostilities which can prudently be avoided; but he will necessarily be guided in a great degree by the opinion of the Indian Government. It would not be desirable that neighbouring States should rely too confidently on the pacific tendencies of English policy. On former occasions the present King of BURMAH has shown himself more disposed to yield to menace than to friendly representations.

The King of BURMAH is, unfortunately for his subjects and his neighbours, himself a trader on the largest scale; and although it is probable that his profits might be largely increased by co-operation with English merchants, he not unnaturally dislikes competition. According to the existing treaties every English subject has a right to reside in Burmah, and to trade with the countries beyond; but the KING has hitherto contrived to render the exercise of the rights conferred by the treaties impracticable. It is not surprising that he should regard with other than friendly feelings the possessors of his former province of Pegu; and commercial cupidity operates in the same direction with political bias. The KING'S recent attempts to conclude commercial treaties with some of the European Powers were probably suggested by a hope that competition would involve the English Government in political complications; and it is even stated that he relies on aid from France and Italy in the event of a rupture with the Indian Government. It may possibly become necessary to dissipate his illusions by force. In the event of a war and of a defeat of the Burmese troops it may perhaps be expedient to extend to Burmah the restrictions with regard to foreign relations which are imposed on the dependent princes of India. It is not convenient that any petty Asiatic Government should claim a right to the patronage of European Powers which might possibly have interests conflicting with those of England. No great respect need be paid to the sovereignty of a potentate who has never complied with the letter or spirit of existing treaties. It has generally been found that the representations of the Supreme Government are more effectively conveyed through a Resident or Commissioner than in an ostensibly diplomatic form. The remorse which sensitive political consciences possibly feel for Lord DALHOUSIE'S annexations is tempered by the reflection that they have for the most part been at the same time advantageous to the Government and highly beneficial to the population. Burmah was for a long time considered as lying beyond the proper range of Indian policy; but since the time of Lord AMHERST it has been necessary to maintain relations of friendship or enmity with the Burmese Government, and the conquest of Pegu and the treaty which was concluded at the same time rendered it impossible to regard the KING'S proceedings with indifference.

By the treaty of 1862 the Indian Government sacrificed a considerable revenue which had been derived from the Customs duties on exports into Burmah. Lord LAWRENCE in 1867 threatened to reimpose the duties in retaliation for the KING'S obstinate disregard of the obligations of the treaty. The menace produced an immediate effect, for by an additional treaty the KING agreed to sacrifice, with some exceptions, the monopolies which interfered with English trade. As might have been expected, the monopolies have been virtually retained with some change of form; nor is it easy to restrain the interference of a despotic ruler with the commercial freedom of his subjects. The right of an English trader to buy goods is of little avail when the native holder is liable to death or torture if he prefers any other purchaser to the KING. The expedition which has lately been prevented from penetrating the Chinese provinces is the second which has failed through the machinations of the Burmese Government, and the occasion seems well chosen for demanding redress both for the immediate injury and for the numerous violations of treaties. It is necessary in dealing with such questions to repose large confidence in the judgment of a Government which cannot be suspected of aggressive or warlike tendencies. A long time has elapsed since any military operations were undertaken in India except against wild tribes on some of the mountain frontiers of the Empire. The King of BURMAH will be offered his choice of a reasonable peace before he is subjected to coercion, and perhaps it may be found possible to provide securities for the performance of any stipulations which may be included in a new treaty; but contracts substituted for former engagements which have never been performed require some additional sanction. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF is fortunately a prudent and experienced officer, who will be competent to judge of the force and disposition of any expedition which may ultimately be despatched to Burmah. Of the result of a possible war, which no one desires, there can happily be little doubt.

THE FRENCH CONSTITUTIONAL BILLS.

TWO additions to the new French Constitution are now on view in the Assembly. One of them prescribes the regulations under which elections for the Senate are to be held, the other determines the mutual relations of the President and the Chambers. The introduction of the first was a matter of necessity. The Senate must be elected during the present year, and as yet the process by which it is to come into being is quite undetermined. It is not equally incumbent on the existing Assembly to fix the sittings of the future Chambers or to make provision for the impeachment of future Presidents. There is much to be said indeed for the contrary policy. When the new Chambers meet after the general election they will find that their functions and procedure have been carefully arranged for them. It may be doubted whether the Legislature which is about to pass away into space will command much respect from the Legislature which comes after it, and in that case the first Parliament elected under the new Constitution will begin its labours in a discontented temper. It will find the relations of its two parts to one another and to the Executive already decided, and it will consequently have a sense that its proper business has been anticipated by a body which has done its own work too ill to have any claim to do other people's. On the other hand, the Government may have thought it best for the new Chambers not to have any Constitution-making to do at starting. French Assemblies have so often preferred occupations of this kind to the more commonplace duty of managing public affairs, that there may be more wisdom than at first appears in denying them an opportunity to indulge their taste.

It will be remembered that the constituencies which are to elect the Senate are partly permanent and partly nominated for each election. The deputies and the members of the Councils, both of the department and of the arrondissement, make up the former class; the delegates of the Municipal Councils form the second. The point of most immediate interest in the Senate Bill is the provision designed to meet cases in which the Municipal Council has been superseded by a Municipal Commission. This expedient has been freely resorted to when a Municipal Council has been found to be defiled by Radical views, and it is probable that the more Conservative section of the Administration would have liked to treat the Commissions nominated by the Government as in all respects the equivalents of the Councils elected by the inhabitants of the Commune. It is a proof of good sense in the Cabinet that this course has not been adopted. Universal suffrage is not a thing to be played with. If accepted at all, it must be accepted with all its consequences. To have so ordered the elections for the Senate as to give the revolutionary party the power of saying that a professedly elected Chamber had in part been returned by the avowed nominees of the Executive would have been to discredit the Senate in the first instance. The belief of most French Conservatives is that the Radical element in the country will be so filtered by the process of indirect election as to make the resulting Chamber a thoroughly trustworthy body. It would have been exceedingly unwise to show distrust of this filtration

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before it has been tried, and the concession to the Municipal Commissions of the right to choose a delegate would have been a plain sign of distrust. It is objected that the proposal to call the electors together to elect a Municipal Council for the sole end of enabling that Council to elect a delegate to take part in the election for the Senate is needlessly cumbersome. It is possible, however, that the Government mean to take the opportunity thus afforded them of reconstituting the Municipal Councils without any formal dissolution of the Municipal Commissions. The next most interesting feature of the Senate Bill is the provision that the Senators are to be paid. Paid legislators are not in themselves a desirable institution; but if the members of the Chamber of Deputies are paid, it seems imprudent to make any difference between them and the members of the Senate. If the Senate is to become a working part of the French Constitution, instead of that mere excrescence which Continental Second Chambers have commonly been, its representative character ought to be plainly marked and carefully preserved. If the Senators were unpaid, there would be some ground for the statement that, whereas men of all ranks could be returned to the Chamber of Deputies, only rich men could be returned to the Senate. The value of the Senate as a check on the action of the Lower House depends in the last resort on the degree to which its decisions are accepted by the country, and this acceptance might be seriously interfered with if such a distinction could be drawn with any truth. After all, the security supposed to reside in unpaid services can easily be exaggerated. The most extreme Radicals may be returned under such a system if their constituents care enough for their services to maintain them, and where this degree of enthusiasm is absent the Radical representative is probably not a very dangerous person. Ordinarily speaking, the mere payment of a salary is not enough to enable a man to desert his business and go off to Paris to play the part of a politician. An income which ends as soon as you cease to be a representative has few attractions except for men who are very needy or very reckless of the future, and the worst examples of this type will probably like a seat in the Chamber of Deputies better than a seat in the Senate.

The Public Powers Bill gives the President the right of adjourning the Chambers at pleasure, provided that each adjournment does not exceed a month, and that only two occur in the same Session. Each Session must last at least five months. The President has the right to declare the Session closed, but he is bound to convoke the Chambers for an extraordinary meeting if he is asked to do so by half plus one of the members composing each Chamber. He is bound to promulgate laws within a month from the time of their adoption by the Legislature. If their promulgation has been declared urgent by an express vote of both Chambers, this interval is reduced to three days. But within this interval, be it long or short, he may by a message assigning reasons demand a fresh deliberation. This extremely moderate form of veto will probably excite some opposition among the Republicans in the Assembly. After the experience they have had of Presidents, it is not wonderful that they should feel jealous of every addition that is made to their powers. They will do well, however, to remember that nothing does more to provoke the seizure of extraordinary powers than the refusal of ordinary and convenient powers. Occasions may conceivably arise which may render it in the highest degree important not to put into execution some ill-considered decree of the Legislature. If the President has the power of sending back the Bill to be debated a second time, he will naturally avail himself of the right. If, on the contrary, he has no such power, he may be tempted to refuse to promulgate the law, and trust to being indemnified by the Legislature when its eyes have been opened to the want of judgment which has characterized its action. The veto given by this Bill is less effective than that given to the President of the United States, since it does not require a two-thirds vote to overrule it. There have been times when the American provision has proved exceedingly useful, but it is perhaps as well that it has not been reproduced in France. Majorities in that country have not been trained to pay much respect to minorities, and if a minority of one-third plus one in either Chamber could enable a President to veto a law, the majority might be tempted to prove its strength by its works. The French Conservatives have chosen to treat the existence of a Second Chamber as their principal security against revolution, and they can hardly expect to have any very large powers conceded to the Executive for the same purpose. Recent incidents in the House of Commons have given an unusual interest to provisions respecting the publicity of debates. The new French rule is that the sittings of both Chambers are public, but each Chamber must form itself into a Secret Committee on the demand of its President or of ten members. After strangers have been excluded, the first business of the Committee is to decide by an absolute majority whether the sitting shall be resumed in public on the same subject. In this way the three requisites of ordinary publicity, power of stating the reasons for secresy in secret, and submission of the decision to the will of the Chamber, are perfectly preserved. In this respect Mr. DISRAELI and Lord HARTINGTON may profitably sit at M. DUFAURE'S feet.

KING ALFONSO AND THE NUNCIO.

IF King ALFONSO had been a member of the English Royal Family, and the POPE'S NUNCIO the Lord Mayor presiding at a City ceremony, they could not have exchanged more purely conventional phrases than at the late reception at Madrid. The complimentary language which is suitable and graceful on festive occasions in a prosperous country suggests disappointment or indicates hollowness and insincerity when it is used between the head of the Roman Catholic Church and a Spanish KING engaged in a civil war. Both parties probably desired to extract some definite assurance without pledging themselves to corresponding concessions. In Spain the clergy retain an influence which they have lost in all other Continental countries; for even the persecution to which they were exposed under the Republic implied a recognition of their power. The present Government has ostentatiously, and perhaps sincerely, professed its desire to revive the old national alliance of Church and State. The mere reception of the POPE'S representative is an administrative as well as a diplomatic measure; for the Nuncio in Spain is a domestic functionary receiving, in accordance with a singular custom, a salary from the State to which he is accredited. It may be presumed that the clergy will defer largely to his authority as the organ of the Holy See; and the presence of a Nuncio at Madrid may be regarded as a mark of superiority over the rival Court of Don CARLOS. Nevertheless it is well known that the POPE still extends his paternal courtesies to a Pretender who is, if possible, more devoted to Rome than the established dynasty. It would seem that the NUNCIO has been instructed only to bestow spiritual favours for valuable consideration; and he may be expected to ask a high price. The only objection to the payment of arrears of clerical stipends is that the treasury is empty and that the needs of the army are urgent. The restoration of the intolerant policy of former times may involve political complications. It is difficult to believe that religious dissent can have taken deep root in a community which has been taught to regard disbelief as the alternative of idolatry; but the existence of congregations calling themselves Protestant is a proof that the pretensions of the Church had been overstrained, and that they have produced a formidable reaction.

The apologists of the present Government insist on the expediency of detaching the clergy from the cause of Don CARLOS. The less illiberal section of the Ministry perhaps hopes that, with the aid of a future Cortes, it may be possible to evade the performance of promises made under pressure. It is certain that neither the POPE nor the Spanish hierarchy will at any time consent to the partial freedom of religious opinion and worship which still exists in parts of Spain. Compliments to an eminently Catholic people imply that it must deserve the title by expelling all contamination of tolerated heresy. The NUNCIO expressed the same doctrine still more clearly in his reference to that "religious unity which formerly raised Spain to so much "glory and greatness." The restoration of the Holy Office perhaps transcends even Papal aspirations; but King ALFONSO will never deserve nor receive the approval of Rome until he has revived a system at least as conformable to orthodox theories as that which prevailed in the days of ISABELLA II. Even if every concession were made by the Government of Madrid, the POPE will, as long as the civil war lasts, leave himself at liberty to profit by either event. The title of ALFONSO XII. is at least as good as that of CHARLES VII.; but legitimacy according to the

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French law of succession has become casually associated with extraordinary devotion to the Church. CHARLES X. of France was in some degree a martyr to his religious propensities, and the Count of CHAMBORD and his adherents are strongly attached to the cause of the POPE. It is at least possible that in maturer age King ALFONSO may break loose from the prejudices of his family and education, but Don CARLOS has always consistently declared himself the champion at the same time of absolute government and of Catholic unity. His followers are instigated by a religious enthusiasm which is unknown in other parts of Spain, and if, contrary to all expectation, their chief should succeed in ascending the throne, they would not be disposed to higgle about the claims of the Church. The NUNCIO is sent to Madrid to obtain whatever can be extorted from the fears or the goodwill of the Government; but it is evident from his formal address that he is not authorized to promise the exclusive recognition of the Holy See to a KING who may possibly relapse into the rank of a Pretender. A vigorous diplomacy would do more than any display of exaggerated deference to abate his pretensions. The Government of Madrid has at least as much to give as to ask; and it can shelter itself against undue exigency under the pretence that the Cortes must hereafter be consulted.

The framer of the KING'S answer to the NUNCIO deserves credit for a judicious vagueness of phrase. On one of the happiest days of his reign the KING sees in the presence of the NUNCIO at his Court "the reconciliation of the Church "of which he is a son with the nation of which he is KING." The NUNCIO himself had rather intended to intimate that he was ready to negotiate the terms of the reconciliation which the KING describes as complete. In common with the nation Don ALFONSO had, according to his own statement, felt great anxiety to receive a proof of the affection of HIS HOLINESS to his person and family. He has not forgotten that the POPE formerly condescended to be his godfather, and he is prepared to discharge the duties which are imposed upon him by gratitude and affection. The definition of the duties which are to be performed is judiciously omitted. The King of ITALY has always made a similar profession of his readiness to discharge his duties to the Holy See, though he has never succeeded in arriving at an understanding of the legitimate claims of the POPE. From the beginning of the KING'S answer to the end, as in the NUNCIO'S address, there is not a single definite undertaking. All possible questions of difference are left open. Perhaps the KING'S advisers may remember that the clergy are not the only class of Spaniards whose support is necessary or useful. Politicians of different parties who are at this moment preparing to resume their suspended activity are all more or less Liberals in profession; and some of the chiefs of the army may not be disposed to acknowledge the supremacy of the priesthood. The political influence of the clergy is only felt among the lower classes in rural districts, for the nobility, though abundantly orthodox, is wholly powerless. It is always difficult to appreciate the strength of conflicting forces when, as in Spain, the dominant party represses all open opposition. The Ministers have banished University Professors without form of law or pretence of justice for the exclusive object of satisfying the clergy. As they now hesitate to make further concessions to the NUNCIO, it may be assumed that they find it dangerous to irritate too far the anti-clerical party. The NUNCIO seems to be of a rash and arrogant disposition, for he has unwisely inflicted a social affront on the Ministers of the Powers which happen to be obnoxious to the POPE. The KING'S Government cannot but be annoyed by the NUNCIO'S wanton display of unfriendliness to Italy, Germany, and Russia. All these Powers hastened to recognize the title of Don ALFONSO, and they will probably resent any concessions which may be made to the discourteous emissary of the POPE.

Although the leaders of the Spanish clergy will probably obey the directions of the NUNCIO, it is far from certain that their own interests and those of the Church coincide with the policy of Rome. PIUS IX. has throughout his reign consistently maintained extreme pretensions, with the result of alienating nearly every Catholic Government in the world. In Spain, as elsewhere, he will demand abject submission at the risk of provoking revolt. The parish priests and even the bishops of Spain would do well to accept any arrangement which would secure to them the enjoyment of their incomes and the protection of the State. If they reject the alliance of the present Government by demanding exorbitant terms for their support, they may never have another opportunity of securing themselves against spoliation. In the neighbouring kingdom of Portugal, where the endowments of the Church were many years ago seized by the State, the clergy have lost all political and social influence; and the former bigotry of the people has been exchanged for utter religious indifference. It would be a cause for regret if a similar result were to be attained in Spain. When there are no heretics to persecute, a parish priest in Spain as elsewhere does much more good than harm. Socialist demagogues, who are ready to take the places of the clergy, would not be advantageous substitutes. It is perhaps not altogether the fault of the priests that they dislike and distrust the Liberal opinions which have inflicted injury on themselves, and done little good to the rest of the community; but they may be assured that their safety and welfare form but secondary considerations at Rome. The NUNCIO indeed may be trusted to demand in their name everything which they desire, control of education, restoration of alienated property, and payment of their arrears; but the question is not what Rome may ask, but what the Spanish clergy can get. It is when a judicious compromise might be expedient that an agent who receives instructions from Rome cannot be trusted to consult the best interests of the Spanish clergy. Their own Government is at present inclined to award them both justice and favour.

THE VIVISECTION BILLS.

THE recent discussion with regard to vivisection has been followed by various proposals for the suppression or regulation of the practice. A "Society for the Abolition "of Vivisection," which has been for some time advertising itself, and which rests its case mainly on the uncorroborated assertions of a medical man who has refused to give any information as to the circumstances under which certain alleged experiments were performed, may perhaps be taken as representing extreme opinion on one side of the controversy. It demands the "total suppression of vivisection, "or putting animals to death with torture, under any pre-"text whatever"; and holds that to ask for less would be to "admit the principle, and thereby to perpetuate the "enormity, that man is justified in selfishly inflicting agony "on the innocent." It is obvious that man is guilty of selfishness in killing an animal in order to eat it; but it would appear that this Society does not object to instantaneous death, but only to what may be construed as torture, in which it includes indiscriminately all forms of vivisection, without reference to the object in view or the conditions of the experiment. There are others, however, who, while shocked by the wanton cruelty of various kinds of vivisection, do not attempt to deny its lawfulness under certain circumstances; and this class is represented by the promoters of Lord HENNIKER'S Bill, which has just been introduced in the House of Lords. This Bill proposes that vivisection shall be performed only in places specially registered for the purpose, and on animals which have been made insensible by anæsthetics, but a special licence may be obtained for dispensing with the latter condition. A fine not exceeding 20*l.* is to be inflicted for every contravention of this law; and a justice of the peace is authorized to issue a search-warrant on information on oath being given that there is reasonable ground to believe that vivisections are performed at any place not registered in pursuance of the Act. Reference is made in one of the clauses of this measure to inspectors of anatomy who may at any time visit and inspect any place which is registered under the Act, but nothing whatever is said as to how these officers are to be appointed. Vivisection is defined as follows:—"The cutting or "wounding, or treating with galvanism or other appliances, "any living vertebrate animal for purposes of phy-"siological research or demonstration; also the artificial "production in any living vertebrate animal of painful "disease for purposes of physiological research or de-"monstration." It will be observed that vivisection for purposes of research is thus placed on the same footing as vivisection with a view merely to demonstration; that a very important branch of research is absolutely closed; and that such a phrase as "treating with galvanism or "other appliances" might be made to include almost anything. Another class of reformers are anxious, while checking unnecessary cruelty, to leave to science the possession of

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that freedom which is indispensable to its researches; and their views are expressed in a Bill which has been prepared by Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR, who may be supposed to represent an important section of the scientific world. The purport of this Bill is described in the preamble:—"Whereas it is "expedient to prevent cruelty and abuse in the experiments "made on living animals for the purpose of promoting "discoveries in the sciences of medicine, surgery, anatomy, "and physiology"; and it will probably be thought that this represents pretty fairly the general conviction as to what ought to be done.

It has been justly observed that a good deal of confusion of mind has been displayed in the popular discussion of this question, and a remarkable instance of this has just been given by a distinguished lady, who is noted for her benevolence and is a vehement opponent of vivisection, and who yet sees no inconsistency in giving a subscription for the encouragement of angling as a matter of sport. On the other hand, however, it must be admitted that it is extremely difficult to draw the line between degrees of cruelty, and to determine the exact value of the apologies offered for them. In the first place, though it may be doubted whether eels, even after a long course of hereditary experience, ever do get quite used to skinning, there can be no question that some animals do not suffer so acutely and exquisitely as others. Sir HENRY THOMPSON has endeavoured to excite compassion for the unhappy victims of the "Catch-'em-alive-O!" papers, which are no doubt, when we think of it, a sufficiently loathsome and horrible exhibition; but it is absurd to suggest that a fly suffers as much from the loss of a limb as a dog or a cat, or that worms have the same sensitive organization as animals of a higher order. Moreover, it should be remembered that the viciousness of cruelty is to be measured by the degree of consciousness with which it is practised, and that there is the widest possible difference between subjecting a helpless cat or a dog to prolonged agony and hunting a fox or catching a trout. People who take extreme ground about the infliction of pain on animals are of course bound to think of all classes of them with equal tenderness; but cruelty in ordinary persons is really rather the result of a want of imaginative perception than of deliberate malice. It is satisfactory to think that this indifference is gradually decreasing. In all directions there are signs of greater tenderness and consideration in regard to the sufferings of animals. Brutality to a horse or dog excites universal indignation; an amount of attention which would formerly have been thought absurdly sentimental is now paid to animals on transit by railway; the various modes of killing animals for food have nearly all been made as quick and painless as possible; and even in sport the careless or clumsy mangling of bird or beast is certain of sharp rebuke. All this is encouraging progress, and it shows what may be hoped for from a growth of healthy opinion. It does not follow, however, that legislation should not attempt to deal with abuses of a particularly flagrant kind. Various forms of ill-usage have already been brought within the range of the criminal law, as the necessity for dealing with them has been recognized; and there is no reason why the abuses of vivisection should not be included in the number. It may be perfectly true that there are other forms of cruelty which are let alone, but it is hopeless to attempt to go beyond public opinion in these matters, and it is at least something to keep on moving in the right direction.

It may be safely assumed that between the extreme opponents of vivisection in every form, and the fanatical advocates of the wanton and unlimited torture of animals for objects which might be accomplished by other means, there is a large body of reasonable and moderate people who are fully agreed that the infliction of pain on animals ought not to be left absolutely at the personal discretion of any one who chooses to think he is justified in inflicting it; and these would no doubt be satisfied with Dr. PLAYFAIR'S Bill if there were reason to believe that the prevention of abuse and cruelty promised in the preamble would be really secured by the clauses which follow. As the Bill stands, however, there is certainly room for some doubt on this point. It is provided that anybody may anywhere make an experiment causing pain on a live animal, provided that it be only for the purpose of new scientific discovery, and that the animal shall be kept insensible by anæsthetics or otherwise during the whole time of the experiment, and, if seriously injured, killed as soon as it is over. Licensed persons are further authorized to perform vivisection without the use of anæsthetics when scientific research requires it, and licences for this purpose are to be obtained from a Secretary of State, on the certificate of some official medical or surgical authority. Moreover, a register is to be kept of all experiments made without the use of anæsthetics. Any person violating the provisions of the law is to be liable to a penalty not exceeding 50*l.* or a maximum imprisonment of three months. What would seem to be chiefly wanting in this proposal is a means of testing whether the pretext that an experiment is for the purpose of new scientific discovery is really justified by the facts. It may also be doubted whether the second clause does not allow too large a latitude for experiments by reckless or unqualified persons, and whether, as in Lord HENNIKER'S Bill, a licence should not be required to be taken out in every case of vivisection, with or without anæsthetics. It is possible that with a little trouble the two Bills might be combined so as to form a useful measure, which, though it might not afford securities against cruelty in all respects, would at least tend to check some of the worst abuses of the system.

POLLUTION OF RIVERS.

THE Pollution of Rivers Bill seems to have been drawn under a strong sense of the embarrassment of minute technicalities in dealing with such a subject. This is a very natural state of mind for a Parliamentary draftsman to find himself in, and in this instance the easiest way out of the difficulty has certainly been taken. The Bill contains none of those definitions of pollution which are the terror of Parliamentary Committees. Lord SALISBURY apparently hates the idea of a book revelation as cordially as the stoutest Ultramontane. He is all for deciding controversies by the infallible decree of a living authority. What constitutes interference with the flow of a stream, what is solid or liquid sewage, what is a poisonous, noxious, or polluting liquid, what are the best practicable means of rendering these solids or liquids harmless, are points which are left to the absolute decision of the County Court Judge. This functionary will approach the question unfettered by any indications of the pleasure of Parliament in the matter. He will be guided by his own nose and his own eyes. As regards the choice of a tribunal before which persons charged with polluting rivers are to be tried, Lord SALISBURY has, we think, judged wisely. The County Court is not the best conceivable Court for the purpose, but it is probably the best attainable. The local magistrates are disqualified by their association with the evils complained of. In some parts of the country the bench would be emptied of justices if every one who, by himself or his relations, is in the habit of polluting rivers were forbidden to take part in trials instituted under the present Bill. The only alternatives are to send these cases to the Assizes, where there is already more work than the Judges can possibly get through, or to London, which would involve many delays and great expense. The County Court Judge is on the spot, and he has rarely any special local ties. If his decisions are not invariably wise or correct, that is no more than may sometimes be said of Judges of greater dignity. The question is, however, whether, in order to give him a chance of doing his work properly, some finger-posts ought not to be set up in the Act which places the rivers under his care. We do not envy the Judge who in a manufacturing or mining district has to decide for the first time what makes a liquid poisonous, noxious, or polluting, or what is the precise amount of solid refuse that interferes with the due flow of a stream. If he is wise and self-confident he will inspect the stream for himself, form his own opinion as to the nature of its contents, and then give his judgment accordingly. It is more probable, however, that he will hear witnesses on both sides, and found his conclusion on their evidence. In that case he will have to listen to an apparently endless series of absolutely conflicting statements upon the plainest matters of fact. It will be sworn that each ton of ashes that is thrown into a stream perceptibly quickens its flow, and that a discharge of refuse which can be smelt half a mile off, and be traced for miles down the river by poisoned fish, is in no way injurious to health, and has in fact raised

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the value of house property on the bank. It would be a mistake to attempt to define pollution too minutely; but a Judge ought at least to have some clue put into his hands by which to guide himself through such labyrinths as these. This is all the more necessary because there is no appeal from the County Court, and consequently no means short of a fresh Act of Parliament of reconciling conflicting decisions.

The anxiety to exclude definitions from the Bill has been the parent of another error. The prohibitions as they stand are exceedingly sweeping, so sweeping that any one who looks at them can hardly fail to be startled by the magnitude and indefiniteness of the powers which it is proposed to put into the hands of a numerous body of mutually independent Judges. Pollution is a word of the widest possible meaning. It may stand for anything from an addition which simply makes the waters less agreeable to the taste to an addition which makes them actually fatal to animal life. But pollution is forbidden without any qualification either of degree or of place. No distinction is made between such pollutions as those which leave the Thames a not wholly unsuitable source of water supply for London, and those which make the Irwell an open sewer from which noxious gases are evolved by the contact of chemical refuse. No distinction again is made between the pollution of streams which have their course remote from human habitation, and have no charms to attract holiday-makers, and the pollution of streams whose banks are thickly set with towns, or which flow through the most lovely scenery in the British islands. In both these respects everything is left to the discretion of the County Court Judge. It is not wonderful that Lord SALISBURY should have come to the conclusion that some limit must be placed to this discretion. But to have made this limit turn either upon the nature of the alleged pollution, or upon the situation and surroundings of the polluted stream, would have introduced a technical element into the Bill, and by that means have destroyed its simplicity. Accordingly, Lord SALISBURY rests the exceptions to the prohibitions, not on the interests of the community, but on the age of the interests which the prohibitions attack. The pollution of streams in any way is universally forbidden; but the prohibition is not to apply without reserve to pollutions which have been in existence for twelve years. This distinction is, we think, unsound in principle, and it will probably be found exceedingly inconvenient in practice. There can be no such thing as a prescriptive right to poison your neighbours. There may be cases in which from circumstances a man may have a claim on the community for compensation, but there never can be a case in which the mere existence of a nuisance for a specified time ought to be treated as a reason why it should continue to exist. Those who profit by it ought to think themselves lucky that they have not been proceeded against sooner. Lord SALISBURY draws a parallel between ownership of a factory which pollutes a river and the adverse possession of land. After a certain time the law does not allow the true owner of an estate to turn out the pretended owner, and in the same way, it is argued, the law ought not to allow a nuisance which has been in possession of the ground for a certain number of years to be turned out by sanitary legislation. There is no real resemblance between the two cases. The wrongful possession of land is not an injury to the community, it is only an injury to the true owner. It is very important that attempts to disturb actual possession should not be permitted indefinitely, since, if they were, few persons would feel absolutely satisfied with their own title, and a general sense of insecurity would grow up which would prevent the land from being turned to the best account. Consequently, after a reasonable interval has been allowed for the right owner to assert his claim, the law establishes the adverse possessor. In the case of a nuisance it is the community that is injured, and no good purpose can be served by proclaiming that, after a certain number of years, public interests are to give way to private gains.

Nor will an exception which takes only time into account really touch the cases in which there is most reason to deal with a nuisance gently. A country whose prosperity depends so largely on its manufactures cannot afford to be as clean as a purely agricultural community. There may be nuisances which are almost as indispensable to the prosperity of the nation as fresh air or pure water. Before absolutely prohibiting them Parliament ought to weigh one disadvantage against another, and to determine whether the purity of a stream is worth preserving, if to preserve it will involve the sacrifice of the industrial welfare of the population which lives near it. It ought not to be impossible to make a rough classification of manufactures, so as to distinguish between those which from their national importance ought only to be made to take certain precautions in the disposal of their refuse and others which, not being able to plead a similar justification, ought to be given the choice of ceasing to pollute the surrounding air and water and ceasing to exist. Again, the nature and extent of the pollution is a matter which ought to be taken into account. It is hardly possible, for example, to conceive an argument which could justify the establishment of a powder mill in the centre of a great town; yet there are manufacturing processes which in the long run kill more people than are killed by one occasional explosion. The same measure ought not to be extended to these factories and to others against which only a speculative case can be made out. The Pollution of Rivers Bill may, we fear, do more harm than good, if the exceptions now inserted in it are not replaced by others framed on sounder principles.

THE SUCCESS OF HUMBUGS.

A CERTAIN school of moralists is given to preaching upon the connexion between right and might. No work, they declare, whether in the sphere of thought or of practice, will stand unless it is thoroughly honest. Time will always sift the wheat from the tares; and every true thought and genuine deed will have its value when the more showy performances of charlatans have disappeared from the face of the world. That this doctrine is in some sense true, as it is undoubtedly consoling, need not be disputed; but it must be admitted that it is occasionally very difficult to reduce it to practice. The preachers, in fact, of whom we are speaking fall into great apparent inconsistencies. The doctrine that right is might, as regarded from one side, glides with unpleasant facility into the apparently identical doctrine that might is right. If everything which is good must succeed, then success becomes a sufficient test of merit; and on such principles we are tempted to fall into the vulgar and debasing worship of success for its own sake. The reply would probably be that we must distinguish between temporary and permanent success. Napoleon founded his empire upon injustice, and therefore it fell to pieces; Frederick had a regard for the everlasting truths, and therefore his dynasty has flourished and increased. Assuming this to be true, it must be admitted that we have a pretty wide field for controversy. Some people, for example, would invert the supposed relation between Frederick and Napoleon, and appeal to the next century for the reversal of the verdict given by this. Obviously the test requires a good many qualifications before it can be applied with any confidence. The teachers who apply it most unhesitatingly are able, whenever it is convenient, to adopt the very opposite conclusion. The world, according to them, is for the most part in the hands of the knaves and fools who between them form the vast majority of the species. A hero appears every now and then who shows a deeper insight into the realities; but he is succeeded by mere windbags and charlatans who speedily forget his teaching. A Cromwell is followed by a Charles II.; and if he laid sound foundations, it must be at least admitted that they have been lost under a vast superstructure of rubbish. Democracy has been succeeding in the highest degree for some time past, and is apparently not unlikely to advance to further triumphs. Yet democracy involves a denial of the eternal truths expressed in the doctrine of hero-worship. Our only consolation must be in the maxim that right is might interpreted after the opposite fashion, and thus rendered equivalent to the statement that true principles must get the upper hand after an indefinitely prolonged period of chaos and the reign of folly. So that, after all, the assertion seems to come to little more than this—that the success of things which we approve shows that our approbation was reasonable, whilst the success of things which we disapprove cannot last indefinitely.

This is a comfortable opinion, but it obviously is of little use as a controversial weapon, for it is equally reconcilable with any view of the facts. A more prosaic mode of stating the proposition would seem to be that the truth of an opinion or the solidity of a piece of work gives it a certain advantage in the struggle for existence. Truth tends to prevail because it has generally one more point in the game than its adversary; but even that statement is not quite accurate. The philosophers who try to represent the history of thought as the embodiment of a certain logical evolution may be correct in the long run, but their view requires to be modified in application to shorter periods. The process by which the human mind advances is not a gradual discovery of new facts and of new laws, so that every stage of opinion is a mere expansion of the preceding stage. Rather it is a process of making every possible blunder, and discovering by slow experience that it won't work. No opinion is so absurd as not to have been held by some philosopher; for the simple reason that philosophizing means trying in succession every possible combination of opinions. Those which turn out to be fruitless are

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gradually cast aside; though the old errors are constantly reappearing under a slightly different dress. At most, therefore, we improve by a constant series of rough approximations, each of which involves a considerable error; though the error involved may tend to become gradually less. Nor can it be said that the erroneous part of an opinion is always that which causes its failure. Some persons maintain that the success of false religions is proportional to the amount of truth contained in them. Mahommedanism flourished, not because Mahommed was, as our ancestors called him, a clever impostor, but because he announced some great truths the effect of which was impeded by the admixture of gross error. But it must be added that the error was probably necessary to make the truth palatable. A worshipper of Mumbo-Jumbo cannot understand a pure religion until he has been educated into a capacity for new ideas, or until the truths have been adulterated by combination with the cruder ideas which can find admission to his brain. Doctrines that come pure from the lips of their first teachers take up into a kind of chemical combination the crude superstitions which are popular amongst their hearers, and, were it not for that power, they would be incapable of diffusing themselves.

If this is the case with the progress of the race in general, why should we expect to find it otherwise in regard to the individual? A man may possibly be too good for this world, as it is certainly very easy to be too bad. Here and there, though the phenomenon is not so common as is sometimes suggested, we may find a thinker who has really been far in advance of his age, and who has been entirely overlooked in consequence. He has taught a philosophy which may be intelligible in the distant future, but which is entirely above the capacities of the existing race. When we disinter such a man from the decaying rubbish of his contemporaries, we say naturally that he was the salt of the earth, and that his keener perceptions of the truth, filtered through the grosser intellects of his disciples, were the force which kept thought from extinction. It may be so in some cases; but it is possible to take a very different view. What is the use, we may fairly ask, of a man who was so wise that nobody could understand him in his life, and who is only studied by a remote posterity who honour him for anticipating their ideas? He influenced nobody when he was alive; and though we may admire him now that he has been dead for a century or two, we admire him as a singular phenomenon rather than submit to his power as a spiritual force. The stupid people, whom we forget because they were on a level with their generation, really did the work; and a man, however great, whose greatness is not recognized by his contemporaries, really produces but a very small influence upon the later generation which has first found out his merits. In the *Last of the Barons* Lord Lytton described a perfectly impossible person who discovered the steam-engine during the Wars of the Roses. If he had been an historical character, he would obviously have been a wasted force. The smallest practical invention which would have worked at the time of discovery would have been of infinitely greater use than an anticipation of later inventions. We might admire the man who anticipated Watt, but his discovery would be superfluous for us, as it was thrown away at his time. What is true of a mechanical invention is true to some extent of an idea. If it falls upon ground not yet prepared for its reception, it might as well have never been sown.

In this sense, then, we might possibly say that some admixture even of humbug may be useful as an alloy to convert the solid metal of truth into currency. When a writer enjoys a contemporary reputation altogether out of proportion to his solid merits, the righteous and the jealous delight in comparing him to the green bay-tree, and wrap themselves in the belief that he is working for the present whilst they are labouring for posterity. Assuming their hypothesis to be true, is it so clear that they have the advantage? The poems of Ossian, one may perhaps say, were a humbug. They were destitute of any solid merit, whatever their historical origin, and nobody finds it possible at the present day even to read the bombast which sent our grandfathers into fits of enthusiasm. Other contemporary poetry, such as Gray's, for example, was not duly appreciated when it was written, and is only now rising to its just level. Would not every right-feeling man rather be a Gray than a MacPherson? To answer fairly, we must look for a moment at the opposite side of the account. Ossian's poetry undoubtedly produced a great effect at the time of its publication. It was one of the forces which helped to upset the old canons of taste; it excited not only the fools, but such great men as Goethe; and, if it is now dead, it helped to stimulate some of the most living works of imagination of the time. Gray, on the contrary, comparatively neglected, is known by heart to all modern pretenders to literary taste. He cannot be said to have originated a school, or much to have affected subsequent developments of thought. If he is regarded as a classic in his way, he is, like other classics, valued in the study, but rarely serves as a model for later work. Why should not the man who gave an impulse but died after it was given be valued as much as the man who gave none, but who retains that kind of suspended vitality which is all that can belong to any but the very greatest a century or so after their death? Why should it be better to have a thousand readers of whom nine hundred are not born till a later period than a thousand contemporary readers? The same principle might of course be applied to statesmanship or to success in practical life. A great Minister may be a charlatan; he may have had no eye for the deeper issues of the time, and may have worked with an eye for his own success, but blindfolded as regards the future. Still his power of appealing to the instincts of his contemporaries gave him a real force, which the philosophical historian must take into account though he may condemn the men who wielded it. The virtuous person who persisted in trying to cut blocks with razors may have been thrown away in consequence of his virtues. Burke's writings have made him a teacher for future generations; but if his writings had been lost, or if we regard him simply as a statesman, we may be inclined to think that he made less impression upon the actual events of the time than many men whom it would be in some sense profane to mention in the same sentence. And, in like manner, though we may respect the lawyer who is too high-principled to get briefs, the doctor who can't get patients because he can't flatter, or the merchant who never makes a fortune because he despises speculation, we may frankly admit that they might have done more work, and even more good work, if they had been a little more on a level with the modes of thought of their time.

Nor indeed is the conclusion really immoral. Undoubtedly it might be pressed into the service of the persons who agree with the Yankee who believed "in humbug generally," because it was a thing which he perceived "to have a solid vally." But, in truth, it is merely one corollary from the very obvious and salutary truth that in this world happiness and success are not strictly proportioned to virtue. It would be a bad thing, we all know, if the devil had all the good music; and it would be equally undesirable that he should have all the fools or even all the knaves on his side. The majority would be too overpowering. Luckily there are, if not knaves, at least humbugs on all sides; and though they do not mean it, good may even in this sense come out of evil. The world would be much simpler if the goats and sheep could be kept in two separate herds. As matters are, it is a comfort to reflect that the goats may be pressed into a service to which in the abstract they have an aversion. If it is safe to assume that the world improves on the whole, we may believe that truth will gradually work itself free of error, and the solid work supplant the shams. But it is a complicated and slow process; and there is no test of universal application which will enable us to say, in regard to any given works, this is entirely sound and enduring, and that hopelessly rotten and temporary.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF ITALY.

THE actual condition of Italian Catholicism, not as a theological system but as a social fact, has been widely and anxiously discussed for the last fifteen or sixteen years, since the first rumours of the war which led to the eventual overthrow of the old order of things and the establishment of Italian unity. Some striking articles on the subject, evidently from the pen of a writer personally familiar with the internal condition of the country, appeared about ten years ago in the *Edinburgh Review*. It is handled, in a more hostile and less appreciative spirit, in several of Mr. T. Trollope's novels, and the official view of the situation entertained by the Roman Curia is copiously illustrated in the speeches of Pius IX., recently published in two bulky volumes. Father Passaglia secured the pu[illegible] support of a considerable section of the Italian priesthood avowe[illegible] protest against the Temporal Power, and this must in his ori[illegible] have indicated a far wider area of secret sympathy whic[illegible] dared not openly proclaim itself. But if the fact that it would be very unsafe to assume the solidarity tends to prov[illegible] clergy as a body with the policy of the Papal of the Catho[illegible] shows that the divorce between clergy and people Court, it also[illegible] so real or so general as outsiders are apt to may not be n[illegible] disposed to think that this is, partially at least, imagine. And[illegible] some remarkable details lately communithe true expla[illegible] Correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung* as to cated by the R[illegible] Catholic reaction in Italy. That there is such what he conside[illegible] coming, and indeed we have always a reaction we are[illegible] result would follow sooner or later from anticipated that [illegible] Papal sovereignty; and that in two the overthrow of[illegible] odium of a vexatious and unpopular ways. It remove[illegible] same time it roused a natural Government, while[illegible] feeling of chivalry[illegible] cause. But still what is called a reaction is in great[illegible] we suspect, simply the reappearance on the surface of[illegible] enthusiasm which was never extinct, but which ha[illegible] accidental, and chiefly political, causes been held in abey[illegible] If it be true that the clerical party, which had long existed[illegible] only, is once more giving unmistakable signs of life[illegible] cause the clergy can now appeal to a purely religious sent[illegible] which is deeply seated in the Italian people, without any fear o[illegible] making a political or quasi-political retort. And this becomes clearer when it is added that nowhere is the clerical party still[illegible] weak as in Rome itself; for it is precisely in Rome that the [illegible] most and most obstinate fight has been maintained, and that in those [illegible] most conspicuous manner, for the retention of obsolete and [illegible] privileges. The Italian Government, too, has contributed [illegible] to this revival of religious energy, though in a diffe[illegible] way from the German Government. It has not imprisoned [illegible] and priests by wholesale for refusing to abandon the [illegible] usages of their Church, and thus dignified Ultram[illegible] with the honours of a substantial persecution. But it [illegible] enough, in the abolition of the Papal sovereignty and [illegible] confiscation of monastic property, to evoke a sentiment of [illegible] rous, if not indignant,

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sympathy, while at the same time it most studiously abstains from any interference with the religious organisation and action of the Church. The spiritual element has thus been left to assert itself without the trammels either of temporal grandeur or of temporal restraint. And the writer already mentioned announces the result.

There are, it may be premised, two obvious considerations which make the present an opportune moment for taking stock, so to say, of the state of Italian Catholicism. In the first place, Pius IX. has just passed what the *Times* calls his eighty-fourth, but what is really, we believe, his eighty-fifth, birthday, and in about three weeks' time he will enter on the thirtieth year of his Pontificate. He has thus long outlived "the years of Peter," and may not unreasonably, as it now begins to be suggested, hope to equal, as Pope, the years of His earthly life whose Vicar he claims to be. He seems to have lost nothing of his accustomed vigour, or, as a recent anecdote sufficiently proves, of his wonted humour; and persons who have lately seen him, and whose powers of observation and judgment may be trusted, think it quite likely he may live ten years yet—the more so as the Ferretti are a long-lived family, and His Holiness's two brothers were more than ninety when they died. It would at all events be premature to build any conjecture about the future of religion in Italy on the assumption of a closely impending change in the Papal chair, and such an event is said to be not at all desired by the Italian Government. On the other hand, an organized attempt to start an Old Catholic movement is reported from Naples. And although it is highly improbable that this scheme should achieve the same sort of success in Italy as in Germany, its mere existence certainly indicates, and will almost certainly help to promote, a reforming tendency within the main body of the Church. Nor is there really anything in the alleged fact of a Catholic revival incompatible with the prevalence of such a spirit. It would indeed be more correct to say that the same phenomenon is being contemplated from two opposite points of view. To a sharp-sighted, but not very appreciative, outsider it looks like a mere relapse into Ultramontane obscurantism, and it is described accordingly. But those who can tell the dream do not always understand the interpretation thereof.

Clerical newspapers and branches of various religious societies, we are told, are established throughout Italy, and a Catholic Congress was held last year at Venice. Piedmont, it is added, which was once so Liberal, is now completely in the hands of the clerical party, whose head-quarters are at Turin, where its leading organ, the *Unità Cattolica*, edited by Don Margotto—a kindred journal to the *Civiltà* and the *Univers*—is published. A Piedmontese constituency is now represented in the Italian Parliament by the man who in 1870 resigned his post of Syndic at Turin on learning that the Italian troops had entered Rome. What the *Opinione* calls "the spirit of Jesuitism" is said to be dominant in that city, and the streets are thronged with long processions, "passing bareheaded from church to church with prayer-books and rosaries in their hands," organized by the Society for Promoting Catholic Interests, whose object is to bring about the restoration of the Pope-King. This movement is partly attributed to the influence of Mgr. Gastaldi, who has been Archbishop of Turin for the last four years. Now, as a bare record of events, we see no reason to question the substantial accuracy of this account. Of Archbishop Gastaldi, indeed, we had heard before. He is a man of narrow views and sharp rather than powerful intellect, and of indomitable will and passionate sincerity of conviction. He belonged formerly to the Rosminian Order in England; but his fiery Ultramontanism did not accord very well with the moderation of tone and opinions, both theological and political, which it has inherited from its learned and pious founder, who was treated with such cruel treachery by the present Pope. He therefore quitted his Order some years ago, and returned to Italy, where he was first appointed by the Pope to a suffragan see, and translated thence in 1871 to the Archbishopric of Turin. No doubt the whole weight of his influence, personal and official, has been thrown into the Catholic reaction, and no doubt also the programme would include in his mind the restoration of the temporal Papacy. But even when Cavour's power and popularity was at its height, intelligent observers, as well Catholic as Protestant, bore witness to the deep religious fervour of the Piedmontese, and were wont to contrast it with the indifferentism or positive alienation from the Church so prevalent in Southern Italy, and especially in the Roman States. In the eyes of Ultramontane bigots they were of course no better than infidels, for they eagerly supported the unitarian policy of their Government, while fanatics of an opposite school saw a great opening for the conversion of the Peninsula to "the principles of the Reformation." To more unbiassed critics the Piedmontese and North Italians generally appeared to be Catholic rather than Papal, and, if we are not greatly misinformed, that is their attitude still. There are some among them, as there are elsewhere, who are zealous *papalini*, but the great mass of those who frequent the churches of Turin and Florence, and manifest unmistakably their firm adherence to the faith of their forefathers, have as little desire as their rulers to undo the policy of recent years, and re-establish "the legitimate sovereigns" on their forfeited thrones; and that not merely from a discreet resolve to acquiesce in the inevitable, but because they honestly prefer the new order to the old.

How far this is true of "practising Catholics," as they are called, in Southern Italy, and above all in Rome, it is not so easy to determine. The studiously cautious and conciliatory language used by Signor Vigliani and Signor Minghetti in the late ecclesiastical debate in the Italian Parliament shows at least that the Government sees its way to a *modus vivendi*, and is bent on resisting what might compromise its present virtually amicable relations with the Church. Nor is this all. There are incipient, but very noticeable, indications of a change of front on the part of the vanguard of the Papal army itself. We do not merely refer to what Signor Vigliani said as to "the accommodating policy of the Government having been met in the same spirit by the Church," or even to what the *Times'* Correspondent calls the "real pacification," and what seems at least to be an armed neutrality, now established between the rival powers. These are outward signs, but it is worth while to look below the surface. Many of our readers may not be familiar with the name of Father Curci, who is however a representative man, and a personage of considerable importance in his way. He is a Jesuit of the Jesuits, one of the comparatively few members of the Order who have taken "the four vows," and form part of its interior governing body. He is understood to be thoroughly in the confidence of his superiors, is a trusted counsellor of the Vatican, and one of the most popular preachers—perhaps the most popular preacher—in Rome. When such a man comes forward to volunteer a manifesto on the present state of things, he can hardly be supposed to speak only for himself. No doubt Father Curci takes care to assure us in the work to which we shall presently call attention—and his superiors, whose astuteness is seldom at fault, no doubt took care that he should assure us—of his own sole and exclusive responsibility for the opinions broached in it. They are his own "most private and particular views, for which nobody else is responsible, and to which no authority is to be attributed, and which everybody has a full right to reject or censure or treat as mere eccentricities, if he will." Nevertheless it is notorious that no Jesuit can publish a syllable on any subject except *cum permissu superiorum*, and that permission would certainly not be given to the publication of views which the heads of the Society did not at the very least consider it desirable to ventilate. If we ascribe to Father Curci's pamphlet only the limited authority of a "communicated article" in a Review, we shall probably be very much understating the editorial responsibility, so to call it, of his Order. And even if, by some almost impossible accident, his manifesto had been published without their sanction, they would have lost no time in disavowing both it and him, had the circumstances seemed to call for it. Jesuits have before now been expelled from the Order for acts of literary indiscretion. Father Curci moreover has not composed a learned treatise in the Latin tongue, addressed to scholars and divines; in such compositions even Jesuit theologians are allowed some latitude of individual judgment. His pamphlet, though it is entitled *Ragione dell' Opera*, and takes the rather incongruous form of a preface or "preamble" to a course of lectures on the Four Gospels, is published separately at the moderate price of 50 cents, and, being written in Italian, appeals to a popular audience. So far however from being disavowed or censured, he continues to hold the same high position as before, and his pamphlet is circulated far and wide with all the authority derived from the name of one placed within the innermost circle of the Jesuit Order and the *entourage* of the Papal Court.

And now what are the contents of this startling manifesto? To say the truth, though it is not very long—for it extends to less than sixty pages—it is very tedious reading. If the good *padre* adopts the same style in the pulpit as he does in the press, his popularity as a preacher is a little puzzling. But he most likely had excellent reasons for the long-winded and somewhat pedantic manner of working round to his subject in what professes to be an introduction to a commentary on the Gospel narrative. The upshot of the matter is, however, made plain enough, and no tolerably intelligent reader can fail to detect the meaning wrapped up in a circumambient mass of verbiage. In one word, the author gives us clearly to understand that "the Revolution" has—of course most iniquitously—destroyed the temporal power of the Papacy, that there is not the slightest prospect of its restoration, and that our truest wisdom is frankly to accept what cannot be reversed, except by some miraculous interposition which no divine promise or human experience suggests any reason for anticipating. It is even broadly hinted that the change may be a very beneficial one for the highest interests of the Church, and that, if her period of temporal power was a dispensation of Divine Providence, so also may be its close. This is not indeed Father Curci's exact language, but it is a perfectly fair summary of his argument. He inquires, with many expressions of diffidence, whether the present evil state of the world, brought about by the Revolution, is "a stable condition" or "a passing hurricane," and decides that it is the former, in spite of certain vague promises and "pretended prophecies," at which it would be ungenerous to laugh. The Church has no promise from her Founder of any temporal goods beyond what are absolutely essential to her existence on earth; and temporal possessions "are always a burden, and have sometimes, not in themselves, but by reason of human frailty, proved not a little pernicious to her." And accordingly, "the Sovereign Author of this change or revolution, that is of all that is good in it, is God," and we should be thankful to the Divine mercy which allows the Church to be despoiled of temporalities which some of its members might use in a less holy manner than was intended by the Giver. It is further to be remembered that the generation which now governs Italy

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was formed and trained in days to which many fondly look back with an ardent longing for their return. "Yes, gentlemen, with the Pope in the full enjoyment of his temporal power, with legitimate princes on the throne, with the authority of the bishops universally respected, with the action of the regular and secular clergy unrestricted and in full operation, with entire liberty to do whatever we thought expedient for guarding against future evils, with the fathers of families mostly Christian, *we*—*we* have formed this flower of a laity." That is the sort of language often to be found in the organs of Italian Liberalism; it is something new to hear it from the lips of a Roman Jesuit. That these admissions and suggestions are interspersed with vigorous denunciations of the gross materialism and rationalism of the present day rather adds to their force than detracts from it. Though the style of the pamphlet is laboured and artificial, it bears every appearance of expressing the genuine convictions of the writer. And at all events the fact remains that, in seemingly flagrant contradiction to the official utterances of the inspired organs of the Vatican and of the Holy Father himself, these views are deliberately proclaimed to the world by one of the most trusted and influential members of the Jesuit Order in Rome. How far his language may be taken to prognosticate a yet more radical change in the future policy of the Church—an appeal from the throne to the people, from dynastic to democratic affinities, an alliance of the Papacy with what Father Curci calls "the moderate Revolution"—is too wide a question to enter upon here. Suffice it to observe at present that there is nothing in the traditions of Catholicism, taken as a whole, still less in the traditions of the Jesuit Order, to forbid such overtures being made. But we may be sure that the advisers of the Curia would first very deliberately calculate the probable chances of their acceptance.

FOLLIES OF CRITICISM.

IT is often noted that, after some toil spent in the acquirement of a new accomplishment, the power of exercising it comes as if by a sudden inspiration to the learner. The danger of this is that, after such power has been gained, he will think that enough has been done by him, and no more toil is necessary. This is sometimes caused not by undue pride on his part, but by a want of perception, which a happy chance may arouse. There is an old University story of an undergraduate who had for some time cultivated the composition of Greek prose. Coming into the rooms of a fellow-student he took up a piece of composition lying on the table, and looking over it exclaimed, with joyful admiration, "Why! You put μεν'ς and δε'ς in your Greek prose!" This was a moment of revelation to him; he went away resolved that he too would use μεν'ς and δε'ς. But this is an attitude which is too rarely discovered. It is more usually found that one who has got some surface knowledge of a subject will rest content with that and decline to break through the shell which he knows in order to get at the kernel which he does not know. What is true of the individual applies also to the mass. There has of late been a great spread of knowledge—up to a certain point. And upon this, as new things are credited with extravagant powers, it has grown to be believed that the presence of a large amount of floating knowledge is enough to supply the needs of every one. That knowledge diffuses itself like heat, and that therefore no one need be at the trouble of acquiring it for himself, is a comfortable theory, but does not always work well. Two particular beliefs amongst others have sprung from this general creed; the one that anybody can write a novel, the other that anybody can be a critic. It is supposed that by merely living among human beings one becomes competent to write of their feelings and characters, and that by the fact of being surrounded by works of art a just appreciation of them is at once conveyed. The result of the former of these delusions is that tables are littered with books which have neither truth to nature nor wit to atone for its absence. In these things the pride of a new power is conspicuous in the language wherein they are conveyed. The regulated stiffness of the eighteenth-century style has passed away, and a fine contempt is shown for the system which enslaved authors to formal arrangements of language by writers who throw off all such irksome fetters and walk proudly in the consciousness of freedom from any constraint of grammar. It is unfortunate that the example of slovenly grammar is set by at least one novelist of great and deserved repute.

But as the province of a critic is to point out the merits and correct the faults of a performance, it is still more unfortunate that criticism as well as composition should be considered a natural gift. In some valuable remarks upon criticism in the preface to the English translation of Sainte-Beuve's "English Portraits," it is said that "the author of what are commonly styled critiques may be no more a genuine critic than the writer of verses is a poet. To assert that a particular book is ill or well written, is purely classical or utter rubbish, implies no extraordinary capacity. The ordinary reader who trusts to the testimony of his feelings may blunder in his criticism as grossly as certain theologians and illiterate people do when they decide, on what they deem incontrovertible evidence, that the sun revolves round the earth. It is as easy to blame or praise an author as to say that the weather is bad when the rain falls, and beautiful when the sun shines." It is with precisely as much knowledge of their subject as the ordinary untrained observer has of meteorology that many critics pronounce upon the qualities of the thing which they judge. The exercise of untrained criticism upon literature is an evil at the moment of its use; but the influence of time may be trusted to correct it, as there is always a certain amount of well-formed taste in the world which will tell in the end, when the petulant sneers or the thoughtless adulation of the passing moment are forgotten. The attack of "the *Quarterly*, so savage and tartarly," was a terrible thing to Keats; but Keats's poetry will live in spite of it. But there is another art, which ought to be of as great importance as that of writing—namely, the art of acting—to which greater harm may be worked by the influence of an uncultivated criticism. The novelist and the poet leave their work behind them to vindicate their fame after they are gone; but the work of the actor vanishes with him; and as the playwriter depends upon the actor for the conveyance of his work to the public, more than the player's own reputation may depend upon the appreciation of his powers in his lifetime. The dramatic art in London has of late suffered from a sickness from which there is good reason to hope that it is now recovering. Vulgarity, folly, and the nearest approach to license that is permitted still find some place upon the stage; but there are signs of a healthy reaction from the taste which not only tolerated but fostered them. Managers have discovered that the combination of poetry and dramatic effect is as likely to attract audiences as the mere spectacle of which the proper place is a panorama, and the extravagant agility which would be most fitly found in a music-hall. And as thought and education are necessary to the rendering of dramatic poetry, there is some chance of its being acknowledged that the profession of acting is one which demands not only a natural talent, but the cultivation also of that by study and training. For the well being of the drama it is however necessary that those who witness plays, as well as those who present them, should have some knowledge of the business in hand. The fact that Shakspeare has been but little honoured on the stage of England of late years is to be deplored, because, amongst other reasons, the stage ought to be the means of conveying a knowledge of Shakspeare to the less educated portions of an audience. To more educated playgoers a fine representation of Shakspeare's plays should suggest new ideas; it should afford illustrations to previous knowledge. Unfortunately, in most cases no such previous knowledge exists. Among the audiences who go to see the Italian version of *Othello* how many are aware that the scene between Bianca and Cassio, which in the English play carries the crowning proof of Desdemona's guilt to Othello, is omitted? Among those who witness *Hamlet* how many know that the play does not in the original end with the Prince's death? A spectator at *Othello* has been heard to lament the poverty of the English version published with the Italian book of the play. This version is, however, except in one or two passages, the work of an author of some repute. It was asked by one who had not been to see *Hamlet* at the Lyceum of one who had, "How was 'O what a rogue and peasant slave am I' delivered?" "That," was the answer, "was not delivered at all; indeed it is not in *Hamlet*." This argues not only ignorance, but inattention on the part of the spectator. The case of those who not only have no acquaintance with Shakspeare, but will not listen to the actor who gives them a chance of hearing him, is hopeless. After such a remark as that last quoted it is refreshing to find such an instance of interest in the play on the part of a spectator as is found in the observation made to a companion by one leaving the theatre:—"Did you see what happened in the last scene? They changed the foils; and that was how it all came about. I think it a clumsy device, and it spoils the whole play." Again, one who was present at the performance of *Hamlet* was asked by a neighbour after the scene between Hamlet and his mother, "Pray can you tell me if this is the end?" To the reply, "No, there is another act," succeeded the further question, "And does Hamlet appear again?"

These are but a few instances out of many which might be collected. That the unprofessed critics who make up the bulk of an audience should have so little knowledge upon which to base their judgment is bad. That professed critics who are supposed by their better learning and taste to guide the unprofessed should have but little more, is worse. The day of such critics as Lamb and Hazlitt, men who were filled with knowledge of what they judged before they delivered a judgment, is passed. In their place has arisen a horde of writers to whom the extension of education has given facility of words, but has not taught the difficulty of thought; writers who discuss in a few careless lines subjects for the treatment of which labour and research were formerly deemed necessary in England, and are still deemed necessary in France, where the fine criticism of M. Sarcey, the result of long labour and study, takes a high place in the literature of the time. Such writers, however, as make up the ordinary run of dramatic criticism in England are no doubt well suited to the requirements of the day; to them might be applied with a difference the words of Hamlet to Rosencrantz, "But such officers do the king best service in the end . . . when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again." Only the critic has generally gleaned nothing; and no squeezing can extract from him that which he never had.

Some time ago we had occasion to point out various blunders committed by professed critics in their dealing with Shakspeare. Since that time performances of Shakspeare's plays have increased in frequency, which is a good thing; and criticisms upon them have increased in like manner, which, under existing circumstances, is not so good a thing. One special blunder in criticism

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has obtained largely in consequence of what is a very desirable condition of the drama. Two actors of eminence are at present constantly employed in the representation of two characters of Shakspeare. This has been an opportunity too good to be missed by those who wish to prove to the world their inborn capacity for criticism. It has not occurred to them that between two entirely different things it is absurd to institute a comparison. They have not thought that Othello and Hamlet are utterly distinct characters; that Signor Salvini and Mr. Irving belong to two widely opposed schools of acting; that the one is an Italian, the other an Englishman; and that therefore it is impossible to draw a parallel between the merits and faults of the one and the other. The fact that both are actors and both play characters written by Shakspeare has seemed to some writers sufficient ground upon which to found a comparison, after the fashion of Blackmore's metaphorical verse, between things hopelessly remote from each other. It would be about as sensible to compare a giraffe and a tree because both are tall and both may be seen in the same country. One writer of this kind holds himself out as "A Parisian Critic." From a "Parisian" critic one is justified in expecting more care and knowledge than from others, as Parisian dramatic criticism is, like Parisian acting, the best specimen of its kind to be found. But this writer performs the office he professes in a manner which would certainly astonish M. Sarcey. He entitles his production "Mr. Irving and Signor Salvini," and his criticism of one of these actors consists in saying, "It is sufficient to see the manner in which he bears himself to know that you have before you an actor whom you have less the right to criticize than observe." This is a position which has the merit of novelty; and if carried a little further it will save a great deal of trouble; as possibly in future when one has seen the frame of a picture it will be known that one has a right to look at it, but not to discuss its merits. The same writer, after some dozen lines which say practically nothing of the performance he affects to judge, ends by stating that "one cannot say too much of such a performance." The comparison of the two actors is absurd enough; but the unreasonable manner in which it is made is yet more absurd. In the days of Pasta and Sontag rival factions contended vehemently in favour of each singer; those who admired the one loudly denied all merit to the other. With one party Pasta was a goddess, and Sontag a mere pretender; with the other Sontag was a divine singer, and Pasta hardly fit for a place in the chorus. It never occurred to the amateurs of the time that both singers might be good. The same logical principle is observed now. The discovery of faults in one performance has seemed to "follow as the night the day" that of merits in another of an entirely different kind. The fact that two actors of mark are at the same time commanding attention to two different characters of Shakspeare may be a good thing both for the public and the stage. But the school—or rather the nursery—of criticism which is stimulated by this fact to such efforts as have been described can be of no good to any one.

WAREHAM AND CORFE CASTLE.

THE name of Corfe Castle is familiar to most people as the scene of one of those isolated legends which, in so many eyes, make up the whole of our earliest history; and the name of its neighbour Wareham, less familiar perhaps to the world in general, must be well known to all who have studied modern Parliamentary history. Up to the first Reform Bill, Wareham and Corfe Castle each sent two members to Parliament; now a district which takes in both places sends one only. As Wareham thus belongs to the class of rural boroughs, it was spared at the last suppression, when other boroughs fell which had a larger number of real burgesses than Wareham, but whose nominal population was not swelled in the same way by the addition of the neighbouring villages. A reformer from Yorkshire or Lancashire would most likely sneer at Wareham and Corfe alike as "miserable villages in the south of England." But, as Wareham is still a good deal bigger than Corfe, so the Parliamentary history of the two places is quite different. Wareham has sent members ever since the reign of Edward the First. Corfe sent them for the first time in the reign of Elizabeth. That is to say, Wareham is represented in Parliament because there was a time when it deserved to be represented; Corfe never deserved to be represented at all, and was enfranchised simply in order to be corrupt. Both places play an important part in English history, and that mainly in military history, as the seats of two renowned castles. But Wareham is a case of a castle founded in an existing town. Corfe is a case of a town, or rather village, growing up round a castle. We cannot conceive that Corfe was ever greater than it is now; of Wareham we have the evidence of our own eyes that it once was far greater. Wareham, in short, is one of those towns which have not only, like most of the ancient towns of England, been outstripped by younger rivals, but which have absolutely decayed. It might almost remind one of the Westphalian Soest, where, starting from the centre of the town, we gradually leave the streets and find ourselves in lanes, fields, and gardens, till we at last come to the town wall. Wareham has in the like way shrunk up. It is not as at Chester and Colchester, where there are fields and gardens within the walls, but where the space thus left void is far more than made up by the growth of the town in other directions beyond the walls. Wareham has not grown at all, except in the sense of growing smaller; the walls are there, but the modern town is very far from filling up the whole space within them. But the walls of Wareham differ from the walls of Colchester in another most important point. They are indeed rectangular, or nearly so; but they are not walls in the stricter sense, walls of stone or brick, but vast ramparts of earth. Their nearest parallel is to be found in the kindred earthworks of Wallingford, a town whose history has in many points a near likeness to that of Wareham. In each case a rectangular earthwork forms three sides of a space, square or nearly so, leaving the fourth side to be defended by a river. Wallingford has but one river, but that is one of the great rivers of England, the great border stream of Thames. Wareham has two rivers, but rivers of less renown. The town stands at the head of its land-locked haven, a branch of the greater haven of Poole, on the isthmus of a peninsula formed by the confluence of the southern Frome and the Piddle. This last stream in older writers shares the name of Trent with one of the great rivers of central England, unless indeed when Asser and Florence speak of Wareham as lying "inter duo flumina Fraw et Terente," they mean, what is true in a sense, that the place lies between the Frome and the more distant Tarrant. But the position of Wareham between its two streams is one of its characteristic features. The side towards the south, which is sheltered by the greater stream of the Frome and the once doubtless swampy land beyond it, was left wholly unfortified. The northern side, towards the lesser stream of the Piddle, is fortified, but less strongly than the eastern and western sides, where there is no river at all. Now the question at once arises, by whom were these earthworks thrown up; that is to say, by whom was the town of Wareham first founded? The defences are, in a certain vague sense, Roman. That is to say, their rectangular shape shows they are the work of men who had some knowledge of the rules of Roman castrametation. But they are not Roman in material, and that they are not Roman in date—that is, that they are not older than A.D. 410—is almost proved by the place bearing the purely English name of Wareham, instead of being marked as Roman by the ending *chester*. The most probable opinion is that the earthworks both of Wareham and Wallingford were thrown up by the Welsh, who at Wallingford have left their name, as defences against the invading English. The argument which attributes these works to the Danes, on the ground that they must be the work of men who already commanded the water, does not apply. By the time that the West-Saxon arms reached Wareham, the days of invasion by sea had come to an end, and Cerdic or his descendants were pushing their way both westward and northward by land.

A little south-east of Wareham, in the peninsula lying between the haven of Wareham and the open sea, that island of Purbeck which is still less of an island than the greater island of Pelops, lies the other fortress, that of Corfe. A glance shows the essential difference between the two places. Wareham is a fortified town; Corfe is a simple fortress. The great line of hills which runs along the peninsula, and which shuts off both Corfe and Wareham from the open sea, here makes a sudden gap. Such a gap bears in all languages names which translate one another. The endless *Pylæ* of the Greeks, the *Lydeards* which the Briton has left among ourselves, have their parallel in *Corfes-geat*. In the midst of the gate stands a lower conical hill crowned first by a West-Saxon royal house, and then by the famous Norman Castle. Both Corfe and Wareham figure in our early history, and the first time that Corfe is spoken of, the second time that Wareham is spoken of, the two places have both their share. Wareham first appears in history in 876, when the Danes marched thither from Cambridge therefore by land, and after swearing oaths and giving hostages to Alfred, marched the next year to Exeter. The words of Asser and Florence, "castellum quod dicitur Werham"—the Chronicles simply say "bestæl se here into Werham Westseaxna fyrde"—might seem to imply that they made use of the existing fortifications as they did of the "waste chester" further north in 894. Our next mention of the two places is at the death of Edward the Martyr in 979. Every one must have seen the picture of the young King stabbed at the gate of the castle, a confusion doubtless with the *Corfes Gate* itself. The Chroniclers merely state the fact of his death with the time and place, and add a bitter wail for a deed than which none worse had been done since the English came into Britain. But their very silence as to the doer of the deed strongly confirms the story which is found in its simplest form in Florence, and which gathers fresh details in every later writer, according to which the murder was the deed of Edward's stepmother Ælfthryth. The murdered King was buried without any kingly worship at Wareham, but was in the next year translated by Ealdorman Ælfhere, the enemy of monks, with mickle worship to King Alfred's minster at Shaftesbury. The steps by which the tale grew into the elaborate piece of hagiology to be found in Brompton form, like everything else of the kind, a curious study of comparative mythology. The main facts there is no reason to doubt; but the common way of treating such stories is not honest, namely, to take the legend in its full-blown form, and, leaving out all that is miraculous, to treat the remainder as authentic history.

In Domesday Wareham appears as a borough, and after, as if to keep up the parallel with Wallingford in every point, it appears that in King Edward's days it formed one of the special quarters of the King's housecarls. Many houses had been destroyed, doubtless on William's march to Exeter. The castle of Wareham was already built in the time of the Survey, but, oddly enough, it is not mentioned in the account of Wareham itself, but in an incidental entry which shows that William obtained its site—the ancient mound—by an exchange with the abbey of Shaftesbury. The

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castle of Corfe is not entered in the Survey, and before William's coming the dwelling of Ælfthryth had ceased to be a royal possession. Corfe appears in Domesday as the former holding of two Englishmen named Wada and Ægelric, and as the present possession of Robert, the son of Gerold. At Wareham the castle has vanished, but its site is plain enough. Like so many others, it has arisen on a mound of English work in the south-east corner of the town overlooking the Frome. At Corfe no artificial mound was needed. There nature had thrown up a mound greater than the works of the Lady of the Mercians at Warwick or at Tamworth. On that hill the castle still stands, more utterly shattered by the great siege of the seventeenth century than perhaps any other building which has not been purposely destroyed. The square keep crowns the height. Below it are the remains of a building of earlier masonry which inquirers not given to credulity on such points have deemed to be most likely the remains of the Ædgar's widow. Both fortresses are constantly mentioned in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Wareham being more prominent in the earlier and Corfe in the later period. Both were often chosen as the places of confinement of important prisoners. Wareham was one of the many places of confinement of the captive Duke Robert, and the more lasting prison of the fiercer Robert of Belesme. Both figure repeatedly in the wars of Stephen, when we find Corfe emphatically marked out by Stephen's biographer as "unum omnium Anglorum castellum tutissimum." Among notable prisoners at Corfe we find the Welsh prince Gruffydd in 1198, and Henry of Montfort in 1275. But between those dates Corfe had been chosen as the scene of two of the blackest of the crimes of John. Had they but met with a sacred poet, the two-and-twenty Continental supporters of the cause of Arthur who were starved to death in the still existing tower of Corfe in 1202 might have been as famous as those who, before the century had run its course, shared the same doom in Pisa's vanished Tower of Hunger. Again, twelve years later, it was at Corfe that the unlucky Peter of Pontefract, whose prophecy had been so strangely fulfilled, was drawn and hanged as the first act of authority of the new Papal vassal. It would even seem that Corfe had fixed itself in men's minds as the special scene of deeds of horror, as one chronicler, the annalist of Bermondsey, transfers thither from Berkeley the fate of the second Edward. Of the importance of the post we have other and less hideous reminders, in the constant occurrence of the name Corfe in lists of the great fortresses of the kingdom.

Neither Wareham nor Corfe was ever the seat of any great ecclesiastical foundation. A monastery of nuns is mentioned as being there at the time of the Danish occupation; and, as it is not mentioned afterwards, it probably perished then. In the time of Henry the First, Robert Earl of Leicester founded a priory at Wareham, as a cell to the abbey of Lire in Normandy, which, at the suppression of alien houses, passed to the Carthusians of Shene. This priory seems to have been attached to the chief, if not only, surviving church of Wareham, known, by a kind of tautology, as Lady St. Mary. It will hardly be believed that, about thirty years back, the great Norman nave of this church was destroyed at the instance of one of the Church Building Societies, whose grant for some repairs or reseating was made conditional on an act worthy of a Pope's nephew or of a grantee of a suppressed monastery. But in a side chapel, alongside of some fine thirteenth century tombs, are some fragments of Primitive Romanesque, which are said to have been built into the wall of the Norman building, and which may have seen the hasty burial of the martyred King. Instead of this hideous destruction, it would have been a better work to call to life again one of the disused and mutilated churches which show how much Wareham has fallen from its greatness either in the days of Cerdic or in the days of Stephen.

PUBLIC HOLIDAYS.

WE should imagine that the experiences of Monday last must have forced on many minds some grave doubts as to the practical expediency of the kindly and well-meaning legislation which is associated with the name of Sir John Lubbock. Everybody, of course, is agreed that holidays are excellent things in their way, that they animate and brighten life, and that it is very desirable that all classes should have a fair share of them. At the same time, it is evident that the comfort and enjoyment of a holiday are almost wholly destroyed when all the world insists on taking its pleasure at the same time. Under such circumstances a holiday ceases to be a day of relaxation and refreshment, and becomes instead a burden and oppression. It is now four years since Sir John's Act became law, and every year vaster multitudes seek to take advantage of the opportunities for recreation thus opened up to them. This is, of course, a very natural tendency. Holiday-making is contagious; and when one trade desists from work, other trades find equally cogent reasons for imitating its example. In the first instance the Act was intended to be simply permissive in its operation. It suspended various rules of business in order that those who chose to take a holiday on certain days of the year should be enabled to do so; and it was supposed that this would affect only a comparatively limited section of the population. Practically, however, the Act has proved to be in a great degree compulsory. Employers who would have no objection to keeping their warehouses or workshops open feel bound to close because other employers do so, and offence would be taken if they did not fall in with the prevailing fashion; and, in a similar way, workmen who would be very glad to go on working for the sake of their families have to be idle because others have set their hearts upon play. It requires much strength of will to take up an independent position in such a case; and besides there is very little to be gained by it. All sorts of business are nowadays so closely and intricately connected with each other that, if there is a clear majority for a holiday, the minority has no alternative but to submit. Hence it has come to pass that on the various days named in the Act labour of all kinds is almost universally suspended. This in itself is perhaps not a thing to be sorry for, although it occasionally tells hardly on men who are mulcted in the wages of the holiday; but the mischief is that people do not get the full benefit of a holiday when they all rush out in their thousands to enjoy it at the same time.

Any one who had an opportunity of studying the crowds on Whit-Monday must have been struck by the general air of weariness and disappointment which most of the people wore. They had come out for a day's pleasure, and had found it much more dismal drudgery than the hardest day's work they ever did in their lives. Wherever they went they had to push and squeeze and struggle as part of a densely packed and sweltering throng. At the railway stations, where they began the day, they had literally to fight for tickets at the booking-office. Then, when the trains came up, another battle had to be gone through for the chance of bare standing-room—it could hardly be called breathing-room—in an already overcrowded carriage, the inmates of which in desperate self-defence did their best to resist the invasion. And again, when the travellers reached their destination, it was only to plunge into another fierce contest for beer and refreshments. It is estimated that there were 94,000 people at the Alexandra Palace; and though large preparations had been made for the animal wants of the visitors, and there was a numerous staff of trained waiters, yet only a comparatively small part of the multitude could get anything to eat or drink. It was like a descent of locusts on a fertile plain; in a short time everything consumable had been consumed; and besides there were many who did not possess the sheer physical strength necessary for successful competition in the *mêlée* round each refreshment-counter. What happened at Muswell Hill was of course pretty closely repeated at the Crystal Palace; and it may be imagined that at places in the country where there was no organized commissariat the poor folk fared much worse. There is no doubt a certain degree of exhilaration in the mere idea of a holiday which sustains people under all kinds of roughing and hardships, and there is also a predetermination to be merry, like Mark Tapley, under any circumstances, which is not easily conquered. Amid many irritating circumstances, such as the heat, the squeezing, and difficulty of getting refreshments, the crowds on Monday were after all not at all ill-natured. They were evidently resolved to put the best face on the matter, and to make the most of the day, in spite of its disadvantages. But it was impossible not to pity the helplessness of the multitude, and to wish that somehow or other it could be contrived that it should go about in less unmanageable battalions. It is of course quite impossible that the ordinary arrangements of suburban hostelries and tea-gardens can be suddenly expanded to meet the wants of the swarms of people who descend upon them on a general holiday; and the consequence is that those who do not take the precaution of carrying their stores with them run a serious risk of getting nothing at all. On the women and children, who always form a large element in these gatherings, the strain and difficulties of a modern holiday must in some cases tell severely. It may be said that, though all this seems very dreadful to persons accustomed to a quiet and easy life, the people for whom these holidays are chiefly intended really do get a great deal of enjoyment out of them, and make very light of the hardships that accompany them. It may be supposed, indeed, that the stir and bustle of great numbers is perhaps rather an attraction to the classes in question, since it adds to the animation and excitement of the scene; but it may be doubted whether the excitement is not rather overdone. There must necessarily be a good deal of physical fatigue of an exhausting kind in spending a long day amid the pressure and friction of a feverish crowd, and it can hardly be doubted that next day some of the holiday people will feel by no means strengthened and refreshed by their relaxation. It is possible that even a holiday passed in this uncomfortable way is better than none at all, but then it is impossible not to regret that things should have been so ordered that the whole body of the population should be turned out on the same day, instead of having a choice of days on which they could take their pleasure in detachments. Sir John Lubbock's Act was in the first instance intended as a boon to City clerks; but if they were canvassed at the present moment, it would probably be found that they are disposed to regard it as a very questionable advantage. Clerks are not usually persons who can afford to make long journeys for pleasure, and the mob drives them away from the familiar resorts near town. If the Act had not been passed the managers of banks and other establishments could have had no difficulty in arranging that a certain number of clerks should at different seasons be released for a day—so many on one day, and so many on another; and thus hard-worked men could have obtained relaxation in an agreeable way. As it is, it is only the very roughest part of the population which can endure the turmoil and confusion of such a day as Whit-Monday, and the result is to shut up most other people indoors.

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In the interest of the working classes themselves, it might be wished that the tumultuous crowding of the present system could be altered; but there are also other classes who are entitled to some consideration. There can be no doubt that, if there are some people who enjoy these public holidays, there are a vast number of other people to whom they are extremely disagreeable. They are days when it is impossible to go about anywhere with the slightest comfort. As far as ordinary travelling is concerned, the railway system may be said to be practically suspended, and this is certainly for a large class something more than a sentimental grievance. The Railway Companies fully appreciate the advice to make hay when the sun shines; and, in order to devote themselves to excursion traffic, they simply make a clean sweep of all the arrangements for ordinary passengers. It is impossible to say when any train will start, and still more so to form the faintest idea as to when it will arrive at any particular point. The great object of the railways on these days is to swell their traffic returns to the utmost; and to this everything else is sacrificed. Excursions are advertised at low fares, and of course vast numbers are tempted by them. The passengers may take tickets for any class they choose, but no class is reserved for them by the Companies; nor is any limit enforced as to the number of persons who may be packed into a compartment. As soon as a train is filled to overflowing it is sent on, and soon finds itself shunted into a siding or blocked on the line. In the course of the day most of these trains reach their destination, only very much after time; and at night the lines leading to town are again blocked up to all hours of the morning. On Monday there was an accident on the Great Northern which closed an important part of the line, and the consequence was that thousands of people, weary and faint, many carrying little children, had to be turned out of the trains at Holloway and left to walk home in the middle of the night. It will of course be said that accidents cannot be prevented; but there can be little doubt that in this case the confusion which is called an accident was due to the attempt of the Railway Company to work an impossible amount of traffic. It is quite right that the excursionists should be provided for, and very natural that the Companies should be anxious to reap a good harvest; but it is not unreasonable to suggest that the regular traffic ought not on this account to be utterly set aside. It is now becoming the constant practice of the Companies, whenever there is a holiday, or a boat-race, or any public attraction, to suspend the ordinary working of the lines, and it is needless to say that this is not only an inconvenience, but may be a serious injury, to residents along the line, or persons who have to travel by it on business. It is not too much to say that on Monday last the railways in and about London were simply closed to travellers who did not choose to share the perils, discomforts, and delays of the excursionists. It would no doubt be idle to expect that these holidays, having been once established, will be given up, but some attempt might at least be made to render them less of a nuisance to a large class of people.

THE FLOGGING BILL.

THE Bill to amend the law as to offences against the person may be taken as an attempt to give effect to the opinions of the majority of the Judges, and the prevailing feeling of all classes of society superior to that which contains "roughs." One suggestion of practical value made by some of the Judges has not been included in the Bill, although a competent draftsman, with the help given by the Judges, might probably have succeeded in embodying it in a satisfactory section. Lord Coleridge, after premising that his experience as a judge was too slight to enable him to form a confident opinion, informed the Home Secretary that he thought the existing law sufficiently stringent for the punishment of brutal assaults. He thought, further, that the feeling which had arisen in the public mind was founded rather upon the fact of magistrates having dealt summarily with cases which were unfit to be so dealt with than upon any want of sufficient severity in the law itself, if properly enforced and if administered by the proper persons. He believed that magistrates often tried cases which it was plainly intended (though no doubt the law gives them a discretion) that they should not try. In limiting or entirely taking away this discretion, he believed that a remedy for the present evils might be found. He admitted that this was a delicate and difficult matter to handle satisfactorily, but he thought that no case of assault occasioning actual bodily harm should be within the jurisdiction of magistrates except at Quarter Sessions. Other Judges supply assistance in greater detail towards handling the delicate and difficult matter of limiting the discretion of magistrates. Mr. Justice Lush, indeed, goes no further than Lord Coleridge. Experience has shown, he says, that it will not do to leave this matter to the discretion of magistrates. The line must be drawn by the Legislature, and he does not know how this is to be done otherwise than by enacting that all cases of actual bodily harm shall be withdrawn from summary jurisdiction. It seems to him impossible to classify cases by definition. Mr. Justice Archibald remarks that justices with limited powers of punishment deal summarily with cases which ought to be sent for trial, and public indignation has been aroused by the strange inadequacy of punishments awarded for assaults of a brutal character. In order to avoid the possibility of such failures of justice in future, he thinks it advisable to enact that justices should not adjudicate summarily upon any assault which has caused or is likely to cause—

1. Permanent injury to any member.
2. Permanent disfiguration of the head or face.
3. Severe bodily pain for 21 days.
4. Inability to follow ordinary calling for 21 days.

Mr. Justice Keating, who has since retired from the Bench, thought the existing law sufficiently stringent, but he added that all aggravated assaults should be sent before a jury, and magistrates ought in such cases to commit and not convict. "It is, however, difficult to define the degree of aggravation which should absolutely oust jurisdiction; it must be left to their discretion." Mr. Justice Brett holds that the law as it exists is sufficient to overcome this class of crime if the law be vigorously administered, and that the real defect at present is the hesitation of magistrates to send cases to be tried at the assizes upon charges of "wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm," or "assaulting and doing actual bodily harm," when the facts would justify convictions on these charges. "The present defect is the dealing by the magistrates with the facts with too much indulgence." The learned Judge does not, however, suggest any specific remedy for the evil which he thus clearly indicates. Mr. Justice Denman would render it compulsory on magistrates, wherever they consider that an assault has been accompanied by brutal violence or serious injury, to send the case for trial by a jury. He adds that the phraseology of an enactment should be carefully considered. The Lord Chief Baron thinks it difficult to draw the desired line, but suggests that the Home Secretary might, by a circular letter to all magistrates, "suggest or advise" that in all cases of violence where the offence seems deserving of more than a few months' imprisonment the accused should be committed for trial before a Judge. Mr. Baron Cleasby thinks it would be difficult to draw the line strictly, and would leave the matter to the discretion of the magistrates. Mr. Baron Amphlett recommends the repeal of an existing enactment, "because it tempts magistrates to adjudicate upon cases which had much better be tried at Assizes or Quarter Sessions."

Looking at these opinions, and in the absence of official explanation, it is difficult to feel satisfied with Mr. Cross's Bill. A majority of the Judges think that the root of the mischief is that magistrates have dealt summarily with cases which they ought to have sent for trial. The effect of the Bill is that in such cases magistrates may inflict punishments rather more severe than they can under the existing law, but still far short of what is due to the brutal assaults which are so common. Under the existing statute, where any person shall "unlawfully assault or beat" any other person, two justices may hear the case, and may sentence the offender to not more than two months' imprisonment with or without hard labour, or to pay a fine not exceeding 5*l*. And when any person shall be charged before two justices with an assault or battery upon a male child whose age does not exceed fourteen years, or upon a female, the justices, if the assault or battery is of such an aggravated nature that it cannot be sufficiently punished as a common assault or battery, may proceed to hear the case summarily, and may sentence the offender to not more than six months' imprisonment with or without hard labour, or to pay a fine not exceeding 20*l*., and the offender may also be bound over to keep the peace for six months from the expiration of the sentence. This is the enactment which Mr. Baron Amphlett says tempts magistrates to adjudicate upon cases which had better be sent for trial. Under this enactment many cases of great brutality have been lately dealt with by magistrates in a manner which can only be described as an evasion or frustration of the law. Some of the Judges recommend flogging for brutal assaults, while others think that penal servitude, or a long term of imprisonment, if certainly inflicted, would suffice. But nearly all agree that such assaults ought not to be dealt with summarily by magistrates. It is true that there is another section of the existing statute which provides that, in case the justices shall find that the assault or battery complained of has been accompanied by any attempt to commit felony, or is "from any other circumstance" a fit subject for indictment, they shall abstain from adjudication, and shall send the case for trial. It would be difficult to believe, if we had not abundant evidence to prove, that magistrates can disregard various "circumstances" which, when considered from any other point of view than that of the bench of justices, would seem to render cases fit for indictment and for the heaviest punishment which a Judge of Assize can inflict. But undoubtedly the proceedings of magistrates in these cases have become a very grave evil, which Mr. Cross's Bill was expected to remedy, and this expectation is disappointed. The Bill provides that in the first above-mentioned case—namely, that of unlawfully assaulting or beating—the justices may bind over the offender to keep the peace for six months; and in the second case—namely, that of assault or battery on a male child or female—the justices may bind over the offender, and also require him to find sureties to keep the peace for twelve months. It is a pity that Mr. Cross should have brought in a Bill so feeble and illusory. If we make the charitable supposition that he intends to adopt the suggestion of the Lord Chief Baron, and to substitute a circular from the Home Office for a legislative direction, he is still open to the damaging criticism that he is increasing, although only slightly, the power of magistrates, while at the same time he intends to advise them not to use it. The provision that, if from any "circumstance" justices shall think a case fit for indictment, they shall send it for trial, will remain on the Statute-book, and will continue to be disregarded. A man may beat, kick,

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jump upon, and half kill his wife, and magistrates having these "circumstances" before them will not only send him to prison for six months as they would have done last year, but will also require him to find sureties to keep the peace; and if, as is likely, nobody will undertake to answer for the conduct of such a ruffian, the magistrates may under Mr. Cross's Bill send him to prison for three months in addition to the six months authorized by the existing law. It is difficult to speak with patience of a Bill so evidently futile, particularly when we remember that it was prepared in fulfilment of a promise made in the Queen's Speech. The draftsman might have been instructed to frame, upon the hints given by the Judges, a clause which should attempt to control magisterial views of "circumstances," and even if the work were not altogether satisfactory, it could at least serve as a legislative direction which might be expected to have greater influence than a circular from the Home Office.

The main provision of the Bill is in accordance with public expectation, and with the opinions of the majority of the Judges. In case of wounding or causing grievous bodily harm "with intent to maim, disfigure, disable, or do other grievous bodily harm," the offender, upon conviction by a jury, may, in addition to the punishment to which he is now liable, be once or twice privately flogged. It should be observed that this offence is already felony, and liable to be punished by penal servitude for life or for any term not exceeding five years. A Lancashire "clogging" case, according to descriptions which have been frequent in the newspapers, would seem to comprise both the fact and the intent of "grievous bodily harm," and, if so, it is felony, and punishable by penal servitude. Yet magistrates, unless they have been greatly misrepresented, have dealt summarily with such cases, and Mr. Cross's Bill, instead of prohibiting, rather seems to encourage, this mode of dealing with them, because it enables magistrates to require the "clogger," if a child or woman has been his victim, to get his neighbours to undertake for his good behaviour, and in default to lock him up for three months.

In a "clogging" case, as we have said, both the fact and the intent of "grievous bodily harm" appear to ordinary observation to be present. But suppose that in any case a jury should find the fact but not the intent, then, supposing the offence to be what we will for shortness call the second of the violent class committed by this offender, he would be liable to flogging. The clause of the Bill of which we have thus stated the effect is open to criticism in details, to which the author of the Bill will perhaps pay some attention. The grave defect of the measure, however, is that it leaves magistrates at liberty to proceed summarily, and thus there may never be a conviction rendering the offender liable to the new punishment which public opinion has demanded as specially suitable to "assaults of brutal violence."

PIOUS PICKETING.

IT would seem that the gust of American Revivalism which has been passing over the country has now, like the East wind, pretty well blown itself out. What was heralded as a great movement for the salvation of the masses has quietly subsided into a mild afternoon or evening's amusement for the less occupied part of the middle classes and for a sprinkling of the aristocracy. There can be no doubt that Messrs. Moody and Sankey find themselves much more comfortable at Her Majesty's Theatre than they were at the Agricultural Hall, and that they have a more manageable sort of audience to deal with. It is true that on one occasion at the Opera House a misguided person who felt suddenly converted so far forgot himself as to imagine that he had therefore a right to make as much noise as Mr. Moody, but he was immediately ejected by the police, under the orders of the preacher; an incident which reminds one of the old French satirical injunction:—

Défense à Dieu
De faire miracles
Dans ce lieu.

This summary treatment of spiritual fervour has no doubt served as a useful warning to other persons to keep their feelings under proper control, and not to take what Mr. Moody says too seriously. It shows moreover that whatever may have been the nature of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's operations during their country tour, in London at least they have thought it as well to defer to the prejudices of propriety. They have, in fact, abandoned their original pretensions, and, instead of attempting to rouse the lower orders, have done their best to cultivate the favour of good society. Arrangements are made by which spiritual aspirants of respectable position may avoid the unpleasant crush of the mob at the celestial gates, and take their spiritual consolation comfortably in private boxes and reserved stalls; and the tone of the performances has also been adapted, as far as possible, to the exigencies of polite repose. Judging from the demeanour of the company in the Haymarket, we should be disposed to think that the effect of revival services was rather soothing than stimulating; but this is perhaps in some degree to be accounted for by the fact that apparently only persons who are already perfectly sure of their own conversion are in the habit of attending. Any one who has visited the meetings in different parts of the town must have seen that the greater part of the audience was composed of just the sort of people who are already provided with abundant religious ministrations of every kind, while of the classes which are outside the ordinary pale of the church and chapel-going world there was hardly a trace. Yet the presence of the latter would have been the only justification which could be pleaded for the preacher's vulgar language and degrading burlesque of sacred things. That persons with any degree of education and cultivated intelligence should take delight in hearing the most solemn and affecting subjects discussed in this style must necessarily indicate a depraved and morbid taste. Such people go, not for the sake of grave and elevated teaching, but merely to be tickled in a new way. Mr. Moody, with that practical shrewdness which he has invariably shown in his business arrangements, is himself perfectly aware of the cause of such success as has attended his performances. What was wanted, he said at a recent Conference on the subject of revivals, was something new. The old methods might be all very well in their way, but then they were old, and that was enough. The world was tired of them, and must have a change. And, he added, if the new bait does not succeed, we must try some other, and if that fails too, we must go on trying until we find a bait that will do. It is obvious that an argument of this kind might be used to justify some proceedings of rather a startling character, as, for instance, if the preacher were to discard his clothes as well as grammar and ordinary decorum; and also that a change made for the mere sake of change is apt to wear itself out very soon. There can be no doubt, however, that this is the principle on which the revivalists have been operating; and their bait has been found attractive chiefly by people who have lost their relish for plain and wholesome fare, and are already beginning to discover that the new sauce is getting to be monotonous too.

That a considerable number of persons, who have for the moment exhausted other forms of relaxation, find in these services a means of not unpleasantly beguiling their hours of leisure, is of course plain enough; and some of them may probably derive a certain amount of spiritual comfort from the exercises at which they assist, especially on the days when they find themselves in the company of a royal Princess or a Duchess. A sense of social dignity is thus combined with the enjoyment of prospective spiritual advancement, and the best is got out of both worlds at a very moderate figure. The fact, however, remains that the services are rather a religious recreation for people who are already pretty comfortable about their souls than a means of awakening hardened sinners, or a stimulus to practical religion. There is no doubt, on the part of Mr. Moody's audiences, plenty of anxiety in regard to the salvation of the world, but it is that sort of anxiety which chiefly relates to the impending disasters of other people. There is a well-known story of a revivalist in another generation whose services had been attended with much unction by a lady of rank, and who, in calling to pay his compliments to her, happened to express a hope that she had repented of her sins, upon which the lady summoned her husband to put "that man" out of doors. A considerable element in the charm of the revivalist services is evidently due to a sort of Lucretian satisfaction in witnessing from a safe shore the tossing of poor wretches on the stormy waves. The sense of personal security is quickened and intensified by the contemplation of the unfortunate persons who are at any moment liable to be submerged; and though the spectators are no doubt sincerely sorry for the sufferers, and anxious that they should be saved, yet it may be questioned whether they would feel their own complacent happiness quite so acutely if it were not sharpened by the consciousness that at least they are quite safe themselves.

It is, in fact, not their own deficiencies, but those of other people which are constantly in the minds of the elect, or rather of the self-elected. They feel that they are rather reflectors to disseminate and add to the brightness of the light than part of the darkness to be illuminated. Hence the prayers by "three wives that reason may be restored to their husbands," by "a Christian in behalf of a backsliding brother," and so on. And this characteristic has been very strikingly brought out in some of the practices which have resulted from Messrs. Moody and Sankey's exhortations. We had heard before of the house-to-house visitation which had been organized in various country towns as a natural and necessary part of the revival system; and it now appears that it has been introduced in London. Bands of Moody-and-Sankeyites prowl about, break into private houses, catechize and insult the inmates, and supply a cover for other persons on similar pretexts to steal the umbrellas and spoons. Calling at a house in order to inquire after the spiritual health of the occupants is not as yet an indictable offence, but if it continues to be practised in the fashion and spirit in which it has been taken up by the people of whom we are speaking, it will become an intolerable nuisance. It is, in fact, a form of pious picketing quite as annoying and unjustifiable as that of the Trade-Unionists, and a gross outrage on the sanctity of what used to be called the Englishman's castle. No attempt is made to ascertain whether the visits of these Moodyites are agreeable, no introduction of any kind is sought, nor is even any notice given. The pickets are sometimes men, but, as might be expected, more commonly women, and they allot different districts to themselves as if by some right of territorial jurisdiction. They knock at the door, and ask to see the master or mistress, but without stating their business. In most cases they are civilly shown into the parlour or drawing-room, on the supposition that they have really an errand which may warrant their intrusion; and, on any members of the family appearing, they are assailed with questions which imply, and indeed almost explicitly proclaim, a strong conviction on the part of the visitors that those whom they are

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addressing are utterly destitute of anything in the nature of religion, and probably doomed to eternal perdition, unless they at once change their ways, buy a harmonium and a bushel of hymn-books, and place themselves humbly at the feet of the eminent apostles Moody and Sankey. It is easy to understand the sort of unpleasant shock which is produced in a quiet household by the apparition of a couple of fierce fanatics going round with denunciations of this kind. It is true that they would probably go away at once if firmly ordered off, but stolid impudence of the kind with which they are armed is a powerful weapon, and is often mercilessly used in the case of weak women. Under any circumstances the intrusion can hardly fail to be extremely irritating, for even persons of the least sensitive character do not care to have admonitions of the most solemn kind flung at them by persons out of the street to whom they are perfect strangers. A certain bond of acquaintance, if not of close and permanent intimacy, is essential as a foundation for intercourse of so delicate a nature.

The whole thing is of course an impertinence of the most glaring kind. This is not the case of a qualified and accredited missionary going to the houses of people whom he may reasonably suppose to be in need of, and not unwilling to receive, his visits. A Moodyite inquisitor is simply anybody who chooses to assume a spiritual superiority over the rest of the world, and has a taste for poking his or her nose into other people's affairs. It is impossible to suppose that any good can be done by this rude and irritating invasion of domestic privacy, but no doubt it gratifies the spiritual pride of those who indulge in it. This system of persecution has happily not been adopted, so far as we are aware, by any other sect, but it is easy to conceive what would be the state of the world, if it were to become general, and if every competing set of religious agitators were to send out its bands of pickets. A great deal has been said about the results of the revival movement, and it is boasted by its supporters that its track has been marked by the symptoms of active religious life. It certainly does not appear that in Scotland or the North of England, though ministers may have been more busy, magistrates have had less to do; but whatever may have been the effect of the public services, there can be little doubt that the sort of inquisitorial invasion of private life which has in many places followed in their train is hardly calculated to develop Christian charity.

THE NEW YORK CANAL RING.

IN the latter part of March the *New York Herald* was busy in exposing the frauds of what it called the "Canal Ring." Governor Tilden had made these frauds the subject of a message to the Legislature of New York, and Albany, the capital of the State, became thereupon the centre of an excitement which was propagated to the utmost in the columns of the *Herald*. This washing of dirty linen in public was conducted on so large a scale that the attention of neighbours was naturally attracted to it. The *Times* told the story for the information of English readers, adding some comments of its own, with which the *Herald* was by no means satisfied. It is curious to remark how correctly, allowing of course for exaggeration, Dickens represented the workings of the ordinary American mind. When a native settler at Eden was driven to admit that that place was damp, he added, "but not so damp as England, let alone its institutions." The *Herald* allows that "the Tammany conspiracy was sad enough, and this Canal Ring is not much better"; and it proceeds by way of set-off to refer to bribery at elections, the Greville Memoirs, and "the career of a leading editor of the great *Times*." It is fully competent to the *Herald* to compare any modern English abuses with those of native growth, which, when it is in the vein, it so eloquently denounces; but surely it is rather grotesque to institute a parallel between Tweed and King George IV. The truth is that the *Herald*, either as a literary exercise or under the influence of some motive arising out of local politics, sometimes writes about these frauds with a severe indignation which we half fancy is factitious. But if we take this wonderful journal at its word, we are forthwith warned that only Americans can be permitted to criticize America. "George IV. robbed the treasury of England of far more money than Tweed. He died full of years and honour, and now rests in the tomb of English Kings. Tweed is in gaol." This is not a caricature in imitation of the style of Dickens, but an actual quotation from an article in the *Herald*. The same article proceeds to assert that America is neither better nor worse than England. "The difference is that we say what we think from day to day," while in England, according to the *Herald*, comments only appear in the generation after the facts occurred.

It is happily unnecessary for us to adopt any statements or comments of newspapers as to the Canal Ring, because a Joint Committee, appointed by the Senate and Assembly of the State, has made a Report upon this subject, in which exaggeration, either for rhetorical or political purposes, cannot be suspected. The Committee was required to report within thirty days, and therefore the scope of their inquiry was necessarily limited. It finds, however, that "the system of letting and prosecuting contracts for work upon the canals is full of grave defects, giving opportunities for numerous and varied deceptions and frauds, opportunities that designing men have not hesitated to embrace." In the brief time allowed to the Committee it would have been impossible, it thinks, to make even a catalogue in detail of the frauds which the testimony given indicates, in addition to those which it seems conclusively to prove. Many of the evils shown by the evidence could not, the Committee says, have occurred if the existing laws had been observed, and the public officers had faithfully discharged their duties under them; while others appear to the Committee to have been the direct result of special legislation, which doubtless had inception in the action of the parties interested. The Committee then proceeds to describe the method of prosecuting what are called "extraordinary repairs" upon the canals. It may be the building of a lock that is required, or the enlargement, improvement, or repair of a section of the canal. Carriers of goods and residents have called attention to the subject, and the canal officers certify the necessity of the work. A legislative Committee now reports in favour of an appropriation for it, and a Bill, after some reduction in the amount appropriated, is enacted by the Legislature. The next step is a preliminary estimate, which is made by a Divisional Engineer of the canal. The Committee supposes that this officer may be honest and capable, or negligent, or dishonest, and in collusion with intended bidders for the contract. But in any case the estimate is not for the whole work, but only for so much material and labour as the legislative appropriation will cover. This estimate is exhibited at the Engineer's office, and sealed tenders are invited for the work. Three Commissioners meet to open the tenders and award the contracts. At this point the actual machinery of fraud comes before us under the designation of "unbalanced bids." A person offers to furnish materials and labour at prices varying greatly from the Engineer's estimate, and very disproportionate to their actual value. Some of the prices are exceedingly high, while others are exceedingly low. Thus, for instance, he will offer to do the specified amount of rock excavation at a few cents per cubic yard, while for the same amount of earth excavation he bids one dollar or more. Like incongruities appear in the prices for slope and vertical walls, bailing and draining, lining, puddling, hemlock and oak timber, spikes and nails. Nevertheless, when the whole is added up, it appears that the amount which the State is to pay for the various items will be less than the Engineer had estimated. In other words, the bid, though what is called an unbalanced one, seems on its face low, and therefore advantageous to the State. When the other bids are opened, all or nearly all are found to have similar character, all are more or less unbalanced, and those which are least so are regarded as having the fatal defect of requiring the State to pay a higher price on the aggregate for the desired work. The Commissioners argue that the constitution of the State requires that "all contracts for work or materials on any canal shall be made with the person who shall offer to do or provide for the same at the lowest price, with adequate security for performance." And if they reject the lowest bidder on the ground that his proposal is unbalanced and opens a door for fraud, they must also reject on the same ground the next bid and the next. They say that if they award the contract to a bidder whose prices, though better balanced, are higher in the aggregate, they violate the constitutional provision. On the whole, they decide to award the contract to the bidder whose aggregate bid seems the lowest, and this although they have announced that unbalanced bids will be rejected. There is hardly a case upon record where any effort has been made by refusing such bids to obtain others better balanced and more honest.

The work now proceeds under the direction of the Engineer and the supervision of the Commissioner. There are reports, certificates, and audit, just as in England; the only difference being that all this machinery is powerless to check fraud. It is many years since our Government allowed itself to be plundered in this undisguised manner. During the great war it used to be said that, if you had any Parliamentary interest, your course was to buy a ship—any rotten hulk would do—and get her taken up as a transport, and there was a yearly income for you. The *New York Herald* will probably say that at this day we are no more honest than its own countrymen, but only more silent and discreet in fraud. There does, however, appear to be some ground for saying, as the *Times* did, that Americans generally regard with "quiet cynicism" a notorious system of peculation of State funds. It soon becomes evident that the contractor's bid was based either on large experience and familiarity with canals, or on collusion with the Engineer. It turns out that there is a great deal of that class of work for which he had bid high, and very little of that class for which he had bid low. If, however, he should turn out a loser, he either applies to the Commissioners to cancel his contract or to the Legislature for relief in the shape of a further grant of money on the plea of "unexpected difficulties." Supposing, however, that he has made his calculations profitably, the work goes on, the expenditure far exceeds the original appropriation, the Legislature makes further grants as required, and always on the footing of the original contract with its unbalanced bids. Thus, a contractor sometimes receives ten times the amount of the first appropriation. We have thus far followed strictly, with some abbreviation, the language of the Report, and readers must by this time clearly understand what is meant by a "Canal Ring." The Committee cannot discover any warrant of law "for this extraordinary stretching of a contract in order to enable its holder to have the benefit of subsequent appropriations." It is a long-standing custom, meeting with the general approval of contractors, and apparently of canal officers. How, when, or where the usage began cannot be explained. Perhaps like the "sublime

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laws" mentioned by the poet, it has its origin in the clouds. Sometimes the Commissioners make changes in the plans and specifications of the work, and usually "in the direction of the items for which the highest prices will have to be paid." Such is the working of the system even when contractors and officers are assumed to be exact in accounts and just in measurements. But there are "negligent, incompetent, and dishonest persons" in both these classes.

We cannot help accepting the statements of this Report, although it is difficult to decide how far any less responsible utterances may not be inspired by party considerations. Even Governor Tilden, according to the *Herald*, is aware that investigation and punishment of fraud must prove his best aids in securing the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1876. He has observed that corruption has gone out of fashion and honesty has come in. We will venture to remark that it appears to us equally improbable that one political party should have a monopoly either of corruption or of honesty. No one doubts that the opponents of Walpole would have bribed members of Parliament as he did if they could have got their fingers into the public purse.

CRICKET AND THE MARYLEBONE CLUB.

WE are not altogether surprised to learn that there are some signs of modern cricket falling into a condition akin to that of modern racing. We are getting quite accustomed to the fact that, though there are eight or nine hundred horses in training at Newmarket, it is a difficult matter to get together a field of half-a-dozen for any ordinary race; and we now hear on official authority that, though there are nineteen hundred members of the Marylebone Club, the Secretary cannot for the life of him get playing Elevens out of this multitude for the various matches on his list. We know that some people become owners of race-horses apparently for the express purpose of not running them; and it seems, too, that a good many gentlemen become members of cricket clubs for the express purpose of not playing cricket. The Committee of the Marylebone Club annually advertise a long and attractive list of matches, in the majority of which the M.C.C. and G. are opposed, both on their own ground and in the country, to various counties, schools, and clubs of distinction. When the matches, especially the out-matches, come to be played, it is found that the "M.C.C." element is conspicuous by its absence, and that the "G." is practically left by itself to fight the battles of the first cricket club in the world. Naturally, such a result can give satisfaction to nobody. The counties are affronted at having to meet Elevens almost entirely made up of ground bowlers, and the Secretary of the M.C.C. feels justly annoyed at the apathy displayed by members. In the annual report lately submitted to the Club the Committee of the M.C.C. make pointed reference to the growing reluctance of members to take part in important matches, and remark with regret that last season, for the first time in the history of the Club, several matches "were either abandoned or otherwise injured both by the non-appearance of members who had engaged to play and by the reluctance of others to take part at all." We wish we could indulge a sanguine expectation that the appeal of the Committee to playing members to exert themselves in the service of the Club with greater energy will meet with a hearty response; but we confess we anticipate but a meagre result. It must be remembered that the numerical strength of the Club gives rise to very exaggerated ideas as to its playing strength. There are nineteen hundred members, it is true; but from them we must first deduct many who are very old, many who are past their prime and are content to rest on their well-won laurels, many who in their prime were good for very little and never won any laurels at all, and some perhaps who never touched a bat in their lives. Lord's is one of the pleasantest lounges in London, and cricketing ability, past or present, is no necessary qualification for membership. Having got rid of the aged, the halt, the maimed, and the incapable members—altogether no inconsiderable proportion of the nineteen hundred—we come to what we may call the effective force of the Club. We think we shall show that this force also must be pretty well weeded out before we arrive at those particular members of whom the Committee are in search. We must deduct from it many members who are engaged in professions which only admit of their occasional indulgence in cricket, many who never reside in London and who probably visit Lord's about twice in the season for the University and school matches, many whose services are claimed by their respective counties, many who prefer to have their cricket in the country among their own friends and neighbours, and some who undertake to play, but break their engagements, and who consequently are never asked, or ought never to be asked, to play again. We shall then at length reach that select *residuum* of members who are first-rate cricketers, who have nothing to do but to amuse themselves, who spend the season in London, who are not wanted by their counties, who prefer M.C.C. and G. matches to any other that are offered for their acceptance, and who always keep their promises. The number of such members might probably be counted on one's fingers, and we see no probability of an increase. It appears to us, therefore, that the Committee of the M.C.C., dazzled with the rapid growth of the Club in numbers, have assumed too hastily that its playing strength has grown proportionately. They have in consequence issued of late ambitious programmes which they find it very hard to get through satisfactorily, and they are now driven to appeal to members to help them out of the difficulty. They profess to care less for the pecuniary support of members—though, by admitting members in numbers altogether disproportionate to the accommodation provided for them, the Committee certainly gave the idea that what they principally cared for was money—than for their effective support in the field, "in order to maintain the Marylebone Club at the head of the cricketing world." Now we must say that we see no reason why, when a good cricketer joins the Marylebone Club, he should be laid under any obligation to play in M.C.C. matches in preference to others which may suit his tastes and inclinations better. If the Committee of the M.C.C. find that members do not care to take part in many of their advertised matches, the most prudent course would seem to be to curtail the list, and thus to save the Club from the scandal and annoyance of abandoning matches duly arranged, or else of playing them under circumstances reflecting little credit on so distinguished a society.

We have the month of August especially in our eye when suggesting a curtailment of the programme, for it is in August that so many of the M.C.C. and G. out-matches are played, and it is in August also that playing members of the Club are hunted up with the greatest difficulty. In August the "M.C.C." is dispersed all over the world, and that section of it which stops at home for cricket arranges itself into select knots and parties, and takes a holiday tour—a fortnight in the Midlands, a fortnight in the West—and combines cricketing with other social pleasures. I Zingari first set the example of not giving an exhibition of their cricketing talent for nothing. In return for their elegant illustrations of the national game they required dinners, balls, and the hospitality of country houses; and, at a modest distance, other societies of amateur cricketers are more and more treading in their steps. There are no such inducements held out to those who join in the out-matches promoted by the Marylebone Club; and in addition a member consenting to play is often in ignorance of who will be his associates, and really one ought to be on very intimate terms with people in whose company one has to remain for several days in the dull inns of dull provincial towns. Then we must say that, unless the captains in these matches are very judiciously selected, members will fight very shy of them. A club of nineteen hundred members necessarily includes some who are personally unpopular, not to say objectionable. On the other hand, the "G." is in great force in August. Professional work at Lord's is over, and the "G." is anxious for an opportunity to show its small merits to the provinces, and, if possible, to obtain such substantial tokens of provincial appreciation as are sternly denied at Lord's. The "G." is mightily fond of the August outings, and presses its claims to share in them. The less the "M.C.C." takes part in them the better the "G." is pleased; but it is doubtful whether people in the country take the same view of the matter; and it is certain, from their Annual Report, that the Committee of the M.C.C. take quite an opposite view. Yet we see no likelihood of these matches being conducted in the future on any improved principle, and it is therefore a fair matter for consideration whether they should be retained on the list.

The Committee of the M.C.C. sound another note of alarm in their Report in reference to those time-honoured matches which are among the events of the season. Not only are the members apathetic, but the professionals of England also are becoming indifferent to the attractions of Lord's. They make their own engagements, regardless of M.C.C. fixtures, and the Committee's mournful anticipations that the great Whitsun-Monday match at Lord's between the North and South would this year be virtually a failure, because the best players of Yorkshire and Notts preferred to play elsewhere, have been fulfilled to the letter. The Committee plead that they have done a good deal for professionals, and that professionals ought to do something in return for them; but we fear this appeal *ad misericordiam* will not be much attended to. Professionals, who take up cricket not from love of it but for what they can get out of it, cannot be blamed for taking their wares to the best market. If it pays them to play at Lord's, they will play there; if it pays them better to play elsewhere, the management at Lord's may whistle for them. The love of cricket is so widely extended that an able exponent of the game can secure abundant patronage without needing the *imprimatur* of the M.C.C.; and in the North of England the patrons of cricket are certainly more ready to gratify the professional thirst for pecuniary reward than in the South. The Marylebone Club also has to contend now against very powerful competition, and cannot expect to carry all before it as in the days that were. There are two rival metropolitan grounds whose managers bid for popular favour; and all three have to compete with the Great Northern managements, powerfully supported as they are by a large population devoted to sport of every kind, and ready to pay largely for it. Then, too, "North *v.* South" is not what it used to be, a solitary Triton among a shoal of minnows. There are five North *v.* South matches already advertised for this season; and hence there is less anxiety to have a share in a contest which is becoming quite vulgarized by its frequency. Great matches under the old sounding titles are repeated over and over again, sometimes at intervals of only a fortnight; and familiarity, as we know, is the parent of contempt. If the Derby were run four times in the season, who would trouble himself to see it? Perhaps Lord Harris hit the right nail on the head when he remarked at the M.C.C. dinner that there was too much cricket. As manager

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of a county Eleven, and laudably anxious to raise his county to its former position, he has already discovered that players can be secured at a price, but that amateurs will not listen to the voice of the charmer, or abandon the pleasant social cricket gatherings in the neighbourhood of their own homes for the sake of figuring in the presence of unfamiliar spectators in county contests. From his point of view Lord Harris is right, but we have no sympathy with him. If cricket is to be maintained as a national game, players, whether professional or amateur, must have the utmost freedom of choice in the selection of their matches. The professional will choose the most profitable, the amateur the most pleasurable, matches. The professional will follow the most liberal employer; the amateur will consort with the most agreeable companions. No hindrance should be placed in the way of either the amateur or the professional suiting himself; and when it is plainly seen that a certain class of matches have ceased to be popular—not merely with the spectators, but with the players also—prudence would seem to dictate their abandonment. Committees will be wise to study the signs of the times, and to shape their policy accordingly, though they may be compelled to abandon some of the cherished traditions of their youth.

REVIEWS.

WARBURTON'S JOURNEY ACROSS AUSTRALIA.*

IT is not to any kind of literary merit that the undeniable interest of the most recent record of Australian exploration is due. However competent Colonel Egerton Warburton might have proved himself to work up his rough jottings of travel and hardship into a narrative systematic in form and graphic in regard to style, the prostration brought on by his intense and prolonged sufferings left him with neither the health, the inclination, nor indeed the mere power of eyesight, needful for the elaboration of a work on such a scale. After all, no amount of artistic skill could possibly have added to the effect of words vivid with the terrible reality of a daily struggle with death in its most appalling shape. Every reader of sense and feeling will find cause for satisfaction with the resolve of the editor to let the efforts of the gallant band, with all their hopes and fears as they toiled through the trackless wilderness, remain exactly as they were jotted down by the leader whilst the agony was fresh upon his mind. To such readers the evident fidelity and absence of exaggeration in Colonel Warburton's style will form an additional charm.

What the editor has done by way of connecting his author's exploits with the series of previous explorations of the interior of the Australian continent is not such as to heighten its interest, or to make clear its bearings upon the general problem of Australian discovery and development. His sketch of what has been gained by the expeditions of successive travellers, limited as it is to the Western province, is meagre in the extreme, and will be all but meaningless to readers wanting in local knowledge or having at hand no good map of the Southern continent. Not a tithe of the names of places occurring in the Introduction are to be found in the miserable skeleton map accompanying Colonel Warburton's line of route, full and sufficient as the latter is in itself. Thus there are no means of tracking the steps of Eyre in his toilsome but successful journey round the Great Bight, which took him and his party from June 1840 to July 7, 1841, including the time spent in the fruitless endeavour to outflank the vast salt bed of Lake Torrens. Not much eloquence is, indeed, needed to dress up the deeds of daring or the marvels of self-reliance displayed by this remarkable man, whose unshrinking force of will and nerve bore him through his resolute marches into the interior. Across those interminable sandhills, reduced at times to six pints of water to last for as many days, deserted by his native followers, his faithful white companion murdered by these scoundrels, Eyre and his sole remaining black attendant, little more than skeletons, were borne by their jaded horses into Albany. Skirting as he did the coast, Eyre could of course do nothing towards dispelling the mystery which hung over the whole interior region—the greatest blank which exists in the geography of our planet, excepting that around the North Pole, for the vast once unknown heart of Africa has been pierced to a greater depth and in more varied directions.. As the result of his indomitable pluck, he at all events made it abundantly clear that, if the pastoral interests of South Australia absolutely required a land communication, it was in vain to look for it on the borders of the Great Bight. Here desolation reigns throughout supreme. Not even the most paltry rivulet along the entire shore line discharges itself into the sea. Hardly a native was to be seen, though here and there one of their wells, rudely dug in the sand, sometimes more than a hundred miles apart, would be blest by the sinking travellers as respiting them from the most agonizing of deaths.

After fourteen years' rest from his previous splendid discoveries, Captain Sturt led forth a numerous and well-appointed party from Adelaide in August 1844, reaching by Christmas the summit of the Barrier range, but failing to strike the head waters of any river such as the Victoria, which it was hoped might flow down those rugged hills. An ample lake was indeed found on the road back, to which the party were bound prisoners through the strange absence of water in every direction around; and even this supply in the meanwhile rapidly failed under the terrific drought, the mean of the thermometer being 104° or so in the shade. The great water to the north-west indicated by means of signs by a native was sought for in vain. A push to the westward only brought the party to the everlasting Lake Torrens, which was found to lie below the sea-level. Turning north-west, Sturt toiled over the eternal sand ridges, the bed of an early shallow ocean, presenting apparently much the same aspect as would the Goodwin Sands if elevated above the sea. Within seventeen months he came within one degree of the tropic of Capricorn, or a hundred and fifty miles from the central point of the continent. On this line, it may be inferred beyond doubt, no range of fertility and no practicable route of intercourse can be looked for. With a lofty dividing range of mountains here, like the snow-clad Alps at the south-east corner, and with noble rivers to which the Murray and Darling would have been but paltry drains running down their sides, Australia would have been the richest country in the world. Such a range is absent, and in consequence the curse of desolation lies over the whole interior.

In 1847 Leichhardt, who had already been successful in crossing Arnheim's Land to the north-east, and reaching Port Essington, started from Moreton Bay on the ill-fated expedition of which no tidings have since been heard. There are those who cling to the belief that he or some of his party may still be living among the natives somewhere in the interior, and adventurous parties have from time to time been formed to follow up their track; but they have all ended in defeat, and not a few in disaster. The latest mail from Australia has, we regret to see, brought the news of the death by thirst of two of the party who not many weeks before had set forth in the steps of Leichhardt. From the opposite side of the continent, Gregory in 1855, following up the Victoria River, penetrated within 730 miles of Sturt's furthest point, finding on the way a vast depression where the summer rains evaporate, but was turned back by the interminable waves of sand. Greater success attended Sturt, who starting late in 1861 made his way across the entire continent from south to north, opening up a wide belt of pastoral country along which now runs the electric telegraph wire. In the Adelaide River and the tract bordering it he announced the discovery of a site for a new colony more promising than any yet known to exist on the continent. The river is from four to seven fathoms deep at the mouth, and at 120 miles up (the furthest point reached) still seven fathoms, with a stream 100 yards wide. The grass in some places grows six feet high, large timber abounds, chiefly stringy bark, gum, myall, casuarina, and pine, with plenty of long bamboo, and there is plenty of capital building stone. The sad fate of Burke and Wills, and M'Kinlay's arduous journey from sea to sea, lie outside the field of the present work, which is bounded by the 135th meridian of longitude. But the labours of Frank Gregory in the north-west, opening up many thousands of acres of excellent pasture land, with many a noble stream, have added a bright page to the records of Australian discovery, though leaving us with but faint belief in the vision of a great river yet to be found draining the whole western half of the continent.

The introduction of camels gave a fresh impulse to the exploration of these mysterious Australian wastes. A number of these animals having been liberally placed at the disposal of the Government, an expedition was formed under the leadership of Colonel Egerton Warburton, who after twenty years' service in the Bombay army had settled at Adelaide, and for thirteen years had held the command of the whole police force of the colony. His duties in that capacity led to his pushing for hundreds of miles into the interior, and acquiring both intense love of exploration and much knowledge of bush and bivouac life. He now held the local rank of Colonel of the Volunteer forces of South Australia. With his son, a hardy and well-trained companion named Lewis, two Afghan camel-drivers, Sahleh and Halleen, a cook, and Charlie, a native lad, seventeen camels, and six months' provisions, Colonel Warburton left Alice Springs, a point on the telegraph line, 1,120 miles from Adelaide, April 15, 1873. There the party struck into the desert, with an unknown line of 1,200 miles as the crow flies stretching before them to the capital of Western Australia. The record of what they underwent between that date and their reaching Albany on the Easter Day following, hard upon a twelvemonth of struggling over 4,000 miles of dry and barren sands (counting the steps they had to retrace in the dearth of water), is not to be surpassed as a tale of suffering, of patience, and of invincible strength of spirit. Within five days of breaking ground they were reduced to about a quart of water, but were relieved by one of the few showers which were destined to supplement the scanty yield of widely distant springs or native wells. For some little way, as yet through land not wholly unknown, they still came upon park-like scenery with tall rich grass, though but little water; but ere long the aspect of the country changed to rolling waves of sand or stony marl, hardly a green thing refreshing the eye for thousands of miles. The year, it must be noted, was one of exceptional drought. A cascade was indeed met with, a fortnight after starting, 280 feet high, with pools of water lying in the rocky ledges. This was upon a creek which the party hoped would lead them to the Finke River, and prove that it ran through the Macdonell ranges, as they had been confidently assured it did. This hope turned out to be delusive, the river not

* *Journey across the Western Interior of Australia.* By Colonel Peter Egerton Warburton, C.M.G. With an Introduction and Additions by Charles H. Eden, Esq. Edited by H. W. Bates, Esq. With Illustrations and a Map. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

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running through, but taking its rise in the midst of the ranges. Their whole route had to be changed in consequence. Another creek, running across the tropic of Capricorn, was too brackish for them to drink, though the camels drank it greedily. On the 2nd of May a fine creek fringed with gum-trees was struck, which must at times carry down an immense body of water, but was at this period nearly dry. Like all the watercourses met with on the route, it had no outlet, but lost itself in various directions among the sandy plains. Now came long stretches of spinifex, mulga scrub, and casuarina forest, intersected by low sand ridges running east and west, the trees standing in thousands and thousands, straight-stemmed and tall, well fitted for telegraph poles. They flourish without an apparent drop of water. A remarkable hill in the Mount Wedge range was seen from a distance of seventy or eighty miles standing out from a sea of scrub, and was judged to be 1,650 feet in height. In the glens adjoining splendid springs were found, but girt by stupendous wall-like rocks, which the camels were too frightened to come near. Volcanic action has been here at work. One huge column of basalt has been launched from a height of about three hundred feet, and has stuck perpendicularly in the ground. Its base has been worn away by the torrent and cannot much longer support the heavy top. A spring in one of these deep rocky glens, into which the sun never shines, appears to be perennial. Further on a granite range varies the geology of the country, and mounds of granite were met with at intervals. On a projecting ledge of one of these, a hundred feet from the ground, a round hole full of water greatly puzzled our traveller. It would seem to indicate that the country had not been so utterly rainless of late as might be inferred from the parched aspect of the plains. A scare and stampede among the camels whilst struggling through the thick scrub was taken as a sign of the presence of serpents, of which those animals have an instinctive dread; but in general scarcely a sign of creeping or running thing breaks the even round of desert travel, except that a wild dog was heard one night, while flies and ants swarmed into a plague, and occasional cockatoos or crested pigeons (Ocyphaps Lophotes) were sighted and shot. Bees are moreover abundant in the Bush, and their hives keenly sought after by the natives. Rats were at times found drowned in the wells. Of blacks hardly a specimen was met with all along. Once three were espied, who left their camp-fire, a blanket, and a boomerang. A *lubra*, or native woman, was started, but escaped, dropping her baby; Charlie at the same time capturing a smart urchin, who was let go on his proving to be of no use as a guide to the water-springs. Two stone slabs, curiously marked, hidden in a hole on the top of an ironstone hill, were treasured up as a puzzling memento of savage workmanship, but had unhappily to be thrown away during the hardships of the journey. Half-a-dozen strapping fellows were enticed into the camp on the 19th of July, unclothed, but armed with spears and waddies, with which they knock over the wallabies or young kangaroos; but the scamps made off with an axe. On the 8th of October, when wearily walking, the camels being too weak to bear a load, Colonel Warburton was suddenly confronted by nine armed blacks, at whom he presented his revolver; but they soon got on friendly terms with the travellers, stroking each other's beards, fraternizing at their camp, and bartering with them for a wallaby. Another day a young native woman was caught and tethered by a hair rope to a tree, with the idea of making her useful as a guide to the wells. But in the night she gnawed through the rope and made off. Of no more use was a hideous old witch who kept the party awake by her howlings all night, and by day walked them off their legs in sham pursuit of wells among the sand-hills. She had to be let go. The most terrible of the toils and anxieties of the march was the necessity of often retracing their steps for miles upon miles to water already left behind, no sign of moisture appearing in front, and even the camels being scarcely able to crawl or stand. The old or master bull giving in, the younger animals as usual became mutinous, and Sahleh was down with scurvy, his companion afterwards going wrong in the head. One by one the camels had to be killed for food, and their flesh jerked, or dried in the sun. Upon this poor stuff, about as nutritious as the bark of a tree, the party had to keep life up for the last four months, their flour and tea dwindling to nothing. On the 12th of November Colonel Warburton gave Lewis written instructions to push on in case he should die. In the absence of relief of some kind he felt he had not twenty-four hours to live. A bag of water brought in by Lewis revived him, but he fainted after drinking. He could only lie flat upon his camel's back. The 4th of December happily found them on a creek, tributary to the Oakover, the horrible desert left behind. Lewis and one Afghan were sent on to Messrs. Harper's station, and the Colonel left with his son to await the return of succour. Reduced well nigh to despair by Lewis's absence for sixteen days, their eyes were at length gladdened by the sight of the cavalcade of six horses, with which he had been sent back, bringing stores of the most ample kind.

It is needless to say with what joy and kindliness the travellers were received at Albany; and after the customary courtesies they set forward on their return to their own capital. Only two of their seventeen camels remained to them. The leader had lost an eye, and Sahleh a finger, but, though shaken and reduced in health, no more serious casualty had befallen them. On balancing the cost of the expedition in point of bodily and mental distress with its results either to the explorers or to the community, the most substantial gain will probably be felt to lie in its having put an end to all further curiosity or risk in the same direction. There can henceforth be no dream of any practicable route within the zone thus traversed and the seaboard to the south. Where the "ships of the desert" only came into port with such extreme difficulty and with such serious loss, no ordinary means of transport can be trusted to keep up the communication, steam-power being equally precluded by the utter want of both water and fuel. Honouring, as we feel bound to do, the bravery, the public spirit, and the endurance of Colonel Warburton and the sharers in his toilsome enterprise, we find our chief source of satisfaction therefrom in the thought that he has placed it beyond the aspirations of any man to follow in his steps.

JOHN KNOX IN ENGLAND.*

DR. LORIMER seems to entertain a notion—the accuracy whereof we are not inclined to dispute—that Englishmen in general have grown pretty well tired of listening to the praises which his countrymen lavish on the redoubtable Scottish Reformer, John Knox. Hence he claims our attention to certain important manuscripts which he has rescued from the obscurity of the Nonconformist Library founded in London by Dr. Williams, less for the sake of the person whose private history they tend to illustrate, than for the light they serve to throw upon modern controversies and phases of thought among ourselves:—

> It is a singular coincidence [he says] that these Knox-Papers should have come to light, after an interval of more than three centuries, at a time of ecclesiastical agitation in the Church of England like the present, when they will naturally have a double degree of significance and interest. It is hoped that the fresh light which they throw upon the history of King Edward's Second Prayer Book, and his Forty-two Articles, will be equally welcome to all parties of the Anglican Church, however different may be the uses which they may be expected to make of the new facts now become available.

If it be a welcome discovery to any member of the English Church that John Knox's name must now be added to the list of foreigners, such as Peter Martyr and Martin Bucer, who, towards the clouded end of the boy-King's reign, pressed upon an unwilling people and a hesitating prelacy advice neither moderate nor seasonable, nor always asked for, we must confess that Dr. Lorimer has fairly proved his point. He has adduced reasonable grounds for his belief that to Knox's efforts we are indebted for the insertion in the Prayer Book of what is commonly called the "Black Rubrick" at the end of the Communion Office of 1552—an addition made in haste by the authority of a mere Order of Council, after the book had received the sanction both of Convocation and of Parliament; rejected from its usurped place at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign; but at the last revision of 1662 lawfully brought in, though with a significant and much-needed modification of theological terms, in the vain hope of alluring the Puritans to wise and conciliatory counsels. Such, in brief, is the substance of our author's fresh information, the details of which we will now endeavour to set before the reader.

The chief incidents of John Knox's career are easily accessible to his admirers in M'Crie's popular Life, and more may be gathered from Lane's edition of his "Collected Works." The events of his five years' sojourn in England (1549–1553) are related in the first part of the present volume with more minuteness than has been judged necessary by either of them; the original and hitherto unknown documents drawn from the "Morrice" Collection in Dr. Williams's Library comprising the second, and by far the more valuable, portion of Dr. Lorimer's publication. These papers were gathered together during the space of forty years by Roger Morrice, M.A., sometime chaplain to Denzil Lord Hollis, and one of the ejected ministers of 1662, who survived unnoticed till 1701. They had been used largely and freely, when compiling his *History of the Puritans* (1731–2), by the passionate and prejudiced Neal, who brought gratuitous discredit on himself by a description of their locality so careless or inaccurate that they could not be identified till a few years ago. Besides an Appendix, of which we shall speak hereafter, the manuscripts, whose authenticity we see no reason to question, are only four in number—a long epistle of "Johne Knokks to the Congregation of Bervik," undated, but doubtless written late in 1552; an anonymous Memorial to the Privy Council, believed by Dr. Lorimer to proceed from his pen, declaring "Why the sytting in the action of the Lord's Table is preferred to knelying"; a fragment describing "The practies of the Lorde's Supper yewsed in Barvike-upon-Twyed by John Knoxe, precher to that congregation in the Churche there"—the very earliest sketch of a Communion Office framed according to Puritan ideas; and, lastly, a letter sent to Knox from London by some persecuted brethren in 1566. To the several ways of spelling his name indicated in the titles we have given above may be added, from the English Privy Council Book of 1549, the not inappropriate variation of "John Knock, preacher" (Secretary Cecil calls him "Mr. Knocks"), who was to be paid by the Receiver of the Duchy of Cornwall "5 lib. by way of reward."

This resolute and true-hearted man (for such he was, in spite of conspicuous and deplorable faults) was in his forty-fifth year when he came to England early in the reign of Edward VI. Born at Haddington in 1505, he seems to have attended the Universities of Glasgow and St. Andrews without taking a degree at either of

* *John Knox and the Church of England: his Work in her Pulpit and his Influence upon her Liturgy, Articles, and Parties.* A Monograph founded upon several important Papers of Knox never before published. By Peter Lorimer, D.D., Professor of Theology, English Presbyterian College; Author of "Patrick Hamilton," "The Scottish Reformation," &c. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

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them. Ordained as a secular priest at the usual age, he continued true to his vocation up to middle age. Dr. Lorimer is sorely exercised by the melancholy fact that, whereas so far back as 1525 the books of Luther and Tyndale had found their way into Scottish ports, and as early as 1528 his own special hero, Patrick Hamilton, had died for the Reformation, "Schir John Knox" appears as one of the Pope's knights in the protocol books of his native Haddington in 1540, 1541, and 1542; and that as late as 1543, when he was thirty-eight years old, he describes himself in an extant instrument as "minister of the sacred altar in the diocese of St. Andrews, notary by authority of the apostolic see." The great change in his belief and prospects took place in 1546, and our author states that Knox's desertion would have been speedily punished by his diocesan, Cardinal Beaton, had not that prelate's own life "been suddenly cut short by the conspiracy of Norman Lesley; that tragedy of vengeance, at once wickedly human and righteously divine" (p. 4); for in such euphemistic terms does Dr. Lorimer venture to designate one of the foulest deeds ever perpetrated. Thenceforward, at any rate, the Scotch Reformer's part was taken. He threw himself into the midst of the strife with all the fiery energy of a character as impetuous as it was unbending. He soon came to call the Church in whose communion he had served so long "the synagogue of Satan," and "the head thereof, the Pope, the man of sin." He had already imbibed from George Wishart, whose preaching seems first to have attracted him, those extreme views respecting rites and ceremonies and the nature of the Sacraments which Wishart had derived in Switzerland from Zwingli and Bullinger. Knox sought shelter in the Castle of St. Andrews after Beaton's murder, and found the office of chaplain almost forced upon him by the desperate men who held the place. On its capture he was carried into France with the rest of the prisoners, and having spent a wretched life for eighteen months as a galley-slave chained to the oar, he escaped or was released in 1549, when, after a short stay in London, he obtained the appointment of preacher at Berwick-on-Tweed, the frontier town which had been ceded to England in 1502, but which was then full of Scottish refugees as well as a strong English garrison. Out of the motley group who thronged to listen to his rough eloquence, or to find amusement in his biting sarcasm, the Scottish minister soon brought together both at Berwick, and afterwards at Newcastle, a congregation for which he made spiritual provision after the fashion that best pleased him. The third paper made known to us by Dr. Lorimer, fragmentary as it is, proves at once that the writer had Edward VI.'s first Prayer-Book in his eye, and that he deliberately set it aside. When in the very Communion Office he taught his people to pray for deliverance "from all wolves and hired servants which either by tyranny or proud usurped authority or dominion molests and vexes (*sic*) the scattered and miserable sheep," he could hardly have had in view his own diocesan, the mild and virtuous Cuthbert Tunstall, who seems to have remained quiet at Bishop's Auckland as long as he could, little more than a despairing spectator of disorders which he was powerless to remedy. The truth is that Knox had for a protector throughout his career in England one of the basest men that ever ruled the State, the then Duke of Northumberland, Warden of the Borders and Lord President of the Council of the North, compared with whom his rivals the Seymours may be regarded as disinterested patriots. This personage, the son of Henry VII.'s exactor Dudley, and the father of Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, was already paving the way to despotic power by exaggerated professions of zeal for the Reformation, although what convictions he had, as he declared when he came to his unpitied end, had never swerved from the old religion. By this discreditable patron Knox was recommended in 1552 for the Bishopric of Rochester, in a remarkable letter first published by Mr. Tytler, which we commend to the study of those ingenious Church reformers who design the erection of new Episcopal sees out of the spoil of their neighbours' goods, the intended victims in this case being the Bishop Palatine and the Dean of Durham (pp. 149, 150). The false courtier, however, had to deal with one for whom high place and dignity had no charms. Knox's demeanour on this occasion is described as neither "grateful nor pleasable"; and, whether he suspected the motives which prompted the offer, or had come to think the order of bishops unscriptural, he refused the preferment, and referred to his decision long afterwards with honest pride, when accused of seeking for himself the primacy of Scotland. It was also at Berwick that he became attached, when nearly fifty years of age, to his first wife Marjory Bowes, with the cordial consent of her mother, who was one of his flock. The match, however, was long delayed by reason of her father's opposition, for which Dr. Lorimer finds it hard to account, forgetting that Knox had been a secular priest, and that many who would no longer have imposed on the clergy a vow of celibacy still regarded it as binding upon such as had already taken it.

Dr. Lorimer seems to suppose that the "Black Rubrick" received its name from those who disliked its "Protestant" tone (p. 132), and regarded it as a *bête noire* (p. 119). We had always imagined that the term (by a sort of *oxymoron*, as grammarians would say) was derived from the colour of the ink in which it was printed, the rubrical directions proper being usually in red. When he assures the reader that "we do not write here polemically—we refer only to facts of history, past, present, and no doubt also future," one cannot help marvelling what he supposes polemical writing to be. It would of course be wholly out of place for us to attempt to follow him, either in the way of approval or correction, throughout a long and laboured argument, whereby he seeks to establish the perfect identity of sentiment between his own communion as represented by Knox and "the Primate and other fathers and founders of the Reformed Church of England," respecting such capital points of doctrine as relate to the second Sacrament and to predestination. The private opinions of King Edward's bishops signify nothing to any one, save perhaps as matters of antiquarian curiosity; from the public formularies which passed through their hands, if the Prayer Book of 1552 be taken into account as well as the Articles of Religion, an opposite conclusion to that arrived at by our author might very reasonably be drawn. Our purpose, however, is not to controvert his propositions, but to state as clearly as we may the fresh information which his volume places within our reach. There is then no valid reason to doubt that Knox was wholly or in part the writer of the "Memorial to the Privy Council" to which we have referred before. Not only was it found among papers unquestionably of his composition, but the style may be recognized by any one who is familiar with his "rude hand"; it breathes his spirit in every line, and the subject it discusses is one in which he is known to have taken a deep, and indeed an abnormal, interest. Add to this that Weston, the Prolocutor of Convocation in Mary's reign, expressly declared only eighteen months afterwards that "A runagate Scot"—who can be none other than Knox—"did take away the adoration or worshipping of Christ in the Sacrament, by whose procurement that heresy was put into the last Communion Book; so much prevailed that one man's authority at that time." The gist of the Memorial, which declares that it was written by command to certain learned preachers, "among whom we most unworthy were accounted," is avowedly to procure an alteration in the posture from kneeling to sitting in receiving the consecrated elements; and the intense conviction, the ardour of feeling, which it evinces, disarms for the moment all that impatience and disgust which its captious argumentation would naturally elicit. That it had more than its due influence upon those to whom it was addressed is evident from the warm and almost intemperate remonstrance of Cranmer, whose letter to the Privy Council, though included in the Calendar of State Papers of the reign of Edward VI., it was left for Mr. Perry to publish in 1863, as though the editors of the Archbishop's *Letters* and *Remains* had no great admiration for its contents. Certain it is that this prelate, whose characteristic excellence was not firmness of purpose, never strove more resolutely, or in a better cause. After pressing the constitutional objection that what had been approved by "the whole state of the realm in the High Court of Parliament, with the King's Majesty his royal assent," could not now be altered again "without Parliament," he alleges one plea in favour of the old condition of things which strikes us with the air of novelty:—

> My good Lordships, I pray you to consider that there be two prayers which go before the receiving of the Sacrament, and two immediately follow, all which time the people, praying and giving thanks, do kneel, and what inconvenience there is, that it may not be thus ordered, I know not. If the kneeling of the people should be discontinued for the time of the receiving of the Sacrament, so that, at the receipt thereof, they should rise up and stand or sit, and then immediately kneel down again, it should rather import a contemptuous than a reverent receiving of the Sacrament.

Whatever may be thought of Cranmer's reasoning, English Churchmen may well be thankful that his authority or his importunity prevailed even with the unscrupulous ministers of the dying King. The posture for reception remained unchanged, although the Black Rubrick was illegally foisted into the Communion Office, and that, too, so late that some copies of Edward VI.'s second book, still extant, were sold before it could be inserted in them.

Those who have grown weary of that most unprofitable of all controversies which relates to the nature of the Lord's presence in the Holy Communion will be glad to refresh themselves with Dr. Lorimer's Appendix to the present volume, comprising a short life, hitherto unpublished, of William Whittingham, whom we will venture to call the *lay* Dean of Durham from 1563 to 1579. The manuscript is deposited among the papers of Anthony à Wood (misnamed by our author Anthony A. Wood) now in the Bodleian, and after being used by that worthy for his *Athenæ*, has lately been examined and commended by Mr. Froude. It is indeed a most interesting document, full of suggestive matter, and must have been written during the period when Matthew Hutton was Archbishop of York (1594-1605) by one of the Dean's acquaintance, who simply tells us about himself that he resided at the Temple in 1569. Dr. Lorimer, however, has printed the little tract just as he found it, without one word of comment or illustration, even when it might seem to be most necessary. Perhaps not one reader in a thousand would recognize the town of Newhaven, in the defence of which Whittingham acted in the double office of chaplain and of principal engineer, as Le Havre de Grace at the mouth of the Seine, which had been put into the possession of Elizabeth by the Huguenots, and from which they helped to dislodge her garrison in 1563. It should also have been explained from contemporary writers who the "Ringrave" was respecting whom our anonymous biographer tells so chivalrous a story. We protest against the increasing habit of publishing valuable materials for history in so crude and slovenly a fashion as this—a fashion for which we can suggest but two excuses, either that the editor has no information to give, or that the reader is presumed to know everything. As for Whittingham, he was in many ways a remarkable man, of wide culture and versatile ability, though placed by the partiality of unwise patrons in situations for which he had little taste or aptitude. Born of a gentle family in Lancashire about 1520, he became successively

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Fellow of All Souls and Student of Christ Church, Oxford, after which he sojourned on the Continent for about twelve years, in the course whereof he is found now in the train of our Ambassador at Paris, now wandering among the German Universities, now at Geneva, where he married Calvin's sister, and was compelled by the autocratic will of his brother-in-law to become preacher to the English congregation, when Knox was recalled to Scotland in 1559. Whittingham has been thought by some to have translated the English New Testament which appeared at Geneva in 1557; but this conjecture is not favoured by the language of the present memoir, which expressly describes him as one of the authors of the very different and by far more important version of the whole Bible published there in 1560, noting especially that he "did tarry at Geneva" for that purpose a year and a half after Elizabeth's accession. About this time also he must have composed those metrical Psalms of the old version which bear the initials of W.W. On his return to England he soon found employment and friends, so that his subsequent demeanour in France, "both in his function and in his guise of a soldier's employment," procured his promotion to the Deanery of Durham, through the all-prevailing interest of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose brother Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, was general at Havre. Since the goodly revenues of both Bishop and Chapter had survived their father Northumberland's reforming zeal, Whittingham, whose orders as a minister, if he had any, would have dated from Geneva, went down to his rich benefice rather in the character of a territorial magnate than of a dignified ecclesiastic, and managed long to defer the adoption of the rites and ceremonies of the English Church, in spite of the remonstrances of Secretary Cecil himself. When the rebellion of the Northern Earls broke out in 1569, after having vainly endeavoured to persuade his Bishop to fortify Durham Castle against them, he hastened to Newcastle, where he effectually served the Queen in his old capacity by mounting ordnance on the walls and making all safe in the town. Some eight or nine years later he had an unlucky dispute with his Bishop as to the extent of visitorial jurisdiction within the cathedral. We have had experience of like questions in very recent times, and are familiar enough with the whole procedure—the formal protest, the decorous submission, the legal arguments, the solemn decision of the supreme Court. Whittingham's mode of operation was at once more martial and less becoming. He plucked the Bishop's gown and drew him from the Chapter-house door, which he caused to be locked in the prelate's face. This high-handed conduct was too much to be borne with even in one protected by the Queen's chief favourite, and led to prolonged and costly litigation, which endangered the Dean's preferment and eventually broke his heart. He died June 10, 1579, a strange and instructive example of the sort of men who were deemed meet for high office in the Church during the reign of the last of the Tudors.

THE VIKINGS OF THE BALTIC.*

THE first question that suggests itself on glancing over these volumes is, Why does not Dr. Dasent give us a genuine Saga, plain and unadulterated, at once? Or indeed, while we are asking questions, Why does he not give us that collection of Sagas which was "in the press" a dozen years ago, and for which historical students are still hungering and thirsting. To them a tale in three volumes will be as unsatisfactory as Everton toffee to a famished railway traveller. When Dr. Dasent has produced his long-promised work, then, and not before, he may justly consider himself at liberty to amplify and improve the ancient Scandinavian legends. It is a contribution to history, and not to fiction, that we demand of him at present. If, in place of the promised collection of Sagas, Dr. Dasent had offered us a good novel—something as good as his own *Annals of an Eventful Life*—we might have complained that this was not what we immediately wanted, but we should have acknowledged that he had not been unprofitably employed. The *Vikings of the Baltic* can, however, hardly be called a novel, though it appears in the orthodox three volumes. It may best be described as a warmed-up Saga, with nineteenth-century sauce and garnishing; and readers of inquiring minds will be tormented by inability to make out how much is genuine Scandinavian and how much is due to Dr. Dasent alone. It is true that he seems to hope to awaken in this way an interest in Scandinavian literature. If his work, he says, "should persuade any reader to turn to that great storehouse of literature of which the Icelandic language holds the key, and to prove for himself what is historical and what fiction in these volumes, the writer will be well repaid." But, if this was his motive, he would have done more service to Icelandic literature by giving a literal translation of the Jomsvikinga Saga, which forms the groundwork of his tale, and by throwing his own remarks and explanations into the form of notes. As it stands, the book is of no use as a version of the Saga, and yet is not a well-constructed story according to modern ideas.

The author, with an affectation of extreme frankness, tells us at the outset that "this will be a very amusing story, full of perilous ventures and hair-breadth escapes, and so utterly different from your humdrum and everyday existence—for I will not call it life—that the mere contrast must be as refreshing to you as a dose of quinine to a fever-stricken man on the Gold Coast." Undeniably there is no lack of adventure, and the narrative is written with vigour and spirit; but as a whole it is too long and too wandering, it is burdened with unnecessary episodes, the interest is not sufficiently concentrated, and none of the characters take much hold upon our affections. The ordinary novel-reader will be shocked by finding that the heroine, or at least the young woman whom the hero marries, never appears till the last chapter but one of the last volume, although as early as the second chapter of the first volume the hero began to blush at the mention of her name, and to show symptoms of chafing against the law which debarred him, as a Jomsburg Viking, from marriage. We are glad to say that, after sacking the house of the object of his affections, and killing her father, Vagn, as the hero is called, is eventually rewarded with her hand. Dr. Dasent, jealous for the credit of "one of the most lovable of our characters," is careful to explain that this was not an unusual way of proceeding in the tenth century; and it is but fair to add that Vagn has the delicacy, or, as his comrades think, the weakness, to stand out against a proposal to burn down his lady-love's dwelling, and to put her foster-mother to the torture. This amiable young Viking, however, despite his stalwart form, "his ruddy face, deep blue eyes, and golden locks," his irresistible might in battle, and even the glimmerings of humanity he displays, is not more interesting than other amiable young men in fiction. The chief interest centres upon Earl Sigvald, the Captain of Jomsburg, and his Wendish bride, to whom the Saga gives the Teutonic name of Astrida. Sigvald too, like Vagn, appears at the outset endeavouring to free himself from his condition of enforced celibacy. For the benefit of those whom the fame of that *corps d'élite* of the North, the Vikings of Jomsburg, has not reached, be it explained that Jomsburg was a castle on the Baltic shore, within the territory of the Wendish King, but held by a free company of Scandinavian sea-rovers. It is hardly necessary to add that piracy was a highly respectable profession in the tenth century, and these Jomsburgers are the aristocracy of their profession, picked men admitted only after searching inquiries into their qualifications, and living under a strict code of laws, which, amongst other regulations, forbid the bringing of any woman into the burg. Sigvald, however, besides being Captain of Jomsburg, is heir to a Danish earldom, and thinks that his duty to his family binds him not to let the race die out. To change a decree of the founder of Jomsburg is no light matter, and Sigvald has to gain the consent of the company before he can start on his wooing of the Wendish King's daughter. The account of the meeting to debate the point is one of the best bits of the book, and is true to all we know historically of the half-aristocratic, half-democratic nature of Aryah assemblies of freemen. Few take upon themselves to speak, and those few are chiefs of birth and renown. No Thersites presumes to make his voice heard. But nevertheless the mass of meaner men who only shout a few words of assent or dissent or clash their arms in applause has its weight in the decision of the matter. The Captain's brother Thorkell—the same Thorkell the Tall who in later days became a man of mark in English history—introduces the subject in a diplomatic speech; the Opposition speaker Beorn, who has already expressed his opinion that "when wives come into the burg at one gate our glory will depart from us at the other," utters his warnings; but the sympathies of younger men like Vagn are with the Captain, who brings the matter to a personal issue by threatening resignation. The Opposition is as completely subdued as are German Liberals when Prince Bismarck hints at taking a similar course. "Sooner than lose Sigvald and Thorkell," says the next speaker, "let us give them leave to marry Hela herself if they please":—

> Thorkell, who knew the advantage of striking while the iron was hot, sprang upon the slab and roared out, in words which reached every man of the company, "How say ye, Vikings of Jomsburg, shall Sigvald, our captain, have leave to marry and to allow others to marry at his own choice; yes or no?"
>
> "Yes! yes!" roared the mighty crowd, now completely moved and magnetized. "Yes! yes! let him marry as he pleases." And so, with another great crash of arms, that question, in which Beorn saw the ruin of the company, was carried by acclamation.

The King of the Wends, Burislaf, after the manner of kings in legend, will only grant his daughter's hand on hard conditions, devised, in fact, by Astrida to get rid of her as yet unseen suitor. Sigvald must free Wendland from tribute, and place its foe, King Sweyn of Denmark, in Burislaf's hands before Yule. The task is like to be too hard for the collective intellect of Jomsburg; but Astrida herself, smitten with the tall and fair Viking Captain, shows him the way out of the snares with which she has beset his path. How Sigvald, acting under secret advice from Astrida, kidnaps King Sweyn by a device which does little credit to the Viking's sense of honour, and half forces, half tricks him into marrying Astrida's younger sister Gunnhilda, and resigning the tribute under colour of making the customary "morning gift" to his bride, we have not space to relate. The Danish King on the whole resigns himself to his fate, but his philosophy almost fails him when he finds, after he is irretrievably married, that Sigvald has secured the fairer of the two sisters for himself, leaving the less attractive for him:—

> Up rose King Sweyn without a word. When he reached the dais, he stared savagely at both the princesses, and glared in anger, saying never a word.
>
> "Say, King Sweyn, is the Queen fair to look on?" said Burislaf, who, perhaps, thought that Gunnhilda, being like himself, must be more beautiful than Astrida.
>
> "Fair is the maiden," said Sweyn, swallowing down his wrath; "fair enough, were it not that a fairer than she sits by her!"

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* *The Vikings of the Baltic: a Tale of the North in the Tenth Century.* By G. W. Dasent, D.C.L., Author of "Annals of an Eventful Life," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

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Then, turning to Sigvald, he said in a way most shocking for a king, a bridegroom, and a lover:

"Why told you me not, Sigvald, Harold's son, that Astrida was the fairer of the two?"

Explanation does not make the matter much better, and it is not wonderful that King Sweyn bears no love to the man who has played him such a trick, and eventually revenges himself on the Jomsburg Vikings.

Had the latter part of the story been as lively as this wooing of King Burislaf's daughters, the *Vikings of the Baltic* might have been pronounced a success in its own line. But the rash expedition against Earl Hacon of Norway which King Sweyn induces Sigvald, under the influence of ale and mead, to undertake, is not very interesting, and such interest as it possesses is on the side of the invaded Hacon rather than on that of his unprovoked invaders. Of fighting there is enough, and rather too much. Vagn slices off the hand of one foeman and the head of another, each with one sweep of his sword, and in short goes on his way "dealing terrible blows right and left, and killing and maiming men at every blow"; Thorkell Longwaist smites off Bui of Bornholm's chin and lower jaw; Sigmund the Peerless follows this up by hewing off both the hands of this same Bui, after which the maimed hero thrusts his arms into the handles of his two treasure-chests, and flings himself and them overboard; Havard Hardhitter anticipates Witherington's feat of fighting on his stumps; but we need not go on with the catalogue. Young people with that keen appetite for imaginary bloodshed which belongs to healthy youth will probably consider all this agreeably exciting, but readers of more mature years may find pages of hacking and hewing pall upon them. There is a scene of real power where Earl Hacon, during a lull in the battle of Hjoringsvoe, offers his young son Erlend to propitiate the Gods; and the self-devotion of the gallant lad, who falls a willing sacrifice for his country, somewhat relieves the dreary horrors of the fight, in which the Vikings, outnumbered and daunted by supernatural terrors, are at last worsted. Sigvald flies unwounded, and never, we fear, recovers his credit with his wife; but others die fighting, or survive only to be despatched by Earl Hacon to Valhalla as attendants on his lost son. The scene in which the Irish thrall Kark cuts the throats of those prisoners who are too badly wounded to walk to Erlend's cairn is simply sickening, and from every point of view a mistake in art. By the time we come to the famous beheading of the Jomsvikings we feel as if we had been in a slaughter-house, and are too much disgusted to admire. Yet the account of this execution, in which Dr. Dasent closely follows the Saga, is a curious specimen of that quality which forms the groundwork of Bartholine's treatise *De Causis Contemptæ a Danis Mortis*. The heroism of the Vikings, exaggerated though it may be, is of the type best preserved among Englishmen and Americans; they make no fuss, as we say now; the correct thing with them is to affect extreme indifference. Some crack rough jokes at the expense of their captors; one or two of a scientific turn utilize their own deaths for the purpose of physiological research:—

We Jomsvikings [says one, showing a little knife] have often wondered in our talk whether a man knows aught or feels aught, when his head flies off, if he is beheaded in a trice, at one clean stroke. And now this shall be a sign to you—that I will make a point with this knife if I know anything, if I do not, it will fall down at once.

These men are heathens or free-thinkers—for the tenth century was by no means an Age of Faith—or perhaps have a misty religion made up of all creeds; and it may be noted how different an ideal was gradually developed under the influence of Christianity. Our own Earl Waltheof had good Scandinavian blood in him, and could slice off foemen's heads as well as any Viking of them all; but in his quality of Christian he treated death as a serious matter, and met it with tears and sobs as little in accordance with modern taste as the brutal hardihood of the Jomsburgers.

The defeat of Hjoringsvoe amply revenges King Sweyn, for Jomsburg never holds up its head as before, and "the remnants of the famous free company" are reduced to serving as his Thingmen in England. The chronology at this point is puzzling, for we are told that many of the ex-Jomsburgers perished in the massacre of St. Brice, which was in 1002, and yet that they had come over, under Thorkell's leadership, when Sweyn fulfilled his vow to drive Æthelred of England out of his kingdom. Thorkell certainly came here in 1009, and may of course have been concerned in earlier expeditions of the Danes; but the great invasion which ended in the expulsion of Æthelred by Sweyn was not till 1013, eleven years after the massacre. However, Sagas, whether ancient or modern, are not bound to extreme accuracy, and Sweyn's affection for our country led him to pay it so many visits that some confusion is excusable.

WOOD'S NEW CURIOSUM URBIS.*

ANOTHER Roman Guide, and that, it would seem, chiefly designed for Cook's tourists. Messrs. Cook are duly advertised; so is Mr. Wood himself, both as a sculptor and as the author of this and that local pamphlet. Mr. Wood's name we fancy that we have seen or heard before as that of a local *cicerone*. If this be so, and if it is by Mr. Wood that the tourists are "personally conducted" when they have made their way to Rome, it is clear that they might be in worse hands. He writes from the tourist point of view, one sign of which is that the confusion of history and legend is taken for granted as a religious duty; but, from the tourist point of view, the thing might have been much worse done. Mr. Wood here and there cleaves, as perhaps in duty bound, to some mistaken notions; but he has a fair idea of many parts of his subject. What chiefly strikes one is the amazing mass of dates and names, most of which the tourist is not likely to have heard before, and all of which the deepest scholar could not hope to remember, with which the tourists are burdened during their scamper to and fro in Rome. One might have thought that a clear and scientific account of the several classes of objects, explaining their nature, age, and use, would have been more to the purpose than loading the tourist mind with this crowd of words and figures which to the tourist can have no meaning. But perhaps some may be attracted by the display of learning on the part of the guide who would look upon him with contempt if he only told them things which they could understand. Certain it is that, though a party personally conducted by Mr. Wood would not have to listen to many gross blunders, they would get no clear idea of the real nature and relations of the great objects of Rome. Take, for instance, the centre of the history of Rome and of the world, the Palatine Hill. We can hardly think that any tourists can be so stupid as not to be able to understand, if it were put before them in plain language, what the Palatine really is, the relation of its legendary to its true history, its position as the seat of the village community which marched step by step to the empire of the world. Nothing can be clearer or easier to the learner, if only the teacher himself understands. But in Mr. Wood's hands the Palatine comes in incidentally in the middle of a day's walk, and it is, as usual, degraded into its later and more vulgar character of "the Palace of the Cæsars." In this character Mr. Wood has much to say about it, while the traces of the primitive fortress are thrust into corners. Or, worse still, they are made the occasion for ungenerous sneers at one who is never directly spoken of, but whose name can be easily supplied by any one who knows the least about Roman antiquarian matters, one whose theories are often open to question, but whose real discoveries, to say nothing of other reasons, ought to have preserved him from attacks of this kind. These allusions run, more or less, through the book. As they cannot possibly be intelligible to the tourists, there is no sort of excuse for them.

As for the book itself, there is one comfort in turning from Mr. Hare to Mr. Wood. Mr. Wood does not grudge Rome her freedom. Perhaps he a little overdoes it in the way of advertising Rome and her freedom and all that she has gained by her freedom. But even this is better than endless sneers at "the Sardinian Government." When the whole thing is an advertisement, when Mr. Wood has to advertise himself and Messrs. Cook, and the "system of excursions and tours 'inaugurated' by them," and the tickets which they "issue" for such and such "combinations," it would be hard if the Eternal City and all its advantages were not advertised also. And though Mr. Wood has a word in season to say about Ultramontanes, yet, when the Jubilee is mentioned, he has an eye to business. In a mere chronological table such entries as these might seem sensational:—

19th.—The Jubilee of 1775, exactly a century ago, was celebrated by Pius VI. Between that and the twentieth Jubilee, under
20th.—Leo XII., in 1825—a period of fifty years—rolled the tremendous ocean of the French Revolution.
21st.—Another half century was to elapse before the Pope could find Europe sufficiently calm to render another Jubilee possible. Let us hope that His Holiness Pius IX. may be gratified by the concurrence of numerous pilgrims to Rome during this Anno Santo.

But we must remember that it is not only His Holiness Pius IX. who would be "gratified" by such a "concurrence." Have not Messrs. Cook and Co. some experience in the art of personally conducting pilgrimages? The combinations which they inaugurated for the smaller concurrence at Pontigny would doubtless serve for the greater concurrence at Rome. We are told that "at a recent Eastern festival the Palazzo Giraud was occupied by a large party of English tourists conducted by Mr. Cook, for the use of *which*" [Mr. Cook or the palace?], "hired for ten days, the sum of 500*l.* was paid." If 500*l.* was paid on an Easter festival, 5,000*l.* might well be paid at a Jubilee. In short, the more numerous the pilgrims whose coming gratifies His Holiness Pius IX., the more numerous too will be the tickets issued by Messrs. Cook and Co., and the more numerous the parties conducted by Mr. Wood over the Palace of the Cæsars.

Mr. Wood of course takes his tourists to St. Peter's very early in the course of their journeys through the city, long before they are allowed to hear either of the true home of heathen Rome on the Palatine or of the true home of Christian Rome on the Cœlian. But it is something to find that Mr. Wood has got so far as to understand that for a building to look smaller than it really is cannot be a sign of just proportion, though he does not seem fully to take in where the real cause of the defect lies. It is to be noted that the special glory of the elder Vatican basilica, as the Imperial crowning-place, is wholly left out; the tourist is not allowed to hear of anything that happened to it between 326 and 1447. The crypt too is wholly left out, perhaps because it contains the one Imperial tomb in Rome. We are told also of the "six next largest churches in the world," and their length as compared with St. Peter's, among which new St. Paul's—we mean London, not Rome—comes next, in odd forgetfulness of Winchester, Ely, and St. Albans.

In the Corso Mr. Wood points out to us the dwelling-place of

* *The New Curiosum Urbis; a Guide to Ancient and Modern Rome.* By Shakspere Wood. London, New York, and Rome: Cook & Son. 1875.

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several famous persons, who are duly patted on the back. There is "the great sculptor, John Gibson," "the great German poet, Goethe," "the great American sculptor, Thomas Crawford," and "the great sculptor, Canova." Michael Angelo comes in the same section, but he has the good luck to escape the epithet. The Capitol is reached without any kind of explanation for the tourist of what the Capitol is. And in the Capitoline Museum also, when the "Dying Gladiator" is discussed, we are told that "Gaul or gladiator, Byron's magnificent lines in *Childe Harold* are equally applicable to it." We must here differ from Mr. Wood. The whole moral of Byron's lines assumes that the figure represents a man slain in the amphitheatre; they are utterly inappropriate to a man slain in fair battle between Gauls and Romans, or between any other national enemies. Whilst still on the Capitol, Mr. Wood, after the manner of *ciceroni*, but not after the manner of scholars, places the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus on the wrong side of the hill, on the site of the church of Araceli, instead of on the site of the German Embassy. When he has reached the so-called Mamertine prison, Mr. Wood carefully leaves out all mention of the late discoveries of Mr. Parker, which are not the less real and meritorious discoveries whether we accept Mr. Parker's explanation of them or not. At this point Mr. Wood gives us some curious specimens of spelling, as Ancus Martius, Cethægus, Simon Bar *Gionas*—this last is either borrowed from some Italian book or else meant for Gioras—as he has elsewhere transferred the Calydonian boar from Ætolia to Caledonia, and turned Æmilius into Æmelius. On the Palatine we get some of the odd phrases which we have sometimes come across in other writers besides Mr. Wood. There is not only "Republican period," which may pass, but "Republican houses and temples" and "houses of the later Republicans." We never could exactly make out what writers of this kind fancy the Roman Republic to have been, and how long they think it lasted. The so-called Temple of Venus and Rome is still with Mr. Wood a temple, though it is almost as impossible that this building can have been a temple as it is that the Basilica of Constantine can have been the Temple of Peace.

Perhaps the part of the book which claims most notice is the account of the Colosseum, which is mentioned both in the body of the Guide and in an appendix which describes the late diggings there. We do not see what Mr. Wood means by saying that "it is an error to suppose that the amphitheatre was constructed for the purpose of giving gladiatorial shows." It was, according to him, designed for the shows of beasts, but he adds "that, as it was admirably adapted for gladiatorial combats, many were given in it." One thing is certain, that there were both gladiatorial shows and *naumachiæ* at the first dedication of the amphitheatre by Titus. Mr. Wood goes on to say that many Christians suffered martyrdom in the arena, "not that they were absolutely brought there for execution," but because of a lack of professional Bestiarii. Yet directly afterwards he says:—

> It is possible that distinguished persons, such as St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, were sometimes sent into the arena to give greater zest to the enjoyment of the spectators, and to serve as a greater warning.

With regard to the diggings, Mr. Wood blindly follows Signor Rosa. He, as usual, misunderstands the nature of the *arena*, and fancies that the shows went on at the bottom of the works now brought to light. He fancies that all the underground constructions, answering to those at Capua, Puteoli, and elsewhere, were the work of the Frangipani when the amphitheatre was turned into a fortress. We wonder whether people who talk in this way have ever read the account of the performances of Commodus given by Dion. It is a simple matter of common sense that, as the lions were brought up from underground, Commodus could not have been standing at the very bottom of all.

This account will perhaps give idea enough of the new *Curiosum Urbis*, which, as a tourist's guide, certainly is a curiosity. The question becomes more and more puzzling, what the mind of the tourist can be like, and what are the objects which he sets before him in his touring. To us such a book seems an ingenious effort to make what is really very simple seem very hard. At the same time we are bound to say for Mr. Wood that, though he does not teach the tourists the things which one would have thought ought to be taught in the first place, and though those who are led by him will be led into some errors on important points, yet under his guidance they will escape most of the monstrous blunders and absurdities of some of Mr. Wood's colleagues.

VIOLLET-LE-DUC'S ANNALS OF A FORTRESS.*

THE name of Viollet-le-Duc is a guarantee for the excellence of any work which comes from his pen, but this delightful book has the special charm due to complete originality in conception. Many a military day-dreamer has no doubt in his time spun for himself or his confidential friends long yarns of battles and sieges in which the wondrous incidents were all devised out of his own head. Indeed we would not give much for the young soldier who has not at some time or other pictured himself at the head of an army winning great battles against tremendous odds, or at the least as the leader of a body of cavalry, earning imperishable fame by the gallantry with which he leads it to the charge. For many years after the appearance of *Ivanhoe* two schoolboy friends with a turn for romance could scarcely come together without concocting interminable stories, each having for its centre of interest the siege of a baronial castle and the rescue of some lovely maiden who had been carried off by its imperious owner. Thirty years ago, when lads read their Scott, and the novels of Mr. G. P. R. James were in vogue, barbicans and donjons and portcullisses were familiar words. M. Viollet-le-Duc, however, takes a much higher flight in this line than has ever been attempted before; nor can he be properly termed a builder of castles in the air, so substantial are the creations of his brain. His idea has been to select a commanding spot in Burgundy, near the frontiers of France, which, although not actually fortified, ought to be, and to follow the fortunes of the fortress which his imagination constructs there through all its vicissitudes, beginning from the time when the Gauls turned out the primitive inhabitants of the country, and were in turn dispossessed by the victorious bands returning from the plunder of Rome. Then follows the siege and capture of the place by Titurius, one of Cæsar's lieutenants, and the establishment of a Roman camp on the site of the Gallic oppidum. Later on the Emperor Julian, perceiving the importance of "Abonia" as a bulwark against the barbarians who were pressing in upon the Empire, despatches "the celebrated engineer Philostratus" to fortify "Juliana," as the place is now called, according to the latest scientific ideas as then understood; and the gallant defence of the Burgundians under Cleodald against the Franks, although the former had eventually to succumb to superior numbers, was due to the strengthening of the place by the engineer of the Empire. In due course Juliana naturally becomes St. Julien, the historical facts of its foundation giving place to a monkish legend of a Christian martyr and the miracles wrought by him; a rich abbey occupies the site of the old oppidum, and a feudal castle is constructed on the commanding promontory overlooking the town, which successfully resists a siege vigorously pressed by the Duke of Burgundy against a rebellious vassal about the year 1200. Three hundred years afterwards this important strategical point naturally came to be the scene of a desperate struggle between Charles the Bold and Louis XI., when the garrison are eventually obliged to capitulate, but are allowed to march out with the honours of war. Artillery fire has now come into play, although armour and buff jerkins have not gone out; and in the time of Henry IV. the city of La Roche-Pont, as the place has come to be called, is refortified by Errard de Bar-le-Duc, and sustains successfully a siege from the Imperialists, thanks to the gallant commandant, Rincourt, a man "of middle height, with a little *embonpoint*," whose "pale face, blonde hair, and dull blue eyes, would be deemed no indication of a soul of firm temper," but whose conduct amply belies a superficial inference from first appearances.

It need not be said that at a later date the defences of La Roche-Pont are remodelled by M. de Vauban, who, the author is careful to tell us, like all really great engineers, studied economy in his designs, and in his adaptations made as much use as possible of existing works. Vauban's fortress, however, was not called into action until the year 1813, when a spirited attempt was made by a handful of old soldiers and conscripts to stem the tide of invasion, and the place held out—mainly through the example and conduct of Le Capitaine Allaud, "an old one-armed captain of Engineers who had served in almost all the campaigns of the Empire," and of the commandant, Colonel Dubois, "in appearance so cold, yet who exercised a moral authority over his soldiers very rare at that time"—until the siege was brought to an end by Napoleon's abdication. Throughout the tale of these vicissitudes, the air of verisimilitude is admirably maintained, and we suspect that a good many of its readers must have stood in need of the translator's caution that the famous Abonia, afterwards La Roche-Pont, with all its gallant defenders, from Sigild the Brenn and Catognatus the Gaul, Count Anseric and his charming wife, the Lady Eleanor, and the Sire de Montcler, down to the one-armed captain of Engineers, had no existence save in the author's imagination.

In one sense the book is not light reading. It does not bear skimming; the references to the plans must be carefully followed up if the story is to be intelligible, and readers of the flabby order whose powers of attention are limited to the newspaper or a sensation novel will not get much profit by it. But those who take the trouble to read the book through carefully by the help of the beautiful illustrations with which it is lavishly embellished, will not only obtain an excellent idea of the spirit of mediæval architecture, but a better knowledge of the art of fortification from the earliest ages up to recent times than could be found in any other way short of the research and study which the author has himself given to the matter. M. Viollet-le-Duc is master of the subject, and imparts his learning in so thoroughly fascinating a manner. But throughout all these varying episodes, extending over two thousand years and more, the scene is in one respect the same; the defence is always stubbornly maintained, and overborne only at immense loss to the besiegers; and it must be confessed that the author knocks his combatants on the head with the gusto of a true Frenchman, as if being killed was the best occupation you could put a man to. After reading of the deeds described in these lively pages, and how the stormers, if they carried their point, had usually only a remnant left to tell the tale, one is tempted to ask whether the men of those days were really so much braver than their degenerate descendants, that they should be capable of the efforts obtained from them. Take, for example, the rank and file of the Duke of Burgundy's army which besieged the place in the time of Philip Augustus, and was only driven away by the address and devotion of the beautiful

* *Annals of a Fortress.* By E. Viollet-le-Duc. Translated by Benjamin Bucknall, Architect. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

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Dame Eleanor, the Count's wife, and the skill of his old uncle, Baron Guy, "a personage of remarkable idiosyncrasy," who has brought home from the Crusades the secret of the Greek fire. These poor fellows were really little better than slaves, and had not the faintest interest in the quarrel about which their masters employed them; yet we doubt whether the best troops of the present day could be got to trust themselves to such a precarious structure as the tower depicted at p. 222, with a fair chance of being upset or burned alive while inside, and an almost certainty of being knocked on the head when they ventured to emerge from it. Again, we think the unbiassed reader would carry away the idea that attacking a strong place was a much more dangerous business in former times than it is now. According to our author, the catapults and trebuchets hurl stones which smash through everything and bowl people over in a far more effective way than seems to be customary with rifled guns at the present day, while a man could scarcely show his nose over the parapet without having it flattened by the bolt from a crossbow. Considering how badly men in action shoot, even with arms of precision, we suspect that as a matter of fact the fire, if the term may be allowed, from both bows and crossbows must have been of a very innocuous kind to persons under cover, and we must decline to believe that the catapult was the awful weapon which the readers of this charming romance would be led to suppose. Even artillery fire is little harmful when there is the protection of good earthen batteries. Our siege artillery had fewer men killed during the whole Crimean war than a similar force of infantry will lose in a morning's skirmish, and *à fortiori* we suspect that in the sieges of the middle ages neither side did the other much harm till it came to the actual assault; while exception must be taken to the sort of inference implied by the course of M. Viollet-le-Duc's tale, that sieges were generally successful at those times, unless the defence was conducted with extraordinary skill. In the time of Cæsar the art of attack had no doubt been brought to a state of comparative perfection, but during the middle ages defence seems certainly to have got the upper hand, and the superiority of the offensive was not restored until the development of powerful artillery fire took place. Further, it may be objected that Sigild the Brenn and his tactics were both anachronistic impossibilities. All experience is opposed to the hypothesis that barbarians are capable of the sustained movements which Sigild employed in the defence of the Druids' oppidum. We may go further, and say that experience disproves the notion that high military courage is found among barbarians. Discipline, tradition, and the sense of honour, are what make bodies of men brave collectively; without these all armed men are but an uncertain rabble. Our common notion of the Gauls and Britons is certainly that they made a gallant stand against the Romans, but then we have got the notion from a Roman writer, and the bravery of many of the savage tribes with which British troops have been engaged at different times has seldom had less than justice done to it at our hands. There is no credit to be got by beating an enemy who does not fight well.

The account of the various sieges described in this book suggests one remarkable difference between ancient and modern sieges, and that is in the amount of noise given out in the two cases. A modern siege, like a modern battle, is one perpetual din of cannon, and a siege without this row must have been, one would fancy, like looking on at dancing on the tight-rope without music. Or did the opposing sides swear and shout at each other from behind their respective defences? At any rate, to be surrounded night and day by an enemy who appeared to be doing nothing, and to have the sense of absolute safety within the place, except at the moment when an assault was taking place, must have rendered the feelings of a garrison very different from what they are nowadays, when from the first day of the siege the interior of the fort is searched by shot and shell, and no man's life is worth a minute's purchase. As for the hand-to-hand assaults described by M. Viollet-le-Duc, when, whatever the issue, both sides suffer tremendous loss, we confess to being somewhat sceptical of the possibility of their ever having occurred. Men may deal destruction at each other by shooting at short ranges, although in the case of modern storms the loss is generally all on one side until the place is carried; but all experience is against the supposition that two bodies of men will ever be found to contend in hand-to-hand fight for any length of time. One side or the other will almost always give way at once. Ancient battles were often very bloody, but the loss was usually all on one side. So long as the lines stood face to face, the armour prevented much damage; but one side or the other turned almost immediately, and men with their backs the wrong way could offer no resistance to the spear and sword, while they were too heavily weighted to run away. But the notion that two sets of men staggering under the load of armour could have carried on a prolonged bout of sword play at the top of a narrow wall may safely be discarded as impossible.

Not only must the ancient battle have been a very silent affair as regards its preliminaries, but the safety from chance of hurt till it actually began must have been in striking contrast to what happens nowadays. Reconnoitring in front of an army is now a constant running the gauntlet from the fire of sharpshooters, and, what with the skirmishing at outposts and promiscuous cannonading, it is often difficult to say when a battle begins. But the staff of an ancient army must usually have been able to ride about at their ease before the battle began, and the marshalling of the line must have gone on as quietly as if for a review. And in the same way we suspect that the noble Dame Eleanor might have taken her morning walk on the battlements of La Roche-Pont without fear of molestation from catapults or crossbows, while arrows must have been too expensive to throw away at random during the long siege.

It is characteristic of the method adopted in this remarkable book that an admirable essay on the mode of fortification which M. Viollet-le-Duc recommends for adoption on the Eastern frontier of France should be put in the form of a testamentary pamphlet, addressed to a certain Monsieur N—— by one Captain Jean, a captain of Engineers, who died in retirement at Lausanne of a wound received while on service with Bourbaki's unfortunate venture. But this important paper would require an article to itself, and cannot be properly remarked on here. We will only add that the book has been very well translated by Mr. Bucknall.

DIGBY'S HISTORY OF THE LAW OF REAL PROPERTY.*

THERE is some truth in the charge so often brought against English lawyers that they take a purely professional interest in the study of our law, and care nothing either for its historical aspects or for the development of the philosophical principles which underlie it. Considering what a museum, so to speak, of fossil notions, usages, and rules it still remains, even after the sweeping changes of modern legislation, one might have expected the curiosity of those who have to deal with these strange relics of the past to be stimulated to make some inquiry into their original meaning and purposes. However, this has not been so, at least for the last two centuries. The antiquities of our law are so much involved with its technicalities as to be scarcely comprehensible by a layman, yet the profession have not cared to understand, much less to explain them. As some one has said, they have, like the lawyers in the New Testament, taken away the key of knowledge; they have not entered in themselves, and have not suffered others to enter in. What little has been done in the way of investigation has been done either by professed historians rather than lawyers, like Kemble, Sir Francis Palgrave, and Mr. Stubbs; or by foreigners, like Güterbock and Gneist; or in a rather confused and incomplete fashion, as by Reeves and the learned but unsystematic Spence. Latterly, however, there have been signs of an awakening interest in these topics within the profession, many of whose members have certainly leisure enough for historical studies; and we cannot doubt that, if English law were to be regularly taught, instead of being merely left to be picked up, there would soon grow up a series both of historical and institutional treatises comparable to those which modern Germany and France have produced, instead of those ill-digested strings of cases which are now almost the only books the learner can be referred to. The capital defect of our legal literature is its want of elementary treatises laying down general principles; and these, it has truly been remarked, can scarcely be expected where there is no oral teaching. Accordingly, we are not surprised to find Mr. Digby's book to be the product of lectures delivered by him when he held the post of Vinerian Reader in English Law at Oxford.

His treatise is one of the most encouraging of the signs we have just referred to; and is indeed a thoroughly sound and valuable performance. Although it is modestly entitled *An Introduction to the History of the Law of Real Property*, and neither attempts nor professes to exhaust so vast a subject, it is far from being slight or elementary. It throws a flood of new light—light which will be new to ninety-nine practising lawyers out of a hundred—on the origin of the most entangled and technical part of English law. The plan is somewhat similar to that of Mr. Stubbs's *Select Charters and Illustrations of English Constitutional History*—a collection of documents illustrating the history of the law relating to land, prefaced by an introduction, connected by chapters sketching the development of the law, and further explained by notes. If such a scheme has to some extent the disadvantage of not presenting so summary and continuous a narrative of the changes of successive centuries as an ordinary history might do, it has the great and, for educational purposes at least, the more than compensatory, merit of putting before the student data as well as results, and so enabling him to form a much more lively and exact conception of the facts, while at the same time it is an admirable lesson in historical method and criticism. But although Mr. Digby's aim seems to have been primarily educational, his book has far more than a merely educational value. It is full of interest both to the lawyer and the historian, giving them in a clear and concise form facts which they might have had to hunt for through many old authorities, and placing before them documents of the highest interest drawn from sources many of which are difficult of access, and of most of which the ordinary lawyer has never heard. The labour involved in collecting these extracts and selecting them from the great mass of other similar documents must have been very heavy, far heavier than any one who has not attempted some similar task will readily believe.

Mr. Digby begins with an introductory sketch of the law of land as it stood before the Norman Conquest, describing concisely the

* *An Introduction to the History of the Law of Real Property, with Original Authorities.* By Kenelm Edward Digby, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, late Vinerian Reader in English Law in the University of Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

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nature of bocland and folcland, the sort of semi-feudal relation which the practice of commendation had produced, particularly between the king and his thanes, and the tendency, so evident from the middle of the tenth century onwards, for the king, as chief disposer of the folcland and at the same time the personal lord of his thanes, to assume a position practically feudal. He shows, however, that this nascent feudalism was still, so to speak, in a fluid and unsettled condition, its legal character being scarcely grasped, and no set of technical terms having arisen to define it, nor apparently any professional lawyers to deal with it as a system on fixed principles. Passing then to the Continental system, he gives a brief outline of the causes which had produced a more developed feudality there, and proceeds to show how the introduction of Norman conceptions and rules hastened the changes which were already in progress, and produced by the time of Henry II. a body of customary feudal law which that great statesman and his advisers had only to mould into the organized system which maintained itself among us for many centuries, and no small part of which is still in practical force:—

> The rapid introduction in the century succeeding the Conquest of a strict definition of the mutual duties of lord and tenant, and of a highly technical legal phraseology, leads to the conclusion that these must have been to some extent imported at the Conquest; and that amongst the Normans must have been found what the Anglo-Saxons certainly did not possess, a class, if not of trained lawyers, at all events of men habituated to abstract reflection on the prevailing customs, able to express them in legal phraseology, and to draw conclusions from the established principles of customary law.
>
> From the mixture of Anglo-Saxon customary law with the Norman, the blending process beginning under the influence of the strong rule of the Conqueror, and forced on with rapid strides by the vast territorial confiscations which followed the Conquest, arose the common law relating to land. It must not be supposed that a new system of rules was consciously introduced and forced upon the conquered race; the new structure was owing to the political and social changes wrought by the great Conquest, and the process of settlement and reorganization under a powerful ruler who would brook no *imperium in imperio*, and to the convergence of two distinct streams of customary law . . . By the conquest or acquisition of England, William succeeded to all the rights of the Anglo-Saxon kings; the rights over the land which they had became his. The great possessions held by them in their private capacity devolved upon William, and no distinction any longer existed between the king's ownership of land in his private capacity, and his suzerainty over the folcland as chief of the nation. All alike became *terra regis*.

Tracing the growth of the idea of Tenure and the history of the Manor and its Court, and explaining its relation to the primitive Mark, Mr. Digby winds up this chapter by several original documents, Old-English and early Norman grants of land; and he then proceeds in the next to show how in Henry II.'s reign the rise of the King's Court and the action of its justices on their circuits gave fixity, definiteness, and uniformity to the mass of varying customs that had previously existed through England:—

> The reign of Henry II. is the starting-point of the history of modern English law as well as of the modern English Constitution. . . . It is to the organization of the judicial institutions of the country that the rapid development of the common law of the country relating to land which took place in the interval between the beginning of Henry II. and the end of that of Henry III. is owing. It has been seen in the preceding chapter that in the various manors, the Manor Court had jurisdiction over questions arising within the manor. But supreme over all was the King's Court, which partook of the character of the supreme Court Baron, and was also the chief national legislative and judicial institution of the country. The King in the combined capacity of sovereign of the nation and lord paramount of all the land asserted his right to adjudicate by himself or his representatives upon all questions relating to the freehold, and to control the local jurisdictions of the lords of the manors. The jurisdiction of the Royal or central Court was exercised partly at Westminster or elsewhere, where the King's Court happened to be in attendance on the King's person, partly by the organization of judicial *itinera* or progresses by members of the King's Court (*curia regis*), for judicial and other purposes through the country. Thus there came into existence regular judicial institutions with all their concomitants. The practice of recording decisions by men who became in point of fact professional judges, the discussion and sifting of points of law, the desire to attain to uniformity of rules throughout the country, are all characteristic of the time of Henry II.

Extracts from Glanvil and from Bracton (to whose merits and important position, as the father of so much of our law, Mr. Digby does full justice), follow in the next chapters, and with them select passages from Magna Charta and other early statutes, particularly those of Edward I.; while in the fifth chapter a sort of general view is presented of the old common law of land as finally settled under the later Plantagenet kings, and as it appears in the work of Lyttleton.

Part II. treats of the more recent history of real property, describing first the origin of uses, then the Statute of Uses and its effects on the form of conveyances, then the history of wills of land, then the abolition of military tenures by 12 Charles II., and winds up with a connected account of Titles to land in their present shape, forming, with what has been already said of the Statute of Uses, a sort of introduction to modern conveyancing. The whole book has thus to some extent the character of a practical treatise as well as of a history, and bears marks in every page of being the work not of a mere antiquary, but of a lawyer familiar with the actual working of our complicated system. A brief analysis like this necessarily gives but little idea of its merits, for they depend less on the plan than on the execution of the details, on the accuracy of the statements made, and the manner in which they are arranged and expressed. But in these respects it deserves every praise. Here and there we think Mr. Digby's statements might have been a little fuller and more precise (as in the note on page 205 relating to the position of married women), or we differ from him in some point of etymology, as in that which he gives for the Leet Court (p. 44), which has really nothing to do with "leod," "leute" (=people). But we have noticed no serious error, and have been constantly struck by the care bestowed even on small details, and by the skill and judgment which have been displayed in setting forth technical rules in the clearest and simplest language. The author's selection of original authorities is excellent, and his notes on them are clear and pointed; but it may be doubted whether somewhat fuller explanations would not occasionally be desirable. If the book were to serve only as a manual to be supplemented by oral teaching, or if it were intended only for lawyers, this tendency to curtness would be a positive merit; but, looking at it as a work which beginners in legal studies, and even some laymen, will wish to use, we think that difficulties are sometimes passed over which such persons might find troublesome. Nor would it be amiss slightly to expand the last chapter, so as to make it, even at the cost of some repetition, present a somewhat more complete view of the present law of real property in its main outlines, and to add extracts from one or two important statutes, such as 8 & 9 Vict. c. 106. To set against such enlargements of the next edition, let us suggest the omission of many of those references to Mr. John Austin's treatise on Jurisprudence which the author, we suppose for the sake of young students, has thought it incumbent on him to insert. Absurdly as the merits of Mr. Austin's work have been exaggerated of late years, it need not be denied that he did good service in the way of leading people to subject their juristic conceptions to an exact analysis, and of bringing out the importance of several broad distinctions. True it is that the substantial results of his investigations are scanty and not very original, that they are reiterated with a tedious monotony, that they are interspersed with irrelevant discussions and presumptuously dogmatic criticisms of writers greatly superior to himself. But though we may be forced to concede this, it must not prevent us from maintaining that those results have a considerable value, at least for educational purposes, and that in the present barrenness of our literature on the topic they are more than sufficient to give his book a claim on the student's attention. However, it so happens that the very subject which Mr. Austin is least fitted to throw light upon is the English law of real property, just because it is only intelligible when looked at historically, whereas he had no notion, perhaps no power, of looking at anything historically. And the endeavour which Mr. Digby makes to harmonize Mr. Austin's view of customary law with the facts of English legal history, and with what has been the English legal theory from the beginning of things till now, does nothing but darken a matter which is really, when properly stated, clear and self-consistent. Mr. Digby himself of course understands and accepts the true view, and might, we think, be brought on cross-examination to admit that Austin was wrong; but his respect for the latter seems to have led him to attempt a really hopeless reconcilement between Austin and history. And the consequence might possibly be to perplex students, or even to turn them off the true path.

Of the historical judgment and grasp shown by Mr. Digby himself in his conception of the subject and his arrangement of its details we can hardly speak too highly. The first chapter, in particular, is a really admirable summary—lucid, cautious, and concise—of the results which have been reached by the investigations of a great number of writers, differing widely among themselves, and dealing with very uncertain facts. Such a book ought to do much to stimulate the historical spirit among young lawyers, and set some of them upon the study of those many intricate problems which the early history of our law presents. Nor can they have a better example placed before them than his work supplies of the judicious application of an historical method to legal studies.

WARING'S CERAMIC ART IN REMOTE AGES.*

THE exact line which divides art from science cannot be defined. There is a science which is occupied with objects of art. It almost seems as if the moment an art ceased to be spontaneous it became scientific. Sportsmen complain of a stag that he "runs cunning" when he has been put to the torture several times at intervals too short for the noble purpose which he lives to fulfil. And artists, when their art has become too palpably a matter of knowledge and calculation, lose much of their charm, and, so to speak, "run cunning." It may be a question, and one worth discussing, but not just now, how far art that can be acquired, art that can be taught, deserves the name of art beside the art which comes of real genius. But in speaking of this book we are puzzled whether to treat it as a contribution to the literature of art or of science. When we make a rigid definition of our views of what art ought to be, we are inclined to say this is a scientific book, just because in our rigidity we cannot class it as artistic. But when we come to look at it through scientific spectacles, once more we are baffled. The "Ceramic Art of Remote Ages" has rather an archæological than an æsthetical sound, but the purely scientific side is wanting. We have gone carefully through the book without finding out the author's object in writing it, unless it is expressed

* *Ceramic Art in Remote Ages; with the Symbols of the Cross and Circle, &c.* By J. B. Waring. London: John B. Day.

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in a paragraph of the preface which runs thus (the italics are ours):—

Having got all my illustrations together—*grouping them respectively solely on account of their apparent similarity, without regard to time or locality*—I then proposed to draw an artist's inference from any resemblances between them which might occur; and when such resemblances existed they must clearly be the result of one of two causes; either a common fashion arising from intercommunication of some kind, more or less direct; or else from the fact that various men and various races, when placed in certain circumstances, will act and express themselves pretty much in the same manner.

This is not very perspicuous English. But, if it means anything, it means that the author wishes to arrive at a scientific conclusion from artistic arguments; that, gathering a number of ceramic productions of various ages, people, and countries, and grouping them according to their outward ornaments, selected from an artist's point of view, he would deduce facts of ethnological and anthropological importance from them. There is something so unscientific in this plan that it is not easy to treat it seriously. Nothing can be made of facts thus heaped together; or, rather, they may be adduced to support any theory, however wild. But they are not really capable of proving anything. The difference between mere coincidences and real links in a chain of reasoning may not at first sight be very great. But the power of discriminating between them is just the power most necessary to the scientific investigator, and at the same time it is the very faculty most often deficient in theorists. The method described above by Mr. Waring is not only adapted to increase the number of startling coincidences; it is also adapted, by their very number, to baffle any attempt at calm inquiry. It would be easy, for example, to turn many of his facts as to the cross against his own conclusions. He tells us of the *fylfot* that "its claim as the emblem of the Sky God" is "pretty well established." By this phrase he seems to mean it is fully established; yet in the next sentence he says it may also have been emblematic of the Water Deity. Might he not have gone on to show that it was emblematic of all the gods? He is on safer grounds when he adds that the *fylfot* "has become rather a favourite device in modern decoration among us, and the ceiling of the refreshment room at Charing Cross is almost entirely covered with it, we need hardly say without any symbolic intention on the part of the designer." But how can it be proved that the inventors of the *fylfot* had any "symbolic intention"?

Fortunately Mr. Waring's book does not consist only of such theories. We should be sorry to convey any such impression of it. On the contrary, we cannot but hold that the ventilation of such theories is of the utmost use. Discussion brings out the truth in ethnology as in other things. But we are not inclined to discussion in this case, and for a melancholy reason. Since his book came into our hands Mr. Waring has passed away from among us. His death disarms our criticism of his peculiar views; but it leaves us free to admire, as we certainly may, his illustrations. Although his deductions on ethnological questions may not have any great weight with scientific readers, we are glad to be able to testify to the great value of his collections from the other, or artist's, point of view. We are the more pleased to be able to speak favourably of the book because its author can no longer defend his theories, right or wrong; and it is not necessary for us to treat of them at any greater length, or to go into them one by one. Those parts of the introduction which treat of early religious beliefs are of least value. Those which give us analogies of ornament among races the most distant are of high value. When Mr. Waring tells us that Egyptian art had little or no influence on the specimens of art workmanship to be found in archaic remains in this country, he tells us something of value, because on art matters he was a judge. And some of his other conclusions are equally interesting, and probably, for the same reason, equally sound. It may be a question how far he is right in attributing to the Etruscans an influence on the early pottery of South Germany, and to Greece a similar influence on Northern Germany and Scandinavia; and we may be inclined to dispute his maxim that the prevalence of similar forms and ornament among different races cannot be accidental, especially when such forms are circles and crosses for the most part. But even here some of his analogies are of value, and though Mr. Waring quotes with approval from Colonel Forbes Leslie, and refers with praise to Mr. Fergusson's *Rude Stone Monuments*, we may pardon him for the sake of the drawings in his book—drawings which, being taken from real examples, are of the utmost value to future workmen in these abstruse regions of inquiry.

The plates are fifty-five in number, or, counting the title-page, fifty-six. They represent many forms of cinerary urns and drinking vessels, and give details of their ornamentation. There is a careful description of each plate, giving not only the exact name and origin of each article, but also a reference to the plates in which similar examples are to be found. Owing to this arrangement and to a double index, the book will be found most useful to a student. The prints are what Mr. Waring in so many previous works taught us to expect, and leave nothing, except some means of measurement, to be desired. A large number of examples are from English diggings, and these the index enables a reader to find in a moment. The worst of books of this kind, in which a theory is propounded, comes to be the difficulty of determining whether, allowing that the compiler or artist is absolutely truthful, he yet tells the whole truth; whether, that is, Mr. Waring, to take the present case, would have admitted the picture of an urn or other vessel which told against his views; whether, for instance, he would have put in an Egyptian vase marked with the *fylfot* to which he attaches so much importance. Now, after a careful examination of his book, we come to the conclusion that he would have put it in; and, the honesty of his intentions established, the value of his book is proportionably increased. In the preliminary remarks a passage occurs which throws light at once on Mr. Waring's views, and also on some of the general art questions suggested to any reader by his book; we therefore quote from it at some length:—

Written history having bequeathed to us so few and such unreliable records as to the state of our forefathers, Keltic and Teutonic, it has been left for the archæologist to clear up, as far as may be effected by diligent researches into the remains of those early races, the nature and character of their civilization. Much fresh light has by these means been thrown on what was heretofore dark and obscure, and many false ideas have been corrected as well as new ones obtained. . . . In the case of ancient Greece and its offshoots, for example, it may truly be said that the whole life, literature, religion, and art of that extraordinary race is put into shape on their earthenware, and is graphically represented with a fulness of detail and expression of character to which even its written records can hardly aspire, and, curiously enough, it is to the interment of the dead that we owe this our knowledge of the living. In this respect the ancient Greeks stand almost alone; nor have we ever had reason to expect in our researches among the burial places of the early European races that we should meet with any such valuable illustrations of their past existence. Indeed, as regards pictorial art, the result is absolutely *nil*, and, as regards decorative art, not so great as we could have wished, or had hoped for. What we derive from our researches are results rather negative than positive, but even these have their value, and we may yet obtain from what is not found, some evidence of no slight importance as to the state of the people which we are in search of. For example, it is noticeable that hardly in any instance do we meet with the representation of any object, animate or inanimate, if we except problematical fern leaves, on any pieces of pottery discovered in these early graves. Now there is no reason whatever to conclude that this absence of representation of natural objects arose from any inability to reproduce them, for we know by ocular evidence, that the inhabitants of Europe even in the dark, distant, and mysterious "stone age" could fashion bone and horn into imitations of animate and inanimate objects, both by carving and engraving; and to suppose that their after-comers were inferior to them in this respect is not tenable; we may, therefore, justly come to the conclusion, that they purposely omitted the representation of such objects, and this idea is strengthened by the fact that whilst ornament more or less elaborate does occur, it is always of a conventional character, not founded on natural models, and, moreover, one especial form does occur so frequently, and so similar in every case, both in itself and as to its position, that we are justifiably led to conclude it had in every case one and the same meaning; the ornamental figure to which we allude is that of the circle, or the cross and circle, as we shall be able to prove, are emblems of a particular religious creed.

Mr. Waring's theories as to the cross we have already mentioned. We cannot follow him either here or elsewhere in his conclusions. That we are, to use his words, "justifiably led to conclude" that the crosses on early pottery had always the same meaning seems to us not proven by any means. And it would be very hard to make sure that figure subjects are not depicted on the sepulchral urns because the makers *would* not, rather than because they *could* not, paint them. And why might they paint the hammer of Thor, and the face of the sun, and yet not paint a crescent moon or Thor himself, except that a circle is easier to make than a crescent, and a *fylfot* than the picture of a god?

LOVE ME, OR LOVE ME NOT.*

CUMBERLAND, in his Memoirs, gives his readers a few rules which he had, as he says, laid down for his own guidance in the construction of a novel. As we have not read his *Henry*, we cannot tell how far he followed them himself. They are for the most part sensible enough, and as well suited for the writers of our age as for those of his own. Among other things he says, "Casualties and broken bones, and faintings and high fevers, with ramblings of delirium and rhapsodies of nonsense, are perfectly contemptible. I think descriptive writing, properly so distinguished, is very apt to describe nothing, and that landscapes upon paper leave no picture in the mind, and only load the page with daubings that in the author's fancy may be sketches after nature, but to the reader's eye offers nothing but confusion. A novel professing itself to be the delineation of men and women as they are in nature should in general confine itself to the relation of things probable, and though in skilful hands it may be made to touch upon things barely possible, the seldomer it risques those experiments, the better opinion I should form of the contriver's conduct." Though the story before us is certainly better than many that it falls to our lot to read, yet it no less certainly offends against most of Cumberland's rules. The heroine is exposed to casualties and a broken bone, if not broken bones. She has a high fever and ramblings of delirium, while she or her author, we forget which, supplies occasionally rhapsodies of nonsense. As for the descriptive writing, we have, even in these days when every scene in a story is described with as much minuteness as the specification of some new invention, rarely seen pages more heavily loaded. We will not go so far as to say that in the present case these landscapes upon paper are, to use Cumberland's words, daubings. We could have wished, however, that they had been daubed out. We know all about, for we are reading of such things almost every week, the "ceiling with its dark oak beams, the pretty flowery pattern of the paper, the old-fashioned ornaments and china all so daintily arranged; the pleasant litter of books,

* *Love Me, or Love Me Not.* By Mrs. Francis G. Faithfull. 3 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

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and needlework and writing." We are, by the way, becoming as tired of "dainty" and "daintily" as the hero of one of Miss Austen's tales was of "nice" and "nicely," and we take this opportunity of making known that we have towards it what our novelists call a subtle but indescribable feeling of dislike, founded perhaps on an intuitive perception, but not the less real and lifelike. It is for the out-of-door scenes that Mrs. Faithfull reserves her longest descriptions. If put all together they would be found to fill up, we should guess, at the very least half a volume. Her heroes and heroines will unfortunately move about, and at each remove they drag a lengthening chain of description. It would certainly save readers a great deal of trouble if the only move the characters in a story made were like those in the family of the Vicar of Wakefield, from the blue room to the brown. Even in that case a modern novelist would manage to fill up a chapter or so in her "word-paintings" of both chambers, and of the dark long passage which joined them. Mrs. Faithfull offends moreover against the last of Cumberland's rules that we have quoted, in not confining herself to the relation of things probable. It is quite impossible that she could herself have known the villains whom she attempts to paint, nor is there the least probability that many of the incidents of her story could have happened. The common novel, however, is not to be judged by any high standard, and as novels go, *Love Me, or Love Me Not* may pass muster. If the book could speak and were to say "Read me, or read me not," we should not have the slightest doubt in giving an answer. But it is not for the critic that these novels are written, any more than it is for the grocer that figs are imported. It is his business to judge for others, and to decide what will suit their taste. So long as a book, so far as morality is concerned, is harmless, he may with a safe conscience recommend to others what he has with great weariness read himself.

Love Me, or Love Me Not has, then, in it much that will be found interesting, if not exciting. There is, to be sure, not a single person of title, not even a baronet. A country squire is the greatest personage in the book, and even he is not the hero. To make up for it, so far as such omissions can be made up, the hero's father had died in gaol, and the heroine's father, though he is so lucky as to get drowned, was one of whom it might with some degree of confidence have been foretold from his early youth that he was not fated to die by water. In fact, fate had intended that he should end his days on the gallows, only, by a great piece of neglect on her part, she suffered him to be the father of a heroine. The general plot of the story is common enough. The heroine, Freda Chace, as the reader at once sees, is to marry Mark Cameron, a young sailor. There was only one reason against their marrying at the very opening of the story, but that reason was a good one. If they had married then, how could the story have been written? for married people, as every one knows, are like the Needy Knife-Grinder in having no story. They have accordingly a misunderstanding—a misunderstanding which does not get cleared up till the very last chapter of the third volume. Against such a delay as this we must put in our protest. If Mrs. Faithfull will carefully study the works of our most approved novelists, she will find that it is about three-fifths, or possibly two-thirds, through the third volume that the reconciliation takes place. A writer who knows her strength in love-making will place it even earlier. There are indeed some who do not fear to make it the closing scene of the second volume, but their example is not to be followed, except, perchance, by a very young novelist who is in love herself. Freda thinks that Mark is in love with some girl in Scotland, and in consequence persuades herself that she is in love with the young squire, Stephen Redgrave. The reader is in a happy state of indifference, and, so long as she gets married and the story gets ended, cares very little whether it is to Mark or Stephen. In fact, though it is Mark who is the saint and almost the martyr, it is Stephen who would make the most agreeable companion. The marriage day is fixed, the wedding clothes are bought, and the story seems as if it must come to an end by the beginning of the second volume. But heroines no more marry than stories end at any such early period as this, and the reader waits patiently for the hindrance which is sure to be raised to the marriage, however near the day may be at hand. It is not at first clear where this hindrance can be found, so favourable does everything seem, and so happy do the young couple appear. But just at the right moment Freda's father turns up, who, according to everybody's belief, had died shortly before her birth. This old gentleman is as disreputable as he is dull, and is by no means such a father-in-law as a respectable country squire could put up with. Freda has to choose between the two, and shows her bad taste and her filial piety by preferring her father. It was only fair that, as she had lost Stephen, she should have recovered Mark, but there were to be a few more years of misunderstanding before the young people could find out that they had all the while been playing at cross-purposes. Meanwhile the time is filled up by Freda's father and a knot of bad characters whom he gathers round him. It is in vain that we represent to ladies who profess the art of writing that when they try to draw with any minuteness a set of ruffians, the result must of necessity be utterly worthless. They are trying to describe people of whom they must be altogether ignorant. They should confine themselves, if they will paint the bad, to the acts of petty meanness, unkindness, and dishonesty which are only too common in almost all classes of society. So Mrs. Faithfull's villains are very dull fellows, like enough indeed to the villains of other novels and of the stage, who in their turn are like nothing on the face of the earth. She certainly does vary the scene by a little love-making, for Stephen finds out his mistake in parting with Freda and tries more than once to recover her. Mark, too, from time to time makes an attempt to clear up the misunderstanding, but with no success. The author does not, we are glad to acknowledge, fall back on any of those shameful expedients by which writers now too often seek to give interest to their stories. She has introduced bad characters enough, but they are very harmless folks to read of. There is no touch of real vice in her story, and, if she is dull, she is altogether moral.

The story has indeed some points of interest in it, and, if it had been cut down from three volumes to two, might have made a very fair story indeed. How easy and pleasant it would be to cut down such a passage as the following:—

> But that same patience he found it hard indeed to practise. It is easy to say, "I will be patient, I will wait;" but the uttered words are no spell to still the craving of anxiety, the torture of suspense. Ere long the foe that we had fondly thought laid low is up and on us like a lion, and the battle has to be fought again and yet again. So it was now, and so it had been with Mark through these last months. He had thrown himself desperately into the work he had taken in hand. He had toiled hard at his fishing on the sea; and on land he had kept an ever-vigilant eye upon Paul's movements. He had striven, with all the energy of his strong will, to control his passionate longings; but still his ear caught the least rustle of her dress, and never missed the lightest word she spoke. His spirit fainted at her coldness, and bounded at each slight show of gentleness and gratitude as a timid child's might have done. It needed all the stern outward self-restraint taught him by the hard schooling of his life to enable him to maintain that bearing towards her which he had laid down for himself. Nevertheless he did it. He curbed his ardour to fulfil her wishes, lest she should perchance be led, by any over-eagerness of his, into withholding or withdrawing them. He never let his glance linger on her face, or his voice soften into tenderness. He never let her know that her presence or her absence moved him.

We should be glad, moreover, to see the omens and presentiments cut out, as well as such passages as this cut down. At any rate, if a presentiment is to be brought in, the author should not provoke the reader by calling it a strange one. It is too bad first to manufacture nonsense and then to give it dignity by calling it strange nonsense. We have read of far too many of these presentiments to see anything strange in them. The only thing that is at all strange is the tolerance which seems to be shown to folly when it is in print. What should we say to a young lady who told us at the breakfast-table, in the words of the story before us, that "as she had looked at the first faint crimson streak that told of the opening of another day, a strange presentiment warned her that it would usher in also a terrible woe"? Mrs. Faithfull does not happily come up to Miss Braddon and the writers of her school in the use of big words which to those who use them and to those who read them convey no meaning. She is by no means faultless, however, in this respect. In fact, we cannot acquit her of having at times, to use an expression of her own, "strayed erratically" from simple English. She writes of "hair hissing in the flames," and of "moths whirring." She makes a young fisherman "shiver" when he was not cold, and at another time notice "a subtle change" in the heroine's dress. From the description afterwards given it would seem that "a subtle change" is produced when to a holland gown and a black hat are added a bright blue ribbon and a jaunty white feather. Like most female writers, she makes her characters learn everything either instinctively or intuitively, or by keen intuition, or by inspiration. To judge from the way these words are used, it is by intuition that a man finds out that onions disagree with him, and it is either by instinct or by inspiration that he knows that porter tastes better when drunk out of pewter. There is one passage where one of these fine words occurs in which the author is by accident quite true to nature. "You elect," says her lover, the Squire, "to throw in your lot with him rather than with me." "'I elect,' she returned in a low voice, and bringing out the words with difficulty." We can readily believe that a simple country girl had some difficulty in bringing out a word that must have been so strange to her as "elect." Perhaps she was wondering all the time what it meant. We were talking the other day to a countryfellow about some mud that he had dug out of an old pond. "Ah!" said he, "it must be good for the land, for it has been comminicating there—I mean communicating—for ever so many years." We wish that our novelists would "elect" to use simpler words, and then we should be less likely to have a number of simple folk misled into talking nonsense.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE majority of English readers, and perhaps of English writers, are apt to suppose that the fundamental principles of economic science are so far established that only a few crack-brained heretics—people with a recognized "bee in their bonnet"—dream of deliberately disputing or attempting to refute them. Though the more abstruse problems of economics—such, for example, as the theory of rent or the regulation of banks of issue—still perplex the uninitiated, and give rise to occasional controversy among competent authorities, few have any idea that there are still numerous and noisy heretics who imagine that rent enters into the market price of produce, or that the State can by its mere fiat make money out of paper in the same sense and to the same extent that it has made and daily makes money out of gold and silver. The question "What is a pound?" is supposed to have been answered so conclusively and completely that no one would dream of returning any other answer than the orthodox one—that before the final establishment of a pure gold standard it

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was a quantity of coined silver weighing a little less than four ounces, and that it is now a quantity of coined gold weighing a little more than a quarter of an ounce. But any writer who for his sins has been doomed to serve on the staff of a financial journal, or to take charge of the criticism of financial books and pamphlets, is aware that there are still at large a multitude of currency doctors who seriously believe that a bank-note possesses an intrinsic value not dependent solely on the fact that it can be exchanged for gold, and that "money" is something quite other and more mysterious than bullion whose weight and fineness have been certified by the Government. The fact that paper temporarily inconvertible can be made to serve as money by virtue of the fact that the Government as receiver of taxes, and other creditors by force of law, are obliged to take it as the equivalent of gold and silver, is the great source of all these bewilderments; and consequently we find currency-mania most prevalent in countries which have an inconvertible paper currency. Americans are fond of imagining that their country is an exception to the ordinary laws of political economy, because it has a supply of land so far in excess of its needs as virtually to nullify, or rather disguise, the operation of that large class of economic laws which are set forth in European treatises as governing the distribution of wealth in regions where all the land is occupied, and all cultivable land cultivated; and currency doctors there find an audience which is denied them in England. Here they rank with those manufacturers of waste paper who publish periodical solutions of the insoluble or long since solved problems of mathematics—circle-squarers, refuters of Newton, and demonstrators of the flatness of the earth. There they are hardly distinguished from rational economists. And wherever public opinion is not sufficiently educated to reject these ideas at once as impracticable nonsense, they are certain to find favour, because every scheme of currency reform is a scheme for enriching one class at the expense of another, and almost always for enriching the non-possessors at the cost of the possessors of actual money—*i.e.* the poor at the cost of the rich. Still it is a little surprising to find that, even in the Northern States of the Union, a work like that of Mr. Edward Kellogg* can pass through several editions, and be deemed at this time of day worthy not merely of reprinting, but of enlargement and revision. Mr. Kellogg's fundamental idea is that the function of gold and silver as money is purely artificial, derived from their use as the material of coin, and that, if uncoined, they have no power to serve either as a measure of exchangeable value or as a medium of exchange. The truth that these metals were used as money long before they were coined, long before the State gave them any legal preference over other valuable articles, is evidently wholly unknown to him. That the value of a dollar is the value of its weight in bullion, plus any seignorage which may be levied on it for coining, and that the use of coin instead of bullion in bars or dust is a mere accident of convenience, has never entered his mind. Great value in small bulk, durability and divisibility, have alone caused gold and silver to supersede the numerous other articles used as measures of value and media of exchange in old times—sheep and cattle, cloth, iron, shells, beads, jewels. But Mr. Kellogg, like all currency-maniacs, contrives to forget or ignore all these facts, which show that any valuable and portable article may be used as money, its money value being exactly its market value, and no more. This truth, if remembered, would cure them of the delusion that a durable and secure standard of value can be made out of that which has no intrinsic value, or that paper dollars can be issued *ad libitum* without losing their worth in the process. They are deluded by the fact that inconvertible paper, if limited in quantity to that amount which will strictly serve the purpose of currency—to something less than the amount of a gold currency—retains a gold value, or rather fluctuates around it; and they do not see that a gold currency, being composed of a material intrinsically valuable, always retains its value and limits its own amount, while paper money depends for its value entirely on a limitation of its quantity. Mr. Kellogg shares these errors with his entire school. But his peculiar theory revives Chamberlain's notion of a land bank—money issuable on mortgage of land, therefore practically unlimited in quantity and irredeemable, and therefore without restriction on its depreciation. It is somewhat amusing to find the wildest of all the crudities of the seventeenth-century currency doctors renewed in the nineteenth, and actually finding readers, and we suppose believers, among a shrewd and practical people. We suspect, however, that the real attraction of these schemes lies in their fatal vice. They would make "money cheap" by diminishing its value, and would thus enrich the debtor at the cost of the creditor, in a way which screens from the eyes of the former the sheer fraud which is the basis of the entire transaction; and the most influential class in American politics, the great farming interest, are almost all debtors, permanently or temporarily, and, like most debtors, fancy themselves hardly used in the terms of their bargain, and entitled to redress at the hands of the State.

Mr. Weeden's essay on prohibitive legislation† as applied to the trade in alcoholic liquors is not a particularly well-written or effective work. The writer has got a firm grasp of sound principles and of telling facts, but he does not know how to use his materials, or how to make his points successively and leave each, when made, to pass on to the next. The consequence is that his book is hard to read, and very easy to pull to pieces. Yet it is likely to do good in its way, as putting forward here and there just the kind of arguments which will strike the imagination of people with as little idea of logical order as himself. He may perhaps succeed in hammering into their heads, by dint of incessant repetition, the truth that temperance and total abstinence are words, not of equivalent, but of opposite signification, and that the usurpation of the former by the advocates of the latter is not merely an impudent misappropriation, but a logical falsehood. Mr. Weeden will hardly fail, by the perseverance which a more skilful writer would hardly have shown in speaking steadily of the Temperance party as opposed to Prohibition, to impress the ordinary reader's mind with a more or less distinct sense of the fact that society is divided on this question, not into two, but into three sections; that the drunkards at one extreme and the total abstainers at the other are both equally removed from the temperate, which is really the attribute of the vast majority who drink no more than agrees with them. The pleas of the prohibitionists—example, Christian charity, the cost of drunkenness to the public, and the alleged poisonous character of alcohol—are all met by reasonings sufficiently popular and practical, if loosely put and ill arranged. Those who abstain for the sake of example, not believing in the harmfulness of drink, are properly told that to do for example things which we do not believe to be duties in themselves is to set an example of insincerity; and those who insist on prohibition that we may not cause others to offend are aptly reminded that the Apostle who insisted on that precept was the staunchest opponent of all attempts to enforce the laws of the "weak brethren" on the conscience of the Church at large. But to English readers the most interesting part of the book is the testimony it bears to the complete failure and the demoralizing influence of prohibitory laws in the States which have tried them. They may vex and harass strangers; they may trouble the consciences of a few scrupulous men who hold that it is a sin to break the laws under which we live, whether good or bad; but they never prevent drunkards from getting as drunk as they please, or moderate people from getting the means of gratifying their taste. A clergyman may fail to obtain sacramental wine; but a rowdy never fails to get as much whisky as he cares to drink. General lawlessness is encouraged by the existence of laws which cannot be enforced, for no one has ever attempted to forbid the use of wine, beer, and spirits, and no jury will ever be persuaded to consider it a heinous crime to sell what people are at liberty to use, and therefore to buy; and the habit of setting aside one law leads to contempt of law generally. Drinking is rather encouraged than otherwise; for clubs are formed to procure a common stock of liquor, with which the law cannot interfere, and young men who would not care to frequent the bar-room are led both by social feeling and by a natural revolt against meddlesome tyranny to join them. The lighter drinks, which are least easy to keep in private houses, are discouraged, in favour of hot and poisoned spirits; the law prohibiting wholesome liquor represses all attempts to substitute wholesome liquor for adulterated abominations, and thus gives a stimulus to the consumption of real poisons of the most dangerous and exciting kind. And finally, the repression of public drinking-rooms introduces the liquor into private families, and causes wives and sisters to share the tastes and learn the vices of men who were once ashamed to indulge in their presence, and who would not for the world have tempted them. Mr. Weeden points out, moreover, how the conflict between State and Federal laws makes the enforcement of prohibition, since the war, legally impossible. His book leaves little doubt on the mind of a candid reader that the "Maine Law" is a total failure, and worse than a failure.

In describing *The Building of a Brain** Dr. Clarke vindicates the views in regard to female education which he set forth at length in an earlier treatise, and to which at the time we directed the attention of our readers. The former volume excited a good deal of controversy, and provoked not a little angry nonsense from the more strong-worded and weak-minded of the Woman's Rights party. Dr. Clarke no doubt weakens his cause by admitting equality of mental capacity between the two sexes; an admission contradicted by the undeniable fact that among those minds of supreme, or even of superlative, power—the geniuses of all time, or original intellects of each successive age, whose native powers are too great to be suppressed by disadvantages of education—scarcely a single woman is numbered. But even with this advantage thrown in, the "strong-minded" have not been able to offer any reply to Dr. Clarke's argument. As a rule, he declines controversy, and simply applies himself to confirm his general doctrine by illustrative and analogous examples. He fully agrees with those women who insist that young girls are better and less injuriously occupied in study than in reading novels whose principal topic is the last on which their thoughts should be employed, or in dissipation which is found to damage the health and character of adult women. But he shows that they cannot be safely employed in continuous and severe study; and that if the stimulus of competition and public exhibition is introduced into the school system—above all, if they are

* *A New Monetary System: the only Means of Securing the Respective Rights of Labour and Property, and of Protecting the Public from Financial Revulsions.* By Edward Kellogg. Edited by his Daughter, Mary Kellogg Putnam. Fifth Edition, to which is prefixed a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Philadelphia: Henry Cairey Baird. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *The Morality of Prohibitory Liquor Laws.* An Essay. By William B. Weeden. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

* *The Building of a Brain.* By Edward H. Clarke, M.D., Author of "Sex in Education." Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox. 1875.

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allowed to compete with boys of the same age—they are driven into a course of mental work dangerous to their unformed constitutions. In the present essay he makes it clear that he disapproves the stimulus of a premature introduction to society as much as the stimulus of over-exacting school-work. Both are applied together in America; and we see the result in the frail constitutions and premature age of American women. With this Dr. Clarke contrasts the seclusion and domestic privacy of an English girl's education; school-work in which no artificial stimulus is applied to the brain, while the young lady's entrance into society is deferred to a much later age than is the case with American girls, and, we may add, takes place under much closer supervision and stricter control. We believe that not a few American families, especially in the South, have so strongly felt the advantages of such a system as to place their daughters in conventual institutions, whose discipline is not unlike that of our best boarding-schools; the risk of conversion to a religion they dislike being accounted a less evil than exposure to the vices of the usual system. One point on which Dr. Clarke insists we do not remember to have seen noted before—that the greater sensitiveness and excitability of girls makes them more amenable to the stimulus of competition, while their comparative docility deprives them of the protection which average boys derive from their stubborn temper and love of outdoor exercise. The subject is one whose details do not admit of public discussion; but we commend Dr. Clarke's writings to the careful consideration of the parents and teachers of intellectual or ambitious girls, and to such of the patrons of "Examinations for Women" as are amenable to reason in any shape. It might hardly be too much to say that no girl under eighteen should be encouraged even to prepare for public examination.

Mr. Jones's *Africa** is a somewhat disjointed and fragmentary history of travel and discovery, from the earliest to the latest times, on that continent which has been the last refuge of the unknown and the marvellous. Africa is almost the only habitable region of the globe in which there remain extensive countries which have not been explored by civilized adventurers, rivers whose course is still imperfectly known and diversely conjectured, cities whose site is hardly yet ascertained, and lands which the most conscientious and careful geographers must leave blank on the latest maps. If the Far East was unknown to Europeans until a comparatively recent time, the records of civilized nations older far than Greece or Rome preserve its history from a period when Chinese or Indians were more likely to discover Europe than Europeans to discover India or China. America, the latest discovered of the great continents, has been more thoroughly searched than Asia, and settled in every habitable district by European conquerors. But civilization has never gained a footing, save on particular spots specially favoured by nature, on the African continent; and the interior of that vast region to whose extreme outskirts belonged the oldest of empires and the greatest of ancient commercial cities, is still a land of mystery and doubt, wherein the best informed devotee of knowledge may find enough to occupy him in lifelong research, and the most daring and restless adventurer may gratify to the full his desire for novelty, hardship, and peril. Consequently no tale of African exploration has yet lost its savour. The exploration of Egyptian antiquities, the deciphering of the records of Carthaginian voyages, are as interesting as ever; and the stories of Portuguese navigators and English buccaneers and slave-traders are almost as entertaining and as new to the ordinary reader as the last journals of Livingstone. Mr. Jones has endeavoured to combine the whole into a continuous history of African travel and research, abridging and condensing his materials, yet striving, not with as much success as might be wished, to preserve the substance of all, and his book will hardly fail to find readers.

Mr. Headley's *Island of Fire*† is an historical and geographical account of Iceland, largely occupied with abridgments of or extracts from the Sagas, in which the real history and legendary traditions of the people are so inextricably mixed up. The volume is hastily and loosely compiled, and its materials are often thrown together in a heap rather than worked into a continuous narrative; but a judicious selector, not already familiar with the subject, will find very much that will repay his pains.

We give a brief mention here to three works of a class which for obvious reasons are generally excluded from our pages. Dr. Anderson's history of the operations of the missionaries of the American Missions Board in India‡ is brief, dry, and full of the technical and conventional topics familiar to the readers of similar publications; but it is interesting as a record of the first experiment in a work which fills no inconsiderable place in the ecclesiastical history and religious thought of America, and without remembering which we shall never correctly understand one important aspect of a very complex national character. A large section of the American Churches are still ruled and animated by genuine, if modified, descendants of their Puritan founders; and their missions afford a characteristic evidence of the reality of their power and the practical capacity which they bring from the workshop or the farm into the vestry and the Church Assembly as into the Legislature and Congress. The Memoirs of Ezra Stiles Gannett* contain a considerable part of the history of that Unitarian movement which in New England, as at home, gradually developed itself out of the strictest and most strongly organized of Protestant sects—the Presbyterian—that community which is of all Christian bodies the laxest in discipline and the simplest in creed. In Dr. Talmage's *Sports that Kill*† we see the relation of the American Churches to American society; the practical and social as well as theological line drawn between "Church members" and the world, and the existence in the midst of a Republican community of a kind of ecclesiastical tyranny which few English sects would now tolerate. Dr. Talmage not only denounces wine-bibbers and spirit-drinkers, theatre-goers and dancers, in tones which show that he expects to carry with him the feelings of his audience, but he treats such ordinary pleasures of social life as admitted sins against religious principle, as offences which are grave in a communicant, mortal in a deacon, and in a clergyman would be universally considered unpardonable. We cannot but see in his volume traces of the effects of a system which liberates the Church entirely from the influence and control of lay society, and ends by forcing the layman to choose between his liberty as a man and his position as a Churchman and communicant.

Another volume of the admirable Geological Survey of the Territories‡ deals with the Cretaceous Flora of the West. We need not repeat what we have said already of the general character of this work, or enter into any detail as to the contents of its latest portion.

The most rapid observer even of a new country, where every sight and sound was strange to civilized man, could hardly expect to pick up enough in a week and a half to be worth relating in a volume, however small; and only an American authoress would publish *Ten Days in Spain*§ without feeling that she was condemned out of her own mouth to ridicule and oblivion. Miss Kate Field has no such misgivings; and we need hardly say that her book is as flimsy as its title suggests. It has, however, one considerable merit—the pages are few and small, the print large, and altogether there is very little of it.

The *Ugly Girl Papers*‖ are directed to show how, partly by honest and healthful habits, good sense and good taste in dress, and careful and thorough attention to her person, partly by all the artifices of paint, false hair, and other devices of the same kind, a plain woman may imitate, and a fading woman preserve, the appearance of beauty. The peculiar characteristic of American women is the want of that health without which beauty must be short-lived and more or less unreal, and they fade when an English matron has but reached the fulness of womanly perfection. There may, therefore, be a large demand for these papers among the countrywomen of the writer, and some of them, at least, may be profitable.

The Mishaps of Mr. Pelter¶ is a comic story; *Starting Out***, a tale of Western life, with a religious purpose, not so offensively protruded as usual. *Annette*†† and *Alice Brand*‡‡ are average novels, tinged with sensationalism. *The Fair Puritan*§§ is an attempt to revive the manners and ideas of the earliest ages of New England. *The Emigrant's Story*‖‖ gives its title to a volume of simple, homely American verse, not so original as some of its predecessors,

* *Africa: the History of Exploration and Adventure as given in the Leading Authorities from Herodotus to Livingstone.* By Charles H. Jones. With Map and Illustrations. New York: Holt & Co. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1875.

† *The Island of Fire; or, a Thousand Years of the Old Northerner's Home.* 874–1874. By Rev. P. C. Headley, Author of "Life of the Empress Josephine," &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

‡ *The History of the Missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in India.* By Rufus Anderson, D.D., LL.D., lately Foreign Secretary of the Board.

* *Ezra Stiles Gannett, Unitarian Minister in Boston*, 1824–1871. A Memoir by his Son, William C. Gannett. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *Sports that Kill.* By J. De Witt Talmage, Author of "Crumbs Swept Up," "Abominations of Modern Society," "First Series of Sermons," &c., &c., &c., phonographically reported and revised. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

‡ *Report of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories.* Department of the Interior. By F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist-in-Charge. Vol. VI. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

§ *Ten Days in Spain.* By Kate Field. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

‖ *The Ugly Girl Papers; or, Hints for the Toilet.* Reprinted from "Harper's Bazaar." New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

¶ *The Mishaps of Mr. Ezekiel Pelter.* Illustrated. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

** *Starting Out: a Story of the Ohio Hills.* By Alexander Clark, Author of "The Gospel in the Trees," &c. &c. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

†† *Annette; or the Chronicles of Belle-Vue.* By Charlotte Walsingham. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

‡‡ *Alice Brand: a Romance of the Capital.* By A. G. Riddle, Author of "Bart Rigely," "The Portrait," &c. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

§§ *The Fair Puritan: an Historical Romance of the Days of Witchcraft.* By Henry William Herbert ("Frank Forester"), Author of "The Warwick Woodlands," "The Cavaliers of England," &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

‖‖ *The Emigrant's Story, and other Poems.* By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

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but reminding us much of Bret Harte and the *Pike County Ballads*. Miss Dodge's *Rhymes and Jingles* * disarm criticism by the modesty of their title; a very correct one, on the whole. But why should mere rhymes or mere jingles be printed?

* *Rhymes and Jingles.* By Mary Mapes Dodge, Author of "Hans Brinker," &c. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

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THE MARLBOROUGH DINNER.—The TRIENNIAL DINNER will be held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Tuesday, June 29 next, at 7.45. The Rev. J. S. THOMAS in the Chair. Tickets (including Wine), 25s. 6d. each. Old Marlburians intending to Dine are particularly requested to apply for Tickets before Saturday, June 26, at Willis's Rooms, or to either of the Hon. Secs.
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WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—A PUBLIC MEETING will be held at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Saturday, May 29, which will be addressed by Ladies in reply to the Speeches delivered in the House of Commons against the Second Reading of the Women's Disabilities Bill. Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. McLaren, Miss Becker, Miss L. Ashworth, Miss Rhoda Garrett, Miss Sturge, Miss Isabella Todd, Miss Downing, Miss Wilkinson, will take part in the proceedings. Chair to be taken at 8 P.M. by GEORGE DIXON, Esq., M.P.

NATIONAL SOCIETY for WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of SUBSCRIBERS and MEMBERS of the CENTRAL COMMITTEE will be held on the Afternoon of the same day, Saturday, May 29, at the Office of the Society, 294 Regent Street, W., to receive the Report and the Financial Statement. Chair to be taken at 3 o'clock by W. FORSYTH, Esq., M.P.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—Notice is Hereby Given, that the next HALF-YEARLY EXAMINATION for MATRICULATION in this University will commence on Monday, June 28, 1875. In addition to the Metropolitan Examination, Provincial Examinations will be held at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw; Stonyhurst College; Owens College, Manchester; Queen's College, Liverpool; and Queen's College, Birmingham.

Every Candidate is required to transmit his Certificate of Age to the Registrar (University of London, Burlington Gardens, London, W.), at least Fourteen Days before the commencement of the Examination.
May 20, 1875. WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., *Registrar.*

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS.—TEN or more will be open for Competition at Midsummer next, value £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £80 a year in the case of Scholars who require it.—Further particulars may be obtained from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

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The Council of the College propose to make an appointment, previous to the commencement of the next Session, of a PROFESSOR of JURISPRUDENCE and LAW.
Gentlemen willing to become Candidates are invited to send in applications and testimonials, addressed to the Council, under cover to the Registrar, not later than Saturday, June 12 next.
The emoluments of the office will be derived from a fixed Stipend of £350 per annum, and a share of Students' fees.
Further information will be given on application to J. G. GREENWOOD, LL.D., Principal of the College.
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THE BISHOP of NATAL.—The BISHOP of NATAL, having lately returned to his Diocese after the brief visit which he made to England for the sake of vindicating the cause of the Aboriginal Tribes of Natal, and having forfeited or hazarded the loss of much former support in the Colony in consequence of his generous devotion in their behalf; and Her Majesty's Government having now expressed their approval of the course which he recommended; it has been thought that many Englishmen will be glad to show their sense of the BISHOP'S public services, by rendering him assistance for carrying on his Episcopal and Pastoral work in the Diocese of Natal.

It is felt that this will be especially useful among the natives, over whom his recent conduct will have doubtless given a very great increase of influence.

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STATEMENT of LIFE BUSINESS, as on December 31, 1874.

Policies in Force.	Amount Assured.	Annual Premium Income.	Life Assurance Fund.
	£	£	£
England 1,059	463,374	20,722	34,129
India 611	408,434	19,378	21,155
Canada 234	77,707	3,206	2,328
Total.... 1,903	£949,515	£43,306	£57,615

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Income for the year 1873	507,364
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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,022, Vol. 39. May 29, 1875. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

THE English Government has been able to announce that it took an active part in the recent negotiations for the maintenance of peace in Europe, and that its intervention was favourably received by all parties. As no one really wished for war, it was equally easy and creditable to play the part of a peacemaker. But, although Lord DERBY had not a difficult task to fulfil, it was quite right that he should let it be known that England heartily desired the continuance of peace, and would regard with horror a new war about nothing. When our Continental neighbours have determined to fight we cannot pretend to stop them, and it is not very probable that any of the few contingencies in which we ourselves should wish to embark in a European war will arise. But, although the influence of England is necessarily limited, it exists, and it ought on fit occasions to be used. The sources of this influence are of a complex and somewhat obscure character. England is powerful, although even for Englishmen it is hard to say what is the exact kind and extent of our power. The vast commercial interests of the Continent are naturally alarmed at the prospect of war; and England, which is still at the head of European commerce, can speak more effectually than any other Power as the representative of the millions who want to earn their bread by trade. Then, again, England is becoming more and more the leader of those small independent nations which live in fear of their powerful neighbours; and Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, who are vitally interested in war being averted, but who cannot get a hearing themselves in a critical moment, get it indirectly through England. Moral influence, too, although as a term it has been much misused, and as a thing it has only a shadowy existence, sways men in moments when they are hesitating; and the supply of moral influence which England is prepared to exert is always adequate to any possible demand. It must be added that every now and then the QUEEN has personally an influence in Continental politics which is greater than is generally recognized by her own subjects. The Emperor NICHOLAS told Sir RODERICK MURCHISON that he took the trouble to go to England solely to learn the views and feelings of the Court, to which he attached a much higher value than his auditor expected. A German newspaper has just reminded its readers that Queen VICTORIA is a German, and a very good German, and full of proper attachment to her Fatherland. When, as a German, she appeals to other Germans not to rush into a needless war, she appeals to persons who own that they ought at least to hear what she has to say. The policy of great nations cannot be wholly determined by personal influences, and, when once a course is taken, hesitation may become impossible, although strong personal influences counsel not going too far. Even the Empress AUGUSTA herself has to give way when Prince BISMARCK is stern. But the occasions are not very rare on which there is real importance in the intervention, one way or the other, of those who have the ear of men in a critical position. It is notorious that in the eventful days of July 1870, when the Emperor NAPOLEON was swaying to and fro from hour to hour, thinking at one moment that he would take his grand leap into the dark and at another moment that he would not, he was at last turned into the paths of destruction by the whispers of a few fanatical intriguers. The whispers of Queen VICTORIA may occasionally be as powerful at Berlin for peace as the whispers of Ultramontane agitators were at Paris for war.

It is no doubt true that part of the influence of England depends on the sense which is entertained of her power, and that every combatant is at least anxious that England should not be ranged on the other side. But it is a great mistake to dwell too much on this side of English influence, and to represent nations who happen to listen to her advice as cowering before the terrors she inspires. As England is constantly taking some part in European questions, it is not likely that she will always fail to see her wishes fulfilled; but nothing could more seriously endanger her proper influence than to seize on her occasional successes as proofs that she is returning to a grand and high-spirited foreign policy, and is showing such nations as Germany, that when the lion roars, the lesser beasts of the forest are obliged to be silent. In this way, instead of conciliating the feelings of those whom we strive to guide by gentle arguments, we necessarily provoke them to ask why we think they should be afraid of us. Germany of all nations has least reason to be afraid of England. It is not only that we should find it difficult to touch Germany if we wished, or that, if very great questions arose, Germany, as the defender of the Danube, and therefore of Constantinople, and as the head of resistance to Ultramontanism, must necessarily follow a policy in sympathy with that of England. Germany has a greater and more positive advantage as regards England. The result of the late war was to give Germany such a frontier on the French side that she can only be attacked by way of Luxemburg, when the neutrality of Belgium and Holland would be openly assailed, or by way of Belfort, when the neutrality of Switzerland would be almost equally endangered. Germany can pour as many troops as she pleases into France without offending any of the canons of English policy; but France can scarcely get a regiment into Germany without making England her enemy, if England is to remain the champion of the small neutral Powers of Europe. If we took part in a war, we might think ourselves very fortunate if we did so with any signal success. There are some small Powers which we could protect with some hope of doing so efficiently. But if we engaged in conflict with any great Continental Power, it is doubtful whether we should find our offensive strength very great. We have many ships, much money, and a few soldiers. But neither our ships nor our money nor our few soldiers could have done anything to avert the catastrophes of Sadowa and Sedan. Not a single war has been fought since the downfall of the first NAPOLEON of which navies have determined the issue. If we had allies, we could give them plenty of money; but our days are not like the days of PITT, and we should soon get tired of allies who squandered our money, never took our advice, and were constantly beaten. The history of our little expeditions to little points on long lines of coast is a history of almost unchequered disaster, folly, and waste of precious lives. If duty called us to go to war, we should do all we could, and probably we should somehow or other do more than could be reasonably expected. But we must see ourselves as others see us, and not seek to impose by transparent boasting. Let us hope that foreigners may be inspired with a sudden access of unusual discrimination, and comprehend that articles dwelling on the wondrous effects of English roaring are merely appeals for a momentary popularity at home, and are not really meant to be read by outsiders at all.

It certainly did not need that the British lion should shake his mane and lash his tail very much in order that Germany should be willing to see peace continue. It seems as if all the world was absorbed in the one desire of trying to make Germany happy. Everybody explains everything, invents everything, agrees to everything that Germany could wish. The late scare began with a rumour that the

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independence of Belgium was being threatened by Prince BISMARCK, and although the Belgian Government never countenanced the supposition, yet that Germany was bullying Belgium was too delightful a theory to be lightly discarded. The only real point of difference between Germany and Belgium was whether Belgium had done enough to satisfy Germany in regard to DUCHESNE's offer to assassinate Prince BISMARCK. Belgium insisted that the whole affair had been properly inquired into, that there was no law under which DUCHESNE could be punished, and that Belgium could not be reasonably expected to do more than make such a law for herself if the protecting Powers would make such a law for themselves. But Belgium cannot bear to go on long without casting a few roses at the feet of what the POPE calls the COLOSSUS. A little, pretty, graceful something must be done to please Germany, and Belgium has done it. A new inquiry has been ordered into the DUCHESNE affair on the mere chance of something fresh turning up which might bring DUCHESNE within the scope of the existing laws of Belgium. The inquiry proved abortive; for, however ingeniously the matter might be twisted one way or another, the result always was that DUCHESNE had done nothing more than offer to kill a man if he was paid for doing it, and this is not an offence under Belgian law. But a mild-tempered, pleasing nation which is bent on decorating a COLOSSUS is not to be stopped by finding that it has no roses already growing. It will make flowers rather than not have a votive wreath of some sort to deposit. The Belgian Government now proposes to pass a law constituting an unaccepted offer to murder a criminal offence. What it said it could not do, it does. Possibly this may be one of the fruits of English influence, and, if so, Lord DERBY has no doubt done something definite to make things peaceful. But anything less like taming Germany by the roaring of a lion it would be difficult to imagine.

MR. FAWCETT ON LOCAL TAXATION.

MR. FAWCETT may perhaps have earned the gratitude of his Liberal allies by furnishing an opportunity for a party division, but there is little advantage in challenging a certain defeat, nor has it hitherto been usual to propose a vote of censure except with some prospect of success. An amendment moved on an inoffensive Bill, to the effect that the Government ought to have done something else, is a recognized form of Parliamentary opposition; but only when the party which supports it sees its way to the attainment of office. Mr. GLADSTONE, in the beginning of 1868, prepared the way for his own return to power by his Resolution for the disestablishment of the Irish Church; and many years before Sir ROBERT PEEL had overthrown Lord MELBOURNE's Government by a similar process. Mr. FAWCETT, who ordinarily cares but little for party manœuvres, seems to have persuaded himself that independent Conservative members would, for the sake of consistency with their former professions, support an amendment which seemed to point to the relief of ratepayers. His anticipations were justified by a certain amount of oral grumbling, but it was not to be expected that county members would censure the present Ministers for the purpose of restoring their predecessors to office. If they had desired to play into the hands of their adversaries, they might still have hesitated to select Mr. FAWCETT as their leader. On former occasions he has opposed the transfer of charges from the taxes to the rates, and there is reason to suspect that he is still not convinced of the expediency of the measures which he seemed to recommend. In one part of his speech Mr. FAWCETT contended that the national and the local incidence of taxation were almost equally unjust. It is true that the householder of limited income contributes more than his share of indirect taxation, while he pays rates from which some of his wealthier neighbours may be entirely exempt. The hardships of ratepayers would be most effectually redressed by the imposition of a direct tax on income, if it were possible that it should be levied by local machinery. The same result would be produced by a contribution from the State if a surplus were provided by an increase of direct taxation. The special representatives of the ratepayers placed no confidence in Mr. FAWCETT's novel sympathy with their claims.

The debate on the amendment was, as Sir S. NORTHCOTE declared, chaotic, or, in Lord HARTINGTON's more accurate language, discursive. No serious objection was made to the modest proposal of modifying the machinery by which advances are made to local bodies for certain kinds of improvement. The plausible scheme of a local Budget to be annually laid before Parliament will be innocuous, and probably useless. By a traditional fiction it is assumed that the practice of laying papers on the table of the House affords a certain security against abuse. A statement made by the President of the Local Government Board will be a more stringent precaution of the same kind against imaginary abuses. The real guarantee consists in the observance of fixed rules and conditions which are enforced by the Loan Commissioners. The House of Commons will have no means of judging whether Corporations or other governing bodies have exercised want of judgment in borrowing money for local purposes. If it were possible to supersede their discretion, the only result would be the substitution of mere conjecture for the responsibility of those who are immediately concerned with the outlay incurred. In general it would be inexpedient to discourage expenditure for economical or sanitary improvement, even though it may in a few instances be possibly injudicious. The principal concern of the State is to guard itself against loss; and it would appear from the statement of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER that the Commissioners have exercised laudable vigilance in requiring sufficient security. In a long course of years the payments have exceeded the advances by about a million, though the margin is not sufficient to cover the amount due for interest. The trifling loss is probably of old standing, for remissions are seldom asked or granted. There is no better security than a charge upon rates which may, if necessary, be compulsorily levied to provide for interest on loans and for sinking fund. The machinery of repayment is almost self-acting, and it is liable to no uncertainty.

One of Mr. FAWCETT's charges against the Government was founded on the alleged neglect or postponement of the introduction of a new system of local administration. Sir S. NORTHCOTE had declared that he thought it advisable to determine the relations between the ratepayer and the taxpayer before he interfered with the difficult question of local government. A few years ago Mr. GOSCHEN adopted the opposite policy of readjusting the incidence and the control of rates as a condition of any relief which might be afterwards afforded to the ratepayer at the national expense. Mr. STANSFELD, taking warning by the failure of his predecessor, introduced two or three less ambitious measures which were passed either during his own tenure of office or by the present Government. The whole country has been divided into districts for sanitary purposes, and there is therefore no longer either an urban or a rural area without a local authority. Some anomalies in the rating system have been also corrected by the extension of liability to woods, to sporting rights, and to those mines which were previously exempted. Mr. STANSFELD has on many occasions expressed his opinion that the county ought to be universally adopted as the area of every kind of local administration beyond the limits of boroughs. There is no doubt that sooner or later the administrative and financial functions of the justices in Quarter Sessions will be transferred to elected bodies. In the meantime the magistrates have discharged their duties with exemplary fidelity; nor are any public funds more carefully administered and levied than the county rates. The different theories on the fit order of legislation which are respectively maintained by Sir S. NORTHCOTE and by his opponents seem to be equally arbitrary. There is no reason why the internal regulation of liability to rates should necessarily precede or follow any adjustment of national and local taxation which may be found expedient. Although the Liberal party seems now to have been converted to the doctrines of Sir MASSEY LOPES, only a few years have passed since Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GOSCHEN were in the habit of threatening the landowners with mysterious consequences of their indiscretion in asking for contributions from the Exchequer in aid of local outlay.

Mr. PELL, Mr. YORKE, and other Conservative members faithfully represented the feelings of the Chambers of Agriculture when they intimated their dissatisfaction with the concessions of the present Government to the ratepayers. If Ministers cannot be expected to redeem when in office all the pledges which they may have given in opposition, there is no reason why independent members should not, while they vote with their party, consistently affect to regard every instalment of their demands as an acknow-

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ledgment rather than a discharge of a debt. It is difficult to believe that any of the critics of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER can seriously have blamed him for not devoting to the relief of local taxation a non-existent surplus. It is doubtful whether they would have wished him in 1874 to retain the penny in the pound of Income-tax which was perhaps injudiciously remitted. It is true that tenant-farmers pay rates on their rental, and Income-tax on only half the same amount; but they have never as a body supported the Income-tax against its numerous assailants. The million and a quarter which was last year applied to the payment of a part of the cost of police and of pauper lunatics was a considerable boon to ratepayers; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER promises further contributions towards the administration of justice. It is certain that he could have done nothing in the present year to satisfy the demands of the county members; but ingratitude, like the opposite quality, sometimes indicates a lively sense of future favours. A political malcontent who even for a moment admits that he is satisfied has irrevocably damaged his position as a claimant of redress. If the malcontent Conservative members exhibited disaffection in their speeches, they returned to their allegiance at the division. Their vote was in substance to the effect that they liked the present Government, with all its faults, better than the last. It is not easy to understand what the minority intended by dividing with Mr. FAWCETT. Lord HARTINGTON and his friends cannot be supposed to think that a further grant ought to have been made from the Imperial revenue for local purposes; nor have they any definite plan of local government to propose. A Resolution or amendment to the effect that the Ministers might have been more active or more original is not a practical proceeding. Sir S. NORTHCOTE has no reason to regret the result of the attacks which have been directed against his department. To Mr. GLADSTONE he is indebted for a respectable Parliamentary triumph, and Mr. FAWCETT'S motion has done him no serious harm.

THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE forms of the French Assembly seem ingeniously arranged for wasting time. The Government have carefully prepared two Bills of great importance, and there is no apparent reason why the discussion of one or other of them should not at once begin. It is customary, however, to refer Bills which affect the Constitution to a Committee of thirty deputies chosen in a way which is supposed roughly to reproduce the division of parties in the Assembly; and this week has been spent in calling this useless machine into existence. The Government were willing to dispense, not indeed with the reference to a Committee, but with the creation of a new Committee for the occasion. M. DUFAURE proposed that the Bills should be referred to that venerable and forgotten body which did its best to strangle the WALLON Constitution in the cradle. This process would have involved a much greater waste of time, since the deliberations of the old Committee of Thirty would not have served even as an index to the ultimate fate of the Bills. In that Committee the Right had a majority of votes, and it would probably have used its power to reject both the Public Powers Bill and the Bill to regulate the elections to the Senate. The Assembly would then have been asked to undo the work of its Committee. An amendment recalling the Bills to life would have been moved to the Report, and have been carried by a decisive majority. As it is, the deliberations of the Committee may, at least, serve as an indication whether there is any feature of the Bills which is specially distasteful to the supporters of the Government, and so prepare the way for their modification when they get back to the Assembly.

The composition of the new Committee of Thirty is a striking testimony to the change which has come over the Assembly. All the members but four belong to the majority which adopted the WALLON Constitution, and nineteen out of thirty belong to one or other section of the Left. It is fair to an Assembly which has not always shown itself either wise or patriotic that this singular transfer of power should be noted. It shows a really remarkable faculty of accepting inevitable facts. Not many months since the Assembly appeared equally unable to found anything itself or to give place to those who were better able to do so. The opinions of the majority were so well ascertained, and to all appearance so immovable, that apparently nothing short of a miracle could either alter their minds or send them back to their constituents. Now the former change has been in operation for some months, while the latter is not far off. The desire of the country that a Republican Constitution should be set up did somehow make itself plain to the minds of a majority of deputies, and when things had come to this point, they had the good sense to yield, and, what is more, to yield frankly. It is not to be supposed that the founders of the new Constitution are much in love with their own handiwork, but they have at least accepted it without grumbling. It is not likely that any very serious discussion will take place in the newly-elected Committee. The Left are strong enough in it to carry everything their own way, and their discipline is so good that they may be trusted to take the word from their leaders as to what that way ought to be. The *Times'* Correspondent mentions a singular illustration of the perfection of training which the Left have by this time attained. They offered, if the Right would concede them fourteen places on the Committee, to allow the Right to choose the particular members of the Left who were to fill them. There is evidently no fear of a Cave in a party which can make such a proposal as this. The Right refused, because to give up fourteen places to the Left would have been as fatal to their object as the concession of a larger number could have been. The sixteen members who would have remained to be chosen must have included a contingent from the LAVERGNE section of the Right Centre, which on constitutional questions votes with the Left, and indeed includes the author of the new Constitution himself. After this compromise had been rejected there was nothing to be done except to leave the majority of the Assembly to choose their own representatives, and that the Right had any representatives at all seems to have been chiefly owing to the good nature or the indifference of the Left.

When the Public Powers Bill and the Bill to regulate elections for the Senate have been disposed of, the one question which for the moment seems most to interest French politicians will come on for consideration. By that time it may be hoped that the Government will have consented not to make the substitution of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* for the *scrutin de liste* a question of confidence. It would be difficult for a Minister to have his course more plainly marked out for him than M. BUFFET has now. He cannot resign without pulling down, or running the risk of pulling down, the whole of the constitutional edifice which it has cost so much to build up. It is admitted that Marshal MACMAHON neither could nor would form another Ministry out of the Assembly, and if he were to attempt to carry on the Government in any other way, the general election would be held amid an outbreak of political passion all the more violent for the severity with which it has of late been repressed. It is inconceivable that any Minister should think it his duty to bring these disasters upon the country rather than submit to having the elections conducted in the same manner as that in which the elections of 1871 were conducted. However strong may be the arguments in favour of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* over the *scrutin de liste*, it cannot be a matter of principle to give effect to these arguments at this particular moment. Even if M. BUFFET'S conscience will not let him accept an electoral law which leaves the mode of election what it is, there is no absolute need for an electoral law to be brought forward at the present time. There is every probability that a Chamber returned next autumn, even by the existing constituencies, would be a sufficiently moderate one. To provoke a Ministerial crisis under circumstances which make it impossible to say what other and more serious crisis might not grow out of it, rather than face a Chamber thus elected, would indicate an extraordinary combination of cowardice and rashness.

Apart from the merits or demerits of the rival systems considered in themselves, there are two reasons which point to the propriety of retaining the *scrutin de liste* at all events until after the general election. During the five years that the present Assembly will have been in existence a continual debate has been going on as to the fidelity with which the by-elections have represented the opinions of the country. The Republicans have all along asserted that the great body of the nation is in substantial agreement with them, and that it needs nothing but an appeal to the constituencies to make this plain to all observers. It is of great importance that the truth or falsehood of this assertion should, if possible, be demonstrated at the general election. But

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in order to its being demonstrated, the constituencies which return the new Chamber ought to be identical with those to which reference has so frequently been made during the lifetime of the existing Chamber. If the arrondissement were substituted for the department as the electoral unit, the Republicans would complain with some reason that a Reform Bill had been carried for no other purpose than to prevent a particular party from maintaining its hold on power. Granting that the change is in itself an improvement, and that as such it ought eventually to be adopted, that is not necessarily a reason for adopting it at this moment. Supposing that Mr. DISRAELI had used the few months of office that remained to him after the passing of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions on the Irish Church in effecting a large redistribution of seats, the fact that certain interests were better represented than before would not have reconciled the country to the change, supposing that it had resulted in a reversal of the decision arrived at by the outgoing Parliament. A second reason for adhering to the *scrutin de liste* is that the special advantage attributed to the *scrutin d'arrondissement*—that it gives prominence to local interests and allows local influence to have its just weight—may not be an advantage in the present state of France. What is wanted before everything else is the return of a majority sufficiently strong and united to carry on the business of the country with decision and vigour. Anything is better than a Chamber which does not know its own mind or entertain the same purpose for two days together. If the adoption of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* is to give France another such Legislature as the present Assembly, no theoretical accuracy of representation would make the change other than a misfortune.

SPAIN.

THE reports of Spanish victories on either side are always to be received with suspicion, and little weight is to be attached to the assurance which Don CARLOS gives to his brother that he will himself be crowned in Madrid. He not unnaturally takes occasion to notice the hostility of the German Government, which had apparently been ready to concede the extradition of Don ALFONSO on the questionable charge of having exceeded the license of war. The Carlists are, fortunately for themselves, beyond the reach of the Government of Berlin, and they have strong motives for calling attention to the indirect testimony which is given to their piety and orthodoxy by the enmity which they incur in common with the POPE. The Spanish clergy and their adherents may perhaps regard with some suspicion a dynasty which is recognized and supported by the heretical persecutor of the Church. On the other hand, a friend who cannot be implicitly trusted is sometimes more sedulously courted than an unalienable partisan. The Carlists must necessarily favour the Church, while it is possible that the Government of Madrid may think it prudent to pursue an independent course. Don CARLOS has no confiscated endowments to restore; and there are probably no schismatics to be tolerated or repressed in the districts which partially acknowledge his authority. The despatch of a NUNCIO to Madrid proves not that the Court of Rome prefers ALFONSO to CARLOS, but that for the present the Government which occupies the capital is deemed the stronger of the two competitors. Notwithstanding the prolonged interruption of military operations, hopes are still entertained of detaching some of his followers from Don CARLOS. By way of encouragement to proselytes, the Government has published a letter to CABRERA which contains an odd and involuntary admission. King ALFONSO confirms or restores the titles and military rank of his new adherent without remembering that all the honours in question were conferred by the grandfather of the PRETENDER. It seems to follow that at the time when CABRERA attained his rank the Carlist claims had a legitimate foundation.

The most important event which has lately occurred in Spain is the declaration of the leaders of the Progressist party, that the cause of national freedom and independence is inseparable from the title of Don ALFONSO. The renewed activity of any political party after the long supremacy of more than one military and despotic Government is in itself an encouraging symptom; nor can it be doubted that the meeting of the ex-Parliamentary leaders had been concerted with the Government. The names of the principal managers have not been published; but it would seem that all the leaders of the different constitutional parties adhered to the dynasty, with the singular exception of SAGASTA and his followers. The Progressists have since the dethronement of Queen ISABELLA, in which they took an active part, professed a theoretical preference for a monarchical form of government. Their leaders concurred with PRIM in the elevation of AMADEO; and although they afterwards gave but feeble support to the throne which they had erected, they stood aloof from the Republic which was established on the abdication of the KING. From that time to the present they have had no opportunity, and perhaps no wish, to take part in public affairs. When the Republican Cortes was turned out of doors Marshal SERRANO, after some hesitation, selected the Conservative leader SAGASTA as his principal adviser. The suspension of Parliamentary government, and the indefinite powers which were vested in the Chief of the State and his Minister, probably rendered opposition impossible. The sudden proclamation of Don ALFONSO by the chiefs of the army resulted in the continuance of the same kind of government in other hands. ZORRILLA, who had displayed some disposition to independent action, was compelled to quit Madrid; and it seemed that constitutional rights were indefinitely suspended. The promoters of the late political movement must have ascertained that their action would be agreeable to the Government.

That an attempt on the part of civilians to influence Spanish politics should afford a reasonable cause for congratulation is in itself a significant illustration of the melancholy tendency of successive revolutions. For the greater part of the present century Spain has been nominally free; and its long series of constitutions have sometimes furnished models for democratic agitators in other countries. The result, after all, is reliance for the preservation of order on the army, and occasional facilities for intervention on the part of the class which ought to produce statesmen. Behind the constitutional politicians who have determined to support the present dynasty are the Republicans, who only two years ago possessed undisputed power. Unfortunately, they are pledged to oppose the present form of government; and consequently, if opportunity presents itself, they will reopen the barren series of revolutions. Señor CASTELAR, the most eminent and respectable of their leaders, seems to have discovered a part of the secret of the failure of Spain to obtain freedom and order. In a speech addressed to an Italian audience he lately warned the votaries of his own political creed against any attempt to obtain their objects by violence as long as they were in possession of the machinery by which peaceful changes are accomplished. In other words, the Italian Republicans are exhorted to accept the existing institutions of their country, and only to promote the establishment of their own theories by persuasion and by regular and legal political activity. There can be no doubt that their wisest course will be to repudiate the example of the Spaniards who profess the same opinions. The son of the King of ITALY, one of the most loyal of princes, and an almost pedantic admirer of Parliamentary institutions, was only a few years ago reigning in Spain by the invitation of a Cortes who had themselves been specially authorized by their constituents to elect a King. Señor CASTELAR, though he had no reason for personal hostility to King AMADEO, at that time professed on behalf of himself and his party irreconcilable antagonism to any Government which was not professedly Republican. His friends, if not himself, did their utmost to disorganize the army, because they considered it the main support of the throne. Their devotion to their own formula resembled the fanaticism of a religious sect, and they sternly rejected any suggestion of compromise. It is greatly to CASTELAR'S credit that he is not deterred by the fear of being charged with inconsistency from recommending to Republicans in Italy a policy opposite to that which he had himself adopted in Spain.

In deducing for the instruction of his foreign disciples the lessons which he has learned by painful domestic experience, Señor CASTELAR found it necessary to account for the failure of the experiment to which nearly the whole of his life has been devoted. He appears at last dimly to perceive that Republicanism furnishes no absolute security against the evils which attend other forms of government. Nevertheless he believes that the Republic might have succeeded in Spain but for the impatience of its

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adherents and the violence of demagogues, or, in other words, but for the fact that human nature has not yet become perfect. The consequences which ensued from the establishment of the Republic in Spain had been often foretold by its opponents. There is indeed no reason why a Republican form of government should not succeed in modern Europe, except that Republicans have in the great majority of cases adopted subversive and anarchical doctrines. When Señor CASTELAR eloquently preached the creed of a Federal Republic, he had the means of knowing that the great majority of his political allies in Spain were pledged to the disruption of the national unity, and to communistic theories with reference to property. As soon as the Monarchy ceased to exist, consistent Federalists set up a separate Government in Carthagena; and some Republican Ministers declared that forcible interference with the eccentricities of their political friends was repugnant to their feelings and principles. It soon appeared that no moderate Republicans were to be found in Spain, with the exception of converts who were, like CASTELAR himself, convinced of their former errors by the responsibilities of power. CASTELAR had learned from his master MAZZINI an idolatrous attachment to the name of a Republic. He has since had the advantage over his teacher of a brief experience in administration, and he found that the only mode by which Spain could be governed was the simple rule of a dictator. As soon as CASTELAR resigned his authority to the Cortes, the Republic became impossible, and a determined soldier who dispersed the impracticable Assembly received and deserved universal approval. The moderation of the ablest Republican leader may perhaps relieve the restored Monarchy from an element of risk and disturbance.

THE TIPPERARY ELECTION.

THE decision of the Irish Court of Common Pleas will probably be not received with much disfavour even in Tipperary. For those who lose there is always a comfort in being beaten in a thorough, unmistakeable, and wholesale way. If, when the first election of MITCHEL had been declared void, the electors of Tipperary had chosen another candidate, they might have been now in a very unhappy and divided state. A Nationalist perfect in every respect is an almost ideal being, and when an election is over and a Nationalist has been returned, his supporters are naturally haunted by an uneasy feeling that after all he may not be the right man. If he has ever been convicted under the base laws of Saxon tyranny, he has of course got a certificate of fitness which no unconvicted person can rival. But when it merely comes to a general readiness to be convicted, one man seems to be as good as another, and the successful man owes his success so transparently to good luck that his rivals and their friends feel themselves aggrieved. MITCHEL was perfect in his way, and no other Nationalist could attempt to hold a candle to him. He had escaped from prison, he was an alien, he was living at New York. He was absolutely ignorant of English politics and recent Irish history. It was believed that his election would give the House of Commons much uneasiness and some pain; and when his first election was declared void, the Tipperary electors thought that a very grand position indeed was opened to them, and that they could hurl defiance at a detested Parliament by electing him again. A question was then raised for the decision of a Court of Law, and it has been held that, MITCHEL having been disqualified, Mr. MOORE, his Conservative opponent, was duly elected. There is nothing that the Tipperary electors need mind in this. They have had their moment of fun and glory. They have hurled their defiance at Parliament. It did not seem to hurt Parliament in any perceptible way, but that was immaterial. All they wished to do was to hurl a defiance, and they hurled it. That a Conservative should now represent them only makes the proceeding more complete. It makes their defeat more conspicuous and elevating. It removes all question as to whether there was another Irishman fit to receive MITCHEL'S mantle. All that the Tipperary electors practically lose is that they do not now send another member to Westminster to quote Blue-books for hours or keep on moving the exclusion of strangers. Men who can do such things are held in deserved respect in Tipperary, but the things they do are not very great things. There is nothing striking, heroic, or defiant about their proceedings. It would have been a descent in dignity to come down from the high ground of combating Parliament and elect some one like Mr. BIGGAR. Tipperary may now repose on the high, if melancholy, thought that second-rate successors were not to its mind, and that it would have either its own MITCHEL or no one to represent its peculiar views and feelings.

The Irish Court had an easy task, so far as the mere declaration that MITCHEL was disqualified went. He was beyond all contention an alien. He had obtained letters of naturalization in America and had renounced allegiance to the QUEEN. In old days this would have had no effect in the eyes of an English Court. Once an Englishman always an Englishman was the maxim of law for centuries. But in 1870 an Act was passed which declared that persons who had previously, or might subsequently, to the passing of the Act become the subjects of a foreign State, should be deemed to have ceased to be British subjects. After this change in the law MITCHEL was as much disqualified as the President of the United States to be returned to Parliament. It was pleasing for a person who had registered himself as an American and was living at New York, to think that in a moment he could, by the discriminating favour of Tipperary, be sent to Westminster as a member; but this pleasing thought was a mere illusion. It was not, however, on this uncontestable ground that the House of Commons declared the first election of MITCHEL void. Its decision was based on the fact that he was a transported felon who had not served his time. The Court was invited by the counsel for the opponents of Mr. MOORE to declare that the House of Commons had been wrong, and that the first election ought not to have been set aside. But the Court refused to go into this preliminary question. A new writ had been issued, and the only question it would entertain was whether the return to this writ was good. The House of Commons had chosen to pronounce an election void, and a Court of Law has no power to reverse a decision of the House of Commons. But it is not bound to guide itself by any reasons on which the House of Commons may have come to a decision. When a petition was presented by Mr. MOORE, the Court of Common Pleas had to pronounce whether Mr. MOORE was entitled to it, and this depended on whether MITCHEL was disqualified. It made no difference that, with regard to a previous election, the House of Commons had declared that MITCHEL was disqualified. If his return was to be set aside, it must be set aside on some distinct legal ground, the validity of which a decision of the House of Commons could not affect. As it happened, the Court entertained no doubt that the ground on which the House had acted was a ground legally valid. MITCHEL was a felon who, having been transported, had not served his time. He escaped from confinement in a manner which his admirers thought eminently creditable to him; but he did escape. Having been declared a felon, he had not purged his felony by enduring his sentence. There is scarcely anything, however remote from common sense, which may not form matter for argument before tribunals which, like British Courts, have to be guided by dormant traditions of antiquated law, and by a confused medley of incoherent statutes. It was contended on behalf of MITCHEL, or, to speak more accurately, on behalf of his memory, that a felon does not lose his civil rights unless he is convicted of a felony to which a capital punishment is attached; that transportation merely means exile; and that a prisoner who escapes from Australia and spends his time comfortably in New York is theoretically, and in a legal and non-natural sense, undergoing transportation all the time. There was something so ludicrously inconsistent with common sense in these arguments that those acquainted with the peculiar character of English law could not help having an uneasy feeling that very probably they were right. But fortunately there was nothing to show that the propositions on which these arguments were founded, however clear might be their unreasonableness, and however great the probability of their consequent soundness, were in point of fact warranted; and when modern Judges can find a loophole for the introduction of common sense, they generally take advantage of it. The Irish Court of Common Pleas has accordingly declared that civil disabilities attach to every conviction for felony, and that a transported person can only purge his felony by enduring his sentence. The House of Commons was therefore proceeding on a

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perfectly legal ground when it declared MITCHEL disqualified because, having been convicted of felony, he had not endured his sentence. Transportation is a sentence to captivity, and a transported prisoner must remain a prisoner during the time to which his sentence extends before he can regain his civil rights. It is in every way satisfactory that the House and the Courts are thus in harmony in their decisions, for although the House is the judge of its own actions, yet it would greatly shake the authority of the House if it could be shown that it proceeded on grounds which a Court of Law held to be invalid.

It must not, however, be supposed that in this particular case the harmony of the decisions of the House and of the Court depends on much more than a lucky accident. It is a pleasant surprise to find that there has not been some unheard-of Irish Act unearthed which would have forced a Court to a different conclusion. As it happens, there is an Irish Act of Parliament on the subject of transportation which is as absurd as an Act can be. If a felon sentenced in England or Scotland to transportation escapes, he can be seized and remitted to prison if found where the English law obtains. But if he is sentenced in Ireland, he is safe from being again arrested when outside the boundaries of the place to which he has been transported. This, at least, is the opinion of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and in the absence of a judicial decision his opinion may be taken to be correct. Nothing can be more absurd than that such a distinction should exist, but then this is the way in which Irish Acts, and, it may be added, a great many other Acts, are drawn. Even when a mischief is detected in law it is very hard to provide a remedy, and the Government will probably shrink from the arduous and wearisome task of carrying a Bill to put Irish convicts on a level with their Scotch and English brethren. There is always the dreadful thought that probably Mr. BIGGAR would read through BLACKSTONE when commenting on each of its clauses. The legislative spirit of Governments may be willing, but their flesh is weak and their force is limited; and it may be expected that Irish convicts will be left in the tranquil possession of their exclusive privileges. The disqualification of MITCHEL on the ground that he was an alien was created by an Act of Parliament the terms of which were happily free from obscurity. But scarcely any one knows what is in Acts of Parliament until something arises which makes their provisions generally known. Unless the proof of MITCHEL'S having obtained letters of naturalization in America has been subsequently received, it seems strange that the Government was not advised to rest, at least in part, the avoidance of his first return on a ground so perfectly clear as that he was an alien. Now that MITCHEL'S history has given notoriety to the point, it may be brought home to British subjects with a degree of force hitherto wanting that they are taking a very serious step when they naturalize themselves in a foreign country. Popular views as to allegiance and the position of aliens are very hazy, and even Lord BROUGHAM, after having attained the highest judicial dignity in England, needed to be told by a French authority that a man cannot belong to two countries at once, and that the position of a member of a French Assembly was inconsistent with the position of a member of the English House of Lords. When the ex-Chancellor understood that, in order to sit in the French Assembly, he must renounce absolutely his English rights, privileges, and dignities, his sympathetic ardour for French Republicanism rapidly cooled. Hitherto the obtaining of letters of naturalization abroad, and especially in the United States, has been looked on as a pleasant freak, and no one supposed that what was done in jest abroad would be taken in earnest at home. Now things will be different. British subjects will be aware that the renunciation of allegiance to the QUEEN is not always a trifling matter. They will forecast the consequences of the step they take; and they will comprehend that among other things they may, by becoming aliens, be disappointed some day in their highest hopes; and that, although they have every other qualification in the highest degree, and have been properly convicted, and have lived out of the British Isles for years, and are animated with a hatred for Saxon tyranny which even malice cannot impugn, still they cannot sit for Tipperary.

A MINISTER OF COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE.

MR. DISRAELI and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE fully answered Mr. SAMPSON LLOYD'S demand for the appointment of a Minister of Commerce and Agriculture. In the last Session Lord HAMPTON made a similar proposal for the department of Education; nor is it difficult to understand how members who are from time to time impressed with the importance of particular kinds of business should desire to promote their immediate objects by entrusting them to the care of a special Minister. On several occasions the experiment has been tried with little success. Nearly thirty years ago, when the rapid increase of railways attracted general attention, a Chief Commissioner of Railways was appointed to discharge indefinite duties, which, by no fault of the incumbent of the office, proved to be imaginary or trivial. At a later period the original Poor Law Commission was superseded by a Parliamentary President of the Board, on the ground that it was necessary for a responsible Minister to answer the charges which were then frequently advanced against the department in the House of Commons. It has been again and again proved by experience that it is better to concentrate than to divide official responsibility. When, in the formation of several recent Governments, it has been found convenient for party purposes to provide as many Cabinet officers as possible, efficiency of counsel and administration has been sacrificed to personal interests. If fourteen or fifteen Ministers are nominally included among the confidential servants of the Crown, it becomes indispensable for the vigorous conduct of business to form a Cabinet within the Cabinet consisting of three or four of the Prime Minister's most trusted colleagues. Mr. FAWCETT complained that the President of the Local Government Board was not a Cabinet Minister; and before the Session is over a similar remark may probably be made on the Vice-President of the Council. No contrivance will enable more than a limited number of Ministers to occupy the first political rank. It is doubtful whether Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI would have been allowed to introduce the Reform Bill of 1867 if the great majority of the Cabinet had not been practically restricted to the management of their respective departments. In Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration places were made for three or four extreme Liberals in the Cabinet by a serious violation of precedent. Mr. DISRAELI'S determination to check a growing abuse justly received general approval. As he said, in answer to Mr. LLOYD, it is desirable in the construction of a Cabinet to retain the liberty of determining according to circumstances whether the head of a special department shall sit in the Cabinet. One of his present colleagues owes his position to Mr. DISRAELI'S personal friendship, and to his own conventional rank as a member of former Cabinets. It is unnecessary that the Secretary for Ireland and the President of the Local Government Board should have seats in the Cabinet.

Mr. FORSTER, who formerly acted as Chairman of a Committee on public offices, expressed an opinion that the President of the Board of Trade ought to be a Cabinet Minister; but at the same time he approved the abolition of the diplomatic section of the Board, and the transference of its duties to the Foreign Office. As Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE explained, the Board of Trade has almost ceased to concern itself with commercial policy, while it has assumed administrative functions of the most various character. If the title of the department were altered by the addition of Agriculture to Trade, the clerks who superintend cases of pleuro-pneumonia would simply be transferred from one room in Whitehall to another. The Chambers of Commerce, who have sometimes asked for a Minister of their own, have never been able to devise any employment for his energies except the prevention of cattle disease. It seems that sixty years ago the Board exercised some kind of agricultural superintendence, and Sir S. NORTHCOTE confessed an excusable ignorance of the reasons which had caused the discontinuance of the title. No department of State has undergone more changes than the Board of Trade, which a century ago was called the Board of Trade and Plantations. At the close of the American war the Board was, through the exertions of BURKE, suppressed for reasons of economy, but it was within two or three years practically revived under the name of a Committee of Council, under the guidance of the ablest economical administrator of the time, Mr. JENKINSON,

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afterwards first Earl of LIVERPOOL. Mr. JENKINSON was not a member of Mr. PITT's Cabinet, though he exercised great influence in the Government and in the House of Commons. He was the chief adviser of the Minister in his abortive attempt to establish free trade between England and Ireland, and in the negotiation of the French Commercial Treaty in the following year. Then, as now, it was greatly for the public advantage to obtain the services of an enlightened economist and politician, but the title of the office which he held was of little importance. As Mr. DISRAELI reminded the House, the supposed deficiency of official superintendence of trade has occurred when there has been a President of the Board of Trade who was also a Cabinet Minister.

It is perhaps not expedient that Parliament should examine too closely the fiction by which a Parliamentary leader who has attained office is supposed to manage all the business of his department. If a Minister is to be responsible, he must be the ostensible representative of his office. In practice, as those who have to resort to the Board of Trade are too well aware, the real President is an unobtrusive gentleman who would not be a member of the Cabinet if Mr. LLOYD's motion were adopted by acclamation. A Secretary of State or a Chancellor of the Exchequer may impress his own policy on his department, although he must necessarily be dependent for details on his permanent advisers and assistants. The Board of Trade has no policy; but it has an infinite number of petty matters to transact which are necessarily committed to the care of assistant secretaries and chief clerks. The Board manages harbours, shipping, and railways, and, when financial questions arise, it corresponds with the Treasury. The zealous officers of the department often cause grave dissatisfaction to those who are subjected to their control and interference; but the President naturally supports his subordinates in the few cases in which he is required to intervene. To those who suffer from officious activity or from negligence it is wholly immaterial whether the nominal head of the office has or has not a seat in the Cabinet. If it happens at any time that a considerable statesman is made President of the Board, his claims are not likely to be overlooked by his colleagues. A less conspicuous member of the party can discharge his few duties equally well in a humbler rank.

The recurrent agitation for the establishment of new Cabinet offices is closely connected with the popular error of regarding legislation as the primary duty of a Government. There is no doubt that in a complicated system of administration there is a constant demand for practical improvement; but when once the best system is discovered and adopted, repair ought to take the place of reconstruction. A member of the last Cabinet reduced to an absurd extreme the practice of his chief and of his colleagues by the bold and simple avowal that an incessant succession of changes was necessary to justify and secure the supremacy of the Liberal party. Mr. SAMPSON LLOYD is not likely to approve of revolution for the purposes of faction; and it is true that neither his speech nor his motion related to legislative restlessness; yet his anxiety to obtain for traders access to a Cabinet Minister could only be justified on the assumption that commerce needs the frequent intervention of Parliament. It is wholly unnecessary that an inquiry into the safety of a new railway should be conducted in the name of a Minister of the first rank, who, whether he is in or out of the Cabinet, can by no possibility exercise any real control over the decision. In the reign of GEORGE IV. Mr. HUSKISSON, as President of the Board of Trade, possessed the same superiority over his colleagues in economical and financial aptitude which had belonged forty years before to Mr. JENKINSON. He was consequently admitted to the Cabinet after a delay caused by the prejudices of the KING, and he was the trusted adviser of Lord LIVERPOOL and of Mr. CANNING. But for political and financial impediments Mr. HUSKISSON would have been Chancellor of the Exchequer with greater benefit to commercial interests than he was able to confer at the Board of Trade. Both Sir S. NORTHCOTE and Mr. DISRAELI remarked on the comparative unimportance of commercial policy since the acceptance by English statesmen of all parties of the sound and simple principles of Free-trade. There is still room for the exercise of a large discretion in the adjustment of taxation and the general administration of the finances. The Prime Minister who is entrusted with the formation of a Cabinet ought to place the ablest economist among his colleagues at the Exchequer. If he has a second financial authority at his disposal, he may be relegated to the Board of Trade.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.

THE general idea which Englishmen form of Belgium is that of a country the inhabitants of which are chiefly given to money-making and good eating. No type of face less suggests religious enthusiasm than the Flemish, and though the people are sufficiently Catholic to be picturesque, it almost seems as though they had in part remained so from a business-like desire not to make Belgium less attractive to foreigners. The estimates formed by travellers are usually superficial, and in this case the common view is a thoroughly mistaken one. In no country of Europe does theological passion burn more fiercely. The stout burgesses of the Low Countries can be as enthusiastically Ultramontane as an Italian peasant, or as fanatically irreligious as a French workman. Even circumstances which in other cases tend to make people of different religions dwell peaceably side by side have failed to produce this effect in Belgium. It is commonly supposed that where the members of rival creeds are pretty equally balanced they have a substantial reason for not quarrelling with one another. The chances of combat are too uncertain to make it worth the while of either to provoke it. And where in addition the State shows no special favour to either of them, one frequent ground of irritation is removed. There is no prize to be contended for. The position of each party after the fight is over can at best be what it was before. Neither of these considerations seems to have any weight with the Belgians. As politicians, they ostentatiously divide themselves into Liberals and Catholics, as though they found a pleasure in the implied declaration that no Liberal can be a Catholic, and no Catholic a Liberal. Every Ministerial crisis turns upon a question of religion, and there is not a municipal election in which the ratepayers are not virtually asked to vote for the restoration of the Temporal Power, or for the suppression of religious orders. A religious reaction as lively as there is in France, and a desire to restrain ecclesiastical liberties as keen as there is in Prussia, are the warring elements which are conspicuous in every Belgian commune.

To the permanent occasions of strife which are to be found in this strangely theological country there has lately been added the revival of religious processions. In Liége, in Ghent, and in Brussels the practice of this form of devotion has caused serious riots. The pilgrims have been first hooted at and then assaulted. They have not always taken their persecution quietly, and as they have usually been armed with sticks, their assailants have not always had the best of the battle. Still a procession of pilgrims has in most cases the disadvantage that it is partly made up of women. The weaker part of the procession has to be protected, and a certain percentage of the total strength of the pilgrims must be detailed for this work. In some places the police are present to maintain order, but where public opinion is divided, and assigns the blame now to one side and now to another, the police are naturally anxious to make as few enemies as possible. The irritation of unsympathizing observers does not wholly spend itself in words or blows. Rival processions have been organized, and an image of the VIRGIN taken from some roadside chapel has been carried in mockery through the streets of Brussels. The crowd has halted at the gates of the principal convents, and before the houses of the Ministers, to denounce the POPE and the clergy. Nothing is more significant of the state of tension in which the two parties now are than the absence of any strong disapprobation of these excesses on the part of the better educated and more respectable members of the Liberal party. The *Indépendance Belge* writes of them in much the same strain as that in which the *Times* used to write of the riots at St. George's-in-the-East. It says that they are lamentable, but in the same breath they will add that they are excusable. If no provocation had been given to the people, no offence would have been taken. Logically speaking, there is no justification for this temper. The Catholics who go in procession are only using the rights which the law allows them. Their opponents, not being able to deny that religious liberty includes, among other things, the liberty of walking to church in regular

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order, try to make out that the act is political and not religious. Their position is not much bettered by this change of adjectives, for, so long as they do not interfere with other people, it is hard to see why a political party may not walk in procession just as freely as a religious party. But even if to prove that a procession is political were the same thing as to prove that it is illegal, the demonstration in the particular case is by no means conclusive. To go to a grotto built in imitation of the grotto where the VIRGIN is said to have appeared at Lourdes may be very foolish or very superstitious, but it is in no obvious sense political. The *Indépendance Belge* argues that, even if the notion of a pilgrimage to the original grotto were endurable, the same patience ought not to be extended to a procession to a sham grotto. That, as it appears to us, is the business of the persons who go in procession. If the POPE thought fit to declare that all the spiritual blessings attached to a visit to Rome might be obtained by Belgians on condition of visiting a panorama of Rome, the visit would not thereby cease to be religious or be deprived of the immunities which belong to religious acts. The two ways of gaining the indulgence may imply greater or less degrees of folly, but they do not differ in kind. If pilgrimages in the abstract appear to the Belgian Liberals to be an allowable, because a religious, superstition, they have no right to say that a pilgrimage to a particular village is not allowable because it is too ridiculous to claim the benefit of being religious. That is a question which the Belgian Catholics must settle for themselves. How they settle it may be of importance as affecting the estimate which their fellow-countrymen form of their sense, but it is of no importance as regards the lawfulness of the procession itself.

There is another aspect of the question in which the intolerance of the Belgian Liberals will appear a little less inexcusable. They think, and the language used by their adversaries occasionally gives them ground for thinking, that the Church has not altogether abandoned her claim to a very much larger share of power than she at present enjoys in Belgium. It has been the misfortune of Roman Catholics during the reign of the present POPE that they cannot frankly surrender the position of members of a State Church in countries where they have lately enjoyed it. Probably the leaders of the Belgian Ultramontanes are as well assured as their opponents that, though the Church may grow richer both in endowments and in number of members, there is no probability of her becoming anything more than one of several religions recognized and respected by the Civil Government. But to admit this in so many words would be almost treason to PIUS IX. He has so constantly insisted on the subordination of the civil to the ecclesiastical power that it is difficult for his faithful subjects to say boldly that they have neither the wish nor the thought to be any more favoured by the State than they already are. It is a consequence of this unavoidable silence that the anti-Catholic party in Belgium is alarmed as well as irritated by any display of the numerical strength of its opponents. When 25,000 Catholics go in procession to an imitation grotto, with an imitation miraculous spring trickling down the wall, it shows that the Church contains a large number of persons who are not deterred from manifesting their devotion by any fear of ridicule. These processions may be evidence that the Belgian Church has become grossly superstitious, but they are also evidence that its superstitions have not weakened its hold on the people. If the Belgian Liberals regarded it as a purely religious association, even this might not much move them. They seem to be animated by a tolerably impartial dislike of all forms of religion, and they might even be disposed to welcome anything which tends to support their favourite thesis that theological belief has a direct tendency to degrade and debase the mind. But when they are not quite easy as to the political objects of the Church which can command this amount of popular support, they are naturally disturbed by the spectacle of an enthusiasm which they think too irrational to be argued with and too formidable to be despised.

It is difficult to determine whether the Roman Catholic Church is well or ill advised in giving so much prominence to the theatrical side of its creed. It is a policy which has the effect of intensifying opposition and alienating some who might be more friendly to religion if the ecclesiastical authorities did not go out of their way to make religion distasteful to them. On the other hand, the devotion of a large section of Catholics is stimulated by these processions, and the ineffective and intermittent persecution of which those who compose them are the object is perhaps more likely than anything else to maintain this devotion at fever-heat.

THE INSTRUCTIONS ON RECRUITING.

THE Instructions on Recruiting issued by the authorities from 1870 to 1874 have been lately published, without throwing much light on the condition of the army. The memorandum on "the advantages of the army," issued in 1874, probably produced as much effect among the working classes as a leader on the same subject in the *Times*. These "advantages" are all very well in their way, but as Mr. HARDY owns, "it is very difficult to set a money value on "them, for they are of a kind to which the working-man "is altogether a stranger." But the working-man is not a stranger to the difference between a shilling and half-a-crown. Commanding officers are directed to take care that soldiers proceeding on furlough have the means of making those "advantages" known at their homes. Unfortunately, however, the soldier on furlough, as General SHUTE told the House of Commons, often arrives among his friends in the condition of a pauper, so that he offers in his own person a discouraging illustration of the "advantages" which he is desired to explain.

The instructions issued to medical officers and recruiting officers may perhaps be appealed to to show what the army is meant to be; but the statements of experienced officers and the admissions of Mr. HARDY prove conclusively what the army is. Sir HENRY HAVELOCK endeavours to defend Lord CARDWELL'S system, and at the same time admits that some 10 per cent. of our infantry would never make efficient soldiers, or it would take two or three years to make them efficient, and, he said, "the simple remedy is "not to take men of an inferior stamp." In a former speech the same speaker had said that the country was resting on a delusion, "full 20 per cent. of the infantry troops not "being fit for service," and he had also said that the country was "gradually coming to an emergency." As he assured the House of Commons that the speech he addressed to it last week was, in effect, a repetition of this former speech, we must assume that, when he said that Lord CARDWELL'S system will not be in full force for seven years, he meant the same thing as when he said that the country was gradually coming to an emergency. And this, in fact, is what everybody, more or less guardedly, is obliged to say. Mr. BASS thought the discussion had demonstrated that our recruiting system was very defective, and that the present condition of our army was most unsatisfactory, and he added that he was old enough to remember the ballot, and thought we must go back to it. Any intelligent and unprejudiced person reading the speeches to which Mr. BASS had listened would agree with him. But if the military critics of the system left any doubt in a reader's mind, he would surely be convinced by Mr. HARDY'S answer to them. Reference had been made to the Crimean war, in which we first employed seasoned soldiers, and afterwards raw boys. Mr. HARDY, being officially bound to defend his predecessor's system until he is ready to abolish it, represents it in effect as a system by which the raw boys are first brought forward, while the seasoned soldiers are kept to supply the gaps made by war. It is not absolutely certain that the so-called Reserve may not prefer to live to fight another day; but, without pressing that point against Mr. HARDY, we would ask him whether he thinks that if the recruits of 1855 had formed the army of 1854, the campaign of that year would have been such that we could look back upon it with pride. The emphatic testimony of our allies is the best record of what our soldiers did in that campaign, and it may suffice to say that it was the work of men. When military speakers wish to declare their disapprobation of the army as it is, they compare the regiments which they now see with those which they saw in the Crimea in June 1855, and they express the hope that such regiments may not be opposed to the existing army of any European Power. Mr. HARDY quotes military authorities who recommend that you should catch your recruit at eighteen years of age, but he omits to add that the same authorities advise that you should keep your recruit until he is thirty. This unfortunate Minister speaks like a counsel defending a murderer who is certain to be hanged. The existing system is con-

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condemned by the admissions which its advocate is compelled to make. "There may be a great necessity—I am inclined "to admit there is a necessity—that we should expedite "the means of filling up the cadres in the case of urgent "need." These words are attributed by the *Times* to Mr. HARDY, and no ingenuity of that journal can attenuate the force of them. Again, the same speaker is reported to have said:—"As long as the present system of sending "abroad our oldest and most seasoned soldiers, and of "keeping our youngest men at home, exists, so long will "our army appear to be composed of an undue proportion "of young soldiers." Surely these words, taken in their ordinary sense, are conclusive of the whole matter. Mr. HARDY cannot intend to suggest that the appearance of this army is different from its reality.

As Lord CARDWELL cannot answer with his own mouth speeches made in the House of Commons, it is only fair to see what can be said for his system in the *Times*. The Instructions on Recruiting are allowed to indicate a difficulty in obtaining a full supply of satisfactory recruits—"a difficulty probably felt by all employers in turn." These words, which have been used by the *Times* this week, are in the same strain as Mr. HARDY'S speech of last week; they virtually abandon the case which they affect to maintain. It is true that the Railway Companies, and the police authorities, and other employers of labour, have felt this difficulty; and they have met it in the proper business-like way by offering increased direct pecuniary inducement to enter their respective services. It is only the largest and richest employer of labour—that is, the State—that attempts to get more than a shilling's worth for a shilling, and, as might be expected from the general intelligence of the working class, fails. It seems as if the War Office, when it issued these instructions, really believed that an old song represented an existing fact:—

> How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
> And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day.

The soldier on furlough might as well be instructed to say or sing these lines as to make known at his home the "advantages of the army" as per Appendix A. to G. O. 36 of 1874. We offer a shilling a day and advantages on which, as Mr. HARDY says, it is difficult to set a money value, and we want a man who is worth half-a-crown a day. It is not, however, desirable to increase largely the immediate pay. All experienced officers deprecate that step, while at the same time they urge a definite and considerable increase of deferred pay. As General SHUTE tersely puts it, the country must pay in purse or person. We should prefer to say that the country must pay in both; but let us clearly establish the defect and then consider as to the remedy. The *Times* quotes an Instruction of 1870, repeated in 1873, which directs the inspecting officer "to look princi-"pally to the man's general appearance, and consider "whether he would as a regimental officer wish for such a "recruit." The authorities are entitled to credit for issuing this Instruction, which nevertheless is likely to be construed even by officers who do not read Latin on the principle *quocunque modo rem*. Besides, a regimental officer may wish for, or be willing to take under ordinary circumstances, a youth as a recruit whom he would be sorry to lead next month on a campaign, knowing that he would be only an encumbrance. "These young men," says the *Times*, "will grow "into strong and probably well-developed members of the "Reserve Force," and in an emergency we should fall back, not upon raw recruits, but upon trained soldiers. This is about the best that can be said for Lord CARDWELL'S plan, and our answer to it is twofold. In the first place, we must obstinately persist in looking, not at the future, but at the present; and in the present we have Mr. HARDY'S authority for saying, not that the army is composed of an undue proportion of young soldiers, but that it appears to be so. The old maxim, "De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio," seems to be applicable to old and seasoned soldiers. They are perhaps at Gibraltar, or Malta, or in India, but they are not at this moment visible to the unassisted eye at home. And, secondly, supposing the individual soldiers of the Reserve Force to be promptly forthcoming in case of war, all the work of allotting them to regiments, clothing, equipping, and arming them would have to be done in those few days of anxious hurry within which a Continental country might be overrun. The pamphlets published by officers of more or less experience on Lord CARDWELL'S system dwell strongly on this defect, which amounts to leaving the work of organization to be done after war has broken out. The men of this Reserve Force would neither know their officers nor be known to them. It would be lucky if they could be got clothed before being sent on service; and although it is true that soldiers of some regiments fought at Waterloo in Militia uniforms, yet that precedent, if followed, might perhaps mislead us, for these reasons among others, that we have no WELLINGTON to command our army nor any Peninsular veterans to give it steadiness.

It is of course proper for Mr. HARDY to affect surprise that the Reserve is not likely to be completed as rapidly as had been anticipated. He thinks, and so do we, that his noble predecessor overestimated the number that would come in year by year. Further, he cannot help feeling that which strikes every experienced officer so strongly, that a Reserve should be organized before a war begins. Mr. HARDY got at last as far as saying, that whoever is War Minister must contemplate the possibility of having to call into action the ballot for the Militia. We may leave the present WAR MINISTER to contemplate this possibility, and at the same time to devise means for letting his noble predecessor down gently.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

THE HOME SECRETARY'S guarded answer to the deputation which on Thursday brought under his notice the recent decision closing the Brighton Aquarium on Sundays will probably be regarded as on the whole satisfactory. He was of course careful not to commit the Government to anything very definite, but he indicated plainly enough his own sympathy with rational freedom; and it may be assumed that he will have no difficulty in persuading his colleagues to adopt a similar view. There is perhaps hardly any subject on which public opinion in this country is so little really divided as on that of the observance of Sunday. The idea of spending the day in the Continental fashion, with work and play going on together, is regarded with almost universal repugnance; but, on the other hand, there is equally little desire for the enforcement of a puritanical dulness and solemnity. Ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred are perfectly agreed that what is wanted is the largest amount of good-natured toleration which is compatible with the quiet and decorum which are deemed appropriate to the day. Delicate questions may of course now and then arise as to where the line is to be drawn, but the broad principle on which legislation should be based is clear enough, and is almost universally accepted. Sunday is not to be turned into a working day, with shops and theatres open as at other times; but every one is to be free to take his pleasure in his own way, as long as it does not seriously jar upon the feelings or comfort of the rest of the community. It is sometimes argued that, if any kind of public amusement is allowed on Sunday, all amusements must be made equally legal; but that is nonsense. There may be a very good reason why a respectable aquarium should be open on a Sunday, while plays and races are forbidden. The prevailing sentiment and temper of the public must in such a case be taken into account, and the question to be determined is simply how far any particular entertainment fits in with the sobriety and decorum of the day. Nothing can on the face of it be more monstrous than that public-houses which have only drink to offer should be left open, while places which possess other attractions in the way of natural history or pretty gardens are rigorously closed. It is obvious that the Brighton Aquarium is on a Sunday in exactly the same position as a public-house, except that it affords people something to look at as well as to drink, and that the chances are that the gratification of an innocent curiosity will tend to counteract the temptation to indulge too freely in stimulants. It is quite right that sports and theatrical performances should be prohibited on Sunday, inasmuch as they are out of keeping with the repose which is the object of the day; but any form of quiet recreation which does not employ much labour, and which competes with mere boozing in the public-house, should surely be rather encouraged than suppressed.

It cannot be doubted that the Act which has just been rescued from oblivion owes its continued existence to this day only to its having been utterly lost sight of; and it is impossible to imagine any enactment more completely at

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variance with the temper or necessities of the present time. It is interesting to go back to the origin of the measure, and to observe the circumstances under which it was passed. The idea of it seems to have originated with Bishop PORTEUS, who, in a letter given in his Life, explains his reasons for it. The winter of 1780 was, he says, "distinguished by a new species of dissipation and pro-"faneness" in the form of a Sunday evening Promenade which was held at Carlisle House in Soho Square. It professed to be a place where people merely walked up and down, talked, and drank tea and coffee; but the BISHOP declares that it was chiefly frequented by disreputable people for immoral purposes. This was denied by the proprietors of Carlisle House in a petition to Parliament, in which they drew a touching picture of the difficulties of "genteel people" for whom there was no "place of polite resort where conversation and exercise "might be united in a general society on Sunday evenings "after divine service without subjecting persons of superior "rank to mix with inferior orders of people in tea-houses," and who were consequently tempted to go to "private "assemblies where play, music, and drinking were too "frequently introduced." It was therefore in the interests of sobriety and morality that they established the "decent "and virtuous institution" of the Promenade, which was frequented by the "first" nobility of both sexes, the clergy, and justices of the peace; and if some persons of light behaviour did obtain admission, they were probably sent by enemies to discredit the place. Most people will be disposed to believe that the BISHOP was not far wrong as to the use which was made of the Promenade; but it was urged at the time of the debate that there was no necessity for a special Act to put down any disorders of this kind; and there can, at any rate, be no question that at the present day the general powers of the police are quite sufficient for the purpose. There was, however, another evil which distressed the good BISHOP perhaps even more than the Promenade, and this was the Sunday evening meetings which were held in public rooms, under the names of Christian Societies, Religious Societies, Theological Academies, &c., and at which all sorts of theological questions were discussed by ignorant and unauthorized persons, to the destruction, as Dr. PORTEUS contended, of all religious principle. Mr. Justice BLACKBURN suggested at the recent trial that the real object of these meetings was of a political character, but there is no indication of this either in Dr. PORTEUS's letter or in the speech of Solicitor-General MANSFIELD in introducing the Bill. It may be assumed, however, that free speech on any subject was regarded at that day as savouring of disaffection, and no doubt the Government thought it necessary on public grounds to silence troublesome talkers. This part of the Act has equally ceased to be applicable to the practices of the present day. It is true no doubt that there are still, as the preamble of the Act complains, "unlearned and incompetent" persons who take upon themselves to expound texts which they do not understand. But every kind of religious discussion which does not disturb public order is freely permitted, and there is nothing in the circumstance of money being taken at the doors to affect the character of the proceedings.

It will be observed that both parts of the Act have thus become obsolete. It has not been heard of for a great many years, and its resuscitation has excited general surprise and indignation. No abuses have, in fact, arisen during its suspension to justify its being once more revived, and if anything could make such a proceeding more intolerable, it would be that it is left at the caprice of any single fanatic to put it in operation. The effect of the law is of course not limited to the particular cases to which it has been applied, and a vast amount of inconvenience and injury must have been occasioned by this sudden springing of an unsuspected mine. Under these circumstances it is clearly the duty of the Government to lose no time in bringing the law into accordance with the common sense of the country. The natural course would be simply to repeal a law which for many years has never been enforced or even thought of; but the least that can be done is to place the operation of the Act under the control of the Law Officers of the Crown.

THE FUTURE OF THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

IT is undeniable that a sense of uneasiness has taken the place of the genial satisfaction with which the system of competition for public offices was till lately regarded. Even the *Spectator* has lately appeared willing to concede the possession of "brains" to a few persons here and there who are so unfortunate as to have had great-grandfathers. In a decade or so a doubt may possibly arise in the mind of Sir Gregory Hardlines whether the complete abolition of patronage, selection, and nomination is not open to a few objections. In spite of Mr. Lowe's criticisms, and of Mr. Grant Duff's reassuring estimate of the physical and moral qualities of the rising generation of district officials in India, the whole subject, so far from being settled, is now engaging the attention of high authorities in three or four different quarters, to an extent which has had no parallel since the close of the Mutiny. The Civil Service Commissioners appear to hold that it is not desirable to make any important changes in the present mode of tuition and selection. One eminent member of the Indian Council has openly given his adherence to any plan which will enable selected candidates to complete their career at the Universities. And the members of Congregation at Oxford, while they would leave details to be settled and modifications to be introduced hereafter, incline to the opinion that a closer and more prolonged connexion of Indian candidates with the University will broaden the whole scheme of the academical course of study, will impart a polish to the rough material of successful competition, and will elevate the standard of official agency in India itself. While this inevitable triangular duel is going on between the authorities above referred to, and while the ultimate decision must await a reference to the Viceroy and the rulers of the Presidencies, we desire to contribute a few suggestions, and to consider the discussion under an aspect in which it does not appear to have suggested itself to more than one or two casual critics.

Every one will admit that a sprinkling of men who have taken honours at the English Universities, in a Civil Service no longer mainly consisting of nominees of Directors and hard-headed Scotchmen, is very desirable. And there may be no difficulty in acceding to the further proposition that certain branches of study specially needed by or imposed on the resident candidates should be taught by Professors at Oxford and Cambridge. At present the candidates, scattered about London, resort for instruction to a miscellaneous class of teachers who discharge the functions of Oriental Gurus, Pundits, and Munshis; missionaries retired from active life, ex-captains of the native army, natives whose power of imparting instruction is by no means on a par with their actual knowledge. But, granting that we could get over the difficulty pointed out by the Boden Professor, and that funds may be forthcoming to provide lecturers at Oxford for one additional vernacular language of Bengal, for two of Bombay, and probably for three of Madras, it by no means follows that it is expedient to force upon all selected candidates a residence at Oxford, still less that it is indispensable to bring the degree of B.A. within every man's reach. In saying this we do not endorse Mr. Lowe's preference for burying embryo civilians in the wilderness of London; nor do we rate very highly the kind of acquaintance with the mart, the counting-house, and the senate, which young men, none of whom are in very independent or affluent circumstances, are likely to acquire in their modest lodgings. It was of course to be expected that Mr. Lowe would not lose an opportunity of disparaging the studies to which he owes his debating power, or the University which practically made him what he is from what he was; but there are other difficulties in the way of a two or three years' residence. There is the question of expense, which is not easily surmounted, especially in the case of men who cannot complete their Indian studies without pecuniary assistance from the State. And it may appear invidious or unfair to localize at one University a scheme which has been broadly thrown open to all England. Then it is also possible to overrate the effect of the letters B.A. on the future career of the English official and on the native intellect. There is another phase of existence in which we must very soon begin to regard the civilian besides that of the undergraduate or the Bachelor of Arts. We have to view him as the Assistant Magistrate. A few years ago the Civil Service Commissioners published a list of appointments enjoyed by members of the Bengal Civil Service, with their emoluments and other particulars, and they very naturally dilated on the splendid opportunities for public utility and personal comfort, and on the dignity and independence now within the reach of men who required neither advocate nor patron to win them entrance into a charmed circle. Other writers gave point and effect to these seductive proclamations by showing what had already fallen to the lot of young men the offspring of competition, none of whom was over thirty. One man was Under-Secretary to the Government of his own Presidency. Another had been called up to the Supreme Government, or the Government of India, as it is correctly termed, and was passing his life delightfully between Calcutta in the cold season and Simla in the heat and rains. A third was Junior Secretary to a Board of Revenue charged with the collection and management of several millions. Of the rest, some were placed in frontier posts requiring a more than average amount of readiness, resources, and ability; and others were in charge of districts or subdivisions of districts which, somehow, were invariably compared to Yorkshire for their vast extent, and to parts of Belgium for their numerous population. All this was perfectly true. But while no mention was made of others who had not been quite so fortunate, who knew nothing of the delights of hill stations, and had not to advise on intricate problems affecting agriculture, exports, gaol management, police, conservancy urban and suburban, and so on,

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these writers entirely omitted to point out the process of initiation by which young civilians became qualified for such dignified and influential places.

Now it is an Indian axiom that no official will be fit for picked situations in Secretariats and Boards until he has served an apprenticeship of some few years in the interior of the country, has learnt thoroughly the law and practice of the criminal and revenue courts, and has mixed as familiarly with the people as social, religious, and political differences will admit. No one, whatever his knowledge of jurisprudence, will in a twelvemonth be converted into a Registrar of one of the High Courts; nor, for all his classical tastes or literary accomplishments, will he be pitchforked at once into the Home, Financial, or Foreign Office. He must give some proof of ability to manage the native population, and to speak and write the native tongues. And active service in India is very often begun under circumstances of isolation and estrangement, while experience is gradually acquired by wading through petty, unattractive, and ignoble details. Society may be a blank. Some men are fortunately posted to the head-quarters of divisions, where there is a Commissioner, a chaplain, and more than the usual number of Government officers. Others are sent to fine military cantonments, occupied by something besides the wing of a native regiment or a police battalion. But the larger proportion of candidates will be relegated to quiet stations where the English society is composed of a judge of twenty years' standing, another man who is at once head magistrate and chief collector, a couple of juniors in the same departments, a superintendent of police, and a civil surgeon. There the graduate or B.A. must make up his mind to forget his academical honours and go to school again. To distribute stamped papers, to superintend the weighing of retailed opium, to accompany the magistrate in his visits to the gaol or to the police, to take down the evidence and to decide the issues of petty squabbles in the bazaar, or to extract the small residuum of truth from a long tale of oppression vociferated by a wretched rustic who talks grandly of harried cattle, plundered crops, rifled garners, and ruined households; to breathe an official atmosphere of deceit, corruption, subterfuge, and chicanery, and, when the feeling of novelty has worn off, to be animated mainly by a sense of public duty and a hope of future advancement and honour—this may sound very easy in theory, but it has often proved unpleasant, revolting, and burdensome in practice. It may be argued, on the other hand, that this sort of life is preferable to an ill-paid curacy in an East-end parish, or to confinement in the City at a merchant's counting-house or a solicitor's desk. But where there is so little of florid Eastern romance, and so much of villanous Asiatic reality, it seems to us more germane to the matter to inquire, not what honorific additions the young civilian ought to carry out with him, but at what age he is most likely to take readily to drudgery in his *cutcherry*, and to adapt himself to duties which are irksome and depressing. Surely, when a young man has shown incontestably that he has been trained to exercise his memory, his imagination, his powers of assimilation and reproduction, as he must have done by passing for the Civil Service in a crowd of two hundred competitors, the sooner he can be set to actual work the better for himself and the people whom he is to govern. There are always at first some theories to be surrendered and some prejudices to be thrown overboard. Many things must be taken on tradition or trust; strange and repulsive details are to be mastered in the hope that accumulation of minute facts may lead to a power of correct generalization; and occasionally a sense of dissatisfaction and impatience has to be conquered when the candidate finds that the intellect which distanced competitors, delighted crammers, and extorted compliments from grave examiners, must be toned down to decide whether the policeman or the thief be the greater rascal, or whether a tale of assault and battery be a simple lie or a pardonable exaggeration. Many a classical scholar, we are afraid, who begins his career in banishment to Eastern Bengal or a hot station in the Punjab, thinks of the Roman shut up in Seriphus or Gyarus, and may deem his own lot not much better than the ragged official described by Juvenal, whose duty it was—

> Vasa minora
> frangere, pannosus vacuis ædilis Ulubris.

There is, we admit, a good deal to be said in favour of the plan of continuing to train young men who have gained appointments while yet under age, until they have passed their majority; for supplying, as far as possible, the blank left by the abolition of Haileybury; and for bringing the members of a service together in some new institution where they may be removed from temptation, subjected to salutary control and to "mutual attrition," and may keep up that sound *esprit de corps* which no disciplined and organized service can ever afford to ridicule or discard. But a most important question is the precise age at which elasticity of temperament and soundness of scholarship are most likely to be found united. No discussion as to the value of academical distinctions can ignore this. And we trust that no anxiety to crown this career by a Bachelor's degree will blind authorities to practical issues which concern the soundness and efficiency of the whole Indian administration. Given a set of men with intellects disciplined to grasp and assimilate new facts, and with characters of weight enough to command and enforce the respect of strange nations, and neither Sikh Sirdar, nor haughty Rajput, nor acute Pundit from Mithila or Benares will stop to inquire whether their rulers have stayed long enough at the cloisters of Oxford to add two or three unknown and mysterious quantities to their official titles. There is not the least fear that pure scholarship and intellectual ability will be found deficient under the present system of recruiting the Civil Service. What we want to secure is the elastic and energetic temperament which is not unfavourably impressed by close contact with a depraved Eastern civilization, and the vigorous judgment which shows that the modern Englishman, like the old Roman, is born to govern and command.

But while doctors are disputing about length of terms and academic distinctions, another and a much more unpleasant question has arisen in the minds of those who have long passed beyond the precincts of lecture-rooms and the dread of examiners. A Correspondent of the *Times* has well expressed the dissatisfaction of his contemporaries at finding that many positions in the Punjab, Oudh, and what are known as the non-regulation provinces, have been assigned to military men and to members of the uncovenanted service, to the manifest prejudice of the carefully trained Civil competitioner. It seems to be admitted both by the Government of India and by the late Secretary of State that the present generation of civilians have "grave reason for complaint"; that they have relied on gracious assurances which have not been fulfilled; and that officers of the staff corps and nominees of Lieutenant-Governors are sharing the posts or monopolizing the salaries which had been held out as attractions for the regular Covenanted Service. Mr. Lowe has given notice of another question which the published correspondence seems fully to justify. But there is another quarter from which the interests and privileges of the Civil Service are now threatened to which no great publicity has been given in England. When the Government of the East India Company ceased in 1858, and that of the Queen succeeded, it was provided that all the existing laws about appointments, employments, and promotions should remain in force, and that "such persons only as had been certified by the Civil Service Commissioners should be appointed to the Civil Service." Shortly after this gratifying assurance, which was confirmed by the English Commissioners in their Report to Government, some little alarm and anxiety was occasioned by the passing of an Act, in 1861, which declared that persons other than covenanted officers might be appointed to posts hitherto exclusively reserved for members of the service. Several members of the Indian Council, including such men as Sir Charles Mills, Mr. Mangles, and Lord Lawrence, then a member of that body, stoutly protested against the Act as a positive breach of faith. Nothing, however, was really done after the law had passed. It was, in England and India, believed to be *brutum fulmen*, and the discontent died away. But in 1870 a second Act was passed, which authorized the Viceroy, with the consent of the Secretary of State, to let into the Civil Service *per saltum* natives of India who had not won their spurs by competitive examination, but had practically shown remarkable qualifications in subordinate posts. Still no action was taken on this further measure, because no rules were framed to give it effect. Very recently, however, it has become known in India that the Government now intends to make this enactment a living force instead of a dead record. And from a memorial printed for circulation amongst the Civil Servants it is very clear that this announcement has created serious alarm amongst the whole body in Bengal. A remonstrance, couched in dignified and respectful language, has been addressed to the Secretary of State. From one point of view the arguments of the memorialists seem perfectly conclusive and morally unanswerable. Solemn promises, they say, have been made; long lists of appointments have been guaranteed exclusively to those who come in at the door, and do not climb over the wall; young men of education and intelligence have, on the faith of these guarantees, been invited to compete and to abandon home and friends for an Indian career. Now they are suddenly told that natives are to be put in over their heads, or at least may be suddenly placed in judgeships and so forth, to which the civilian magistrate and collector had been all along taught to look as his own. It seems to us no argument in reply to this to say that the number of appointments which will be bestowed on Govindo Lalla from Delhi, or on the Boses and Ghoses of Bengal will not exceed three or four in any one year. Nothing will justify a deliberate want of faith. And nothing can be more injurious to good government than to foster a disloyal and discontented spirit in the Civil Service. It would be the next thing to a mutiny of the army.

The subject is too large to be discussed at the close of an article; and we shall only say, in conclusion, that if it be necessary to promote natives of tried merit and capacity to more lucrative situations, the thing can easily be done by the creation of three or four special appointments to be held by them, or by raising the salaries of native incumbents to a degree commensurate with their characters and services. It is no doubt very right to associate natives with us in the government of their own country, and to invest the Viceroy and his lieutenants with the power of selecting first-rate Mohammedans and Hindus for this end. But the good will of the Oriental community or of old native families would be dearly purchased by any measures which would engender bitterness and irritation among the whole body of Englishmen, or which would afford any foundation whatever for a popular belief that a great Government had deliberately preferred political expediency to the redemption of solemn pledges, and to the maintenance of public good faith.

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THE SERMON TRADE.

THE irrepressible Sermon question has once more broken out, and the comments which have been made upon it reveal the difficulty of getting any hearing for the most obvious considerations of common sense. Young clergymen, it appears, are in the habit of buying manuscript or lithographed sermons and preaching them as their own. The dealers in this commodity use their power, it is further said, to extort money from their victims. When a man has once bought such articles, he is threatened with exposure if he does not continue to subscribe; and there are some clergymen, it is added, weak enough to give in to such threats. Upon all which there are two or three obvious remarks. A man who buys a sermon and tries to pass it off for his own is guilty of a dishonourable action, and deserves a certain amount of inconvenience. The practice ought, if possible, to be put down; though it is so easy to conceal it that its complete suppression is not very likely to take place. As for the supposed extortion, we can only say that it is an interesting illustration of the want of worldly wisdom characteristic of a certain part of the clergy. We will not say that a man who is poor-spirited enough to submit to such bullying deserves what he gets; but we must agree that he is one of those feeble creatures who are pretty sure to come to grief in one way or other in a world full of cheats and extortioners. We should be very glad to hear that one of the scoundrels who carry on such practices was caught and punished; but we would hope that the extent of this particular roguery was over-estimated.

The further question is of course raised, how the system of sermon-writing is to be put upon a better footing? Why are the clergy—or some of them—forced to such unworthy expedients? The difficulty is not to answer such a question, but to imagine why anybody should ask it. Let us endeavour to obtain some kind of measure of the literary value of the ordinary sermon. Anybody who desires to know what is within the power of the average clergyman may take up one of the inferior magazines and read one of the articles which serve for "padding." He will probably admit that it has neither style nor thought, and that, in short, it is the kind of stuff of which a clever man might pour out an indefinite supply without preparation, and which is useful, at most, to beguile a dull ten minutes waiting for a train. Yet we must remember that the article has been written by some one who probably makes or ekes out a living by it, and who has very strong motives, if not for doing his best, at least for keeping up to a certain mark necessary to secure regular employment. It has very probably cost the author a good deal of pains and polish, and represents his most serious work, not the occupation of his spare hours. The author moreover has had the choice of a wide range of subjects, and has hit upon that which he thinks likely to be popular at the moment. He is not restrained by any severe sense of decorum, and can use as freely as possible any telling illustrations which occur to him. Moreover, if editors speak the truth, they probably receive at least a score of similar articles for every one that they publish. The author, that is, is in some sense a picked man, and possesses powers of writing which, however small their intrinsic value, are distinctly above the average. And yet the only result is the production of a kind of stuff which runs through the reader's mind without making any definite impression. He will no more remember it a week after reading it than he will remember the peculiar flavour of an ordinary mutton-chop a year after its consumption.

Now the majority of the young clergy who enlighten us week by week are necessarily of the calibre, not of the writers of such articles, but of the writers of the rejected articles, or perhaps rather of those who do not even aspire to write articles. They have no literary taste whatever, and, but for the compulsion of their profession, would no more write sermons than they would indulge in acrobatic performances before their congregations. They have to write upon subjects which have been treated thousands—we should rather say millions—of times by men of much greater power than themselves. Every conceivable reflection bearing upon the topic has been expressed over and over again in every possible variety of form by the greatest and by the weakest men who have occupied the pulpit in all ages. What is to be hoped under such circumstances? Why should we be absurd enough to expect anything remarkable or original from thousands of young men, who have accumulated scraps enough of secondhand thought to satisfy their examiners, and who are immediately ordered to get into the pulpit and enlighten the world by the practice of one of the most difficult of arts? In English public life the power of making a good speech is the greatest recommendation to power, and is valued, as some people say, at a preposterous rate. And yet, though every member of Parliament has the strongest possible motives for attaining excellence, and has to speak upon subjects which awake the liveliest interest, there are probably not half a dozen men in the House of Commons who can really produce an oratorical effect. Why should we suppose that a power so sparsely distributed should be found in a greater number of average young men, speaking, not because they have something to say, but because they are forced to say something? So long as our system is what it is, we must be utterly unreasonable not to be amply content if out of a hundred sermons there is one that is passably good. Of the ninety-nine others it should be quite as much as we can fairly expect if they are—as they generally are—thoroughly inoffensive.

The facts, indeed, are too obvious to be overlooked. How is an improvement to be obtained? Various suggestions are regularly put forward upon these occasions. One is that young men should be trained to speak; another, that they should be encouraged to preach the sermons of other people; and a third, that preaching should not be exacted from all the clergy. We cannot discuss fully proposals which would involve very serious changes in the ecclesiastical organization of the country; but there are two or three considerations which require to be often put forward, because they are so often overlooked. The theory, for example, that the clergy ought to be trained to speak may be a good one in its way; but it is palpably and ludicrously insufficient. The first condition of good oratory is that the orator should have something to say. No amount of training in the proper manner of speaking can remedy the defect of utter emptiness of mind. To train a man to make utter insipidity of thought interesting in expression is a hopeless task. The theory that this part of the art can be taught is like the theory that sufficient training would enable a cart-horse to win the Derby. Where the original force is wanting, no amount of training and pruning away of faults can give positive excellence. You can teach a man to open his mouth and keep his lungs full, but if the only result is the clearer utterance of nonentities, the labour will produce little result. Something perhaps might be done towards the eradication of certain awkward tricks of demeanour; but it is hopeless to suppose that any quantity of polish bestowed upon a common pebble will make it into a diamond, or that you can drill the ordinary young Englishman into oratorical excellence. With infinite pains you can teach some lads not to make gross false quantities; but no labour will teach one in a hundred to write passable Latin verse. The task of making orators is still more difficult, and, indeed, but for the regular recurrence of the advice to attempt it in letters to the newspapers, we should have thought that the plan would have been universally abandoned. The objections are too palpable to be worth dilating on.

It is at first sight a more promising plan to propose that preachers should openly make use of other men's writing. Addison suggested this device in the case of Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain a century and a half ago, and it has been tried often enough. Mr. Bellew, we are told, who was a good reader, though not a first-rate thinker, used to charm his congregations with sermons from South and Jeremy Taylor. But the plan will not bear investigation. The art of good reading, in the first place, is not much less difficult than the art of good speaking, nor much more capable of being taught. Few men are born with the dramatic instinct any more than with the rhetorical; and without some share of that instinct, reading always wants the vivacity of the utterance of one's own thoughts. "A poor thing, but mine own," is a sufficient defence of many inferior sermons. The real difficulty, however, is with the congregation. If a man conceals the practice, he is acting dishonourably; if he openly avows it, he will find that his congregation will infallibly begin to yawn. Perhaps they may be wrong, but that is not the question. The fact is, we believe, undeniable, and might be established by the experience of many who have tried the plan. Nor is it so unreasonable as appears at first sight. The pleasure of hearing good oratory depends upon the sense of being brought into personal contact with the orator. It is the electric flash of sympathy which makes listening to living speech so incomparably more effective than reading. The book acts like a non-conducting medium. The thoughts may be far better, and the language more perfect; but the life and the spirit are gone. You are not brought into contact with the speaker, but hearing something which he thinks would be good for you. When a man gives you his own thoughts, you recognize by an instinct which defies analysis his sincerity, his earnestness, and the strength of his emotion. When he is giving you another man's thoughts, you may perhaps be interested; but there is no spontaneous thrill of sentiment conveyed by the speaker's presence. If we were perfectly logical human beings, affected equally by the same argument, whatever its origin, the case would be different. But the very theory of oratory is founded on the fact that we are not logical. Oratory is the art of enforcing argument by personal sympathy; and anything which breaks the rule is fatal to its success. The preacher should be allowed to become sometimes a reader; but in being a reader he necessarily adopts a radically different position in regard to his audience, and loses half his power.

There remains a method which certainly seems more to the purpose. The best remedy for bad oratory is to silence the orator. If the preachers who cannot preach were allowed to hold their tongues, and if those who can preach had greater opportunities, there can be no doubt that the general level of sermons might be raised. If, in short, the duty of preaching were made a separate branch of the clerical profession, we should speedily find an improvement in sermons. To teach a man oratory by a series of lectures is, as we have said, a hopeless task; but there is a way in which a man of natural capabilities may be encouraged to bring them to greater perfection. That is, by allowing him to devote himself to oratory as a profession, and to feel that his success in life depends upon it. An art which cannot be taught in the schools may be perfected in the great school of life. A lawyer or a politician learns what is the most effective way of employing his talents as a speaker, because his rise to the Bench or the Cabinet is materially affected by his success. A clergyman may have higher motives, though the lower need not be entirely excluded. If preaching were a distinct clerical function, to which those clergymen only were told off who showed some natural aptitude, sermons would not only be delivered by abler speakers, but the preachers themselves would be able to bring their art to

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greater perfection. They would make the delivery of sermons their main object, instead of intercalating the composition of a sermon into the spare half-hours which intervene between other duties. Persons to whom nature had denied the faculty would not be forced to inflict themselves upon drowsy audiences. By such a system there can be no doubt that the average merit of sermons might be considerably improved. Whether it would on other grounds be desirable is a question far too wide for discussion here. We need only observe that there is something to be set against the obvious advantages. There is an advantage, within certain limits, in forcing all clergymen to preach, and we have already indicated its nature. The weekly sermon, however feeble it may be, does produce a certain personal relation between the clergyman and his congregation which can be gained in no other way. The discipline may be good for the preacher, if not for the audience. It forces him to ask himself regularly what he has to say that ordinary people will care to hear, and to consider what are the topics which will move the mass of mankind to share the opinions and adopt the practices which he recommends. These are very important considerations, and, though the necessity of preaching may sometimes make him callous instead of sensitive to his responsibilities, perhaps the average result may be to force upon the clergy a keener sense than they would otherwise have of the necessity of being provided with a plain answer to some very plain questions.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

IT cannot be doubted that in one way or another the country gets value for its money spent on Arctic exploration. Without adopting extravagant hopes from the expedition which starts to-day, we may at least say that it will be a useful school of seamanship, and will add considerably to scientific knowledge. If we could disregard political considerations, it would be difficult to understand the motive of that miscalled economy which has hitherto refused to prosecute, with the increased facilities supplied by steam, the researches of sailing-ships by which Parry, John and James Ross, and their associates and successors enhanced at once the reputation and efficiency of their country's navy. However, the present Government has taken a step both popular and prudent in providing an outlet for the enterprise of seamen, and a subject for public interest which is at least wholesome, although liable perhaps to be carried to a ludicrous extreme. Among the encouragements to British seamen in former times to do their duty we do not remember that the speeches and recitations of the Mayor of Portsmouth had any appreciable effect. Captain Nares and his officers and crews are more fortunate than their predecessors in this service, for to them *laudator eloquentissimus* has become appropriated even before their exploits have been performed. It is mentioned as an important or interesting circumstance that the same gentleman who has been making speeches to the Arctic expedition also made a speech to Lord Napier of Magdala, and another Mayor of Portsmouth made a speech to the Ashantee troops. We may add that a clever French musician, becoming for the time more English than the English themselves, produced a grand composition, vocal and instrumental, on the subject of the Ashantee war, and the same talent might perhaps be induced to exercise itself upon a voyage to the North Pole.

One result of the employment of steam in these expeditions is that they need not start so early in the season as was formerly necessary. In 1850 steam was just beginning to be used, but only for tenders to the ships principally relied on; and we find that the *Resolute* and *Assistance* sailing-ships, accompanied by the *Pioneer* and *Intrepid* steamers arrived at Yarmouth on their outward voyage on the 4th May. The late Rear-Admiral Sherard Osborn, who commanded the *Pioneer* in this voyage, conveys a clear idea of the pace set by the sailing-ships by quoting the old seaman's song:—

> We sailed by Fairlee, by Beachey, and Dungeness,
> Until the North Foreland light we did see.

But a "nor'-wester" on the Scotch coast irresistibly dispersed the squadron. The sailing-ships hauled dead on a wind under close-reefed topsails performed a stationary movement called "pile-driving" by sailors, which would, if the breeze had lasted, have carried them to the coast of Holland. The two steam-vessels meanwhile drew rapidly away. Their ill-assorted comrades did not sight Cape Farewell until the 27th May. "Our bluff-bowed worse halves," as Sherard Osborn called the sailing-ships, nigh broke hearts as well as hawsers for the screw-steamers which dragged them along in calms. Yet the "bluff-bowed" form of ship was adopted for what is called "crashing through the pack," and it was probably in such a ship that Parry reached a higher latitude than has ever been attained since. It is not, therefore, wonderful that shipwreck and disaster were prophesied for the attendant steamers of 1850, although now steam is regarded as indispensable in Arctic exploration. Osborn, as might be expected from his turn of mind, did not greatly believe in the bluff-bowed form, and considered himself quite as safe and more comfortable in a steamer. His impatience of the duty of dragging his "fat friend" the *Resolute* about at the rate of three miles per hour was only soothed by criticism on her shape. She and the *Assistance* were rigged as barks, and their hulls were strengthened according to the most orthodox Arctic rules, until, instead of presenting the appearance of a body intended for progress through the water, they resembled nothing so much as very ungainly snuff-boxes; and their bows formed a buttress which rather pushed the water before it than passed through it. Osborn, as he dragged his clumsy charge about, used to think of the remark of a seaman who had grown grey amongst the ice:—"Lord, sir! you would think by the quantity of wood they are putting into them ships that the dockyard maties believed they could stop the Almighty from moving the floes in Baffin's Bay. Every pound of African oak they put into them the less likely they are to rise to pressure, and you must in the ice either rise or sink." It should be mentioned to the credit of the *Resolute* that, being afterwards abandoned in the ice by order of Sir Edward Belcher, she remained fast all winter, slipped out in spring, and was coming home without a soul on board, when some Americans boarded and took charge of her. It may be doubted whether a ship of the "bread and butter build" would have done that. The internal fittings of these ships were, according to the ideas of that day, perfect. The steamers were sister ships which had belonged originally to a cattle conveyance Company, and although Osborn describes them as "bread-and-butter built," he seems to have persuaded himself, as sailors can, to believe intensely in the qualities of his own ship. His only wish was that she and her sister ship could have been sent alone and fully provisioned, and he had full confidence amidst ice in the fine form of these ships' bows, although he admits that many persons, who at least supposed themselves to understand something of Arctic voyaging, thought of him, as the Plymouth boatman did of the Brazilian frigate when she ran down the breakwater in a fog, "Happy beggar, he knows nothing and he fears nothing." Each ship made up her store of coal at the Whale Islands to 300 tons, which, at an average consumption of seven tons per day, would enable her to tow her sailing consort 3,000 miles, or to steam alone 5,000 miles, carrying twelve or eighteen months' provisions. It is stated that the *Discovery*, one of the ships of the present expedition, at a speed of five knots per hour, consumes 2·55 cwt. per hour, or rather more than three tons per day. Thus her speed would be greater than that of the *Pioneer*, while her consumption of coal would be less than half. But the speed of the *Discovery* has thus far been tested only at the measured mile. She will carry 188 tons of coal, which, consuming three tons per day, would last sixty-three days, whereas the *Pioneer's* stock at seven tons per day would last only forty-three days; and besides, the *Pioneer* was not, as the *Discovery* is, a fully-provisioned ship. The more just comparison would be between the *Pioneer*, with her sailing consort in tow, and the *Discovery*, and in this case the speed of the former would be only seventy miles per day, or not much more than half the speed of the latter as shown at the measured mile. It might be expected that in a quarter of a century thus much improvement would be effected in the application of steam to Arctic voyaging. The abortive expedition of Sir Edward Belcher in 1852 was the last expedition undertaken at the national cost, and therefore this of the *Pioneer* and consorts was the last but one. In one respect perhaps there was a resemblance between that expedition and the present. "We were called heroes," says Osborn, "long before we had earned our laurels." However, it is not the fault of our navy if public speakers and writers are apt to get into altitudes about it. The laudation, although sometimes extravagant, is really bottomed upon fact, whereas nobody not officially inspired can even pretend to speak with confidence of the army.

A remark made by Osborn in this voyage was doubtless kept in mind when he advised the present expedition. He says that on every side of the Southern Pole the seaman meets with icebergs. But it is not so in the North. In the 360 degrees of longitude which intersect the parallel of 70 degrees north latitude, icebergs are only found over an extent of some 55 degrees of longitude, and this is in and about Greenland and Baffin's Bay. This fact, he thought, pointed strongly to the possibility that no extensive land existed round the Northern Pole. "Of course," he adds, "the more firmly we can bring ourselves to believe in the existence of an ocean-road leading to Behring's Straits, the better heart we shall feel in searching the channels and islands." This seems to have been written in August 1850, and in May of the same year he mentioned that Captain Collinson had gone to Behring's Straits with two ships, which, as we now know, discovered independently the North-West passage. It seems a pity, for the sake both of science and seamanship, that these, to say the least, plausible conjectures have been left, as far as we are concerned, so long untested. As long as there is any unknown land or sea, it is worth while for this country to explore it. But this should be systematically done in a series of expeditions; whereas it is to be feared that, as we are now making an unusual effort, we shall expect a grand result, and be disappointed if it should not be realized. It is evident that Osborn expected much from the use of steam in these explorations; and if the spirit which sent forth Cook and Parry had existed at the Admiralty in our time, we should know much better what steamers can do in ice. But the Admiralty moves only as public opinion urges, and more frequently not even then, and public opinion depends a good deal on newspapers. We ought therefore to be grateful for the interest that has been excited in the present expedition, and we only hope it will continue. The journals of Osborn, as well as of other Arctic voyagers, are full of hopeful observations. Thus, he says that in a year he had learned the fallacy of supposing that in deep-water channels floes continue to increase in thickness from year to year. Increased knowledge of the Arctic region is encouraging; but it would be well to remember a lesson which some of us have learned in brief experience among ice and snow in Europe.

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That which is difficult or impossible in one month or year may be surprisingly easy in another. Much depends on skill and endurance, but more on the patience which waits for opportunity. So much attention has been paid of late years to the health and comfort of our seamen that great improvements may be expected on the cooking and lodging arrangements of five-and-twenty years ago. Yet it may be satisfactory to remember what Osborn tells us, that in the winter quarters of the *Pioneer* in 1850 monotony was their enemy, but hardship there was none; for all they underwent at that time in the shape of cold, hunger, or danger was voluntary. When spring came and sledging expeditions began, this, of course, was different; but every man no doubt joyfully exchanged monotony for hardship. The same feeling will equally prevail with the crews who depart this day. It seems reasonable to assume that the unknown circumpolar region must consist of land, ice, or water, and it may be expected that a judicious combination of steam navigation, boating, and sledging will yield considerable results. But still much depends on circumstances.

THE NEW FOREST.

IN the New Forest may be seen a kind of controversy which is perhaps without a parallel elsewhere. There is a traditional account of events which is accepted, seemingly without much inquiry, by all received historians of England, down to the latest, while it is the local mind which grows sceptical and calls established authorities in question. No doubt the more usual state of things is to be found there also, but it exists not, as usual, by itself, but alongside of what seems like a reversed order of nature. There are of course local traditions of the Forest, for which the scholar, as in other places, asks for the authority and finds none. To this we are used everywhere; but it is peculiar to the Forest that local inquirers make an assault which is by no means to be despised on those authorities in which the general scholar is most in the habit of trusting. That men should not know, or should not understand, or should not care about, the witness which Florence and Orderic and William of Malmesbury bear as to the state of things in their own age is a thing which we meet with every day. What we do not meet with every day is for local inquirers to bring charges which are not frivolous and vexatious, charges which, to say the least, deserve an answer, against Orderic and Florence and William of Malmesbury. The received tale as to the making of the New Forest is as well known as the tale of Alfred burning the cakes. The Chronicle indeed gives no details. It simply says that the Conqueror made a "mickle deer-frith." But no one can doubt that by this the New Forest is meant, and the writers next in authority, beginning with Florence, are full and eloquent in their details. Before William's time the district was fertile and populous, full of houses and churches; but the land was seized, houses and churches—the number of the latter is variously given—were pulled down, and the land laid waste in order that the King might have a wider range for the sports of the field in the neighbourhood of his capital at Winchester. It was held in popular belief, and the belief was shared by the gravest writers of the age, that for this crime a curse hung over William's house, and that the curse showed itself in the deaths within the Forest of three of his immediate descendants, in those of his son Richard, of his grandson of the same name the son of Robert, and, above all, in the famous and mysterious fate of William Rufus.

This is the tale as it stands, not only in popular abridgments, but in all the most trustworthy histories, ancient and modern. It is indeed very likely that the expressions of the ancient writers have been to some extent misunderstood, because in modern speech a forest always means trees, and the notion of making a forest suggests to most minds the notion of planting the whole space with trees. A forest, in short, is commonly understood to mean the same thing as a wood, only larger. But all that the word *forest* strictly implies is that a district so called was reserved for purposes of sport, and was put under the peculiar jurisdiction of the forest laws. Within every such district large parts would in the nature of things be thickly wooded, but wood is not the meaning of the word *forest*, nor was any forest wholly covered with wood. "Habet silvam in foresta" is an entry which is found more than once in Domesday. If therefore popular belief conceives William to have planted the whole district with trees, popular belief has so far misunderstood the ancient writers; but as far as the statements go that a large tract of land was deliberately laid waste, and that houses and churches were overthrown, so far popular belief only repeats the statement of the ancient writers. Domesday moreover shows beyond doubt that many neighbouring estates had been wholly or partly taken into the Forest, and that places which had been the habitation of men were the habitation of men no longer. In a great number of cases it is mentioned that, when a man's land had been taken into the Forest, his meadow-land, much or little, was left to him. Of the destruction of churches there is no certain mention in the Survey, while one church, and perhaps another, are spoken of as standing. But the entries about churches in Domesday are so capricious that it would be equally unsafe to infer from this either that no churches were pulled down or that all were pulled down except one or two. Domesday, however, shows that afforestation did not imply, as no rational person would think that it did imply, the complete depopulation of the district. The Forest to this day has its inhabitants, with their special laws, customs, and officers. And there are tracts within the Forest which are not of the Forest; districts with the Forest all round them, but to which the forest laws do not apply. One is tempted to think that these in some cases represent the land which was left to the owners. Thus, at Minstead, Godric Malf had in King Edward's day three hides and a half, but at the time of the Survey his sons had only half a hide, because the rest was in the Forest. In the old times the estate had been worth eight pounds yearly; it had sunk, probably at the very moment of the afforestation, to fifteen shillings, and was at the time of the Survey reckoned at twenty shillings. It is impossible to believe that this great difference was caused merely by throwing Godric's wood or waste land into the Forest. To lose seven-eighths of his income, he must have lost much cultivated and really valuable land. There is now a Manor of Minstead, which is not in the Forest, but which is much larger in extent than the half hide of Godric's sons. This looks very much as if some land at some time or other had been disafforested. Again, there are places where trees must either have been planted or allowed to grow up where at one time no trees could have been. Thus the ancient fortification of Mallwood Castle, older than William, older doubtless than Cerdic, is now covered with wood, which it doubtless was not when it served as the military post of any people. Thoroughly to understand the whole matter would call for a most minute knowledge of every piece of ground in the district, combined with an equally minute knowledge of the language of Domesday and of the history and customs of its age. The unlucky thing is that here, as elsewhere, the general and the special knowledge are so seldom found in the same person.

It is thus impossible to throw aside the distinct witness of the authorities from which alone we can get the history of those times, that the making of the New Forest, the "mickle deer-frith," really did bring about a considerable amount of destruction. On one point of no small importance we are left wholly to guesswork. Among those whose estates were cut short to make the Forest were many otherwise unknown Englishmen; but there were also some Normans of the highest rank. It would hardly have suited William's prudence in the latter case, it would not have suited his spirit of formal legality in either case, to take away the lands of either class without making some show of compensation. We may guess that both classes got either money or land elsewhere in exchange for the land which they had to give up; but we can do more than guess. But in any case they had to give up their land; in any case places which had been the habitation of man were laid waste to become the dwelling of the wild beast. It is in vain to attempt to set aside such evidence as we have for this fact as mere invention, as the mere outpouring of English dislike to the Conqueror. But when from the general fact of destruction we come to the amount of destruction, on that point it must be allowed that the local inquirers who have called in question the received account have a good case. There certainly is, as there could hardly fail to be, a large amount of exaggeration in the story told by the ancient writers. Something was clearly destroyed, but clearly not so much as we should infer from their descriptions. We need not stop to discuss the figures which some of them give us, the number of churches which were pulled down, or the number of miles over which the devastation was spread; one of the first things which the historical critic learns is to distrust all figures, whether in those times or in his own. If two or three churches were pulled down, they would be multiplied in common belief into twenty or thirty. And it is quite certain that the Forest district, as a whole, could never have been the fertile and thickly inhabited land which some of the ancient writers paint it. It needs no special knowledge either of geology or of agriculture to see that large tracts of waste, treeless land within the Forest bounds could never have been of any greater worth than they are now. It was most likely because the district was so full of wild land that William chose it to make a forest, and added to it pieces of cultivated land here and there which lay convenient. It is for local inquiry to map out each particular spot, and to trace its history. The general historian, comparing the look of the country with the entries in Domesday and the statements of ancient writers, can come only to the general conclusion that the received account is neither to be accepted literally nor to be cast aside as mere fiction. Some amount of destruction was wrought in the making of the mickle deer-frith, but not nearly so much as we should be led to think from the wail which is sent up by Florence and Orderic.

Some of the arguments which have been brought against the received story—in Mr. Wise's book on the New Forest, for instance—come to very little. Some of them are founded on utter misunderstanding of the age and its feelings. Mr. Wise says:—

> The chroniclers had every reason to malign William. His very position was enough. He had pressed with a heavy hand on the old English nobles, stripped them of their lands, their civil power, and their religious houses; and failing to learn, had, like a second Attila, tried to uproot their language.

We need hardly say that the chroniclers do not malign William, but do him full justice; and, whether Attila tried to uproot any languages or not, William certainly never tried to uproot that English tongue which was the language of his own writs. Again, it proves nothing against the destruction of churches by William to show that there are churches in the Forest which must have been built in his days or later. And it proves absolutely nothing to say, as we have heard said, that, if houses and churches

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have been pulled down, it would be possible to trace their foundations. People do not seem to know that even stone buildings were often built without any foundations, and that, in this district of Hampshire, we may be sure that, not only houses, but churches too, were mere buildings of wood; a whole city of them might be swept away, and leave no sign at all, within a much less time than eight hundred years.

On the other hand, while local inquiry in this district has really done service by calling in question, though a little too fiercely, a received belief which is certainly exaggerated, the historian finds in the Forest district, as in others, some strange local beliefs, the authority for which it is easier to ask for than to find. It is strange that even Sir Francis Palgrave could have believed in a man bearing the hereditary surname of Purkiss in the time of William Rufus. The charcoal-burner Purkiss may fairly go to keep company with Coplestone and the others who were at home when the Conqueror came, and with the Sir John Ashburnham who defended Dover Castle against William. A spot, as every one knows, is shown as the place where Rufus fell, though, except the statement that it was on the site of a destroyed church, there is nothing to fix it to one part of the Forest more than another. Now this story about the destroyed church is worth notice on two grounds. On the one hand, the tale could hardly have arisen unless there had been some destroyed churches; on the other hand, if there were any destroyed churches, popular belief would be certain to fix the death of Rufus, in whatever part of the Forest it happened, on the site of one of them. The statement therefore proves nothing as to the particular place where Rufus fell. It does prove something as to the general fact that some churches were destroyed. Then there is a manor called Avon Tyrrell, and a place called Tyrrell's Forge, and a story that the manor of Avon Tyrrell pays a yearly sum to the Crown, as a fine because Walter Tyrrell in his flight had his horse shod at that forge. That there is a manor of Avon Tyrrell, and that it pays a yearly sum to the Crown, are undoubted facts; but, as it clearly takes its name from a family of the name of Tyrrell who held it in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, we must ask for some documentary evidence before we believe that the manor, the forge, or the payment has anything to do with the alleged slayer of the Red King. William Rufus, the Chronicler tells us, was slain of his own men. It is certain that general belief at the time looked on Walter Tyrrell as the slayer. It is equally certain that Walter Tyrrell himself, long after, when he had nothing to hope or to fear any way, solemnly denied to Abbot Suger that he knew anything about the matter. There are therefore no very certain grounds for the historian to go upon; but the popular belief, strengthened by the later presence of Tyrrells in the neighbourhood, is quite enough to account for the growth of any number of stories about manors, fines, and horse-shoes.

THE PRUSSIAN BISHOPS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

WE made only a passing reference at the time to the war of words which has been going on between the Prussian Bishops and the Ministry. But now that an elaborate rejoinder to the Ministerial rescript of April 9, in reply to their previous memorial, has at length been issued by the Bishops, it may be worth while to examine a little more fully into the dispute between them. As we said before, it is hopeless to suppose that the Bishops and Prince Bismarck can ever agree, and he has certainly done his best to make such agreement even more impossible than before by his way of meeting their remonstrances. To repeat our previous summary of his reply, he tells them that what they say is nonsense. We might have added that he goes even further, and tells them, almost in so many words, that their statements are false, and that they know it. There may of course be reasons satisfactory to himself, but not obvious to a looker-on, for adopting this trenchant method of controversy; but it is certainly unusual in official documents, and it does not strike one at first sight as either dignified or discreet. Even if the Government had throughout the best of the argument, they would have lost nothing by the use of a more diplomatic style. But, whatever may be thought of the merits or demerits of the Falk laws, it requires a very thoroughgoing partisan indeed to maintain that in this correspondence the Government have the best of it, except, indeed, when they descend into the quasi-theological arena, and achieve a sort of personal victory by seizing the cast-off weapons of the Bishops to turn them against themselves. It is always tempting, though hardly generous, to urge on those who have suffered from neglecting our advice the consolatory reflection, "I told you so." And the temptation must have been still stronger to Prince Bismarck to remind the Bishops, who complain bitterly of what it has all along suited him to represent as a necessary consequence of the Vatican decrees, that five years ago they themselves predicted this very consequence. That there is really any moral connexion between the Vatican dogmas and the Falk laws has still to be proved, and in any case the wisdom of a mere *ad hominem* retort is often more than questionable. But there can be no doubt that the Ministerial rescript carried its sting in the tail, and it was perhaps on purpose that what was felt to be the most effective, if the least persuasive, argument was reserved to the last. That the Bishops felt its force is sufficiently plain. On every other point they are able to make a good fight, but nothing can be feebler or more irrelevant—we will not so far emulate the style of their official critic as to say nothing can be more "astonishing and untrue"—than their awkward attempt to evade the force of this direct personal appeal. The simple fact is, that since then they have entirely changed their minds, or at all events have entirely changed their policy, and do not choose to admit it. The question has, properly speaking, very little to do with the pending conflict between Church and State, but they have themselves to thank for giving their opponents the opportunity of introducing it.

The original memorial of the Bishops, addressed to the German Emperor under date of April 2, was occasioned by the Bill then before the Prussian Landtag, and which has now become law, requiring of all Catholic bishops and clergy a declaration of unconditional submission to the laws of the State, as the condition of retaining their emoluments. Against this the Bishops argue, first, that such a declaration of unconditional obedience to the law is incompatible with the rights of the Christian conscience, and that the Apostles and martyrs of the early Church suffered death rather than obey laws which interfered with the preaching of the Gospel. They say further that the State payments proposed to be withdrawn are partly guaranteed under express stipulations to which the honour of Prussia is pledged, and are partly the legal substitute for ancient endowments which have been secularized; in neither case do they spring from the mere liberality of the State. On the other hand, liberal payments are made to the ministers of other denominations, and are now being increased. It is peculiarly distressing to them that the withdrawal of these emoluments should be threatened as a punishment for their refusal to carry out the May laws, in which they could not co-operate without violating their most sacred duties and the divine constitution of the Church. In this emergency they appeal, not to the Houses of Parliament, "in which the appreciation of Christian views is more and more disappearing," but to the Emperor himself, and entreat him to refuse his supreme sanction to a law which violates acknowledged rights, and must lead to unspeakable distress, perplexity, and disturbance. To this memorial, which is not wanting in a certain dignity of tone, and which we may fairly surmise was mainly intended as an appeal to public sympathy, the Emperor, as might have been expected, made no reply; but the Ministry—or, in other words, Prince Bismarck—replied in his name, and the reply was on this wise. The Bishops are first informed that "grief and surprise" are aroused by their assertion that in Prussia it is a denial of the Christian faith to promise obedience to laws which are willingly sworn to and obeyed by the Catholic hierarchy and clergy elsewhere; which, however, they had not said. "No less astonishing and untrue" is their assertion that the Falk laws forbid the preaching of divine truth; which also they had not said. They ought to have known, and easily might have known, that their statement about the increased payments of Protestant ministers was untrue; and they must have been perfectly aware that the measures which they deprecate in such insulting terms could never have been brought before Parliament at all without the Emperor's sanction. They must have known equally well that the emoluments proposed to be withdrawn would never have been granted at all had it been supposed that they meant to make their obedience to the State dependent on the will of the Pope. And then the rescript winds up with the *argumentum ad homines* to which we have already referred. "If the proposed law is to lead to such unspeakable perplexity and disturbances, those among their lordships who in 1870, before the proclamation of the Vatican decrees, foresaw and eloquently predicted these results, should ask themselves if they might not, by firmly adhering to their convictions, have averted these perils from our fatherland." It must be allowed that there is not too much of the *suaviter in modo* in this official reply, which curtly informs the Bishops that all their statements—or rather all the statements which their critic puts into their mouths—are foolish, that nearly all of them are false, and that several at least they might or must have known to be false. Prince Bismarck, though he may be headstrong and violent, is too shrewd a statesman not to act upon a plan, and if the terms and tone of the Ministerial rescript make it studiously irritating and offensive, we may be sure that it was meant to be so. At the present stage of the quarrel he perhaps considers that nothing is to be gained by any further attempt at conciliation, and that the sooner matters are carried out to the bitter end the better. Since the paper of which we have been speaking was issued, on April 9, the Bill which occasioned it has become law, the clauses of the Constitution guaranteeing to ecclesiastical communions in Prussia the independent management of their own affairs have been repealed, and the religious orders have been abolished, not to enumerate other measures of a kindred tendency. The only crumb of comfort that has been thrown to the Bishops from any quarter comes from schismatical Russia—if, that is to say, they attach credit to the rumour of the re-establishment of friendly relations between the Russian Court and the Holy See, on the understanding that the latter shall cease to patronize the cause of Polish nationality, and that the former shall refuse its moral support to the ecclesiastical policy of Prussia.

Prince Bismarck took but a week to reply to the episcopal memorial, but the Bishops seem to have occupied six weeks in preparing their rejoinder, which only appeared in the *Germania* on May 18, though it is somewhat loosely dated "the end of April." It thus comes much too late to affect the immediate question at issue—had that been otherwise conceivable—and can only be intended as a public manifesto, emanating, we presume, from the recent episcopal meeting at Fulda. It may be probably conjectured that

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both the original memorial and this rejoinder come from the ready pen of Bishop Ketteler, the inspiring genius and by far the ablest mind of the Prussian episcopate. The Bishops naturally enough begin by pointing out that they have never said that obedience in Prussia to laws which are elsewhere observed by the Catholic clergy is a denial of Christianity, but only that to promise unconditional submission to any laws which the State may enact is incompatible with the rights of the Christian conscience, according to the apostolic precept that we must obey God rather than man. They add that there are, however, several particulars in the May laws inconsistent with the Divine constitution of the Church, and which they cannot therefore obey. There are also indeed several details of the new legislation about which it would be easy to come to an understanding with the State, and they would be only too glad to have an opportunity of doing so. But to say that the whole system of the Falk laws has been willingly accepted and sworn to by the Catholic clergy in other countries is a statement which neither has been proved nor ever can be proved, and as long as it is sought to be forced upon them in its integrity the restoration of harmony between Church and State is rendered impossible. As regards the question of fact, it is impossible to speak positively without a minute examination of the ecclesiastical laws of every State where the Roman Catholic Church has been either established or tolerated for some centuries past; but we apprehend that it may safely be assumed that the Bishops are at least so far right that the entire system of the Falk laws has not previously existed anywhere else, and that some of its provisions are altogether new. They go on to observe, truly enough, that they did not say in their memorial that these laws forbid the preaching of Divine truth, but only that the apostles and martyrs preferred death to obeying laws which forbade it. At the same time, it is added, the Falk laws do, at least indirectly, interfere with the teaching of Divine truth, for no priest is allowed to preach or administer the sacraments without a civil authorization, which is made dependent on conditions which he cannot in conscience accept. After correcting a misrepresentation of what they had said about the payment of ministers of other confessions, the Bishops proceed to a vindication of their direct appeal to the Emperor, insisting that his permission to introduce a Bill into Parliament is quite distinct from his final sanction of a law, and that they have only exercised that privilege of appealing to the throne for the protection of their rights which is recognized in every Prussian citizen, "to say nothing of the representatives of eight millions of them." They say that they have never made their obedience to the laws conditional on the good pleasure of the Pope, and that they had in fact protested against them as incompatible with the first principles of the Church before any Papal utterance on the subject came to their knowledge. So far their case is plausible enough, and they appear to have the best of the argument. To the closing retort of the Ministerial rescript, as to their conduct and predictions at the Vatican Council, they can make of course but a very lame reply. That there is nothing in the Vatican decrees to disturb the peaceful relations of Church and State may in a sense be true, and it is certainly true that no such disturbance has as yet followed except in Prussia, Baden, and some of the Swiss Cantons. But it is no less certainly untrue to say that the Opposition Bishops at Rome did not strongly insist on the probability and logical necessity of such a result, both in their public protests and individual manifestoes; all the more strongly perhaps because it was their policy—a very mistaken policy, as the event proved—to dwell mainly on the "inopportunist" argument, as it has been termed in the ugly compound coined for the occasion, rather than on their real objection, that they knew the proposed dogma to be historically false. Nor does it help their cause to plead that "the sentence of the Œcumenical Council settles the matter for every Catholic Christian, and to refuse submission would be tantamount to apostacy from the Catholic faith." For it was part of their contention at the time that no Council could formulate a dogma at variance with the tradition and history of the Church without forfeiting its Œcumenical character, if indeed the arbitrary interference of the Curia with its freedom of action had not already deprived the Vatican Synod of any such claim. And when the decree had already been carried by a large majority in the General Congregation, and was next day to be solemnly ratified in presence of the Pope, they lodged a formal protest against it, and left Rome, expressing their regret that "they should find the peace of conscience and the tranquillity of their flocks disturbed" on their return home. All this is quite inconsistent with their present attitude towards the Vatican Council, but the inconsistency would have been far more conspicuous if it had not been covered and almost dignified by their resistance to oppressive measures for which the Council supplied only a conventional pretext, and in which they would have been no better disposed to acquiesce before than since. Whatever else may be thought of the Falk legislation, it has strengthened the moral position of Ultramontanism in Prussia.

Dr. Döllinger predicted and deplored this inevitable result of Prince Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy two years ago, and the Report drawn up by Professor Schulte and read and accepted the other day in the second Old Catholic Synod at Bonn affords a curious confirmation of the correctness of his forecast. The Report does not indeed condemn the Falk laws, but it manifests a nervous anxiety on the part of the Old Catholics to disclaim all solidarity with the Government in its recent acts. The new laws, we are told, do not concern the Old Catholics at all, and neither benefit nor injure them. They are of course so far interested in the conflict that both they and the Prussian Government are engaged in repelling a common foe, but the weapons of their warfare are wholly different, and they have neither sought nor obtained from the State any assistance in prosecuting it. It would have been as well perhaps if this pointed disclaimer had been published a little earlier. But, coming as it does at the present moment, and in a formal document adopted by the Synod, it must be taken to imply that Ultramontanism has been making moral capital out of the strong-handed attempt to suppress it, and that the Old Catholic cause has proportionately suffered. And this is further shown by the very small advance of the movement during the past year as recorded in the statistics laid before the Synod. The net result of this correspondence between the Bishops and the Government, which has now been brought to a close, will tell, we suspect, in the same direction.

SOUTH KENSINGTON IN DIFFICULTIES.

THERE seems at last, in spite of all kinds of official shuffling and intrigue, to be some prospect of the truth being known in regard to the various commercial speculations which have been carried on at South Kensington under the auspices, and apparently with the funds, of the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 on various pretexts connected with science and art. By the supplemental charter under which the Commissioners were reappointed at the close of the first Exhibition, it is directed that "when as well all the matters and things entrusted to be done by our said recited charter by the said Commissioners thereby incorporated, as all the matters and things hereby entrusted to be done by the said Commissioners, shall be fully performed or become incapable of being executed," the charter shall become void; and that in the meantime the Commissioners are to report their doings to the Government. How far the Commissioners have accomplished their duties, or found them incapable of being executed, is not yet known, for the simple reason that the Commissioners have taken good care to keep their own counsel. No Report has been published since 1867, and the Report then made brings the accounts down only to the end of 1866. On the winding up in 1855 of the accounts of the original Exhibition, it was found that there was a surplus of 186,436*l.*, plus some five or six thousand pounds from rents and miscellaneous receipts, which was certified by the Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England. The question to which many people would now like an answer is, What has been done with this money, and also in what way has science or art been in the slightest degree benefited by it? A similar inquiry might, indeed, be made in regard to the whole group of South Kensington institutions. Of the collection of industrial art which has been formed there we have every desire to speak with respect. It was very much required, and is, in its way, an admirable museum. But this is perhaps the only substantial result which has been obtained from the vast sums—sums amounting in all, as may be seen from a Parliamentary return, to 1,200,000*l.*, though, it is understood, the buildings are only half completed, and it is doubtful whether the site is paid for—which have been expended in that quarter out of the funds of the State. This, however, is a question which concerns the Government, and not the reappointed Commission of 1851.

In the Report of the Royal Commissioners for 1861, as was lately pointed out by a correspondent of the *Times*, of whose letter, however, no notice was taken, part of the ground in the possession of the Commissioners was leased to the Royal Horticultural Society, the Commissioners undertaking to spend 50,000*l.* upon ground works, arcades, &c., while the Society covenanted to spend another 50,000*l.*, 40,000*l.* being raised upon 5 per cent. debenture bonds. It appears, however, that the Horticultural Society is now insolvent, or that at least it contemplates for reasons of its own, not of a very creditable kind, going through the Court; and it would be interesting to know how the account stands between the Society and the Royal Commissioners. On this point Lord Bury, who took the chair at the meeting of the Society on Tuesday, was very vague and mysterious. He stated that the Fellows of the Horticultural Society had conveyed to the Council of that body a certain trust, "which was, that they should make arrangements with Her Majesty's Commissioners for the future carrying on of the Society"; but that the Commissioners had not met this proposal in a favourable manner. It is possible that the Commissioners may have looked at the matter very much in the spirit of Talleyrand's reply to the beggar who insisted on the necessity of living:—"Je n'en vois pas la nécessité." Lord Bury and his colleagues may fairly be asked to show why the Society should be carried on at all. The Horticultural Society has been from the first, as far as science and art are concerned, to a great extent an imposture. The pursuit of scientific botany has been uniformly neglected; and the gardens, instead of being a model of skilful horticulture, are equally contemptible from a scientific or ornamental point of view. The object of the Council seems to have been mainly to make the grounds a sort of popular tea-gardens, a fashionable Cremorne, and it is quite a wonder that a dancing-platform has never been introduced. But perhaps it may prove to be part of the scheme by which the Fellows hope to retrieve their

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misfortunes. The manner in which the Society has for the last few years been encouraging botanical enterprise has apparently taken a very curious form. It has been keeping its head above water by means of the gate-money taken at flower-shows; and of course in order to have a flower-show there must be flowers. The Society accordingly offers prizes for the best specimens, with the view of inducing gardeners to fill its tents and arcades; but for some time past, it seems, these prizes have not been paid, and the Society is now endeavouring to evade payment of them altogether by going through the Bankruptcy Court. It must seem to any ordinary person that this is very like a theatrical manager pocketing the money taken at the doors, and then refusing to pay his performers. "Every one," said Lord Bury, "was aware that the funds had been steadily falling off for the last two or three years. Every one was also aware that they had had to postpone the payment of prizes in former years, and that certain gentlemen having made arrangements with their gardeners to pay them in part out of the prizes they might shake out of the pockets of the Royal Horticultural Society, an action had been taken in the name of the gardeners, but in reality by gentlemen who ought to have considered the position of the Society." This is as much as to say that the Society should be allowed to offer prizes in order to provide for shows out of which it makes a profit, on the condition that other people are to pay for them. It might be supposed that a prize was essentially a debt of honour, but in any case the money is not extorted from the pockets of the Society, but is voluntarily offered as a means of obtaining goods—we should be sorry to say on false pretences. It is the invariable custom for the gardeners to receive the prize-money, and their employers have nothing to do with it. A member of the Society has protested against the insolvency plea as a disgrace to a Society which bore the name of Royal; but it is perhaps fortunate for Royalty that its character does not depend upon all that has been done in its name in this mysterious neighbourhood.

Everybody will remember the flourish of trumpets with which the Horticultural Society was installed in its new grounds when it quitted the pleasant groves of Chiswick. Not only was practical botany to be carried to an unparalleled pinnacle of glory, but art and science generally were somehow to be regenerated. In conjunction with the other great institutions of South Kensington, it enjoyed the advantages of the most exalted patronage, and of the Archbishop of Canterbury's official prayers. And what has come of it all? After a miserable career of inefficiency and failure, the concern is bankrupt, and the public and the gardeners have been equally disappointed. It is possible that, in the course of the disclosures which may now be expected, some light will be thrown on the peculiar financial relations of the International Exhibitions, which have broken down so ludicrously, with the Horticultural Society on the one hand and the Royal Commissioners on the other. Some faint trace of flickering vitality may still be detected in the International Commissioners. A few weeks ago they had a competition in beer, which is, no doubt, a branch both of science and art; and it is understood that the galleries are at present devoted to the refuse of some foreign studios and auction-rooms. There is every prospect that the Royal Albert Hall is destined to succumb to the same influences which have been fatal to its neighbours; but it stands on a somewhat different footing. Though it is under the management of a Royal Commission, it has been established by means of private subscriptions, and, if the subscribers are contented, that is perhaps enough. At the same time it may be doubted whether it is desirable that a public place of amusement in direct competition with other speculations of the kind should be identified with the State even in a nominal way. The moral of these various failures is not far to seek, and it would be well that it should be distinctly understood. The International Exhibitions and the Horticultural Society have broken down simply because they were in a great measure artificial creations based on empty pretences. They made use of distinguished names and big ideas to conjure with, but genuine scientific interests were subordinated to personal fads and private interests. There has been an immense parade of doing great things, and it has all come to nothing. The Exhibitions were mere bazaars for the convenience of advertising shopkeepers; the Horticultural Gardens have served no higher purpose than that of a lounge for nurserymaids and a flirting ground for West-end idlers; and the Royal "Central Hall of Science and Art" is conducted on just the same principles and in precisely the same way as any ordinary concert-room. Art and science, instead of being helped, have been discredited by the vulgar art and sham science which have usurped their honours, and by the general jobbery and mismanagement which have pervaded the whole system from first to last. It may seem strange that such abuses should happen under the authority of men of high rank and reputation, such as the members of the various Royal Commissions; but the explanation is that these names are employed only as an ornamental screen, while the real work is left in the hands of practically irresponsible agents, whose chief concern has been to provide nests for themselves and their friends. It is to be hoped that some means may be found of putting an end to what has too long been a public scandal. Speculative shows of this kind should be left to professional showmen.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

EUROPE, it is sometimes said, devotes periods of peace only to preparation for war, and our painters, at all events in days of tranquillity, love to revisit battle-fields in order to renew the strife. With French and German artists this practice became long ago habitual, but not till the present year has war taken a prominent place in the Royal Academy. And it is curious to observe how the fighting propensities of man—and in these times, when equal rights are claimed, we must add of woman also—find not only gratification, but occasion for exercise, in these battle pictures. The other day so tumultuous was the crowd gathered before Miss Thompson's dramatic representation of "The 28th Regiment at Quatre Bras" (853) that a struggle almost amounting to a combat ensued, in which ladies took part, one of them being driven bodily, with an audible collision, against the bayonets of the soldiers in the front rank. Unfortunately the merits of the picture afford no excuse for such unseemly proceedings; it is, as we said in our introductory article, inferior to the overrated "Roll Call" of last year; and yet it deserves something more than faint praise. We are told that at the battle of Quatre Bras, 16th June, 1815, the 28th Regiment, after sustaining "a long series of unsuccessful attacks," repulsed about five o'clock in the evening a final and "furious charge simultaneously delivered against three faces of the square." It is added that "the failure of these attempts to break their formation was productive of much levity on the part of some of the younger soldiers, instances of which are traditional in the regiment." This is the situation. The soldiers in the front line are on their knees with bayonets fixed to sustain the charge of the enemy; the men in the second rank stand upright, and so are able to fire a volley over the heads of their comrades at the advancing foe. We gladly admit that nothing can be more careful than the study of some of these figures; in the heads which stand out from the canvas in almost stereoscopic relief we read the whole story. But the manner is too much after the miniature manipulation of Gerard Dow. The attacking enemy cannot be seen, and yet is, as it were, present in the piercing eye, the nerved energy, and the exultant triumph of the brave men who defy defeat. In other words, so vivid is the scene within view that the action which lies beyond the confines of the composition is realized by the spectator, who, in fact, imagines himself on the spot. Such being the praise which we are able to accord, the question may be asked, where is ground for blame? In the first place, then, Miss Thompson this year challenges criticism by the encounter of a subject presenting all but insuperable difficulties; last year she was wisely content with rest, this time she rushes into action; we know only two or three battle-painters either in France or Germany who could pass scatheless through so trying an ordeal. Then, again, the picture is most unequal; some of the heads are finished to a fault as miniatures cut out and then stuck upon canvas, while other parts of the picture are left, not in a sketchiness which often may be a sign of mastery, but in a slovenly unfinish, which suggests ill-training. Lastly, the colour is simply abominable; nothing can be more crude or disagreeable than the red coats against the bluish white of the gunpowder smoke. Yet all must admit that the picture, notwithstanding its shortcomings, escapes failure; it shows a talent which, though suffering temporary discouragement, need not fear ultimate defeat.

A work of more maturity, as might be expected, is "La charge des cuirassiers français à Waterloo" (613), by the well-trained French painter M. Philippoteaux. The late Mr. George Jones, R.A., depicted "Waterloo" again and again; but in this class of subjects our English painters have always proved themselves inferior to the French; they are apt to turn a victory into a disaster, while French painters cover a defeat with flying colours. The English may be more truthful as historians, but they are certainly less skilful as tacticians on canvas. M. Philippoteaux comes among us as a comparative stranger; it may therefore be interesting to learn that he was born in Paris, that he has now arrived at the ripe age of sixty, and that he is known by numerous works, such as "The Death of Turenne," "The Retreat from Moscow," "The Siege of Antwerp," and, lastly, in the Paris Salon of the present year, by "The Meeting of Henry IV. and Sully on the morrow of the Battle of Ivry." The artist, as in the picture before us, usually brings into action figures on a small scale, vivacious in movement, and grouped so as to compose well with the landscape wherein the passage of arms may be laid. He is said to be deficient in individual character—an accusation we can credit in the presence of "Les cuirassiers français." Another battle-piece for notice is "Ligny" (877), by Mr. Crofts; the picture at a distance looks effective, but it does not bear close examination. Still less proof against criticism is the well-meant effort of Mr. Sydney Hall, "Her Majesty Presenting Colours to the 79th Cameron Highlanders" (276). This cannot pass for art; the picture is without drawing or knowledge in the *technique* of painting; that it should be preserved as of any historic value or otherwise is a melancholy sign of the inartistic times in which we live. Of course it is "exhibited by command," otherwise it could not have won "the line."

Mr. Herkomer, who is known by good work in the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, has made a great hit in "The Last Muster" (898). Here on a Sunday at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, we are introduced to a congregation of aged pensioners with heads

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all turned one way, intent on the religious service. Every man is dressed in red, many are decked with medals, one at least has a wooden leg, and most are either grey or bald. The scene professes to be real and literal; the heads look like veritable portraits; yet we cannot but think that they are overweighted with brain, considering that these pensioners could never have had much occasion to exercise any little mind with which Providence may have been pleased to bless them. Indeed so much overdone are these poor men in the way of intellect, that some of them have been mistaken for members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; we seem, in fact, to recognise among the company the head of the illustrious Secretary of the Society of Arts, and a leading geologist, though dead, appears to honour the occasion with his presence. The artist has evidently made an unusual effort to exalt his materials, and is certainly not without his reward. The style somewhat resembles that of Legros, whose name is for a wonder absent from the Catalogue.

Mr. Pettie, R.A., who has found his profit every way in exchanging Edinburgh for London, eschews refinement, it may be inevitably, when depicting the "Scene in Hal of the Wynd's Smithy" (223). Here is yet another dark and muddled canvas from Scotland. Darkness, it is true, at least when removed from blackness, may possess the elements of grandeur; but opaque shadow has little excuse when used as a cloud or a cloak to hide careless drawing and reckless execution. Mr. Pettie has been pleased to deposit in the Academy "Jacobites" (1217) as his diploma picture. The composition has the merit of concentration and dramatic vehemence, but not a single figure, not one scrap of drapery, is drawn with precision or carried out with the slightest pretence to completeness. This is the Cockney-Scotch school with which the Academy becomes year by year more oppressed.

Sir John Gilbert, A.R.A., suffers in the attempt to magnify a manner suited for water-colour drawings to the larger scale of oil pictures. Yet in "Don Quixote and Sancho at the Castle of the Duke and Duchess" we recognize an effort to gain release from the chopped-up execution and scattered detail sometimes excusable in drawings made for the portfolio or for the wood engraver's block. This composition, which reveals the knight of the melancholy countenance marching towards the ladies drawn up in file to do him honour has unusual breadth. The lights are studiously preserved; indeed light is made to come out in relief from light—a difficulty which, when achieved, becomes a triumph. Worthy of commendation is an analogous theme, "Don Quixote at the Ball" (1200), by Mr. Pott.

Realism is rampant just now, and any one who may take the trouble to listen to the remarks made by the crowds of visitors who honour the Academy by their presence will have the pleasure of learning that what the English mind is most capable of appreciating is a besom or a milk pail painted to perfection. For this sort of thing Mr. Nicol, A.R.A., has an absolute genius; but he rises even above his usual level when in "The Sabbath Day" (1159) he depicts an inveterately pious old Scotchwoman who is canny enough to clutch the key of her house and a Bible in one hand while she takes consolation under a storm of wind and rain from her umbrella held in the other. The work, it must be admitted, is masterly in many ways, but we should have been glad if the artist had found it compatible with his conscience to immortalize this stalwart crone on one-tenth of the scale. Dutch painters seem to have known by instinct that low life is best excused when painted in the small; only great thoughts demand a spacious canvas. Further illustration of the realism and mere naturalism which afflict the English school is found in the fact that the Academy gives a hearty welcome to at least three barber's shops. Of course Mr. Hodgson, A.R.A., is clever and satirical in depicting the process of shaving in Tunis (141), and Mr. Burgess becomes even still more amusing when he does honour to "The Barber's Prodigy" (107). The third barber and shop, for which we have to thank Mr. Barnard, dates back "Fifty Years Ago" (555). In a strain equally droll are "The Jolly Post Boys" (166), by Mr. Marks, A.R.A. But the mischief is that all such efforts, however well sustained by technical skill, cannot rise above the low horizon of the originating idea. At best a barber's shop remains for ever a barber's shop and no more.

We have been favoured with a copy of an anonymous attack on "The Royal Academy." Such pamphlets are to be expected about this season, when numerous artists and their friends fancy —and often with only too much reason—that they have injuries to avenge. The present production is rather a mild and stale affair; it is little more than a compilation from the well-known Report of the Royal Commission, which, dating back to a time before the establishment of the Academy in Burlington House, has grown somewhat obsolete. We have been at the pains of verifying by appeal to the original Report the following extracts, which may deserve revival, inasmuch as they bear on still existing grievances. Sir Charles Eastlake in the course of his evidence admits that Royal Academicians, though they profess to be the best artists, cannot, from the old age and illness of some and from the falling off in talent of others, represent the greatest ability in the country. Again, Sir Edwin Landseer refutes the argument raised for an increase in the number of Academicians by the incisive sentence, "A man's hand or head does not last more than twenty-five years, and therefore the time arrives in one's career when the fewer pictures one sends the better." We have often urged such self-denying reticence on certain Academicians and Associates. We think also that it might be well that the elections should be made for a limited number of years only, the time to be renewed or otherwise, not so much on personal grounds as in the best interest of art. There cannot be a doubt but that the present Exhibition would have gained vastly under some such reform. Yet we are not among those who despair of the Academy; it possesses a constitution sufficiently vital and elastic to allow of continuous, though possibly slow, progress. Some improvements have already been made, and further reforms are promised.

THE OPERAS—VERDI'S REQUIEM.

PENDING the production of *Lohengrin* at Drury Lane, the return of Mme. Nilsson and the first appearances of Mlle. Varesi have been events of interest. Mlle. Varesi sang and acted as Amina in *La Sonnambula* with remarkable steadiness and dramatic feeling. The pure quality and flexibility of her voice, the clearness and firmness of her intonation, give evidence of careful training as well as of natural gifts. If the singer's resources are not overtaxed, as too often happens, in the next few years, her voice should gain the fulness, and her acting the experience, which alone seem wanting. Signor Fancelli's heavy phrasing is as little suited to the music of Elvino as is his wooden acting to so emotional a part. Signor Castelmary can do no more with the low notes of Count Rodolfo than with those of Marcel in the *Huguenots*; and the fussiness of his acting does not atone for the incompetence of his singing. Count Rodolfo should be a person of some dignity and repose of manner; Signor Castelmary's extravagant byplay is out of character with the part, and hinders rather than helps the illusion of the scene. At the same time there is enough vigour in Signor Castelmary's acting to warrant the belief that, if there were any man's part in an opera corresponding to that of Fenella in *Masaniello*, he could fill it very well. Mlle. Bauermeister represents the varying passions of Lisa with force and true perception, and sings the music with certainty and expression. The extreme raggedness and frequent false singing of the chorus at this house have been by some attributed to rehearsals, as they have been at the other house to performances, of *Lohengrin*. The second part in which Mlle. Zaré Thalberg has appeared, Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*, is well suited to her; the pretty simplicity of the peasant girl is rendered with an unaffected grace; and the singer's performance suggests in some tones and actions the possession of pathetic power. The music is well within her resources, and is fluently and meaningly sung; on the first night of *Fra Diavolo* some notes of the air in the second act were not accurately given, but that has probably been since corrected. Signor Ciampi's Lord Coburg is the conventional Englishman of the foreign stage, but is none the less funny for that; and his hard voice and manner are here of use. Mme. Patti's voice seems to have increased in fulness during her absence from England; and she has lost nothing of her power of accomplishing marvellous feats of dexterity with it. There is hardly another singer who can execute such passages as occur in *Dinorah* with perfect ease and smoothness, and mark every note with the clearness and precision of a musical box. One could wish that those singers —there are many—who in a scale passage either, by way of making it smooth, slur the notes, or, to avoid this, put forth each one like the blow of a knocker, as if it had no connexion with its fellows, would go frequently to hear Mme. Patti. Signor Marini as Corentino in *Dinorah* sings well, and displays some comic force; Signor Graziani in Hoël does much by the art of his singing to make up for the disappearance, which it is to be hoped is only temporary, of his voice.

Faust has been given at both houses; and at Drury Lane has been the means of showing that Mme. Nilsson has the love for her art which stimulates ever to fresh exertions. Her Marguerite has the grace and freshness which always belonged to it; and it has gained much which was not at first found in it. It is with a singular dramatic power that the change in Marguerite's character is marked not only in gesture, look, and intonation, but even in the very quality of the singer's voice; as the passion of the situation grows and deepens, so does the fulness of the notes wherein Marguerite expresses it. The action of an opera is so much more prolonged than that of a play, and the manner in which it is represented is so much more artificial, that it is usually more difficult for a singer than an actor to make the spectator forget that he is sitting in a theatre watching a studied performance. It is the triumph of Mme. Nilsson's talent and study to accomplish this. The singing of the "King of Thule" in the third scene carries him who hears it out of the theatre into Marguerite's garden; as he listens, he perceives that the repetition of the ballad is employed as a means to banish thoughts which will recur in spite of it. Every detail of tone and action, down to the way in which the spinning-wheel is gradually left idle, conveys the same impression. The girlish delight with the jewels, the mixture of tremor and happiness at Faust's appearance, the abandonment of the love scene, the sudden terror which breaks upon it, and the final outburst of joy as he rushes to the window, have all a startling reality. As the call upon the singer's resources increases so does her power of meeting it; the scene of Valentine's death, that in the cathedral, and the last one in the prison, have true tragic force. The memories of happier times which flit across Marguerite's mind when Faust enters her cell are given with that feeling which is carried from the singer's to the listener's heart, and the grandeur of the invocation at the end is a fitting conclusion to a great performance. Throughout Mme. Nilsson's singing not a note is unsteadily held, not a phrase ill executed.

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M. Capoul's Faust is a performance of which the cleverness is somewhat disappointing. There is too much foppery for such a part both in his singing and acting, and while his voice has gained something in strength, it has lost the quality which was once its charm, and the effect of overstraining is discerned in the tremble which has become so common a vice of singers. Signor de Reschi's representation of Valentine is in the first scene excellent. He sings the "Dio Possente" with feeling and discretion, and looks and walks like a gallant soldier; but in the death scene he fails; he is too vigorous; he seems to miss the meaning of the music, and his action becomes forced and ungraceful. Signor Rota gives a weak rendering of Mephistopheles. He does his best in the acting of the part to imitate M. Faure, and he sometimes succeeds in presenting so accurate a copy of that singer's gesture that one wonders at its entire difference in effect from the original. The imitation of the outward form is, however, useless unless there is something of the inward feeling from which that springs; and the result is that in Signor Rota's hands Mephistopheles appears a foolish, good-natured gentleman who is masquerading in a devilish costume. The singer is always sure of his music, but in a part which calls for dramatic power that is not enough; the "Dio dell' Or," as sung by him with a respectable monotony, might be the dullest and most ordinary of songs, and the attempt at originality in the serenade is a mistaken effort. The dragging of the time in the concluding phrase of each verse spoils instead of enhancing its effect, and the reduction of the mocking laugh to a contented chuckle is both musically and dramatically wrong, and takes all the devilry out of the notes. Mme. Trebelli-Bettini's Siebel is as boyish as is her Urbano in the *Huguenots*, and, as that is full of fun and high spirits, so is Siebel of tenderness and feeling. The singer has the rare power, which belongs also to M. Faure, of conveying at once by some intangible means in her very aspect the meaning of every part which she undertakes; and the impression created by her first appearance is never for a moment lost. The depth of pity and love conveyed in the perfect singing of the "Quando a te lieta" is singularly touching.

Mlle. Albani, in her first performance of Marguerite at Covent Garden, suffered not unnaturally from nervousness, and her voice showed signs of fatigue, of which *Lohengrin* is probably the cause. The beauty of her high notes was however unimpaired, and her singing, save a little uncertainty in the first part of the garden scene, excellent. She has not now the dramatic force required to do full justice to the part, but that no doubt may be hereafter obtained. There are many instances of singers who have gradually learnt to act, and to act admirably. Signor Nicolini's acting in *Faust* is of the most conventional and unimpassioned kind. On the first night of the opera this season he sang flat almost from beginning to end, and further disfigured the music by a constant and unpleasant tremble in his voice. M. Maurel sang and acted finely as Valentine. The original dress which he has designed for that character is more curious than handsome, and the turreted hat which tops it makes one think of a castle on a chess-board. M. Faure, like Mme. Nilsson, shows that those who love their art may constantly improve their performance. A few touches, "trifles light as air," when considered by themselves, make his Mephistopheles yet more perfect than it was. The catlike lightness and grace of bearing, the steady malignant purpose of the eye, the scorn and hatred underlying a bitter sense of fun, all seem to have increased in reality. The very fingers of M. Faure's Mephistopheles, as he sings the "Dio dell' Or," are instinct with a devilish meaning. M. Faure never sang the serenade better than on the occasion of his reappearance this year; and the fearful mockery of the concluding laugh is intensified by a look which he has added at the end of the song wherein the devil seems to come out for a moment undisguised. The singer's voice seems to have lost nothing in force, and to have gained something in fulness; it is employed with magnificent effect in the cathedral scene. There is something terrific in the grandeur of bearing and voice of the scarlet figure who towers above Marguerite, giving forth his dreadful hymn of perdition; and an intense impression is caused by the impassiveness of the singer, until, at the last cry of "Dannata sei," he starts forward as if to grasp his prey. There is one point of stage management in this opera which might be improved at both houses. The carrying away of Valentine's dead body by four men in full sight of the audience has an unpleasant effect which borders on the ludicrous. It would be easy enough to conceal this, if not altogether, to a great extent, by a different disposal of the crowd, and the scene would then lose nothing in impressiveness.

Great interest has attached to the performances of Signor Verdi's *Requiem* at the Albert Hall, and not a little difference of opinion has been aroused by them. By some the music has been denounced as merely theatrical, by others it has been exalted as sublime. There are undoubtedly fine passages in it, and there are also some, like the setting of the "Tuba Mirum," which suggest footlights and red fire. But even if the music were as ill fitted to its theme as some have held it to be, it would be worth hearing for the excellence of its execution. The only disappointment in the performance is found in the fact that the fine method of Signor Medini has since his last appearance in England been changed by the use of the tremolo, of which we have already spoken with dislike.

THE DERBY.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S amusing protest against the evils of horse-racing had as little effect on the attendance at Epsom last Wednesday as on the House of Commons the night before. The member for Carlisle may or may not be in earnest in his contempt and dislike for a leading national sport; but his treatment of the subject was so exaggerated as to defeat any real object he may have had at heart. Racing has sins enough to answer for, we are well aware; but the Derby is not yet degraded to the level of a suburban gate-money meeting. No denunciation of the scandals of those paltry gatherings, which are patronized by the lowest order of owners, trainers, and backers of racehorses, could be too strong; but only by ignorance or affectation could Epsom be placed in the same class with Bromley and Kingsbury. The Derby is still one of the greatest and most genuine races of the year, and the general conduct of the Epsom meeting leaves little room for objection. In a crowd so vast as that which annually assembles on Epsom Downs there must be of course a certain number of objectionable and disreputable people; but every care is taken to prevent their presence from being felt by those who visit Epsom either for amusement or to transact legitimate business. If Sir Wilfrid Lawson can devise any means for putting an end to the disgraceful scenes which so constantly take place at petty race meetings in the neighbourhood of London, he will deserve our warmest thanks; but he will do little good by painting the Epsom meeting in colours which it by no means deserves, or in attacking the race to which, beyond all others, an historic interest attaches. It was altogether unnecessary to quote the opinions of the late Mr. Greville on the sport which he pursued to the end of his life with so much zeal. When he wrote them Mr. Greville had probably backed the favourite heavily, and the favourite had lost. It would be easy to multiply instances of men who, finding they have to suffer for their pleasures, sit down in sackcloth and ashes and bemoan their follies and their sins. Mr. Greville's reflections on the morality of horse-racing would probably have assumed a very different tone at the close of a successful week.

The death of Mr. King was a loss to racing, of which he was a warm and honoured supporter, and caused the disqualification of Holy Friar for the Derby. All the world knew that Mr. King was a clergyman, and that he had bred and owned racehorses for many a year. But as they were not of the highest class, and only succeeded in carrying off races of minor importance, the world did not blame Mr. King for his indulgence in a sport not commonly patronized by clergymen, and he received no official censure until the splendid triumphs of Apology attracted attention. The absence of Holy Friar from the Derby is much to be regretted, as he was only once beaten as a two-year-old, and then his defeat in the Middle Park Plate was ascribed more to accident than to want of ability on his part to perform the task set for him. It has been pretty freely rumoured that Holy Friar wintered badly, and would never again show the form he displayed as a two-year-old; but rumours are always afloat about the candidates for great races, and no two horses have been more freely attacked of late than the first and second in the great race of last Wednesday. We can only judge of what Holy Friar's prospects of winning the Derby would have been, had he started, by looking to his public performances last year; and as he beat Camballo at Doncaster when Camballo was particularly fit and well, and, in our judgment, only lost the Middle Park Plate by a mistake on the part of his jockey, we must believe, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that he would have given Galopin a great deal of trouble last Wednesday. The disqualification of Holy Friar for the Derby, and of Chaplet and Stray Shot for the Oaks, has called renewed attention to the inconvenience of the rule by which horses, if their nominators die, are disqualified from fulfilling their engagements. It is to be hoped that some means may be found for abolishing this rule, while at the same time proper securities are taken for the payment of entrances. It is said that, if a nominator dies who has entered half-a-dozen horses for the Derby, there might be plenty of people who would gladly pay the entrance money for the best of the six, but none who would care to pay for the other five, and that therefore the gains of the winner would be proportionately lessened. This difficulty might be obviated by making compulsory the payment of entrance money at the time the entries are made, and we do not see any sufficient reason why such a regulation should not be established.

The paddock was hardly the scene of so much interest as in former years, and, indeed, though we read in the papers the stereotyped remark that there were never so many people at the Derby, our own impressions were quite the reverse, and both in the paddock and the Stand we thought the attendance smaller and the excitement very much less than usual. There was, in truth, not so very much in the paddock that was worth seeing. Of the two horses who, by their public performances, might claim to be in the first class, one, Galopin, was saddled elsewhere, and did not even participate in the preliminary parade and canter; and a single glance at the other, Camballo, was sufficient to show that Mr. Vyner's horse was by no means in the same condition as on the Two Thousand day. His coat was dull and faded, and he walked languidly and listlessly. Of the remaining sixteen, many had acquitted themselves creditably, but not one had any pretensions, on public form, to compete with the winner of the Champagne and Two Thousand and the third in the Middle Park Plate.

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Claremont attracted considerable attention, not only on account of his grand appearance, but also because of the mystery which was supposed to have surrounded him and his stable companions for some time past, though why there should have been any mystery about him we are at a loss to know. As a yearling Claremont fetched 2,000 guineas; as a two-year-old he was unequalled for his grand shape, but was never half-prepared for racing; and this year no serious attempt has been made to wind him up thoroughly. He did well on the Two Thousand day, when he ran very fast, and finished a good fourth, and he did well last Wednesday when he again distinguished himself, but died away at last from want of condition. He may be very much improved by September, and with Galopin out of the way seems clearly to have the St. Leger at his mercy; but we question whether we shall see the best of Claremont this year. If all goes well, he ought to turn out the grandest four-year-old in training. Balfe, who was early in the paddock, looked as usual neat, compact, muscular, and full of quality. But the strange idea which prevailed, and which ultimately found expression in raising Prince Soltykoff's horse to the position of second favourite, that a horse unable to stay a mile, and with difficulty successful over a six-furlong course, would show improved form over a mile and a half, might almost be reckoned a delusion. Balfe is, we should say, an easy horse to train, as he carries little superfluous flesh and is perfectly sound. But his two-year-old running shows incontestably his preference for half a mile over a longer course, and in the Two Thousand, though perfectly fit and well, and holding a commanding lead at the Bushes, he died away to nothing at the finish. Yet it was gravely predicted that in the longer and severer Derby course he would show in very different colours; and there were not wanting people who accepted the prediction as gospel. As it turned out, all who beat Balfe in the Two Thousand, with the single exception of Breechloader, beat him far more easily in the Derby. The Repentance colt, Breechloader, and Earl of Dartrey, may be classed together as a trio of honest second-rate horses. They all looked well, but no trainer's art can transform a moderate horse into one of high quality. One hears commonly enough the observation that such and such a horse can be made so many pounds better by the Derby day, and that the Epsom course will suit him better than Newmarket. It is very probable that many horses may be and are considerably improved by the care and skill of their trainers, and yet that they may utterly fail to come within pounds of first-class form. You may make a bad thing better, but it does not follow that you can ever make it good. Garterly Bell and Telescope, though superior performers last year, were evidently only started on Wednesday to assist their stable companions, the Repentance colt and Claremont. Seymour had jumped into fame by beating Camballo at the Northampton meeting, but the credentials of Punch, Gilbert, Temple Bar, and Fareham were poor indeed. Woodlands was fancied more on account of his owner's reputation for sagacity than for any proved merits of his own, and Bay of Naples must have improved about 2 st. in two months to render him a formidable competitor. Finally, Fareham was a good-looking horse who had figured in plating races, and Earlston and Lord Berners were not good looking, and have not figured to much advantage in races of any description.

It will be gathered that even the most curious soon had their curiosity gratified in the paddock. Perhaps Earl of Dartrey and Balfe were the two brought out in best condition, for both Claremont and Bay of Naples, fine looking as they were, were manifestly backward in condition, and though the Repentance colt looked well, he seemed as if better suited to inferior company. In the preliminary canter Earl of Dartrey went well, as also the Repentance colt, Seymour, and Fareham, but we cannot say as much for the exhibition of Camballo, Balfe, or Claremont. The latter cantered in lumbering fashion, and the two former went decidedly short. Bay of Naples, however, pleased his admirers sufficiently to make a rapid rise in popular favour. Galopin, who was saddled near the starting post, joined his seventeen companions as they filed from the paddock across the Downs, but his somewhat fretful temper delayed the start for some minutes. He was very anxious to get off first, and, as befalls anxious men and horses, when the flag did fall he got off last of all.

The pace was very slow at first, and the running, such as it was, was made by Fareham, Garterly Bell, and Telescope, the last named taking a decided lead at the top of the hill and maintaining it nearly to Tattenham Corner. Camballo from the very first was conspicuous in the rear, and toiled hopelessly along, apparently without any chance of improving his position. Galopin, who was kept back in the early part of the race, did not attempt to join the leaders until reaching the top of the hill; but when once he was let out, he quickly made up for lost time. Half-way down the hill he was well in the front division, and though he came very wide round Tattenham Corner, his superior speed made the loss of ground a matter of no consequence to him. When fairly in the straight, he assumed the lead, and the race was at once over; for though Claremont challenged opposite the Stand, and for a moment seemed likely to overhaul Prince Batthyany's horse, want of condition told, and he died away immediately afterwards, while superior condition and superior speed brought Galopin home an easy winner by a length. Repentance colt was, on sufferance, an indifferent third, and then came a cluster of pulling-up horses, among whom were Earl of Dartrey, Seymour, Garterly Bell, and Bay of Naples. Balfe, as might have been expected, failed to stay, and the moderate quality of the field was shown by the fact of a half-trained horse beating all except the winner, and of half-a-dozen horses being one nearly as good as the other for third place. The victory of Galopin has removed the stigma hitherto attaching to the stock of Vedette of inability to stay a mile and a half; but it must be admitted that he had a very easy task last Wednesday. It is not certain that he is the soundest of horses, and his opponents probably speculated that he might fail to stand up to the end on such fearfully hard ground; but for speed there was nothing in the race with any pretensions to compete with him, Camballo being amiss, and Balfe being altogether out of his course. The victory of Galopin was deservedly popular, for few sportsmen have so worthily supported the Turf, with but scanty encouragement from fortune, as the Hungarian Prince who has so long made England his home.

REVIEWS.

GARDINER'S ENGLAND UNDER BUCKINGHAM AND CHARLES I.*

IN reference to a tendency observable in a late brilliant book towards eschewing the time-honoured practice of dividing the history of the English people according to the reigns of its sovereigns, a cynical critic has been heard to observe that one of the least disputable uses of kings is thereby put in jeopardy. It might be added—without any intention of applying the remark to any particular work—that while no chronological divisions of history are altogether satisfactory, those are likely to be least so into which the subjective element, or, in other words, the view taken by an historian of the significance of this or that period, largely enters. The principle on which Mr. Gardiner has arranged the series of important works completed by that now before us—but not completed in the sense of being rendered incapable of continuation—is open to no reasonable objection on this score. In a sense no doubt the Elizabethan age was at an end before the Queen's death, just as the war with Spain had begun to languish before peace was concluded in 1604; but few will deny that an "epoch" of English history is marked by the advent of the Stuart dynasty to the English throne. The disgrace of Coke, the event concluding the first of Mr. Gardiner's three connected works, closed a period of mingled hopes and fears, preparatory to that which was fully and finally to test the ability of King James to carry out as well as devise his own policy. In the years including the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War and the development of the King's ultra-Solomonic scheme of recovering the Palatinate by means of Spain, we have, as is not unfrequently the case in history, the λύσις of one drama and the δίσις of another. Least of all is the judiciousness of the limits assigned to the work now before us open to question. The history of England in the unhappy years 1624–1628 cannot in fact be better described than by the few defining words on Mr. Gardiner's title-page. In the second of his three works he had shown how, when the Spanish match really came to an end, James I. ceased to reign. Buckingham and the Prince of Wales had become the directors of the national policy, and the control exercised over it by the King in one instance (the matter of Breda) almost wears the aspect of an interference. His shrewdness and his "critical faculty," as the phrase is, had not deserted him with his power; and he could point out to his son and his favourite the awkward precedent they were establishing by the impeachment of Middlesex, which he had not dared to prevent. But before his end came he had almost ceased even to scheme, and had come to content himself with desiring to localize a conflict of which the conditions had passed beyond his power of direction. For "the years of unwise war" which ensued, ending, not long after Buckingham's death, in two inglorious pacifications, and leading up, as Mr. Gardiner without the least exaggeration says, "to divisions and distractions at home, to civil strife, and to the dethronement and execution of the Sovereign," Buckingham and Charles were responsible. But though they jointly incurred this responsibility, and were both, it must be allowed, at all times equally willing to take it upon themselves, yet they are not to be held accountable in the same degree for the course of events in the several parts of the period under review. Morally speaking, there can be no doubt that at first it was Buckingham who led the way, as it had been he who was the first to oppose the Spaniards while the Prince and he were still at Madrid. After Charles had discovered the superior penetration of his friend, his reliance upon Buckingham became such that it is frequently difficult for any but a trained eye to discriminate between the sanguine recklessness of the one and the blind pertinacity of the other. Both were proof against the reverses which fortune so plentifully brought them; had the hopefulness of Buckingham received the confirmation of but a single success, it might be held to have approached the borders of the sublime, and the trustfulness of Charles supported his favourite, whether or not the latter might happen to have "performed all his desires." "With whatsomever success ye shall come to me, ye shall ever be welcome, one of my greatest griefs being that I have not been with you in this time of suffering, for I know we would have much eased each other's

* *A History of England under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I.*, 1624–1628. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

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griefs." But even in the conduct of foreign affairs Buckingham's authority cannot be said to have remained absolute to the last; and in domestic policy the unpopularity in which he had become involved had reduced his influence to little more than that of a confidential adviser whose authority was confined to the Privy Council and to the King's chamber. The Minister whose advent to predominant power in the Government had signified the triumph of public opinion over the personal wishes of the King, in the end depended, like a mere favourite, upon nothing but the personal affection of his royal master. Thus the nature of his influence upon Charles's first decision as to his answer to the Petition of Right remains a matter of conjecture only. In the House of Lords' debates on the subject he exercised no determining influence. But he spent in the King's company the day before that in which Charles, with the full consent of the Privy Council, resolved upon the answer which, had it not been afterwards superseded, might have brought about a hopeless breach between the King and the Commons. History is justified, as were the Commons, in "naming" Buckingham as the author of the evils of State which had swelled to so portentous a list towards the end of his career; but she cannot, like them, shelter the King under the name of his Minister. In a word, the condition of England in these years could not be more accurately described than by saying that, though no longer under Buckingham in the same sense as before, she was still "under Buckingham and Charles I." when Felton's knife saved the Duke from a personal share in the last of the humiliations which he and his master had brought upon the national name—the ultimate failure of the attempt to rescue Rochelle.

One of the main difficulties—but at the same time one of the main attractions—of the task executed by Mr. Gardiner in his present work must have lain in the want of unity which at first sight appears to characterize the history of affairs in this period. In the two previous volumes he had the advantage of a connecting thread, tangled indeed, but remaining well in view; while the danger was that of entering into an abundance of details more appropriate to a monograph, or of giving a view which, like that of Ranke himself in his treatment of the Spanish marriage episode, conveys an impression of incompleteness. But in the years 1624-1628 our history seems to separate itself into two branches, often intertwining, but not easily admitting of a connected treatment. These years comprise a series of conflicts between Crown and Parliament which were directly affected by a foreign policy carried on by the former under conditions very imperfectly understood by the latter, and, it must be added, imperfectly understood by the conductors of the policy itself. Neither the Parliament nor the nation at large were in possession of the materials necessary for a complete judgment of the measures of which they could only judge by the immediate results; and yet their own proceedings, both directly in the matter of money and indirectly in the expression of opinion, materially influenced the results in question. There were, as Mr. Gardiner somewhere says, no Blue-books; and had there been such, it may safely be doubted whether the leading politicians in the House of Commons—for in the Lords the case was different—would as a rule have been able or willing to master them. The proceedings of James I.'s Parliament in 1621 had shown the difficulty of obtaining adequate supplies from a House of Commons unacquainted with the definite intentions of a Government agreeing with it on the main object of the national foreign policy. But the foreign policy of Buckingham and Charles rested on expectations rather than on principles; and, while prolific of vast schemes and more or less imaginary alliances, was hardly reducible except in the vaguest of terms to popular exposition. Hence, while the Commons were deploring the results of the past, the Government was dreaming of the possibilities of the future, to which the undertakings of the present usually failed to correspond. And, more than this, Buckingham and Charles showed a complete inability to appreciate the statecraft of the greatest foreign Minister with whom they were brought into contact, and dealt with him as incompetently when a friend as they afterwards dealt with him when a foe. A survey of our foreign policy in this period has therefore to keep in view much which it is undesirable to emphasize, and much which it is impossible to develop at length for the benefit of the uninstructed reader. The references to foreign affairs in the Parliamentary debates are but imperfect clues to the designs with which these affairs were conducted; the plans of Buckingham are often little more than visionary; and the motives which dictated the proceedings of Richelieu are only to be appreciated by those who have formed a definite conception of the objects of his statesmanship.

It will thus be evident how necessary it was in the treatment of such a group of transactions to combine caution with decision, to refrain from elevating impressions to the dignity of conclusions, and to sacrifice the immediate effect of a narrative to the maintenance of consistency between its several parts. Mr. Gardiner, whose general knowledge of European history in this period is probably unequalled by that of any other English writer, is able to indicate the general tendencies of the policy of Richelieu and the relations between the contending Powers in what is usually called the Danish period of the Thirty Years' War, with a distinctness revealing that full command of the subject which he has elsewhere proved himself to possess. But he is not carried aside from the main course of his narrative into useless digressions, and has thought it quite unnecessary to summarize either the Cardinal or Christian IV. or Gustave Adolphus in half-a-dozen brilliant sentences apiece. Yet, like Ranke, he often contrives to indicate his views of character by a few significant touches worth many paragraphs of rhetorical antithesis. On home ground he is more liberal of detail, and though he leaves aside as unworthy of notice ninety-nine-hundredths of the scandal clinging to the name of Buckingham, he has drawn a lifelike picture of the brilliant and self-confident schemer, who was probably as thoroughly deceived as to his own capacities as the master who upheld him. That it should have been so, especially in the later years of his career, there is but little reason to marvel. Not only had he been the favourite of royal father and of royal son, not only had the grave flattery of a Bacon and the adulation of thousands of lesser men been as purple carpets along which he made his triumphal progress, but he had tasted the full sweetness of universal popularity, together with that of royal favour. If Charles was the White Knight who had come forth safe from the Black House, he was welcomed home with hardly louder acclamations than "his most firm assistant," the White Duke. And when the Spanish Ambassadors had complained to King James of evil words spoken by Buckingham against their master, had not Lords and Commons alike unanimously exculpated him, such men as Phelips and Coke rising to defend the bold champion, as he seemed to them, of the national cause? "'In the way that Buckingham holds,' said Phelips, 'I pray that he shall keep his head on his shoulders to see thousands of Spaniards' heads either from their shoulders or in the sea.' 'And shall he lose his head?' cried Coke. 'Never has any man deserved better of his King and country.'" The reasons which within a few years converted this popularity into a hatred so deadly that Buckingham's assassin was hailed as a hero and a martyr are clearly developed in Mr. Gardiner's narrative, but he has not omitted to correct mistaken views which have descended to after ages from the excited and ill-informed times in which they arose. Among these can hardly be included the monstrous accusation against Buckingham of having been guilty of James's death, which requires no disproval. But the affair of Pennington's ships, to which considerable attention has been lately directed, is shown to have been a transaction conducted with some skill and manifestly patriotic intentions, which the peace between Louis XIII. and the Huguenots (which Buckingham had the best reason to expect to see concluded in 1625) would, had it been actually concluded, have enabled Buckingham to represent to Parliament in a satisfactory light. This "abortive peace" is, according to Mr. Gardiner, unknown to French writers; but the prospect of it might certainly have justified a less sanguine politician than Buckingham in fulfilling at last what no longer seemed a dangerous engagement. The Duke's conduct of the operations at Rhé, again, is judged in a spirit of fairness which has not always been extended to it. "After all," says Mr. Gardiner, "the charge which history has to bring against Buckingham is not so much that he failed in the expedition to Rhé as that there was an expedition to Rhé at all. The politician, not the man, was at fault." There may be here a side reference to the striking passage in which Ranke, in his *English History*, while making the necessary reference to the failure of the supports from home, seems to imply that Buckingham's failure at Rhé attests his want of that genius which supplies the gaps of experience. Finally, it may be worth observing that in the most extraordinary case of extortion of money occurring in this period—when Buckingham was paid 10,000*l.* by the East India Company, and King James the same sum on a logically opposite pretext—there is no reason to suppose the Duke to have been actuated by motives of greed. He at once lent nearly the whole sum for the equipment of the fleet, though it seems probable that he was afterwards repaid.

We cannot dwell on the very simple but life-like sketch furnished in this book of Queen Henrietta Maria and the troubles of her early married days, which, as is well suggested, taught her the nature of the obedience best fitted to win the way to the heart of her consort. Of the great Parliamentary leaders of the period Mr. Gardiner enables us to judge by means of an admirably lucid narrative of the debates in which they bore a principal share—a narrative in part new in its materials. As a rule, he judiciously abstains from those notes of admiration which have become so usual in histories of the great Parliamentary struggle; it is only in the case of Eliot that, in his endeavour to impress on the mind of the reader the effect created on Mr. Gardiner's own by the sententious eloquence of the great orator, he occasionally himself approaches the rhetorical. How strangely modern, by the way, are, by the side of the passages from the orations of Eliot, those from the speeches of Wentworth—a curious illustration of the effect which not only sentiment, but tendencies of thought, exercise upon the style of an orator. Of the political career of Wentworth in this period Mr. Gardiner's account is the most consistent, and therefore the most interesting, with which we are acquainted. Yet we are bound to say that the explanation offered of Wentworth's so-called "apostasy," while logical enough, can hardly be regarded as completely satisfactory. Was his acceptance of the peerage in any sense a sign of reconciliation with Buckingham? In the narrative of the Parliamentary struggle of which the Petition of Right constitutes the most remarkable feature, Mr. Gardiner has, on the other hand, very clearly shown the position assumed by Wentworth. It had not been hitherto known that the proposal of the Petition had been preceded by an attempt to pass a Bill on the liberties of the subject, which would have asserted the principles which the King was asked to accept, without reciting the grievances which had rendered their assertion necessary. The Bill, however, never got beyond Committee; and Wentworth's proposal to substitute a Bill of his own—couched in a form more conciliatory towards the King, although distinctly transferring the decision of

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the legality of a committal from the Crown to the Judges—proved equally abortive. It is sagaciously pointed out by Mr. Gardiner that Wentworth's proposal was not necessarily inconsistent with his previously expressed conviction that, under extraordinary circumstances, the King must be entrusted with the power of keeping subjects imprisoned without cause assigned. Apart from the opportunities still furnished to the King by the untouched authority of the Star Chamber, "in those days the communication between the Judges and the Government was much closer than it is now, and Wentworth may have thought that, if special precautions were needed, the King would lay the grounds upon which he proposed to suspend the law privately before the Judges, and thus obtain their consent to the interruption of the ordinary course of justice."

In conclusion, that which strikes us as most noteworthy in this important contribution to English history is the clearness with which the book, as a whole, brings out a fact less habitually insisted upon than the constitutional significance of the Parliamentary struggles of those years. As the downfall of the personal authority of James I. had been due to the central and typical scheme of his foreign policy, so the failure of the foreign policy of Buckingham and Charles I. was an important element in the want of confidence which was the real cause of the overthrow of the Stuart monarchy. For the misdirection of operations it would in any case be absurd to hold the House of Commons responsible; for the inefficient conduct of most of them it can only be blamed if we are prepared to condemn the general view taken by the House of the relations between supply and grievances. If, on the other hand, Parliament not less than Buckingham and Charles began this disastrous period of our foreign policy with that worst of political faults, vagueness of design, it was the Executive alone which closed it with that almost equally fatal fault—blind obstinacy of self-will. The full ascendency of Buckingham was due to his having constituted himself the representative of the popular feeling which called for the dissolution of the Spanish treaties. No sooner had the "new era" opened than a divergence began which the recklessness of Buckingham sought to bridge by an illusory—doubtless self-illusory—rainbow of ambitious hope. The nation was still animated by an antique feeling, in which commercial instincts and healthy prejudices were—by no means antithetically—mixed, in favour of a war with Spain. Of such a war the theatre must of course be the Spanish coasts in either hemisphere, and, when the season for fleets of precious burden arrived, the sea between. Such a war could, however, effect but little for the recovery of the Palatinate—in the eyes of King James still the sole legitimate purpose for which England ought to renounce the blessings of peace. Buckingham's fatal facility was ready to combine both ideas, adding as an obvious expedient an alliance with France. The negotiations for the French marriage accordingly began. But France in her turn cared nothing for the future of the Palatinate, except in so far as an attempt to recover it would indirectly support her own operations for the recovery of the Valtelline. For intervention in Germany the English Government therefore had either to depend upon the miserable instrumentality of Mansfeld, or to seek further allies. A prince willing and able to head the armies of a real Protestant league, with the objects of which France might have to some extent co-operated for her own purposes and in her own sphere of action, without the risk being run of her becoming the arbitress of the results of the endeavour, might have been found in Gustavus Adolphus. But his conditions were too practical not to seem excessive, and his rival Christian IV. "stood upon shorter ways and less demands." Gustavus Adolphus accordingly postponed action, although the English Government did not abandon the hope of his ulterior co-operation. Thus it was upon the successes of Mansfeld and Christian of Denmark, and upon the prospect of unity of action between England and France, that the issues in which the English Government had interested itself depended.

It seems clear that even in times of an uninterrupted sympathy between Crown and Parliament so doubtful a policy would have failed to inspire the latter with a determination to support the former at all hazards. But the French alliance was never managed in such a way as to commend itself to the favour of Englishmen, or to exhibit a real cordiality of feeling on the part of the English Government towards its ally. The marriage treaty was from the first an object of suspicion to the English people; and the complications resulting from the Huguenot rising proved an insuperable obstacle to the policy which should have been adopted by the English Government. And, after the lamentable Cadiz failure had frustrated Buckingham's hopes of accomplishing a master-stroke on his own account, the differences between the French and the English Courts were increased by difficulties such as have at other times furnished a sure test of the practical sagacity and the politic determination of statesmen. The supposed abuse by French vessels of the neutrality still maintained by their country, the rash seizure of those vessels, and the acts of reprisals in France, were incidents of a class which often make, but never need cause, a conflict. Indeed Richelieu was ready to give the English Government an opportunity of a real alliance, had Charles I. been found ready to abandon the claim to protect "those of the Religion" in his ally's dominions. Charles's refusal to enter into the plans of Richelieu rendered the latter powerless against the friends of Spain, and the treaty of Barcelona signified the end—and something more than the end—of Buckingham's cherished project of an Anglo-French alliance.

If the English people had felt but little sympathy with the French alliance, what enthusiasm could they be expected to entertain for the war into which they now saw the country beginning to drift? Events in Germany were taking a disastrous turn in the year 1626; Mansfeld was being driven out of the Empire, and Christian IV. was routed at Lutter. Meanwhile a French war was opening, and for what causes? For the sake of the Huguenots of Rochelle, for the sake of a quarrel about contraband, for the sake of a dispute about the Queen's French household. How could such a war commend itself to popular enthusiasm, or to the eager support of a Parliament? The King might excuse his forced loan by circulating the declaration that the counsel of Parliament had led him into his difficulties, but the nation well knew that the Government alone was accountable for the conduct of foreign affairs. The Palatinate had fallen out of view, and on the eve of war against France Buckingham was deluding himself with hopes of peace with Spain. In reality Spanish diplomacy only availed itself of these futile negotiations to enter into closer relations with France.

It is possible, for such are the fluctuations of public opinion, that a gleam of feeling in favour of the policy of Buckingham might have attended a genuine military success. But his genius, or his star, was unequal to surmounting impossibilities, and the expedition to Rhé in 1627, followed by Denbigh's failure in 1628, revealed the futility of the French war with glaring distinctness. In the same year, 1628, the feeble intervention of England in Germany came to an end with the surrender of Stude, and the result of the foreign policy of the last four years could hardly be viewed by the nation in any other light than in that in which Eliot represented it to the House of Commons:—

> What waste of our provisions, what consumption of our ships, what destruction of our men have been! Witness the journey to Algiers! Witness that with Mansfeld! Witness that to Cadiz! Witness the next! Witness that to Rhé! Witness the last!—And I pray God we shall never have more such witnesses.—Witness likewise the Palatinate! Witness Denmark! Witness the Turks! Witness the Dunkirkers! Witness all! What losses we have sustained! How we are impaired in munition, in ships, in men! It has no contradiction. We were never so much weakened, nor had less hope now to be restored.

Buckingham indeed still hoped, and Charles still trusted, on. Even after the Duke's death, Charles might, had he understood the policy of Richelieu sufficiently to trust his promise to deal gently with the Rochellese, have obtained satisfactory terms of peace. That this promise was honestly meant is proved by the conduct of Richelieu after the capture. But Charles would not abandon the position he had assumed. His orders to Lindesey to persevere in a really hopeless attempt are among the most significant monuments of his intellectual blindness. The Rochellese surrendered in spite of Charles's determination to relieve them; and the tolerant policy proclaimed by the French Government towards the prostrate Huguenots was, in Mr. Gardiner's words, "an announcement to the world that the war which Charles and Buckingham had urged so pertinaciously had been a mere blunder from beginning to end."

THE DUKE AND THE SCHOLAR.*

WE must confess that we were a little puzzled by Mr. Oliphant's title. But for the words "other Essays," we should have been tempted to think that he had been writing a novel. It would be by no means a bad thing if some one would write a novel strictly following the rules of language laid down by Mr. Oliphant in his book on Standard English; but we are not sure that to write the novel himself would be exactly in Mr. Oliphant's line. But in the *Duke and the Scholar*, so far as it is the Duke and the Scholar with whom the book deals, Mr. Oliphant has lighted on a subject which could not fall more fittingly to any one than to the historian of Frederick the Second. The Duke and the Scholar of whom Mr. Oliphant speaks are two men to whom his own earlier labours owed much, Honoré-Theodoric-Paul-Joseph d'Albert, Duke of Luynes, and Jean-Louis-Alphonse Huillard-Bréholles. M. Bréholles was the editor, the Duke of Luynes was the patron, of the great collection of the documents of the reign of Frederick, "Historia Diplomatica Friderici Secundi," on the title-page of which, besides the name of the editor, we read "Auspiciis et sumptibus H. de Albertis de Luynes." At the same time, the opposition between Duke and Scholar is hardly fair to the Duke, as the Duke of Luynes was himself a scholar; he was no mere patron of learning, but was himself a man of real research and knowledge; and, when he did patronize, his patronage was not a mere name, but, as in the case of the "Historia Diplomatica," involved no small spending at his own cost. Mr. Oliphant complains that there are not many English noblemen who spend their money in the same way as the Duke of Luynes. It is not likely that there ever should be many noblemen, or many men of any class, in England or elsewhere, who are at once able and willing to do so. It is to be wished that the class was larger, but it is a class which must always be a small one. The more honour then to the man who may be fairly said to have formed a class by himself. Let us give his picture in full, as it is drawn by Mr. Oliphant at the end of his life:—

> One word as to his influence upon the world at large. He helped to perfect photography and to make it the handmaid of art. He earned the gratitude of all workers in metal. He threw light upon geology and

* *The Duke and the Scholar, and other Essays.* By T. L. Kington-Oliphant, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

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palæontology by his collections at Dampierre. He paid for the publication of a vast number of documents, upon which must be based the history of France, Germany, and Italy. He kept before his countrymen England as the beacon of the world in matters political. He placed the study of the old Mythology on a sure ground, writing with the depth of a German as well as with the clearness of a Frenchman. As to coins and medals, he was the greatest of all authorities. In Oriental philology, he opened new paths, which must be followed up by others. He took interest in all the discoveries of his time, and himself solved some of the problems of science and art. Unlike most men of learning, who shut themselves up from mankind, he was always ready to take his share in the drudgery of common life, if he could thus help his fellow-creatures. As a student, he knew no end but truth; as a rich nobleman, he rose to his high calling by his worthy conduct and his open-handedness. There was not a month in his life that was not marked by some useful work or some good deed. . . . The Duke, shy and retiring, never sought popularity in his lifetime; but the memoir published after his death by his friend Bréholles will hand down the likeness of D'Albert de Luynes as a rare model of the scholar, the gentleman, and the patriot, all in one.

The founder of the Duke's family, as far as France is concerned, for the Alberti were originally an Italian house, was the Constable De Luynes, in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. This not very creditable forefather was followed by a line of descendants, all of whom seem to have been much better than himself, and which reaches its highest point in the subject of Mr. Oliphant's memoir. Yet Duke Honoré did not fail to cherish a special reverence for the memory of Louis the Thirteenth as the founder of the greatness of his family. That family fared better than most French nobles during the time of the Revolution. The grandparents of Duke Honoré were imprisoned for a while during the Reign of Terror, but they were not driven to emigrate, and they kept both their lives and their estates. The Duke himself was born at Paris in 1802. His mother, the Duchess of Chevreuse, drew on herself the wrath of the first Buonaparte, but of his father we only learn incidentally that he was fat. The Duke himself played a certain part in public affairs. Mr. Oliphant describes him as "a Royalist by family tradition, but a Liberal from his own principles." He sat in the National Assembly from 1848 to 1851. He took a personal share in putting down the revolt of June 1848; in December 1851 he suffered a short imprisonment, along with all that was great and good in France. Mr. Oliphant does not conceal, indeed he brings out with rather vehement indignation, that his hero was not free from the fault which it seems hard for the best Frenchman to escape, a hatred of Italian unity. As a member of the Assembly, he had strongly supported what Mr. Oliphant calls "the blackest of infamies," that is, "the expedition sent out in 1849 by the French republicans to crush their Roman brethren down under a priestly yoke." Indeed it was in the cause of the temporal power of the Pope that the Duke, though, to say the least, not a bigoted Catholic, in a manner lost his life. In 1867 he went in person to help the Pope; he was not present at Mentana, because he reached Rome only on the day of the battle. We cannot blame him for the next day giving his cloak to a wounded man, but the consequences were sad and strange:—

> He thus caught a cold, which was little heeded at first; he set out once more to procure documents, which had to be drawn up before monuments in honour of the slain Pontifical volunteers could be raised. He procured what was wanted by patient investigation, but this he did at the cost of his life. What a life to be thrown away in such a cause! Died Abner as a fool dieth!

He is described as having been hitherto inclined to free thought in matters of religion, but he died in full communion with the Church.

Of the life of the Duke of Luynes Mr. Oliphant's memoir gives us many details; details of his studies, of his travels in Europe and in the East, of his collections at Dampierre—collections which he gave to the French nation—his own writings, and the help given by him to the writings of other men; his general encouragement of learning and art, and, not least, the practical good which a judicious employment of his wealth enabled him to do in his own neighbourhood. Setting aside the one political blot which he shares with so many of his nation, the character of the Duke of Luynes is one to be admired by all, to be imitated by the few who have the opportunity of imitating him. One side of his character ought specially to speak to the hearts of Englishmen. Not only was the modern Constitution of England his chosen political ideal, but he seems to have thoroughly understood the history of that Constitution, and to have looked with special reverence on the English worthies of the thirteenth century. A student of the reign of Frederick the Second could hardly fail to have his thoughts strongly drawn in that direction. Our own Matthew Paris, the chronicler of so many stages of our own struggle, may also claim a place among the chroniclers of the great Emperor. We heartily thank Mr. Oliphant for having made us better acquainted with such a man as the subject of his memoir. At the same time, we do not quite understand the principle on which the memoir is put together. Nine-tenths of it, he tells us, "is taken from the *Notice sur M. le Duc de Luynes*, par J. L. A. Huillard-Bréholles. Paris: Henri Plon. 1868." This book Mr. Oliphant hopes that many of his readers will order. It would be well if they do so. Still the relations between Mr. Oliphant's book and that of M. Huillard-Bréholles are not quite satisfactory. Though nine-tenths of Mr. Oliphant's memoir come from M. Bréholles' memoir, yet he has left much untranslated, and by saying that he has added little, he implies that he has added something. Indeed Mr. Oliphant tells us that the most just, but still very strong, censures wholly his own. The memoir is therefore not altogether a translation, and not altogether an original work. In reading the life we do not know exactly where we are; we do not know how much is Bréholles and how much is Oliphant, a state of things which is always puzzling and unpleasant.

We may make the same remark on the life of Fra Salimbene later on in the volume. Fra Salimbene was a Franciscan of Parma, who was born in 1221, and wrote his memoirs in 1284. He was thus a contemporary of the latter part of the reign of Frederick and of the great events which followed his death in his Sicilian kingdom. His life is therefore, as Mr. Oliphant says, no unfitting appendage to the lives of two men so deeply versed in the history of Fra Salimbene's age as the Duke of Luynes and M. Bréholles. But we do not quite understand the way in which Mr. Oliphant has treated a writer of whom he says that, "of all his contemporaries, none but Matthew Paris and Joinville surpass him in interest." Now in dealing with a writer of this kind there are three ways of setting to work. Mr. Oliphant might have given us an edition of the original text with such commentaries as he might think good; or, if he thought that there was any number of readers who were likely to care for Fra Salimbene in a translation but not to care for him in the original, he might have given us a translation in full. Or he might have made the life and writings of Fra Salimbene the subject of a monograph of his own, with such extracts and references as might be needful. Of these three courses, either the first or the third, whatever we say of the second, would have been useful. But Mr. Oliphant does not follow any of them. What he gives us is a translation; but by his own account—we have not seen the original—it is not a full and exact translation. Mr. Oliphant tells us that he has "ventured to alter the Friar's mode of narrative, which is by no means continuous." Also he "abounds in Scriptural quotations, and his style is rather loose and rambling," while Mr. Oliphant "in translating has tried to be as terse as he can." Now if the translation does not represent the original writer's style and mode of narrative, it is not really a translation at all. If Mr. Oliphant thought himself called on to make such important changes in his author, he would have done better if he had not professed to translate at all, but had told the story in his own words. It is more singular still when he says, "Wishing to keep him" (Fra Salimbene) "in the foreground, I have passed over the characters of Popes and monarchs, wherein he abounds." Now when Salimbene is chosen as a writer of the thirteenth century to illustrate the lives of two scholars who gave special attention to the public events of the thirteenth century, it is certainly strange to leave out his witness to the politics of the time. Mr. Oliphant has given us enough of Fra Salimbene to make us wish for some more. We hear something of Frederick's elephants and leopards, but we should like to hear more from him about Frederick himself. Many of the Friar's remarks on men and things are very curious. He goes to Sens, and there sees St. Louis:—

> I was astonished, for I knew that bevies of ladies would have come to meet the King had he been passing through Pisa or Bologna, but at Sens there seemed to be no women but maid-servants. Then I remembered that in France none but the middle class live in towns; the knights and ladies live on their estates. King Louis was graceful, spare, and tall, with a face like that of an angel. He came to the Franciscan Convent, not like a king but like a pilgrim, with his staff and wallet of relics; not on horseback, but on foot, followed by his three brothers; he was more like a monk than a knight.

He did not at all like his own city of Parma:—

> The Parmesans show no devotion to the servants of God. Therefore I, brother Salimbene of Parma, have been for forty-eight years in the Minorite Order, and have never wished to live among the Parmesans. A city in France, of the size of Parma, would maintain comfortably a hundred Minorites.

We do not know what the word is in the original, but surely Franciscan friars, spouses of holy poverty, had no business to think about being comfortable. We again wish to know what the original is when we read of Arrigo di Pisa, who was "Minister in Greece."

The Life of Huillard-Bréholles is strictly Mr. Oliphant's own. It is put together from personal knowledge, from letters of M. Bréholles, and from materials supplied by his widow. Bréholles was a younger man than his friend the Duke—for it was as friends that the two worked together—being born in 1817. The Duke first set him to work on a translation of our own Matthew Paris, himself writing the introduction. Afterwards he brought out at the Duke's expense a work on the monuments and history of the Normans and the House of Swabia in Southern Italy, and the great "Historia Diplomatica." Bréholles also wrote a crowd of pamphlets and articles on various historical subjects. Mr. Oliphant gives us a pleasing picture of him from personal acquaintance both in England and in France, and we are glad to find that, on the point on which the Duke went wrong, the Scholar stayed right. Altogether this a very pleasing account of a man who well deserves to be remembered, and who in England is less known than he ought to be.

The Duke and the Scholar of the nineteenth century and the Friar of the thirteenth, all hang naturally together. Of the two essays on English history which Mr. Oliphant has added, the second one, "The Long Union between the English Lords and Commons," has a natural connexion with the thirteenth-century study of the Duke of Luynes and M. Bréholles. It is true enough, but it reads as if it wanted further working out. Mr. Oliphant has hardly gone so deeply into these matters as he has into matters of language. Speaking of the reign of Charles the Second, he says:—

> Here we may remark that the palm of eloquence must often be given

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to the Upper House. The speeches of Danby, Halifax, and Shaftesbury were, I suspect, better worth listening to than anything to be heard in the House of Commons.

This is doubtless true enough; but Danby, Halifax, and Shaftesbury were all of them first peers of their line. It is more to the purpose when Mr. Oliphant talks about Stanleys, Russells, and Cecils in our own day, though here again the only eminent Russell, though of a ducal house, is himself a created peer.

In the other essay Mr. Oliphant seems to have made a point. He there debates the question, "Was the old English aristocracy destroyed by the Wars of the Roses?" He shows that the number of historic houses which actually became extinct through death in the field during those wars was smaller than is generally thought. He counts twenty-seven great "historic houses," by which he means "families which held an earldom in the male line continuously for at least one hundred years, or thereabouts, before the Reformation." Of these fifteen had become extinct before the wars of the Roses began. Of the remaining twelve he counts that nine survived the wars of the Roses, of which three only, Courtenay, Neville, and Talbot, survive still. His conclusion is that "the real bane of the old aristocracy was the jealousy of the Tudors, and the rise of new ideas under the Tudors." He adds:—

Two causes have preserved the old Scottish houses from sharing the fate of their English brethren. The first was the prejudice in favour of heirs male, which would not allow the lands of a noble family to be split up among co-heiresses; the second cause was the practice of allotting small estates to younger sons, whereby the chance of always having an heir male at hand was much increased.

GLIMPSES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.*

TO a large class of readers of all ages and opinions, from children who love to revel—especially towards bedtime—in the enchanting awe of a real "ghost-story" to graver inquirers who take a philosophical, however sceptical, interest in the history of "the supernatural" as a phase of human belief, the title-page of these elegantly printed volumes will promise an abundant feast. The witch-like fingers protruding over the cover, and the mysterious creature, something between a wasp, a bat, and an owl, which flits over its opposite side, may help still further to whet the curiosity and deepen the delightful dread of the youthful believer in ghosts. It is only fair to add that those who are attracted by the first appearance of the book will have no reason to be disappointed on making closer acquaintance with its contents, which amply fulfil the promise of the title. Dr. Lee does not indeed, as we gather from his preface and introductory chapter, write mainly for the delectation of children or the information of speculative critics. He makes no secret of his own profound faith in the reality of the phenomena he is handling, without of course at all professing to claim equal credit for all the startling revelations here recorded, and he considers them to supply an instructive comment on the materialism of the present day. But it is not at all necessary to agree with his conclusions in order to take an interest in the work. He tells us at the outset that it has been his aim to deal with "records and facts" rather than with theories, and we can well believe that he has been engaged during the last twenty years in collecting this copious repertory of "examples of the supernatural," about fifty of which are now published for the first time. It has evidently been to him a labour of love, and he appears to have taken infinite pains to ascertain the most accurate version of the various stories and the precise authority on which they rest. In many cases, as is natural, those who have supplied the materials refuse permission for the publication of their names, from the dread of exposing themselves or their families to ridicule. One very strange account of a haunted house, "an old-fashioned furnished mansion in Cheshire," is given without any names by the brother of its then occupant, who professes to have himself witnessed the apparition described in 1864, from fear of incurring an action at law for damaging the property. But in all cases where names are withheld the editor assures us that he holds himself personally responsible. We may fairly assume therefore that the various supernatural appearances—dreams, omens, and the like—here detailed are so far authentic as to represent the genuine belief of those to whom they are stated to have occurred. And this is something, as it is an indispensable pre-requisite for forming any theory on the subject to have the story traced up to its original form and source. Not that we have any intention of theorizing about it here. We have heard of men of some ability who, after reasoning themselves out of all faith in the Christian revelation or even in theism, have been gradually brought back through a conviction of the truth of "Spiritualism"—to which Dr. Lee devotes two chapters—to a belief in supernaturalism, and eventually to their childhood's creed. Others appear by the same process to have been hopelessly alienated from it, while a large proportion of educated men regard the whole affair as a pure imposture. Into that controversy we need not enter. Nor shall we stay to discuss the vexed question of ecclesiastical miracles, to which the author has devoted a preliminary chapter, and on which it is hardly to be expected that the world will ever come to any general agreement. It is obviously irrational, if we admit the existence of the miraculous at all, to lay down any hard and fast line as to the period at which miracles may be supposed to have ceased, or to maintain that all which are contained in Scripture are certainly true, and all which are alleged elsewhere certainly false. Protestant writers who have argued from this artificial hypothesis have laid themselves open to an easy refutation, and so far Dr. Newman may be considered to have said the last word in the famous essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles which he first published as an Anglican some thirty years ago, and has lately republished in the new edition of his collected works. No doubt also it is quite true, as Dr. Lee reminds us, that "testimonies to the Supernatural among Christian writers are abundant" from the earliest ages; but it is also true that many Christians have at all times, and not least in our own day, betrayed a voracious appetite for the marvellous which has led them to multiply prophecies and miracles beyond all possibility of intelligent credence, and has often provoked the severe rebuke even of high ecclesiastical authority, as was illustrated last year in a telling pamphlet of Mgr. Dupanloup's. Not that this form of credulity is by any means confined to Roman Catholics, or to those whose theology approximates most closely to theirs. It has distinguished the enthusiasts of almost every sect, from John Wesley to Joanna Southcote.

Passing over the introductory matter, we come to a long chapter on Demoniacal Possession and Exorcism, containing several most extraordinary stories. The author begins by telling us that "one of the most distinguished physicians in London recently assured him that numerous cases both of epilepsy and madness could only be accounted for by the Christian theory of possession." But here, as elsewhere, he is very wisely content to give us his narrative of facts, usually in the exact words of the documents or correspondents quoted, without obtruding his own interpretation of them. It is of course well known that the Church of Rome has always claimed the power of exorcism, and that there is actually an order of "exorcists" among her clergy, though they are not, we believe, ordinarily allowed to undertake their official functions. And accordingly one of the most remarkable stories in this chapter is given in the words of Mr. Peach, a Roman Catholic priest at Birmingham, who relates how he successfully exorcised a Protestant young woman in the parish of King's Norton, Worcestershire, in 1815. What will be new to many of Dr. Lee's readers is that the same mysterious powers are claimed, and are said to have been exercised, by the clergy of the Church of England. One of the canons of 1604 forbids any minister or ministers to attempt to cast out any devil or devils without the express license of the Bishop. And one case at least is on record where this episcopal license was sought and obtained, about a hundred and fifty years ago, by an Anglican clergyman, who narrates the circumstance in minute detail, and vouches for the satisfactory result. The clergyman was the Rev. John Ruddle, Master of the Grammar School at Launceston and Prebendary of Exeter, who obtained his "faculty"—not it would seem without some difficulty—from Bishop Seth Ward of Exeter, "who did himself affix his signature under the sigillum of his See, and deliver the document into my hands." The good Bishop, however, was not without some misgivings about the affair:—"When I knelt down to receive his benediction, he softly said, 'Let it be secret, Mr. Ruddle—weak brethren! weak brethren!'" For Mr. Ruddle's method of operation we must refer our readers to the book. It may suffice to say that he encountered the unquiet spirit "at early morning, for so the usage ordained," that she—for it was a woman—dutifully answered all his questions, and finally "withdrew, gliding towards the west. Neither did she ever afterwards appear; but was allayed, until she shall come in her second flesh, to the Valley of Armageddon on the Last Day."

Another story of a somewhat different kind from the same chapter shall be given as it stands. It is told to illustrate the effect of a curse pronounced by a young lady on her treacherous lover, who had seduced her under promise of marriage, and then deserted her. At their final meeting in the presence of a female relation, on whose statement the story rests, he behaved with great brutality, and at length, after solemnly cursing him, she declared that she should shortly die—as she did five months afterwards in giving birth to her child—but would haunt him to the day of his death. "And you," she added turning to her cousin, "shall be the witness." The story proceeds thus:—

Five years had passed and the female cousin of the old yeoman, being possessed of a competency, had gone to live in London, when, on a certain morning in the spring of the year 1842, she was passing by a church in the west end, where, from the number of carriages waiting, she saw that a marriage was being solemnized. She felt mysteriously and instinctively drawn to look in. On doing so, and pressing forwards towards the altar, she beheld to her astonishment, the very man, somewhat altered and weather-worn, who had caused so much misery to her relations, being married (as on inquiry she discovered) to the daughter of a rich city merchant. This affected her deeply, as bringing back the saddest memories of the past. But, as the bridal party were passing out of the church, and she pushed forward to look, and be quite sure that she had made no mistake, both herself and the bridegroom at one moment saw an apparition of her relation, the poor girl whom he had ruined, dressed in white, with flowing hair and a wild look, holding up in both hands her little infant. Both seemed perfectly natural in appearance and to be of ordinary flesh and blood. There was no mistaking her certain identity. This occurred in the full sunshine of noon and under a heavy Palladian Porch in the presence of a crowd. The bridegroom turned deathly pale in a moment, trembled violently, and then, staggering, fell forward down the steps. This occasioned a vast stir and sensation amongst the crowd. It seemed incomprehensible. The bridegroom, said the church officials in answer to inquiries, was in a fit. He was carried down the steps and taken in the bridal carriage to his father-in-law's house. But it was reported that he never spoke again; and this fact is mentioned in a contemporary newspaper-account of the event. Anyhow his marriage and death appeared in the same number of one of the daily papers.

* *Glimpses of the Supernatural: being Facts, Records, and Traditions relating to Dreams, Omens, Miraculous Occurrences, Apparitions, Wraiths, Warnings, Second-Sight, Witchcraft, Necromancy, &c.* Edited by Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

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The author adds that the truth of this narrative was affirmed on oath by the lady in question before two Justices of the Peace, one of whom was personally known to himself, at Windsor, in 1848.

From exorcisms it is an easy transition to necromancy and witchcraft, in which we are not surprised to find the late Canon Melville, as well as John Wesley, professing their firm belief. There were indeed, as Mr. Lecky observes, "few writers of real eminence during the period when witchcraft was most prevalent who did not throw their weight into the scale." The present author agrees with them, and appears to share the regret expressed by Wesley at the total abolition of the English laws against it in 1736, though he fully allows that some modification of their cruel severity was required. The Reformation, so far from checking it, gave a fresh impetus to this savage legislation. In one year alone five hundred witches were burnt in Geneva, and stringent laws were enacted on the subject in this country under Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I. A witch appears to have been burnt in Guernsey as late as 1747. Dr. Lee tells us that the Puritans made several unsuccessful attempts to get a form of exorcism inserted in the English Prayer Book. The chapter on Witchcraft, though it contains some very queer and uncanny stories, is perhaps on the whole the least interesting in the book, and that for an obvious reason. Dr. Lee has very properly felt himself precluded from entering on the most characteristic details of this repulsive subject, and even the stories he does give are necessarily curtailed, "certain passages being suppressed by reason of their extreme coarseness." Nobody will blame his reticence, for it is in fact impossible to discuss the theory of witchcraft at all fully except, after the example of the old theologians, under "the decent obscurity of a learned tongue." No such reserve is required in dealing with dreams, omens, and preternatural warnings, which, as the author puts it, "constitute the poetry of history," and of which he has collected several very curious examples. The "Dream of the Swaffham Tinker" is a very old story, and is still, as the present Vicar testifies, widely believed at Swaffham, where the memory of the tinker and his family is preserved in the painted glass and carved choir stalls of the parish church. Far more wonderful is the case of Mr. Willians, of Scorrier House, near Redruth in Cornwall, who, if we may credit the account here given on the authority of his granddaughter, dreamt three times that he saw the assassination of Mr. Perceval in the lobby of the House of Commons on the very night that it took place, and described the locality and the persons concerned minutely, though he had never been in London, or seen either Mr. Perceval or Bellingham. But perhaps the strangest of the dreams here related is that of a Mr. Perring, vicar of a parish in the suburbs of London forty-five years ago, who had lost his son, a handsome boy of sixteen, and two nights after his burial in the vaults of the church dreamt, twice running, that the boy stood by his bedside in a shroud spotted with blood, and crying, "Father, father, come and defend me! they will not let me rest quiet in my coffin; they are mangling me." The unhappy father rose very early and went straight to the clerk's house, who, on being roused, stated that the key of the vault was broken and had gone to be repaired, whereupon the vicar insisted on his accompanying him at once to the blacksmith for a crowbar, as he was resolved at once to enter the vault and see the coffin:—

> The recollections of the dream were now becoming more and more vivid, and the scrutiny about to be made assumed a solemnity mingled with awe, which the agitation of the father rendered terrible to the agents in this forcible interruption into the resting-place of the dead. But the hinges were speedily wrenched asunder—the bar and bolts were beaten in and bent beneath the heavy hammer of the smith—and at length with tottering and outstretched hands, the maddened parent stumbled and fell: his son's coffin had been lifted from the recess at the vault's side and deposited on the brick floor; the lid, released from every screw, lay loose at top, and the body, enveloped in its shroud, on which were several dark spots below the chin, lay exposed to view; the head had been raised, the broad riband had been removed from under the jaw, which now hung down with the most ghastly horror of expression, as if to tell with more terrific certainty the truth of the preceding night's vision. *Every tooth in the head had been drawn.*
>
> The young man had when living a beautiful set of sound teeth. The Clerk's Son, who was a barber, cupper, and dentist, had possessed himself of the keys, and eventually of the teeth, for the purpose of profitable employment of so excellent a set in his line of business. The feelings of the Rev. Mr. Perring can be easily conceived. The event affected his mind through the remaining term of his existence; but what became of the delinquent whose sacrilegious hand had thus rifled the tomb was never afterwards correctly ascertained. He decamped the same day, and was supposed to have enlisted as a soldier. The Clerk was ignominiously displaced, and did not long survive the transaction. Some years afterwards, his house was pulled down to afford room for extensive improvements and new buildings in the village.

The author adds other and hardly less singular examples, and does not forget to dwell on the great importance attached to his dreams by Archbishop Laud, who was certainly neither a fanatic nor a fool. But for these stories we must refer the curious to the volume itself.

There are many circumstantial accounts of appearances to relations or intimate friends at the moment of death. Dr. Lee gives a full record of the Wynyard and Lyttelton apparitions, the documents for the latter being supplied to him by the present Lord Lyttelton. But the most marvellous story is that of the well-known "Beresford Ghost," or as Dr. Lee calls it, "Apparition." It dates from the close of the seventeenth century or the early years of the eighteenth. In this, as in many other instances on record, two persons had promised each other that, whichever of them died first would, if possible, appear to the other. Lady Beresford, on her death-bed related the following result to her son and to her "friend," so called in the narrative, but really her granddaughter, Lady Betty Cobbe:—

> "I have something," she said, "of the greatest importance to communicate to you both before I die, a period which is not far distant. You, Lady Betty, are no stranger to the friendship which subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself; we were educated under the same roof and in the same principles of deism. When the friends, into whose hands we afterwards fell, endeavoured to persuade us to embrace Revealed Religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince, were powerful to stagger our former feelings, and to leave us wavering between the two opinions; in this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other that whichever died first should (if permitted) appear to the other, and declare what religion was most acceptable to God; accordingly, one night, while Sir Martin and myself were in bed, I suddenly awoke and discovered Lord Tyrone sitting by my bedside. I screamed out and endeavoured to awake Sir Martin. "For Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "Lord Tyrone, by what means or for what reason came you hither at this time of night?" "Have you then forgotten our promise?" said he; "I died last Tuesday at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you to assure you that the Revealed Religion is true, and the only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you that you will soon produce a son, who it is decreed will marry my daughter; not many years after his birth Sir Martin will die, and you will marry again, and to a man by whose ill-treatment you will be rendered miserable; you will have two daughters and afterwards a son, in childbirth of whom you will die in the forty-seventh year of your age." "Just Heavens!" I exclaimed, "and cannot I prevent this?" "Undoubtedly," returned the spectre; "you are a free agent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage; but your passions are strong, you know not their power; hitherto you have had no trials. More I am not permitted to reveal, but if after this warning you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed." "May I not ask," said I, "if you are happy?" "Had I been otherwise," he replied, "I should not have been permitted to appear to you." "I may, then, infer that you are happy?" He smiled. "But how," said I, "when morning comes, shall I know that your appearance to me has been real, and not the mere representation of my own imagination?" "Will not the news of my death be sufficient to convince you?" "No," I returned, "I might have had such a dream, and that dream accidentally come to pass. I will have some stronger proofs of its reality." "You shall," said he, and waving his hand, the bed curtains, which were crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop by which the tester of the bed was suspended. "In that," said he, "you cannot be mistaken; no mortal arm could have performed this." "True," said I, "but sleeping we are often possessed of far more strength than when awake; though waking I could not have done it, asleep I might; and I shall still doubt." "Here is a pocket-book; in this," said he, "I will write my name; you know my handwriting." I replied, "Yes." He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves. "Still," said I, "in the morning I may doubt; though waking I could not imitate your hand, asleep I might." "You are hard of belief," said he. "Touch would injure you irreparably; it is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh." "I do not," said I, "regard a slight blemish." "You are a woman of courage," said he, "hold out your hand." *I did; he struck my wrist: his hand was cold as marble; in a moment the sinews shrunk up, every nerve withered.* "Now," said he, "while you live let no mortal eye behold that wrist; to see it is sacrilege." He stopped; I turned to him again; he was gone.

The narrative which Dr. Lee gives and which we have quoted agrees in its general facts with the traditionary story current in the Beresford family. But he is mistaken in the Christian name of Lady Beresford's husband, which was Tristram. Their son, Sir Marcus, married Catherine le Poer, daughter of the Lord Tyrone who carried with him the rich dower of the Waterford property, and he was himself made Earl of Tyrone of the second creation. The Marquess of Waterford is their lineal descendant. The name of Lady Beresford's second husband was Gorges. The substance of the story was familiar to us; but we were hardly prepared to find Saul among the prophets in the person of the late Lord Brougham, who tells us in his *Life and Times* how he and a young friend of his, when at the Edinburgh University, drew up an agreement, written in their blood, "to the effect that whichever of them died first would appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the life after death." Some years afterwards, when his friend had long been in India, and their intimacy had entirely ceased, Lord Brougham on getting out of a warm-bath saw him seated on the chair on which he had deposited his clothes, and a letter soon afterwards informed him of his friend's death on that very day.

There are several more of these stories which Dr. Lee has taken so much pains to collect that are well worth reproducing, but we must content ourselves with one of very recent date, to which reference has already been made, connected with the Haunted House in Cheshire. Soon after the family took possession of it in 1862 complaints began to be made by the servants of strange sounds at night, and many of them left in consequence; in the autumn of the following year, a lady staying there on a visit departed suddenly, on account, as she said, of an alarming nocturnal apparition. But the master of the house laughed at the whole affair. His brother thus relates the final catastrophe:—

> About ten months afterwards, my brother, having forgotten all about the supposed spectre and the noises, had been out for the day, and returned home in a dog-cart, some time after midnight, in company with his groom. Only the housekeeper had remained out of bed, as his return was quite uncertain. The horse and trap were put up, both the servants had gone to their rooms, and my brother was taking some refreshment in the housekeeper's apartment, by the light of the fire, when all of a sudden, a loud and decisive rap was heard at the door. Thinking, of course, that it was one of the servants, he replied, "Come in." Before the words were out of his mouth, the door opened, and the apparition of the old man in a large wig stood before him. My brother was paralysed with terror for a while. He could not speak; he tried hard, as he says, but his mouth was dry and his tongue motionless. "Good God!" he exclaimed at length, "am I awake or asleep, in my senses or gone mad?" The motionless figure whose face was intensely sad, looked at him beseechingly. "In God's Name, what do you want, or what can I do for you?" "Too late! nothing," was the mournful, but somewhat inarticulate response. And

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with that the spectre suddenly vanished away. At this moment a strong, loud, piercing, bitter wail, as of the voice of a woman, broke the awful silence. It seemed to come from the courtyard outside, and was repeated again and again round the upper part of the house. The scream was said to be like nothing human. The servants heard it, my sister-in-law was awoke by it, and the groom and housekeeper, with the others, as a consequence, came rushing downstairs. My brother, who is as brave and bold as he is remarkable for common sense, does not now dispute the reality of haunted houses.

A few months afterwards, he and his left. And after he had given up possession, he was informed, on good and credible authority, that tradition confidently asserted the mansion to have been the residence of a disreputable Dutch hanger-on of William of Orange, who is represented to have violently made away with one of his mistresses in that very house, in a room which overlooked the park, now a disused lumber-room, at the east end of the old mansion.

The chapters on Modern Spiritualism, tracing its history from the first origin of Spirit-rapping in the "Rochester knockings," in the State of New York, in 1848, contain a great deal of very curious information. And we should be glad to quote, if we had room, some almost incredible tales of Indian jugglery, which seem to rest on good authority, but which are quite equal to anything in the *Moonstone*. For these however the inquisitive reader must be referred to Dr. Lee's volumes. We do not profess to be great connoisseurs in this weird species of literature, but we are certainly not aware of any work which affords so copious or well arranged an assortment of materials bearing on the subject. Mrs. Crowe's books are of very inferior calibre, nor is she by any means as careful about giving her authorities. And if Dr. Lee's faith in the supernatural is equally strong, it is more discriminating, and is never so obtruded as to interfere with the enjoyment of a reader who looks at the matter from a different point of view. The typography and general get-up of the volumes leave nothing to be desired, but if a second edition should be called for, it would be a decided advantage to have a fuller table of contents, and a separate heading of the pages for each chapter.

THE FIJI ISLANDS.*

SIR ARTHUR GORDON has been sent to the West Pacific in consequence of the transaction negotiated last October between Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor from Sydney, and King Thakombau. That august name, by the way, though sometimes written Cacobau, is here spelt after its pronunciation in the native tongue. The act of final cession was signed by the allied or subordinate chiefs of the principal islands. Among these was Maafu, the powerful leader, many years since, of an expedition from Tonga which conquered the windward side of the Fiji or Viti group. The Vunivalu of Bau, which metropolitan islet is called Mbau in oral utterance, has solemnly renounced his imperial sway as Tui Viti over that archipelago of questionable renown in the Polynesian and Australasian worlds. He has sent to Queen Victoria the significant gift of his sceptre club, an awful instrument of political rule, formerly used in heathen times to beat out the brains of rebellious subjects. It was latterly adorned with a silver crown, and with silver doves and fern leaves around its shaft, to serve for the mace of a Fijian Parliament. We may now hope that the better omen, implied by this emblematic decoration, for the peace and prosperity of both white and black inhabitants, will be verified in those islands under British government. The provincial Legislatures of Australia and New Zealand seem disinclined to pay the small pecuniary contribution towards the annual cost of that government which our Colonial Office has proposed to levy from each of them. They had often proclaimed it desirable for their interests to procure the annexation of Fiji to the British Empire, which is broad-backed for many such burdens; but they have shrewdly foreseen that the risk of future wars in the new insular dominion, not unlike those with the Maori race, might perhaps entail an indefinite charge on the pledged supporters of its modest exchequer. We trust, however, that such apprehensions may not be realized until Sir Arthur Gordon has had time to organize and to consolidate the infant powers of this most recent addition to the long list of British colonies. His work of administration will indeed be one of considerable perplexity. It is begun under conditions as trying as those of New Zealand when governed by Captains Hobson, Fitzroy, and Grey, some thirty or thirty-five years ago. The Colonial Attorney-General, too, will find plenty of occupation in the legal questions affecting titles to land and terms of labour. It will not be easy to administer the laws among several different races of litigious barbarians gathered from every quarter, and mingled with a motley crowd of foreign adventurers on countless small pieces of *terra firma* scattered far and wide over the sea. But Mr. De Ricci, who has not yet visited Fiji, follows up his publication, some months since, of a pamphlet on the policy of its annexation with a volume in which he has compiled the information derived from travellers and official reporters. His book is loosely put together, but its contents are useful for reference. At the same time, Dr. Litton Forbes, having passed the years 1871 and 1872 in the islands, produces an agreeably written and interesting account of his personal observations. The printer has sadly misspelt the native names, but the book is very readable. These accounts may be advantageously collated with the reports of Dr. Berthold Seemann, the naturalist, who accompanied Colonel Smyth's mission of inquiry in 1860, and those of the Rev. James Calvert and the Rev. T. Williams, Wesleyan missionaries, which are of a yet older date. Our most profitable use of them will be to collect some descriptive particulars respecting the new British Australasian province, which will certainly be heard of now and then, in times to come.

The 180th meridian of longitude may be taken as the line of geographical division between Australasia, which we regard as the south-eastern terrestrial region, and that which is usually termed Polynesia, occupying the middle of the Pacific Ocean. In general, to the west of this line, approaching Australia, the aboriginal race of mankind is of the Papuan negroid type, with crisped or woolly hair; while to the eastward, in mid ocean, it is of the brown or copper-coloured, and its hair is lank. But the latter race of men have invaded many pristine abodes of the former, as on the eastern shores of New Guinea. They are amiable, graceful, lazy, and prone to sexual dissipation. The name of Melanesia is sufficiently appropriate to the West Pacific, in tropical southerly latitudes, with reference to the ashy black complexions of the indigenous native people on most of the islands. These are ugly and not intelligent, but robust and stubborn. The Fiji archipelago, situated between the 176th degree of east and the 178th of west longitude, lies upon the border of two main regions of the globe. The two larger islands, Viti Levu and Vanua Levu, have a population of an Australasian character, while Lakemba and other eastern isles show a large admixture of the lighter-complexioned Polynesian race. There is of course a difference or variation of language, which accounts for the name of the whole group being Viti among the western and Fiji among the eastern natives. Here the Fiji population has been modified by an influx from Tonga and Samoa. But Viti Levu, which means simply Great Viti, lies westward, and claims a political supremacy over the two or three hundred other isles and islets. Its only rival seems to have been found, at one period, in the "Great Land," or Vanua Levu, which is of nearly half its size. The next in dimensions are Taviuna and Kandavu, which have scarcely a tenth the area of the lesser of those two main islands; and Ovalau, a yet smaller one, lying close to Viti Levu, but containing the mercantile settlement and port of Levuka. Twenty or thirty miles south-west of this, on the coast of Viti Levu, is the native capital above mentioned, Bau or Mbau, which became the head centre of a feudal realm by subduing its neighbour, Verata, with the aid of firearms in the hands of an English shipwrecked crew.

This took place in 1808; and the reigning dynasty of Bau, whose peculiar style is Vuni-valu, "Root of War," had asserted its paramount sovereignty by the title of Tui Viti long before Mr. Consul Pritchard's arrival in 1858. King Thakombau, who had already succeeded his father Tanoa, was, however, disturbed by the intrusion of the Tonga chief Maafu, taking advantage of a local feud to gain some footing on the shores of Vanua Levu. On the other hand, Thakombau was assisted by King George of Tonga, at enmity with his kinsman Maafu, to subdue the insurgent chiefs of Viti Levu. Naturally, this dependence on foreign aid was prejudicial to Thakombau's regal authority. He was further distressed about the same time by the peremptory and vehement demands of Commander Boutwell of the United States navy, who claimed an exorbitant compensation for damages to the property of American citizens at Levuka. Since 1871 there has been the mischievous farce of a mock Constitutional Government by and for a gang of European jobbers. From these circumstances, during the past eighteen or twenty years, has grown the necessity for a voluntary surrender of the Fiji dominion to the Queen of Great Britain. It has more than once been offered to Her Majesty's Government, with elaborate formalities, in 1858, attested by Consul Pritchard; and again in 1870, supported by the earnest recommendation of an Intercolonial Conference among the provinces of Australia. The offer, whether of sovereignty or protectorate, was declined upon each occasion. The United States Government likewise refused it. Meantime, the helpless position of King Thakombau's little State, falling into utter imbecility and bankruptcy, was a serious inconvenience to planters and merchants connected with Fiji. In finally accepting the cession, as we have just seen, upon the basis prepared last year by Commodore Goodenough and Mr. Consul Layard, our Government has probably chosen the lesser present and immediate source of trouble. It was no longer practicable, as in 1860 and 1862, when the unfavourable report of Colonel Smyth was acted upon, to ignore the settlement of hundreds of British subjects on those islands, out of reach of British law, or the dim risk of disputes with foreign Powers having commercial interests in the South Seas, and the flagrant abuses of the Melanesian labour trade. By the faithful and courageous discharge of an Imperial responsibility which has till now been shirked, some moral and political benefit may perhaps accrue to England. The Sandwich Islands, the Marquesas, and New Caledonia being in the possession of America and France, a naval station here may suit us. Yet it does not seem likely to be a paying concern, financially at least, while it entails on us rather an anxious and difficult task, though dealing with a comparatively small matter. The aggregate extent of Fiji territory is about equal to the principality of Wales, and its population can hardly exceed 150,000, all told. But if a million or so were some day perhaps to be voted by the House of Commons for the expenses of a Fiji war, nobody ought to be much surprised. It may never come to this pass. Cannibalism is nearly extinct, and tens of thousands of converts are counted by the Wesleyan

* *Two Years in Fiji.* By Litton Forbes, M.D., F.R.G.S., late Medical Officer to the German Consulate, Apia, Navigator Islands. London: Longmans & Co.

Fiji: Our New Province in the South Seas. By J. H. De Ricci, F.R.G.S., Barrister-at-Law. London: E. Stanford.

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missions; but with our national experience of Maori, Kafir, and other barbarian fellow-subjects, in various parts of the world, none of us can safely predict a reign of perpetual peace in those islands. They are, however, more easily traversed and kept in order by the aid of a few gunboats than were the bush-clad ranges of New Zealand, or the stony wilds of South Africa, by regiments of the Queen's army. Dismissing for the time all such foreboding visions of strife, we are pleased to learn from the books under our notice something of the natural beauties and riches of Fiji. The manners and customs of its native people are less inviting; and readers of delicate stomach will not care to learn how the favourite intoxicating beverage is made and drunk.

It is by the twofold agency of submarine volcanoes and of the coral-building insects that the islands have been uplifted to put forth their mighty luxuriance of dark green leafage on the side towards the south-easterly trade-wind, and to spread their fertile open plains on the leeward side, with mountain peaks 3,000 feet or 4,000 feet high at the crests of the dividing ranges. The coasts are fringed with an intricate labyrinth of coral reefs, which render them in some instances difficult of safe approach, but afford the more complete shelter inside for harbour anchorage and for navigation by small craft along the shore. Rivers much larger than could have been expected in so small a country, the Rewa and its tributaries admitting boat traffic for ninety miles, flow through the most favoured districts of Viti Levu. The several lower branches of that river, in its alluvial delta, are connected with each other by a canal, the work of native skill and toil. The scenery also of Taviuni, or Vuna, is described as a marvel and delight of gorgeous tropical vegetation. Dr. Seemann's botanical account of Fiji trees and other plants, both the useful and the beautiful, has been frequently quoted. The cocoa-nut palm, the breadfruit tree, many kinds of bananas and plantains, the kavika or Malay apple, and some fine trees with fruits resembling chestnuts and almonds, are native to the soil. Yam and taro roots, with the farinaceous root of the kawai, like a white mealy potato, form the staple food of the people. For the growth of sugar, coffee, tobacco, indigo, arrowroot, and other valuable produce of the clime, Fiji seems as well adapted as any land in the Southern hemisphere. Its suitability to the requirements of Sea Island cotton, that famous long-staple fibre with a silky gloss which is the boast of Savannah and New Orleans, has been recognized during the last fourteen years. Cotton in Fiji is perennial, and bears ripe fruit throughout the year; nor is it exposed, as in America, to be killed by frost. Its culture, indeed, has scarcely yet proved a commercial success, because of the high freights and other hampering conditions of its shipment by way of Sydney. There has been, too, now and then a terrible destruction of the crops by hurricanes. The planters have seldom possessed sufficient capital, free of usurious mortgage debt, to work their estates with advantage. But it seems to be in this direction of colonial industry, with the export of cocoa-nut oil, and the *béche-de-mer* or sea-slug fishery for Chinese markets, that the future wealth of the new province is likely to consist. No mineral treasures have yet been discovered; gold is not to be expected. There is little to be done in pastoral management; but the forest timber, so long as it may last, will be a commodity of some worth.

The ordinary life and business of the European settlers employed in utilizing the resources of Fiji, and more especially their dealings with the native and imported field-labourers, are fully described by Dr. Litton Forbes. He visited several plantations in different islands, and accompanied the cruise of a small vessel sent to fetch people from Rotumah, which lies four hundred miles northward, for the work of cotton cultivation. His story of a lovely princess and the revenue of a town, offered as the reward of his medical skill, is like a romance. These personal experiences, with the result of his inquiries concerning the labour-traffic all over Western Polynesia, led him to the conclusion that the abuses of that system were much exaggerated. Nine-tenths of the hands brought to Fiji are procured, in his judgment, fairly and honestly; though frequently embarked under compulsory orders of their despotic chief, who gets a substantial bribe. It is admitted, however, that in some notorious instances people have been entrapped on board or kidnapped in a variety of ways the iniquity and cruelty of which cannot be excused. But such malpractices are nowise essential to the system. It may, under wise and strict regulations, be rendered most beneficial to the whole of that oceanic world. No better civilizing process for the many diverse and remote groups of little islands can be devised than the voluntary engagement of their young men, under a four years' hiring contract for reasonable wages, to serve English masters in Fiji or in Queensland, with due legal provision for their good treatment and their safe return home. The law of Queensland on this subject is shown by Mr. De Ricci in an appendix to his book. We were assured by the Marquess of Normanby, when he was Governor there, that it was tolerably well observed. The new Governor of the Fiji Islands, unhindered by a local Parliament, and being also Consul-General for the West Pacific, will have the needful official authority to put this matter altogether on a satisfactory footing. Some clauses in the Pacific Islanders Bill now before Parliament are to give him jurisdiction over British subjects in the islands that are under no civilized rule. For the sake of Australasian and Polynesian interests, beyond those of this petty cluster of land-patches recently added to the British Empire, we trust that Sir Arthur Gordon will achieve a success.

THREE FEATHERS.*

AFTER one has read one or two works of a novelist nowadays, one takes up the next which appears with a certain dread. Authors of various styles and merits who have once made their mark discover that they can trade for a long time upon what they have done, unless their subsequent work is downright bad; the public gets accustomed to a particular name, and is willing to applaud the most indifferent as well as the most striking works to which that is affixed. It is small wonder that many writers accept the easy terms offered them by a public which will not go to the trouble of judging a book on its merits; and it is the greater pleasure, therefore, to meet with a writer like Mr. Black, who has more desire to produce work which shall be really good than to serve a different purpose by constantly manufacturing novels as a tailor does coats. In speaking of Mr. Black's last romance, the *Princess of Thule*, one blemish upon many beauties of the work was observed—namely, an apparent hurry and carelessness towards the end, which led to the introduction of meaningless complications and characters. It is pleasant to find that there is no such fault to be found in the *Three Feathers*. In this book, as in the former one, there is lively incident, true insight into character, a soft pleasant humour, and over all the rare charm of a style clear, strong, and sunny as a mountain stream. A girl's character is, as before, the most attractive in the romance; and the idea of Wenna Rosewarne left upon the mind at the conclusion of the book makes one long to meet her in actual life. At times, indeed, her extraordinary meekness and submissiveness are in danger of becoming irritating; but the impetuosity and the pride in her shown by her sister Mabyn are always at hand to correct this impression. Some readers will no doubt find fault with her for accepting a man with whom she is not in love; but it commonly enough happens that a girl who has not learnt what love is makes such a mistake; and if one does not agree with Wenna's views, one is at least bound to respect the tenacity with which she is disposed to keep her promise, even after she has recognized how rashly she made it. Most people's sympathies, however, will go with the impulsive Mabyn, when she says to her mother:—

"If you are in love with somebody else, what's the good of your keeping the promise? Now, mother, won't you argue with her? See here. If she keeps her promise, there's three people miserable. If she breaks it, there's only one—and I doubt whether he's got the capacity to be miserable. That's two to one, or three to one, is it? Now will you argue with her, mother?"

Having plunged thus into the midst of the story, we must say something of the characters and events with which it deals; and this is a task which one rather puts off, because Mr. Black's work is of that delicate quality that loses more than any other in description. Wenna Rosewarne, the central figure of the romance, and Mabyn her sister, are the daughters of a man who was formerly a steward on a large estate, and is at the time of the story the proprietor of an inn in the little Cornish village of Eglosilyan. It is a peculiarity of Wenna that, with her gentle frankness and goodness, she has a great influence among the rough fisher-folk who make up the village; she is constantly doing good both out of her father's house and in it, where she is the invariable soother of domestic troubles, which pretty often arise. Of the strength and influence of her own character, and of her other attractions, she herself is profoundly unaware; she regards herself as a girl whose plainness and insignificance must always come in the way of whatever efforts she makes to be of use in the world. So does not Mr. Roscorla, however, regard her. He is a man who, having reduced a never vast income to a small amount by a careless town life, has come to live in Eglosilyan, where he has a small cottage. The author's description of Mr. Roscorla's early life—he is at the time of the story "a man approaching fifty, careful in dress and manner, methodical in habit, and grave of aspect"—is admirable throughout. Here is one bit which might be taken to heart by young men about town of all periods:—

Of course he dressed, and acted, and spoke just as his fellows did, and gradually from the common talk of smoking-rooms imbibed a vast amount of nonsense. He knew that such and such a statesman professed particular opinions only to keep in place and enjoy the loaves and fishes. He could tell you to a penny the bribe given to the editor of the *Times* by a foreign Government for a certain series of articles. As for the stories he heard and repeated of all manner of noble families, they were many of them doubtless true, and they were nearly all unpleasant; but then the tale that would have been regarded with indifference if told about an ordinary person, grew lambent with interest when it was told about a commonplace woman possessed of a shire and a gaby crowned with a coronet. There was no malice in these stories; only the young men were supposed to know everything about the private affairs of a certain number of families no more nearly related to them than their washerwoman.

Mr. Roscorla imagines naturally enough that the presence of Wenna in his cottage would greatly brighten his monotonous life, and he sends her a letter, a model of compoeition in its way, containing a proposal of marriage, pointing out how often the passion of love-matches burns itself out, and how safe and constant a thing the affection of a steady person like himself is sure to be. But the shrewdest point which he makes is the suggestion of the comparatively infinite means of doing good which will be at her disposal if she becomes his wife. That the picture which under the influence of this artful suggestion she draws of herself as Mrs.

* *Three Feathers.* A Novel. By William Black, Author of "A Princess of Thule," "A Daughter of Heth," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

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Roscorla should be touched with pretty colours is only natural, the more so because she is accustomed to think herself a person of little account. It is not strange certainly that, as she sits thinking over Mr. Roscorla's offer, with scraps of an old song floating in her head, she should make to herself pleasant views of the future:—

For what did the frank-spoken heroine of that sailor-ballad say to her lover? If he would be faithful and kind,

Nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog, too, I'll make.

As for his grog, would she mix the proper quantities, as they sat together of an evening, by themselves, in that little parlour up at Basset Cottage? And would she have to take his arm as they walked of a Sunday morning to church, up the main street of Eglosilyan, where all her old friends, the children, would be looking at her? And would she some day, with all the airs and counsels of a married woman, have to take Mabyn to her arms, and bid the younger sister have confidence, and listen to all the story of Mabyn's wonder and delight over the new and strange love that had come into her heart? And would she ask Mabyn to describe her lover; and would she act the ordinary part of an experienced adviser, and bid her be cautious, and ask her to wait until the young man had made a position in the world, and had proved himself prudent and sensible, and of steady mind? Or would she not rather fling her arms round her sister's neck, and bid her go down on her knees and thank God for having made her so beautiful, and bid her cherish as the one good thing in all the world the strong and yearning love and admiration and worship of a young and wondering soul?

And it is not strange that she should end by accepting Mr. Roscorla, to the surprise of some people, and to the infinite disgust of two persons, her sister Mabyn and Harry Trelyon, the young squire. Harry Trelyon, like his forefathers, is a young man of a violent and headstrong temper. When he hears of Wenna's engagement, he resolves to give her a dowry of five thousand pounds, "so that she shan't come to that fellow in a dependent way, and let him give himself airs over her because he's been born a gentleman." On the refusal of his mother to help in what she reasonably enough calls an act of folly, he has a horse saddled, and announces that he is going "To Plymouth first, to London afterwards, and then to the devil." To the first two of these places he does make his way; to the last he does not. But he meets Mr. Roscorla in London, and carries out his plan of dowering Wenna by lending her proposed husband the sum which he had intended for her to invest in his Jamaica estates. While these two are away in London together, Wenna's state of mind becomes a little less contented and happy than it had been. She takes a walk one starlit night by the sea:—

She could not tell what wild and sad feeling this was that had taken possession of her; but she knew that she had suddenly fallen away from the calm content of the wife that was to be—with all the pleasant sensation of gratitude towards him who had honoured her, and the no less pleasant consciousness that her importance in the world, and her power of helping the people around her, were indefinitely increased. She had become again the plain Jim Crow of former days, longing to be able to do some indefinitely noble and unselfish thing—ready, indeed, to lay her life down so that she might earn some measure of kindly regard by the sacrifice. And once more she reflected that she had no great influence in the world, that she was of no account to anybody, that she was plain, and small, and insignificant; and the great desire in her heart of being of distinct and beautiful service to the many people whom she loved, seemed to break itself against these narrow bars, until the cry of the sea around her was a cry of pain, and the stars looked coldly down on her, and even God himself seemed far away and indifferent.

"If I could only tell some one—if I could only tell some one!" she was saying to herself wildly, as she walked rapidly onwards, not seeing very well where she was going, for her eyes were full of tears.

But such fancies have vanished before Mr. Roscorla returns. He brings with him an engaged ring, a gipsy ring studded with emeralds, which stone Mabyn has craftily persuaded Wenna to choose. For Mabyn remembers an old rhyme which says—

Oh, green 's forsaken,
And yellow 's forsworn,
And blue 's the sweetest
Colour that 's worn!

Having brought about the acceptance of a ring with a green stone by Wenna from Mr. Roscorla, Mabyn regards the engagement which she detests so much as practically broken off, for "how could any two people marry who had engaged themselves with an emerald ring?" Soon after this incident of the ring Mr. Roscorla, who has learnt that by going out himself to Jamaica he may greatly improve the income from his possessions, goes away with a view to carrying out this idea. He has made some attempt to persuade Wenna to marry him before he departs, but the notion startles her so much that he soon abandons it; and when he is once well out of sight, Mabyn exclaims with delight, "Hurrah! the horrid creature is gone, and he'll never come back—never!"

The "horrid creature" does come back, but finds the aspect of affairs considerably changed since his departure. The spring has come, and brought with it new colours to the sea and sky, new warmth to the air, and, before it has passed away, new knowledge to Wenna. Harry Trelyon has been constantly meeting her and her mother, and has been very attentive to them. He gets some very good advice on this subject from a cousin of his, who concludes an address full of common sense by asking him "How would you like to go and ask her to break her promise to the gentleman to whom she is engaged?":—

Master Harry laughed aloud, in a somewhat nervous fashion.

"Him? Look here, Jue; leave me out of it—I haven't the cheek to talk of myself in that connexion; but if there was a decent sort of fellow whom that girl really took a liking to, do you think he would let that elderly and elegant swell in Jamaica stand in his way? He would be no such fool, I can tell you. He would consider the girl, first of all. He would say to himself, 'I mean to make this girl happy; if any one interfere, let him look out!' Why, Jue, you don't suppose any man would be frightened by that sort of thing!"

When Harry makes this speech he is staying at Penzance, where also Wenna is staying with her mother, who is there for her health's sake. There are plenty of opportunities for meeting afforded by this state of things, and of one of these Harry avails himself to speak out his mind. His confession brings to Wenna's conscious and acknowledged self only self-reproach that she should have laid herself open to hearing such a declaration. The real state of her heart is, however, clear enough to the reader, if not to Harry himself. Shortly after this both Harry and Mrs. Rosewarne become aware of it, and Wenna is forced to acknowledge it herself. As they drive by the sea Harry springs out of the carriage and into the waves to save a drowning boy. Wenna screams to him to stop, and on her mother looking horror-struck, "Oh, mother!" she cries, "it is only a boy, and he is a man—and there is not another in all the world like him."

What happens after this, what course Wenna and Harry adopt, how Mr. Roscorla's return complicates matters, and what is the final result, readers may be left to discover for themselves. It remains to add that the characters are consistently kept up from beginning to end, that the interest never flags, and that the descriptions of scenery, which are never obtrusively put forward, are as true and poetical in this novel as they were in the *Princess of Thule*. Here is a specimen, a description of Tintagel:—

They went down and along a narrow valley, until they suddenly stood in front of the sea, the green waters of which were breaking in upon a small and lonely creek. What strange light was this that fell from the white skies above, rendering all the objects around them sharp in outline and intense in colour? The beach before them seemed of a pale lilac, where the green waves broke in a semicircle of white. On their right some masses of ruddy rock jutted out into the cold sea, and there were huge black caverns into which the waves dashed and roared. On their left and far above them towered a great and isolated rock, its precipitous sides scored here and there with twisted lines of red and yellow quartz; and on the summit of this bold headland, amid the dark green of the seagrass, they could see the dusky ruins—the crumbling walls, and doorways, and battlements—of the castle that is named in all the stories of King Arthur and his knights. The bridge across to the mainland has, in the course of centuries, fallen away; but there, on the other side of the wide chasm, were the ruins of the other portions of the castle, scarcely to be distinguished in parts from the grass-grown rocks.

Not the least happy thing in the novel is the changing and softening of Harry Trelyon's character under Wenna's influence, which is pictured in a delicate and masterly manner. The minor personages are as lifelike as the more important ones, and in many of them, as in General Weekes, there are touches of unaffected humour which come in with a pleasant effect. One leaves the *Three Feathers* with real regret.

THE MOLTKE NARRATIVE OF SEDAN.*

THERE are certain battles in history of which it may be unhesitatingly said that they were lost before they were begun. We are not speaking of those few desperate combats recorded as so honourable to the losers, where resolute men have set their faces against great odds, prepared to do or die, or at any rate not to yield till the last spark of hope was utterly gone out. The instances we refer to are those in which two armies have met, all cheerfulness and animation and courage on the one side, all despondency, sullenness, and hesitancy on the other. These rarely occur, save where the opposed forces have lately encountered each other under such circumstances as to establish a very decided advantage on one side over the other. The Americans invented a much-needed word when they described the condition of beaten soldiers in hurried retreat as "demoralization." What they thus named is found no less, but in a more chronic and disastrous form, in the weaker party at the close of a campaign where the advantages have hitherto all gone against it. Generals may then wave their swords as before; officers may respond with the shout to advance; the music of the various corps taking up their positions may bray out as martial sounds as on the first day of hopeful entrance into hostilities. But the spirit that was then behind these outward symbols of confidence is wanting. The feeling which in the men takes the form of indiscipline, or of a dull and heartless performance of the order given, communicates itself to the higher spirit of the officers in the form of despondency. And it is only exceptionally great leaders, or generals peculiarly ignorant of the sentiments of those they lead and therefore peculiarly incompetent for leadership, that are kept from sharing the general influence. Of the class of actions we are speaking of, those fought by Soult against Wellington at the close of the Peninsular war were perhaps down to our own time the most noteworthy examples history had recorded. For in these the genius and force of character of a single chief was left to stem alone the otherwise resistless tide of superior numbers, elated by repeated victory, and led by a general who, as a pure tactician, has had few rivals in the world. Soult, however, though he did wonders with his conscripts, could not work miracles; and the extraordinary and apparently reckless tactics by which his last position of defence was wrested from him at Toulouse—tactics which on a mere critical view of the ground may seem the very madness of battle—were perfectly justified in the English commander, because he felt that the hour had come when the bulk of the opposing army had ceased to become formidable at all, however carefully posted or well led.

But of all such hopeless struggles Sedan must now stand out as

* *Der Deutsch-französische Krieg 1870-71, von der kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des Grossen Generalstabes.* 1ter Theil, Heft 8. Mittler: Berlin.

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the pre-eminent type. There was absolutely not one single element on the side of the French which could justify the smallest expectation of success. Outnumbered by two to one; rudely surprised and beaten in the running series of actions that had occurred two days before; one of its chief officers publicly superseded not many hours before the fight; badly placed for the tactical use of such ground as it could occupy, and threatened with the speedy loss of its sole line of retreat, a circumstance of itself often fatal to morale—under such conditions, the first problem that forces itself on us in reviewing the utter defeat of the French army naturally is, what could its chief have meant by his resolution to stand here at all?

MacMahon had had much experience in war. He could not have been unaware what bad heart for fighting was left in his men by the events of the 30th of August; the surprise of De Failly's Corps, the involving of Douay's in its ruin, the withdrawal of Ducrot's from the march eastward on Carignan—to the French soldiery the apparent beginning of a general retreat—before a mere chain of cavalry squadrons and light guns. His information had by no means been so deficient as was at the time supposed; for he had been made fully aware from Paris of the former positions of the Crown Prince's (Third) Army to his south or right flank as he moved, and of the Saxon Prince's in front of him upon the Meuse. Did he really think that the hostile forces that were seen in every direction on the 30th were nothing but the mere cavalry detachments which the unhappy De Failly had at first sight declared them to be, or at most but fragments of this new Meuse Army? and was he ashamed to turn his back on what might prove but a vanguard of the foe hurried forward to trick him? Or did he believe that retreat by the only route known to be open, short of Belgium, that through Mezières, had become so perilous, with the enemy near the flank, as to be useless as a means of carrying off the mass of his troops? Did he fondly hope that the road forward through Carignan, which he had just abandoned, would reopen at his will and allow him to take up the march so rudely interrupted? Or was he so weary of his whole position, hampered by the presence of his unhappy Emperor, worried at every turn by impracticable telegrams from Count Palikao's bureau, that it seemed the only soldierly solution to turn and do his best where he stood, accepting the position as one forced upon him by circumstances, and trusting to some chance of tactics for almost unhoped-for victory? The true answer to these questions lies, we believe, deeper than in the pages of the book before us. Count Moltke's able assistant has one, drawn direct of course from the well-known *Enquête Parlementaire*, where the Marshal stated that he would have taken a positive decision early on the morning of the 1st September but for the misfortune of his wound, and indicated that at that hour he considered it was still open to him to push forward on Carignan, sacrificing the relics of his shattered V^th^ Corps, now under General Wimpffen, to cover the march. But Count Wartensleben, or the higher authority that inspires his pen, has thrown a reasonable doubt on this design as seriously contemplated. He seems to infer from an unopened order, captured later, but supposed to have been written about daybreak, that the French were intended to be held motionless the whole day, in order to let them recruit their strength, and allow the enemy to develop more plainly his forces and design. All this, however, rather states the facts preliminary to the battle than solves their mystery. For that depends on such unknown factors as the view which the Marshal took of his adversary's means in this vicinity, and the influence which this view had on his own mind. Usually one of the frankest of men, MacMahon has on this point been marvellously reticent; and no one without the revelation can complete the story. All that the critic may accept as certain is that there was some huge mistake in the French general's strategic judgment; for the most desperate of chiefs, had he known the truth, would never have willingly fought, as it was fought, the battle of Sedan. To stand so near to neutral territory as apparently to have some thought of using it, and yet to allow his force to be cut off from it; to await quietly the attack of an enemy so greatly superior that he could safely use the manœuvre, untried since the day of Cannæ, of throwing his two wings forward and completely enclosing the weaker army as in a net; to let him carry on undisturbed the previous operation necessary to his end of advancing his left wing across the wide stream of the Meuse, thereby getting it within gunshot of the only passage that remained for extrication from peril and dishonour; and to lose for the French the hours that sufficed him to draw his toils completely round them, under the blind notion that the choice would then still be open to let "the whole army rest for the day" (so ran the words of the captured order); to suppose that these errors were committed with a consciousness of the impending odds, is to suppose MacMahon willing to sacrifice the last hope of France to the most inglorious fate that an army of 100,000 men could have to suffer. Some thoroughly false conception of the state of the case as regarded Bazaine's immobility; some delusion that the Crown Prince and his five army corps were still pressing on towards Paris, leaving the Meuse Army on guard alone; some lingering belief, it may be, in the old impenetrability of those Argonnes hills once so fatal to Brunswick, which increased cultivation and improved roads had made a bugbear of the past, no more applicable to 1870 than the smoothbore muskets of Valmy—all these together, or a part of them at least, must be supposed. In short, MacMahon's judgment must be for ever condemned, and that decisively, if we could exonerate his temper and his heart from the responsibility for the huge disaster.

And this condemnation is not spared by the German annalist, so favourable usually to his fallen enemy. We read it in the very opening sentences of the Part before us:—

> That the enemy should, with such unfavourable conditions of place and position against him, accept a battle was not to be expected. On the contrary, it was anticipated that he would seek to withdraw from the nearly complete investment of his army in any way he possibly could; were it by the rapid continuance of his movement of retreat on Mezières, or by a sudden breaking out in the direction of Carignan, or in the last resort by withdrawing over the Belgian frontier.

So, long before dawn of the 1st September, Count Moltke and his assistants were busily preparing to meet each of these contingencies as far as possible.

The first was so much the most obvious policy for the French that the German leader's attention was directed chiefly to it on the evening of the 31st. Yet, as the enemy was approached, indications not to be mistaken were gathered which told that he had as yet no such prudent design. The railway station at Donchéry, the point where the Crown Prince's Prussian troops (the Bavarians being held more to his right to menace Sedan) were to cross the Meuse, was naturally seized early. The books were ransacked instantly, and disclosed the important fact that troops that very day had been hurried forward from Mezières to Sedan, while only empty waggons had returned to the former fortress. Hence it was concluded that MacMahon might still be bent on pushing on with the march that had certainly for two days been stayed. But Count Moltke felt his advantage over his adversary already, and concluded that in either event—a movement, as now supposed, east, or, as at first thought, west—"there were sufficient German forces standing ready to meet and repel it." In fact, while the Bavarians, who formed the centre of the grand converging line, had the Meuse to cover them, and the works of the lines beyond to watch lest the French should break out south, the XIth and V^th^ Corps were closing on the Donchéry passage, with the Würtemberg division on their left covering them effectually in flank and threatening Mezières; and on the other side of Sedan the whole of the Saxon Prince's three Corps were now concentrated eastward of the place within easy distance of the Carignan road, and ready for the fight, even with the whole French army if needful, as was natural in troops which had taken a leading share in the great success won two days before.

So complete, in short, had been the orders given after the success of the 30th, so thoroughly did they lead the army up to the necessary position, that no fresh instructions were needed until it became clear, rather late on the 31st (it would have been well to have given the exact time), by a report from Colonel Brandenstein, who was reconnoitring south-east of the town, that the French were preparing to abandon their baggage and make a forced retreat on Mezières. That officer had observed the continuous rearward march of Ducrot's corps from the Carignan road, and, disbelieving with his comrades that MacMahon could contemplate battle, thought that this must be part of a general movement to the west. Count Moltke upon this thought it necessary to hurry the passage of the river with his left; and before 10 P.M. the Crown Prince at Chémery received orders to pass some of his force across that night. Preparations had been already made for crossing at Donchéry at early dawn. So far as the Vth and XIth Corps were concerned therefore, it was only necessary to rouse and hasten them; and all accounts are agreed that the spirit of the men was now so high that any possible exertions might be freely called for. But the Crown Prince did more than this. Mindful, it may be, of the vast results gained for Prussia by his own direct communication with Prince Frederick Charles in that other fateful hour of modern German history, the evening before Sadowa, he took the step of inviting the Saxon Prince to co-operate, by an early advance on his side, in the great events of the coming day; a call which was answered by the complete issue before 2 A.M. of orders for the whole Meuse Army to press forward. Yet the Crown Prince had not trusted to this alone, but, whilst moving his Prussians on Donchéry, gave command to the I^st^ Bavarians to occupy the centre and left of the French at all cost, even should the Meuse Army not be found coming up to their aid. Thus it came about that before daybreak three corps (the Guard, IVth, and Saxon) were moving in the darkness to attack the French from the east, slowly and with difficulty of course, but yet intent on the advance which they felt must lead to certain victory. Two more (the Vth and XIth) were crossing at Donchéry, covered in the movement by the advance of the I^st^ Bavarians close up to the Meuse on the great bend between that village and Sedan. The IInd Bavarian Corps alone, forming the pivot of the whole, were nearly motionless south of Sedan, where the low ground, exposing them to the fire of the place, naturally kept them till the last from advancing, their duty being to guard against a daring stroke on the centre across it.

As to the French army, when the morning broke on it, the four corps of which it was composed were in the positions assigned to them at the close of their fatal movement of concentration. Lebrun and Ducrot, with the XIIth and I^st^ respectively, were in rough line facing south-east and east of Sedan. Douay with the VIIth was posted similarly outside the place on the Floing heights, looking west and north-west, and so nearly back to back with the former. The luckless V^th^ Corps, now under Wimpffen, which had never seen the foe during the campaign except when surprised by him, lay between these two lines as a sort of reserve, the bulk of it lying high on a well-known old camping ground just out of the fortress on its north-east corner. It is only necessary to state these circumstances plainly in order at once to show how widely

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of the truth MacMahon judged his situation to be, and how fraught with ruin that situation already was. Perhaps the happiest circumstance that could have occurred for the Marshal's reputation was his own dangerous wound, suffered almost as soon as the first guns of the enemy came into action.

(To be continued).

RIBOT ON HEREDITY.*

THE question of heredity, looked at from the psychological side, is full of interest at the present time. To show that all kinds of mental phenomena are hereditary, to determine the exact scope and limits of hereditary transmission, will be a necessary preliminary to a scientific discussion of the hypothesis of evolution. No reflective student of the subject can fail to see that, in the absence of direct evidence for the evolutional genesis of new species, the best argument for its possibility is the fact that all kinds of individual modification, both physical and mental, tend to be transmitted and rendered permanent. It is clear, too, that a scientific discussion of the nature and extent of mental heredity is a desideratum in the interests of future psychology. It is curious to note what a number of fundamental questions in mental science connect themselves with this problem of heredity. We may just refer to the theories of intuitive forms of thought and of volitional spontaneity, both of which receive new light from the facts of heredity. It was, therefore, with much interest that we looked forward to a treatment of mental heredity by a writer who had already proved himself a careful student of the most recent psychology. In his work on English Psychologists M. Ribot manifested, in addition to a commendable diligence in study, considerable acuteness in criticism. His new work will do much, we think, to deepen the favourable impression left by the other. The author has evidently spared no pains in making himself master of all the literature of his subject. He refers with equal facility to French psychologists, to German metaphysicians, and to English psychologists and biologists; and one of the chief merits of his work is to be found in the bringing together and the comparing of different and often widely divergent theories on the subject. If the results to which M. Ribot's arguments conduct us are not quite as precise as could be wished, this may no doubt be attributed in part to the essentially obscure and inaccessible nature of the phenomena.

The order of discussion adopted by the author is indicated in the title of the work. After a brief introductory sketch of physiological heredity, M. Ribot proceeds in the first part to collect and classify all the ascertained facts of mental heredity. In the second part he seeks to carry up these facts into their laws, both theoretical and empirical. After this he discusses in the third part the causes of mental heredity, endeavouring to connect its laws with wider laws of biological phenomena. Finally, in the fourth part, he traces out certain consequences of heredity of more or less practical interest. Each of these divisions of the subject presents highly interesting material for consideration, and the author's mode of treatment, which possesses some of the best characteristics of French exposition, illustration, and criticism, imparts to the discussion considerable literary attractiveness.

In dealing with the facts of heredity, M. Ribot confines himself to illustrations of heredity in the popular sense of the term—that is to say, of the transmission from parent to offspring of individual, as distinguished from specific, characters. It is of course perfectly correct to speak of "specific heredity," by which each individual of a species derives the general features of that species, and M. Ribot further on distinctly recognizes this process as a variety of heredity. Yet this operation is too regular and self-evident to require illustration, while all the associations of the word "heredity" prepare the reader for a consideration of the transmission of characteristics which are limited, whether to families or to nations. Possibly a fuller definition of heredity at the outset, as the author purposes to deal with it, would render his plan of treatment more easily intelligible. In grouping together instances of mental transmission, whether of intellectual or of moral peculiarities, whether of tendencies which may be esteemed normal or of such as must be deemed abnormal and morbid, the author shows both a large command of facts and considerable discrimination in the selection of real as distinguished from apparent facts. Many of the instances of the inheritance of peculiarities of sensibility, of emotional instincts, and especially of all kinds of morbid peculiarities, such as hallucination, hypochondria, and presentiments, are exceedingly curious, and cannot fail to interest the reader. In some few cases only should we be disposed to question the unambiguity of the facts classified under heredity. Thus, to cite but one example, is it not a little hazardous to ascribe the gipsies' inveterate dislike to civilizing influences to heredity exclusively (p. 116), when it is probable that the persistent isolation of the race is encouraged, and in a degree enforced, by the severest forms of traditional coercion? The whole upshot of M. Ribot's induction from facts is that all modes of mental activity, from the dim semi-conscious instincts up to luminous reason itself, are susceptible of hereditary transmission, the cases of the reappearance of mental peculiarities in the same line being too numerous to be accounted for as mere coincidences. The cumulative argumentative effect of M. Ribot's well-marshalled facts will probably make itself felt to all impartial minds. After a perusal of this first part no intelligent person will be likely to doubt that mental heredity in all its varieties is not only a possibility, but an ascertained fact.

Facts are only of value to the man of science so far as they are a clue to some general law. Let us inquire, then, how M. Ribot proposes to interpret the phenomena of heredity which he has collected so carefully. Upon the answer to this question will depend our estimate of the author's success. We will confess that in the discussion of the laws he strikes us as being scarcely so thorough and exhaustive as we had been led to anticipate. He seems to us here to grow a little weary of the restraints of strictly inductive inquiry, and to wander rather freely into the regions of the theoretical and the hypothetical. By a considerable leap he arrives at the conclusion that heredity is a universal rule, and must be fulfilled in every case, even where its influence cannot be detected. Now, that the facts of individual transmission, coupled with those of specific transmission, show that all characteristics, physical and mental, can be inherited, is indisputable. But this is rather a meagre result of a careful and scientific study of heredity. What one wants to know is, when, and under what conditions, a quality is thus transmitted, and to this inquiry M. Ribot is unable to give even a hypothetical answer. He holds that, since both parents tend to transmit their individual characteristics with varying degrees of force, the result must always be uncertain. He reminds us, too, that the phenomena of atavism and reversion show that the problem is still further complicated by the possibility of mediate and remote ancestral influence. But M. Ribot is hardly sanguine enough to suppose that all individual variations of character can be spoken of as the algebraic sum of parental and ancestral influences acting under certain unknown conditions—so that the child of this year inherits the peculiarities of its mother rather than of its father; of the mother when young rather than when old, and the disposition of a certain ancestor, say a great-grandfather, rather than of all others; whereas the child of next year receives its mental stamp from quite other influences. He admits that much may be due to external influences acting during the embryonic stage of individual existence, though he attaches (why, he does not tell us) but little value to causes acting after birth. He has some good criticisms on Mr. Galton's essays in statistics; yet he fails to see that such generalizations, though leading only to empirical laws, are of value as serving to determine the average frequency of the recurrence of certain modes of mental power. M. Ribot is very hard on Buckle for refusing to accept heredity as a scientific fact. But though Buckle was unreasonable in seeming to maintain that all similarities between one generation and another might be explained as coincidences, he was thoroughly reasonable in urging that we should know not only how often there are hereditary talents, but how often such qualities are not hereditary. In other words, what is wanted is to determine when and under what circumstances qualities are transmitted. Possibly the obscurity of the phenomena will for ever forbid our ascertaining this point; but clearly, till it is determined, at least approximately, there can be no scientific doctrine of heredity. Heredity is, after all, but a single law, which fails to explain everything. In our moral no less than in our physical structure, we seem to be the products of heredity, together with a vast number of other influences which we cannot yet ascertain. The tendency to individual variation, which cannot as yet be resolved into the mere compound result of an indefinite number of hereditary influences, is quite as patent a fact as heredity itself, and just as necessary a factor in a scheme of evolution. M. Ribot argues very forcibly against the theory of individual spontaneity, which teaches that the individual tends to vary for mere variation's sake, so to speak. Of course no scientific man who speaks of a tendency to deviate from the type means by this a process wholly uncaused and inexplicable. Still the causes of variation may be so multitudinous and obscure as for ever to evade detection; and in this case heredity, in the narrow sense of transmission of individual peculiarities, will always remain for us something eccentric and accidental.

In dealing with the causes of mental heredity, M. Ribot follows in the wake of most recent psychologists who regard mental phenomena as universally conditioned by physical antecedents. In approaching this question he could scarcely fail to touch on the metaphysical problems underlying the connexion of mind and body. Although M. Ribot is deeply imbued with the modern scientific spirit, he is no less evidently impressed with the most recent developments of metaphysical thought. Hence he enters very fully into the ultimate significance of the material and the mental, and he discusses both the materialistic and the idealistic theories of real existence. He argues rather ingeniously that heredity is incomprehensible on the idealist theory, by which he means the absolute idealism so prevalent in Germany. We suspect, however, that a Hegelian would not accept M. Ribot's statement on this point as adequate. Hegelianism has known how to accommodate itself to other doctrines of positive science, and there seems to us nothing in the nature of mental transmission which is unsusceptible of interpretation by the formula that all phenomena, mental as well as physical, are the results of the movement of absolute thought. But M. Ribot, though he rather likes to coquet with metaphysical problems, continually reminds us that science must not be controlled by *à priori* theories of existence; in point of fact, his own reasonings are directed to a just and truly scientific mode of explanation. On this sure ground he finds it easy to show that physiological heredity must be the cause of psychological heredity, rather than conversely.

* *Heredity; a Psychological Study of its Phenomena, Laws, Causes, and Consequences.* From the French of Th. Ribot. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

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In the concluding part, which deals with the consequences of heredity, M. Ribot has much to suggest that is interesting and valuable, though perhaps he hardly takes a firm grasp of the whole subject. It seems surprising that he wholly passes by what is certainly the most interesting and important practical question connected with heredity—namely, how far it should be recognized in social action. Can an advanced society be ever justified in taking measures for the gradual extirpation of corrupt breeds, whether radically diseased in body or in mind? The author has little difficulty in dealing with the subjects of caste and nobility, since the transmission of valuable distinctions is known to be very uncertain. But there is no doubt about the transmission of certain physical infirmities and moral defects, and any adequate discussion of the practical consequences of heredity should include the momentous problem how to deal with these. M. Ribot devotes considerable space to the question of free-will as affected by the doctrine of heredity. It strikes us that the double attitude of mind, the positive and the metaphysical, which he habitually displays leads him here into a certain ambiguity, or at least indecision. He sees clearly enough that free-will and heredity are, *primâ facie* at least, antagonistic. His metaphysical proclivities do not allow him to reject free-will as a fiction, and he seeks very ingeniously, making use of ideas supplied by Wundt, Schopenhauer, and Von Hartmann, to lay a foundation for individual spontaneity, as opposed to the current theory of determinism, in the dark unconscious depths of "character," which constitute the unknown element in volition as well as the ground for the consciousness of the ego. He then proceeds to inquire whether this "personal factor," as Wundt names it, can be accounted for as the result of heredity, and, failing to establish this, he falls back on the conclusion that free-will is a noumenon, and therefore insoluble. This is not very satisfactory from a purely scientific point of view.

In concluding our notice of this interesting and suggestive volume, we are glad to be able to speak of a marked improvement in M. Ribot's English, whoever may be its real author. As compared with the *Contemporary English Psychology*, the *Heredity* presents itself as a really English book. There are, it is true, one or two unidiomatic expressions which might be corrected in a future edition; and perhaps it might be desirable to dispense with the superfluous vowel to which we are indebted for the rather grotesque hypothesis that everything in the external world may be explained by emotion (p. 389). But, in spite of a few of these tiny blemishes, the language is clear and well chosen, so that the reader easily forgets that he is perusing a translation.

PETTIGREW'S HANDY BOOK OF BEES.*

ANY one who chose might of course as easily take up his parable against bee-keeping as against poultry-fancying, and show that, with all the perils of wind and water, of disease, and of civil war in their gates, to which the bees are liable, it is better and cheaper to buy your honey than to be bothered with hives. There is, however, evidence to show that bee-keeping is really an industry capable of enormous extension, and that too by labouring folk, to whom, if they only possess method and perseverance, bee-culture assures at least a fair profit, taking one year with another. Mr. Pettigrew, the author of this Handy Book, has proved the practicability of his theories so successfully that since the date of his first edition he has in many parts of Great Britain revolutionized apiculture; and he writes with the authority of an hereditary bee-keeper, for his father was a labourer in Lanarkshire who kept bees with such results that his dwelling at Carluke, near Hamilton, got the name of the "Honey Bank." And a good bank it was to him and his children; for he not only made as much as 100*l.* in a season by his bees, but also saved enough to rise in life, and start as butcher and publican on his own account. His example seems to have been infectious in his family and neighbourhood; to which circumstance, no doubt, we owe the practical details of the business which we now wish to set before our readers. When one reflects upon the boundless flower-field of which the bee has the run in this country, and the countless millions of pounds of honey wasted, through lack of industry like that of its producers, on the desert air, and further learns that bee-keeping, so far from being costly or needing expensive contrivances, consists less in newfangled appliances than in methodical watching and attention, it is impossible not to regret that more is not done in this way.

It is not generally known, we suspect, that hives do not require a particular aspect, or the eye of the sun, or the cunning construction of a Chinese puzzle in the shape of a dwelling. They prefer a sheltered corner, no doubt, with an open front, and at some distance from a pond, for their greatest risks are from wind and water as they return home heavy laden with spoil; but if the pasture is good, bees will thrive wherever they are placed, and they have wits enough to make the most of any position. The old-fashioned straw hive is very much the best, and Mr. Pettigrew has here the weight of Mr. Quinby, the fitly named American apiarist, entirely on his side; though in pooh-poohing the bar-frame hives, and other such inventions, he is not so old-fashioned as to close his eyes to structural improvements in the straw-hive, or to any additional means of harvesting his honey. There is one caution as to site which might not strike every one. Whilst it is naturally desirable to have your colonies or hives within a convenient distance, it is bad to have them too near each other. Each hive, it seems, has its own peculiar smell, which is the bond of union to its inmates; but if hives get too near each other (*e.g.* within six feet) this bond is lost, and the wise bee-master is very particular in averting such a contingency. Although it might be possible to overstock a garden or parish with hives, so as to reduce the produce were a fashion to set in for bee-keeping, or were the district exceptionally deficient in materials for honey, it needs but a glance at the world of flowers to see how unfailing, ordinarily, is its supply. A twenty-acre grass field sprinkled with flowers of white clover yields to bees 100 lb. of honey at least every fine day, and the same extent of heather in flower gives 200 lb. And white or Dutch clover is known to the bee-man as yielding from its flowers the clearest and most lovely honey of all the flowers of the field, honey from heather-blossom being, as one might expect, darker and more strongly flavoured. It is, in fact, peculiarly *grousey*. It is easy to see from these two facts that Scotland is naturally a great honey country, owing not only to its heath, but also to the greater quantity of clover-seed laid down with grass there. Where, however, there is much sheep-farming, there is apt to be less field for honey, as the sheep nibble the clover blossom short off, and there is also a drawback to clover in that it is affected by cold nights (p. 42). But again, the Sinapis arvensis, or field mustard, a most prolific weed with a yellow flower, lasting for a considerable time, is a first-rate bee food, and the honey gathered from it is clear and soon crystallizes. The bean-flower is also wonderfully rich in honey, so deep set, however, that the bees are said to need the humble bees' help in extracting it. Mr. Pettigrew argues from the absence of these in many places where the thick walls of the bean-flower are none the less pierced for honey, "that the jemmies of our honey bees are used," however difficult the task, "for breaking them." It will be seen, then, that the four blossoms we have named would furnish abundant bee-wealth, to say nothing of the crocus, the hyacinth, the gillyflower, and the flower of fruit-trees. It is Mr. Pettigrew's belief that there is heather enough in England (query Great Britain?) for all the bees in the world. And there are the forest trees, too; the maple, the sycamore, the lime. Honey literally lies on the flowers of the second of these, and does not simply drop from them; and as to the lime, who can ever forget the summer scent of the tree in flower, or the music of the bee at work on it? The Lithuanian honey, said to be purest and most quickly gathered, is almost wholly due to the lime forests. Virgil's old Corycian, whose few acres were unfit for either ploughing or pasture, was a great bee-master:—

> And first the bubbling honey-comb to press,
> For *limes* he had, and pine-trees numberless.

And we have no doubt that wherever there is a lime grove or avenue it is the owner's own fault if he has not honey in abundance for himself and his friends.

It is scarcely within our scope to notice much of our author's first part, which is occupied with the natural history of the bee, and which is as interesting in its way, and we doubt not as sound and trustworthy, as the more scientific treatises of Huber and of Kirby and Spence. Here the young naturalist will find all that it is generally necessary to know about the queen bees, the drones, and the workers; the birth, ripening, fertilization, and endless hatching powers of the first; the—in all senses but one—purposeless life of the second; and the never-sleeping energies of the third, a class which does all the drudgery, and has not only the hardest, but the shortest life of it—namely, nine months, as contrasted with the queen bee's term of four years. Here, too, he will see how, while a queen takes but fourteen days to hatch into a bee-princess, a worker is twenty-one days in the cell, and a drone twenty-four. There is no luck about the bees' house without a queen regnant. The queen bee's value to the community may be judged from the fact that she lays 2,000 eggs and odd per day during the season. It is some compensation to the working bees—if they resemble other communities—that they, and not the queen or the fine gentlemen drones, are the real governors of the hive, settling the royal succession, preparing and rearing the successors, dethroning and banishing superannuated sovereigns. It is they too who countermand the orders for swarming, and in other respects resemble very much the ministers of a limited monarch. The whole mystery of swarming is so curious and so incapable of brief analysis that we commend the chapters upon it, whether in the first or second part of this volume, to the special study of the practical reader, merely observing that in the author's judgment and in that of the American authority we have already named, the "non-swarming system" is more hazardous, less profitable, and more liable to the incurable pest of "foul brood" than the old fashion of "swarming."

The strong point of Mr. Pettigrew's experience, and his claim to be accepted as an improver of intelligent apiculture, lies in his substitution of large hives for small. The adoption of the former has enabled many bee-keepers to double their profits, and given an impulse to bee-keeping in their neighbourhoods. Whereas in several English counties hives used to average in size twelve or thirteen inches in diameter and nine in depth, with a yield at most of from 35 to 45 lb. of honey, in Mr. Pettigrew's native place the weight of swarms runs from 100 to 150 lb. each, and the heaviest swarm at Carluke in 1866 was 148 lb.; in

* *The Handy Book of Bees: a Practical Treatise on their Profitable Management.* By A. Pettigrew. Second Edition, Revised and Improved. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1875.

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1868, 168 lb. Mr. Pettigrew put forth at the time of his first edition three queries to bee-keepers, and in chapter 14 of the present work he tabulates the answers. These queries relate to the size of hives, the date of the first swarm, and the weight of the same in a good season. He is led to the conclusion that in such a country as Devon the use of large hives would double or treble the swarm weight. Is then the success of Carluke wholly due to large hives? Not wholly, he replies, but in the first instance. Large hives are the basis of it; superior management the superstructure. If a queen bee lays 2,000 eggs a day in the season, and a small hive has only empty cells enough for 500, 1,500 eggs must be destroyed, eaten, or cast out daily, at a great waste of population, honey, and swarms. It is as if, argues our author, a farmer's wife should go on expecting large eggs from bantam hens, or as if her husband should attempt to haul and plough with Shetland ponies instead of Clydesdale horses and Suffolk punches. Doubtless, as he adds, apiculture is a much smaller affair than agriculture; but it is sufficiently remunerative to justify this reform in the size of hives, if it takes three common English hives to hold as much honey as is contained in one Carluke hive, and three or more to hold enough bees to gather it in an equal space of time (p. 51). The sizes which Mr. Pettigrew would recommend are 18 inches by 12 and 16 inches by 12, or, as he thinks still better, by 14 in each case. Two sizes are better than three, as involving fewer sizes of boards and *supers*. These latter, it must be explained, are the *caps*, as they are sometimes called, which in fine seasons are used to furnish a supplementary upper story at the top of the hive, out of which there should be a central hole of four inches width. From the crown of one of these *supers*, to which, as a decoy, bits of clean white drone-comb are nailed before placing it on the hive top, a slight ladder is planted to the top or crown of the hive. Bees ordinarily build downwards, and so in good seasons the weight of honey is not dwarfed for lack of space. *Ekes* are similar devices of enlargement from below, and *nadirs*, the exact opposites of *supers*, as going beneath and not above bee-hives; in other words, an empty hive is pinned under a full one. The best *super* is a glass contrivance with a moveable top, but otherwise not unlike a "cloche" or a stilton-cheese cover.

Mr. Pettigrew is a thorough Briton, and as such wary of foreign inventions, unless they approve themselves to his common sense. He sticks to British bees, in spite of the fashion for Ligurians. He holds by straw hives, unshaken by the new "depriving" or humane inventions. As to shape he prefers flattish crowned hives with an opening for a super, and a lid to cover it when this is not needed. For getting a great weight of honey he prefers the *eke*, which will make a hive of 18 × 12 into 18 × 16, or 4,000 inches of cubic space —not a whit too much for the laying powers of a queen bee to fill. The best hives, it is added, are those with the fewest complications, and whereas wooden hives have a great tendency to absorb the moisture of the bees, and to rot speedily, there is nothing, we gather from Mr. Quinby, equal to straw for straining moisture out of hives. One of the more amusing chapters of this Handy Book is that which details, with no small flourish of trumpets, Mr. Pettigrew senior's barter of a gill of whisky for a grand secret of fumigation with an Irish peasant. A bit of old corduroy or fustian makes as effective and a less dizzy stupefier than tobacco smoke for the honey bee, and this without injuring its health or stopping its work above a few minutes. The importance of some such fumigator is great when a *super* is full and has to be cut off from the hive, and brimstone rag, which is more convincing, is at the same time more dangerous to bee-life. For artificial swarming, too, fumigation is a great help—a discovery, which our author does not claim for his father, but ascribes in the main to a writer named Bonner, eighty years ago; and as, with artificial swarming, you can take off four swarms single-handed in an hour, and further choose your own time of day, when there is a prospect of continued fine weather, it is obviously a great advantage to bee-keepers. "Other favourable views of the advantages of artificial swarming," we read, "could be presented here; but we think that the fact of its answering as well as natural swarming, and that it can be done in a few minutes at any time of the day, are sufficient to convince every earnest bee-keeper of the folly of waiting and watching day by day for swarms coming off naturally." Mr. Pettigrew has also a forcible and convincing chapter on the feeding of bees in cold weather. The outlay of sugar bought from April to August to keep the bees alive may daunt a novice in bee-keeping, but it is unwise to give in. Liberal food repays itself in the long run. The average profits of each hive in Carluke during five years was 3*l.* per annum a hive. The appliances for feeding are discussed and some of them approved in pp. 113-114. Mr. Pettigrew does not seem to be satisfied with the instruments patented for pressing honey from combs, or with the American Slinger, or "Honey Extractor," which could cast the *clover-honey* from the combs by the action of centrifugal force, but failed to do so with the *heather-honey* (139), which is less clear and liquid. Yet we must not let our readers go away with the idea that our bee-master is altogether old-fashioned. We will conclude our notice of his handbook with an extract which slays with one blow two or three old wives' fables:—

> Nothing should be put in hives intended for swarms but cross-sticks and guide-combs. Ignorant people often wet their insides with sugared ale, or sugar and water, a most foolish practice. Another foolish practice, and a widespread one, is to make a great effort to induce swarms to settle by drumming on kettles and frying-pans, thus producing artificial thunder, to frighten the bees from all idea of flying away. Sand and soil are thrown up among the bees to make them believe it rains. Such artificial thunder and rain have no influence whatever over a swarm of bees. It is supposed by some that in ancient times these noises were made to intimate to neighbours that a swarm was on the wing, believing that the noise gave the owner a legal right to claim and hive the swarm wherever it alighted. Fortunately swarms almost always settle near home for a short time before they seek a more abiding habitation elsewhere; but when they have decided to go to a distance, and have commenced their march, nothing will stop them. We have known one or two fugitive swarms shot at. The poor fellow who shot said, "If I can hit and bring down the queen, the bees will return." He was right enough in his ideas, but unfortunately he *missed the queen*, and lost his swarm.

This last piece of folly seems almost past credence, and only worthy of "scholasticos"; but what will our garden-helps say to a writer who disbelieves in the virtue of "tanging" the bees?

JILTED.*

THIS novel is more like those in fashion thirty years or so ago than like those of our own more immediate day. Style and subject are both of that rollicking kind which found its favourite expression in Charles Lever's books; and the padding is of a character as far out of date as the rest. Addresses delivered to imaginary Eugenios and Matildas, the story stopped that an illustration of the present position of affairs may be drawn out of the life and doings of the typical Sempronius and Clorinda, an unmistakable echo of Thackeray and a dash of Theodore Hook, are not according to the latest fashions of light literature. But, though we think all these digressions and soliloquies emphatically mistakes in art, we cannot deny that *Jilted* is a very fair and amusing bit of froth. Making no pretensions to high aims or serious meaning, it fulfils the end for which it was written—namely, to amuse—with creditable success; and though we might ask why such a book should be written at all, and think that the powers of the author might be employed on something higher, yet, as we must have frothy literature, it is as well to have it pure, and sugar-plums not rendered attractive by poison count as gain at a time when so much fatal trash is afloat.

The gravest exception that we have to take to this book is the character of the hero, Charlie Hargrave. He is confessedly an idler and a fop, boastful, and vain, and silly, but he is supposed to have underneath all these superficial follies a fund of honourable feeling and true nobility of character by which his faults of youth and inexperience are neutralized. And we confess we cannot see it. We think he presents himself in the beginning of the story as an insufferable coxcomb, and we fail to detect a truer ring as he goes on. He has, indeed, no opportunity for displaying the nobleness which we are to believe underlies his nature. He does nothing but forget Pauline for Conny, and Conny for Theresa, and forgive the gross rudeness of the latter when he finds out her motive. To be sure he shows a touch of sentiment and softness when he hears the history of his fellow-clerk, Spratling; but his coxcombry needed a more potent solvent than even this, and we wish the anonymous author had put him through a few real trials so that his character might have had occasion and opportunity for showing itself in its best phases. There is nothing to try him in that ridiculous episode of his first reception at Updown, where Uncle Dick lives. He is received in the shrubbery by his cousin Theresa, whom her father familiarly calls Teazer, by the word "Halt!" "uttered in a loud, clear, imperious female voice"; and the next instant a pistol shot passes so close to his head that he pulls off his hat expecting to find a hole in it. This is only the beginning of the mystification to which he is exposed. The man-servant, an Irishman, instructed by this same young lady who receives her guest by firing a pistol at his head, considers him a madman and treats him accordingly. He never takes his eyes off him during dinner, and at night, always by Theresa's orders, he enters his room twice, to pull down the blind and keep the moonlight, so fatal to lunatics, from coming on to his bed. When her father asks Theresa to sing, as it seems she can do well enough when she likes, she begins "Cease, rude Boreas," which she sings like a maniac. When she knocks down the music-stool and Charlie stoops to pick it up again, she whispers angrily, "I am accustomed to help myself, thanks," and sets it "upright with a smart bang"; when he offers her his arm for dinner, she sweeps her dress away from him and exclaims in a low tone, "When I want a crutch, I'll buy one; I have still the use of both my legs, thank God!" We can scarcely wonder that the French-bred handsome young fop makes this unspoken remark on her proceeding:—"She may have a handsome person, but I'll be hanged if she hasn't the soul of a kangaroo." Which, on the whole, we think hard measure for the kangaroo. All this is utterly absurd—past the limits of comedy and into the regions of "screaming farce"—a caricature, not a portrait, of any human society possible at this time in England. And indeed, were it possible that any young lady could have so behaved herself for the purpose of disgusting a nominated suitor for her hand, as Theresa is made to do, she would certainly not be of the kind to develop later into the charming, frank, graceful girl who wins Charlie Hargrave's heart as easily as a man puts on a new glove after pulling off an old one. There were a thousand ways of repelling an unwelcome lover brought down to come, see, and conquer, beside the outrageous eccentricities formulated by Miss Teazer's historian—ways which would have been amusing enough, but would have left her ladyhood and self-respect untouched; and they would have signified her determination not to be bought and sold at command far more impressively than methods which degrade her to the lowest depths of vulgarity, which reduce the story to an unnatural farce, and

* *Jilted; or, My Uncle's Scheme.* 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

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which leave the cousin in doubt as to whether his uncle's house is not a lunatic asylum in disguise and its inmates more or less maniacs with too much liberty.

The materials out of which the story of *Jilted* is constructed are of the flimsiest and thinnest kind possible. A young man who has been brought up in France on the lean rations of pride, idleness, and a major's half-pay, is invited to England by his Uncle Tom, a banker, to mount an office-stool, learn the mysteries of banking, and be the subject of a scheme which, if it succeeds, is to make everybody happy and everybody rich. When he arrives he finds that his uncle owns a very pretty golden-headed daughter, by name Conny, to whom it is her mother's wish he should make love, but not her father's—Charlie's marriage with his daughter not forming part of the scheme Uncle Tom has arranged. Conny, too, has other designs for herself, connected with a certain clerk in the establishment—a man with black frizzy hair, a pigeon-pie chest, wearing a ring on his forefinger, and bearing the appropriate name of Curling. While her cousin, Charlie Hargrave, the hero and narrator of the story, is making hot love to her, Conny is carrying on a secret correspondence with this Mr. Curling; and during Charlie's absence at Updown, where he is treated with such marvellous ill-breeding by Theresa, also a cousin, she elopes with her beloved of the pigeon-pie breast, and so gives the *coup de grâce* to the young man's moribund fancy. For the weathercock he calls his heart veers round to Cousin Theresa as soon as he is out of the immediate presence of Cousin Conny; and as Cousin Theresa returns his passion, the scheme devised by Uncle Tom, and approved of by Uncle Dick—Theresa's father—prospers as it was intended, and succeeds without further hitch. Charlie marries the Teazer, and is made a partner in the bank, as is also Theodore Curling, who thus falls emphatically on his feet when he elopes with the pretty daughter of his employer, offending every prejudice and destroying every hope the parents had entertained. This is the whole story of the three volumes, which thus it is easy to see are not overweighted with material.

We think it likely that *Jilted* might make a good play. There are just the right number of characters and the right number of scenes for the stage; and very little would be required to make it into an acting drama as it stands. Condensing the dialogues, and omitting the reflections, descriptions, soliloquies, explanations, and all other forms of padding, the thing would be done; with perhaps a better telling of the story than is given now by the three volumes of letterpress in which it is buried. Broad farce at all times needs acting to make it endurable. Presented as a fictitious representation of everyday life, its extravagance is too apparent, and it is more likely to irritate the reader than to amuse him. On the stage it excites a laugh, just as the grimaces of a clown or the misfortunes of pantaloon excite a laugh; but we should not be amused if we were only to hear of the extravagances of a pantomime. A farce is more dreary reading than a Blue-book. We can say nothing about the characters of *Jilted*, for the character-painting is as thin as the story. They are all machine-made, well-worn specimens, known by heart. The father of the hero, Major Hargrave, is a handsome mask, labelled Deportment. He dyes his hair, lives in France, and has fine manners. Uncle Tom, the banker-father of Conny, is a shrewd man of business, with a good heart; Uncle Dick is in person the John Bull of the caricaturists, in nature a gentleman, in manners a clown, in education a scholar; Cousin Conny is fair-haired, blue-eyed, soft, seductive, and deceitful, but not bad; Theresa is tall, virile, straightforward, noble, and a thorough woman, despite her masculine outside; the hero is a handsome fop; Mr. Curling is sly but not dishonourable; O'Twist, the Irish servant, the stage servant with additions. Out of these lay figures not much of real human interest can be made. Nevertheless, the book is pleasant in its own light way, as diversion for an idle hour; and as such we accept it without carping at a want of seriousness to which it does not pretend, or a want of purpose at which it does not aim.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Derby, May 1875. JAMES ALLPORT, *General Manager.*

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THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1825.
Constituted by special Acts of Parliament.
ANNUAL REPORT, 1875.

The FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Company was held at Edinburgh on Wednesday, April 28, 1875.

RESULTS COMMUNICATED IN THE REPORT.

Amount proposed for Assurance during the year 1874 (2,001 Proposals)	£1,372,935	18	0
Amount of Assurances accepted during the year 1874 (1,671 Policies)	1,0[illegible],865	18	0
Annual Premiums on new Policies during the year 1874	35,891	17	1
Claims by death during the year 1874, exclusive of bonus additions	336,644	7	11
Amount of Assurances accepted during the last Five years	5,720,234	19	10
Subsisting Assurances at 15th November, 1874 (of which £986,103 12s. is re-assured with other offices)	17,779,362	2	6

Revenue, £738,111 19s. 9d.
Assets upwards of Four Millions and Three-quarters.
DISTRIBUTION OF PROFITS, 1875.
SPECIAL NOTICE.

The NEXT DIVISION OF PROFITS will be made among Policies in existence at 15th November, 1875, and all who assure before that date will rank for profits on that occasion.

SPENCER C. THOMSON, *Manager.*
H. JONES WILLIAMS, *General Secretary for England.*

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MANCHESTER—110 KING STREET.
DUBLIN—66 UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

Tables of rates, balance-sheets, and all further information can be obtained by application at the Offices of the Company in Edinburgh, London, Manchester, and Dublin, or at any of the Agencies, which have been established in almost every town of importance throughout the Kingdom.

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A.D. 1837.
CHIEF OFFICE—62 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON.
CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

Year.	New Life Policies issued during the Year.	Amount Assured thereby.	New Life Premiums.	Assets.
1863	503	£137,730	£4,200	£2[illegible],870
1865	672	190,985	5,714	313,067
1867	1019	276,696	8,220	316,440
1869	778	296,995	10,155	363,001
1871	898	333,579	10,123	4[illegible],990
1873	750	336,755	10,258	494,456
1874	878	310,725	10,610	533,161

EXAMPLES OF BONUS—DECLARATION 1873.

Amount Assured.	Premiums paid.	Bonus added to Policy.	Amount Assured.	Premiums paid.	Bonus added to Policy.
£1,200	£131	£70	£500	£58	£29
1,000	102	55	150	15	9
600	64	37	100	5	3

GEORGE SCOTT FREEMAN, *Secretary.*

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Fleet Street, London.

Invested assets on December 31, 1873	£5,486,748
Income for the year 1873	507,284
Amount paid on death to December 1873	9,856,739

Forms of proposal, &c., will be sent on application to the Office.

EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1807. (For Lives only.)
79 PALL MALL, LONDON.

Premiums and Interest	£450,283
Accumulated Funds	£3,024,108
Also, a Subscribed Capital of more than	£1,500,000.

The Annual Report of the Company's state and progress, Prospectuses and Forms, may be had, or will be sent, post free, on application at the Office or to any of the Company's Agents.
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THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

IT was natural that Lord RUSSELL should ask for some information from the Government as to the recent Continental crisis, and it was perhaps also natural that he should ask for papers that evidently could not be produced, and should stray into historical recollections that were conspicuously irrelevant. Lord RUSSELL has been seized with a sudden fit of admiration for a treaty made in 1814 to which England was a party, and by which France was reduced to the boundaries of 1792. Lord RUSSELL appears to consider that this treaty is not only theoretically in force at the present moment, but is so binding that, if France had been successful in the war of 1870, England would have been obliged to go to war with France, had France claimed as the reward of success to extend her boundaries at the expense of Germany. On the other hand, Lord RUSSELL sees no objection to Germany having, as the reward of victory, curtailed the territory of France, and brought it below what was sanctioned by the treaty of 1814. His notion is that England is bound by a perpetual and sacred engagement, lasting through all time and operating under every set of circumstances, to allow France to be made less in regard to territory, but never to allow her to be made greater. This is a very curious sort of treaty, and, to put things as gently as possible, it may be said to be calculated to embarrass our diplomatic relations with France. Fortunately, when he was Foreign Secretary, Lord RUSSELL forgot its existence; and he was accustomed to receive with exemplary patience the repeated declarations of the late EMPEROR of the FRENCH that he regarded the whole system of treaties made on the downfall of his uncle as virtually abrogated. The effect of bold assertion on public opinion is incontestable; and the French had so often declared that they regarded the Rhine as the frontier belonging to them by a sort of inherent and natural right, that, if they had been successful in 1870, it would have been looked on as quite in the proper order of things that they should swallow up a slice of German territory, while the Germans were denounced as doing something monstrous and inhuman when they, being the conquerors, swallowed up a slice of French territory. Time alone can accustom Europe to look on Metz and Strasburg as belonging properly to Germany. In 1814 England aided in imposing severe conditions on France, whom she had helped to conquer, after a war lasting for many years. Lord RUSSELL wishes to see the spirit which animated England in 1814 again revive, and probably it will do so when anything like a similar state of things recurs. That a veteran English statesman should record as the mature fruit of his wisdom and experience a belief that we can, without having raised a finger and without the slightest intention to spend a shilling or risk a life in the matter, settle for ever the boundaries between France and Germany, is one of those facts which are rather curious as showing by whom we are governed than instructive as to what we ought to do.

Lord DERBY is the last man in the world to be animated by the spirit of a treaty made sixty years ago under very peculiar circumstances, and which he knows he has not the power, if he had the wish, to enforce. It was not in the spirit of the treaty of 1814 that he set to work to maintain peace a month ago, but in the humble spirit of a mediator who thinks it a pity that two Powers, neither of which wants to go to war, should not be induced to keep quiet. What Lord DERBY had to deal with was a state of suspicion and distrust. He was able to inform the House of Lords that he did not believe that France was contemplating a renewal of the war, and that he equally did not believe that Germany was contemplating a new war for the purpose of crushing France while still weak. What he did find was that persons of the highest position in Germany were possessed with a conviction that France was arming for an immediate struggle, and what he had got to do was to help to dispel this conviction. It was obvious that, if this conviction had exercised its sway for a little time longer, the German Government might have taken some overt step which it would have been difficult to recall. It might have required France to cease its efforts to reorganize its army; and if this requirement had ever been made, either the French Government must have undergone the humiliation of conceding a demand based on the assumption that it had been doing something which it knew it had not done, or the neutral Powers must have forced Germany to retract its demand, or there must have been a new war. Happily, Russia was at hand in time, and the CZAR preserved peace by making clear to the excited minds of these Germans in high position that France was not arming for a new war, and was merely doing what she was perfectly entitled to do, in laying the foundation of a new and better army. All that England had to do, and all that Lord DERBY claims to have done, was to back up the assurances of Russia. France, in fact, pledged herself to Russia and England that she was not preparing for a new war, and Germany expressed herself satisfied on this pledge being communicated to her. What has been the secret history of the German panic, who the people in the highest position were, and how they managed to get the control of the semi-official press, is more than we are likely to know at present. That Prince BISMARCK was one of these people seems unlikely, not only because he is said to have subsequently denied it in very forcible terms, but because to act on an erroneous assumption, and to endanger peace without seeing his way to war, would indicate a state of excitement and irresolution much below the usual level of his policy. That there were some people who nearly got Germany into a serious scrape is incontestable, and nothing can be more idle than the attempts now being made by the semi-official press to eat its own wretched words, and scoff at the notion that alarm was ever meant to be awakened. In one way Prince BISMARCK may not much regret what has taken place, for it is no doubt convenient to Germany that France should stand pledged to Russia and England not, for the present, to take any steps towards provoking a new war. But Prince BISMARCK must have seen how dangerous and compromising an instrument of government a semi-official press is when it attacks foreign nations, and he may be reasonably expected to profit by the experience which the last few weeks have given him.

As Lord DERBY very justly remarked, the danger is only averted for the moment; it is not permanently removed. France is entitled to have an army, and an army worthy of her. In a few years she will have a very large and probably a very good army, well trained, well officered, and well equipped. She is rich, and she is spending vast sums on her army. At present she is quite unprepared for war, as she has wisely begun by collecting arms and stores and introducing a good military system. The men exist for the most part on paper only, but, when she is ready to arm and train them, she will fill up the skeletons of her regiments. Then she will have an army of the

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first class, and the Germans will have to face the danger that any day this army of the first class may be used against them. There is no help for this. Prince BISMARCK always said from the first moment when victory had pronounced for Germany that this danger would exist, and he justified the seizure of Metz and Strasburg on the ground that, as some day or other France would wish to revenge Sedan, the best thing Germany could do was to secure as far as possible the chances of a future war in her favour. Time may no doubt do something to soften the asperities of French hatred, and France, with her recollection of the past, and with the influences of growing wealth telling on her, is not likely to provoke another German war rashly and with a light heart. But if France did decide to encounter the risks of a fresh struggle, Germany need not much fear the results of a single-handed contest with France. It is difficult to see how France is to get at Germany, whereas all France lies open to a German invasion. Germany might be beaten, but she would start with enormous advantages. It is not really the danger of a war with France standing alone that Prince BISMARCK fears. He sees that the time may come when France, being ready for war, will seek in alliances the probability of making war successfully. The result is that Prince BISMARCK is always looking up his allies to see that all is right, and that they are not being led astray by the enemy. For the moment everything is satisfactory. Russia is ostentatiously friendly, and Austria, affecting to take some slight offence at the part she played in the late crisis remaining unnoticed, has implored the world to understand that directly she received assurances of pacific intentions from Berlin, she was so satisfied and happy that she thought it needless to take any further trouble in the matter. This is all that Prince BISMARCK could ask for the time being; but the really critical moment will arrive when, France being ready for war, serious attempts are made to sow the seeds of strife between Germany and its present allies.

THE PRIVILEGE QUESTION.

IT may be hoped that the great Privilege question is disposed of for the present. An ancient rule, founded originally on sufficient grounds, had become intolerable when it was reduced to an absurdity. Almost any custom or regulation may be rendered impracticable if it is pushed for vexatious purposes into exaggeration. Mr. DISRAELI may be excused for his slowness in discerning the necessity of change. As one of the speakers on Monday night remarked, until Mr. C. LEWIS moved that the reporters of the proceedings of the Foreign Loans Committee had been guilty of a breach of privilege, it had not occurred to any member that a change in the Standing Orders was necessary. As a large majority has now rejected Lord HARTINGTON'S motion, the relations between the House and the reporters remain unaltered. Mr. LEWIS must content himself with the credit of having unintentionally suggested to some Irish members an opportunity of annoyance. Although the publication of reports is still a breach of privilege, it is no longer competent for a single member to emulate the achievements of Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. SULLIVAN. The only evil to be apprehended from the change is the encouragement which Mr. DISRAELI'S concession may possibly offer to ingenious contrivers of petty mischief. There is nothing to prevent any busybody from moving, daily or weekly, that a publisher shall be summoned to the bar of the House for breach of privilege; but nearly the same interruption of business may be effected by motions for the adjournment of the House, and on the whole it is necessary to run the risk of a conspiracy to render business impossible. Notwithstanding Mr. HORSMAN'S attack on the front Opposition bench, Lord HARTINGTON'S Resolutions were honestly intended to remove the inconvenience with which Mr. DISRAELI had declined to interfere. Yet the leader of the Opposition was too sanguine in expecting that the minority would be allowed to assume the functions which traditionally belong to the Government. Mr. HORSMAN expounded correctly the ordinary course of proceeding when it becomes necessary to reconsider Standing Orders and questions of privilege. The representative of the Government in the House consults with the Speaker and the leader of Opposition, and the result of their deliberations is approved by general consent. The majority against Lord HARTINGTON'S motion affirmed the expediency of the usual practice.

The solution of the difficulty which had arisen proved to be less simple than it seemed. To avert the wrath of Mr. SULLIVAN, Lord HARTINGTON promised in a hurry to propose some change in the rules of the House; but a few days afterwards Mr. LOWE explained on his behalf that he was still deliberating on the subject; and the Resolution which was rejected by the House of Commons was obviously objectionable. If reports are to be regarded as breaches of privilege only when they contain wilful misrepresentation, almost any kind of inaccuracy, if not of scurrility, would be covered by the exception. It would be almost impossible to prove that misrepresentation was wilful; and there might be endless discussions on the question whether a speaker had been in fact misrepresented. It is possible that the perverse ingenuity of troublesome members may render some new Standing Order necessary; but in the meantime it is not unreasonable to try whether the recent epidemic of privilege is destined to recur. Mr. ROEBUCK'S proposal that different rules should be applied to reporters and to ordinary strangers involves an unnecessary theoretical innovation. Notwithstanding Mr. SULLIVAN'S professional indignation, a reporter, though he discharges a useful function, holds no public position. A shorthand writer whose notes are printed in full may properly be made an officer of a Court or of a legislative assembly; but a reporter who exercises his own judgment on the records of debate which he publishes is a private and independent person. In practice the reporters are provided with a gallery of their own; and any additional accommodation which they may at any time require ought to be readily accorded. In its public character the House can only recognize them as strangers, admitted to hear the debates by indulgence. When the PRINCE of WALES has been actually turned out of the House as an intruder, a reporter who once in half a century receives the same affront may well suppress his jealousy. For some time to come no member will, except for the purpose of annoying the rest of the House, imitate the ill-judged proceeding which was directed, not against newspapers, but against Mr. LOWE and the Foreign Loans Committee.

Mr. DISRAELI'S motion, though it may perhaps hereafter require some amendment, was accepted as satisfactory by all parties. Mr. NEWDEGATE'S alternative plan had probably suggested to many other members, as well as to Mr. DISRAELI, the awful spectre of Mr. BIGGAR. It might not be unreasonable that a notice of the presence of strangers should be explained, and, if possible, justified; but Mr. BIGGAR would take four hours in defending the course which he lately adopted in a moment. There can be no reason why the House should not supersede a single member as judge of the expediency of enforcing its rules. It is not impossible that occurrences might arise in which privacy of debate might be, as an exception, convenient. Mr. NEWDEGATE'S long experience enabled him to cite the precedent of an Attorney-General who cleared the House of strangers when he introduced a Bill for making legal certain marriages which had been void in consequence of a casual informality. It was evidently desirable that the innocent victims of an accident should not be exposed to useless publicity. The Speaker or Chairman of Committees is invested with a power of discriminating between different classes of strangers by clearing at his discretion any part of the galleries for the maintenance of order. As Mr. FORSTER remarked, it is conceivable that at some remote period a majority in the House might, like the Jacobins in the French Convention, invite the sympathy and applause of confederates among the audience. In that case it would be some security for freedom of debate that the Speaker should exercise an impartial control over the promoters of disorder. Mr. DISRAELI apparently forgot to provide that the power of excluding strangers should only be exercised once in the same sitting or the same debate. It has lately become necessary to legislate for extreme cases, and it is possible that a whole night might be occupied in divisions on the question whether strangers should be ordered to withdraw.

It was pleasant to find that Mr. HORSMAN was still willing and able to resume his painful office of exposing the errors of his own political allies. Sir W. HARCOURT, who provoked his censure, is perhaps not wholly exempt from a tendency to take advantage of casual mistakes committed by his political opponents. He had no reason to complain of Mr. HORSMAN'S conclusion, because he shared the blame with nearly the whole of his party. Mr. DISRAELI'S slowness and hesitation had in the first instance annoyed some hasty supporters, who have since discovered that privilege is a

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difficult and delicate subject matter to deal with. The Liberal papers have made too much of the slackness of the Minister, and of Lord HARTINGTON's merit in assuming his temporarily abandoned post. Mr. DISRAELI, who still inclines to his first opinion, has probably endured the censure of friends and opponents with his usual equanimity; but Mr. HORSMAN's disapproval of the conduct of his friends partakes of the character of vicarious remorse. He could have borne the misconduct of the Conservatives; but that Liberals should be influenced by party motives is to him wholly intolerable. There may have been consolation in the good grace with which the Opposition afterwards submitted to defeat. Having ascertained the strength of the majority, Lord HARTINGTON declined to trouble the House with a speech in support of his second Resolution, nor did he put the Government to the trouble of a division. It is admitted on all sides that questions of order and privilege should, if possible, be placed in the hands of the Ministerial leader. It was only when Mr. DISRAELI quoted the authority of Lord LYNDHURST for absolute and perpetual inaction that Lord HARTINGTON intervened. It became evident in the course of the debate that many members belonging to different parties shared Mr. DISRAELI's disinclination to even a moderate and harmless change. Long experience of the House of Commons fortunately produces an almost superstitious attachment to its peculiarities and its forms. No member is quite certain that in possible contingencies even obsolete weapons might not prove serviceable. Lord LYNDHURST and his pupil, Mr. DISRAELI, objected as strongly to the definition of privilege as to its restriction in any particular instance. In former times the House of Commons claimed as a privilege every security which was found by experience to conduce to its defence against the Crown or to its power in the State. The elasticity which depends on an unlimited right of interpretation is in some degree hampered by every relaxation of the Standing Orders.

THE FRENCH PUBLIC POWERS BILL.

THE Committee of Thirty has gone to work with as much zest as though its labours had nothing to do with the dissolution of the Assembly. Perhaps the sensation of waiting for unknown contingencies is too exciting to be long endured, and as a general election must come this year, it may seem better to get over the preliminaries as early as possible. On Saturday the Committee discussed the clauses of the Public Powers Bill which determine the relations between the President and the Chambers. The second clause gives the President the power of proroguing Parliament and of convoking it for a special Session. He can also adjourn the Chambers for a month, provided that he does not do so more than twice in a Session. Neither prorogation nor adjournments must interfere with the term of five months which another clause assigns as the minimum duration of the Session. The seventh clause gives the President the right of negotiating and ratifying treaties, which he is to communicate to the Legislature as soon as the interest and safety of the State allow. Treaties of commerce and treaties relating to the cession or acquisition of territory must be accepted by both Chambers before ratification. The Committee were a little startled by the extent of the powers thus vested in the President, but they seem to have been fairly satisfied by the explanations of M. DUFAURE and M. BUFFET. M. DUFAURE said plainly that he did not think that the second clause went far enough. He defined its object to be the negation of the principle of permanence in the Legislature. By this he probably meant that he would have liked to see the President invested with the power of dissolving Parliament; and, supposing the President to hold in this respect the position of a Constitutional King, and to dissolve Parliament only on the recommendation of his Ministers, M. DUFAURE is undoubtedly in the right. It is exceedingly inconvenient for a Government to be compelled to go on with a hostile Assembly when they know or suspect all the time that the country is on their side. It is singular that Republicans should not understand that to give the Executive the right of appeal to the country is in fact a strengthening of the representative element, not of the Executive. So long as there is no means of ascertaining the opinion of the electors, a President can at least claim to understand it better than the existing Chambers, and relying, or affecting to rely, on his superior discernment, he may be tempted to try the experiment of a *coup d'état*. But when he has the right of dissolution he cannot decently make such a claim, inasmuch as he has in his own hands the power of testing whether he or the Chambers have read public opinion most accurately. If he refuses to use this power, he cannot employ the one plea which can supply even a plausible excuse for a *coup d'état*. If he uses it, the evidence as to the feeling of the country will usually be too unmistakable to dispose him to disregard it.

The majority of the Committee were more disturbed, however, at the limitation of the power of the Legislature to convoke itself. They doubted, with some reason perhaps, whether there is not more likelihood of the President abusing the interval of seven months during which he can govern without a Parliament than of his needlessly summoning one. The second clause directs him to convoke the Chambers for an Extraordinary Session whenever a demand to that effect is made by half, plus one, of the members composing each Chamber. There appears to be some uncertainty as to the exact sense of this provision. In its most natural signification it means that, in order to secure an Extraordinary Session, 151 Senators and 251 deputies must join in demanding it. To this the obvious objection is made that, if the President can command the votes of 150 Senators, he can defy the whole of the Lower House. On Monday M. RICARD carried an amendment reducing the number of members to a third of each Chamber, so that unless more than two-thirds of the Senators are opposed to an extraordinary Session an important minority in the Chamber of Deputies can be sure of obtaining one. This is not an unreasonable change, supposing that any indisposition on the part of the President to convoke the Chambers is really to be dreaded. It does not seem probable, however, that any attacks of the Executive on the Constitution, or any attempts of the Executive to commit France to a particular policy without her consent being first had, will assume the particular shape which the author of this amendment fears. Strong Governments seem everywhere to have learnt that a Parliament can be the most useful of instruments. For that lesson, at least, Europe is indebted to Prince BISMARCK. It must be a poor Minister who cannot do in the Legislature anything that he could safely do out of it. It is true that when a President of a former French Republic had resolved to alter the Constitution by a *coup d'état*, his first act was to send the more obstinate deputies to prison. But no provision about Extraordinary Sessions would have prevented this. The Assembly was sitting at the time; indeed it was of the very essence of this particular *coup d'état* that the blow was struck at the Legislature, not in the absence of the Legislature.

Perhaps the Left have also in mind the sudden declaration of war in 1870, and wish, supposing a similar state of affairs should ever arise while Parliament is not sitting, to make it easier for a pacific minority to get it called together. But the experience of July 1870, as of most other crises of the same kind, shows that at a moment like that Parliament is completely in the hands of the Executive. The Government know precisely what has happened, and they have usually the power of deciding how much of their knowledge shall be imparted to the public. They must have a very poor case indeed if they are unable to show that the honour of the country demands something or other, and that, in order to obtain this something or other, it is indispensable to go to war forthwith. This equally applies to the only other important amendment introduced into the Bill by the Committee. The power to declare war seems much more formidable than it really is. Before it can be exercised to any purpose a Government must be sure of a certain amount of support in the country, and the chances are that where that is forthcoming the Legislature will be fairly docile. The Committee have decided, however, that war shall not be declared except with the consent of the two Chambers. It seems almost impossible that this provision can be meant to remain. Foreign complications will not always come to a head just when Parliament is sitting, and it might conceivably be ruinous to delay declaring war until the necessary formalities of calling it together had been gone through. Under these circumstances a resolute Minister would act without Parliament, and take his chance of getting an indemnity afterwards. But a weak Minister might be afraid to do this, and so, perhaps, let slip an opportunity which might

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never occur again. In the former case the constitution would have been violated, in the latter case the country might have been injured past reparation; and all this would have been done just to satisfy a pedantic scruple. It is expected, however, that the Government will yield on this point, not from any respect for the restriction it is proposed to place on the Executive, but merely because they hope that the desire to impose such a restriction, and the readiness to accept it, will be accepted as conclusive proofs that France has no intention of waging a war of revenge. But it may be well for them to remember that, if the imposition of the restriction is significant, its removal must be significant also; and that, though the prohibition to declare war except with the consent of the two Chambers may be repealed from purely constitutional reasons, its repeal may nevertheless be accepted as implying an intention to use the liberty when it has been regained. Still the opportunity of impressing Germany with a sense of the wish of France to remain at peace is perhaps too convenient to be thrown away. On the other point, the substitution of one-third for one-half as the requisite number of members required for the convocation of a special Session, the Government are supposed to be more resolved. The question is not of sufficient moment to make it prudent to show distrust of the Legislature.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AND HIS CRITICS.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has fairly earned the holiday which Chancellors of the Exchequer practically enjoy from the close of one year's Budget debates to the following April. With one nominal exception his scheme was not ambitious; but the Opposition benches swarm with financiers, and consequently every provision of the Budget has been fully criticized. The result is that, in a condition of affairs which was extremely simple, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is proved to have adopted a prudent and unobjectionable course. He enjoys one great advantage in not being troubled with colleagues whom it will be necessary to consult. Mr. LOWE, Mr. CHILDERS, and Mr. GOSCHEN are all possible candidates for the office of Finance Minister, and perhaps any one of them may, like the principal Grecian chiefs before Troy, be accounted an equal adversary of the solitary representative of Ministerial finance. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's early master and acknowledged superior, both in knowledge and eloquence, condescended on more than one occasion to leave his tents for the purpose of entering the field against him; and yet the defender of the official stronghold may boast that he has emerged unharmed from the contest. Mr. HUBBARD'S motion and arguments are directed not so much against the Budget of the year as against the doctrine of the majority of economists, and the practice of all financial Ministers. If it is desirable that Imperial and local taxation should be based on a novel and artificial assessment, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE have anticipated Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in preference of an older and simpler system. The episode of Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S speech on brewers' licences scarcely partook of the character of party opposition. If it is necessary or just that after many years a substitute for the hop duty should be permanently retained, the amended scale of brewers' licences may perhaps be tolerated. To the suggestion that a percentage should be added to the Malt-tax in lieu of the licences, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER replied by a kind of motion of interpleader. It was the business of Colonel BARTTELOT to defend the rights of the barley-growers against the insidious attack of the avowed enemy of beer. There is no reason why a single class of manufacturers should be subjected to a special burden; but the Malt-tax itself forms an exception to the general policy of leaving the subject-matter of industry untaxed.

Students of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Parliamentary habit of mind could not be surprised at his objection to the abolition of stamps on appointments. A tax which causes so much hardship and annoyance, with so little advantage to the Treasury, appears to Mr. GLADSTONE a testimony to the precedence of public interest over private convenience. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER in the first instance proposed to reduce and readjust a charge which is in itself utterly indefensible. On further consideration, he had the good sense to determine on abolishing the Stamp-duty, except where it is charged on patents of office. No reason can be given why a peer should pay 400*l.*, or a Queen's Counsel 60*l.*, on respectively receiving the supposed reward of public services or the recognition of professional success; but new-made dignitaries are, like brewers, a minority, and their grievances accordingly excite little sympathy. If PITT, among his numerous financial devices, had imposed a special tax on dukes or on aldermen, Mr. GLADSTONE would strenuously resist the abolition of the burden. The members of the late Government might perhaps have adopted a more dignified course if they had abstained from trifling cavils on an unpretending Budget, which may be said to have made itself; but Parliamentary vigilance is a respectable quality, and it may be desirable for an Opposition to observe party traditions. Mr. GLADSTONE and his lieutenants have probably succeeded in creating an impression on the minds of their followers that the Conservative and Liberal parties are, as on more important questions, divided in their policy as to subventions in aid of local taxation, and as to Savings Banks. To disinterested observers it would seem that, in adhering to the principles and practice of his predecessors, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has not exhibited a dangerous originality. He has had much reason to congratulate himself on the absence of a surplus, for which there might have been many rival claimants. It still remains doubtful whether Mr. FAWCETT thinks that the ratepayers have suffered wrong through the neglect of the Government to redeem the vague pledges which had sometimes been given by Conservatives in opposition. The ex-Ministers who supported Mr. FAWCETT were equally at a loss for reasons to prove that a revolution ought to have been effected in local finance or administration.

On one subject of discussion Mr. GLADSTONE was in the right, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER probably shared his opinion. There is no reason why a premium in the form of high interest should be allowed by the State to depositors in private Savings Banks. Mr. CROSS'S contention that it is justifiable to encourage habits of thrift will not bear examination. The object may be desirable in itself, but charity is not a legitimate charge on the proceeds of taxation. The Post Office Savings Banks, for which the country is indebted to the provident sagacity of Mr. GLADSTONE, effect the same purpose with better security to the depositor, and without loss to the State. The funds of both kinds of institutions are equally guaranteed by the national credit; but in the private banks they may be intercepted through the dishonesty of trustees and managers. It may perhaps have been necessary for the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and Mr. GLADSTONE to expose once more the common delusion that the State is a trustee of the Savings Bank funds, and not simply a banker. The loss which has been incurred through the private banks and the profit on the Post Office account are equally remote from the interests of the depositors, who are absolutely secured from loss as long as the Government is solvent. It is not surprising that Finance Ministers should hesitate to reduce the rate of interest on the deposits of the old Savings Banks. The operation would terminate the competition which exists with the Post Office Savings Banks, and it would be unpopular with depositors. It is not a little remarkable that the new banks have already attracted a large share of business. If the rate of interest were in all cases the same, there would be no further reason for maintaining the machinery of private Savings Banks. A large number of petty officials would consequently be deprived of their employment, and the depositors would probably complain of the compulsory reduction of interest. If the Post Office Banks continue to gain on their competitors, the pressure on the Government which may happen to be in office will be proportionately diminished. In the meantime it is proper that the deficiency which has been incurred should no longer be allowed to accumulate. The application to the purpose of the surplus on the Post Office Savings Bank accounts is an insufficient remedy; and although it may be excused in a particular instance, it could not be justified as a permanent practice.

The experiment of investing public money in securities which pay a higher rate of interest than Consols may perhaps be worth trying. The present proposal is confined to loans contracted by local bodies under powers conferred by public Acts. The distinction between special and general powers to borrow is arbitrary and perhaps deceptive. There is a wide difference between the credit of the Metropolitan Board of Works or of the Manchester

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Corporation and that of a petty Local Board; while public and private Acts create securities of equal value, if they are charged on the same rates. In practice no Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely to accept any local security which is not of the highest class; and experience will show whether his investments tend to raise the price of provincial stocks and to lower the value of the public funds. Either under the existing system, or with a wider range of investment, great embarrassment might be caused by a run on the Savings Banks. It has been pointed out by the *Economist* that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, though he is a banker on the largest scale, keeps no reserve to meet a sudden demand. In times of difficulty Consols could only be sold at a loss; and probably corporation stocks would be almost unsaleable. According to the SECRETARY of the TREASURY, the Terminable Annuities supply money beyond the average demand, but the provision would be inadequate to meet the contingency of a panic. Financial debates on technical questions are necessarily left in the hands of a few members who possess special knowledge. The larger issues which are tendered to the House by Mr. HUBBARD or Sir GEORGE JENKINSON may perhaps excite more general interest, but a Chancellor of the Exchequer has a great advantage in his defensive position and in his primary duty of providing a sufficient revenue from the taxes as they are at present apportioned. Even if he agreed with his critics, he would scarcely be able to produce a Budget which should be founded on a total readjustment of taxation. The comparative claims of intelligence and skill on one side and of property on the other are much more obscure and ambiguous than brewers' licences or the Malt-tax. The exclusive liability of certain kinds of property to rates may perhaps, as Sir GEORGE JENKINSON says, be as great a violation of justice as can well be conceived; but it is familiar and of old standing.

CORRUPT PRACTICES AT ELECTIONS.

THE Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the operation of the Acts by which corrupt practices at elections are supposed to be punished, and into some of the more debateable points in the present system of trying election petitions, has made its Report. Some of the conclusions at which the Committee has arrived are sufficiently startling, and the record of its proceedings shows that its members were much divided in opinion. Until, however, the evidence taken has been published, it is perhaps premature to pronounce any very decided opinion on the recommendations of the Committee. The suggested change that first attracts notice in the Report is that election petitions should be tried, not by one Judge, but by two. It may be doubted whether the Government or the House of Commons will approve of the suggestion. Both the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Mr. SPENCER WALPOLE declared their preference for the maintenance of the present system, and although the majority for the suggested change was considerable, it contained the names of no members who have at any time borne the responsibilities of office. The arguments against the change are more obvious than those for it. A new and heavy tax would be put on the judicial strength of the country, or, if the existing number of election Judges was to do the work, petitions must be disposed of much more slowly than at present. A single Judge would appear to be perfectly competent to decide on the character of evidence which, although disagreeable to deal with, as it often reveals nothing but the vile practices of petty local intriguers on their too willing victims, is not, as a rule, particularly complicated or doubtful. If the Judge makes a mistake in law, there is the Court of Common Pleas to set him right. If the subsequent proposals of the Committee were carried out, a small criminal jurisdiction would be assigned to the election Judges, but the utmost penalties to be imposed fall far below what a stipendiary magistrate, sitting alone, can inflict. It seems like opening a turnpike-gate with heavy artillery to enact that two of the highest Judges shall sit together to inflict sentences of imprisonment for a term not exceeding three calendar months with or without hard labour. The only argument as yet made public for the change to two Judges rests on the assumption that some of the election Judges will always be good, weak creatures, indisposed to severity, and ready to look with undue compassion on the sorrows of a sitting member. The remedy proposed is to send another Judge, of a harsh and resolute character, to take care of the gentle and vacillating Judge. It is supposed that the more amiable person will always yield to the less amiable, and thus the law will be administered with befitting rigour. A desire to attain this praiseworthy end may have been the secret motive which determined the decision of the majority of the Committee. But it is also possible that their minds were in some degree influenced by considerations of a totally opposite character. Petitions are very disagreeable things, and sitting members may have a natural pity for candidates who have gone through the trouble and expense of a contest, and have thought themselves successful until a petition was brought. Unless there is a very clear case against them, it seems hard that they should be unseated. If the case was very clear, two Judges would only declare a result at which one could have arrived equally well, and so the candidate would lose nothing. But, if the case was not very clear, there would always be the chance of two Judges disagreeing, and so the candidate would have the benefit of the doubt. The argument is, in fact, turned round the other way. The candidate is in danger of falling into the hands of a single, harsh, resolute Judge; and it would be a comfort to him to think that such a Judge would be checked by the co-ordinate authority of a nice, meek, forgiving, tolerant sort of person.

The other main change which the Committee proposes is that there should be a special Public Prosecutor appointed by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who should watch the course of proceedings before the Judges, and, whenever he saw a chance of prosecuting successfully, should summon those who have been shown by the evidence to have been guilty of corrupt practices, and should forthwith have them tried by the election Judges and duly punished. There is much to be said for this proposal. It would do more to put a stop to corrupt practices than anything else would do. At present, when an agent is detected in corrupt practices, he virtually escapes. He could be prosecuted, but he is not. If there were an active young barrister sitting to watch the trial as it proceeded, with the duty cast on him of bringing to speedy trial those who had been shown to have offended, a wholesome terror would be impressed on the minds of the class of persons who generally do the dirty work of elections. There would be some practical difficulties in the way. Imprisonment even without hard labour seems a severe punishment for some practices which are legally corrupt. A member, for example, was not long ago unseated because he had on the eve of the election given permission to his tenants to kill rabbits on his estate, and another member was unseated because he had drawn a very large cheque to pay for a very large tea-party. On the occasion of one of the numerous Stroud elections a member was unseated because some of his most respectable supporters had offered a modest breakfast in a school-room to voters on their way from an outlying district to the poll. All these practices were technically corrupt, and yet they do not seem to call for criminal punishment; while, on the other hand, if the active young barrister did not prosecute offenders in such cases, he would be accused of letting off gentlemen and confining his energies to the prosecution of the poor. It would also in most cases be impossible to collect sufficient legal evidence while the trial of the petition was going on. The two election Judges would therefore have to return to the town where the petition had been tried, and occupy themselves with a new business. The trial of the offenders might probably be often a long one, and it would take much time and money to prepare for it. It is to be feared, too, that it would be even harder than it is now to get evidence to support the petition. In order to check corrupt practices by a petition, it is often necessary to resort to something very like corrupt practices to get witnesses. They may not be bought, but they are certainly paid for handsomely. They do not like coming, and it is only by the inducement to coming being made greater than the wish to stay away that they are produced. If they knew that what they might say on the trial of the petition would probably lead to some one from whom they had been in the habit of receiving petty benefits being punished with imprisonment and hard labour, they would, to put matters in the most favourable light, be inclined to raise the price of their testimony. The whole system might therefore fail by being too good, and corrupt practices might be more effectually screened than ever.

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Still, if the machinery devised by the Committee could be made to work, there can be doubt that it might do good. There is a class of persons who are the terror of candidates, who insist on doing dirty work even on the humblest scale, and who thwart the efforts of the most honourable men to keep the election pure. The evidence just published, taken before Mr. Justice LUSH when he was trying the last Norwich petition, affords a striking instance of this. Mr. TILLETT was returned, and there can be no doubt whatever that he earnestly wished to avoid everything that the law forbade. Among the payments which he was asked to make and made was a sum a little under a hundred pounds, principally for messengers. This was not a very large amount, and might naturally not suggest any notion of malpractices. It turned out, however, that this sum had been spent to a very large extent in a very humble, but very demoralizing, form of bribery. Voters were employed to carry round circulars, or rather to be ready to carry them round. Nominally acting as messengers, they got about ten or twelve shillings a head for doing nothing. All that they conceived they had to do was to lounge in a public-house on the chance of being wanted. A few circulars were, indeed, sent out to give a sort of colour to the transaction; but a witness acknowledged that what he had charged for as occupying four days could have been got through in an hour and a half. This seems a regular institution at Norwich elections, and one witness stated that with perfect impartiality he had engaged himself as a messenger for both the parties to the contest, and had done nothing for either. How widely this sort of corruption exists at Norwich it is difficult to say, as the trial of the petition was stopped by the sitting member resigning his seat. Mr. Justice LUSH lamented that he had no power to order the trial to go on in order that full disclosures might be made, and one of the suggestions of the Committee is that the Judges shall in such a case have power to order the trial to continue. In the case of Norwich a searching inquiry will probably be made, as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has moved for a Royal Commission. But it may easily happen that a petition trial is stopped before enough evidence is given to justify the appointment of a Royal Commission. Even when a Royal Commission is appointed the result may not be satisfactory. If corrupt practices are found to have widely prevailed, disfranchisement is the appropriate penalty. But although it is easy to disfranchise towns like Bridgwater and Beverley, it is very difficult to take away representation from a city like Norwich, the most important town and the largest centre of trade in the Eastern counties. The suspension of the writ for a term of years is the only alternative, and it is a poor one. If the term is a long one, it amounts to disfranchisement for those who are now the active generation of a place like Norwich; if the term is a short one, the petty rogues who have been accustomed to election tricks for years will not have had time enough to forget their arts. To work on the personal fears of these people, to detect and punish them, would be a much more effectual remedy; and if in any way it can be done, a very serious blot on the English representative system will be removed.

EFFICIENCY OF THE ARMY.

THE debate in the House of Lords on the army enabled both the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and Lord CARDWELL to state their views as to its efficiency. They were followed by Earl GREY, whose pithy summary of the discussion could not easily be improved. He understood the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to say that, while we now get recruits of a good description, still, under the present system of short service, there is a larger proportion than could be desired of men serving in each regiment who are not fit for active service; that our regiments are weak, and that weak regiments are of little consequence if we have proper reserves to fall back upon; but that at the present moment these reserves are not in existence; they exist only in anticipation, and to meet a sudden exigency we have no reserves of any importance to rely upon for bringing up the army to what it ought to be in case of danger. Earl GREY adds, by way of comment of his own, that in the present condition of the world this is a state of things calculated to excite in our minds very grave apprehensions.

This summary and comment of Earl GREY's will, we believe, be almost universally accepted as a true and fair account of our military position; but, as it is considerably disquieting, let us hear how Lord CARDWELL, the author of the existing system, endeavours to persuade us to be content with it. He begins by saying, in which everybody will agree, that if you wish to see full battalions, and will not have conscription, the Chancellor of the Exchequer must produce a fuller Estimate. "That," he says, "is a "question which the responsible Minister of the Crown "will have to consider every year according to the foreign "relations of the country." This is Lord CARDWELL's view of the duty of the office which he lately held, and we contend that it is radically and dangerously wrong, and that, if he still holds it, he is unfit to be Secretary for War. His words amount to a declaration of adherence to the hand-to-mouth system of managing the army; and that system, which was always in the long run costly, has now become, in the view of all who are not blinded by official habit, perilous. The responsible Minister of the Crown in 1871 and following years should have looked forward a little, and he might have perceived, if he would have used the light of common sense, that in the changed condition of Europe old methods were inapplicable. Lord CARDWELL, however, would wait until the country is on the brink of war, and then come to Parliament in a hurry for a large sum of money to pay bounties on enlistment. He does not believe that "in time of "peace" any Government would venture to bring forward largely increased Estimates; but in the sense in which he uses the word there is not, and perhaps in our time there never will be, peace in Europe. On the very night on which Lord CARDWELL used these words Lord DERBY had been saying that every one knew that great uneasiness existed a few weeks ago in respect of the relations of France and Germany. Every one knew this, and every one except Lord CARDWELL inferred that a military system suitable to a "time of peace" may be ruinous at a time which may be described as that of a word and a blow—the blow first and the word afterwards. Lord CARDWELL quoted from a pamphlet by Sir JOHN BURGOYNE which seems to describe something like the system which the speaker introduced and still endeavours to defend. The author of the pamphlet considered that by the organization sketched in it we ought to be able to produce an effective force, available for general service, of 100,000 men of all arms, and that this might be accomplished within a very few weeks of the outbreak of war. If Sir JOHN BURGOYNE had been told that the organization which he proposed could not be completed under several years, and had been asked what he would do in the meantime, we do not think he would have left the country where Lord CARDWELL left it. The apologists of the late Minister are always telling us that we must wait so many years before his plan can take effect; but they never explain what is to become of us in the interval. Besides, if we had an organization which would give us 100,000 effective men within a very few weeks of the outbreak of war, that would not suffice against an enemy who could be upon us in a week.

If Lord CARDWELL could not learn this lesson from the disasters of France, no enumeration of minor reforms effected by him in the army will prove his fitness for the post of War Minister. He points to the diminution of courts-martial, the increase of good-conduct pay, the improvement in education, and, although he admits that "what is called crime" exists in the army, yet he distinguishes it from "civil crime," which is in effect saying that it is a less heinous offence to rob the QUEEN than to rob a subject. This is a strange doctrine for an ex-Minister to preach, and we should have thought that the opposite doctrine, that desertion and making away with necessaries is as bad as theft, strongly needed to be inculcated by authority. The references made by Lord CARDWELL to particular corps do not improve the picture of military efficiency which he tries to draw. It was commonly said, perhaps with some exaggeration, that the 42nd Regiment was made up for service in the Ashantee war by drawing from the 79th every efficient soldier it could spare. Lord CARDWELL says, in language which may be taken to be accurate, that the battalions going to Ashantee were filled up out of the men recruited for the linked battalions, and this comes to nearly the same thing. In a little war you may employ the 42nd and keep the 79th at home, but in a great war you would want both regiments at once, and you would find probably that they could between them make up only one

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efficient regiment. Again, Lord CARDWELL referred to the Guards, and whether this corps recruited under the old system or under the new, it is certain that they recruited under the administration of Lord CARDWELL, and were found by his successor short of their full strength by several hundred men. Lord CARDWELL believes that the requisite supply of men has been obtained, but the Duke of RICHMOND knows, and told the House of Lords, that it has not. Lord CARDWELL further says that there are more soldiers in the country than there ever were in time of peace before; and, considering that he brought home troops which used to be stationed in the colonies, this is not surprising. But the question is whether, looking at the present condition of the Continent, the country contains troops enough. Lord CARDWELL and his colleagues do not seem to have been aware that any such question even called for consideration. Supposing that they had a plan which will give us a Reserve some few years hence, they ought to have provided an army in the meanwhile, and for that purpose to have asked, if necessary, for increased Estimates; and this they failed to do. The question raised as to the present existence of a Reserve is, to borrow Lord CARDWELL'S words, "for ever set at rest" by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, who says that "the Reserve "at present is much more on paper than in reality."

No reasonable doubt can exist that the army, as a whole, falls considerably short of that efficiency which is required by the circumstances of the time. But, as always happens, exaggerations have been superadded on a complaint which is substantially well founded, and those who try to defend the existing system refute the exaggerations, and then pretend that they have answered the complaint. We are now told that the quality of the recruits has been unfairly depreciated, and that the real deficiency is in the Reserve. The *Times* informs us that "this is the key of the whole ques- "tion, and neither Lord CARDWELL nor his supporters have "ever ignored it. On the contrary, it has been the "essential point of his policy to provide, for the first time, "by means of short service, a real Reserve." Yes, but unfortunately the Reserve is unreal. Lord CARDWELL brought forward his scheme in 1870. We are now in 1875, the state of Europe is critical, we have a small army composed largely of recruits, and we have no Reserve. This is where we have got by trusting to Lord CARDWELL, and we are told, or rather were lately told, to trust him longer. But even the *Times* now looks to Mr. HARDY to "accelerate "the formation of our reserves," or, in other words, to get us out of the mess into which we have been brought by Lord CARDWELL. It is strange how utterly incapable that Minister and his colleagues seemed to be of appreciating any military question. Even now Lord CARDWELL appears to think that he did something considerable towards national security by directing a Bill to be framed and submitted to Parliament to strengthen the law as to the attendance of Reserve men at training; and he speaks of the Army Reserve of 7,000 men and the Militia Reserve of 30,000 men as if he still believed, after hearing the speech of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, that these elements constitute a present Reserve of sufficient force and numbers to rely upon. Yet the Militia Reserve is only part of the Militia, and it does not pretend to consist of fully trained soldiers. When the late Government adopted this plan of a Reserve, they ought at the same time to have increased the army, but that would have disarranged their Budgets. It was, as everybody now admits, a question of money, and in that light they refused to look at it. Some speakers and writers recommend pensions, others increased pay to the Reserve, others increased but deferred pay to the recruit, and all these suggestions come to the same thing. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE, whom both Lord CARDWELL and the *Times* have accepted as the highest authority, says, "You must be prepared to pay" unless you prefer to have recourse to the ballot for the Militia. We take of course the whole of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S speech together. He repeats in the House of Lords what he said at a dinner-table, that he is ready to take every man of the force at Aldershot with him, and go anywhere, expecting that force to do its duty as well as the British army has ever done in times past. At the same time he would very much prefer to see regiments entirely composed of old seasoned men; it would be better to have no recruits under twenty; but young men of eighteen or nineteen, if well fed and looked after, "will make very "good soldiers." The real difficulty is the state of the labour market, and if the Reserve men have good employment, you might call on them in vain to join a regiment even for a week; so "you must be prepared to pay." We believe that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE said nearly the same thing at a dinner-table some months ago. Now everybody sees that he is right, and it only remains to clear away the rubbish of Lord CARDWELL'S system and prepare the ground for a solid and enduring structure.

THE WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE MEETING.

THE ladies who held a meeting a week ago to promote Mr. FORSYTH'S Bill in a future Session probably thought that they proved a part of their case by showing that women can make speeches. Only a few practised orators can compete in fluency and facility with competitors who are at present excluded from the humbler function of voting at Parliamentary elections. In the immediate controversy the opponents of the proposed concession suffer a disadvantage in their natural unwillingness to use arguments which may seem discourteous or disagreeable. Most men, if they are capable of ordinary observation and reflection, know that women are deficient in nearly all the faculties or qualities which have a bearing on public affairs; but they shrink from expressing their conviction unnecessarily, especially as it is perfectly compatible with admiration, respect, and with all degrees of liking up to affection. It is almost as unpleasant in public as in private to define the limits within which a just appreciation of women is confined. If the Parliamentary as well as the municipal franchise were conceded to ratepayers without distinction of sex, it is possible that the results might be insignificant; and, if so, it is not desirable to perpetrate an anomaly without an equivalent practical advantage. The ladies who demand the franchise hold with perfect consistency an entirely opposite opinion. In their judgment there are certain grievances affecting their sex which can only be abated by their own intervention in political contests; and on some other questions they believe that their influence would be used in favour of the side which they generally prefer. Mr. DIXON stated at the meeting that women form about one-ninth of the municipal constituency of Birmingham. In counties the proportion would be considerably smaller; but if it applies to average towns, female voters would often be able, if they acted together, to decide borough contests. Their motives would perhaps be generally good, but they would habitually prefer extraneous issues to the principal questions on which parties are divided. The weakest and least honest candidates are always most ready to give pledges on matters to which they perhaps themselves attach only secondary importance. Compulsory temperance, abolition of securities against contagion, and other sentimental objects would give an effeminate character to the favourites of feminine voters.

Adroitness in suppressing indiscreet disclosures of policy is not one of the practical accomplishments in which women might be expected to be found wanting. All the speakers at the meeting, either through their own tact or in accordance with preliminary concert, confined their advocacy with almost ostentatious moderation to the immediate purpose of the Bill which they professedly supported. For the same reasons they had previously selected a representative who happened to disapprove of the logical and necessary consequences of the measure which he proposed. Mr. FORSYTH is the thin edge of the wedge, which for this purpose may be easily constructed in several pieces. When he has effected an entrance into the Constitution he may be conveniently withdrawn, while the little rift is slowly widened by a mechanical substitute of larger dimensions. Mrs. FAWCETT, in a speech which did credit to her abilities, endeavoured to convince sceptical opponents that married women would be finally contented with a recognition of the rights of maids and widows. It would be unjust as well as disrespectful to doubt her sincerity; but in abandoning the claims of the class to which she herself belongs, she virtually admitted the irrational character of the whole agitation. If it is in accordance with natural right that women should vote for members of Parliament, the wholesale disfranchisement of the most experienced, and on the whole, the most intelligent women, seems to be absolutely indefensible. Conversely it may be shown that where married women fear to tread, it is unwise to open the door to a rush of female ratepayers. Mr. FORSYTH will do his utmost to shut it again when his

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special clients have been admitted; but he will find that they will in their character of constituents proceed to repay the debt which they owe to Mrs. FAWCETT and her married coadjutors. Some of the speakers pledged themselves to discontinue the agitation when their immediate purpose was accomplished. They only wished, as they declared, that women should share equally with men the privileges of the present electoral law. Whether they would hereafter aid in altering the law was a question irrelevant to the occasion.

It is only on a platform that the proposed distinction between married and unmarried women could be gravely defended. The test which is supposed to prove the competency of men to share in elections is utterly inapplicable to women. It has been assumed in modern legislation that ratepayers in boroughs and a more limited section of occupiers in counties are comparatively fit to exercise the franchise. It is true that a householder is probably more responsible than a young man hanging loose on the world, but it is absurd to place a married woman in an inferior position because she can only by a rare accident be a ratepayer. If the fitness of women to exercise the franchise were once recognized by law, the argument against the condition of paying rates would be absolutely irresistible. It would be an injustice to the ladies who promote the movement to suspect that they are incapable of drawing a simple inference. It is only in a larger sense that the logical faculties of women may be described as incomplete. They are acute in discerning consequences which happen to suit their purpose, though they sometimes forget that what is obvious to themselves is probably also visible to their opponents; and the reasons against their own conclusions are as completely out of their range of vision as the other side of the moon. It might perhaps be plausibly argued that married women are represented by their husbands; but the champions of the rights of women always assert that the sufferers from unjust legislation can only secure redress by their own personal share in returning members of Parliament. The grievances which are supposed to affect the weaker sex consist mainly in the supposed preference given by law to husbands over wives. If there were a demand for legislation in favour of the wives, it would evidently be impossible to rely on the active sympathy of their oppressors. Unmarried women and widows who pay rates have some compensation for their disadvantages in their independence. According to the philanthropists, the chief sufferers by unjust laws are married women, who are nevertheless supposed by the speakers at the meeting to be willing permanently to submit to exclusion. As they would be the most competent voters, and as they are also said to be victims of misgovernment, Mr. FORSYTH and his allies of the moment ought to assert their claims in preference to those which are urged in favour of mere ratepayers. It follows that, if the demands of the agitators are conceded, and followed by their necessary consequences, more than half of the constituency will consist of women.

Miss BECKER must have caused some surprise when she cited Sir ROBERT PEEL as an authority for the enfranchisement of women. As it must have been notorious to the audience that he expressed no opinion of the kind, a masculine controversialist might perhaps have shrunk from a quotation of his language. In opposing an extension of the suffrage, Sir ROBERT PEEL appears to have used as a *reductio ad absurdum* the argument that, on the grounds alleged by the promoters of the measure, it would be difficult to justify the exclusion of women. In other words, he took it for granted that the universal objection to the interference of women in politics was well founded, and he contended, with more or less show of reason, that the same disqualification extended to certain classes of men. Miss BECKER's application of his words was highly characteristic of feminine controversy; but it is true that some of the reasons for excluding women from political influence may also be urged against other measures for the indiscriminate extension of the suffrage. It is not expedient to make the franchise worthless, or to act on the assumption that it is an inherent right. It may perhaps have been unavoidable to concede the right of voting to the negroes in the Southern States of America, because the possession of the suffrage had become associated in national opinion with the enjoyment of civic freedom. The result of the experiment has not been encouraging; and no such argument for promiscuous suffrage applies to England. It is also inexpedient to dissociate constitutional rights from political power. Whatever disturbing influence might be exercised by a feminine majority of voters, men will never submit in the long run to be governed by women. It would be inexpedient to create a fictitious preponderance or equilibrium between sexes which must always live in a relation of reciprocal superiority and subordination. Mr. FORSYTH'S Bill cannot possibly be final, and the necessary supplement of legislation would lead to the absurdest consequences.

THE FRIENDLY SOCIETIES BILL.

IT is not likely that anything would have come of Colonel BARTTELOT'S opposition to the order for going into Committee on the Friendly Societies Bill even if the amendment moved by him had been more moderate in its aims. As it was, the debate was a mere demonstration, intended perhaps to dispose the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to make compromises in Committee, but never in the least promising to influence the fate of the Bill. Colonel BARTTELOT'S view of the question embodies a perfectly natural reaction against the half-and-half legislation which is so convenient on a question of this kind. He sees that a large proportion of the savings of the poor are committed to the keeping of Friendly Societies, and that, as regards many of them, the first chance passer-by would have made a safer trustee. There is no need to impute dishonesty to the managers of these associations, at least not in the first instance; the insecurity is sufficiently explained by the fact that they are totally ignorant of their business. The management of a great Friendly Society is, in some respects, more difficult than the management of a Life Assurance Company. The former insures against loss of health as well as against loss of life, and tables of sickness are more troublesome to construct than tables of mortality. But the staff of actuaries and trained secretaries which is at the command of an Insurance Office has of course no counterpart in the great majority of Friendly Societies. They undertake to make certain payments hereafter, in consideration of receiving certain payments from week to week, and their ability to keep their word depends, among other things, on the accuracy and trustworthiness of the calculations on which their promise rests. Yet these calculations are quite unchecked, and the members of the Societies which adopt them have no means of knowing whether the sums they are asked to pay are or are not sufficient to give them a reasonable certainty of obtaining the benefits for which they subscribe.

The Government Bill, as originally framed, did nothing to remedy this defect. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE stopped short of the proposed legislation of last year, and did not, as then, make provision even for the construction of Government tables for the information, though not necessarily for the adoption, of Friendly Societies. Colonel BARTTELOT saw that a measure of this limited scope would leave the law little, if at all, better than it is now, and from this he went at once to the conclusion that no unregistered Friendly Society should be suffered to exist, and that every registered Society should be compelled to adopt a properly calculated scale of contributions.

A very urgent case ought to be made out before adopting so stringent a provision as this, and though Colonel BARTTELOT had no difficulty in proving that the Government Bill was worthless, he failed to show that a milder reform than his own would not answer every purpose. The special evil with which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has to deal, but does not deal, is not the frequent insolvency of Friendly Societies, but their insolvency under what looks like special State patronage. Registration as it is at present carried on, and as, under Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S Bill, it will continue to be carried on, is supposed to imply some guarantee of soundness. A registered Society is naturally regarded by its members as superior in some unknown respect to a non-registered Society, and as the really important superiority in a case of this sort is superiority as regards solvency, this is assumed to be the form which it takes. As a matter of fact, registration implies nothing of the kind. It only certifies that certain trifling provisions as to deposit of rules and the like have been complied with. The Registrar at the moment that he is issuing his certificate may have the tables of the Society before him, and may feel sure that so long as contributions are paid and benefits promised on that basis,

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insolvency must be only a question of time. But his knowledge must be kept to himself. It is no part of his business to impart it to those whom it so vitally concerns. Colonel BARTTELOT'S amendment would have entirely removed this defect, but it would have removed it by legislation of an exceedingly paternal kind. Instead of providing that the Government stamp should not be affixed to any Society which did not comply with certain approved regulations as to composition of tables, audit of accounts, and valuation of assets, and leaving foolish people who prefer subscribing to a Society which lacks that guarantee to do so if they liked, he proposed to make the existence of any Society lacking that guarantee positively illegal. Under a system of compulsory registration, it would, we suppose, be a punishable offence for any unregistered Friendly Society to receive subscriptions. This would give, or rather would endeavour to give, an amount of security to careless investors which in the end might do more harm than good. All that seems to be really wanted is the creation of an intelligible distinction between Societies as to which the State certifies something important, and Societies as to which it certifies nothing. If it is thought that there ought to be a third class of Societies as to which the State should certify something that is not important no objection need be taken, except on the ground that it is likely to create useless confusion. Friendly Societies would then be divided, as regards the Government, into three classes—unregistered Societies about which the Government is silent, registered Societies about which the Government says that certain technical forms have been complied with, and certificated Societies about which the Government says that they possess this or that special element of soundness. Nothing short of this provision will put the law of Friendly Societies into a proper condition; but, if this had been incorporated into the Government Bill, the objects which Colonel BARTTELOT proposed to himself would have been sufficiently attained.

When the Bill got into Committee, several unsuccessful efforts were made to make it a little more effective. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE accepted an amendment from Mr. HOLMS making it the duty of the Registrar to construct tables of death, sickness, old age, or any other contingency forming the subject of legal assurance by a Friendly Society which may appear to be calculable. The effect of this will be that, if any member of a Friendly Society is competent to study the tables of Insurance issued by the Government, and finds on comparing them with the tables used by his Society that he is paying a smaller sum than he ought to pay if he wishes to be secure of the benefits promised in return, he may persuade the Society to alter its terms, or may secede from it altogether, leaving the money he has previously paid to go for nothing. How many members of Societies recruited for the most part from very poor and ignorant persons are likely to show a degree of intelligence and caution which is so strikingly wanting in the members of Insurance Companies recruited from intelligent and well-to-do persons, remains to be seen. We believe that this amendment will only be valuable in so far as it enables the officers of Friendly Societies which are genuinely anxious to put their affairs on a proper footing to ascertain, by comparison with the Government tables, how far their own are defective. Two more important but less successful amendments related to the audit of accounts and the valuation of assets. The Bill provides that every registered Society shall have its accounts periodically audited and its assets periodically valued either by public auditors and valuers, or by auditors and valuers appointed by the Societies themselves. As regard Societies whose managers desire to know exactly how their affairs stand, and who have no end to gain in keeping their knowledge secret from the members, this provision may answer very well. The only objection to it is that the prescribed audits and valuations would have been equally secured without such provision. But as regards Societies whose managers suspect or know that there is something wrong in their accounts, this provision is simply unmeaning. Managers of this class may either be consciously robbing the members, or be hopeful of some day getting their affairs into better order if they can succeed in keeping the present condition of the Society from becoming known. Either way, they will be anxious that neither the accounts nor the assets of the Society shall be submitted to independent criticism; and either way, as the Bill stands, they will be able to secure that the criticism to which these accounts and assets are submitted shall be such as they can trust to disclose nothing that they wish to keep concealed. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE resisted all attempts to alter the Bill in either of these respects, and by so doing decided to leave the law in reference to Friendly Societies substantially unimproved.

PEACEFUL COERCION.

IT is impossible to say how far any considerable number of the working-classes really admire and sympathize with the cabinet-makers who have just undergone a month's imprisonment for endeavouring by malicious molestation to deprive other workmen of the right of freely choosing their own employment; but it would seem to be scarcely credible that they should be violently in love with the privilege of being intimidated and coerced by persons of their own class. However, there is never any difficulty in getting up a demonstration about anything in London, and the Trade-Unionist leaders are adepts in the sort of stage-management required on such occasions. The moral of the demonstration is, at least, plain enough. Any workingman who is ambitious of distinction, who would like to be made much of as a hero and martyr, to shake hands with Professor BEESLY, to be paraded round the town on the top of a coach, to have his health proposed, and speeches made, and banners waved, in his honour, and to be presented with "purses of money," &c., will now know how to set about gratifying his aspirations, and it is not improbable that at this easy rate there will be a good crop of heroes and martyrs. A year or two since, the gas-stokers who suddenly left work without notice had no scruples about plunging London into darkness, and exposing a vast number of innocent people with whom they had no quarrel whatever to a large amount of annoyance and even considerable danger, and all for the selfish purpose of compelling their employers to give them an advance of wages; and the same persons who are now glorifying the cabinet-makers were formerly equally overflowing with admiration for the gallant and patriotic conduct of the stokers who sneaked off from their work, and who also had a fête when they came out of gaol. It is no doubt true that the cabinet-makers did their picketing as gently as such things can be done; indeed it would appear to have been a distinct object with them to try to effect their purpose on the safe side of the law; that is to say, they had no relish for imprisonment if it could be avoided. This is made a great point of by Professor BEESLY and others. See, they say, what peaceful men they were, how anxious to obey the law; only unfortunately they tripped by mistake. The intention of the pickets, however, must not be overlooked; and it is perfectly obvious that their design was to violate at least the spirit of the law, and to coerce their fellows, without, if possible, incurring the penalties of misconduct. Seeing that their moderation was due not to respect for the law, but only to tenderness for themselves, this does not strike one as a particularly heroic state of mind. It may be remembered that Mr. BROADHEAD of Sheffield, when examined, expressed strong disapproval of the use, except in case of absolute necessity, of air-guns and explosive canisters, and stated that he would have much preferred to enforce his authority by less troublesome methods. The truth is that picketing is, in spirit and intention, essentially the same in all its forms. It has no other object than to worry and intimidate workmen and employers into submission to the dictates of the Trade-Unions; and if this is done in a persistent and organized way, it is a form of persecution which ought not to be tolerated.

The question at issue has been surrounded by so much special pleading and misrepresentation that it is worth while to go over it again, even at the risk of tiresome repetition. Professor BEESLY contends that the kind of "coercion which is supposed to operate in a moral way, "and is distinct from all physical force, particularly that "form of it"—that is, of moral coercion—"known as picket-"ing, should, when done in a peaceful manner, be regarded "as legal." It is evident, however, that there are other ways of very effectually coercing a man besides throttling or beating him, and that the point of the offence lies in the deliberate persistence and concert with which it is committed, and also in the fact that the offenders are going out of their way expressly to meddle with other people, and to prevent them from indulging their natural inclinations. In one sense it may no doubt be said that there

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is coercion in Unionists refusing to work in company with Non-unionists, or for any employer who will not agree to the rules of the Union; but then the effect of this on other persons is only an incidental result of every man's right to decide for himself the terms on which he is willing to work. The mischief begins when the Unionists, not content with their own freedom, insist upon everybody else doing just the same, whether they like it or not. Among other classes of the community, when any one is dissatisfied with his employment he tries to get one more to his taste, or sets up for himself; or perhaps he merely threatens to do this, and so gets better terms from his employer. Nobody ever hears of clerks or shopmen walking up and down in front of the place of business which they have quitted in order to annoy and molest their former employer and his present assistants; and there is no reason in the world why a particular class of working-men should be allowed to do so. Professor BEESLY holds that the cabinet-makers did not use any threats, "except those which were "perfectly legitimate"; but of course this is merely begging the question as to what is a legitimate threat. In this instance the threat, it seems to us, would not have been an offence if it had not been accompanied by what amounted to personal molestation—that is, the pickets hanging about day by day for weeks together, and watching, and sometimes speaking to, the workmen. The Professor also complained that "picketing was unlawful only when it was successful, for, "as long as the employers found that they had enough "men to do their work, they never troubled themselves to "prosecute"; but to other people it would seem that the effect of the picketing on the persons who are intended to be influenced by it is a very natural test of the degree of coercion. When picketing hurts nobody there is no reason to cry out about it; but if, under the pressure of picketing, men are seen to give up their personal inclinations, and to withdraw from work which they would be glad to have, it would appear to indicate that the annoyance is of a very real kind. The truth is that peaceful coercion, in the sense in which Professor BEESLY uses it, is quite as absurd as Prince BISMARCK'S benevolent neutrality.

There is another point which ought not to be overlooked, and that is the difference which the concerted action of numbers makes in the degree of annoyance which is caused by what, as happening casually between one person and another, might be treated with comparative indifference. In the latter case, one man may be supposed to be a match for another man, and to be able to take care of himself. But when there is a deliberate agreement among a number of men to take it in turns for a length of time to keep watch upon and annoy any one, not as meeting him casually in the course of their ordinary movements, but from a settled purpose expressly directed to influence his mind, and make him do something which he does not want to do, the persecution clearly assumes a much more formidable aspect. If legitimate persuasion is all that is aimed at, there are plenty of ways in which the men at work may be reached without constant personal attendance at the doors of the shop. When it is said that the object of the law against picketing and other forms of malicious molestation is to destroy the power of the working classes, the answer is that it is simply an attempt to protect the community at large from the aggressions of a particular class of working-men, who are not content with their own freedom, but think they are entitled, by fair means or foul, to make all the world go their way. It is characteristic of the spirit of the agitation against the Act that it is apparently also directed to the suppression both of judges and jurymen, if we interpret rightly the complaint of one of the petitions that "poor men" are "sent to prison just as the "ignorance or the prejudice of those who try such cases "may determine."

PLEASURE AND EDUCATION.

WE have lately examined some of the educational contrivances by which the path of knowledge is smoothed for the rising generation. A box which suggests to the uninitiated the implements of croquet or lawn-tennis turns out to contain a set of quaint wooden instruments. One resembles the skeleton of a decayed chest, whilst others have the forms of dice, chess-boards, or rectangular rods, made of wood and painted black and white. Armed with these implements, the teacher of the present day reaches the understanding of the learner through the eye, instead of confining himself to the ears or the back of the unfortunate patient. We need not speak of the details of the method of which these objects are the visible symbols. The success which it has attained in Germany sufficiently authorizes its extension to British infants, and we sincerely hope that our children may pass through the mysteries of multiplication, division, and the dreaded "rule of three" at the cost of less suffering than ourselves. The main principles upon which the plan is founded are simple and sensible enough. The first is that children should learn to realize the meaning of arithmetic by concrete symbols. They should not only know, but see, that two and two make four. The number nine should not only be thought of as produced by the addition of a unit to eight, but should spontaneously call up a vision of nine spots arranged in various diagrams which show its identity with sets of five and four spots, or with three sets of three spots. The mere blank conception is thus translated into a sensible reality, and is much more easily dealt with by the childish understanding And, secondly, the child is to be made to understand the more difficult rules of arithmetic by a process resembling that which must have led to their first discovery. Instead of having a magical formula stamped upon his memory, the application of which will, for some mysterious reason, bring out the desired result, his infant powers are to be gradually stimulated until the rule presents itself to him as the summary and complete expression of his crude anticipations. The old method was the reverse of this. It gave the logical instead of the natural order. The abstract conceptions which had been slowly reached by the mature intellect were impressed upon the childish mind, and the rules founded upon them explained in the most abstract language. Instead of developing the principles latent in the childish mind, a complete and ready-made system was forcibly thrust in, and frequently remained as a mere set of rules obstinately refusing to assimilate with previous acquisitions. The same principles of course apply in all other cases. Children have generally been taught abstract grammatical rules before knowing the language to which they apply, and study maps of the world instead of working outwards from the base supplied by the actual neighbourhood already familiar to their imaginations.

Various questions, metaphysical, psychological, and practical, are suggested by the new methods. Messrs. Sonnenschein and Nesbitt, who have written some useful school-books in which they are applied, lay down a principle in their preface which seems rather inconsistent with their practice. Arithmetic, they say, gives the best training of the reasoning powers because the student can test his *à priori* conclusions by the light of experience, without apparatus of any kind. He must have premisses supplied in other studies, but his mathematical knowledge can be evolved from his inner consciousness. This seems to be a rather awkward principle from which to deduce the conclusion that a vivid realization through the senses of the first truths of the science is the best mode of approaching its difficulties. What is the use of all these cubes and staves and pictorial diagrams if the learner is to be evolving everything from his inner consciousness? The method seems rather to suggest that mathematical study, like all others, has really its base in outward fact; and that, whether its truths be or be not regarded as differing in kind from all others when once attained, they must, like all others, be attained both by the race and the individual through the medium of sensible experience. But, not to diverge into these endless discussions, the method involves a practical doctrine which is more likely to be definitively established. Ought learning, we may ask, to be made as pleasant as possible? If we could carry out the principle accepted in the "Kindergarten" system, and enable children to turn all study into play, would they be the better for it? There are, indeed, obvious limits to the process in the nature of things. A child may be enticed into school by the delusive notion that he is only learning a new kind of game. Arithmetic may be insinuated into him under the cloak of a pleasant puzzle as the proverbial powder is covered with the jam. We have known cases in later life where a youth of neglected education has managed to learn arithmetic by the help of a betting-book, and a lively interest in gambling has supplied the place of the blandishments of the schoolmaster. Horses, or billiard balls, or certain cubes of ivory, have served as concrete symbols instead of black and white cubes of wood. This process of learning would not, we presume, be approved by any enthusiast. And, leaving out of the question its accidental disadvantages, it is liable to the objection that it does not really awaken the intellectual faculties. If learning is acquired because the process is pleasant or exciting, that kind of learning which can offer no immediate pleasure or excitement will be rather less attractive than before. Now in every conceivable branch of study, and after every possible inducement has been exhausted, there must remain a great mass of pure wearisome drudgery. The historical inquirer must read through countless volumes by the Dryasdusts before he can paint any vivid picture upon his mental retina. The scientific investigator has to accumulate facts patiently for months or years before he comes upon the experiment which is really productive of new light, and at least ninety-nine-hundredths of his labour must be wasted so far as any new discovery is concerned. In active life the case is, if anything, stronger. Every lawyer or doctor has to plod through incalculable masses of dreary detail without the stimulant of intellectual interest. The great bulk of mankind, indeed, have to get their living by the discharge of purely mechanical functions, which, if they possess any serious interest whatever, are interesting only to a few minds of exceptional keenness. If dull drudgery is to be the lot of all men during the greater part of their lives, and of

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most men during the whole of their lives, ought we not to be broken into it early? If we are to be millhorses, plodding our monotonous rounds for many hours of every day, should we be early trained to believe that duty merely means disporting ourselves according to our pleasure? Life, says some great though anonymous philosopher, is not all beer and skittles. Our new teachers apparently seek to prove that arithmetic may fairly be regarded as a branch of skittle-playing. With all their efforts they will not succeed in hoodwinking us. The old birch-rod was a brutal instrument and brutally wielded. It is impossible to think without a desire for retributive vengeance of the youthful spirits that have been crushed, and the childhoods that have been made one long scene of torture, by the pedants of a happily extinct school. But, after all, though one may disarm the pedagogue of his rod, we cannot get rid of the whip in our daily lives. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune are not likely to grow obsolete. We are kept to our desks and our benches by no slavedriver's scourge, but by harsh necessities which are perfectly well able to take its place. We have all got to be grubs in our old age—reversing the series of the lower animals; why persuade us that we may always be butterflies?

The answer to this argument, however, seems to be easy enough. If hard, dull labour must come upon us, it must come; but that is no reason for introducing it prematurely. It does not follow that we shall work more cheerfully because we have been forced from our infancy to realize the unpleasantness of work. We must look into the question more closely and see what is the real nature of the process. A child must be induced to learn either by fear or curiosity. We may awaken its intellect or we may make it feel the dangers of idleness. The great obstacle to education is the simple dislike to all intellectual activity. An average youth positively resents any attempt to make him exert his intellects. If he is forced by some external consideration to learn some new lesson, and has his choice whether he will learn a rule by rote or have its reason explained to him, he will unhesitatingly choose the mechanical method. Many lads would far rather learn Euclid by heart than submit to the disagreeable process of understanding the logical connexion of ideas. They resent explanation as an injury. They will be forced to think, and thinking is the one thing to which they have an ineradicable aversion. The old method is impotent to overcome this blind resistance. You can force a set of boys to acquire a certain quantity of dead rules, but no power on earth can force them to use their minds. A lad taught against his will is in the same state of education still. He knows a few more facts; he is aware that by going through a certain mechanical process a certain result will be attained; but he is no more capable of using his powers to meet any new combination of facts than if he had been taught to turn the handle of a calculating machine. To stimulate the rudimentary intellectual interest is therefore the first requirement; and the only way of doing it is to enable the child to discover by experiment that there is really some pleasure in intellectual exercises. Any child who is not an idiot has a small share of curiosity and a glimmering of delight in some mental processes. By developing this rudimentary faculty the spark may be fanned into flame, when it would be utterly choked by pouring in streams of knowledge which he is not yet able to assimilate. So much would, indeed, be admitted by everybody; and the only question is whether there is a danger of carrying the method to excess. If there be any danger, we can only say that at present it is too far off to be worth taking into account. There is no risk that knowledge or thought can ever be too easy. A child may be taught to take an intelligent interest in the explanation of arithmetical rules if they are skilfully presented to him. If he has, like some children, a special aptitude for arithmetic, the constant practice of the art may be a source of pleasure to him. But to the great bulk of human beings the process of working-out "sums" enough to master the art must always involve a good deal of labour. The only question is, whether the labour will appear to him to be imposed as a task by some blind "categorical imperative," or whether he will have an intelligent appreciation of its advantages. The more so learns the more drudgery he will have to undergo; but there is no reason why the drudgery should strike him as a mere senseless performance on a mental treadmill instead of a process dictated by reasonable motives.

In fact, it seems to us that the most unnecessary of all fears is the fear that people will ever find intellectual labour too agreeable. Climbing a mountain must always be hard work, if you climb far enough and fast enough; and the heights to be ascended by aspirants to knowledge are infinite. There is no fear of their getting to the top without trying their muscle; and certainly there is no need of putting an additional weight on their backs to make the labour sufficiently trying. Give every possible inducement; allow them to advance by the most zigzag paths and by the pleasantest approaches; and they will still find that lungs and legs have to be strained before they have reached a moderate elevation. It is quite needless to make them take the steepest paths, to force all the terrors of the ascent before their eyes, and to drive them upwards by the lash instead of appealing to their interest in the view. The necessity for drudgery comes upon everybody soon enough, and presents a sufficiently ugly aspect to all imaginations. When we have done all we can to show how it may be made into a source of pleasure, it will still be only a question between going through it intelligently or stupidly. A clerk who has to be adding up figures all day in a bank will do it better and more quickly if he has been well taught; and he will have learnt all the better if his curiosity has been brought into alliance with his sense of duty. The labour will be less repulsive if he understands what he is doing; and we do not imagine that there is any great danger that, because arithmetic was made pleasant as part of his school-work, it will be more disgusting when practised for his daily bread. Such a theory is too refined to be often applicable; and the plain practical advantages on the other side are overwhelming. Any one who remembers the terror with which he once regarded those hideous fetiches, the Rule of Three and Practice, will look doubtfully at any pretext for allowing them to haunt the imaginations of his children.

NEW NEW COLLEGE.

IT is comforting to have to record a return to common sense and English feeling in any matter of building, and especially to have to record such a return in the University of Oxford. For a whole generation its colleges and other buildings have been the sport of every wild vagary which could come into the eyes of men who seemed to lay down one eternal rule for architectural designs—namely, that no English model was to be followed. For twenty, almost for thirty, years past, the buildings of Oxford have been the sport of every wild and wayward fancy. In each of the new forms into which so many ancient colleges have been transformed, in each of the many wholly new buildings which have sprung up side by side with them, among every variety of style and shape and date, that one law has ever been inflexible. Anything else might be built; any other style might be chosen; the buildings of any other country might be copied, or the architect might draw wholly on the resources of his own brain, but the one rule never might be swerved from. Nothing might be built which an Englishman of the best days of English art could have recognized as the work of his own nation; nothing might be built which could ever be in keeping with any ancient building within the four seas of Britain; above all, nothing might be built which could be in keeping with any of the ancient buildings of Oxford itself. For all these years the architects of every new college or other great building would seem to have racked their brains to devise each one something more queer, more unmeaning, more un-English, more utterly unsuited to its place, than the building of the architect last before him. Things went on through the several stages of New Merton, New Christ Church, New Balliol, till they reached the crowning hideousness of Keble. We say the crowning hideousness advisedly, not forgetting the claims of the Christ Church meat-safe to be a dangerous rival of Keble itself. But the meat-safe, if ugly, can hardly be called pretentious. It honestly flaunts its ugliness in the eyes of men, and does not strive to disguise it with any pretence of beauty or ornament. A famous chapter has been written on its architectural merits, after the pattern of a more famous chapter on snakes in Iceland. But perhaps the answer might have been made in either case that Iceland did not pretend to have any snakes, and that the meat-safe did not pretend to have any architectural merits. But Keble College clearly pretends to have architectural merits. With no other object than that of providing architectural merits could any man have devised so many eccentricities of form and colour, so many queer shapes for the building itself, so many queer hues for the bricks out of which the building is put together. The architect of Keble College has at least compassed one object; no man can show any one brick as a fair sample of the whole house. Another rival might perhaps be found in the two strange buildings designed for some astronomical purpose which have lately sprung up in the middle of the parks. No one can believe that the noble science of astronomy can really call for hideousness in buildings devoted to it; we cannot believe that the contemplation of the vault of heaven, of the starry cupola which Anthemius strove to represent on earth, can of itself have led to the devising of such cupolas as form the last contribution to scientific research at Oxford. Their outlines rather suggest a corrupt following—a very corrupt following indeed—of some of the works of the Mogul Emperors in India. But, on the principle that "corruptio optimi est pessima," we may set down a corrupt following of buildings in England or Italy as something worse than a corrupt following of anything in India. And Keble College, with all its queerness, does faintly remind us of Italy in its bricks and of England in its windows. The Keble windows are windows; they have mullions; it is possible to put glass into them. So far we might perhaps look at them as the first steps in a return to better things. But again, "corruptio optimi est pessima"; Keble College comes just near enough to English models to make English models ridiculous; we have spoken of its crowning hideousness, and we cannot unsay the words.

At last the tide has turned. There is a proverb which says that, when the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses is at hand. Surely the building of Keble must have involved the doubling or the quadrupling of any tale of bricks that can have been laid on any of the brick-fields of Britain since the building of the walls of Colchester. And now a Moses has come to lead back Oxford architecture into the land of common sense, into the land of England itself. If he could only pull down as well as build up, he might lead us back a whole generation; he might lead us back to the days before New Merton and New Christ Church, to the less aspiring, but more rational, times which produced the front of Jesus College and

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the Grammar School of Magdalen. And the deliverer has come from a most appropriate quarter. The first fruits of the new English *renaissance* are to be seen in the college which was the first to arise as a great building designed according to a regular plan. It is the work of the man who, among the chief living architects, was the last to go over to the foreign camp, and who has been the first to come back to the old paths. It is not unfitting that the first building in Oxford for so many years which seems to have any part or lot with the ancient buildings among which it finds itself should be an addition made by Sir Gilbert Scott to the college of William of Wykeham.

The architect and the college are alike to be congratulated on this return to common sense. They have raised a building—or rather an instalment of a future larger building—which the founder himself might have understood, and of which he need not have been ashamed. We have heard it well remarked that here at last is a building in Oxford of which there is no need to ask, What style is this? What part of the world is that copied from? So it is. We wander through New Merton, New Christ Church, New Balliol, the New Museum, and all the other new things, and each is in a foreign language. This calls itself "Rhenish;" that "Venetian." New New College does not call itself anything; good wine needs no bush; it is plain English, and nothing else. To turn to it from any of the others is like turning from the letter of a Special Correspondent to a writing in the natural English tongue. Of course people cry out at a piece of plain English in building, just as they cry out at a piece of plain English in writing. Write a piece of English of which every Englishman can understand every word, and the admirers of the Telegraphic style, and the professors of the Art of Paraphrasing will call it bald and meagre and vulgar. So, when Sir Gilbert Scott builds a building in which every Englishman, above all every Oxford man, must feel himself at home, people cry out, in more philosophic phrase, that it lacks "unity of design." It might be enough to answer that the unity of design will most likely come out more clearly when the whole building is finished; or it might be enough to answer that it has at least more unity of design than the queer things stuck about with gimcracks here and gimcracks there, with which one has to compare it. Or for a plain man it might be enough to say that the building looks exceedingly well, and that, if it is lacking in unity of design, unity of design cannot greatly matter. Lovers of English art will rejoice to see English art spring up again, without greatly caring how it looks from the point of view of the Objective or the Unconditioned.

What is already built is a single block of buildings in Holywell. To an eye used to mediæval buildings it looks too lofty; but this is one of the points on which we must not servilely copy ancient models, but rather adapt ancient principles to our own needs. We need loftier buildings than our forefathers needed, and we must have them. And if, as is hoped, the houses on the other side of the narrow street may shortly be pulled down, then the new building will be seen from points of view where its height will no longer seem excessive. Within the college itself it hardly seems so now. And here the improvement which has been wrought is wonderful. The city wall, it must be remembered, comes within the precincts of New College. The chapel, the hall, all the other older buildings of the college, stand within the wall; the bell-tower stands without. A comparison of this bell-tower with that of Magdalen shows how well the ancient builders knew how to adapt each building to its own place. A superficial observer may be tempted to call the tower of New College plain, and even ugly, in contrast to the highly finished, though not very highly enriched, tower of Magdalen. The difference is in their positions. Magdalen tower stands wholly within the college, and is purely ecclesiastical. New College tower is close to the wall, outside the wall; it might, on occasion, have been turned to purposes of defence. Ecclesiastical in its primary object, it still fittingly puts on something of the hardness and sternness of military architecture. This tower, with a neighbouring bastion and a large part of the wall, can now be seen, which before they could not, and a noble group they make. One thing only we regret. To connect the new part of the college beyond the wall with the chapel and other buildings, a doorway through the wall was needed. In such a position it should, we hold, have been perfectly plain; unluckily it is made with shafts and deep mouldings; it is a doorway fit for a hall or a chapel, not for an opening in the wall of a fortress. Otherwise the opening of these hitherto concealed portions of old Oxford, and the grouping of the old and the new buildings, is by far the greatest architectural work which has been done in the University for many a long day.

The opening of the tower of New College and of the adjoining city wall suggests another piece of Oxford antiquity of far earlier date which has been lately brought to light. The tower of St. Michael's Church, which stood, like that of New College, so as almost to form part of the town wall, is an undoubted specimen of Primitive Romanesque. But, like many other specimens of Primitive Romanesque, it might very well be later than the coming of William, and it has been thought of late to be one of the works of the elder Robert of Oily, who, after his English wife had taught him to mend his ways, was an undoubted builder of churches in Oxford. This tower, in short, has been thought to belong to the same class as the famous towers of Coleswegen in the lower town of Lincoln. But now some of the lower windows are brought to light, divided, not by mere midwall shafts, but by actual balusters, like those of Jarrow, or Earls Barton, or St. Benet's at Cambridge. It is not safe to dogmatize on such a point, but they certainly suggest the thought that the tower may be of earlier date than Robert of Oily. But nothing in Oxford is likely to be much older than Edward the Elder; and, paradox as it may seem to some, the gap between Edward the Elder and William the Conqueror is much smaller than the gap between Benedict Biscop and Edward the Elder.

A LITTLE DINNER IN THE COUNTRY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who, in his capacity of Chairman of the new Star and Garter Company, signs himself "Amphitryon," has raised a question which has just now a special interest. There is a sentimental charm in the idea of a little dinner in the country which appeals especially to people who, by the inexorable laws of fashion, are tied to town when the country is at its best. It touches those poetical instincts which, in however rudimentary a form, exist even in the most vulgar and trivial natures, and promises at least a momentary respite from the heat and bustle of gregarious existence. The dullest mind is tempted to picture a snug, secluded hostelry, embowered in trees that shade a pleasant lawn, where dessert and a cigar may be taken after dinner. Instead of the stereotyped Thomas in a dirty-white tie, there is a neat-handed Phyllis to wait at table, and the dishes, though simple, are pure and well cooked. The ideal is a pretty one, but alas for the reality! If such a place is to be found anywhere, it is certainly not within the range of London. At every favourite spot the quiet little inn has grown into a bloated hotel, with the regulation coffee-room, and the irrepressible waiter, and the only trait of primitive innocence is the list of wines at the prices of fifty years back. Wherever the railways go a vast multitude of course follows; and arrangements have to be made to suit the altered character of the company. This is really the secret of the decline of the pleasant country quarters which were still to be discovered here and there a dozen or fifteen years ago. Nothing, for example, could be more enjoyable than a visit to Burford Bridge in the days when it could be reached only by road. The quaint old inn, with its picturesque garden sloping up Box Hill, was as quiet as a private house, and its general appointments were in keeping with the class which chiefly frequented it. Then came the railways to Dorking and West Humble, and the whole charm of the spot was quickly destroyed. It can hardly be said that the changes which have taken place are the fault of the innkeepers. They are bound, of course, to keep their houses open to all and sundry; and, in the natural course of things, it is the majority who settle the character of the accommodation. Mr. Gladstone not long since laid down the proposition that the proper rule of modern enterprise was to aim at the masses of the population, and leave other people to shift for themselves; but for the present the Railway Company to whom he offered this advice has only taken half of it, and the absolute dead-level of third class has not yet been reached. What has happened at Box Hill has naturally happened elsewhere; along the Thames, at Sevenoaks, and scores of other places. The Crystal Palace and Alexandra Park have no doubt great natural advantages in the noble prospects which they overlook; but they too have preferred to surrender to the multitude. It would be churlish to grudge the latter their share of recreation, and they are of course entitled to take it in their own way; but all the same, it is evident that it is impossible to cater simultaneously for the people who go about in their thousands, and for those who want ease and quiet. The Greenwich dinner still seems to maintain its reputation; and to those who do not go too often, there is a certain freshness and novelty in it which is agreeable enough. But Greenwich can now hardly be considered in the country, and, except for the look-out on the river, people might as well have the dinner in town, where it could of course be equally well cooked. Prices at Greenwich have hitherto had some effect in preventing an excessive rush, but there are indications of a similar invasion to that which has occurred elsewhere.

The truth would seem to be that the deterioration of country dinners is mainly due to the vast increase of business in that way, which has not only swamped the resources of the providers, but destroyed the special charm which attaches to going out of town—that is to say, the sense of quiet and seclusion. It is hardly worth while to go out of town if the greater part of the town goes with you, and the same gabble, bustle, and parade surround you wherever you turn. And it is this which makes one rather doubtful of the success of the magnificent project to which "Amphitryon," in language equal to the occasion, has just directed attention from the most benevolent and disinterested motives. He has long sorrowed, it seems, over the melancholy condition of English cookery, and has endeavoured in various ways to render it less out of keeping with our pretensions to civilization. What has of late particularly struck him has been the want of some suburb or village within the range of London where society might enjoy the charms of the country combined with the refinement, good taste, and high living of the capital. He admits that in this respect other capitals are nearly as badly off as our own, and that the "Blue House" at Laxenburg, near Vienna, is almost the only place in Europe that comes near to satisfying his ideal. The "Star and Garter" at Richmond, however, will soon, if he can only carry out his plans, cast Laxenburg into the shade. "The view of wood and water is superb," which indeed all will

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admit; "the air is fine and dry," like the champagne; "the gardens capable of great floral beauty," which, however, is still hidden in the future; and "any one who stays there after nine o'clock on a summer's evening is almost deafened by the nightingales"—a touch worthy of George Robins. We may expect to see in the advertisements, "By express desire, the nightingales will sing at nine o'clock." The natural charms of Richmond Hill sink, however, into comparative insignificance by the side of the culinary delights which are now promised under the management of "Amphitryon." He has long been impressed by the conviction that "the one great drawback to the success and renown of our modern cooks is that they or their masters will not or cannot spend the money that is absolutely necessary for the cultivation of high art"; but "Never to think of expense" is to be the rule of the new Company. Everything, it should be observed, is on the grandest scale in connexion with this enterprise. It has been taken up by two not merely rich, but "very rich capitalists"; no less a person than "Amphitryon" is going to give it the benefit of his gastronomic experience in every part of the world, as well as, indeed, as we are led to suppose, the assistance of his own hand in the occasional preparation of sauces; and one of the chefs is the great Barberel, a wonderful hand, we are assured, for *entremets*, and as a *confiseur*. "Amphitryon" gives us a highly dramatic, and almost tragic, account of his difficulty in persuading Barberel, by personal entreaties and a handsome *douceur*, to accept the situation. It was by working on Barberel's feelings as an artist, however, that he chiefly won his triumph. "Chez un vrai artiste, mon bon Barberel," he said, "le bien-être de la noble science de dégustation est pour quelque chose"; which the great artist admitted, adding that if everybody thought as "the Colonel" did, the peace of the world would be assured, "car, au moins, on dînerait mieux."

We are rather startled, however, to find that "Amphitryon" in the course of his lifelong gastronomic studies has not yet discovered the meaning of *cordon bleu*. He tells Barberel that he will take him in hand and send him back to his former employer, M. Morel, "un meilleur cordon bleu que lui-même." It is odd that "Amphitryon" should not know that "cordon bleu" is exclusively applied to women cooks. The story is that Mme. Dubarry, indignant at a declaration by Louis XV. that no woman could attain to the highest pitch of perfection in cooking, sought out the cleverest expert of her own sex whom she could find, let her into the secret of the King's favourite dishes, and then set before the voluptuary a dinner which enchanted him. He was amazed to find that it was a *cuisinière* who had thus regaled him, and assigned her a *cordon bleu* at the request of Mme. Dubarry, who thus appears oddly enough as a champion of woman's rights. Somehow or other, however, the name of the *cuisinière* does not appear in the roll of the Order. To return, however, to the bill of fare. Everything is to be done regardless of expense, and "Amphitryon" gives us illustrations of what he means by this. The best artistes, he asserts, invariably use light broth, and never, water for soups or sauces. This broth is made of beef, veal, and other ingredients, and costs a large sum. "Now, I should like to know," asks "Amphitryon," "how many of our best hotels and restaurants—nay, how many of our palaces and our best clubs—ever have seven gallons of this broth lying idle ready to be used instead of water in making soups and sauces." The question is not answered; but of course we are led to infer that seven gallons is a mere drop in the bucket compared with the ocean of costly sauce which will always be found at the "Star and Garter." Some idea of the enthusiasm and devotion to be expended on this enterprise may also be gathered from the manner in which the preparation of sauces has been rehearsed by the Chairman and his assistants. "To satisfy ourselves that we were 'proof' on every side, we started with first principles. We commenced by all three devoting ourselves for eight entire days to make the eight 'foundation sauces' of high art—one sauce each day. One of these—the Velouté—has hitherto usually taken two days to make, but on this occasion it was got ready in twenty-four hours. These eight sauces are the foundation of all known sauces and soups," and "Amphitryon" modestly hopes that he has laid the basis of "something not ordinarily to be met with at public places."

It will be seen that the weak point of this grand scheme lies in the assumption that there are a sufficient number of people capable of appreciating high-art cookery to keep the hotel going on the scale which it has now reached. Originally it was a comparatively small place, with a limited class of customers, who went there pretty regularly, and who cared more for the repose and beauty of the scene than for masterpieces of culinary art. They were, most of them, satisfied with wholesome food and good wine. Since it has been in the hands of a Company the establishment has been considerably enlarged, and the old frequenters have been driven away by the promiscuous multitude which does not mind paying high prices for a bad dinner. It is only in a very select circle that high art in anything, whether cookery or painting, can be worshipped, and there is no reason to suppose that this exclusiveness will be found at the "Star and Garter." Another point on which we think "Amphitryon" is mistaken is in thinking that a fine dinner and the contemplation of pretty scenery naturally go together. On the contrary, the epicure, of whom Brillat Savarin may be taken as the type, finds his enjoyment in concentrating his whole attention on the table. It was one of Savarin's theories that the pleasure of a good dinner was quite independent of hunger or even appetite, and in fact he seems to have been rather afraid of an appetite, as tending to substitute a coarse satisfaction of nature for the subtleties of artistic perception. In town a restaurant of very high excellence would probably do very well; but it would have to depend upon a limited number of customers who would be capable of appreciating it, and whose tastes in the way of quiet and elegant repose would have to be carefully studied. On the other hand, it may be thought that people who are really enjoying fresh air and a beautiful landscape can dispense with luxurious dishes. What is now wanted in the rural precincts of London is not cookery after the fashion of Lucullus or Apicius, but plain wholesome food and unadulterated liquor. This is a very modest ambition, but at present, unfortunately, it is seldom attainable.

NEW SEES.

THE House of Commons has shown, both by its ready acceptance of the St. Albans Bishopric Bill, after just enough of opposition to add emphasis to its expressed opinion, and by the majorities with which it protested against the dilatory tactics of the small and incongruous clique who were able to obstruct the further progress of the Episcopate Bill, that the question of increasing the number of Bishops in England, in something like proportion to the growth of population, has passed from the province of the theorizer to that of practical statesmen. It is impossible to predict whether, with the swarm of Government Bills stopping the way, and the discordant opposition of the followers of Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Dillwyn, and Mr. Watkin Williams harassing its flanks, the Episcopate Bill can reach the Statute-book before the prorogation; as, however, we may now assume that its success is only a matter of time, it will not be unprofitable to examine how far the destitution which it seeks to meet is a real one, and what are the parts of the country which most urgently demand relief.

When the bishopric of St. Albans has been established the Episcopate of the two provinces of Canterbury and York will (taking Gloucester and Bristol together) include twenty-nine dioceses, comprising four in Wales, and the exceptional bishopric of Sodor and Man, as to which in the present connexion we shall have nothing to say. The twenty-four remaining sees distributed over the forty counties of England differ very widely both in area and population, although it would probably be impossible, consistently with preserving their present number, and with a reasonable respect for the co-relations between county and diocese, further to reduce these discrepancies. At the same time it might be recollected that these differences (not to refer to the now obsolete distinction of capriciously varying incomes) are as nothing to those which existed some forty years ago. At that epoch the then twenty-two sees of England (with Gloucester and Bristol still parted, and Ripon, Manchester, and St. Albans not yet existing) represented in their varying areas the long and eventful history of their gradual formation. The primitive sees, such as Canterbury, London, and Winchester, for instance, recalled the regnal arrangements of the Heptarchy. Lincoln crystallized more than one chapter of English history in its see, which, after the abstraction of Oxford and Peterborough at the Reformation, still extended from the Humber to the Thames, but of which the throne had, after the Conquest, moved from the Oxfordshire Dorchester to the hill of Lincoln; while Henry the VIII.'s bishoprics betrayed the hasty workmanship which could run up a diocese for Bristol by the annexation of Dorsetshire, and create sees of Oxford and Peterborough with so little relief to Lincoln. The remodelling of the dioceses which followed on Sir Robert Peel's Church reform of 1835 has been of a very wholesale character, and in any further distribution of sees we are accordingly confronted with arrangements which have a very reduced traditionary prestige to set off against patent anomalies or proved inconveniences. We may illustrate our position by one or two examples. The absurdity of yoking the two counties of Essex, with a population of 419,000 in 1871, and Hertfordshire with one of 178,000, both of them north of the Thames, to a bishopric which takes its title from a town of Kent, and which is already charged with the Kentish portion of London, has been one of the most telling arguments in favour of the St. Albans arrangement. Yet this anomaly only dates from our own time. The original bishopric of Rochester was comprised in some eighty or ninety parishes scattered in different parts of Kent, the easy care of which was supposed to leave ample time to the Bishop to give his services in aid of the overtaxed Archbishop of Canterbury. He was, in fact, a coadjutor with the status of a diocesan. But the reformers of 1835 had—given bishop and cathedral at Rochester—to find for them a diocese. So they took Essex from London, and Hertfordshire from Lincoln, and heaped them on the little Kentish see. Lincoln had also to yield (and herein very reasonably) Bedfordshire and Huntingdonshire to Ely, Rutland and Leicestershire to Peterborough, and Buckinghamshire to Oxford, while it took in exchange Nottinghamshire both from the diocese and the province of York. We shall not multiply illustrative instances, but proceed to offer some suggestions as to the districts of England which might be made the subjects of a moderate and tentative, yet real and successful, application of the Episcopate Bill. We dismiss at once all plans of unlimited cutting-up and gig-bishops, while for present purposes we regard the plan of a bishop per county as too ideal, and as in fact impracticable with the

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great differences in population and acreage between the various counties. In each case we shall have something to say, both upon the area of the diocese and the selection of the see-town; while we rest our practical plan upon the practical necessities of teeming population, not upon the artistic claims of picturesque churches languishing for the brevet rank of cathedral. We have always contended that a bishop without a cathedral and a chapter is an imperfect institution, and we shall not travel again over that beaten road, while admitting the frequent present necessity for starting with the bishop and leaving the cathedral and its staff to follow. The three newest English bishoprics have in this respect been fortunate, as cathedrals were found ready made in the right places at Ripon, Manchester, and St. Albans, and chapters in the two former.

Those who have followed the history of the St. Albans Bill will have noticed a transient disappointment on the part of some inhabitants of Surrey that the new see was not made one of Southwark. The whole county of Surrey contained in round numbers, by the census of 1871, 823,000 inhabitants, of whom much the larger portion belonged to the eastern or London part of the diocese. This district, by the Bill, will be separated from the remaining county, which still continues within the diocese of Winchester, and be assigned to the reconstituted Rochester. But a calmer examination of the question has convinced the objectors that, upon the whole, this scheme ought to be closed with. It is, however, undoubtedly true that, if even a wider system of episcopal extension could prevail, there would be ample scope in West Kent alone for the labours of future bishops of Rochester, while the reasons for founding a bishopric of Southwark, with St. Saviour's as the cathedral, would then be irresistible. We pass over the claims which have been very energetically pressed for the separation of Cornwall, with 362,000 souls and a length of eighty miles, from Devonshire, with its population of 600,000, not because we do not consider it a very strong case, but because we are satisfied that it has made its merits publicly felt, which may not have happened with other equally crying anomalies of the same kind. The union of the sees of Gloucester and Bristol may not, as far as population goes, offer the strongest claim for readjustment. But with two cathedrals, one of which is just about to be completed, and two existing chapters, we should think that it ought not to be very difficult to provide two bishops.

No one, we suppose, would deny the claim of the large county of Suffolk, with its 341,000 inhabitants, to be relieved from the unnatural dismemberment which assigns it in part to Norwich—possessing otherwise the whole extensive county of Norfolk, with a population of 333,000—and in part to Ely, which, without this addition, ranges over the three counties of Cambridge, Bedfordshire, and Hunts, with an aggregate flock of 383,000. The question will of course arise of the see-town; and the choice will be between the picturesque old county town of Ipswich, in which, however, there is no church of commanding size and importance, and which is placed in a corner of the county, and the smaller, but rather more central, Bury St. Edmunds, with its two enormous parish churches to recall the fame of its now wholly destroyed Abbey.

Leicestershire, with 240,000 inhabitants, would probably think itself entitled to stand apart from Peterborough, which would still be left with Northamptonshire (now developing into a mining region), and numbering 232,000 in 1871, and little Rutland, with its contingent of 23,000. But as outsiders we must pass on to far stronger claims in other midland shires. Eight counties, divided between four bishops, form a broad belt comprising 3,061,000 inhabitants, and extending across all England from east to west as follows:—Lincolnshire with 417,000 and Nottinghamshire with 293,000 souls belong to Lincoln; Derbyshire with 336,000 and Staffordshire with 748,000 to Lichfield; Shropshire with 240,000 is divided between the already overweighted Lichfield and Hereford, which also claims its own county of 125,000 population; while to Worcester, in addition to Worcestershire, with its own population of 317,000, is assigned Warwickshire with 585,000. Here is obviously a demand which is, on the principle of the necessity of an increase of the Episcopate, irresistible, both for more bishops and for redistribution. Three, or at least two, fresh sees must be formed, and Shropshire ought at once to be assigned in its totality to Hereford. The only difficulty as to the diocese for Warwickshire will be the choice of a see-town; Birmingham is by far the hugest place in the county, but it is in a corner, while the large and ancient city of Coventry—for several centuries the seat of one of the cathedrals of the united dioceses of Coventry and Lichfield, and between the destruction of that cathedral at the Reformation and late changes, a titular seat of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry—still possesses a parish church well calculated to be raised to cathedral rank.

We are now left to deal with the counties of Stafford, Derby, and Nottingham. No sane person can deny that Staffordshire alone is as much as, if not more than, the most vigorous Bishop of Lichfield can adequately deal with, and the only question which remains to be settled is, whether there should be two or one bishop for Derbyshire and Notts. We should prefer two, and we conceive that population combined with area justifies the claim; but one only would be better than the present arrangements. If there were a bishop for each county, the position of Nottingham, in a corner of its shire, would militate against its being selected as the see-town, in spite of its population and its fine church; while the claims of Southwell, with its magnificent minster, till lately in fact as well as in name collegiate (as it had been from the earliest times), would be recognized as preponderating. If there ever should be a Bishop of Derby, Derbyshire would have to build its cathedral. Staffordshire might further be relieved by joining its northern and more hilly portion to the see of Derby.

We may now proceed to the province of York. Of course Northumberland with its 336,000 inhabitants, spread over an enormous acreage, must be divorced from Durham with its rapidly-growing population of 521,000. The spacious church of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle, would no doubt very vigorously assert its claims to be the cathedral as against the venerable minster of Hexham in its quiet country town. The population of the three Ridings of Yorkshire was in 1871 as follows:—North, 294,000; East, 246,000; West, 1,495,000. The first two are now attached to the archiepiscopal see, which is further burdened with the general ecclesiastical business of the whole Church attaching to a Primacy; and the West Riding belongs to Ripon. There can be no doubt as to the necessity of dividing the latter diocese, and it would also be well, if possible, to relieve York, which would probably retain the North Riding, while Beverley Minster would appropriately and conveniently give a throne to the Bishop of the East Riding. Adjacent to, if not absorbed by, Leeds (a town of now nearly 300,000 inhabitants), stand the ruins of Kirkstall Priory, in a condition (as Sir Gilbert Scott reported) admitting of easy and comparatively inexpensive repair; and with such a cathedral close by, and all but ready, Leeds might well endow another bishopric for the relief of the manufacturing portion of the West Riding.

The south-eastern corner of Lancashire, including Liverpool, at present belongs to the diocese of Chester, but already Liverpool has publicly expressed its discontent at an arrangement which is alike spiritually inconvenient and mortifying to the dignity of the second largest town in England, and has more or less promised to bear its part in repairing the deficiency. A Bishop of Liverpool could hardly be set up without a cathedral of Liverpool being also projected. Neither need be a difficulty there, and we should anticipate that Liverpool would be one of the first places to come forward with a practical proposal for another bishop.

We do not of course mean, in offering this sketch, to suggest that all the new sees which we have indicated can or ought to be undertaken at once. We have never forgotten that the measure on which any projects may be founded is a permissive one, and that the engine which it proposes to employ is voluntary munificence. Our object has been to show that the demand for an increased Episcopate is both a real and a pressing grievance, and one which exists in every quarter of England. It must be recollected that the districts in which the population is most heavy are also for the most part those in which it is most rapidly increasing. The huge figures which we have quoted, such as those from Staffordshire or Warwickshire, are figures of four years back, and are already much outstripped. After all the claims which we have presented shall have been discussed, the great problem of the spiritual supervision of London will remain unsolved.

SCOTCH FEEING MARKETS.

IF Scotch farmers enjoy a satisfactory fixity of tenure in their land, thanks to the system of nineteen years' leases, the same thing cannot be said of their labourers. In some of the Northern counties at least the farm-labourer never considers himself as settled in his place, however comfortable his master may make him. The change of service at the Whitsun Day and Martinmas terms are regarded as the great events in an otherwise monotonous existence. Feeing (hiring) markets are held half-yearly in all the towns and important villages. These are of course arranged so as not to clash with each other, and if masters or men do not manage to suit themselves at one place, they go elsewhere, and are sure to succeed at last. There can seldom be much trouble in coming to an agreement. A man who is giving up a good place, if not on principle, at least in obedience to the imperious dictates of custom, has probably the intention of returning to it so soon as possible, so that how he may fare in the meantime may be supposed to be a matter of comparative indifference. Take it all in all, there can be no very great difference between one labourer's place and another. The quarters may be more or less comfortable, the bothy and the beds more or less roomy; but the hours and the work are much the same, and so is the food, of which there is sure to be plenty. At the market, early in the day, bargaining is slack. With proverbial Scotch caution, the contracting parties are slow to close till they see how prices are likely to rule. Of late years, however, it is the men who have most to gain by waiting. Wages have been steadily advancing to figures at which farmers profess to be horrified, and each term-day employers have had to offer more than they offered on the last. But when once the new tariff has been practically settled, business goes briskly forward. Thanks to emigration and the ease with which a steady man can save sufficient to stock a small farm for himself, the demand for the best class of labour is generally in excess of the supply; so the farmers who hang back and chaffer while their neighbours are hiring will find at the close of a blank day that they have proved themselves penny wise and pound foolish.

Dear as the joys and excitement of the feeing market may be to the country people and the agricultural labourers, we should scarcely advise a tourist to time his journey so as to be present at one of these merry meetings. Still, should accident chance to send him thither, he may see a good deal that is not undeserving of notice,

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and will at all events learn why rural Scotland is less distinguished for morality than for religion. He may have retired to rest in one of those flourishing manufacturing cities which are at the same time the agricultural capitals of their counties. He is awakened prematurely by a bustle of early traffic under his windows, and, as he lies listening, the occasional rattle of wheels and desultory clatter of voices gradually swell to something like a continuous roar. Gig after gig is passing down the broad street in parallel streams. Each of these conveyances has fully as many occupants as it can comfortably accommodate—a couple of farmers with a third wedged in between them; or a man and his wife with a full-grown daughter sitting bodkin, and possibly a child or two stowed away "among their feet." There is a rush of heavy-booted foot passengers along the pavements, most of them talking at the top of their voices, no two of them marching in step, and all setting their faces in the same direction. The spacious street ends in a great market place with an ancient city cross in the centre, and in former times it probably offered something like elbow-room for all who came on the great day of the feeing. But now the railway lines that radiate out in all directions have been rapidly doing the work of centralization; and the local markets are being deserted for this increasing gathering in the capital. From earliest daylight, the lads and the lasses, with the heads of labouring families and their helpmates from outlying farms in remote parishes, have been out on the tramp, and converging towards the respective stations of their districts. Trains densely packed have been discharging their noisy occupants at the great central terminus, until the country has fairly taken the city by storm. There is literally no possibility of moving in the market-place, as far as one can see, and not much in its immediate vicinity. It is to be supposed that sooner or later people must shift their positions, otherwise either no business could be done, or the labourer looking out for a place would have to come to terms with the employer against whom he chanced at the moment to be jammed. In the meantime, however, they are all wedged up in groups, and very pleasantly they seem to take the restraint. Old acquaintances have met, after being separated for six months; they are happy in comparing notes or indulging in "cracks." Under the warmth of the crush and the pressure, flirtations are already being forced into open love-making; love or friendship is still in the ascendant everywhere, and as yet all is mirth and good humour. Nowadays there is nothing characteristic in the way of costume, and fashion has been busy obliterating the more picturesque traces of the past. These girls' mothers or grandmothers may have been in the habit of going to the market in gracefully snooded hair and cloaks of brilliant scarlet. Now, to say nothing of the ruddy bloom in their cheeks and the light in their laughing eyes, there is abundance of colour in the clothing to relieve the neutral tints of the grey granite and the greyer sky. But the colour is supplied by staring gowns and flaunting ribbons. They are all dressed in the very extreme of the fashion as it has penetrated to the shop of the "merchant" of all trades who is the Woerth of their native hamlets; hats are skewered to the back of chignons of frizzled wool and horsehair; and honest faces grin from under wild superstructures of flowers and feathers, and look down in extreme complacency on gaudy calico gowns of hues that were never seen in the rainbow. The opportunity for studying the latest fashions, the effort to eclipse each other in the splendours of their gorgeous apparel, is doubtless, in the case of women, one of the chief inducements to turn out of their situations and show themselves in the market-place. Nor, unhappily, does either the exhibition or the holiday cost very much in point of money to the better-looking of them. Each fair one has her circle of demonstrative admirers, unless indeed she has been monopolized beforehand by some fortunate wooer, who in that case is bound to assert his position by giving generous proofs of his attachment. Nor do the men, louts as they may look while between the stilts of the plough, neglect on this supreme occasion the adventitious advantages of the toilet. Their faces are scoured like the buckles of their cart harness on the day of a horse show. Rebellious hair has been conscientiously plastered down under thick layers of scented cart-grease. Stiff new shooting-coats, standing out at queer angles with the slouching but powerful form, are set off by smart ties of such brilliant blues as come into favour in London on the eve of the University boat-race. The passions of love, vanity, and rivalry assert themselves in turn, playing into the hands of the shopkeepers who speculate on the weaknesses of agricultural nature. The Scot has the reputation of being a shrewd and saving man, and the further north you go, the cannier he is supposed to be, but you would scarcely say as much if you saw him in the excitement of the feeing market. Ladies are literally threatened with being torn asunder among contending admirers, who lay fast hold of their arms to drag them to a booth or up to a counter, and force upon them the fairing they may have deigned to admire.

Were this the only mode of treating in vogue, it might all be comparatively innocent. But for each shop or stall that is gay with shawls and ribbons, with sticky sweetmeats and sham jewelry, there are at least a couple of others devoted to the sale of refreshments. Men must eat, and women too, when they come out for a half-yearly holiday with healthy appetites. But naturally on an occasion so exceptional there is a grand opening for promiscuous conviviality. Old acquaintances come together to take "a cup of kindness," and what a man receives in that way he feels bound to pay promptly back. Steady hard-working men who live at a distance from inns and public-houses, who would never dream of getting drunk under the eyes of their parish or when there is work to be done, feel that at the feeing market they are almost bound to break out. Beer-drinking unfortunately is not their habit; they indulge patriotically in the strong national beverage, unless they swallow the heavy adulterated porter which stands in need of immediate correction. Too often the ladies in their company are constrained to sip and sip again in common courtesy. Up to a certain point the assemblage gets more good-humoured than ever. The jokes get a little broader perhaps as the laughter grows noisier and more unmeaning; but still there is nothing but the most hearty good-fellowship, and a more generous competition as to who is to stand treat next. Later, however, the liquor mounts to the most seasoned heads, or there comes a misanthropical reaction after unaccustomed debauchery. The more sage and discreet start for home, but the rest remain to get quarrelsome over their cups, or to become morosely pugnacious as they withdraw into themselves. Though some are gone, the crowd has scarcely thinned, for the roughs of the city come out to swell it. The police, whose duties in the beginning of the day merely limited themselves to friendly observation, now begin to have their hands something more than full. We prefer not to follow the orgy into the twilight, when belated revellers set out for their homes, often escorting the young women whom they have been insisting on treating since the morning. But any one may surmise the obvious consequences; nor need we wonder that the Registrar's returns should create an annual scandal, which General Assemblies debate over with shame and sorrow, but tacitly confess themselves powerless to remedy.

No doubt on an occasion of the kind one sees the Scotch agricultural labourer at his worst. Follow him home to the farm where he has hired himself, and, after he has got over the effects of his unwonted dissipation, he will settle himself to a steady life for the next six months. He will work hard, lay by his wages, and shake his head at the ne'er-do-weels who frequent the whisky-shop. He will sit on Sundays at the feet of his minister, and listen critically and attentively to the ministrations, if he should chance not to be overpowered with sleep. He will even peruse the county paper with considerable interest in the intervals of nodding over the fire of an evening. He would lose caste if he were to be seen reeling along the roads; and if he did seek the inn parlour of an evening, he would be hard put to it to find congenial company to drink with. In short, he shows much self-respect, according to his personal lights and the moral atmosphere he lives in, and considering the temptations to which he is exposed. But the system of bothies, with perpetual changes of place and periodical orgies, is the very worst that could be devised for the moral well-being of the labourer. In the bothy men live huddled together, waited on by one or more young women, beyond the farmer's immediate superintendence. Should a master concern himself about them, they soon leave him; not necessarily because they resent the interest he shows, but simply because constant change is the general practice. They can never settle down to anything like domesticity till they marry and move into a cottage; too often a marriage is merely the tardy consecration of a previous illicit connexion, offering the unmarried women of the neighbourhood another bad example and a fresh incentive to lax morality. The state of things in some of these Scotch counties is as unsatisfactory as may be, and for much of it these feeing markets are at least indirectly, if not directly, responsible.

GROUNDS OF TOLERATION.

IT is frequently affirmed or assumed that toleration and indifferentism are synonymous, or at least correlative, terms; or, in other words, that those whose faith is unhesitating are sure to persecute—and are right to persecute—if they have the means, while toleration, if it arises from anything but weakness, is an infallible sign of real, though possibly unconscious, doubt. Mr. Lecky, for instance, is constantly harping on this theme in his *History of Rationalism*, and it crops up again and again, though in a somewhat different connexion, in the works of Mr. Froude. Some modern writers who are thoroughgoing advocates of toleration in general have even gone so far as to say that no "exclusive" religion, such as the Roman Catholic, ought to be tolerated, because it is bound, in common consistency, to suppress all dissent whenever it has the power. Those who speak in this way do not usually care to argue about a point which strikes them as self-evident; or, if any argument is required, they think it enough to appeal to what they would call the broad facts of history, and observe that the ages of faith were the ages of persecution, and that toleration was the result of the Reformation. And it may be allowed that, on a mere *primâ facie* view, the testimony of history does seem so far to be in their favour. Yet we shall venture to maintain, at the risk of what may look like a paradox, that the half-truth they have seized upon is not even half the truth, and that it would be less inaccurate to say, though it would be an exaggeration, that doubt is the foster-mother of persecution, and faith of tolerance. It is not true in fact that the most rigorous persecutions have been based on religious principles, any more than that they have served the cause of religion; neither is it by any means true that those religions which are commonly regarded as the most dogmatic and exclusive have always been the most persecuting in principle. Here, however, it is necessary to draw a distinction, or rather to guard against a very common confusion of language. Of course, if to tolerate

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all religions means to regard them as all about equally true, toleration is synonymous with indifferentism, which is much the same thing as saying that a spade is a spade. But then that is not the proper meaning of the word. And yet this confusion runs through a great deal of the popular nonsense that is talked on the subject. Thus, for instance, we saw it stated the other day that it is absurd and intolerant to deny the orthodoxy of Churches which have no episcopate; which can only mean that it is absurd and intolerant to maintain the High Church doctrines of apostolic succession and sacramental grace, for it follows of necessity from those doctrines that Churches which have no succession are, so far at least, heterodox; but it does not at all follow that they ought not to be tolerated. And so again there was a great deal of angry complaint not long ago about the frustration of an attempt made by some few Anglican clergymen to establish an interchange of pulpits with Dissenting preachers, and we were loudly assured that the great principle of toleration was at stake. Yet the real question at issue was something totally different—namely, whether there are any differences worth considering between the Church of England and the Nonconformist bodies which have separated from her communion. To tolerate a religion does not mean to treat it as true, or even as free from the most serious errors, but simply as having a fair claim to exist and enjoy civil rights. With the improper and purely arbitrary sense often attached to the word we are not now concerned, and we may dismiss it for the present with the obvious remark that it is inconceivable that all religions, or all varieties comprehended under the common designation of Christianity, should be equally true, though it is of course conceivable that they might all be equally false.

Taking toleration then in its proper sense, is there any ground either of abstract reasoning or historical evidence for alleging that it is incompatible with genuine religious belief? None whatever. There are a hundred reasons why men may persecute besides the conviction that all heretics will be damned—for that, to put it plainly, is the principle assumed in the argument we are dealing with—just as there are a hundred reasons, besides mere want of power, why they may tolerate religions which they firmly believe to be false. Toleration may spring from a sense of superiority so strong that it despises all dissidents, and thus Mahometans are sometimes said to be tolerant from their scorn of "infidel dogs." But this is hardly a case in point, for Mahometans have little opportunity of persecuting in the present day, and intolerance is certainly a principle of their creed, which was originally propagated, as Christianity never was, by the sword, and that by the express directions of its founder. Still it remains true that a profound conviction of their own faith would naturally incline believers to trust to its inherent strength, and that the bitterest religious persecutors have for the most part been men whose sincerity was questionable. There is something in persecution analogous to the hard and confident professions by which waverers sometimes endeavour to disguise from themselves and others an uneasy suspicion that they may be wrong. To confine ourselves here to the case of Christians, it is surely no proof of latent scepticism to believe that all forcible methods of propagating truth are directly condemned by the letter or spirit of the Gospel. This was unquestionably the belief of the great body of the early Fathers, who yet never hesitated to sacrifice their own lives for their faith, as was conspicuously illustrated in the dispute between St. Martin and certain Spanish bishops about the Priscillianists at the end of the fourth century. St. Augustine may indeed be cited on the other side; but as he was one of the most voluminous of writers, and almost always wrote *pro re natâ* to meet some immediate call, he is by no means always consistent with himself, and the general tenor of his writings points the other way. It was not till the middle ages that persecution became a recognized system, and that, as we shall see presently, on grounds more secular than religious. Some, again, advocate toleration neither from religious principle nor religious indifference, but on what may be called in this country the traditional Whig theory, that an opposite system serves to concentrate and sharpen the religious element in society which it is the wisdom of statesmen to keep as much as possible in abeyance. This is one reason why so many Englishmen heartily dislike Prince Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy, though there are of course many also who sincerely condemn it as unjust. It is obvious, again, that no persecution is likely to alter the inner belief of its victims, except by intensifying it, though it may sometimes be possible, by a sufficiently thorough process, to stamp out a weak or nascent sect altogether. And an earnest believer would feel the religious force of this objection the most keenly, while it would not affect the argument from political expediency. He would also be likely to remember that even a persecution which is successful for the moment is pretty sure in the long run to injure any cause with whose religious interests it is supposed to be identified. English Roman Catholics are suffering to this day for the disastrous policy of the last few years of Roman Catholic ascendency in England. But, in fact, all the chief persecutions recorded in history have sprung much more from social and political than from religious motives. This will at once be admitted as to the persecution of Christians during the first three centuries of our era, which was carried on under some of the best as well as some of the worst of the Roman Emperors, and had from their point of view a good deal to say for itself. It was only to show his contempt for the religion he had abandoned that Julian the Apostate did not choose to dignify it by a revival of their ineffectual severities, and, had he lived longer, he might not improbably have changed his mind.

What is not so generally understood is that the same principle lay at the root of the mediæval treatment of heresy. No doubt a theological theory was framed to justify it, which eventually found its way into the canon law, but the theory grew out of the practical necessity, real or supposed, not *vice versâ*. Thus, to take a critical example, the extermination of the Albigenses was considered, and there were plausible grounds for considering it, essential for the preservation of society, and that not simply on account of their immoralities, but of the social and political principles of the sect, which was moulded on a radically different ethical standard. It was regarded by contemporary public opinion much as we should regard a community of Thugs, or, to take a modern parallel, as the Salt Lake settlement is coming to be regarded in the United States. And the same idea was acted upon in cases to which its application is less obvious. It was thought dangerous to admit any new religion into a State organized on the basis of religious uniformity. Now there are obvious advantages in religious uniformity from a purely political point of view—witness "the religious difficulty" which is so perplexing to modern statesmen—and it may even be argued that it is necessary at a certain stage of political development. In the youth of States, when they are maturing their system of law and imbibing that religious spirit which lies at the basis of all law, and again in their weakness, so long as they cannot stand without the support of an ecclesiastical organization and the sanction of definite religious ideas, this uniformity may be said to be necessary to them. Some States again are more fragile than others, and more sensitive to religious dissent. This at all events is the historical explanation of mediæval intolerance, but it came inevitably to be justified by simpler and less tenable arguments, and then to be continued when it had already become an anachronism. It is always a temptation to men to generalize from their immediate experience and to imagine that what is right or expedient or excusable in a given case holds good as a universal law. Thus the Southern States of the American Union held a theory of slavery, and the Northern States held a theory of abolition, equally absolute and equally unreasonable. Mediæval, and indeed Catholic persecution generally, was in reality, like that carried on by the Roman Empire against the Christians, more political than theological, and defensive rather than aggressive, the great exception to this rule being found in the cruel and senseless religious policy of Louis XIV. But the practice, which had been formulated into a system by theologians and canonists, survived when its original grounds had passed away, and we look with natural horror at the most glaring instance of it in the Spanish Inquisition, which may properly be regarded in the light of a gigantic anachronism. It was to the last a political rather than an ecclesiastical institution, and dealt with sundry offences of a wholly secular kind, such as selling horses across the Pyrenees. After making all deductions for current exaggerations—and Llorente's figures are successfully demolished by Hefele in his *Life of Ximenes*—it was bad enough in all conscience, but it is worth observing that it does not seem to have done such fatal injury to literature as is often represented, and as we might *à priori* have expected. From 1500 to 1670 Spanish literature was at its zenith, and Spanish theologians took the lead at the Council of Trent. Cervantes died in the same year as Shakspeare, Lopez and Calderon much later. Mariana, who has been called "the only Jesuit that ever saw and spoke the truth in Church and State," and who was perhaps the ablest writer that powerful Order ever produced, lived and wrote and published in Spain under the Inquisition. Historical science, as distinct from the history of their own country, and physical science, have never flourished among the Spaniards, but that seems to be due rather to their national character than to the Inquisition, for national history and theology are more provocative of censorship, and Spain has done no more for science since the tribunal was abolished than before. But this by the way. We are not of course writing an apology for the Spanish Inquisition, but merely noting some points, apt to be overlooked, which may contribute to a more accurate appreciation of its historical position. Shocking as were the cruelties perpetrated, it still represented, like the Albigensian crusade and other mediæval severities, though under altered circumstances and with far less excuse, the political and defensive rather than the aggressive and theological principle of intolerance.

We have said that the principal persecutions, Christian as well as Pagan, were justified, or capable of being plausibly justified, on other than doctrinal grounds, according to the circumstances of the case. But the practice gradually generated a theory, which came in time to be authoritatively sanctioned. Those who accept Papal infallibility are irretrievably committed to the doctrinal principle of persecution, as might be inferred from Cardinal Manning's pitiable attempts to wriggle out of the difficulty in his Reply to Mr. Gladstone. Not to go further back, Leo X. lays down the rightfulness of burning heretics in the Bull condemning Luther; Benedict XIV., the most tolerant of Popes, is hardly less explicit in a Brief of 1748, and Pius VI. in a Brief of 1791. At the same time it is true, and could easily be shown by copious references to their writings, that the speculative and purely theological principle of intolerance is far more universally and emphatically taught by the early Protestant divines than had ever been the case previously. All the leading Reformers of the sixteenth century, without a single exception, are most emphatic on this point, and they insist on it strictly as a religious duty, and for aggressive quite as much as for defensive purposes. This arose partly from the Calvinist theory, which has always shown an affinity with persecution, partly from a literal application of Old Testament precedents,

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partly and in great measure from the belief—by no means extinct yet—that the Pope is Anti-Christ, and his adherents not heretics simply, but idolaters, of which we heard an echo the other day in the opening speech of the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Kirk. In the next century the abstract principle of intolerance is laid down by two writers so widely differing from the early Reformers and from each other as Archbishop Laud and Milton. But it must suffice to have called attention to this important fact; we have no room to pursue the subject further here. One other point requires to be noticed in conclusion. Whatever may be pleaded in defence or in excuse of intolerance, under given circumstances, on grounds independent of religious doctrine, can hardly apply to the infliction of civil disabilities on the adherents of any particular religion, which do not preserve uniformity but supremacy, and are shown by experience to be a great political evil. It is easier to justify the expulsion of the Moors from Spain or the attempted suppression of Christianity in the Roman Empire than the humiliating and unprofitable restrictions imposed on Roman Catholics in England before 1829, and on Protestants in Austria before 1859. To sum up what has been said; so far from intolerance being a religious duty, as all the Reformers and several Popes have taught, the principle of toleration comes to us commended by all the best as well as the earliest traditions of the Christian Church. It is a principle, however, which has frequently been held liable to exception from ethical, social, and political considerations, on which we will merely observe here that the necessity for making an exception requires at all events to be in each case distinctly proved.

MR. JENKINS.

IT cannot fail to have been observed that there have lately been some unpleasant symptoms of a tendency to deterioration in the tone and manners of the House of Commons. In a recent discussion on the Standing Orders Mr. Disraeli felt himself obliged to say that since he entered the House he had noticed some changes in the habits of that assembly which were to be regretted, as, for instance, the readiness to give a personal turn to debates, and to repeat things which had been said beyond the walls; and he might have added that there has also been a marked falling off in the spirit of loyalty and subordination to the leaders on either side, and of respect for the House as a body, which formerly prevailed. In other days members were expected to undergo a silent apprenticeship before they ventured to do more than ask a question or make a little speech; they kept modestly in the background until they had acquired some experience of public business, and were content that their leaders should speak for them on all important questions. There was then a general understanding that a political party, like an army or any other organized force, must include distinctions of grade, that there must be officers and privates, and that everybody could not be in the front rank. Within the last few years, however, there has been a change in this respect, as far at least as one section of the House is concerned. Too many of the members below the gangway on the Liberal side have abandoned the affectation of respect for long official experience and tried capacity in statesmanship, as well as for the conventional courtesies of a company of gentlemen. Any raw recruit who has just taken the oaths deems himself entitled to seize upon a prominent seat, and to dictate to the House from the depths of his own native and untutored inspiration. The aim of this class of members seems to be to convert the House into a mere debating club for the display of their personal vanity and humours. They are perpetually thrusting themselves into notice, they jostle their leaders, and, in the vulgar phrase, are ready at any moment to instruct their grandmothers as to the sucking of eggs. If they happen to differ in opinion from their chiefs on any point, they are not troubled with the faintest doubts as to their own superior wisdom, nor do they think it necessary to adopt a guarded or persuasive tone. They at once repudiate their allegiance, and agitate for a mutiny. Theoretically, of course, one member of the House of Commons is just as good as another; and anybody, no matter how silly or obscure, who has happened to slip into the House by a fluke at election-time, has as much right to the ear of the House as a Minister or veteran. Practically, however, it is known that the assembly is composed of persons of very different degrees of weight and calibre; and business would soon be brought to a dead-lock if everybody aspired to an equal place in its deliberations. Any one who has had an opportunity of studying closely the actual life of the House of Commons must have seen how largely the neglect or contempt of this necessary subordination contributed to the downfall of the Liberal party. The enemy which did Mr. Gladstone's Government the greatest harm was to be found in its own camp in the persons of those Independent Liberals who assumed the functions of generals and field-marshals when they were only fit to be drummer-boys and to beat tattoo to orders. Not only were the principles of the party thus discredited, but the self-respect of the more sensible and solid part of it was outraged by the pranks which were played in its name.

We have no intention of discussing the question which was last week raised by Mr. Jenkins in regard to the appropriation of the funds of the disestablished Irish Church, but, as he is a very flagrant example of the sort of distemper which we have been describing, it may be as well to take him as an illustration. Mr. Jenkins rose to fame by the publication of that great work *Ginx's Baby*, which, we suspect, survives in recollection only by the popular application of the title to the author as a means of identification among the other Jenkinses. On the strength of this marvellous production Mr. Jenkins the other day, as mouthpiece of a deputation on the copyright laws, introduced himself very characteristically to Mr. Disraeli as a choice sample of the "working literary genius" of the country; and on Friday in last week he exhibited himself to the House of Commons in yet another light, or, indeed, two other lights—"first," to use his own words, "as a Christian," and, "secondly, as a Liberal." Those who heard or who have read the speech which followed will perhaps be disposed to think that Mr. Jenkins gave a very curious representation both of Christian charity and Liberal candour. He brought a sweeping charge of corruption and conspiracy, not only against the clergy of the Irish Church, but against the Commissioners entrusted with the execution of the Act, and even against Mr. Gladstone and both the late and the present Government. "Plunder" and "robbery" were constantly in his mouth. "Large numbers," he said, "of the clergy of a Christian Church had deserted their charges, taking its money with them, and over two millions had been thus squandered in an ecclesiastical conspiracy and in immoral greed." And again, "Nothing could exceed the indecent haste shown by men professing to be the servants of Christ to make good their right to plunder the property of the country." He accused Mr. Gladstone of having used gross misrepresentations in regard to the financial position of the Church, and allowed him the choice of two horns on which to perform a "happy release"—"Either the right honourable gentleman must have erred grievously in his estimates, or he must have been a party to a political juggle which deceived the whole country." Mr. Jenkins did not say which of these views he himself adopted; but he appears at least to be quite ready to believe that the leader of his party is capable of artfully "juggling" with accounts in order to defraud the public in the interest of a special class. It is no doubt true that the original estimates of compensation have been considerably exceeded; but nothing could be more disingenuous than to conceal the fact that this was because Parliament chose to extend the limits of compensation before the Bill was passed into law. Mr. Jenkins, too, may have his choice of horns. Either he knew the facts of the case and misrepresented them, or he did not know them; and what shall be said of a man who indulges in such volleys of calumny and vituperation without taking the trouble to verify his charges? At the close of this strange outbreak of ill-temper and bad taste Mr. Jenkins expressed a hope that "no honourable member would feel that he, at all events, had imported into the discussion any of the elements of bitterness of feeling." Mr. Jenkins's speech was also full of references to private matters and attacks on personal character. He dragged into it on behalf of an Irish friend a complaint of the way in which the Commissioners had treated the mortgage of a certain bit of property, and his statement of the case has since been flatly contradicted. He also cast aspersions on the professional integrity of Mr. Ball, the solicitor to the Commissioners, charging him with taking fees on both sides for contending parties, and with trumping up legal difficulties in order to bring business to himself. In short, everybody in turn came in for a share of offensive innuendo and insolent abuse; and indeed it is impossible to imagine any element of common propriety and even decency in public debate which Mr. Jenkins did not set himself to outrage. Such an abuse of the privileges of the House is, no doubt, happily a rare event; but it ought on no occasion to be passed over without severe rebuke. It is true that it is not part of the recognized functions of the Speaker to instruct members in the ordinary conventional amenities of good society, and his intervention is properly reserved for the use of expressions which are beyond the range of what is technically known as Parliamentary language. There is, however, another class of offences upon which the general public opinion of the House should be brought to bear; and it is to be regretted that, apart altogether from the question raised by Mr. Jenkins's motion, one or other of the responsible leaders of his party did not think it necessary to express an opinion on the manner in which the motion was brought forward. It is obvious that a proposal for an inquiry, which is necessarily based on *ex parte* statements, ought to be couched in a very guarded and cautious manner, and that the alleged guilt of the accused ought not to be allowed to be assumed beforehand.

Nothing can be more certain than that the general tone of the House must suffer if individual members are permitted to display their eccentricities without restraint, and to bring discredit on the whole body by an abuse of their privileges. Every one will of course admit that the rights of private members ought to be jealously preserved. They form necessarily an important element in the House, and even the least distinguished among them may at times have something to say which is well worth listening to. On the other hand, however, some control of temper and consideration for others may fairly be required even in the exercise of undoubted rights, and it is for the interest of the House at large that the dignity and decorum of its proceedings should be maintained. As we have said, this is not a case for the imposition of any hard rules or for direct official intervention; but there are other ways in which it may be brought home to the offenders that the feeling of the House is against them, and that they must learn to keep their proper place. There can be no doubt that formerly the general discipline of the House of Commons was kept up more firmly and

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steadily than at present both by the efforts of the leaders on each side, who, in defence of order and decorum, were as a single party, and also by the influence of opinion within the assembly. The House was then regarded, not as a mere platform for personal displays, but as a corporate body which had its own self-respect and dignity to think of, and which was determined not to be trifled with. A little more experience of some of the scenes which have been lately enacted will perhaps convince the leaders on both sides that they cannot afford to ignore this part of their duty. Mr. Disraeli has apparently found the present House of Commons much more difficult to manage than any with which he has before had to deal; and unless an energetic attempt is made to restore discipline, its unmanageableness will increase. A Minister has never appealed to the House to help him in such a case without receiving cordial support, and there is no reason to suppose that this would now be withheld. It will not do, however, to leave the House too much to take care of itself in this matter; and the enforcement of good manners all round is just as much the interest of the Opposition as of the Ministry.

SIGNOR SALVINI'S HAMLET.

THE Italian version of *Hamlet* in which Signor Salvini appears is yet more remote from Shakspeare's play than is the version of *Othello*. A Hamlet whose discourse to the players and burst of passion and irony over the recorders are omitted is essentially different from that Hamlet to which one is accustomed. These are but two out of many scenes which are either left out or greatly altered; and it is to be especially noted that every trace of humour is taken away from the original play in the version which the Italian company at Drury Lane present. Yet, as in the case of *Othello*, there is so much of the old stock retained that it is necessary to judge Signor Salvini's rendering of Hamlet as an attempt to portray the Hamlet of Shakspeare; and to this Hamlet that of the Italian tragedian suggests no remarkable likeness.

Signor Salvini's Hamlet is to some extent melancholy and meditative; but in his melancholy there is little tenderness; nor is it the sadness of a noble mind o'erthrown; and his meditation is less that of a man who is distraught by many emotions than of one who even in the most trying situations can make a cool and deliberate use of his faculties. He seems to carry far beyond its proper limits the advice which Shakspeare's Hamlet gives to the player—"For in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." In the hands of the Italian actor the temperance so dominates over the whirlwind of passion that the presence of Signor Salvini never seems to be merged in that of Hamlet. In some passages, as in the answer to Polonius, "Parole, parole, e poi parole," the intonation and action are admirable in their mechanical execution, but excellence of this kind is ever marred by the self-consciousness of the actor. The same fault is observed in the scenes which precede that where the words just quoted occur; the heart of Hamlet's mystery is never reached through the means of thought and imagination; the physical gifts of the actor are relied upon to produce an effect. It is the activity displayed by Hamlet in starting back at the appearance of the Ghost, not the awe inspired by the spectre's presence, which is chiefly remarkable in the scene upon the platform. In the address to the Ghost Signor Salvini delivers the words "rege, padre, signor," as if the greatest force of appeal and passion were conveyed in the last; as many actors have done before him. It seems, however, natural that Hamlet should attach more importance to the title "father" in such a situation than to that of "Royal Dane," which is weakly enough rendered by "signor." In the scene on another part of the platform which follows this the actor keeps his face to the audience; if he could adequately represent the changing passions which should show themselves in Hamlet's countenance as he listens to the Ghost's story he would be wise in this. But a merely physical power of facial contortion is as little fitted for the portrayal of deep emotion as are the cries in falsetto to which the player here misapplies the resources of his voice. And there is assuredly no wisdom in removing every indication of Hamlet's wild passion after the Ghost has disappeared, and in omitting the speech with which the scene as Shakspeare wrote it is brought to an end.

In the following scene there is no trace, either in the words set down for the actor to speak or in his manner of speaking them, of Hamlet's irritation with Polonius, which is a somewhat important part of his character; and by the fact that the players do not enter an appearance upon the scene, the whole meaning of the speech "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I" is sacrificed. According to Signor Salvini's interpretation, the notion of employing the players to serve his ends seems to enter Hamlet's mind as soon as he hears of their arrival, and he exclaims "I benvenuti saran" with a burst of excitement and delight which is too sudden. In the effort of memory with which he repeats the lines concerning Jephthah and the Italian substitute for those which follow them to Polonius, there is much cleverness; but the thing, in itself unimportant, is elaborated overmuch. In the scene with Ophelia the appearance of cold-blooded self-command which disfigures the performance of Hamlet throughout is especially out of place, and gives an offensive aspect to the irony in which he deals. Upon this scene, as has been already indicated, that of the play in the Italian version follows immediately, and in this occurs a curious piece of misplaced ingenuity in stage management. Horatio follows out so faithfully Hamlet's command to observe his uncle that he stands alone, far apart from the rest of the Court, and directly opposite to the King, in such a position that he cannot possibly see what passes on the mimic stage, but can and does fix his eyes most constantly upon Claudius. It is perhaps considered that, as much of Hamlet's own strangeness of behaviour is taken away from him, something of it ought to be transferred to his nearest friend. Signor Salvini's acting during this scene is distinguished by a singular ease and quietude; he sits at Ophelia's feet, holding some papers, which may be taken to be a copy of the play, and looking over them at intervals towards the King with a calm watchfulness which does not prepare one for the outbreak of violence with which, on the disappearance of the King, he flings the papers into the air and falls into Horatio's arms. Both these actions have been made by other actors of various nations, but they have come as a revelation to some English critics. The *Daily Telegraph* in particular has not only discovered that "the idea (of Hamlet's falling upon Horatio's neck) is beautifully conceived," but has further pointed out that "few who watched Hamlet's eager eyes . . . *and noticed how the papers, tossed deliriously into the air, showered around* . . . will forget the impression made." It was certainly a stroke of genius that the papers should "shower around" after they were tossed up. Of course one would expect them to fly up to the ceiling or remain in mid air. Another critic, it may be here mentioned, has made the astounding discovery that there is no warrant in Shakspeare's text for Hamlet's revelation, at the end of the interview with his mother, of his madness being feigned, which is retained in the Italian version. That there is no such warrant in the acting edition of *Hamlet* is true; but the critic who descants on the text of Shakspeare should be aware that the acting edition is not the only one in existence. It has been already said that the scene with the recorders is left out; why, this being so, Hamlet's call for them should be retained it is difficult to imagine. The scene in which Hamlet finds the King at his prayers is retained; the deliberate manner in which Signor Salvini's Prince reasons with himself for and against the advisableness of seizing the moment to kill his uncle belongs more to Amlethus, the cunning ruffian of Saxo Grammaticus's history, than to the Hamlet of Shakspeare. The reliance upon physical effect which belongs to Signor Salvini's method of acting is observed in the scene between Hamlet and his mother; there is no real emotion in his converse with the Queen; and the kiss which he blows to his father's picture, present only to his imagination, is a weak expression of the passionate memories which fill Hamlet's mind. The start backwards at the appearance of the Ghost is, however, executed with an admirable precision; and there is one speech, the last but one of Hamlet in this scene, which, as far as intonation and gesture go, could hardly be better delivered; but the feeling which should direct action and voice is here, as elsewhere, absent. Of the scenes concerning the fate of Polonius, and that with the gravedigger, for there is only one, nothing can be said except that they are entirely wanting in humour. One would think that Signor Salvini, with his strength of voice and muscle, might produce an overpowering effect in the struggle and outcry with Laertes; but Signor Salvini proposes to fight, to fast, to tear himself, as if it were the most ordinary and dispassionate proceeding in the world. The last scene is remarkable for another piece of mistaken ingenuity in stage management. Signor Salvini avoids the difficulty of the stage direction, "In scuffling they change rapiers" by making no scuffle at all. Hamlet suddenly feels himself wounded, and placing his hand on his side, observes that he bleeds. The treachery of Laertes flashes upon him, and he resolves to meet it with a counterplot. He affects indifference, and presently disarms Laertes, after which, with a meaning smile and a bow, he offers him his own foil. The cold craft with which the trick is conceived and executed is far removed from the character of Hamlet, but not further than is the whole impersonation of the Italian tragedian. His performance is also disfigured by a trick of literally illustrating the word by the action; thus, when Hamlet replies to Horatio's question, "Con gli occhi dell' alma mia," at the word *occhi* he puts his hands to his eyes and at *alma* on his breast.

It remains to add that the level of the rest of the performance of the Italian version of *Hamlet* is excellent, and that it would be difficult to surpass Signora Giovagnoli's rendering of Ophelia's mad scene. The wandering of the eye, the mixture of reason and madness in the sorrow for her father, the sudden change from tears to a laugh which has in it the music of despair, the concentration of passion in the beckoning hand—all these she renders with deep emotion and infinite grace. She gives reality to the words of Laertes, "Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, she turns to favour and to prettiness." It is a pity that a fine piece of acting should be ended with the common device of a shriek, which is unworthy of what precedes it.

THE THEATRES.

AMONG the "new and original comedies" of the day Mr. Albery's play, the *Spendthrift*, deserves honourable mention. Whether the incidents of this play have been contrived by the

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author or borrowed from some earlier writer is of little moment. It suffices if a play has been constructed which excites and sustains interest, and we may be sure that of the persons who go to see this play not one in a thousand will ever look into the older plays from which it is suggested that Mr. Albery derived his plot. Indeed the public is so much accustomed to receive every kind of knowledge at second-hand that it would be odd if it took the trouble to read old plays for itself. It gets its notion of a Parliamentary debate from a leading article, and of a book from a review, and it will be quite content to know no more of Lope de Vega or Mrs. Behn than can be learned from Mr. Albery. It is perhaps surprising, when we consider how much material of this kind exists, that modern playwrights do not produce more interesting pieces. By throwing back the period of a play by one or two centuries, the dress and upholstery department of the management gains in variety, and something is also gained for dramatic art by obliging actors and actresses to attempt to assume the carriage and manners of bygone times. It must not be supposed that Mr. Albery has produced a mere adaptation of any existing play. On the contrary, one might almost say that his composition is too much his own. It seems to be thought by some who have seen this piece that, if there were rather less of original and generally clever writing, and rather more of that which is the common property of all dramatists, the play would be for stage purposes more successful. It is complained that the characters stop to talk when they should go on acting; but if the talk be good, its abundance is a fault we can readily forgive. It may be remarked that at the Olympic Theatre the tendency is to give the audience full measure for their money. Mr. Oxenford's adaptation of *Les Orphelins*, which ran from the beginning of the season until last week, was in six acts, but the success of this piece seems to prove that it was not too long. It is possible that the *Spendthrift's* prodigality of time may be similarly justified, although we think that some scenes are slightly burdened by ingenious loquacity.

The character of the impoverished gentleman, Jack Burleigh, is well fitted to Mr. Neville, and the tipsy, cowardly baronet, Sir Howard Jelly, is amusingly acted by Mr. Anson. The incident of Sir Howard being taken home drunk to the wrong house by Burleigh produces the most laughable scene of the play, and it would be superfluous to discuss the originality either of this scene or of the tipsy "business" of Mr. Anson. When a wig-block was a common article of furniture, the idea was obvious that a drunken man might mistake it for a person maintaining an offensive fixity of look. The earlier scene in which the learned astrologer, Dr. Cramp, is terrified by a prediction of his own death, might easily suggest itself to a composer of burlesque or pantomime, who might, however, be utterly incapable of the pleasant banter which the philosopher's friends bestow on him when he fails to imitate Dr. Faustus by dying according to calculation. The first meeting between the heiress Deborah Strickett and Burleigh is well managed, and they exchange a good many smart sayings without our feeling that the scene is unreasonably protracted. In real life a conversation under such circumstances would be quite as long and not nearly so lively. But when the scene changes to Deborah's home, and her nurse, Mrs. Daws, begins to talk, we become sensible that this author's cleverness can be sometimes too much for himself as well as for his audience. The nurse of Shakspeare talks like a nurse, whereas the nurse of Mr. Albery talks like Mr. Albery. However, it is not a common fault of modern dramatists to have too many good things to say, and if, in making all his characters as witty as he can, this author is unlike Shakspeare, it must be allowed that he resembles Sheridan. Being comparatively a new author, he does not yet venture to assume the responsibility under which an experienced dramatist moves lightly.

Mr. Byron, besides *Our Boys*, which is still running at the Vaudeville, has lately supplied a new comedy, which he calls *Weak Woman*, for the Strand Theatre. He wrote the last play that was presented at that house, and very likely he will write the next, and we would just as soon see one of the series as another. There is not much more novelty in the comedies than in the burlesques at the Strand Theatre. We are assured, however, that the scenery and dresses as well as the comedy at this house are new, and perhaps there is overmuch truth in the remark made by one of the characters that he owes everything to his tailor. In the dearth of really good new dramas Mr. Sothern at the Haymarket Theatre is probably well advised in keeping to his old round of parts, and as the whole of England now comes habitually to London, it is hardly possible to run a favourite piece too long. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre the manager, after an unfortunate experiment, has reverted to a safe line of business in *Money*. It may be surmised from the course of management at this house that the "new and original comedies" of the period are not regarded as lucrative investments.

The Mirror Theatre, as it is now called, in Holborn, may perhaps change its fortune with its name. There is ample room for Mr. Horace Wigan, the new manager, to improve upon the successes of his predecessors, and certainly he appears to prosper, and by means which are likely to continue to attract, as he now does, the most numerous class of the population. The *Detective* affords to Mr. Wigan an opportunity of repeating a clever but rather too well-known performance. The belief of the public in the skill of detectives still suffices to make any modern play containing an inscrutable and ubiquitous policeman successful, although that belief sustains rude shocks in the experiences of actual life. One is reminded of the discussion of the question whether animals could talk:—

> 'Tis plain that they were always able
> To hold discourse, at least in fable.

This play contains a burglary and murder in the first act, a terrific combat in the second, a burglary in the last act, and sentimental and pathetic passages throughout. A young gentleman comes late at night to his mother's villa at St. John's Wood to ask her for money. On the same night the old lady is murdered, and a young lady who is her companion is stabbed; and the young gentleman is arrested by Inspector Walker as the guilty person, and carried before a magistrate, who discharges him. The worst that can be proved against him is that he is making love to two girls at the same time, and this appears, not from any evidence given in the police-court, but from an explanation between the two young ladies, who take possession of Inspector Walker's office for their interview. The Inspector in this part of the play looks, like some other public officers, much wiser than he is. The young lady who does most of the sentimental business has been stabbed and gone into a delirious fit, in which she charges her fickle lover with having killed his mother and wounded her. Inspector Walker accepts her frenzied utterance as truth, and believes for the time that the work of an experienced and desperate criminal, known as Savage Mike, was done by a nice young man, whose worst faults are that he spends money and makes love indiscriminately. But here the skill of the authors of the play is shown. The first blunder of Inspector Walker heightens by contrast our admiration of the sagacity, coolness, courage, and resource which he afterwards displays. He captures Savage Mike, and procures hanging evidence against him, and he does this in spite of the assistance of the nice young man and the sentimental young lady, who enlist as amateur detectives under his direction. The young lady reminds us of those distressing heroines of Miss Braddon who have "a purpose in life"—the discovery of a murder; and she goes where even Miss Braddon might have hesitated to take her—to a tavern in Ratcliffe Highway, and sings nightly for the amusement of the company. The nice young man is also at this tavern, to assist in some mysterious manner the operations of Inspector Walker, and he finds both his engagements and those of the young lady compatible with the interchange of high-flown sentiments and the use of impassioned gestures, which spectators whose critical faculty is mitigated by pipes and grog are perhaps capable of regarding as part of the performances of the evening. The terrific combat came off in the previous act, where Inspector Walker first visits the quarters of Savage Mike upon Hampton racecourse; and as this cave of harmony in Ratcliffe Highway is also a haunt of the same formidable character, we do not know but that another and more terrific combat may begin perhaps at the very moment when the lovers are exchanging confidences in the public room. However, the only contest between the Inspector and Mike in this act is in speaking French, which is necessary to the disguise which they have both assumed. But in the previous act, which transacts itself in the interior of a booth at Hampton Races, the Inspector, who has been disguised as an Irishman, carries a shillelagh. Savage Mike draws a knife, and the amateur detective also draws a knife, and it might be hastily assumed that a triangular duel was going to take place. The spectators, however, ought to know, although Mike does not, that the Inspector and the amateur detective, while pretending hostility, are confederates. It is to be feared that neither the outside nor the inside of any actual booth at Hampton Races will offer anything like the attraction of a combat with knives such as is represented at the Mirror Theatre. It is rather hard upon what used to be called the "fancy" that the authors of this play assume as a matter of course that pugilists are habitually burglars and occasionally murderers, but even a more cruel insult to the "noble art" is the representation of its professors as resorting to the "use of the knife," for which we have been often told that boxing was a substitute. It would be vain to deny that a play is interesting when a young lady is stabbed in the first act, and men fight with knives in the second. It must be owned that native actors handle knives and daggers awkwardly, while spectators are for the most part unappreciative of skill or the want of it. We fear indeed that Signor Salvini has gained little credit by the scientific manner in which he uses the dagger of the East to kill himself in *Othello*, and if he used a carving-knife few persons would observe the difference. With the theatrical public generally it suffices to produce, as is done at the Mirror Theatre, an impression that everybody on the stage carries a knife and is ready to stab or cut the throat of everybody else at a moment's notice. The detective who coolly follows the trail of investigation under these disturbing circumstances is almost the only sort of stage hero that is still believed in, and perhaps even he would be only half believed in further west. But at the Mirror Theatre it really seems as if the audience, or part of it, grows excited over the adventures of Inspector Walker, and apprehends that murder may be done in the "Lions' Den" at Hampton Races. There will, no doubt, be plenty of dens occupied by predatory animals at that meeting, but they will content themselves with the money and will not take the lives of their victims.

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REVIEWS.

CURTEIS'S HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.*

IT always takes a little time to stop and think to which series of handbooks any book of this class belongs. Mr. Curteis's book belongs to the series of "Historical Handbooks" edited by Mr. Oscar Browning and published by Messrs. Rivington. It may give a clearer idea if we say that it is not the series to which Mr. Gardiner's *Thirty Years' War* belongs, but that it is the series for which Mr. Jebb has a volume on the Supremacy of Athens "in preparation." Mr. Curteis's book seems to be the first strictly narrative volume of the series. The other two which are advertised as already published are Mr. P. V. Smith's *History of the English Institutions*, which we reviewed early in the present year, and a *History of French Literature*. Mr. Curteis then makes the start as far as history proper is concerned. But his is not the earliest member of the series in point of time. Besides Mr. Jebb's book, one is advertised on *The Roman Revolution*—rather a claptrap title—*from* B.C. 133 *to the Battle of Actium*, by Mr. Pelham, of Exeter College, a new name, as far as we are aware. So are most of the names on Messrs. Rivington's list, except that Mr. C. H. Pearson has something to say about English History in the Fourteenth Century. The labour which Mr. Pearson may give to that period will not be thrown away if, in the course of it, he finds out who was the first French Dauphin.

Mr. Curteis's book shows us the merits and defects of this system of handbooks of periods as distinguished from handbooks or primers which attempt to tell the whole history of the nation in a short space. Mr. Curteis can give as much space to four hundred years, some of his colleagues can give the same space to much shorter periods, as, according to the other system, can be given to the whole history of a nation, or perhaps to the whole history of the civilized world. It follows then that the writers of these handbooks can tell their story much more at length, that they have much more room for comment, for personal portraiture, and for picturesque incident, than the writers who follow the other method. But it does not therefore follow that the books in the series published by Messrs. Longman and Messrs. Rivington are clearer or more instructive than the series published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. Each would seem to have its own work, the general series first, and the books of periods afterwards; but the books of periods by themselves are rather like a building without a foundation. This applies still more to such a period as that chosen by Mr. Curteis than it does to such a period as that chosen by Mr. Gardiner. The Thirty Years' War is a subject which may in some sort stand by itself. It is a drama with a beginning, middle, and ending. It of course cannot be understood by those who know nothing whatever of the times which went before it. Still a piece of history of this kind, which has an unity in itself, is different from a mere period in the sense of so many centuries cut off from those before them. Now we do not say that Mr. Curteis's period, from the death of Theodosius to the accession of Charles, is merely four centuries taken arbitrarily and at random. It is nothing of the kind. We can see a reason for beginning and ending, though we should have liked the beginning a little earlier, at these particular points. Mr. Curteis tells us that his book is meant as a contribution to the unity of history, that it is designed as another blow to the meaningless distinction of ancient and modern, that it is meant to bridge over a gap where the gap is made only by a vicious method of looking at things. In all this Mr. Curteis has got hold of the right idea, and we thankfully welcome him as a helper. Still there is something rather queer in beginning the book with the death of Theodosius. Of course a great and elaborate history is another matter. Gibbon or Finlay or Milman did not write for people who knew nothing whatever of the times before their own special times. They wrote for people who had already some general notion of the world's history, but who wished to study certain parts of it in greater detail. The case of a book like this, a member of an educational series, is different. If a book of such a series is to begin with the death of Theodosius, it should at least have forerunners to deal with that large part of Roman history which comes before the death of Theodosius. But here is Mr. Curteis's book, from Theodosius to Charles, appearing as the first Roman member of its own series, while the only other Roman book which is even promised is the one which is to reach from the Gracchi to Augustus. A boy, or any other reader, will get a very queer notion of Roman history, if he first reads from Theodosius to Charles, and then from the Gracchi to Augustus, and leaves out all the earlier and intervening times. Mr. Curteis himself evidently sees this, for though he dashes off at once with telling us of the death of Theodosius, he goes back to give some account of the earlier Imperial system, and then further back again to speak of the origin of Roman law, of its connexion with other Aryan institutions, and presently of the Aryan dispersion itself. Now these are all things of which the reader ought to know something, and of which under the other system he would know something, before he came to read of Theodosius and his successors, even in such detail as Mr. Curteis's space allows him to speak. The four centuries chosen by Mr. Curteis deal with a very important stage, or rather with several very important stages, of the history of the Roman power. They might very well form a separate member in a continuous Roman series; but we cannot see the exact end which they are to serve when put forth in a series like this, apart from all other periods of Roman history.

All this, if we are right in looking on it as a fault, is the fault of the series, and in no way personally touches Mr. Curteis. But we think that the book suffers somewhat from its having originally taken the form of lectures to the boys of Sherborne School, where Mr. Curteis is a master. Now lectures have their use, and there are cases in which reprinted lectures make useful books. A lecture has its use, either as a mere incentive to study, as something which points out what there is to learn, and the way of learning it; or it has its use again as a comment on what is already learned. But the lecture does not seem a good form for the actual process of learning, at all events on subjects which, like history, take a narrative form. We feel sure that some parts of Mr. Curteis's book would have been different both in matter and manner, if he had never lectured on the period to the Sherborne boys, or if he had laid aside all remembrance of his lectures when he came to write his narrative. The style is sometimes, to our mind, a little too high-flown for a narrative of this kind, even when it would not have been at all too high-flown for a spoken lecture. Then again, we feel sure that the long account of St. John Chrysostom is owing to the previous fact of the lectures. When a man began in a spoken lecture to talk on a subject so full of stirring incident as the life of the great preacher, it must have been indeed hard to leave off; but the result is that John Chrysostom fills a space in the book which is quite disproportionate in a History of the Roman Empire between Theodosius and Charles. The Archbishop gets thirty-six pages, while Theodoric gets less than ten, and Justinian, at the outside, twenty-seven. It is clear that Mr. Curteis was taken with the personal story of Chrysostom, for he does not, as a rule, give at all the same space to ecclesiastical matters.

As to the book itself, Mr. Curteis has, we think, got as firm a grasp of his period as any one is likely to get who, by his own account, has gone to hardly any original writer but Eginhard. This again we think a mistake. A man might give very useful lectures in a school who got his knowledge of the time almost wholly from the most trustworthy modern writers, but when it comes to writing a narrative history the case is different. We do not say that, in a book of this kind, whose subject runs out in so many different directions, a man is bound to write every word from original authorities. But we do say that he ought to do as Mr. Gardiner tells us that he did. Though Mr. Gardiner wrote a large part of his *Thirty Years' War* only from the best modern writers, yet he had thoroughly mastered some parts of his story in the original records, and he had thus gained the power of using secondary writers for the other parts. And there is hardly any time in which knowledge of the original writers is more necessary than in Mr. Curteis's time. To take one class of cases, nothing is more instructive, in the time of transition from Paganism to Christianity, than to mark the various shades of position which different writers take with regard to Christianity. Ammianus, Claudian, Zosimos, Boetius, Prokopios, each has a way of speaking, or not speaking, of his own. Delicate shades of this kind can be understood only by reading the writers themselves. No summary, no comment, no translation, will do.

Mr. Curteis has thus laboured under several disadvantages in his work. But we think that he has, on the whole, written as good a book as could have been written under those disadvantages. Every blow given to the middle wall of partition which is against us, to the meaningless division of ancient and modern, is something to be thankful for. So many books still encourage the dream of a Roman Empire which ended in 476 that we welcome every one who helps to lay the axe to the root of that rotten tree. But Mr. Curteis somewhat spoils his good work by still sticking to the old fable which makes Theodoric call himself King of Italy. And we do not know why, for "the overthrow of the Western Empire" Mr. Curteis substitutes "The change of Government," put within inverted commas as though it were a technical phrase. Where did Mr. Curteis find it? Mr. Curteis is over fond of bringing in French words, and we have marked some slips in details. For instance, he speaks of the "Christian Theodosius" warring with the "pagan Maximus." At the time of the war between Theodosius and Maximus, Maximus was, as St. Martin could tell the tale, so orthodox a Christian as to be the first sovereign who put men to death for heresy. Mr. Curteis's account of Alboin and Rosamund also reads queerly, and there are other things of the same kind here and there. But we can forgive a good deal to one who goes right in the teeth of vulgar confusions, and who does not pretend to more learning than he really has. Mr. Curteis has still something to learn; but there are many who might learn a great deal from him. There is, for example, the critic of the *Times*, who, in reviewing Mr. Marshall's *International Vanities*, remarks, with such charming simplicity, "It seems strange that no one should have thought of claiming the designation of Emperor between the fall of the Western Empire and the rise of Charlemagne." For such a one we cannot prescribe any better medicine than half-a-year spent in the lowest form which comes under Mr. Curteis's teaching at Sherborne.

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* *History of the Roman Empire from the Death of Theodosius the Great to the Coronation of Charles the Great*, A.D. 395–800. By Arthur M. Curteis, M.A. With Maps. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1875.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MRS. FLETCHER.*

THE reading world encourages at this day a class of biography which we must suppose would not have found favour years back, or the volumes before us would have been published long ago, while interest in the subject was still fresh, and personal friends were full of curiosity and sympathy. The memorial of Mrs. Augustus Hare's "quiet life" has been followed by other memorials of women whose claim to distinction is not founded on any public achievement—women who thought, and communicated their thoughts to a few correspondents, or who used their pens in other unpretending ways, or played their part well in ordinary social life, but who fill a more prominent place when set in a fitting light by biography than ever they did while living, beyond their own immediate circle of friends. If this "quiet" sisterhood awaken sympathy in readers hitherto strangers to their names, it may well have been felt that the time has come to rescue from the gathering forgetfulness that once seemed inevitable a name certainly not suggestive of quiet, however many other feminine graces it may have represented, and to set the very genius of Whiggery before a generation to whom politics are no longer an inspiration and the absorbing interest of life.

The seventeen years' delay in publication in this instance is more a disadvantage than is often the case. Mrs. Fletcher was a *presence*. All her distinctions were personal—beauty of person, dignity and grace of manner, eloquence of voice and speech, and an enthusiasm which acted upon all who came within sight and sound of her extraordinary attraction. We are given to understand the existence of these singular gifts, but there is no one to describe them or to raise in our minds an image of their possessor. Dying at eighty-eight, she outlived all her contemporaries, all who had experienced her prime of fascination; and autobiography, so excellent a method of telling us what is inside a man, what he is made of, is a very backhanded means of making us acquainted with the impression which his *tout ensemble* makes upon others. Moreover, this particular autobiography was written when the author was not far from seventy, and a good old woman does not enlarge on her own beauty and social successes and triumphs. Probably at no time had she any particular felicity of style; her pen was a ready instrument, and letter-writing a regular part of her busy day; but her weight lay in the incommunicable charm of energy and sweetness combined. We must presume that every acquaintance who shared her views was eager for her sympathy and inspired by her enthusiasm; but it is by inference rather than through effective portraiture that we learn this. Of the fact that she was a central figure in Edinburgh society at its most brilliant period the reader was already aware; a name lingers when all that gave it individuality has passed out of the general memory.

What distinguishes this record from most biographies is its tone of cheerfulness and success. In saying that Mrs. Fletcher was aided by circumstances to make the most of this life we mean no reflection on her preparation and fitness for a better. But we are struck from the first page to the last with the good fortune that attended her career. Some troubles she had, but she was fortunate in all the conditions that first developed, and afterwards presented a theatre for, her remarkable gifts. Of course what was good fortune in her case might have proved the reverse to a less genial, sanguine, and generous nature; but the circumstances under which she was trained and in which she lived suited her so remarkably that opposite ones, must, we think, have checked and quelled the qualities that constituted her power. From infancy she was surrounded by a prestige which most princesses never enjoy through their whole life. She lost her mother at her birth only to awaken the maternal instinct in everybody about her. She was, as she says, wholly governed by the law of kindness. While she was living retired in the healthy freedom of a Yorkshire village among homely people and surroundings, a highly educated and clever woman was brought through her own romantic misfortunes to settle close at hand, and to find in the beautiful and intelligent child her one occupation and interest. From six years old she was the pride and the companion of her elders. The docility as well as enthusiasm with which she imbibed her father's politics sets the reader speculating whether, if he had been Tory instead of Whig, her principles would have received a contrary bias as readily, whether the divine right of kings might have taken place of the rights of man; but we believe that Liberalism was in her nature. Her political principles being what they were, it was well that she had a sensible husband who could guide her, while his sympathies furnished her with the fitting stage for the play of her genius and attractions. Certainly we regard it as a crowning piece of good fortune that she was born and lived in the British Isles, and could exhale her ideas and aspirations in a safe atmosphere. As a Frenchwoman she must have been one of the heroines of the Revolution, and would have early met the fate of such heroines. Something of this feeling seems to prompt the following recognition of the power that a multitude had on her. It was written after George IV.'s visit to Edinburgh:—

> Mrs. Grant of Laggan, a great lover of kings, was of our party. The good old lady had, for this joyous occasion, put off her habitual black dress, and robed herself in a salmon-coloured satin, and with the rest of the party waved her handkerchief as the King appeared. They had all a good laugh at my expense, who, somewhat notorious for being no lover of kings, was actually detected shedding tears and waving my handkerchief "like the lave" as the pageant passed. The fact is, I have always found the sight and cheer of a multitude when animated by one kindly or patriotic feeling quite irresistible in its power to command my sympathy and make me weep; and for the time it is an exciting and pleasurable feeling. I have never seen a multitude mischievously assembled or disposed to evil, and hope the inexplicable emotion I have acknowledged would not lead me to follow "a multude in doing evil."

Another element in her character which contributed to her success was the absence of certain qualities that commonly go along with general consideration from others. She was not fastidious. She says so of herself; her daughter hints at it as though it might even have been felt in her family as a jar to other temperaments. She was not satirical, and owns to "no quick perception of the ludicrous." Thus we see that in her *salon* people of different habits and training would feel safe and at ease. She was naturally a talker—"the joy of seeing is to tell" being a favourite quotation with her—and beautiful and clever women always find willing and admiring listeners. She herself confesses to an early love of display, too great a desire for general approbation and a temper too easily provoked to momentary anger; but these are inevitable—if the first two are not indispensable—conditions of a life in public, which a life of society and a constant succession of new acquaintances may be called. Mere benevolence never could sustain the fatigue and wear and tear of spirit of such a life. And yet benevolence was with her a very active principle. One of her friends, Dr. Kilvington, wrote to her (and her daughter, looking back, claims it as a true and well-merited testimony), "I have known as beautiful, as attractive, and more witty young women, but I have never known any one so tenderly and truly and universally beloved as you are, and I believe it arises from your capacity of loving others."

Throughout the whole of her life politics were its absorbing interest, and as parties ran high and were very ready to fasten on the holders of an opinion all its logical consequences, there were people who did not trust in this capacity of loving. After the excesses of the French Revolution it was generally believed that Mrs. Fletcher had provided herself with a small guillotine, and exercised the same in beheading poultry, rats, and mice in order to be expert when "French principles" should prevail in Britain. Yet she always had Tory friends of both sexes; and it should be noted, in evidence of her real largeness of heart and purity of nature, that she was peculiarly open to female friendships, and was on loving terms of intimacy with the most distinguished literary woman of the day—with the exception, we should say, of Hannah More, with whom she contrived to fall foul in girlhood on taking up the cause of a discarded *protégée* whom she thought unjustly treated.

When we regretted the absence of some contemporary testimony to Mrs. Fletcher's attractions, we did not perhaps do justice to her husband's record of the sudden impression which her charms made upon him. Partly the date when it was written, and partly his own age when writing, have given to his narrative a formality not in accordance with the modern notion of a lover's transports. When he was forty-three years of age and she seventeen, a friend travelling with him from Edinburgh to London in the cause of Scotch Burgh Reform introduced him to her home at Oxton, near Tadcaster. At that time Mr. Fletcher describes himself to have been entirely in love with Fielding's heroine Sophia Western. This passion possessed him to the exclusion of all other interest in womankind, and he regarded the interruption of a visit at a Yorkshire village in no favourable light. Before the end of the evening, however, Miss Eliza Dawson gradually unfolded herself:—"I discovered in a beautiful form an elegance of mind and sentiment, and an easy gracefulness of manner which I thought were not natural to the little village of Oxton." "When breakfast (next morning) was over, and I took a view of Eliza's form, manner, and conversation, the character of Sophia Western instantly flashed on my mind. The resemblance was in every feature striking." "If I had found brilliants in the wild and rugged mountains among which I first drew breath, I could not have been more surprised and delighted than I was by meeting such a person as Eliza." "Fielding," said I, "you have drawn your heroine it must be confessed with a fine pencil, but here is in real life, at a little country village, a character every way equal, in some respects far superior," &c. &c. Such beauty had not been without suitors, but the admiration and the politics—"abstractedly he admired Republicanism"—of the Scotch advocate carried the day. In the year she came of age (1791) she married him without her father's willing consent, though he lived to acquiesce fully in a union happy in all its circumstances.

Most persons taking up a volume of biography where the subject has no commanding personal claims instinctively turn over the pages in search of names more eminent or familiar. In fact, in proportion as such names abound are the chances of the success of the volume with the majority of readers. The search in this case is rewarded. Mrs. Fletcher came in contact with all the leaders of the Liberal party, was a friend of the Scotch Whig celebrities of her day, and was welcomed to the intimacy of many who did not share her politics, as Wordsworth and Southey. But she was too leading a person in society herself, took too active a share in every conversation she mentions, talked with everybody on too equal terms, to be a good describer. We do not, therefore, learn much that is new or especially characteristic of persons in her intimacy—Mazzini, with whom she established a warm friendship on his first coming to England, being perhaps an exception. We gather that wherever she went she received a distinguished welcome, that all looked to her for sympathy in their joys and sorrows. Campbell appeals

* *Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher.* Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1875.

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at once to her, not without hope of redress through her means, when the *Quarterly Review* deals hardly with his *Theodoric*. The poet Crabbe takes refuge at her house from the bustle of Walter Scott's loyal festivities, for a quiet talk about old times. Lord Erskine entertains her with a fund of amusing political anecdote, and sits a long time. Cullen calls to propose that he should bring John Cam Hobhouse to dinner, "thinking the addition of this ultra Whig would be agreeable." Brougham and she were great friends; he talked politics as she liked to hear them talked, "quite different from our Edinburgh Whigs. There is no affected indifference on subjects of vital importance, no contemptuous sneer at rational conversation." Lord Jeffrey writes to her:—"My ever dear Mrs. Fletcher, It always makes me happier and better to get a letter from you, for it makes me think more favourably of our common nature." She was in company with Mr. Carlyle when the astounding news reached them of the French Revolution of 1848, and of the people crying "Vive la Republique!" in the streets; and of him she does give a characteristic trait:—"I looked at him, hoping he would speak. He said not a word, but broke into a loud laugh, and rose and left the house to devour the journals." Of Miss Edgeworth she is more critical than is her wont:—

> Miss Edgeworth's personal appearance was not attractive; but her vivacity, good humour, and cleverness in conversation quite equalled my expectations. I should say she was more sprightly and brilliant than refined. She excelled in the raciness of Irish humour; but the great defect of her manner, as it seemed to me, was an excess of compliment, or what is in Ireland called "blarney," and in one who had moved in the best circles, both as to manners and mind, it surprised me not a little. She repelled all approach to intimacy on my part by the excess of her complimentary reception of me when we were first introduced to each other at Mr. Alison's. I never felt confidence in the reality of what she said afterwards.

It might be that her appearance really hit the fancy of the novelist, and that Miss Edgeworth was more sincere than she got credit for. Incidentally we gather what response her peculiarly sympathetic nature awoke in others. On the occasion of the first Edinburgh election after the passing of the Reform Bill, excited by joy at Jeffrey's success, Lord Cockburn rushed into the room where a bevy of ladies were witnessing the triumph, "and looking round the crowd of Whig ladies and girls, called out, 'Where's Mrs. Fletcher? she's the woman I want'; and when my mother," writes the daughter, "came from the window and met him, they clasped one another's hands, and had a good 'greet' together." We have called Mrs. Fletcher fortunate; and the fact that at sixty years of age or more she should have become such scenes, that her person should still have done justice to the energy and enthusiasm of her mind, must certainly be reckoned an instance to the point. At this age Mrs. John Penrose (the Mrs. Markham of school history), thus describes her:—

> We had the great gratification of a visit of two days from Mrs. Fletcher; her appearance is so engaging that the mere looking at her is itself a pleasure. In her youth she was brilliantly beautiful (she is almost sixty); she retains so much symmetry of feature, so much fine expression of countenance, and so much grace of deportment, such a gentlewomanliness of manner, with such an expression of goodness, as make her absolutely lovely. She is fat rather than thin, and her beauty is matured rather than faded. Her conversation is delightful, full of variety and anecdote. She is an enthusiast in politics, and on what is called the liberal side, but there is such a femininenes in all she says and does, that even her politics could not alloy the charm of her agreeableness. She has a most extensive acquaintance with literary persons, and her conversation is a stream of lively anecdote, continually flowing.

We suspect that nothing short of these personal attractions will ever make female politicians generally popular, so it is as well that the conditions should be understood of one conspicuous example of universal favour. The passion stood by Mrs. Fletcher to the last. At eighty-two she writes *à propos* of the *coup d'état* to Mrs. Arnold, "I dare not trust myself to speak of France"; and at eighty-five "Arthur Stanley" leaves her with what she calls a drop of comfort, in the prophecy that Lord John will come in again. But she had a heart large enough for both public and private interests. Her home affections were at least as warm as her politics. She could care for nothing by halves. It is noteworthy too that politics were much more a woman's question in Mrs. Fletcher's day than they are now. There were female Tories as intense and zealous in their creed as she was in her revolutionary ideas, who would have thought it quite as shocking and unnatural to marry a Whig as she would have thought it to marry a Tory. It has been one of the consequences of the Reform Bill to remove politics with us out of the romantic stage, and, as it is through party contests near home that the young first learn to care vehemently for public matters, interest in all such subjects has cooled down. Party prejudices and antipathies had their dark side, but no one can see the effect on a young mind of strong feeling in matters that only concern it as part of the great human family, without recognizing in that feeling an enlarging influence on the intellect. It elevates the mind to have a zeal for blue or yellow, however unintelligent may be the perception of the moral differences represented by those colours, rather than to have no interests at all separate from self, its narrow hopes and petty cares and solicitudes, which is sometimes the condition of those shut out by their training, or who boastfully shut themselves out, from the great questions that stir the world.

THE MOLTKE NARRATIVE OF SEDAN.*

(Second Notice.)

IT will be seen from what was said in a former article of the preparations for the battle of Sedan, that the defensive position taken up by the French was altogether exceptional in form. It resembled roughly the letter U; the lines described as formed by Douay on the west, and by Lebrun and Ducrot on the east, representing the two sides, the fortress filling up the curve at the foot of the letter, and Wimpffen's corps being in the middle of the hollow space, whilst the northern side towards Belgium was left open. The complete and, as we may now unhesitatingly call it, very blamable, quiescence of MacMahon having allowed the Germans during the night and early morning to develop a superior front of attack on both flanks, and to use the Bavarian corps for occupying the French troops about Sedan, this position became that in which the battle was chiefly fought, so far as it was really fought at all in a strict sense. It is true that Ducrot, to whom MacMahon when wounded assigned his command, made preparations for withdrawing by the one road which at that hour was still open to Mezières. But Wimpffen, who was under an entire delusion as to the real danger of the situation, as soon as he got the notice of this retreat, stepped forward from his corps with his legal claim to take charge, and held the troops where they were. The personal discussion which arose between these generals we have treated on a previous occasion, and we must pass it by here, merely repeating the remark that no unprejudiced military man will admit that Wimpffen, after once tacitly allowing his seniority to be disregarded at the Marshal's wish, had any right to produce at a later hour the dormant commission placing himself in MacMahon's vacant post, because he chanced to be dissatisfied with the tactics of the officer whom he had permitted to supersede him. Such conduct was as contrary to common sense as to sound soldierly principles; and it is only necessary to state it clearly to condemn it. Evidently, however, the immediate effect on the French of this change of views and commanders must have been an additional source of weakness. Ordered to fall back as soon as they knew their favourite chief to be wounded, and again almost immediately afterwards directed to advance by a commander whose very name was strange to the army, it is probable that the uncertainty was a more potent cause of the demoralization that grew on them increasingly that fatal morning than has ever been admitted. Those who study the inner history of such a battle as that of Sedan should bear constantly in mind that the most active of all ingredients in great military successes and disasters is one often overlooked by historians—namely, the will of the private soldier. A very small impulse could have been needed that morning to turn this fatally to the disadvantage of the French, and it is probable enough that if their morale had not been seriously shaken before, it would have given way under this new test thrown on it almost at the very opening of a general action.

Placed as the luckless Army of Chalons has been described, it was evidently at a peculiar disadvantage for defence. And that for more than one obvious reason. In the first place, the fire that missed the lines searched the very limited space between them, and, if not seriously damaging, would certainly affect the tenacity of the reserves posted there. For few things are more trying to the nerves of troops than to be raked by the shells of an unseen foe over the heads of their own line of battle, which thus seems powerless to check either the fire or the advance which it announces. But in addition to this evil there was one more peculiar to the strange position held by the French at Sedan; and that was the effect of the flight of fugitives on those in rear. In an ordinary general action there is always some petty panic here and there behind a great position that has to be defended; but those that fly soon stream out of sight, and, if not carrying others with them on the way, do comparatively little harm to the mass. At Sedan every man that retired without orders fell back into the space shown in the middle of our U, and, being unable to get out of it, became a source of contamination and danger to others. The very first movement rearward of any part of the line, however apparently orderly, would send off a little cloud of stragglers dropping into Wimpffen's position, or spreading panic inside Sedan itself, or, worse still, in a vain attempt to make a personal escape for themselves, crossing the position till they came on the rear of that other line which had stood back to back to their own, and so communicating their own fears and indiscipline to those reserves on whom the commander of the line was to call for help in his need. And, if this be true of individuals, how much more would the retreat *en masse* of any part of either line be fatal, not merely to its own side of the battle, but to the other? And the Germans, it must be remembered, were attacking from the first with all the vigour inspired by recent success, and the feeling of superior strength.

One more important element in the sort of running victory which the Germans made of the battle after the first two or three hours remains to be noticed; the superior power of their artillery, or rather the special effect on this occasion of its percussion shells. German artillerists would hardly like to calculate the proportion of those missiles that were wasted at Spicheren, Woerth, Mars-la-Tour, but above all at Gravelotte, by flying over the heads of the enemy as he hired his ridges. Let us illustrate this by a crucial instance, the defence of St. Privat by Canrobert. Something has been said by

* *Der deutsch-französische Krieg 1870–71, von der kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des Grossen Generalstabes.* 1ter Theil, Heft 8. Mittler: Berlin.

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careful observers examining the spot soon after, of the numbers of French apparently struck down even when crouching behind the low stone walls. And in a sense the remark is true. Yet the whole of the losses thus incurred by the defenders were but a very few hundreds; and we know from Captain Hoffbauer's work and other trustworthy authorities that the guns that were concentrated to effect this were also in hundreds. It is very doubtful whether, on an average, they each put three Frenchmen *hors de combat* in several hours' firing. And this lame result can only be accounted for by supposing that an enormous proportion of the shells flew clean over the hill, and so struck and burst far beyond where they were harmless to its defenders. It was very different at Sedan. From the time (and this on the east side was early in the day) when the French were beaten or turned from their ridge positions, and fell back on lesser hills or into hollows near Sedan, they gave an overwhelming preponderance to the enemy's artillery. Not merely had the Germans the necessary advantage of those who fire from a wide circle on a limited space, but, their aim being generally on masses formed on lower ground, the shell burst as the object was reached, and that with terrible effect. Eye-witnesses of both sides relate how these hollows that showed the French halts were ploughed up by the pursuers' shells, the spot where each struck being often marked by a ghastly little group of dead or mortally wounded. The effect was of course to add terribly to the spreading panic, and to multiply the German fire in their enemy's frighted vision, till resistance and reply seemed useless.

These conditions stated and understood, it seems needless to follow the official writer through his elaborate details of the action. With the exception of the Floing heights, where the great strength of the ground gave Douay the means of more prolonged resistance, and thus encouraged the French horse to make those desperate and useless charges on the enemy's advancing infantry, which were as gallant as those of their foes at Mars-la-Tour, though scarcely so well timed, the course of the battle was all of the same order. There was resistance, obstinate enough at first, on the ground chosen for defence; retreat from this when outflanked by the superiority of numbers which the assailants soon brought to bear, and this retreat becoming less and less orderly as the pursuers pressed the inclosed lines harder, and their artillery told more and more; finally, disorder, growing into general demoralization, and in the rear taking the form of open mutiny or panic rout as Sedan was approached. There is really no useful lesson to be gained from tracing the particulars. The brunt of the early battle was on the east front, where Ducrot and Lebrun fought their men well; and when we read of even this, early in the volume (p. 1179), such passages as, "towards 10 A.M. Lartigue's division was thrown completely back to the west side of the Givonne brook," and again soon after (p. 1195), "upon the right wing of the German army a powerful and successful artillery combat was now urged against" these new French positions, no more particulars are needed. The same process went on with increasing vigour on the superior side, and increasing faintheartedness on the other; until German light batteries galloped forward out of their line to cut off isolated bodies of the fugitives, and the flying battalions vied with one another in the ease with which they laid down their arms. That we are not exaggerating the moral difference may best be judged by the fact that 21,000 of the French suffered themselves to be taken by detachments during the course of the action; whilst their loss in killed and wounded of 17,000 exactly doubles that of the victors, who yet must have suffered very severely in the first attack on the positions; and it speaks, therefore, very plainly as to the genuine superiority of fire already mentioned.

This 8th Part, which concludes the first volume of the History, is itself closed by a brief strategical and tactical review of the campaign that led to the ruin of the Emperor and his Army of Chalons. We may say at once that we cannot follow the Berlin writer in his view that there ever were any real elements of hope in the conception of Palikao which so lamentably broke down in operation. It was perhaps necessary for a generous and fair-minded writer to give every possible weight to the foe's supposed chances of success; and it must certainly have been the more pleasant to do this, as otherwise the crowning triumph is robbed of part of its brilliancy in the eyes of admiring countrymen. But, admitting the full force of what is said (p. 1298) as to the ignorance up to the evening of the 25th August on the German side of MacMahon's march, and of the start he had gained notwithstanding his first circuitous movement by Rheims, it by no means follows that his final success was at all possible. Though he had almost passed the Crown Prince's right flank undiscovered, he had directly in his path the Saxon Prince with 80,000 German troops, their spirits high with recent success, and the passages of the Meuse closely watched by their detachments. The first order that was sent them from the King's headquarters was, in case of necessity, to hold the right bank of the river, and anticipate the enemy at his expected passage; and the very superiority of numbers which MacMahon commanded would have been fatal to the swift clearing out of his path of this unavoidable adversary. For, whether the Army of Chalons moved on many roads or on few, it must have taken at least forty-eight hours to concentrate laterally, or to come out of its deep columns of march, in order to form a strong front of battle facing eastward in hopes of overpowering the adversary. And it needed but one day more—the very least that could have been occupied by the preliminary skirmishing necessary if the French intended to fix the Saxon Prince's position and prepare to force it—in order to make up the three which were employed, as events actually went, in bringing the Crown Prince up to his aid. The march of the French was indeed as badly conducted as the historian indicates. The magazines prepared in advance were missed by the uncertainty of the movements. The Marshal's orders were interfered with and overridden by the telegrams from Paris. But had all these causes of failure been lacking, it is not to be thought that anything short of some very extraordinary blunder on the German side, or of some exceptionally brilliant stroke on MacMahon's part, could have enabled him to solve the problem forced on him for political objects in the manner suggested. And, to be plain on this subject, if we make a very large allowance against him for the genuine superiority of his chief adversary as a strategist, there is still nothing in MacMahon's career, least of all in this unhappy campaign, which betokens the genius that alone could have led him to succeed had all his opponents been the most ordinary of commanders.

For it needed genius, and that of the highest order, to triumph over the obstacles which beset him. Chief among these were the ill humour and indiscipline of the troops with which he started. The Berlin historian dwells with just pride on the fine spirit which animated the Crown Prince's army during its forced march through the Argonnes, when the orders for the great wheel northward were once issued. In doing this he accomplishes half the most important part of his task. But the picture on the other side should be painted with the same faithfulness and fulness. Campaigns are not worked out by machines on maps, but through mire or dust by thousands of sentient human beings, the more readily and powerfully influenced by sullenness or cheerfulness, by despondency or hope, by suspicion or trustfulness, because brought together in masses. And military history will never be a perfect record of facts until it learns to give full weight to the most powerful of all the impulses which result in these facts, the good or bad spirit of the soldier. When he leaves his bivouac with the evil temper which contaminated MacMahon's army as it broke up from Chalons. disaster and ruin go before the march, and the first check that is encountered makes their dread forms appear.

INTERNATIONAL VANITIES.*

THIS might be described in the language of the last century as "a very idle book." The author has collected his materials, it seems, not of set purpose, but from time to time as they came to hand. This kind of accumulation of stray notes is by no means a bad thing in itself. It may well serve to determine a man's course when he is in doubt as to the choice or treatment of a subject; it gives him the first steps, which are generally the most troublesome, done to his hand, and is a convenient base of further operations. It does not follow that all further operations can be dispensed with. The materials of the chapters now before us might probably have been made, with a little more research and not very much more trouble, into something at least as amusing as they now are, decidedly more curious, and for some purposes even useful. Without any parade of learning or repellent ostentation of references, a certain amount of authentic and definite information might have been brought together which one might occasionally be glad to refer to, and which it would be difficult to find collected elsewhere; and by a moderate use of extraneous knowledge considerable additions could have been made in the way of comparison and illustration which would have profitably replaced divers and many pages eked out with different degrees of platitude, and the worth of the book, even as a matter of simple amusement, would have been much increased. But the writer could not or would not do any of these things. Magazine articles they were—the writings were "skimmed off as they rose" from the surface of other work, as he tells us—and magazine articles they must remain. He deliberately forbears to quote authorities, because they "present a mask of learning which would be out of place here." We confess that we are almost indignant at seeing possibilities of good work thus spoilt, apparently without resistance or regret, by the conditions of current magazine-writing. Mr. Marshall is known to us as a pleasant and intelligent writer on other topics. But here he seems to have been afraid, not merely of showing off special knowledge, but of showing too much knowledge of any sort. His subject, not a very well-defined one in itself, and certainly not clearly defined by him, appears on the whole to be the rise, conditions, and prospects of the external forms and symbols which attend upon the dealings of sovereign States with one another. It is obvious that the treatment of this subject must be to some extent historical, and that in the region of diplomacy and international law it would at least be none the worse for some little familiarity with political and legal conceptions. Mr. Marshall has, however, assumed the air—how far, if at all, corresponding to reality, how far by mere carelessness, or how far by deliberate dissimulation, we cannot undertake to guess—of setting out on these inquiries provisioned with a very notable stock of ignorance, and ignorance especially of things legal and historical. This shows itself not so much in positive mistakes as in a curious inadequacy of handling, missing of points, and needless discussion of matters of common knowledge as if they were something novel.

In the very first paragraph it is a little odd to find international

* *International Vanities.* By Frederic Marshall, Author of "French Home Life." Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1875.

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law classed with heraldry, astrology, and hawking, as a kind of superannuated oddity, though there are "grave persons"—venerable antiquaries like Sir W. Harcourt, we presume—"who go on writing books about it." Considering that international law has, for obvious reasons, been of more importance in the last twenty years than at any earlier time in this century, and that its importance is, if anything, still on the increase, the description is not happy. Again, though one cannot be exacting in this kind of writing, an author expressly treating of titles and the like might be expected not to talk of "the Emperor of Germany" and "the Roman crown which was *supposed to come* to him through Charlemagne and the Western Empire." This prepares one for the assumption of Imperial style and dignity by other princes being set down on the next page, with perfect inadvertence to its real meaning, as the fruit of an "imitative disposition"; as if the title of Emperor had been, as it is now, just a title like another, only passing in some vague way for the grandest of them. Of course it really meant a denial of the Emperor's supremacy. Henry VIII., or his Parliamentary draftsman, used it in a rather special manner as a denial of Papal supremacy too. In the same way, in a later part of the book, the author refers the style of kings, "by the grace of God," to an acknowledgment of the Pope as superior; whereas it may mean, and sometimes probably did mean, the exact contrary. When Bracton said, "Ipse autem rex non debet esse sub homine sed sub deo et sub lege, quia lex facit regem," or when William the Conqueror professed to hold his crown of God and his sword, we may be nearly sure in the former case, as we are quite sure in the latter, that the real intention of the statement was a patriotic negative rather than a pious affirmative. It suggests, according to feudal doctrine, a tenure in chief without any intermediate lord, and pointedly disavows any human superior. Then we have a chapter on diplomatic forms which is fairly amusing. Mr. Marshall remarks on the former use and present disuse of religious invocations in the language of treaties. This piece of history, however, is by no means peculiar to this kind of documents. Ancient charters and even statutes, sought to strengthen their temporal effect by all the terrors of ecclesiastical sanction, and traces of the practice are current in old-fashioned wills and in the old and odd common form (still used with little, if any, change) of policies of marine insurance. In the succeeding chapter, on "Titles," the most remarkable thing recorded is the persistent claim of Russian sovereigns to Imperial rank, made at the various Courts of Europe at various times during the last century, and admitted first, it seems, by England, and last, with much reluctance and not without pretence of reservations, by France and Spain. The statement that the title of *Majesty* "came into use among European rulers at a relatively recent period"—meaning, as the context shows, the middle of the fourteenth century—is too wide if it goes beyond strictly ceremonial use. The earliest known text-book of Scottish law, copied from a still earlier text-book of English law, takes us nearly two centuries further back, and happens to be known by no other title than its first two words, and those words are *Regiam majestatem*. But the author is no doubt correct in noting, a little further on, that the technical modern use of Prince is very modern indeed.

Then comes a chapter on "Decorations." In speaking of the love of mankind for such things, which is supposed to be more conspicuous on the Continent than here, it would have been relevant to call attention to the many unofficial displays of it to be seen in England and America. Without coming down to Foresters and Good Templars, the ribands and other uniforms of cricket and boat clubs may be counted by scores; and the American universities, if less rich in these, have their societies of a more literary kind not exactly corresponding to anything here, in which also man appears as a decoration-wearing animal. Under the head of "Diplomatic Privileges" we have an account, not without interest, but for readers who want to learn anything made absolutely valueless by the omission of references, of the extraordinary claims that formerly (and not so very long ago) were made, and sometimes sustained, on behalf of ambassadors. They did not stop at personal immunities, but assumed local franchises, including even the exercise of criminal jurisdiction over their own followers. The chapter ends with six pages of very poor light writing spun out of the obvious reflection that the surviving privileges of ambassadors are in the present state of civilization of comparatively small value. The writer goes on to discourse of alien laws, and incidentally shows his grasp of etymology by finding it impossible to understand how *détraction* came to be a technical name for a tax levied on the inheritances of strangers. "*Détraction* means evil speaking and nothing else; how then could it possibly be applied to taxes?" As there are signs elsewhere of acquaintance with at least the existence of M. Littré's Dictionary, we must assume this to be a deliberate piece of affectation set up for the sake of a very forced jest which follows upon it. In this chapter there is some dealing with both French and English history; the manner of it, intended probably to be attractive to the "general reader," is to our mind exceedingly flippant and repulsive.

The last chapter, entitled "Glory," is perhaps the worst of all. It has less pretence of relevance and more offences in it than any foregoing one. A writer who talks of Alexander as "little more than a half-savage soldier"; who classes "the Arabs who mastered Africa and Spain"—and also kept alive the light of science for several centuries till Europe was ready to take it up—with "the Turks who destroyed the Eastern Empire"—and also whatever they could, there and elsewhere, of science and civilization—as one and the same sort of "good fighters and rude conquerors"; and who takes several rambling pages to arrive at the discovery that the so-called laws of war are not laws in the strict sense, whence is deduced the still greater discovery that war is a bad thing—a writer who does all these things, we say, presumes too much on even that large measure of patience which must be conceded to magazine-writing on the somewhat large assumption that such writing is to be recognized as a necessity. The last-mentioned point is in part made out by a wholly misconceived attempt to distinguish between "lawfulness" as applying to things authorized merely by positive law, and "legality" as importing some addition of moral approbation, or assertion of conformity to more general principles. If there is any distinction, it is just the reverse. It is not illegal in any sense for a man who could do better things if he chose to write and publish a flippant and careless book; but one may fairly say it is not lawful according to the higher law of taste and liberal arts.

LITTLE-RUSSIAN HISTORICAL POEMS.*

THE volume now before us is the first instalment of a work which, if it is completed in the same spirit in which it has been commenced, cannot fail to prove highly interesting and important. Much has been done of late years towards collecting the fragmentary epics preserved in the memories of the rustic inhabitants of Great-Russia, especially in the North-East provinces; but the corresponding poetry of Little-Russia (Volhynia, Podolia, Ukraine, &c.) has not until very recently met with the attention it deserves. Many valuable collections of songs and stories, it is true, have been made by local scholars, among whom MM. Rudchenko and Kulish may be specially named; but a critical edition of the popular poetry in which the South-West of Russia is so rich has long been a work to be desired, but not to be obtained. To Professors Antonovich and Dragomanof is now justly due the credit of having produced, at least in part, a collection of Little-Russian historical songs, in which the texts have been conscientiously tested and methodically arranged, while the critical portion of the work has been planned and executed in a systematic and scholarlike manner.

The editors take as their starting-point in the political history of the South-Russian people the formation of the Drujinas, or Military Companies. These, headed by princes of Rurik's race, swayed the destinies of South Russia up to the time of the Tartar invasions; and afterwards, under the descendants of the Lithuanian Gedimin, they maintained their influence up to the union of Poland and Lithuania in the middle of the sixteenth century. So prominent, say the editors, is the place which these companies and their princely chieftains occupy in the poetic memory of the people, so little impression have the municipal Veches, or Common Councils, made upon it, that the poems relating to that period may be designated those of the "Drujina or Princely Age." Next comes the period in which the upper strata of society became divided from the lower, undergoing what is described as "a Polonizing process," while the Tartar power, after the appearance of the Turks on the shores of the Black Sea, begins to lift its head anew. Then arises from amid the people that "Cossackdom" which has left its stamp upon the poems which form the second part of the present work, and which are grouped under the head of the "Poetry of the Cossack Age." With the first section of that part the volume now before us concludes.

The third part will be devoted to the "Poems of the Haidamac Age," illustrating the period in which a struggle was maintained (say the editors) by the masses of the people, in that part of what is now South Russia which had not submitted to the Tsar Alexis Mikhailovich, against the Polish nobles and their Jewish agents. The representatives of this conflict, which continued until the partition of its arena between Russia and Austria, were known by various names, but in the Ukraine they bore that of Haidamacs, or brigands. The fourth part of the work will contain what are styled the "Songs of the Recruit and Serf Age," due to the changes introduced into Little-Russia, much to the disadvantage of the lower classes, during the second half of the last century and the first half of the present. The fifth and last division will comprise the new class of popular songs which have sprung up since the improvement in the position of the rural population effected in Austria in 1848, and in Russia in 1861, and to which the sounding title is given of "Songs about Freedom."

The first part begins with a number of short songs which, the editors say, have hitherto been omitted from historical collections on account of their being supposed to contain only "mythical-religious" allusions. Of such a nature, for instance, are the *Kolyadki*, or songs sung at Christmas-time, many of which are usually considered as nothing more than time-honoured relics of heathenism. In a number of them, however, the present editors see traces of a cultus paid, not only to ancient deities, but also to early princes. Whether their view, in the majority of cases, be correct or not, is a question not to be hastily decided, and upon both sides of which much may be said. But in many instances the songs quoted as *Kolyadki* evidently support the conclusions at which Professors Antonovich and Dragomanof have arrived—as, for example, those in which a silken tent is described, within

* *Istoricheskiya Pyesni Malorusskago Naroda.* [*Historical Poems of the Little-Russian People.* Edited, with Notes, by V. Antonovich and M. Dragomanof.] Vol. I. Kief. 1874.

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which sits at a golden table a princely youth, to whom come his trusty warriors, praying that they may be sent into the land of the infidel, there to give rein to their swift steeds, to pierce with the flying arrow, and hew with the flashing sword. The reader, however, who does not possess very special qualifications will probably be glad to pass on to the less doubtful poems, principally to be found in the second part, which deal with personages and events of an evidently real and not mythical nature.

The first section of the second part, comprising pp. 73 to 327 of the present volume, is devoted to those "Poems of the Cossack Age" which relate to "the struggle against the Turks and Tartars." Most of them, say the editors, have evidently been composed, so far as their present form is concerned, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the material out of which they were formed was doubtless ancient, and some of them may perhaps be traced back to the times of the first Tartar inroads. Dealing with sorrows which are intelligible to all minds, they possess a wide human interest. We hear in them the lamentations of captives in a far-off land, the wailing in their former homes of those to whom they were dear. We see the nightly inroad of the infidel foe, the ruined homestead, the ravaged fields, the forced march of the weary and footsore prisoner, the hardships endured by the slave on a cruel master's farm, or, still worse, on board a Turkish galley, and at last the almost welcome death which puts an end to his life-long captivity. Very gloomy and sad are the great majority of these poems, though every here and there a ray of light illumines the sombre picture they present, as when a captive youth or maiden is ransomed, or is enabled to escape by the aid of a loved one's faithful hand.

By way of giving some idea of the nature and scope of these poems, we will add an analysis of a few specimens of them. Across the plain, says one of them, goes a captive band. There, among others, three maidens are mourning, the daughters of a village priest. "Ah, golden locks of mine!" cries one sad captive, as she follows on foot the horse to which a rope attaches her, "no longer will ye be dressed and adorned by my mother dear!" "Ah, small white feet of mine!" exclaims the second, who is dragged along behind a waggon, "no longer are ye washed by my mother's hands. By the rough sands are ye worn; your traces are marked by my blood!" And the third, who on account of her special charms has been hidden by her captors in a covered cart, thus laments as she is slowly driven along, "Ah, eyes, dark eyes of mine! Across the wide plain do we pass, but never do ye see the light of day!"

Near the village grows the corn abundantly, we are told in another song. There a maiden reaps the harvest, binding little sheaves. Comes a Cossack riding by, mounted on a coal-black steed:—

Cease, O maiden, cease to reap the harvest, binding little sheaves.

Onwards to a hillock rides the Cossack, there lies down and softly slumbers, while his steed wanders at random through the dell. Thither comes the maiden, and strikes him on the face with plaited grasses:—

Rise from slumber, Cossack, rise. No longer canst thou see thy steed. Him Turks and Tartars drive afar.

Well known to them am I [he answers], they will not touch me. What though my steed be lost, another will I get. But thou, should'st thou be lost—no other love is there for me remaining.

In a third song a captive Cossack writes pleading letters to his parents, entreating them to ransom him. But when the father learns that it will cost him four couple of oxen to do so, he refuses to interfere, as does the mother when she discovers that the price of her son's liberty is four couple of cows with their calves. Then the captive appeals in despair to his love. She instantly exclaims that sooner would she lose all she possesses than that he should be left in captivity; and the pining prisoner is straightway released.

Among the most popular of these songs of captivity is one, of which several variants are given in the present collection, describing the attempted escape of three Russian prisoners from the power of the infidel. The different versions closely agree in all but the conclusion of the story. From the account given in all of them of the city of Azof, and the steppe separating it from the Ukraine, it is supposed that this *duma*, to use the name given in Little-Russia to a song or ballad of this description, must have been composed at some period between the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth. The following is a summary of its contents:—

From the city of Azof it is not a fog that arises; three brothers are flying from weary slavery. Two of them are on horseback, the third runs after them on foot. On the white stones, amid the grey thorns, he wounds his feet, leaving behind him stains of blood:—

Stay your steeds, O my brothers! take me up behind you, that I may reach Christian towns, may see again my father and my mother.

Thus he cries as, with tears streaming from his eyes, he holds on to their stirrups.

If we wait for thee or take thee up [replies the eldest brother], then will the pursuers come up with us, will pierce us with wounds, and will drag us back into harsh captivity.

If ye will neither wait for me nor carry me, draw your bright blades and sever my head from my shoulders. Then bury me in the open plain, so that neither bird nor beast may make of me their prey.

Never has such a thing been heard of [replies the second brother] as that a brother should stain with a brother's blood his blade.

If ye will not slay me, O my brothers, then as ye ride through the wooded ravines, break off branches from the thorn trees, and strew them in the way to guide my steps.

So, as the mounted brothers ride along, the younger of the two plucks branches from the thorn trees, and strews them in the track. But when the sweeping steppes are reached, no wooded ravines, no thorn trees can be seen:—

Let us tarry awhile, elder brother, let us wait for our brother's coming.

If we tarry awhile, younger brother, and wait our brother's coming, never shall we escape from the Turkish prison in Azof.

Sadly the brothers ride on, the younger tearing shreds from his clothes, strewing them along the track. The youngest brother sees the shreds as he toils along the steppe. Deeming his brothers dead, he sadly laments their fate:—

Oh, Lord my God! would that I knew if my brothers have been slain or led away into captivity. If they lie dead, fain would I seek their bodies, and bury them in the open plain, secure from bird or beast.

Coming to a little hillock, he lays his head on the ground, and laments bitterly with tears. The blue-winged eagles come flying together, strive to seize his dark locks, to tear out his bright eyes:—

Wait a little longer, O ye unkind guests! Wait till the youthful Cossack soul has fled from the fair body. Then pluck the eyes from beneath the brow, rend the flesh from off the bones.

The Cossack dies; down on his corpse swoop the blue eagles; the grey wolves gather together from the wide steppes. They rend his body asunder, they scatter his bones over the sweeping plain. Over the Cossack youth no father, no mother weeps. But the blue-winged cuckoo comes flying up, lights on the ground beside his head, and makes sad wail:—

Ah head! ah youthful Cossack head! No longer tended with a loving care, but rolled about at will by bird or beast.

The elder brothers ride and ride. As they draw near to Christian towns, a weight lies heavy on their souls:—

When we reach home [the younger says] how shall we answer our parents when they ask us after our youngest brother?

We will reply [the elder says] we and he served different lords. When we fled by night we vainly strove to wake him. Then were we forced to leave him in captivity.

Not so [answers the younger]. For if we lie to our father and our mother, then will their curse descend upon our heads.

Into the plains of Samara ride the two brothers. By the Samara river they sleep, their horses grazing beside them. Suddenly the heathen foe bursts on them. The brothers are cut down, are hewed in pieces. The heads of the brothers are borne aloft on the pagan sword, their bones lie scattered about the sweeping plain.

The specimens we have given will serve, even under the disadvantage of being represented by a condensed translation, to give some idea of the contents of the important work for which scholars are indebted to Professors Antonovich and Dragomanof. Let us trust that neither local jealousy nor official narrowness will impede the complete fulfilment of an undertaking which ought to be regarded as a meet subject for national pride.

KENNEDY'S ARISTOPHANES.*

CERTAIN exacting critics have said that they can see nothing to admire in Dr. Kennedy's "Birds." It is not, in their opinion, so adapted to the tastes of the man of cultivation, who enjoys the fine flavour of classical literature after the active study of his Greek and Latin is past, as the translations of Frere. It cannot be that a Professor of Greek contemplated simply a literal translation for the purposes of the beginner; and if the object was to appeal to the student whose Greek still cleaves to him, and who has not outlived his perception of, any more than his relish for, the nice points of the original, how, it is asked, can a modern *réchauffé* in the shape of an English version make this appeal half so forcibly as the original Greek, of which the wit, life, and beauty defy distillation. We know this line of argument, and have met with it before in cases where practised scholarship has borne fruit in such clear and faithful translations as are its natural product. It seems to us, however, that Dr. Kennedy's translation satisfies a want which has not been recognized by his predecessors and compeers—a want alike of the English reader and of the Greek scholar who appreciates his mother tongue. He appears, on the one hand, to have desired to admit to a taste of Aristophanes, at his best, as many unlearned readers as curiosity might prompt to take advantage of it; and this is the explanation, probably, of the Greek-made-easy and the "construes" in those mid-page notes which occupy the space allotted in classical editions to the "apparatus criticus." But, on the other hand, his version is also suitable for the scholar in full work or the scholar resting on his oars; for whilst he makes a conscience of rendering each point and all the pith of the Greek as nearly as may be, he guards against the bare suspicion of dulness and pedantic obscurity, justifying and elucidating in foot-notes the English equivalents with which he has sought to represent the Greek. As "the outgrowth of lectures delivered" by him "as Greek Professor," it is natural that Dr. Kennedy's version should savour of the exact and learned scholar, but

* *The Birds of Aristophanes.* Translated into English Verse, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices. By Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

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a thorough and loving familiarity with his subject has shown him where a touch of compromise can assist the English reader to realize its points and bearings; and, at the same time, the stickler for the gist of the original has a guarantee that as little as possible of it is lost or filtered away.

We therefore deprecate express comparison of Dr. Kennedy's version with that of Hookham Frere. The men are as unlike in tone as in purpose and special talent. But if it were needed to illustrate the difference between the standard of literality in use with the one and that observed by the other, it would be easy to do so by their several renderings of two brief scraps of Aristophanes in the amusing scene where Peisthetærus gives audience and *congé* to priest, poet, soothsayer, &c., one after the other. The first passage is from the concluding lines of the chorus *apropos* of the inadequacy of the sacrifice (a very lean goat) to all the bird gods and goddesses which Peisthetærus had discussed with the priest. It strikes them that under the circumstances a single deity had better be invited to the feast:—

τὰ γὰρ παρόντα θύματ' οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν
γένειόν τ' ἐστὶ καὶ κέρατα.—M. 901-2.

This apology, or excuse, is no doubt broadly and quite intelligibly expressed by Frere—

Our victim is so poor and thin:
Merely bones in fact and skin!

The more exact rendering of Dr. Kennedy seems to place the miserable goat before our eyes:—

In the victim standing by
Only beard and horns I spy.

So, too, where Peisthetærus retorts upon the poet, who has quoted Homer's description of his class as *Μουσάων θεράποντες ὀρῃηροί*, "diligent servants of the Muses" (967, M. 915), a sly hit at the service his coat has seen, Frere's rendering of

οὐκ ἐτὸς ὀρῃρὸν καὶ τὸ λῳδάριον ἔχεις

is not so explicit as Dr. Kennedy's, though the latter involves a little compromise or substitution. The poet explains that he is not literally a menial:—

No! but professors of the poetical art
Are simply styled the "Menials of the Muses"
As Homer expresses it. [PEISTH.] *Ay, the Muse has given you*
A ragged livery.—FRERE.

Dr. Kennedy discovers in the sense of "well-worn" applying to both garment and wearer a *double entendre* of which he makes admissible use:—

No! but every one whom song produces
Is a *holy menial* of the Muses:
Such is the title Homer uses.
PEISTH. *Your blouse too's holy*; to your trade you owe it!

But—setting aside comparisons—there is a sense of satisfaction in almost always getting in Dr. Kennedy's versions change for your old gold. In the opening scene, where the two adventurers in Birdland are debating how to ascertain the whereabouts of the hoopoe's abode (54-5), the letter and the spirit are alike preserved in the rendering of

Π. *τῷ σκέλει θένε τὴν πέτραν·*
Ε. *σὺ δὲ τῇ κεφαλῇ γ' ἵν' ᾖ διπλάσιος ὁ ψόφος.*

P. Just give the rock
A shin stroke. E. By all means, and you a head stroke.
A double knock will make a double noise.

In another, where the sightseers are questioning the bird-king about the first birds which come on the stage independently of the chorus, and inquire about the third of these, a variety of the hoopoe, invented to suit a comic purpose, nothing can be neater than the version of the hoopoe's reply to the remark of Euelpides on the rapidity with which this bird sheds its feathers. The Greek runs:—

ἅτε γὰρ ὢν γενναῖος ὑπό τε συκοφαντῶν τίλλεται
ἅ τε θήλειαι προσκτιλλουσιν αὐτοῦ τὰ πτερά (285-6);

and Dr. Kennedy translates—

Yes, because he is a lordling, parasites his plumage clip;
And the lady-birds moreover all the little remnant strip.

Again, where Peisthetærus is convincing the chorus of the feasibility of making mankind install the birds in the place of gods, and suggests how one section of the bird-tribes may place Apollo at a disadvantage, it is no servile literality, but a balance between letter and spirit, which dictates the third of the verses we quote with the Greek underneath:—

Again the ravens may tear out, if thus it must be tried,
The eyes of all their ploughing kine, and all their sheep beside:
Then let Apollo heal, if he's as rich in science as in fees.

[*εἰθ' Ἀπόλλων ἰατρός γ' ὢν ἰάσθω· μισθοφορεῖ δέ.*]

But, in truth, it was to be expected that the constant study of the Greek text should so familiarize an acute scholar with all the niceties of the original, and bring him so close to the inner mind of the author, that transfusion becomes a process where scarce a drop is spilt, and the ancient form of thought suffers as little detriment as possible. This is the case with single words of Aristophanic coinage, such as a bird called *φασιανικός*, a mixture of "pheasant" and "informer" (72), which Dr. Kennedy renders "one of the tell-tale tits"; *μελλυνικιᾶν*, "to shilly-shally, Nicias like" (671), *Σαρδανάπαλλος* (1021), "Dainty Don"; *ἁλφιὸν πνέων* (1121), "Panting in the true Alphean style"—to which it would be easy to add other examples.

This translation is very happy in its representations of the Aristophanic surprise, which consists in substituting a droll or sarcastic word for the one which the foregoing words had led one to expect. An instance that occurs most readily is that where Euelpides in the opening scene reverts to the Athens he has left as *πᾶσι κοινὴν ἐναποῖσαι χρήματα*—

And free to all alike, to pay their fines in;

but it will be a point for individual taste to determine whether the attempts to reproduce the poet's puns on names of places and persons are equally happy. In translation this must always be a doubtful experiment. One of the best translators of Aristophanes—Walsh—revels in it; and we have had a feeling of plethora at times in perusing attempts of this kind in the plays edited by Mr. Green. On occasions Dr. Kennedy deserves the credit of hitting the happiest equivalent, and that without taking a long range—*e.g.* where Peisthetærus consoles his companion by telling him that, if their adventure has a fatal issue, they will be honoured with a public funeral, as having fallen at Orneæ (*ἀποθανεῖν ἐν Ὀρνεαῖς*, 404), a town of Argolis, besieged by Athens two years before the date of this play, but taken without loss of life, by reason of its garrison evacuating it at night. The version before us runs:—

Burial place for you and me
Shall the Kerameikus be;
Public funeral to secure
We shall the war-office tell,
"Fighting with the foe we fell
In the battle of Birdpûr."

It is natural, as well as neat, to translate the joke about the lark's father, that "he lie's dead at Buryhead" (*κεῖται τεθνεὼς Κεφαλῆσιν*, 475 M.); and one may accept *Poland* and *Woland* without much demur as modern equivalents for *Ὀλοφύξιοι* and *ὠτοτύξιοι* (1041-2). But there may be reasonable doubts whether any adequate result is conveyed to the English mind by Dr. Kennedy's version of a joke on the half-caste poetaster Spintharus in the epirrhema, vv. 802-3, the point of which is a hit at his mixed blood and colour, taken from bird-associations. We give the Greek and English:—

εἰ δὲ τυγχάνει τις ὢν Φρὺξ μηδὲν ἧττον Σπινθάρου
φρυγίλος ὄρνις οὗτος ἔσται, τοῦ Φιλήμονος γένους.

Any half-caste spintharus, from the land of bamboos,
Blackbird will be called by us, cousin of our Sambos.

It is only just to Dr. Kennedy to quote his apology for this at present obscure allusion. "Liberty," he writes, "has been taken to make the half-caste a mulatto, the bird a blackbird, and Philemon Sambo. If the comic poet may dare *anything* for the sake of humour, his translator must occasionally dare *something*, lest the humour evaporate altogether." Readers will judge for themselves whether the *something* in this case is worth the effort. To our thinking, in this case, as also in a sally about Diitrephes in the antepirrhema (836-9), where the quondam maker of wicker-flasks is represented as a cavalry officer, and *ξουθὸς ἱππαλεκτρυών* comes out as "Colonel Horsecock of the Buffs," the transition is too violent; and here at least we should prefer the scholar's privilege of enjoying the original without having to assess the value of the copies.

It remains to say a word or two of the general execution of the work. To a fidelity guaranteed by his thorough insight into his author's meaning Dr. Kennedy adds a sound judgment and discretion as to the choice of metres and language. He is lively in his version without ever becoming low, which is more than can be said for some of his rivals. Here and there he qualifies the coarseness of the Greek by a presentable innuendo, and sometimes he is constrained to omit a line or two bodily. The dialogue in the main is creditably representative of the life and spirit of the original, and the lyric portions of the play are gracefully and poetically rendered. It would be priggish to desire aught truer and prettier than this snatch of the hoopoe's song to his mate:—

So when thy brown beak is thrilling
With that holy music-trilling,
Through the woodbine's leafy bound
Swells the pure melodious sound
To the throne of Zeus; and there
Phœbus of the golden hair,
Hearing, to thine elegies,
With the awakened chords replies
Of his ivory-claspèd lyre,
Stirring all the Olympian choir,
Till from each immortal tongue
Of that blessed heavenly throng
Peals the full harmonious song.

The next song of the hoopoe (242-80) will hardly suffer in comparison with Frere's admirable lyric version, whilst it has the further excellence of recalling the very letter as well as the spirit of the original. Almost the same may be said of Dr. Kennedy's treatment of the parabasis proper, though it were bold to institute a comparison with "Ye children of man! whose life is but a span," &c., a piece of translation which is a *locus classicus* in our literature. Dr. Kennedy has turned the parabasis into English trochaics, as most congenial to the modern ear, but in an appendix he gives a clever and readable anapæstic alternative. In his introduction he regards the later scenes of the birds which introduce Prometheus, Heracles, and Triballus as the most

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amusing; but we confess that the fun of the piece strikes us as pretty equally spread over the whole, whilst the beauty and mirth of the choral passages are, if anything, preponderant at the earlier part.

It is not within our power to touch upon the questions opened in the Introduction, or to do more than bear witness to the learning and research displayed in it and in the Appendices. Were it otherwise, a word might be said touching the Professor's theory of the drift and keynote of this comedy. He seems to us to err, as others have done before him, in looking for this in too definite and single a form, whereas the probability is that Aristophanes did not work upon any single plan, but, writing out of a full brain and on the impulse of a free and lively wit, dashed into skits at Alcibiades, at Athenian litigiousness, at war incidents, and what not, as fancy bade him. But this sort of inquiry belongs to the study of Aristophanes as a whole, and our present purpose has been to welcome Dr. Kennedy in the new character of a poetical translator.

TROTTER'S HISTORY OF INDIA.*

THIS is a popular History of India written at the request of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. A feeling adverse to the book may consequently arise, for books written from a special point of view are too often one-sided and prejudiced. From such blemishes Mr. Trotter's work is free. It does credit to his own independence and to the liberality of the Society which has published it. An incidental fling or two at Rome is all that we have observed in it of a sectarian character. The tone of the work is Christian and healthy, but without a trace of Pharisaism. The first dips into the book gave us a favourable impression, and although a more careful perusal has led to the discovery of many and serious blunders, we are at the end more disposed to approve than to censure. The History of India divides itself into three periods—Hindu, Mahomedan, and English. A personal experience of India and some acquaintance with one or more of the languages of the country are great advantages to a writer; and we believe that the writer of this book has these advantages, but, as Mill has proved, they are not indispensable. Any writer of ability and industry may master the English period, and the Mahomedan authors have been so ransacked that but little is now left for independent research, so that these two periods lie open to all who choose to study them. It is very different with the times preceding the Mahomedan conquest in the eleventh century. The history of that ancient period has not yet been written, nor is the time yet ripe for it. Much has been done towards it. Elphinstone's summary of what was known in his day is invaluable. Mr. Talboys Wheeler's contributions are more extensive, but they deal only with distinct portions. They are exhaustive as far as they go, but they leave a great deal of ground untouched. The journals of the learned Societies of Europe and India abound with materials. Extracts from old books, translations of inscriptions and descriptions of coins, monuments, and other ancient remains have to be brought together, weighed, tested, and compared. For this work there is required not only great learning and research, but sound and critical judgment. Much rash speculation, many enthusiastic dreams and crude fancies, have to be swept away, and the conclusions of the most able and sagacious pioneers in this field of research have to be tested by the light of later discoveries and matured experience. There has never been a time when the search in India for records of the past has been so active, general, and persevering as it is now. The Government has its official archæological explorers, and their exertions are aided by many zealous amateurs. The stores of knowledge are thus fast accumulating, and the time is not perhaps far distant when the ancient days of India may be depicted in full though faint and shadowy outline.

Mr. Trotter has gone through the ancient period, and has given a very fair summary of what is known about it. Where there is so much uncertainty and so great room for difference of opinion we are not disposed to be very critical, and to set up opinion against opinion. We cannot, however, allow his account of the Sudra or fourth caste to pass unchallenged. He says, "In the fourth or Sudra class were comprehended all the 'low born,' the people of mixed caste or of non-Aryan blood, who followed trades and callings forbidden to the twice-born, or belonged by birth to any of the subject races." We think the weight of evidence is in favour of the Sudras being Aryans, though a contrary opinion may fairly be entertained. But it is clearly wrong, when writing about the Code of Menu, to represent the Sudras as being people of "mixed caste." In Menu's time the four castes were as fully and distinctly defined as they have ever been, and the "mixed castes" were as distinct from the Sudras as from any one of the superior castes. Describing the changes which have taken place in the institution of caste, the author thus proceeds:—

> In course of time the system sanctioned by a mythical lawgiver, in behalf at once of an aggressive priesthood and a conquering race, underwent some noteworthy changes. Shattered, if not effaced, by succeeding waves of Buddhism, it reappeared during the Christian centuries in a new and far more complex shape. Out of the four great castes there had grown some hundreds. The old sharp divisions of birth and calling had well nigh vanished. Race no longer determined a man's pursuits. The Brahman ceased to be a born priest. In the struggle for life he and the lowly Sudra not seldom changed places, whilst both alike invaded the old domains of the soldier and the husbandman. Sudra dynasties ruled the land, Sudra priests sacrificed in the holy places, Sudra soldiers fought by the side of Brahmans and Rajputs, Sudra merchants, bankers, landholders, physicians, were held in equal honour with the Vaisyas, whose place they gradually filled. It was accounted no shame for a Brahman to cook the dinner of a wealthy Sudra, to become a clerk in a public office, to follow the standard of a Sudra captain, or to earn a livelihood by managing a farm. He might still, like a modern Polish noble, carry his head high among men of his own caste, but in the outer world his social importance came more and more to depend upon his worldly circumstances. As a priest or a Pandit he still enjoyed all the reverence which Hindus are wont to pay to their spiritual and intellectual guides. As a soldier or a merchant he continued to rank first among followers of the same calling. But a wealthy Sudra merchant paid small deference to the twice-born clerk who wrote his letters, or to the high-caste menial who prepared his food.

Now there is much in this description that is true, but parts which are wholly or partially wrong. Sudras enjoy great wealth, and have even risen to royalty; vast numbers of Brahmans are engaged in agriculture, service, and other worldly callings; but the line of division is as broad and distinct between the castes as it has ever been. Whatever the wealth and power of the Sudra, he can never pretend to the religious superiority and caste distinction of the Brahman. The Brahman may not be a priest, but he alone is entitled to be one; and as for the "Sudras sacrificing in holy places," it is utterly untrue so far as the bulk of the Hindus are concerned. In the reforming sects which have abolished caste distinctions a man who was originally a Sudra, or of any other caste, may arrive at the priestly office; but before this he has ceased to be of any caste at all. A little further on we find another error of a similar kind. Speaking of the worshippers of Siva, the author says:—

> It is in Southern India, where the pious Sankara Achárya preached and travelled nine hundred years ago, that the sects which honour Siva have made most way among the people. Among the strictest of these are the Lingáyats, who worship Siva under the form of the Lingam, the male emblem of nature's reproductive powers.

It is hardly necessary to say that the lingam is the emblem of Siva among all his worshippers, whether Lingáyats or not. But the strange part of this passage is the apparent supposition that the Lingáyats are followers of Sankara Achárya. This great Brahman reformer was the founder of the sect of Smártava Brahmans, the straitest and strictest in the South. The Lingáyats are a modern dissenting sect who have cast off the trammels of caste, and are more disposed to despise than to reverence a Brahman. The Smártavas have several monasterial establishments in the peninsula, and a direct successor from Sankara lives at Sringagiri in the Southern Mahratta country, who is the recognized head of the sect. It so happens that the Lingáyats are strong in this part of the country, and there are constant contentions and open quarrels between the two sects. One very curious dispute reached Her Majesty in Council some twenty-five years ago. This dispute was known as "the Crossway Pálki question." It seemed that for a long period the chief of the Smártavas had been accustomed to be borne about in a palankin carried crosswise, his dignity being enhanced by all other wayfarers having to move aside out of his road. This excited the envy of the chief of the Lingáyats, and he adopted the same practice. Fights and riots followed, and the Gallio of the province was constrained to interfere and to repress the practice altogether. He referred both parties to the Civil Courts, and the Brahman thereupon commenced an action against the Lingáyat for damages on account of loss of dignity arising from his peculiar privilege having been infringed. In proof of his right to the distinctive privilege, he brought forward two ancient deeds, engraved on copper plates, which were long before they found an interpreter. The suit was prosecuted, with varying success, up to the Chief Court in Bombay, and, the Brahman being there worsted, he appealed to the Privy Council, and the case came on for hearing. But doubts were entertained, not only as to the genuineness of the deeds, but also as to the accuracy of the translation. The case was sent back to India for further inquiry, and we have not heard what was the end of it.

Mr. Trotter is also too easily led away by supposed identity of names. In Sanskrit writings the Greeks or Ionians are designated by the kindred word Yavana (not Yávana, as he writes it), but the term is applied to foreigners in general, and in later days has been given to the Mahomedans. Mr. Trotter, however, thinks that the name marks Ionic extraction, and so he finds Greeks ruling in Orissa, and Greeks giving their name to the island of Java. Passing on to the Mahomedan period, Mr. Trotter, following Marshman, represents Mahomed Kásim, the Arab conqueror of Sind in the eighth century, as carrying his arms into Gujarat, and of having "encountered in Mewar the Rájput chivalry of Chitor." Now the Arab chronicles of this conquest have been translated, and it is perfectly clear that Mahomed Kásim never got beyond Multán. Marshman derived his account from the pages of Tod, the enthusiastic Rájput chronicler; but we may safely limit the Arab conquest to what the Arabs themselves claimed. Mahmúd of Ghazní's inroads into India are briefly but fairly described. Mr. Trotter speaks of Mahmúd's "subjugation of the Peshawar valley," but he does not seem to have fully grasped the fact that Hindu dominion at this time stretched far west of the Indus. In earlier days there were Hindu kings of Kabul, and although the Hindus had fallen back before the aggressive Turkish races, they still retained a considerable territory over the river. Describing Mahmúd's destruction of Somnáth, we have the exploded story of how Mahmúd broke the idol, and how "jewels of untold value

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* *History of India from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By L. J. Trotter, Author of "Studies in Biography," "A Sequel to Thornton's History of India," &c. Published under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. London: 1874.

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rolled out in glittering heaps upon the floor." It is certain that Somnáth was a large lingam of solid stone, and the earliest chronicler relates how Mahmúd broke it by means of fire, and sent part of it to be trodden under foot as a step at the door of the mosque of Ghazní. The lingam was probably adorned with jewels, and there is no doubt of Mahmúd's having obtained an enormous booty; but the fiction of his striking the image with his mace was invented by later writers to support his title of "the idol-breaker." Mr. Trotter, in a note, points out that the truth of the story has been denied; but the book he refers to is one of no authority, and is no more likely to satisfy his readers than it did himself. H. H. Wilson set the question at rest, but the early chronicles of the campaign have been translated, and are easy of reference. We are told also of Mahmúd's having carried off "the sandal-wood gates of Somnáth." But the historians are silent upon this point also, and few people now believe that the gates brought by Lord Ellenborough from Ghazní were ever at Somnáth.

We have noticed also several geographical and etymological errors. In p. 165 we read of "the Panjab within the Indus" as if any part of the Panjab extended beyond it. Jhánsí is more than once stated to be "on the Jumna," but it is about a hundred miles away from that river. The caves of Ajanta are confounded with those of Elephanta, and described as being near Bombay. The distinction between the masculine *bhái* and the feminine *bái* has been disregarded. So Tárá Bái, the well-known Mahratta widow-regent, has been turned into Tárá Bhái, and she is spoken of as a man. In another place "Jagannath" is said to mean "Lord of Heaven," but it should be "Lord of the World." More of such errors might be cited, but we forbear.

The history is brought down to the very latest date, and includes the assassination of Lord Mayo, and the early days of Lord Northbrook's rule. In a work of this size and character nothing more is to be expected than a brief record of the principal events and some notice of the chief actors in them. The narrative is clear and cohesive, and the uninitiated reader may in general follow it with ease; but his attention will be heavily taxed to understand the positions and relations of the many and various personages who rapidly succeed each other in the troublous scenes. This is almost inevitable, and Mr. Trotter has come as near to perspicuity as could be hoped for in so limited a work. Credit is claimed in the preface for the independent treatment of "Warren Hastings and his friend Sir Elijah Impey," which, "however different from the picture drawn by Macaulay, is amply warranted by a careful study of documents misread or overlooked by that great writer." We have failed to find anything particularly new or striking in this portion of the book; as much or more had been written by Marshman on the same side of the question. In this as in most political matters Macaulay took a strong and one-sided view. Cool judicial impartiality was not in his nature, and the force of his rhetoric sometimes perhaps exceeded the strength of his own convictions. That he went too far and expressed himself too strongly upon this matter is now tolerably clear, but it is not so certain that, because his censure was too severe, none at all was deserved. We wish moreover that Mr. Trotter had felt a little of Macaulay's indignation at Clive's false treaty with Omi Chund, and that he had condemned that nefarious transaction with a little of Macaulay's righteous denunciation, instead of finding excuses and palliations. All that can be said in defence of this transaction, when reduced to plain terms, amounts to no more than the assertion that rogues may be fought with their own weapons. This is a maxim which will find but scant acceptance, and most men will agree with Macaulay that Clive's action in this matter was a blunder as well as a crime.

We have pointed out many errors in this book, but we are not disposed to condemn it altogether. It is capable of being made a good elementary work, but it requires careful revision. Looking to the auspices under which it is published, it will probably reach a second edition. If the author will take due pains to seek out his errors and correct them, he may yet make his book one that will be a useful and readable introduction to the history of India. He has shown that he has qualifications for the work, and writes in a clear lively style; but while we agree with him in preferring words of English origin to those of Latin extraction, it is possible to carry this preference too far. The word "outlook," which he frequently uses for "prospect," does not carry quite the same meaning at present, whatever it may come to do hereafter.

FOR THE KING'S DUES.*

OUR story-writers seldom do better than when they take some out-of-the-way spot as the scene of their tale, and with the fortunes of their hero and heroine work up the everyday incidents of a life with which their readers are likely to be but little acquainted. The more ambitious novelists who aim at something far higher than this, and who would describe the great world of which they know next to nothing, are like those artists who take a great width of canvas and some heroic subject, and produce a work vast indeed, but as uninteresting as it is unnatural. To a book in one volume, as to a picture in a small frame, we feel before we have looked into it already somewhat kindly disposed. If it proves to be bad, as indeed it well may do, it will not to its other faults have added that of arrogance. If in the way of our calling we are bound to read it, even if we are impatient over its faults, our impatience is not increased by its vast length. We therefore took up the story before us with a certain amount of kindly feeling. It was in one volume, and though it should prove to be dull, it could not hold us wondrous long. It was, we saw, written by a woman, and might therefore claim a certain amount of indulgence. The scene was laid, too, in the little island of Sark, and as we turned over the leaves we saw that we should come across no one higher in rank than the Seigneur of the island and a Lieutenant in the navy. Our indulgence, however, was not needed, for we soon found ourselves interested in a very pleasantly told tale. It had been our lot to go through of late some half-dozen or so of the ordinary three-volume novels, in which there had been more or less of the usual smart writing in describing people whom we have never met, and scenes which could never have taken place. It was a refreshing change to come upon Mrs. Macdonell's slight tale of Love in a Channel Island. If, by the way, the book, as it deserves, reaches a second edition, we freely offer her, without any reservation of our rights, this as a second title to it. It would sound, we think, not at all ill:—"For the King's Dues; or, Love in a Channel Island." We do not find any extraordinary merits in this little story. It has all the pleasant flavour which we find in a plain dish after we have been living for a while on highly-seasoned food. The mutton may not be six years old, but nevertheless it is honest mutton. It might perhaps have been better fed, better killed, better kept, and better dressed; still, to any one who has a simple appetite, it will afford at least one tolerable meal.

The story opens in the year 1782 with the heroine, Miss Amice Blunt, sitting in a nook beneath the cliffs of Sark reading the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Mrs. Macdonell makes a great mistake, by the way, in placing, as she seems to do, the publication of that charming tale in so late a year as 1782. Goldsmith had lived to see its sixth edition, and of him we can now say, as Tristram Shandy's mother said of Socrates, "He has been dead a hundred years ago." But, though she is wrong in her dates, she is quite right in making that matchless story lay so strong a hold upon the fair young reader that, forgetful of everything but the Vicar and his family, she reads on till she finds that the tide has cut off her retreat, and that death is staring her in the face. We who live on the main ocean have this advantage over the dwellers on the shores of the Mediterranean, that in our love-stories we have the high tides at our command. Many a heroine would have missed her hero had there been no rise of the flood against a steep cliff some three hundred feet high to get her into that frightful position whence a hero alone could deliver her. We were disappointed, however, in the present case to find no one come climbing along the face of the rock, or swinging down on a long cord. The heroine is saved of course, but saved by a woman. Indirectly, however, the tide bears her to the hero, and so does all that a tide can be expected to do. In her despair she climbs into a cave, and, as she is lying there watching the sea run higher and higher, a girl comes in from the other side. She had known of a passage across a narrow ledge of rock which ran through a pool of water that lay in the cave. The waves, however, began to break in, and the girls could not have kept their footing in crossing back. The only thing to be done was to climb to the highest part of the cave, and there to lie in the hope that the water would not rise so high. The tide at length began to fall, and as the day was dawning a shot was heard. Presently a man was seen making for the cave over the rocks, hotly pursued by another. He sprang into the sea, swam to the cave, and passing close by Amice plunged into the pool and crossing it on the swim, disappeared on the other side. She afterwards learnt that two smugglers had been surprised by the coastguard, and that the second man had escaped up the cliff by a path so steep that ascent at one spot would have been impossible without the aid of a rope, which was always left hanging there. As soon as he had gained the top, he had cut the rope, and his pursuer had fallen from a frightful height on to the beach beneath. Amice is taken by her companion Jeanne Cartaret—a strange wild creature whose utterance is scarcely to be understood—to her grandmother's cottage. There she gets from the old fishwife a change of clothes and sets off for her uncle's house. She is nearly worn out, and is lame from a cut in her foot which she had got on the hard rocks. What more natural then than that she should faint away just as young Lieutenant Frazer passes her? He carries her to her home, but does not fall in love with her with all the certainty that is expected in a hero. The fact was that she had a cousin Dolly who in her way was a charming enough young lady, though, if a critic could be supposed capable of falling in love, we would most respectfully lay down our pen at the feet of Amice:—

> Dolly's view of life was that its first object was to make a favourable impression on mankind, and that any efforts to obtain this end were amiable and legitimate; a certain well bred self-respect in Dolly's case always keeping her within the bounds of dignified behaviour. If persons were born ugly, or had the small-pox, of course Dolly argued it was natural for them to take to religious reading, and people continually said that such employment gave as much satisfaction as dancing—though Dolly had secret doubts on the subject.

Dolly, no doubt, was very charming, and nearly won the Lieutenant's heart. She had one fault, and, if in speaking of a young lady we may venture to use Goldsmith's somewhat vulgar expression, "that one was a thumper." "Of the sympathy that gives

* *For the King's Dues.* By Agnes Macdonell, Author of "Martin's Vineyard." London: Macmillan & Co.

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most women their power she had none. Dolly's general idea of consoling persons under difficulty was to change the subject; and the subject she chose was usually herself." While "she was supremely occupied with herself," Amice, as we are told in the next page, was "supremely unconscious of herself." We would venture to suggest to Mrs. Macdonell that although where our forefathers said "altogether" we no doubt say "supremely," yet in a story the scene of which is laid nearly a hundred years ago and among plain people, the common word might pass muster. While we are on a point of language, we would also observe that in the year 1782 there was neither "glinting sunshine" nor "scintillating objects." A fisherman, perhaps, did emerge from a side-door of a house, though we should think it much more likely that he came out. Mrs. Macdonell would seem to show that she has read our older literature not a little. Let her respect for it keep her out of the vulgar tricks with words which are ever being played by the third-rate writers of every age.

We must return, however, to our Lieutenant. It falls to his lot to track out the murderer, and he sets patiently and resolutely to the work. He goes in disguise to the village inn, but is recognized by the innkeeper, Videl, who, though he was not suspected, yet was himself the guilty man. Videl, not giving the least sign that he knew Frazer, cunningly by his talk leads him to suspect Jeanne's brother, Jack. It so happened that the other smuggler, Renouf, who was a good-hearted though reckless young fellow, and utterly incapable of the murder, had been hidden away for some few days in the Cartarets' cottage. He had escaped from the island the very night that Frazer saw Videl, and in going had left behind him, without however telling any one, his belt and a roll of notes wrapped up in it as payment to Jack for the shelter he had so generously afforded him. This is found by Frazer when he comes with a couple of men to search the cottage, and is taken as evidence of Jack's guilt. Amice had described to the Lieutenant the face of the man she had seen swimming, and as her description exactly fitted Renouf, it followed that, if Jack had been his companion, Jack had been the murderer. On his half-wild sister is found a piece of lace, which is taken as a proof that they were at all events a family of smugglers. It was really a piece off Amice's cuff, which the girl had found in the cave, and had treasured up as a memorial of one of the very few people who had ever shown her kindness:—

"Do you take me for a smuggler?" said Jack, fiercely. "Could you not wait till you found me on the rocks with kegs in my net? Is it my grandmother you suspect, or the poor girl there?"

"This is His Majesty's officer, and you must let him do his duty," said Frazer, gravely. "The sooner he does, the sooner you can have the opportunity of proving your innocence."

"You have a high sounding name, gentlemen," said the old woman; "but I would rather my son earned his bread on the sea there than have such a trade as yours, that makes you suspect any honest man of being a knave until you have searched his house."

Frazer flushed; it did not need the old woman's reproach to make him feel that his position was painful. He hated the work; but Jack's sturdiness was only likely to stimulate his determination to go on with it.

Jack is taken off to the prison at Guernsey, and Videl, who, as he had heard nothing of Renouf's escape since the night of the fray, felt sure he was dead, begins to be once more at his ease. Amice meanwhile comes down to the cottage to comfort the old grandmother, and there learns about the piece of lace. A boat, she hears, is to leave in half an hour for Guernsey. She writes a hurried note to Frazer, and sends as a proof of her statement the other cuff. She has no sealing-wax at hand to close the letter, and can merely tie it up with a piece of ribbon. It so happens that it is Videl whose boat is going to Guernsey, and into his hands the letter and the lace are given by Jeanne. He of course, with a curiosity that is quite pardonable in a murderer, unties the string, and, learning from it that his plot will fail, and that Jack will be shown to be innocent, resolves to escape to France. To hinder pursuit, he first cuts the Seigneur's boat adrift, and then climbs over the rocks to the cove where his own boat lay. He had to go down by the side of the cliff where the rope had hung. He had provided himself with a new rope. To lighten its weight, however, he first took off his heavy boots and his coat, in the pockets of which the letter was, and, throwing them down to the beach, began to descend himself. Let our readers stop for a moment to picture to themselves this highly dramatic scene. Here we have a scoundrel letting himself down a cliff at the very spot where a few days before he had murdered an unfortunate coast-guardsman. At the foot of the rocks lay his coat, containing a letter of the highest importance to a most interesting and innocent young fellow who was lying in Guernsey gaol in danger of his life. The letter was doubly interesting, as it was written by the heroine to the hero, between whom before this not a single line and scarcely half a dozen words had passed. It was tied up too with one of her ribbons, the mere possession of which would be an almost endless joy to a gallant Lieutenant in His Majesty's navy. To add to the interest, down another part of the cliff the wild girl was hurrying who suspected Videl, and was afraid that he would not take the letter that was to bear deliverance to her brother. The rope indeed was a new one, and could not break. But to what was the rope fastened? To an iron staple, and iron staples do sometimes give way. We shall not spoil the interest of the plot by telling any more of the story. We shall leave Amice and Dolly both unprovided with husbands; Jack in prison, Renouf no one knows where, Frazer without even a ribbon, and Videl hanging by the rope, and the rope fastened to the staple. We would just observe, by the way, that if the staple did give way, and if Videl did fall, it would not be in accordance with the laws of gravity that the rope as it slid downwards should strike him a mocking blow in the face as with a yell of despair he was hurled into the sea below.

If our readers are not by this time interested in the fate of so many young people, the fault is ours, and not Mrs. Macdonell's. Generally, we must own, we care so little for the fate of those heroes and heroines whom we are always studying, that whether they are to be married or hanged matters not to us a pinch of snuff. When we had read, however, a few chapters of *For the King's Dues*, if we did not care very much for Lieutenant Frazer, we had a particular interest in the gentle heroine, Amice Blunt.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, in proposing subjects for its annual prizes, always endeavours to keep in view questions which occupy public attention, and to suggest the discussion of topics of practical importance. Thus Utilitarianism naturally found a leading place in its programmes *, and the popularity achieved by the works of Messrs. Mill, Darwin, Bain, and Herbert Spencer was regarded as calling for a detailed criticism of the system which makes the notion of happiness the substratum of a theory of ethics. The late M. Jouffroy had indeed many years ago undertaken to refute the utilitarianism of Jeremy Bentham; but his argument, though sound so far as it went, lacked completeness, and the fresh weapons used by recent representatives of that school required to be met by new means of defence. M. Ludovic Carrau's volume is divided into three parts, giving respectively (1) the history of utilitarianism from the days of Epicurus to our own time, (2) the refutation of the doctrine viewed in itself, (3) a statement of the mischief which, in his opinion, its application would bring about. He has evidently studied with close attention the various systems he examines.

M. de Valbezen†, well known to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* under his pseudonym of Major Fridolin, has just published two substantial volumes containing a revised and enlarged edition of the articles contributed by him to that periodical. His subject is the history of British India during the last twenty years. He begins with an account of the Sepoy Mutiny, which he follows throughout all its phases, and, after stating what he considers to have been the causes of the insurrection, he concludes with a sketch of the reforms lately accomplished under the direction of the English Government. M. de Valbezen has made excellent use of the works lately published on the subject which he treats, and he has enriched his book with a copious appendix of official documents which French readers will find very valuable. The conclusion at which he arrives with regard to the causes of the Mutiny tallies very much with that adopted by Sir John Lawrence; and, whilst enumerating the reforms which he deems requisite in the administration of India, he energetically defends the Government against the accusations, so frequently reiterated, of having in the first instance caused the Mutiny by offending the religious prejudices of the Sepoys. M. de Valbezen's *Nouvelles études* are far more than mere sketches. They form a work of substantial value, and show that the author is well acquainted with the details of the British administration of India.

M. Charles de Mazade‡, like M. de Valbezen, in the first instance contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the various chapters of his two volumes; they take us over ground which we have already traversed more than once, and they tell a sad tale which no doubt will be yet repeated by many a writer. The immense number of documents which we possess on the Franco-Prussian war ought, one would suppose, to leave no room for doubt as to any material fact relating to it; nevertheless, as M. de Mazade remarks, the most conflicting and contradictory statements meet us on every side, and it is often impossible to ascertain what the facts really were, when two eyewitnesses of the same events describe them so differently that, if the one speaks the truth, the other must necessarily be uttering falsehood. The vanquished are naturally anxious to extenuate their losses; party spirit obstinately persists in suppressing or glossing over whatever does not suit its theories; imagination helps powerfully to distort facts; and not unfrequently a complete dearth of official documents renders the historian's task hopelessly difficult. Such were the obstacles which M. de Mazade had to face in compiling his narrative of the war; let us add that he has surmounted them with a very creditable measure of success. The last part of the book is taken up by an account of the Communist insurrection, that terrible realization of the senseless dreams which had long been cherished by the demagogues scattered throughout Europe. Now that we have seen the practical results of the Radical programme, is it too much to hope that society will be on its guard against any repetition of the scenes of March 1871?

One of the happiest reforms introduced in consequence of the late events in France has been the suppression of the National Guard. About twenty years ago a distinguished Artillery officer, Baron Poisson, made it demonstrably clear that the indiscriminate arming of the population was an absurdity and a cause

* *La morale utilitaire, exposition et critique.* By Ludovic Carrau. Paris: Didier.

† *Les Anglais dans l'Inde.* Par E. de Valbezen. Paris: Plon.

‡ *La guerre de France.* Par M. Charles de Mazade. Paris: Plon.

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of permanent danger to society; M. de Chamborant de Périssat * now takes up the same position, and maintains it with all the authority belonging to a man who has himself for several years held a high command on the staff of the Paris National Guard. The notion of a republic may be theoretically good—as good as that of a monarchy—but in France it has heretofore been identified with the idea of revolt against authority, and its natural means of action is the National Guard, whose tacit but real purpose is to keep alive the traditions of disorder and opposition to the powers that be. M. de Périssat gives us the whole history of the French *milice bourgeoise* from its beginning, proving—1, that it originated with the purpose of resistance to legal authority; 2, that its first act was a direct violation of the law, since the Paris National Guard took an active share in the invasion of the Palace of Versailles by the mob. The President of the Republic suppressed in 1871 the national militia—so far so good; but the revolutionists are, we are told, only biding their time, and we are warned that on the first opportunity they will endeavour to re-establish a system which they have formerly found so efficacious for the carrying out of their plans. All friends of order therefore should, in M. de Périssat's judgment, stand on their guard, and should especially seek to prevent the new army law from being wrested into a revolutionary measure.

There are certain minds which cannot grasp the truth on any subject unless the corresponding error is placed before them in the shape of a *reductio ad absurdum*. To persons thus organized we would recommend the perusal of M. Antonin Rondelet's new work.† It is some years since he endeavoured, in a novel entitled *Les mémoires d'Antoine*, which was crowned by the Académie Française, to refute the sophisms put forth by the Socialists on questions of political economy, strikes, the relations between labour and capital, &c. The *Voyage au pays des chimères* is another literary attempt of the same kind. M. Rondelet wishes to expose the revolutionary Utopias that are so fashionable just now, and to enlighten the working classes as to the real intentions of leaders who aim at trading upon their credulity and ignorance. The traveller to the land of Utopia is an innocent enthusiast ready to believe in the programme of modern reformers, and firmly persuaded that society metamorphosed according to the democratic recipe will at last be landed in the golden age. His disappointment is great at finding all these promises unfulfilled; and when the saviours of humanity substitute for liberty the most absolute and degrading slavery, he begins to discover that he has been the victim of political *chevaliers d'industrie*. M. Rondelet's satirical novel reminds us of M. Louis Reybaud's *Jérôme Paturot*, and of M. Laboulaye's *Prince Caniche;* it is a clever criticism of systems which would be ridiculous if they did not too often end in civil wars and barricades.

M. O. d'Haussonville, whose remarkable articles on Sainte-Beuve have lately attracted so much notice, now presents us with a work of considerable value.‡ It appears that a Committee of Inquiry on the penitentiary system was some time ago appointed by the French National Assembly, and that the author of the book before us was selected to act as its secretary; hence a voluminous Report, which is the more worthy of attention because it is founded on particulars furnished by official documents. M. d'Haussonville has had at his disposal information which a private person could scarcely have procured, and he was able to claim as a matter of right the statistical evidence he wanted, instead of asking for it as a favour. His work, consequently, is quite exhaustive, and we can only hope that the National Assembly will be able to introduce throughout France and the French colonies the necessary improvements suggested by him.

The artistic qualities of M. Mérimée consisted chiefly in the admirable clearness of his language, and in a kind of realism which was always pleasing because it never stooped to be vulgar. At the same time, the want of imagination which characterized his style could not but strike all readers of works in which that faculty generally has the lion's share, and his novels produce the impression of what our neighbours call a *procès verbal*—a statement of facts coolly given by a person who has no personal interest in the things which he relates. Applied to subjects connected with archæology and erudition, this kind of writing is of course the reverse of attractive to the general public; and though an antiquary should carefully avoid loading his essays with meretricious ornaments and similes borrowed from *feuilleton* literature, he ought, on the other hand, to take some pains to put them in an artistic form. At any rate M. Mérimée is one of the safest of guides, and the student need not fear to meet in his books with *à priori* theories and hypotheses devoid of foundation. The volume which has suggested these remarks comprises five articles originally published as reports, addressed to the Minister of Public Instruction, on national monuments examined by M. Mérimée.§

The third edition of M. Wallon's History of Joan of Arc, now issued in a cheaper and more economical form, deserves to be mentioned here on account of the care with which the author has revised his work, and availed himself of every fresh source of information within his reach.* The appendices which form a considerable part of each volume should be attentively studied in connexion with the several points which they are intended to illustrate; for they contain the explanation of many details which at first sight seem of a doubtful nature, and they also rectify sundry errors committed by Monstrelet and other contemporary annalists. Thus M. Michelet, in his History of France, taking as his authority several documents belonging to the early part of the fifteenth century, asserts that the Dukes of Bedford and of Gloucester had agreed together for the purpose of putting the Duke of Burgundy to death. There is no doubt that these rumours reached the ear of the intended victim, but they had no foundation, so far at least as the existence of an actual plot is concerned; and the letters supposed to contain evidence of that plot are now known to have been forged by a certain Guillaume Benoit, aided and abetted by some agents of the Earl of Richmond. The monograph devoted by M. Wallon to the Maid of Orleans is an excellent work, and it would be still more excellent if the author had completed it with an alphabetical index.

The fifth volume of M. Lanfrey's History of Napoleon † takes us from 1809 to the preparations for the Russian campaign in 1811. It is written in the same attractive style as the preceding ones, and it must be confessed that the period of which it treats, corresponding as it does with the highest pressure of Imperial despotism, amply warrants the severe judgment of the author. In a long and very interesting note M. Lanfrey exposes the untrustworthy character of the correspondence of Napoleon I., and denounces as it deserves the effrontery with which it was transformed into a panegyric of Bonapartism, both by the suppression or mutilation of numerous letters, and by the introduction of others absolutely destitute of authenticity.

The third volume of M. Sainte-Beuve's *Premiers lundis* ‡ is the last of the collection, and it reproduces a number of articles which have either appeared in various journals or served as prefaces to editions of popular works. It apparently leaves nothing now unpublished except the correspondence, to which we look forward with much interest; and in order to make up a good-sized duodecimo, the editors have added an alphabetical index professing to give a general view of all the author's works. They acknowledge in a note that a list of this kind, to be complete, must be something like the one which terminates M. Sainte-Beuve's *Port Royal;* it ought to make a volume of itself. In its present shape it is quite useless, except for researches of a very vague and general character. Amongst the pieces here put together the reader will find three speeches delivered in the Senate and previously issued as separate pamphlets; one of them, composed on the subject of the popular libraries, created at the time a perfect scandal, and led to a challenge which M. Sainte-Beuve very properly declined. In a letter addressed to his opponent, the critic shows the absurdity of disposing of a question and suppressing a man in the short space of forty-eight hours, and we cannot help thinking that, bad as was the cause which he had undertaken to defend, he so far had the advantage over his fellow-Senators that for many of them the championship of moral and religious ideas was a grotesque piece of inconsistency. In closing this volume, made up, as the French would say, *de pièces et de morceaux*, we must express a hope that at some future time, when the whole literary productions of M. Sainte-Beuve are collected and printed, a carefully revised edition will be prepared, giving the immense repertory of essays systematically arranged in a definite form.

The work of M. Edmond Demolins§, written from the anti-revolutionary point of view, begins with a severe denunciation of the historical reading provided in the French *lycées* and public schools. A few years ago M. Augustin Thierry said that the then existing class-books on history generally combined the greatest amount of chronological accuracy with an equal proportion of historical error. M. Demolins complains that this accusation is still justified by facts. With a few exceptions as regards the seventeenth century, professors and lecturers concentrate all their efforts upon the Revolution. Boys are taught to believe that beyond 1789 there is nothing but gross darkness, ignorance, and tyranny. For them the immortal "principles of 1789" are a dogma which must be blindly received, and the mediæval epoch deserves nothing but contempt. A more careful study of history, however, convinced M. Demolins that the real state of the case was precisely the opposite of what he had been accustomed to believe. The public liberties were founded by the *bourgeois* of the middle ages. The revolutionists have destroyed them, and even the historians of the democratic school are obliged to confess that the result at which France has arrived after a struggle of eighty years is a despotism which our modern Jacobins would denounce most furiously if it were exercised by a king, whilst they fondly cherish it so long as it is in their own hands. M. Demolins divides his volume into three books, treating respectively (1) of the transition from heathen to Christian institutions; (2) of the conquest of liberty through the Communal movement; (3) of the

* *L'armée de la Révolution, ses généraux et ses soldats.* Par A. de Chamberant de Périssat. Paris: Plon.

† *Mon voyage au pays des chimères.* Par Antonin Rondelet. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Les établissements pénitentiaires en France et aux colonies.* Par le vicomte d'Haussonville. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Études sur les arts au moyen-âge.* Par P. Mérimée. Paris: Lévy.

* *Jeanne d'Arc.* Par H. Wallon. 3rd edition. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Histoire de Napoléon Ier.* Par P. Lanfrey. Vol. 5. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *Premiers lundis.* Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Vol. 3. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Le mouvement communal et municipal au moyen-âge.* Par E. Demolins. Paris: Didier.

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successful attempt made by the legists under Philip the Fair and his successors to establish absolute monarchy on the ruins of municipal franchises and of the power of the Church. The text is illustrated by copious references to the original sources, and an appendix of documents completes it. Our author believes that a conscientious study of mediæval history is the best means of curing the revolutionary fever which has taken possession of modern France, and he is warmly encouraged in his efforts by M. Le Play, to whom the work is inscribed. M. Demolins unfortunately writes under the influence of violent party spirit, and his animosity against the University so completely blinds him that it makes him forget the nature of the historical programme published by order of the Government. Too much stress may perhaps be laid in it on the reign of Louis XIV. and on the Revolutionary period, but the middle ages certainly occupy a place in the curriculum of studies, and we can remember the many hours we spent at the old *Lycée* in unravelling the genealogies of the Merovingians and the mysteries of the Hundred Years' War.

M. Odilon Barrot played so conspicuous a part in the events of the last half-century that his memoirs are sure to excite great interest *, and, if we may judge from the first volume, lately published, the reader will not be disappointed. M. Duvergier de Hauranne, who, together with M. Corbin, has acted on the present occasion as literary executor, gives us in an excellent introduction some details respecting his late friend's political career, and the MSS. now printed under his supervision. It is much to be regretted that a very large part of the original work, that relating to the events which immediately followed the Revolution of 1830, has been lost; M. Odilon Barrot was then in a most prominent position, and he rendered exceptional services during the course of the trial which Charles X.'s Ministers had to undergo before the Chamber of Peers. The missing chapters of the Memoirs would no doubt have thrown considerable light upon that event, and the editors have been obliged to make up for their absence by printing some passages from a letter written in 1831 by M. Barrot to his friend M. Sarrans. The volume now before us, printed in small type, includes the entire reign of Louis Philippe, and the introductory chapter is full of interest, from the particulars it gives us as to the author's legal studies, the magistracy, the Paris Bar during the Restoration, political life, &c. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the style in which the book is written; the description of the old King's abdication, and of the whole episode ending with the embarking of the Royal Family at Cherbourg, is particularly good.

MM. Adolphe Dupont and Bouquet de la Grye have jointly produced a work which is full both of scientific information and of practical details†, and which ought to meet with an extensive circulation. The growth of trees, their physiology, the relation of their various organs to one another, form an introductory chapter, excellently illustrated by engravings. After studying the tree as an isolated being, we are led to consider groups of trees, forests, and plantations, and to examine different methods of culture. The statistical details given in the third chapter include the principal nations of Europe; then come questions connected with the commercial uses of timber, the manner of ascertaining the defects of trees, the tools employed, the classification of the different kinds of woods prepared for trading and manufacturing purposes, and a description of the foreign timber imported into France. The volume is a most useful one of its kind.

We can hardly form an opinion of the new geographical work ‡ projected by M. Reclus from the three instalments which have as yet appeared. The advertisement accompanying the first part tells us that ten or twelve volumes may be expected, and that, notwithstanding the 2,000 maps intended to illustrate the letterpress, our author does not mean to supersede atlases and gazetteers. M. Reclus aims at giving an accurate description of the several countries of the globe without entering too much into statistical details, or, on the other hand, indulging in what we should call mere fine writing. His previous volume, *La terre*, which must be well known to many of our readers, will best show what is aimed at in the present work, to which it may be considered as an introduction.

The sixth and last instalment of M. Lamartine's Correspondence begins with 1842, and ends just after the *coup d'état*.§ We are thus transported into the very midst of the orator's political career, and we see him raised, by the success of the *Girondins* and the downfall of Louis Philippe, to a position whose dazzling but transient brilliancy has few parallels in history. But the *dessous des cartes* is very melancholy, and it is painful to see the author of the *Méditations poétiques* compelled by the pressure of money difficulties to hunt about for publishers, and to calculate how long he can live on a sum of four thousand francs. It is evident that Mme. Valentine Lamartine has made a selection from a mass of letters ten times more numerous than what are printed here; yet the specimens given are not always as interesting as one could wish, especially in this sixth volume, corresponding to a time when M. de Lamartine must have exchanged letters with persons much more important than MM. Rolland, Dubois, Valette, or even M. de la Guéronnière. Taken as a whole, the collection is disappointing, and compares unfavourably with the correspondence of M. de Tocqueville, for instance.

* *Mémoires posthumes d'Odilon Barrot.* Vol. 1. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Les bois indigènes et étrangers.* Par A. Dupont et A. Bouquet de la Grye. Paris: Rothschild.

‡ *Nouvelle géographie universelle; la terre et les hommes.* Par Élisée Reclus. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Correspondance de Lamartine.* Publiée par Mme. Valentine de Lamartine. Vol. 6. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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BELGIUM.

ABOUT a year and a half ago King LEOPOLD, in opening the Session of the Belgian Chambers, encouraged his subjects by observing that, "Calm and prosperous, the "Belgium of 1873 may be proud of the past, and look at "the future with serene confidence." The bright hopes of the KING have been sadly overshadowed by the painful events of the last fortnight. Even in 1873 it was notorious that the elements of strife were at work, and, among other persons, the KING himself was considered too independent and liberal to be the object of clerical favour. At the Antwerp fêtes held in the preceding August, the Ultramontanes had thought fit to be conspicuous by their absence from the demonstration of loyalty to the throne; and, a clerical Ministry being in power, the KING had to face the possibility of having to sanction measures which might seriously shake the state of serene confidence that he found so cheering. Last year, however, the result of the elections held in June was so far discouraging to the Ministry that, although they remained in office, they had to work with a seriously diminished majority. Possibly in the present state of Belgium a clerical Ministry, afraid to act and trembling for its existence, may be the last Ministry to be feared. It is obliged to be fair, and it is obliged to be cautious, and daring Ultramontanes are more easily made to acquiesce in what they dislike when their friends are nominally in power. If a Liberal Ministry had tried as hard to conciliate Germany as the present Ministry has done, it would have been accused of sacrificing the independence of the country. The present Ministry has managed to keep excited Bishops from declaiming against Germany, it has induced its political followers to abstain from public criticisms on German affairs, it endeavours to guard against religious partisans exiled from Germany making Belgium the centre of their plots and intrigues. There is, too, in Belgium a great respect for the law, and a strong wish to see it upheld; and while the Ministry has appealed to this feeling, and has very properly announced its intention of putting down with a strong hand violations of the public peace and incitements to violence, it has not acted hastily or harshly, and has hitherto done little more than take measures of precaution. There is good reason for entertaining, not indeed serene confidence, but an anxious hope that civil strife on anything like a serious scale will be averted. There is much respect for the KING, and the KING is a sensible and enlightened man. There is a Ministry both willing and obliged to be moderate and cautious. There is much national pride in the success of Belgian institutions. There is a wish to see the law obeyed. There is the sense of growing wealth, and the horror of seeing industry disturbed. For the time, therefore, the waters of religious strife will in all probability be restrained. But it will be long before anything like serene confidence will again be felt. The quarrel between the clerical and the Liberal parties goes down to the very roots of Belgian life. There is not and cannot be peace so long as there are two parties separated by so very wide a gulf of thought, feeling, and principles, coming into collision at every turn of daily life, and almost equally balanced in political power and material resources.

Antwerp has been the scene of disturbances which seem much out of character with its look of lazy happy security, and it has been only by the assemblage of an overwhelming police force that Brussels has escaped a religious procession being made the occasion of a fierce fight. Law and custom are on the side of the priests, and it seems very poor work for riotous lads and Liberal roughs to insult and assault women, girls, and ecclesiastics. But it is difficult for those who happily live out of the region of Ultramontane agitation to realize how intensely irritating a priestly party can be when it is under the control of pushing, unscrupulous fanatics. The maxim of the clerical party in Belgium is that there shall be no peace for the wicked. To hunt down every one that dares to stand up for civil liberty is their unceasing occupation. Men who show a glimpse of a will of their own, who will not be in all things the humble slaves of their spiritual advisers, are the objects of an unremitting persecution. The slightest actions of their lives are spied and denounced. If they venture to read even a journal of such mild Liberalism as the *Indépendance Belge*, they are numbered with the outcasts. If possible, they are excluded from all positions of public honour; if that cannot be, they are shut out from the pale of good society. If they are too strong and too much respected to make that possible, they can at least be tortured in their homes, and their wives and daughters can be instructed to sigh over their perdition. Hating priests, they come not unnaturally to feel themselves in antagonism to the only religion that practically exists for them. It is in the name of religion that they find themselves thwarted and repressed whenever they try to learn to think and to act like the free inhabitants of a free country. Even their constitutional liberties do not seem to do them much good, for these liberties depend on elections, and the elections are managed by the priests. Englishmen who are impartial enough to try to put themselves in the position of those whom they criticize must own that they would find it very trying if, in such a place as Ghent, the Liberals in the city were swamped by the importation of country voters marshalled by priests. On the whole, Liberalism has been as yet the winning cause in Belgium, but it has month by month to fight for its existence. Patriots have there a great deal to go through to be patriots. In all countries where the Church of Rome is supreme, its superstition and tyranny provoke some amount of unreasoning, violent, ignorant opposition. These opponents of priests are not very loveable creatures, and are apt to indulge in the vices they love as a defiance to the religion they hate. In Belgium there are many such men among the Liberal party, but they do not inspire any feeling beyond some degree of pity, because, to a great extent, Catholicism has made them what they are. It is Belgian Liberals of a different stamp whose wrongs and sorrows move us—men who in England would be thought quiet, harmless, well-meaning people, who ask for nothing more than that they may share the thoughts of civilized Europe, and whose chief misery is that they are stung through their affections, and that servility and treachery are thrust into their homes.

The moment, too, has come when patriotic Belgians are threatened with a new danger. They may reasonably fear that the neutrality, the independence, even the existence, of Belgium are at stake. The Ultramontanes are bent on a new war and a religious war. They are always organizing their forces for a great effort. They think that the restoration of the Temporal Power is by no means beyond their grasp. They hope to upset the insecure Monarchy of Italy by keeping up the brigandage and anarchy of Sicily and Calabria as a thorn in its side, and by working on the timidity of ancient piety. They see in a Bonapartist Restoration the prospect of securing

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on their side the energy and resources of France. They foment the jealousy which Germany inspires in Austria. They do their utmost to embarrass Germany itself by fostering in the national Parliament a party which aims at the disruption of the Empire, and by appealing to the latent disaffection of some of the minor States. At present they are not very successful, but they bide their time and work steadily on. In England we feel and see little of this movement, and as it does not touch us, we ignore it, and think that every one else must be as we are. Those, however, who are entrusted with the responsibilities of government are not quite free from uneasiness. In answer to a question put by Mr. WHALLEY, Mr. DISRAELI said that he was aware that there were Jesuits in England, and that Jesuits by being here were guilty of a misdemeanour. For the present the Government saw no reason for putting the law in force, but he wished it to be understood that the law was not obsolete, and, if occasion arose, the Government would enforce it. This was an answer not quite in harmony with the views of those who think that English philosophy will always endure with sublime indifference the approach to our shores of the eddies of the great religious agitation which troubles the Continent. While England feels the agitation the least of all European countries, Belgium feels it the most, if we put aside Spain, which can hardly be called a country at all. Belgium is the entrenched camp of Ultramontanism. It has there on its side wealth, numbers, inveterate superstition, political power, and a strong sense of the good which every Christian Church, even in its worst form, invariably does. At present the fervour of the Ultramontane combatants in Belgium is restrained by the firmness and enlightenment of the KING, by the caution of the Ministry, by the good sense of politicians, by the national love of peace, and by the fear of Germany. But these ardent spirits chafe at the restraint to which they are subjected; and everything in their history and in the language they use suggests that they would be ready, if the chance offered, to throw away all the peculiar advantages they enjoy as Belgians, in order to further the cause which to them seems of supreme and universal importance.

LORD CARNARVON'S SOUTH AFRICAN POLICY.

FEW Englishmen possess the official or local knowledge which would be required for the formation of an independent judgment on Lord CARNARVON'S South African project. The proposed Conference will have two principal subjects of discussion which are perhaps not inseparably connected. It is obviously desirable that all the Colonies and States should adopt a common policy in their dealings with the natives. Comparative strictness or laxity on different parts of the undefined frontier to the North and East must constantly tend to produce complication and jealousy. Uncivilized tribes are, as Lord CARNARVON says, sufficiently shrewd in appreciating their own immediate interests; and their resentment of local severity and injustice would be aggravated by experience of more favourable treatment among neighbouring communities. The trade in arms and munitions of war demands vigilant supervision, which can hardly be effectual unless it is uniform; and isolated measures of defence and précaution must necessarily be precarious and costly. Although colonists of European origin may be trusted to assert their ultimate supremacy against numerical odds, the settlers in South Africa may at any time be engaged in a formidable struggle. In New Zealand the colonists at an early period outnumbered the Maori population, which nevertheless maintained for many years an obstinate contest even against English troops. The native tribes of South Africa are enterprising and warlike; and the reinforcements which they may at any time draw from the interior of the continent can only be estimated by vague conjecture. With an unbounded space behind them, occupied only by kindred or inferior races, the Zulus and Kaffirs appear not to be liable to the process of extermination which has in many countries seemed for barbarous tribes the inevitable result of contact with civilization. The establishment of the undisputed superiority of the colonists seems to be an indispensable condition of future peaceful relations. If it is found possible to institute a federal or central Government which may dispose of the resources of all the settlements, the natives will the sooner appreciate the impossibility of resistance. In general they are not indisposed to acknowledge the authority of the colonial Governments, as they from time to time crowd into districts where some kind of law and order is established. An apparent tendency to mutiny or disaffection may not unfrequently be attributed to the timidity which is characteristic of savages.

The few English settlers who at present occupy parts of the wide territory of Natal have contributed more than their share to the notoriety of the South African colonies. Many years ago Natal had the honour of giving name and room to an ecclesiastical controversy as to which the parties have not yet agreed whether it involved a schism. In later times little local factions have impeded the policy of the colonial Government, and sometimes they have even ludicrously threatened England with a dwarf version of a war of independence. The trial of a native chief and the severities practised against his followers have recently demanded the intervention of the Colonial Minister; and Lord CARNARVON has probably adopted the wisest course in sending a distinguished soldier to rectify the general confusion. One part of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S commission is to reduce the proportion of elected members of the Council so as to ensure to the Governor the necessary control over public affairs. The statement that colonial patriots already complain of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S corrupt practices in the form of dinners and balls confirms the opinion that Lord CARNARVON has made a prudent choice. Any innocent mode of acquiring influence is laudable; and the first qualification of a ruler in a young community is knowledge of human nature. It will be well if the people of Natal accept with a good grace the necessary change in their Constitution. The affair of LANGALIBALELE proves that the proposed addition to the power of the Crown was required for the protection of the native residents in the colony, and for the security of the settlers themselves against a war of races. Responsible government is absurd and unjust where it is exclusively administered by a dominant minority in the midst of a population of aliens. Many of the disasters of Jamaica might have been averted if the Opposition of forty years ago had not prevented Lord MELBOURNE'S Government from suppressing an unmanageable Constitution. The change was effected ten years ago with the greatest possible advantage after a long period of misgovernment which resulted in bloodshed. The necessary modifications of the Constitution of Natal will be effected without reference to Lord CARNARVON'S larger proposal. Responsible government can only be conceded to the colony, if at all, in proportion to its share in a future federation.

Even if the Conference occupies itself wholly with more modest enterprises, it may possibly effect much good. It is an indispensable condition of success that the delegates should enjoy the confidence of those who must accept them for the occasion as their virtual representatives. Constitutional purists will perhaps complain that when Lord CARNARVON invites the Colonies and States to consult together, he names the deputies for all the English possessions. Either the Governor of the Cape, or, if he declines the task, the Deputy High Commissioner, will preside over the Conference. The deputies from the other colonies are all named in the despatch. It will be unfortunate if any formal scruple prevents the colonies from adopting Lord CARNARVON'S nominees. It is much more important to obtain the services of the best men who can be found than to provide the machinery of a popular election. Lord CARNARVON himself will be represented by Mr. FROUDE, whose great abilities have been lately directed to the consideration of South African questions. As Mr. FROUDE has but recently sailed for the Cape, he is undoubtedly in possession of Lord CARNARVON'S full and confidential instructions. The experiment of employing an eminent writer in public business may be suitably tried on an occasion which requires the exercise of the organic faculty and of powers of generalization. Mr. FROUDE'S opinions on South African politics have already been partially made known; and an additional security for his practical judgment is the fact that he shares the views of Lord CARNARVON. The most pressing questions to be considered by the Conference are those which relate to relations with the natives. Elected delegates could scarcely have been trusted to form a dispassionate and impartial judgment. Until general resolutions on matters connected with the natives have been adopted, it is improbable that the Conference should occupy itself with the more ambitious scheme of federation. Lord CARNARVON, on the part of

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the Imperial Government, approves beforehand a measure which in his opinion would tend to promote the general prosperity. The precedent of Canada is probably fresh in his recollection, and the fiscal and commercial disputes which have arisen among the different Australian colonies may perhaps be thought to illustrate the advantages of federal union.

One of the most remarkable peculiarities of Lord CARNARVON'S scheme is not made prominent in his despatch. The Conference will represent not only the Eastern and Western Cape provinces, Natal, and Griqualand West, but also the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic. The concession of independence to some of the Dutch colonists during the colonial administration of the Duke of NEWCASTLE was a measure of doubtful expediency; but, except with the consent of the new Republics, it is irrevocable. There are nevertheless still many interests common to the subjects of the English Crown and to the free States. The relations of Dutch farmers and of English settlers to the native tribes must be embarrassed by the same difficulties; and for many other reasons it is desirable to cultivate the most friendly relations with civilized neighbours. The two Dutch States will consequently be requested to send delegates to the Conference, and it is to be wished that they may accept the invitation. They may perhaps find a ground of objection in the scheme of federation, which could not include them unless they were willing to resume their English allegiance. It is probable that their Governments or their leading men may have been already sounded, and that Lord CARNARVON has reason to anticipate their adherence to his plan. There is no reason why they should not, after sharing in the discussion of the question of the natives, withdraw at their pleasure from the Conference as soon as it enters on the subject of federation. Lord CARNARVON expressly declares that the assent both of the colonies and of the Dutch States is to be free and uncontrolled. Any resolutions on which the delegates may agree will afterwards require the sanction of the different communities. The Dutch States are assured that, even if they hesitate in the first instance to join the Conference, they will have opportunities of sharing in the deliberations at a later stage. It is not easy for politicians who live at home to estimate the motives which may influence settlers who are naturally jealous of dictation. Sensible South Africans will in any case not fail to appreciate Lord CARNARVON'S good intentions and his entire loyalty.

FINANCIAL DEBATING.

TWO days this week have been devoted by the House of Commons to long debates on comparatively small financial questions. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has had to defend himself against the criticisms of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE, and the subsidiary assaults of Mr. CHILDERS, Mr. GOSCHEN, and Mr. FAWCETT. The time spent has been well spent. In stirring times, it is true, there would not be room for such debates. If the national mind were seriously moved on any great subject, the House would have neither time nor taste for arguing whether joint or separate accounts should be kept for two classes of Savings Banks. But things are very quiet just now, and this is the proper moment for enforcing on the Ministry of the day the lesson that one of their duties is to be quite accurate and clear in all matters of account. Mr. GLADSTONE said with great truth that the growth of a system of public accounts by virtue of which Parliament can see the real machinery of income and expenditure is the very flower and perfection of Parliamentary institutions. It has cost years of continuous labour to get such a system introduced into England, and there is nothing like it in any Continental country. But in order that the system, when once introduced, may not die away from no one taking the trouble to see that it is kept in a flourishing state, it is necessary that the Ministry should be looked after with proper pertinacity on the part of the Opposition. The sort of criticism thus provoked has a tendency to become minute and captious; but it ought not to be denounced as frivolous and vexatious simply because it turns on points somewhat trivial and often very uninteresting. If the House of Commons is to go into discussions on accounts, it must occupy itself with details, and often with very dull details. Nor ought the Opposition to be condemned because it is not only outvoted, but sometimes conquered in argument. It is the discussion that is really valuable, and it is valuable in many ways. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, to begin with, gets educated by this salutary process. He is made to think; to reason, to yield; and the stronger is the band of his instructors the more profitable will be his discipline. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE enjoys an advantage in having to go through the bracing trial of confronting Mr. GLADSTONE and his allies, which they, when in office, did not share. They had only Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to criticize them, and he had then neither sufficient position nor sufficient confidence in himself to make his criticism effectual. He has shown, now that he is in office, that he can meet his critics on equal terms. Sometimes he has to bow before the force of argument, but he can challenge his opponents to meet him on the field of argument only, and he does not yield to the mere pressure of the financial reputation even of Mr. GLADSTONE. On the other hand, it is by no means a bad thing that both the nation and the Liberal party should be made to see that Mr. GLADSTONE, like lesser people, is sometimes right and sometimes wrong, and that he is not in possession of any mysterious and secret gift which enables him to be always right in matters of account and finance. If what Mr. GLADSTONE now says on such subjects had been said by him two or three years ago, it would have been received as the incontestable, even if unintelligible, expression of a final and conclusive authority. To receive with respect the utterances of experienced statesmen is the part of a wise nation, but it is desirable that political vicissitudes should sometimes intervene to prevent respect from degenerating into idolatry.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had a very instructive evening on Monday. His Savings Banks Bill was under discussion, and his Savings Banks Bill was mainly a Bill for throwing together the accounts of the old Savings Banks, the Post Office Savings Banks, and the deposits of Friendly Societies, and for extending the area of investments in which the State may place the sums confided to it. The first proposal engaged the attention of the House for some hours on Monday, and in the end the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had to own himself beaten. That the existing deficit on the account of the old Savings Banks might be met out of the existing surplus on the Post Office Savings Banks account was admitted on all hands. Mr. DISRAELI went so far as to say that, if this was admitted, then any future deficit on the first account might equally well be met out of any future surplus on the second account, and that therefore the accounts might very properly be thrown together. But Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did not take precisely the same ground. It is obvious that, if the State pays three and a quarter per cent. to one set of depositors and loses by the operation, and pays two and a half per cent. to another set and gains by doing so, it treats the one set better than the other. It must not be assumed that the State really gains on the Post Office Savings Banks account in the sense in which a private banker gains on an account. The State pays for all the machinery of the Post Office Savings Banks out of the general revenue of the Post Office. As it is, there is a surplus, and as both sets of depositors have had all that they bargained for, the State may very properly set the surplus on one account against the deficiency on the other. But for the future it has simply to offer such rates as are fair to all parties, and if its object is to encourage thrift, it may do more good by augmenting the interest paid in the Post Office Savings Banks than by keeping things as they are. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE admitted this, and promised to consider whether depositors in Post Office Savings Banks might not have some other advantages accorded them. His justification for throwing all the accounts into one was that for the future there would be no deficit on any of them. There has been a deficit on the old Savings Banks account because in past years money deposited was often invested in Consols when high and repaid when Consols were low. The difference in the price of the Funds at the two dates caused a serious loss. But now there is no need for this. Terminable Annuities supply all the cash which is likely to be wanted, even if there is a run on the Savings Banks. The critics, however, of the CHANCELLOR insisted that it was a mere assumption that there would be no loss on any of the accounts for the future, and that it was essential for the control of Parliament that it should be shown on which head there had been a loss, if there was any. The CHANCELLOR stood firm, but on a division he was supported by less than his usual majority, and shortly afterwards he gave up the whole point under the disguise of a

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compromise, and agreed that the accounts should be kept both in a joint and in a separate form. A little later in the evening he withdrew, or deferred indefinitely, the proposal to extend the area of investment, and thus in a few hours the whole inside was eaten out of the Government Bill, and nothing but a crumbling wall of pastry remained to show what the dish had been.

The next day, however, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was more successful. His scheme for reducing the National Debt was the subject of discussion, and Mr. GLADSTONE was very hard on this scheme. For the present the proposal is modesty itself. It merely consists in appropriating 185,000*l.* out of the revenue of the present year to reducing the Debt, and, if this sum represents a surplus, it would have gone to the reduction of the Debt anyhow. Mr. GLADSTONE was indignant at this 185,000*l.* being treated as having any existence at all. Where, he asked, is it to come from? To this the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER replied that he relied upon the normal increase of the revenue. This roused Mr. GLADSTONE to fury. He utterly denied that there was such a thing as a normal increase of the revenue. It was, he said, the business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to look to the particular year with which he had to deal, and to discover what the revenue was going to be, taking into account the probable increase for that year. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had, however, a triumphant precedent at his command. So lately as 1872 Mr. LOWE, having announced a surplus of 300,000*l.*, subsequently introduced supplementary Estimates for 400,000*l.*, and, on being asked where the money was to come from, replied that he had a right to rely on the increase of the revenue. Mr. GLADSTONE could only say that he did not care what was done in 1872 or any other year, a statement which the reporters described as being followed by a laugh. It certainly was calculated to awaken a smile, even on the faces of the humblest and meekest of Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers. The world perhaps gains by finding that just now, when the House sees a joke in one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S grand oracular statements about finance, it dares to show it. On the main subject itself there was little said to shake the general conviction that, if Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was doing very little to reduce the Debt, he was doing something. His scheme will have no real effect until the first set of Terminable Annuities fall in, ten years hence. When that time comes much less will be needed to provide for the absolute requirements of the current year, and Parliament will then decide whether the surplus shall be devoted to paying off debt or to reduction of taxation. All that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE aspires to do is to influence in a very gentle and cautious manner the possible views of an unknown body of men meeting ten years hence. If the Parliaments that have not to decide the question will but persevere in talking as if they had to decide it, and were bent on deciding it in the form of making a grand effort to reduce the Debt, then it is hoped or imagined that the Parliament that has to decide it may be guided by the views and inspired by the language of its predecessors. It is not probable, but it is just possible, that this may be so; and this is all that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE wants to see tried. He asks so little that the House cannot understand why he should not have it; and Mr. GLADSTONE'S thunderbolts of denunciation, which would be quite proper if there was an oak to be rent, seem out of place when hurled against the modest cabbage-plant of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

THE ORLEANISTS.

COUNT RÉMUSAT, though he was justly and generally respected, occupied a secondary political position; but his death recalls the memory of the class rather than the party of which he was an eminent member. Regulated freedom and constitutional government have never been widely popular in France, though they have been promoted and defended during sixty years by the most upright and enlightened body of politicians in that country. Of late years it has been the custom to describe as Orleanists the consistent opponents both of military despotism and of turbulent democracy; but many of the most Liberal statesmen and of their followers have entertained no fanatical attachment to LOUIS PHILIPPE and his descendants. M. DE RÉMUSAT himself, like his friend and leader M. THIERS, at last consented to try the experiment of a Republic, though both of them would, with good reason, have preferred a Constitutional Monarchy. During the thirty years of Parliamentary government, from the Restoration to the catastrophe of 1848, many of the principal supporters of the two successive dynasties were habitually in opposition. M. DE RÉMUSAT was a colleague of M. THIERS during his attempt to organize a general war in 1840, and from that time to the end of the KING'S reign he resisted the policy of M. GUIZOT; yet he had far more in common with the haughty and obstinate Minister than with the demagogues and agitators who incessantly menaced the Throne. It is not a little remarkable that a country where representative government seems to be an exotic has been extraordinarily fertile of orators and constitutional statesmen. The elder CASIMIR PÉRIER, ROYER COLLARD, Count MOLÉ, the late Duke of BROGLIE, and M. DE RÉMUSAT himself might, even if GUIZOT and THIERS were forgotten, compare not to their disadvantage with the Parliamentary leaders who have existed at any one time in England.

The best of them remembered with profound resentment and disapproval the Empire which attracted the regretful enthusiasm of BÉRANGER and of the multitude whom he at the same time copied and instructed. M. THIERS, in his exaggerated admiration for military genius, inflicted heavy blows on the cause of liberty by his deification of NAPOLEON; but when the Empire was, partly through his influence as a popular writer, re-established, he prudently redeemed his error by an unqualified opposition to the successor of his idol. The preference of the Orleanists for a Monarchy over a Republic was founded on calculations of expediency. The main article of their political creed was a belief in the rightful sovereignty, not of kings, but of Parliaments. It may be doubted whether any one of their number has willingly accepted the modern device of universal suffrage. French political literature of forty years ago is distinguished by a simplicity and faith in the indefinite duration of existing institutions. Professors of the philosophy of history constantly demonstrated to their own satisfaction that the Charter and the Monarchy of July were the necessary and final result of feudalism, of absolute royalty, of the Revolution, and the Empire. There were, indeed, always political agitators, and literary teachers of the theories of the first Revolution. LOUIS BLANC selected ROBESPIERRE instead of NAPOLEON as a prophet or a demigod, and even moderate Liberals expressed devotion to the so-called principles of 1789; but fanatical Republicans and sympathizing students of the Bonapartist mythology formed a minority in cultivated society, and their influence with the populace or the peasantry was little understood. The section of Frenchmen which governed the country between 1815 and 1848, if they were not exempt from illusions, consistently vindicated the cause of constitutional freedom. It is mainly owing to their example, and to the exertions of the survivors and of their younger associates, that it has been possible for an elected Assembly to maintain its authority since the German war in the midst of disadvantages and difficulties. It is true that many of those who were formerly known as Orleanists have since become sluggish converts to the Republic; and perhaps by this time the whole body is satisfied that a Monarchy without a Pretender or a candidate for the office is at present an impossibility. There is no irreconcilable division in the ranks of the moderate and constitutional party. If it were certain that the Republic can be established without giving predominance to the descendants of the Jacobins, the remaining objections to the system would rapidly disappear.

While the Second Empire lasted, M. DE RÉMUSAT and his friends kept alive the protest of the enlightened and responsible classes against a despotism which was for many years brilliant and popular. The rest of the nation might at its pleasure, by successive and almost unanimous votes, give away its rights and its control over its own affairs. The Orleanists almost alone insisted on the restoration of Parliamentary government as the condition of their adherence. NAPOLEON III. always recognized in the statesmen who had served under LOUIS PHILIPPE the most formidable of his enemies. The justice of his estimate was proved when, towards the end of his reign, he committed the mistake of tolerating opposition in the Legislative Body. It soon appeared that M. THIERS and half-a-dozen followers could by their eloquence and pertinacity embarrass the EMPEROR and his Ministers, though they could not openly resist him. The EMPEROR, whose good sense and generosity seemed to fail him whenever

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he encountered the Princes of Orleans or their supposed adherents, was probably induced by their criticisms and sarcasms to concede at last unbounded license to seditious demagogues. A practical illustration of the dangers of freedom of speech proved, as might have been expected, a perilous experiment. The inconvenience of revolutionary declamations afforded no proof of the expediency of reducing temperate and argumentative opponents to silence. It was by his consistent opposition to the policy of the Empire, as well as by his reputation and his diplomatic services during the war, that M. Thiers earned the extraordinary confidence which placed him by universal assent at the head of the Government in 1871. The political schism which ended in his overthrow and in the succession of Marshal MacMahon divided the constitutional party into two hostile sections; but since the assumption of power by the Assembly the administration of government, and to a great extent the conduct of debate, have been wholly in the hands of the Orleanists of either the older or the new generation. The present Duke of Broglie, the Duke Decazes, the Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier, and M. Casimir Périer have asserted by their personal efforts the superiority which might not have been accorded to their hereditary claims. M. Gambetta, who alone among the Republicans has exhibited high political faculties, has for some time past been content to serve under M. Thiers.

M. de Rémusat, according to the practice of his life, followed the example of M. Thiers in at last preferring a Republic which seemed possible to an apparently unattainable Monarchy. If he had persuaded himself to believe in the prudence and moderation of his new and uncongenial allies, he was speedily undeceived. The President had made great sacrifices to the cause of the Republic, and its immediate prospects evidently depended on his continuance in power; but the Republicans of Paris thought fit to stimulate his zeal by a wanton and offensive attack on his most confidential friend, who was also at the time Minister for Foreign Affairs. When M. de Rémusat, at the instigation of M. Thiers, offered himself as candidate on the occurrence of a vacancy in the representation of Paris, the enlightened voters determined to administer a lesson to the President by returning an obscure and troublesome agitator called Barodet, who had recently favoured the party of disorder as Mayor of Lyons. In such a contest audacity and anarchy could not fail to triumph over the cause which was represented by M. de Rémusat. It is not known whether he was personally disappointed by his failure, but he must have lamented the immediate consequence in the expulsion of M. Thiers from office; nor can he have afterwards relied on the prudence of the Republicans. It is impossible to know beforehand whether eloquence, moderation, and familiarity with public business will hereafter find the opportunity which has been offered to the best class of statesmen only in the time of Louis Philippe, and during the continuance of the present Assembly. If the country is content to be ruled by orators and men of business, the new Constitution will probably be successful and durable. A Republic of the type of 1793, or an Imperial Restoration, would relegate into obscurity and inaction the class of politicians to which M. de Rémusat belonged. Whether they will again connect themselves with the fortunes of the House of Orleans is a question which may hereafter excite reasonable curiosity.

MR. DIXON'S BILL.

MR. DIXON'S Bill, nominally for enforcing attendance at school, but really for the universal establishment of School Boards, would probably have been drawn in a different shape by any other member, or possibly even by the member for Birmingham himself if he had not felt sure that there was no present chance of carrying it in any shape. As it was presented to the House of Commons on Wednesday, it may be described as a Bill to attain a not very popular end by the use of decidedly unpopular means. It is true that the principle of compulsion has made considerable progress since 1870. But it is a progress which is due in great measure to the fact that of those who are or who declare themselves convinced that every child must eventually be made to go to school many know very well that they run no risk of being at once taken at their word, while many reasonable persons desire to separate the abstract question from the particular provisions of Mr. Forster's Act. It is a gain perhaps that the principle should command this general recognition; but it is not a gain that can be discounted to any purpose by those who are identified with the most narrow and intolerant phase of educational propagandism. When next the educational tide begins to flow, it will rise all the more rapidly because the dislike of compulsion has pretty well died out. But this merely negative change is not of itself sufficient to carry Mr. Dixon's or any other Bill. There must also be an effective desire to see attendance at school enforced, and a conviction that the working machinery exists to carry out that desire. When that day comes, the Government which will then be in office will find no difficulty in framing and passing a measure to carry it out. But before this preliminary condition is satisfied a change must have come over public opinion in other ways also. At present we cannot see that the slightest good is done by Mr. Dixon's annual Wednesday. There is nothing new to be said in favour of compulsion, and it is rather an injury than a gain to the cause that those who are still opposed to it should have an additional opportunity of strengthening themselves in their resistance.

If Mr. Dixon's Bill could possibly have become law, he would have been further off than ever from the end at which he wishes to arrive. In spite of occasional instances which point the other way, it seems clear that the popularity of School Boards was never great, and has not of late grown greater. Where they have had to be formed under the Act of 1870 the ratepayers have in a great majority of cases allowed the Education Department to issue a peremptory order before moving in the matter. Yet in these cases the need for additional school accommodation had been proved, and the School Boards were only called into being when the provision of voluntary schools had been officially pronounced to be insufficient. If they have been unwelcome to the ratepayers even under these circumstances, how much more unwelcome would they be if they were forced upon parishes in which voluntary schools are able to educate all the children! Some amount of money must be spent on a School Board, no matter how little it is meant to do, when it has once been elected, and the smaller the purpose is which such a Board is designed to answer the more the ratepayers would dislike being compelled to create one. Even if the members of the Board were not elected by the ratepayers, it would be an act of doubtful policy to associate compulsion with a machinery which is so much disliked. But considering that the Board which has to see that children go to school would be returned by the very persons who have opposed its creation, there is a further danger to be encountered. To enforce attendance at school is a duty which requires considerable energy, and the mere fact that certain persons have been nominated to perform this duty will not give them the qualifications which are needed for performing it well. The greatest merit in the eyes of an obstinate and irritated ratepayer would be a determination to do the very least that the law requires, and what chance would compulsion have in the hands of a Board composed for the most part of men who have proclaimed this determination? A thriving Yorkshire town has lately been subjected to a violent outbreak of small-pox because the Board of Guardians hold the views of the Peculiar People in the matter of vaccination, and it was only when the mortality became extraordinarily great that the Local Government Board was provoked into talking about a mandamus. It would be very much more difficult to bring the terrors of the Court of Queen's Bench to bear upon an obstinate School Board. Vaccination is a single act, and there is seldom any excuse for its omission. But the enforcement of school attendance is a series of acts in each one of which different considerations may be involved. The Education Department might feel certain that the law was being evaded in this or that parish, and yet be quite unable to convict the School Board of evading it in any particular instance. In this way the principle of compulsion would get discredited by reason of its partial and imperfect application.

There is even reason to doubt whether the present is exactly the moment for enforcing school attendance throughout the country. It has all along been evident that the working of the compulsory provisions of the Education Act would eventually raise questions of great difficulty, and recent cases seem to show that the time thus foreseen has now arrived. When compulsion began to be

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applied, it naturally took effect in the first instance on the large mass of parents who had no real motive for keeping their children at home. So long as there was no law forbidding them to do so they took no trouble about the matter, but as soon as they found that if their children went without education they themselves might be fined, the slight inducement which was wanting was supplied, and the children were sent off to school. The early triumphs of compulsion were thus won with great apparent ease. By degrees, however, the officers of the School Boards have found themselves in contact with a class of parents who have a perfectly genuine motive for wishing to keep a child at home. There are many poor persons to whom a child's attendance at school is not merely a matter of school pence, or even of foregoing the child's wages. It involves doing without the child's services, and when there are younger children in the case, the withdrawal of these services often necessitates actual payments to a substitute. It seems hard to insist that a widow who finds it difficult to keep herself off the parish shall add to the expenses of her family by paying another woman's child to do for her what her own child is perfectly competent to do if she were allowed to keep it at home. Yet, if this were once admitted as a valid excuse for absence from school, compulsion would soon become a dead letter. Every parent who was too lazy or too selfish or too miserly to get his children educated would take care to have some imaginary household duty in reserve as an excuse to be urged to the visitor. It is not easy either for School Boards or for magistrates to obtain so intimate a knowledge of the interior economy of a labourer's house as to say with certainty that there are no babies to be looked after, or no pots and pans to be kept clean. Just as in Ireland every man whose father is dead is an "orphan," no matter what may be his age, provided that there is anything to be got by claiming the title, so every family in which there were young children would plead the impossibility of sending the elder children to school. With time and judgment it will not, we believe, be found impossible to reconcile these conflicting considerations. The extension of infant schools, greater familiarity with the half-time system, the recognition that, if money is lost by the family which has to pay a substitute, it is made by the family which supplies the substitute, and most of all the gradual discovery that want of education makes it difficult for a child to get on after it has left school, will each do something towards removing the difficulty. Still, time is needed for these various influences to take effect, and it is desirable that the hostility to compulsion which has lately grown up among the poor should not be increased in the interval by entrusting the exercise of it to unwilling or injudicious hands. There may be moments when obstacles which apparently can only be surmounted by years of patient labour disappear in an instant before some sudden rush of public feeling. Impossibilities become possible in the presence of a determination to compass them. But this is not the temper of Englishmen at present, nor does it seem as though it were likely very soon to become their temper. To set up a really efficacious system of compulsion would demand a kind of energy which is apparently not to be found in the present House of Commons or in the existing tone of public opinion.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE PRESIDENCY.

GENERAL GRANT'S letter to the Republican Convention at Philadelphia is ingeniously composed. The party may according to its convenience either regard it as a disclaimer of any pretension to a third term of office, or as an expression of readiness to become a candidate on sufficient public grounds. When the PRESIDENT declares that he no more seeks nomination now than on the two former occasions, he seems to imply that a third election is not only possible, but probable. In a certain sense an aspirant to the Presidency may always profess that he is not a candidate for an office which, according to the custom of the country, is bestowed without open canvassing or solicitation. General GRANT was as much or as little a candidate as the opponents whom he defeated, or the predecessors who had been selected in former times by the managers of their respective parties. If he is still equally ready to accept a nomination he must be regarded as a candidate in the ordinary sense of the word. It is true that he at the same time professes that he would not accept an offered nomination except on grounds which are in his judgment not likely to occur. It is difficult to define the nature of the motives which might in certain cases overcome his reluctance. Probably the interests of the Republican party, if no other nomination seemed likely to insure its success in the Presidential contest, would be regarded as a paramount consideration. In the course of the elections for Congress during the autumn of 1874, the Republican managers found that General GRANT'S supposed candidateship furnished Democratic politicians with a plausible argument. To obviate the recurrence of similar embarrassment, the Convention of Pennsylvanian Republicans invited the PRESIDENT to remove any suspicion of his intentions which may still be entertained. It is not known whether they are satisfied with a reply which shows that General GRANT is not less cautious and adroit than the astutest of professional politicians. His letter may be quoted to reassure the jealousy of dissatisfied partisans; while it contains no pledge which could interfere with his candidateship if in the course of next year he should be adopted by his party. On the whole, it may be conjectured that General GRANT is more sanguine in his expectations than disinterested calculators of political chances.

The precedent of WASHINGTON'S refusal of a third term of office has exercised a curious influence on American opinion. The framers of the Constitution cannot have overlooked the possible contingency of a tenure of the Presidency extending over twelve years or for life. Some of them were perhaps not disinclined to retain as far as possible a similarity to the English Constitution. As it was almost certain that General WASHINGTON would during his life be more popular than any competitor, he might perhaps, if he had thought fit, have accustomed his countrymen to prolonged terms of office. The objections which have been with some reason urged against a second, or even a first, re-election would apply with less force to a tenure at the will of the people or during good behaviour. A President who knows that he will within two or three years be again a candidate is strongly tempted to use his patronage and power for the promotion of his personal interests. If continuance in office became an ordinary practice, the President would be at liberty to concentrate his attention on the promotion of public interests. It has been justly remarked that the usage which has now prevailed for three-quarters of a century strongly illustrates the tendency of tradition to encroach on the domain of formal legislation. Until lately the people of the United States professed a resolute and exclusive faith in their Constitution, which had in their estimation acquired a kind of Scriptural sanctity; yet the example of WASHINGTON and the practice which consequently affected his successors became gradually almost as binding as the written organic law. For several years before the Civil War no President had been allowed a second term; but the services of Mr. LINCOLN fairly entitled him to the revival of the earlier custom. General GRANT'S military reputation would probably have secured his re-election in 1872, even if his opponents had not selected a ridiculous candidate in the person of Mr. GREELEY. Since that time his popularity seems to have rapidly declined, and the recovery by white American citizens of the control of nearly all the Southern States must greatly affect the balance of electoral power; yet it is still not impossible that the Republicans may at the last moment find the PRESIDENT their most available candidate.

The national indifference to personal merit as a qualification for office is both a consequence of universal suffrage and a cause of many unforeseen results. A vast community which has perhaps a higher average of intelligence than any other is not known to possess a single statesman or pre-eminent citizen. An American TARQUIN would not find a flower to decapitate which overtopped the neighbouring plants. Among the most active politicians half a dozen may be notorious, but not one can be called famous. Almost every name which is familiar to the general ear is associated with the lowest form of faction, if not with pecuniary corruption. In former years mediocrity of merit and obscurity of position were considered as recommendations to party nominees for the Presidency. It is difficult to recollect the names of the long series of Democratic Presidents which ended with Mr. BUCHANAN. Mr. LINCOLN was by a happy accident preferred to Mr. SEWARD, because he was an imperfectly educated provincial lawyer who was not at that time known to be vigorous and honest. As long as the distinction between the two parties is sharply defined, the managers of a nomination Convention

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are chiefly concerned to select a candidate who will alienate the smallest possible section of the party. The last autumn elections showed that the waverers who form the most respectable part of the constituency had greatly increased in numbers and in power. In the absence of exciting political issues, thousands of voters wished to show their resentment of Republican misgovernment, although they may have placed but little confidence in the Democratic party. If the same state of public opinion prevails during the next summer and autumn, the victory may perhaps rest with the party which selects the more eminent candidate. The Republicans include in their ranks more capable administrators and more scrupulous dispensers of patronage than General GRANT, but they can point to no name of equal celebrity; and possibly the veteran tacticians of the party may prefer a candidate who will not incommode them by exaggerated strictness of principle or practice. For the various chances which may influence the choice General GRANT prudently waits.

When he was first appointed President by acclamation, General GRANT thought himself strong enough in popularity and reputation to exercise independent authority; but his more experienced supporters and patrons lost no time in correcting his misapprehension. He was indirectly compelled to remodel the first Cabinet which he appointed; and he found that the restrictions which had with his aid been imposed on his unlucky predecessor would not be relaxed, as he had hoped, in his favour. With a pliability which had not been anticipated, the PRESIDENT speedily adapted his conduct to the circumstances of his position. Taking politicians of the order of General BUTLER into his confidence, after providing liberally for his family and personal followers, he distributed the remainder of his patronage among the Republican leaders in the Senate and in Congress. For a long period he retained in office two successive Secretaries of the Treasury who were at the same time ignorant of the principles of finance and careless of legal obligations; but there is reason to believe that the PRESIDENT has himself endeavoured to study financial questions, not without partial success. His military instincts probably explain the Southern policy which has, more than his other proceedings, alienated a large section of his former adherents. General SHERIDAN, one of his principal lieutenants, has shown even more distinctly than the PRESIDENT himself the indifference to constitutional rights which has often in other countries characterized successful soldiers. Even hackneyed politicians were startled by a request from a commanding officer to the PRESIDENT that he should be invested with power of life and death. The people of the United States have fortunately nothing beyond transient encroachments to fear from the ambition of military adventurers. Some of the opponents of the PRESIDENT have absurdly affected to apprehend the establishment of an Imperial despotism if General GRANT were elected to a third term of office. The worst that could happen in such a contingency would be that for four years more places in the Civil Service would be appropriated to the remuneration of political agents. As the same result may probably ensue from the election of any candidate of either party, imperfect administrative morality forms no conclusive objection to the claims of General GRANT. During next year the PRESIDENT will be hampered by the existence of a hostile majority in the House of Representatives, though the Republicans still control the Senate. The Democratic party would almost certainly succeed in the Presidential contest if only they had a policy and a presentable candidate. It is still possible that General GRANT may be the Republican nominee; and deference to the choice of the party would not be inconsistent with the language of his recent letter.

M. OLLIVIER'S REAPPEARANCE.

M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER has yielded to the representations of those who tell him that he has no right to forget himself "in study and solitary meditation." He begins his introduction to *Principes et Conduite* by the remark that his friends, once very numerous, are fewer to-day, and if it be his friends who have persuaded him to break silence, he has good reason to wish that they had been fewer still. His defence of his conduct while in office is obviously genuine, and he does not seem in the least to see that it concedes the worst charges which have ever been brought against him. M. OLLIVIER is even now touched by the recollection of the miserable state in which France was at the moment when he came forward as her deliverer. When he formed his Ministry "there were "general apprehensions, all the public offices were "working badly, the hopes of the revolutionary party "equalled their audacity." It was said at the time that all these dangers might be averted if the EMPEROR could really make up his mind to govern with a Parliamentary Ministry. What made it doubtful whether they would be averted was the uncertainty as to the EMPEROR'S intentions. M. OLLIVIER now admits that the EMPEROR never thought of governing with a Parliamentary Ministry. When the world supposed that the OLLIVIER Cabinet had the attributes of Cabinets formed in constitutional countries it was completely mistaken. "I never," says M. OLLIVIER, "had the "title or the prerogatives of a Prime Minister. Cer- "tain of my colleagues made equality between us the "very condition of their taking office. The Council had "no President but the EMPEROR." It is evident from this explanation that M. OLLIVIER'S vanity made him the dupe of shrewder men than himself. He could not resist the temptation to pose before the country as the practical statesman who had discovered how to reconcile the Empire and liberty. It is plain, from his explanation, that if he had presented himself in his true character, he could only have posed as the statesman who had discovered how to reconcile the Empire and M. OLLIVIER. He was quite willing to have the glory of forming a Cabinet, though he knew all the time that his colleagues had bargained that they were to have their own way in everything relating to their own departments, and the EMPEROR himself had bargained that he was to have his own way even in M. OLLIVIER'S department. A Minister who consents to take office on these terms has betrayed the cause of constitutional government. M. OLLIVIER ought to have known that there was not one of the political puppets who had served the EMPEROR'S purpose in the strongest days of the Empire who could not have truly described his position in these same terms. There was always a nominal Cabinet installed at the Tuileries, and all that prevented it from being a real Cabinet was that the Ministers composing it had nothing to do with one another, and that the EMPEROR could impose his will upon all of them. We now know on the best authority that M. OLLIVIER'S entrance upon office made no change in either of these respects. He himself was only Minister of Justice and Religious Beliefs, and he was entirely ignorant of what was going on outside his own office.

For a time things seemed to go on fairly well. No one but M. OLLIVIER would describe the uneventful period between January and May 1870 as "a few weeks of an "Administration as energetic as it was liberal," or imagine that the result was to calm the public mind, to restore authority to the Government, or to repress the boastfulness of the Revolutionary party. But if no great good was effected in this interval, no great harm was done either. And if M. OLLIVIER had had the wisdom to oppose the disastrous plebiscite of the 8th of May, it is just possible that the war might have been averted and the foundations of a better state of things laid under M. OLLIVIER'S eye, though hardly with his co-operation. It is clear, however, that he had not the least dislike to the plebiscite. Instead of regarding it as an intimation to the country that the advent of constitutional government and a Parliamentary Ministry was still far off, he seems to have welcomed it as a solemn consecration of his own importance. Eight million votes renewed the Empire, effaced the *Coup d'état*, and glorified M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER. From that moment the EMPEROR took his own way, and the supposed Prime Minister was left to administer justice and to look after the payment of religious beliefs. The light heart with which he entered upon the war with Germany was the natural result of his theory of Ministerial responsibility. Marshal LEBŒUF had declared, says M. OLLIVIER, that the army was "organized, equipped, provisioned, "instructed, and that in seven days it might present "more than 600,000 men in battle array." To be sure Marshal NIEL was dead, and there was consequently no opportunity of cross-examining him as to the meaning and value of these assurances. But M. OLLIVIER did not for that reason trouble himself any the more about the matter The Man in the Street said that the army was all right, and on the faith of this assurance M. OLLIVIER was ready to start for Berlin. It would have been perfectly natural if one of the EMPEROR'S former Ministers had felt and talked in this strain. The EMPEROR and the Minister

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of War were then supposed to be supreme upon questions of armaments, and it would have been regarded as an act of intolerable presumption if the head clerk of any other department had dared to make any inquiries about them. But M. OLLIVIER'S presence in the Government had no meaning except as a guarantee that this state of things was to exist no longer. When he took office, those who hoped for the best tried to assure themselves that for the future nothing would be done without his knowledge and consent. He was expected to exercise a real control over the EMPEROR so long as he remained at his side, and it would have been thought impossible that a Minister who was professedly the head of a Constitutional Cabinet would have left himself without that information as to the condition of the army which was indispensable to enable him to give advice on the choice between war and peace.

M. OLLIVIER appears to more advantage when he is telling his friends what to do in the future than when he is justifying what he himself has done in the past. The seven rules which are to guide the action of his party, if he has a party, in the coming elections smack of the most unexceptionable morality. First of all, he bids his imaginary followers to recriminate nobody. In this case virtue is plainly identical with good policy. To play at bandying reproaches would argue an extraordinary want of common sense in men for whose conduct no more plausible excuses can be pleaded than M. OLLIVIER has strung together in his introduction. "Let us leave the past to history." It may forget our blunders, and that is more than we can expect our contemporaries to do. Secondly, M. OLLIVIER'S party is to be kindly towards those "who devote themselves to "the ungrateful task of contenting men." This was the task which M. OLLIVIER himself undertook with so much zeal, and he has a natural tenderness for all who call things by wrong names in order to recommend them to popular acceptance, and for all who profess to know things of which they are in truth completely ignorant. Thirdly, M. OLLIVIER'S friends are to love and be devoted to the people. "It suffers and is ignorant." This shows a prudent preparation on M. OLLIVIER'S part for possible unpopularity at the time of the general election. Frenchmen have certainly undergone a great deal since May 1870, and they may still be ignorant that M. OLLIVIER, if he and the EMPEROR could have got their way, would have put everything right. The EMPEROR'S own opinion, says M. OLLIVIER, was "nearly infallible," and if he had acted on his own opinion, he would never have gone to Sedan. He would have taken the road to Paris, and have come back to safety and his OLLIVIER. We feel with the writer that these are not truths that a nation can be expected to take in all at once. The three next rules go more into detail. M. OLLIVIER advises his friends to help the Government in keeping the peace, to respect the new Constitution, "since it constitutes the legality of fact," and not to agitate the country prematurely by insisting on an immediate revision of it. Still, as soon as the time of revision arrives, M. OLLIVIER'S followers are not to show themselves mere pusillanimous weathercocks. They are to insist that the legality of the plebiscite of the 8th of May shall be recognized, and M. OLLIVIER installed as the Minister of NAPOLEON IV., or else that a new plebiscite shall be taken. Of the two we recommend them to stand by the latter alternative. No one can say what a future plebiscite may do, and though it seems unlikely that it will do anything for M. OLLIVIER, the chapter of accidents is still unexhausted. But his invocation of the old plebiscite cannot possibly be of any use to him. There is not the slightest chance that NAPOLEON IV. would be so ill advised as to take M. OLLIVIER for his Minister, and he would only find in the end that the plebiscite which in May 1870 he had thought such a clever invention, had after all been reserved to further the ends of M. ROUHER.

THE BEECHER TRIAL.

IT may be safely assumed that there is only one country in the world in which such an amazing exhibition as that which has been presented in the trial of Mr. BEECHER at New York could possibly occur. We are not now concerned with the immediate issue of the inquiry. How far the specific charges against the defendant have been substantiated is in itself a question of very little consequence, and one into which we are certainly not disposed to enter. Whatever may be the truth as to particular incidents, Mr. BEECHER'S own account of himself is sufficient to show what sort of a man he is, and what is the nature of the religious influence which he disseminates among his flock; and it is unnecessary to follow out the subject in all its details. It is more important to observe the light which the case throws on some peculiarities of American temperament and feeling, as displayed in the manner of the trial and the attitude of the public in regard to it. The mere fact that a man in Mr. BEECHER'S position should be for a moment exposed to suspicion is of course very shocking; and it might have been supposed that there would be a general desire to dispose as quietly and quickly as possible of allegations which, whether true or false, could not fail to have a very disturbing and injurious effect on the public mind, and that in any case the inquiry would be conducted with becoming gravity. Instead of this, everybody has apparently conspired to spin out the proceedings as far as possible, and to invest them with a spurious and sensational interest. First there was the Church inquiry, and the voluminous correspondence in the newspapers. Then, before the trial actually began, a week or two was spent by the counsel on each side in examining at great length the persons summoned as jurors as to whether they had formed any opinion on the case, or were likely to be prejudiced by their religious or social views, or their own domestic relations; and thus there was a preliminary inquiry into the personal history of a large number of people, which was found very amusing. The speeches and the evidence have also been made the most of in a similar way; and as if this were not enough, the newspapers have freely given their opinions on the progress of the case, and offered evidence of their own. The point at issue is in itself a very simple one, and the testimony bearing on it might have been easily compressed within a small compass; but then everybody had agreed that this was to be a great trial, and that the utmost amount of display and excitement must be got out of it. The public expected to have its curiosity well tickled, and the performers in the case, on their part, were determined to lose no opportunity of showing themselves off to the greatest advantage.

Accordingly the examination of witnesses, instead of being strictly confined to the facts of the case, has been made to include almost everything under the sun. Most Americans in the course of their lives pass through a variety of occupations, and when their private life is minutely gone into, as it was in this case, they have a good deal to tell. Witnesses were also exhaustively probed as to their religious opinions, and indeed a considerable part of the evidence is made up of theological speculations. One witness was requested to give "an estimate of the ability and educational acquire-"ments of Mrs. WOODHULL and Colonel BLOOD," who were really not connected with the case at all. As for TILTON, he was subjected to such a cross-examination in regard to every part of his career that it might almost have been supposed that it was the plaintiff who was being tried and not the defendant. Mr. BEECHER himself naturally played a very conspicuous part, and not only his evidence, but his way of sitting in Court, in the midst of his family, his little quips and jokes, his varying attitudes and gestures, and even his sniffs and sneezes, seem to have been found as good as a play. Indeed when we read the report of his performance on the witness-stand, one might almost fancy it related to a new actor combining the qualities of SALVINI and TOOLE. When asked to define the growth of Mrs. TILTON'S religious character, he gave an answer which, we are told, "was so "full of thought and beauty as to excite much admiration "in the Court-room"; and when he denied that he had been guilty of any improprieties, "the audience indulged "in a long-continued burst of applause." "His voice, clear "and distinct, was raised to the highest pitch; he threw "back his head, and his cheeks were flushed with feeling and "pride." In describing an interview with TILTON, Mr. BEECHER did so in a dramatic manner, giving "a ludicrously "perfect imitation of TILTON'S tones and gestures." We are also told how, when he went to get the letter of retractation from Mrs. TILTON, he found her dressed in white on a white bed, her arms folded on her breast, her face like snow, and looking like one dead though alive, and "the "narrative was given with the most exquisite tenderness "and pathos." "Every word told," and when in one part Mr. BEECHER'S voice broke, and his eyes filled with tears, "ladies in the audience, and some of the jury also, cried; "it was a triumph for the defendant."

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It is impossible to read the reports of the trial with which the American newspapers have for some months been flooded without feeling that there must be something essentially unsound in the constitution of a society which delights to gorge itself day by day with such loathsome garbage, which treats the suspected wickedness of a popular preacher as a good bit of gossip, and prostitutes the forms of justice to the purposes of mere personal display and popular amusement. It would appear that public opinion on the whole, though it has had fluctuations, is on the side of Mr. BEECHER; not that he is generally believed to be innocent, but simply because people are tickled by his histrionic effrontery, and by the way in which he makes himself interesting; and his counsel has also helped him in this respect by recalling the dark days of the war, when BEECHER grappled with an infuriated foreign aristocracy on its own soil. It does not appear that anybody takes what he says very seriously, but his smartness is irresistible. Since the scandal arose the attendance at Plymouth Church on Sundays and on lecture nights has immensely increased, and the preacher is almost buried in gifts of flowers for his platform. Whenever there has been any particularly suggestive evidence in court there has been a rush to church to see how the pastor took it. After Mrs. MOULTON'S disclosures, for instance, Mr. BEECHER preached on meekness, and the crowd not only filled the church, but blocked the surrounding streets. He read, we are told, the Thirty-seventh Psalm, "investing it with all the charms of studied "elocution, and placing a significant inflection upon every "sentence that seemed to relate to his own troubles"; and then he went on to improve the occasion with greasy unction, arguing of course that chastening was a sign of Divine love. Among his illustrations of the advantages of meekness, he recommended the policy of a creditor who takes his debtor to DELMONICO'S, and gives him the best dinner that money can buy, telling him he means to stand by him and see him through, though of course without meaning anything of the kind, and then persuades him to give him an advantage over other creditors; and this seems to have been much enjoyed by the audience. All these lectures and sermons are now reported at full length in the papers, along with the proceedings of the trial; and, in fact, Mr. BEECHER has never filled the stage to the same degree as during the last few months.

The general drift of Mr. BEECHER'S gospel seems to be that it does not much matter what a man does as long as he is full of spiritual fervour and love for his fellow-creatures; and in his own case he certainly appears to have carried charity to its extreme limits in his intercourse with the persons whom he accuses of conspiring to ruin him. It was at the end of 1870 that TILTON wrote to him requiring, "for reasons "of which he was explicitly aware," to resign the pastorship of Plymouth Church; but down to just before the recent explosion he remained on not only friendly, but even affectionate, terms with his accusers, TILTON and MOULTON. He calls MOULTON'S conduct "god-like," and TILTON "one "of the most delicate and generous of men," and there is not the slightest trace in his interviews with them of any indignation at the imputation of infamous conduct, or even any attempt to deny it. All he asks is that the story shall be kept secret; and it is only after he finds that TILTON and others have been tattling, and that there is no longer any chance of its being suppressed, that he assumes the high moral tone. No adequate explanation has been given of the tone of hopeless despair in which he pleaded for hushing up the scandal; but still more significant is his fondling of his traducers. One day he embraced TILTON and kissed him on the mouth; another time they "fell into an easy and unbusinesslike chat," and BEECHER says he sat down on TILTON'S knees "to make the "appeal closer," and, Mrs. TILTON coming in, they kissed all round. It is difficult to imagine anything more revolting to a healthy mind than such endearments between people in such peculiar relations to each other; but the same sickly and unnatural emotionalism characterizes their whole intercourse. Mr. and Mrs. TILTON, it should be remembered, were both pet pupils of Mr. BEECHER, and appropriate fruits of his teaching and example.

A writer in the *Times* lately spoke with hopeful expectancy of "the strange upheavings of American thought," and of the advantage which our benighted country would be likely to gain from a system of "moral telegraphy" with the other side; but the disclosures of this case may perhaps suggest some doubts on the subject. The sort of sickly sentimentality and morbid excitement which has been manifested by the whole of the set under the influence of the Plymouth pulpit demonstrates clearly enough the baneful results of an artificial system of religion which has for its object rather the titillation of the emotions than the steady pursuit of sober piety. The freaks of erotic fervour under religious disguises are by no means novel, and require to be guarded against at the outset. "Do "men," asked WESLEY, in dealing with a similar epidemic in his own day, "gather from this amorous way of praying, "or this luscious way of preaching righteousness, any "real holiness?" Any one who studies the revelations of this trial can have no difficulty in answering the question.

THE ART OF CONTROVERSY.

DAVID HUME, whatever may have been his other merits or defects, had the genuine shrewdness of his nation, and he never gave a greater proof of the quality than in laying down the rule that he would never answer his antagonists. The temptation in any particular case is often almost overwhelming. You have made a statement, which is, of course, absolutely right and perfectly clear. Some provoking opponent puts forth what he very absurdly takes to be an answer. It is either palpably wrong, in which case it is hard to give up the triumph of smiting him hip and thigh, or it has an awkward, though delusive, appearance of being right, in which case it seems to be a duty to disabuse the public mind and a comfort to set yourself right. But in either case it is exceedingly difficult to know when to stop if you once begin; and the true moral is, that you should make a fixed compact with yourself to stop before you begin. Anybody who has paid much attention to controversial writing will observe how invariably the whole merits of the case come out in the first blows. The original statement and the reply sum up all that can really be said. The succeeding arguments grow weaker and more diffuse like successive echoes. In the good old days when the tradition of scholastic debates still lingered amongst controversial writers, each combatant would frequently embody the whole of his antagonist's book in his reply. He fancied that an answer could not be satisfactory unless he showed, paragraph by paragraph, how every statement on the other side could be unravelled and confuted. Some very forcible treatises—as, for example, Chillingworth's celebrated defence of Protestantism—have been composed on this principle. But, after the first thrust and parry, the method became intolerable. Each book had to include all the preceding books; they increased in geometrical progression, and the reply to the answer to the treatise, or, still worse, the answer to the reply to the answer to the treatise, became simply intolerable. The temptation to give an exhaustive answer by going through every paragraph of your opponent's writings was very intelligible; but the hope of being really exhaustive was altogether delusive. The assailant is always under a certain disadvantage. The first writer states his view in the order which makes it most logically coherent. The second has to deal with it, not in the order which commends itself to him, but in that which commends itself to his opponent. He is operating, to use the strategical phrase, upon external lines, and is forced to explain his own view by piecemeal. The confusion thus produced generally increases at every subsequent reply; until the subject gets into a hopeless entanglement, which will only disappear when it is stated anew without reference to the ins and outs of the discussion. Moreover, the advantage of giving a systematic reply is altogether overrated. A good argument once turned loose upon the world may be trusted to take care of itself. It will not affect people who are shielded from its influence by the habit of referring to different principles and applying a different method. But it sets up a fermentation in the minds to which it is congenial; and the only effect of answering it, however satisfactorily, is generally to call more attention to the subject, and therefore to make the action more certain and rapid. If some foolish person sets up an utterly erroneous theory, a clever writer may perhaps make its folly manifest, but it is only in the rarest of cases that he will be able summarily to extinguish it. There are a great many foolish persons in the world; what commends itself to one will commend itself to others; and the mere fact that somebody holds an opinion has a persuasive effect upon his like which cannot be nullified by logical deterrents. In fact, the whole theory of controversial writing depends upon the untenable assumption that men's opinions are chiefly determined by logic. It may be that in the long run the fallacy of an opinion may cause its decay; there is one more point against it in the struggle for existence; but the run may be very long indeed; and in many cases the fallacy is precisely the cause of its general acceptance. By demonstrating the fallacy, indeed, people who have minds may be deterred from taking it up; but the great mass who have none will simply discover that the opinion is congenial to their feelings, and will leave the logic to take care of itself. When an opinion has once been vigorously expressed and its grounds clearly stated, all has generally been done that can be done to secure its acceptance; and it is superfluous to attempt to expose the fallacy of every objection that can be raised against it from opposite points of view.

Hume's rule seems, therefore, to be generally sound; but of course it should not be interpreted in such a sense as to exclude

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all controversy. To abandon controversy would be to destroy some of the most vigorous performances in literature. Some men of first-rate power cannot write properly unless they are stimulated by the presence of an antagonist. They require to aim at a living mark. Burke would not have hit the revolutionary principles so hard if he had not been irritated by Tom Paine, Dr. Price, and the Duke of Bedford. Swift's patriotism would have run to seed if the principles which he detested had not been incarnated in English Ministers. Personal antipathy is a great force, with which, in a literary sense, it is quite impossible to dispense. So far from forbidding himself to attack any individual, it would probably be a good rule for most writers that they should always have in their minds some concrete representative of the hostile creed. Dr. Newman's record of his intellectual development might never have been produced, and could hardly have been so animated, if he had not written under the sense of an unjust imputation. It is, we may say, a general law that opinion should be developed by antagonism, and therefore the controversial element must always be of primary importance in the literature of speculation. The true rule is that, though we may answer a man, we should never answer an answer. The duel should be limited to a couple of shots. After that, the aim is certain to become wild, and ammunition is wasted without any corresponding result. If a man is forced by circumstances to continue a controversy, as may sometimes happen, his best plan is simply to restate his old views as simply and dogmatically as possible. If he once allows himself to be entangled in the labyrinths of a recurring controversy, he may be quite sure that the interest taken in his performances will become weaker at every succeeding exhibition.

The doctrine may be illustrated by the ordinary fate of a *vivâ voce* discussion in a mixed company. Conversation, according to some people, is a lost art; and one reason is that, as society grows larger, we are brought into contact with people upon whose sympathies we cannot count. The audience is so heterogeneous that we do not know how our words will tell. Dr. Johnson himself, if he returned from the grave, could not hit out freely when he might be sitting between a Positivist on one side and an Ultramontanist on the other. The consequence is that anything like a serious argument is almost a breach of courtesy. If a dozen people meet, the chances are that there are among them a dozen different systems of opinion. A discussion becomes hopelessly complicated almost as soon as it has arisen. A difference on some trifling point is really indicative of a whole series of differences on the most vital questions in the background. An argument is only profitable when the antagonists hold some doctrines in common. Two believers in Mr. Mill's theories may argue with some cogency as to the precise degree of recognition which should be given by immediate legislation to the theory of woman's rights. But if one disputant follows Mr. Mill and the other sits at the foot of Cardinal Manning, it very soon becomes evident that each disputant requires not so much to confute as to educate his opponent. No prospect of agreement exists until the very first principles assumed by one have triumphed over the first principles assumed by the other. And to upset a first principle satisfactorily it is necessary to modify the way of contemplating all the consequences which depend upon it. It is a pleasant belief that, if you can destroy the axioms upon which a chain of reasoning depends, you destroy the value of every link in the chain. But, though true in logic, nothing is less true in practical controversy. A man who has been accustomed always to regard a question from one particular point of view cannot be persuaded to look at it from another simply because his admissions bind him in consistency to do so. The first laws of motion, he agrees, may be true, but he has always thought of the sun as going round the earth, and he will continue to do so, however rigid the logical demonstration by which the opposite theory may be connected with the admitted truths. And therefore any controversy, however trifling, goes on spreading when it has once been started, until we see that we have not only to provide our antagonist with his first principles, but to establish our deductions step by step, and then to perform the still harder task of inducing his imagination to follow his reason. A man who would clear his neighbour's mind of a prejudice fancies that he has only to pull up a weed, but finds that he has really got hold of one end of a whole network of roots, and that he is in fact trying to pull down a tree. In society we give up the effort, if we are wise; and content ourselves with implanting a sting in our neighbour's mind, not of course with the intention of revenging ourselves, but with the charitable hope that the leaven may work in the course of time. We should act on the same principle in more elaborate controversy. It is hopeless to attempt to meet our adversaries at all points, and to clear off all possible misconceptions. The secret of success is to confine the argument to the smallest possible number of issues; to state the leading principles as simply as possible; and then, if necessary, to go on stating them over and over again. If anybody has the courage to drill some lesson into the public mind in season and out of season, and never to be afraid of becoming a bore, he will end by converting all convertible people. Argument, of course, is a very agreeable employment for those who are fond of displaying intellectual ingenuity; and, as many men are content to spend a great part of their lives in playing whist or inventing mathematical puzzles, there is no reason why they should not spend labour in constructing elaborate philosophical arguments. It amuses them and does little harm to anybody. But, for purposes of conversion, arguments should not consist of more than one vigorous assertion. A man of one idea is the man who really wins disciples. If he can get hold of a single doctrine, concentrate it in a good telling phrase, and harp upon it whenever he gets a chance, he will attract hearers as the magnet attracts the particles of iron in a dust-heap. But if he permits himself to diverge into the infinite number of subsidiary questions that can be raised, he must be content to write for philosophers—that is, for one person in a million; and his opinions will be confined to them till he finds a less ambitious interpreter.

SOCIAL DISTINCTION.

ONE of the most curious features of modern life is perhaps the struggle which goes on between personal comfort and social ostentation. The writer in the last number of the *Contemporary Review* who signs himself "Etonensis," and whose identity under any signature would be sufficiently apparent, remarks very truly that English society is just now passing under some very subtle, yet vital, changes. "It must never be forgotten," he says, "that wealth is now in England no longer the possession of a few, but rather what may be termed a 'drug.' That is to say, it is diffused through a circle so much extended, and so fast extending, that to be wealthy does not of itself satisfy; and the keenness of the unsatisfied desire, aspiring selfishly, not to superiority, but rather to the marks of superiority, seeks them above all in the shape of what we term social distinction." There can be no doubt that this is an accurate picture of what is now going on, on every side; and it certainly suggests some very painful reflections as to the sufferings which a great many worthy persons, whose only fault is to be very rich, have to undergo as the penalty of their position. It is not enough to have plenty of money, but some means must be found for exhibiting it, so that all the world may see and do homage accordingly. The immense development of various industries in recent years, the increase in the value of land and houses, and the tendency to free expenditure on the part of almost all classes of the population, have led to the accumulation of a vast amount of wealth in the hands of people many of whom are very ill qualified to enjoy it. They have for the most part passed their lives in absorbing occupations of a vulgar kind, which have left them very little opportunity for acquiring either social or intellectual culture; and all the higher ideals of existence are consequently beyond them. If they could only contrive to live in an easy, natural way, it might perhaps be well with them; but then they would be hiding their light under a bushel, and what is the good of having a light unless you show it and get credit for it? And here comes in the misery of the thing, the obligation of display. Once upon a time wealth was in itself a distinction, but now it is a drug in the market, and there are so many rich people that distinction depends, not on the mere fact of their riches, but on the extent to which they can manage to make a display of them. Where there used to be hundreds of rich people there are now thousands, and there can of course be no distinction in one man in a mob being exactly like the rest. He must do something to mark himself out; and in doing this the man of wealth is exposed to the keen competition not only of people as full of money as himself, but of others who by a little dexterity are able to make a good show at a more moderate cost. Superiority is of course not an absolute, but only a comparative thing, and wealth in itself has been levelled by its commonness. There is, however, as "Etonensis" has pointed out, a difference between superiority in any of its genuine forms, such as belong to the nature of the man, and not to the accident of his money, and those "marks of superiority" which enjoy a conventional currency; and the latter are to a certain extent within the reach of all who can afford to pay for them. Rich folk can compete for anything that finds its way into the market, and most things do so nowadays. Though they may be hopelessly ignorant of art, they can buy coloured canvasses by the mile, and masterpieces of earthenware rubbish by the hundred. They may know nothing about books, but they can give an order to some dealer to furnish what is known to the trade as a gentleman's library. By a judicious expenditure in local ground-bait they can generally get a seat in the House of Commons; and by a devoted attention to Parliamentary business on the right side there is always a chance of a baronetcy—for even soap-boilers are turning up their noses at knighthood—or in the end a peerage. All this, however, requires more than mere pocket liberality; and, in fact, it may almost be said that the display of wealth, which for most people alone makes wealth worth having, involves infinitely more drudgery and anxiety than the acquisition of it. It is difficult to imagine a more pitiful existence than that spent by unhappy people of this class in a desperate and tumultuous struggle with each other for artificial badges of social distinction. They feel bound to parade themselves everywhere, to hoist as many marks of distinction as they can purchase or snatch at, and yet there is such a throng of others like themselves that, after all their efforts, they are lost in the ruck.

As an instance of the prevailing passion for display at any cost of expenditure or suffering, "Etonensis" takes the growing crush at Court. Going to a Levee or a Drawing-room is a method of obtaining an official certificate of a certain degree of social standing. It is a "mark of superiority," and there is consequently a rush to claim it. As yet, indeed, it is not quite everybody who has a right to this glorious privilege; and, so far, the

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citizens of this country are behind those of the United States, all of whom, without exception, are entitled to walk into the White House, and not only to take a good look at the President, but to shake hands with him. Judging, however, from the sort of people who now compose a large part of the regular crowd at the Court, any traces of the old exclusiveness may soon be expected to disappear. In former days the people who went there formed a comparatively small circle, and were more or less on a footing of personal intimacy with the Sovereign; and the rest of the world was content to remain outside the sacred precincts, knowing indeed that it had very little chance of admission. All this has been changed, and everybody of an aspiring turn of mind, every provincial manufacturer who has set up an estate, and all the small fry of clerks in the public offices, now swell the mixed gathering at the Palace gates. "Etonensis" argues that this is a mark of respect to the Sovereign; but it may be suspected that what actuates most of the company is mainly a desire to be advertised in the *Times*. Jones goes to Court in order to prove to the world that he is as good as Smith, and better than Robinson. And this indeed is very much the reason why Jones, since his lucky hit in pickles, goes into Parliament to sit out wearisome debates till all hours in the morning; keeps a big house which is constantly full of strange company, who do not know, and do not want to know, their host; takes his wife and daughters to other parties, where they are squeezed and suffocated on the stairs; and goes to be broiled with them in an open carriage in the dusty block of the afternoon drive. It can hardly be supposed that poor Jones enjoys his way of life, but then it is a mark of superiority.

It must be admitted that the case of this unfortunate and increasing class is deserving of sincere compassion. There is no harm in making money, and it would even be unfortunate for the community if the desire for it should be discouraged by the discovery that, in the glut of the article, it is of comparatively little value, at least socially, to the people who have got it. If any means could be devised by which rich people could be provided with social recognition without having to go through so much toil and discomfort in order not only to secure but to keep it, it would undoubtedly lead to a great reduction in the amount of human suffering, and we may also say humiliation. But apart from this unhappy class themselves, there is another side to the subject. It is impossible not to contemplate without some alarm the consequences of a rush of rich people, without education, taste, or the capacity of appreciating anything above the common level of a life given up to animal instincts and mere material aggrandizement, into the various fields of art and cultivated refinement. As it is, a deplorable impulse has been given to the demand for pictures suited to the capacity of persons who have no love for art, and whose only aim is to get talked about on account of what they buy. The same remark applies to the collections of china and pottery which are now being turned out all over the country, and the bulk of which is either spurious or in a bad style. All this may be a fine thing for the dealers, but it is very sad for the future of the æsthetic life of England. On every side we see art corrupted and debased, and the higher influences of social intercourse paralysed by an inroad of ignorant people who scatter their money without knowledge or discretion, and for the sole purpose of vulgar ostentation. If the present competition continues, it is really hard to say where it will stop. At present, for example, most people who have a carriage are content with a pair of horses, which is indeed as many as under ordinary circumstances are consistent with convenience and comfort; yet there would certainly be more display in four or six. Lord Malmesbury once congratulated the House of Lords on the fact that noblemen had ceased to be oppressed by the parade of rank, and were not expected to drive up to town in a coach and six; but there are already some indications that the pomp which the aristocracy have discarded may be picked up by the plutocracy as the last chance of acquiring some kind of distinction. Four horses are already becoming the rage, and once the fashion sets in, there is no telling where the limit will be found. It must, of course, be dreadfully uncomfortable to ride about at the tail of a team, and locomotion will be dreadfully impeded, but still, as a means of display, it may prove fatally attractive to a certain class of millionaires.

Under these circumstances it certainly becomes a serious question whether some way cannot be discovered of enabling the possessors of this glut of wealth to obtain relief from it without inflicting so much injury on others and so much painful effort on themselves. Their great object being to get their wealth declared and blazoned forth to the world, it may be suggested that this could be accomplished by some simple process of registration. It cannot be doubted, for example, that everybody concerned in Court receptions, not excluding the most august, would be just as well pleased if personal attendance could be dispensed with. After all, what people want is chiefly to get their names in the papers; and it would perhaps be sufficient if a list of those who passed the Lord Chamberlain's scrutiny were published from time to time. Her Majesty would thus lose the chance of seeing some very funny-looking people, but the relief from fatigue might be deemed a sufficient compensation. The principle, however, is capable of extension much beyond Levees and Drawing-rooms. The unhappy people, for instance, who are, or choose to suppose they are, condemned to exhibit themselves every afternoon in Hyde Park, might, on producing evidence to the proper authority that they had a carriage at such a price, and with such and such armorial bearings, and so many horses, with harness to match, be allowed to have these facts published to the world in some official form. Indeed there might be a general *Libro d'oro*, or register of rich folk, by which their pecuniary importance might be authoritatively made known without giving them any trouble. They could then go about in a plain ordinary way, such as they had been accustomed to in earlier years, ask only such people to dinner as they really cared to see, and avoid the snares of the touts and dealers who are the parasites of uneducated wealth. Different classes of incomes might be indicated by distinctive badges—a little ribbon would do, in the style of the Legion of Honour, only in various colours; and then everybody would be able to see at once how much the wearer was worth. A public competition of this kind might also prove highly advantageous to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for it has been observed that hitherto some of those who are most anxious to make a display of wealth in social life are apt to be exceedingly modest when they fill up their Income-tax papers. But if the latter were published, that would no doubt make a difference. "Etonensis," who is believed to have a pretty fancy for fiscal novelties, might perhaps work out the idea during his present leisure.

THE OWSTON INSCRIPTION.

WHEN, a year and more ago (*Saturday Review*, May 30, 1874), we tried to put together a theory of the use of titles and conventional honorary epithets, we did not look forward to the strife which has since been waged about one particular honorary epithet. And when, somewhat later (August 22, 1874), we spoke our mind about this latter case, we hardly looked forward to see it brought up for a solemn decision in a court even of ecclesiastical law. For it is exactly the kind of question which lies beyond the proper sphere of law. Even if, by any ingenuity, it can be brought within the scope of any written enactment, it is practically much better that it should not be brought within its scope. It is a dispute about a mere epithet; but it is something more than a dispute about a mere epithet. All kinds of questions and controversies which have really nothing to do with the matter could not fail to be raised, and, in point of fact, have been raised, as soon as the point at issue has once been stirred. Many of the comments on the matter are in themselves absurd enough, but they are the kind of comments which were certain to be raised as soon as the question was stirred at all. And we cannot keep down a little feeling of satisfaction that, if all parties had adopted the doctrine of titles and epithets which we tried to lay down last year, the question never could have been stirred at all. For our rule was that, whether a Wesleyan minister is or is not entitled to the epithet of Reverend, no man, Wesleyan minister or other, should call himself Reverend. He should wait for other people to call him so; that is, he should not himself demand the reverence of other people, but should wait for other people to offer it to him of their free will. According to our rule, the question could not occur in the form in which it has occurred. It might have occurred about the tombstone of the Wesleyan minister himself; it could not have occurred about the tombstone of the Wesleyan minister's daughter. For, on the minister's tomb, his children or friends would be looked on as speaking, and as, perhaps not unnaturally, claiming the reverence of others for the deceased; while, on his daughter's tombstone, the minister himself must be looked on as speaking, and as claiming reverence for himself while yet living. If modern inscriptions would only follow the simplicity and modesty of ancient ones, questions of this kind could not arise.

The judgment of the Chancellor of the diocese of Lincoln certainly does not strike us as a model of a legal judgment. There is no vigour or decision about it, and it seems to drag in as much as possible of the kind of matter which ought to be kept out of such a document. What can the opinions of John Wesley, and the rules which he laid down for the preachers of his society, have to do with the inscription on the Owston tombstone? It is quite certain that Wesley told his preachers not to call themselves "Reverend," or "ministers," or anything of the kind. And this fact is one which may fairly enough be brought up in theological controversy with the Wesleyans. It is perfectly fair to say, You call yourselves followers of John Wesley, and yet you do the very things which John Wesley especially told you not to do. But what has the teaching of Wesley to do with the law as to the tombstone? "It was urged," says the Chancellor, "that the assumption of the title was in contravention of the teaching of John Wesley, the founder of the Wesleyans, and of the rules of the Wesleyan Conference." And the Chancellor himself goes on to discuss the teaching of Wesley, and the position of Wesley, as if they had something to do with the matter in hand. Now that a thing was done in contravention of the teaching of John Wesley, or of the rules of the Wesleyan Conference, may doubtless be good ground of accusation before the Wesleyan Conference, but what can the Chancellor of the diocese of Lincoln have to do with such questions? He is not set there to judge Wesleyan law, and if questions of Wesleyan law are brought before him, he may fairly play Gallio, and say that he will be no judge of such matters. Or, if he likes to take up a higher ecclesiastical tone, he may say with St. Paul that it is not his business to judge them that are without, having enough to do to judge them that are within. As the case appears in the judgment, all that Mr. Phillimore had to decide was whether the inscription was contrary to law.

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Another very important point does not seem to have turned up in the case—namely, what the rights of the incumbent with regard to inscriptions in the churchyard really are. Can he shut out an inscription which contains nothing contrary to sound law or sound theology, but which is objectionable on the ground of mere silliness or ugliness? The ground on which Mr. Phillimore decided against the inscription seems to have been that it was likely to disseminate doctrines contrary to those of the Church of England; that it might lead people to think that the Church of England looked on a Wesleyan minister as a lawful minister of the Word and Sacraments. In so doing he stumbles on an objection which strikes us as really more to the point than the objection which was really taken. Mr. Phillimore doubts whether the word "minister" was not open to objection as well as the word "reverend." We should have said that from Mr. Phillimore's point of view the word "minister" was far more open to objection than the word "reverend." The word "minister" has a meaning, the word "reverend" really has none. In the language of the Church of England the word "minister" means a lawfully ordained bishop, priest, or deacon, and to allow a man to be called a minister might seem to imply an acknowledgment of him as bishop, priest, or deacon. But the epithet "reverend" really means nothing. It is a mere epithet of courtesy, which is nowhere used in the formulas of the Church, except once, where it is not used exactly according to the rules of modern courtesy. As a mere title of courtesy, it is incapable of legal definition; and it is merely modern usage which gives it to every clergyman, and to nobody but clergymen. What would Mr. Phillimore have said to an inscription in which the epithet was given to a judge? which was once not unusual. We really do not understand what the Chancellor means—and perhaps we ought to give him the benefit of a probably puzzled reporter—when he is made to say, "The inscription did not run as if that were a mere claim of the title by that gentleman; it stated his title as a fact." "If the inscription had been worded in any way which should show that that was an asserted title, he would have strained a point in his favour and issued a citation." We understand him better when he asks, "whether the authorities of a church in Westminster could be compelled to describe a Roman Catholic prelate as Archbishop of Westminster." The Chancellor says distinctly that he sees "no substantial distinction between such a case and that before him." Now surely the analogous case would be if Mr. Keet had been described not simply as Wesleyan minister, but as Bishop or Rector of Lincoln or Owston, or some other place in the diocese. But it is plain that both the promoters of the suit and the Chancellor himself were much more troubled at the word "reverend" than they were at the word "minister." This shows how thoroughly all matters of this kind have become matters of feeling and habit rather than of law or of principle of any kind. The word "minister," the use of which might possibly be taken as implying a theological admission, passes almost unchallenged; the Chancellor speaks of it merely by the way. This is because everybody is familiar with the phrase "Wesleyan minister"—because many would even use the word "minister" with a little tinge of contempt as distinguished from "clergyman"—while it is about the mere epithet "reverend" which implies nothing, and does not commit anybody to anything, that the uproar really arises.

The plain truth of the matter is that the whole thing is simply silly from beginning to end. Perhaps there are still—there certainly were a few years ago—several people who claimed and received the epithet of "honourable," though they certainly had in strictness no right to it. Would any dispute have arisen if any of them had been called "honourable" on a tombstone? And what of the far more serious case of the church where the curious may see a succession of tablets in memory of persons described as Earls of Banbury, though the House of Lords had distinctly rejected their claim to that title? The whole thing is foolish and trifling, and Mr. Phillimore has certainly not dealt with it in a way to make matters better. At the same time there is no need for such an outburst as that of the *Times* about "gratuitous wrong," about "a decision injurious to the whole Dissenting community," about "odium theologicum," and how "every Churchman in whom religious rancour has not extinguished the germs of human feeling will have been shocked at the treatment to which Mr. Keet has been subjected." We are quite unconscious of any religious rancour towards anybody, but "shocked" is rather a big word for the feeling of annoyance awakened by mere silliness on both sides. We dare say the tombstone is ugly enough anyhow, and we are sure that the awkward epithet must have made the inscription look, as it makes a title-page look, yet uglier than it would have looked without it. Instead of the thunder of the *Times*, we are more inclined to agree with the judgment of the *Morning Post*, though it does sound a little in the style of Mr. Ready-to-Halt. It certainly is "a somewhat painful instance of much ado about nothing"; but one cannot help laughing at the solemn way in which the same paper goes on to discuss the history of honorary epithets, a subject which the *Morning Post* at any rate ought to have at its fingers' ends:—

> No doubt the word reverend was originally used only of persons who had been episcopally ordained, simply because in those days none were ordained in any other way. But after the rise of Puritanism, as the result of Cranmer's encouraging the immigration of German reformers, the title came to be used towards all ministers alike, whether episcopally ordained or not, and thus it has become a sort of accepted designation for persons who by their own co-religionists are considered to be set apart for the ministry.

The *Morning Post* would really seem to think that a fixed system of conventional epithets had existed, like the Koran, from all eternity. If people, especially clergymen, could only understand how very modern and how very meaningless they are, they would hardly be so touchy about them; but it is certain that the *Post* is quite right when it goes on to say that the epithet of "reverend" implies no priestly office, and does not clash with any claims of the Church of England clergy.

The whole thing however may, from another point of view, be looked at more seriously. It is an illustration of the odd position of a national Church which in legal theory is held to be co-extensive with the nation, but which in point of fact is far from being so. The strange thing is that there should be people who do not frequent the church while living, who act as ministers of rival religious bodies, but who still wish to use the churchyard for themselves or their dead friends. The thing is perfectly natural under the circumstances—that is, one can easily see how it came about—but it is none the less strange in itself. The daughter of the Wesleyan minister must, we conceive, have been buried in the churchyard, with the Church of England service read by the incumbent or by some other clergyman of the Church of England. As the Wesleyan minister wishes for the Church of England service for his daughter, he or his friends would most likely wish it for himself in the same case. Would it be refused? Could it be refused? Would any clergyman venture to press the natural interpretation of those canons which denounce *ipso facto* excommunication against a large class of people, among whom Wesleyan ministers can hardly fail to be reckoned? If he did venture to press it, would the Chancellor of the diocese of Lincoln or any other judge venture to bear him out in so doing? That is to say, the Wesleyan minister is, according to the canons, an excommunicated schismatic; and yet no one would venture to treat him as such in a matter far graver and much more a matter of principle than an inscription over a grave. If, notwithstanding his unauthorized and schismatical ministry, the Wesleyan minister is to be treated by the Church as a departed brother, it is absurd indeed to raise disputes about a conventional epithet on a tombstone.

RUMOURS OF RELIGIOUS WAR.

MONTALEMBERT used to call himself a son of the Crusaders, but in the days when his name was most widely known the idea of a new crusade would have been looked upon as the veriest craze of a disordered brain. A quarter of a century ago, four years before the outbreak of the Crimean war, and little more than ten years before the smouldering enmities of North and South broke into a flame in America, we were congratulating ourselves on the commencement of a new era of universal brotherhood and peace. War would henceforth be regarded as an obsolete form of barbarism; our swords were to be converted, if not exactly into ploughshares—for the agricultural interest was not in the ascendant just then—into scientific instruments of various kinds; "the railway and the steamship" were to be the symbols at once of advancing knowledge and cosmopolitan unity, and the banners of rival armies were to be furled, as the great poet of the day had sung, in the "parliament of man, the federation of the world." The Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851 was a kind of solemn pageant to commemorate the introduction of the reign of peace. And if war altogether was out of date, the last thing to be thought of was a religious war. Civilized society was expected henceforth to become very much what the late Sir Robert Peel described, in his famous address at the opening of the Tamworth Reading Room and Library—"an edifice in which men of all political opinions and all religious feelings may unite in the furtherance of knowledge, without the asperities of party feeling." Catholic and Protestant, Churchman and Dissenter, Christian and Deist, had laid aside their immemorial feuds; or, as Lord Brougham expressed it in his lectures at Glasgow, "the evil spirits of tyranny and persecution which haunted the long night now gone down the sky were put to flight," and the old dogmatic unity of the dark ages was being replaced by the nobler harmony of men who "agreed to differ" on all points of "controversial divinity," and were all the better friends for the difference. Everybody, in short, of whatever creed or country, was to shake hands with everybody else all round; as the children say, we were all to kiss and be friends, and so to remain for all future time. On the abstract merits of this philosophy of comfortable optimism we make no comment here; but the anticipations it fostered can hardly be said to have been justified by the event. Within a few years from the period referred to, first the Old World and then the New were distracted by fierce and sanguinary conflicts, and wars no less destructive, in some cases far more so, have followed since. And it is curious that the religious element, supposed to have been discarded for ever, has been more or less prominent in all of them. The Holy Places formed at least the pretext of the quarrel between France and Russia; Abolition was distinctly used as a religious cry in America; the French invasion of Italy, and the Prussian invasion of France at a later date, were still more closely and directly mixed up with religious controversy. Never, in fact, could it be more truly said, in the cant phrase of a modern political school, that "the religious question is the order of the day." In one sense of course this may be viewed as a ground of satisfaction. We are concerned, however, only with the fact just now as it bears on the possible danger of serious complications in the social and political order of the world.

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The recent disturbances at Antwerp, to which we have elsewhere referred, supply one only out of many indications of the explosive condition of the elements with which the moral atmosphere is charged. In itself the affair looks insignificant enough, and the obvious comment it suggests is that the Government should have made up its mind from the outset which of two courses to adopt, and should have acted accordingly. Either public processions and pilgrimages should be forbidden, as used to be the case in France, or, if that is held to be unadvisable in so Catholic a country as Belgium, means should be taken to enforce such an observance of outward decorum as may protect those who take part in them from having their feelings outraged in a matter about which Roman Catholic believers are known to be peculiarly sensitive. It was obviously improper, and pretty sure to lead to a breach of the peace, to allow these Corpus Christi processions to parade the streets, and also to leave schoolboys of a sceptical or mischievous disposition at liberty to insult them; yet this was apparently the conclusion at which the Government had arrived in the first instance. But the real interest of the dispute lies deeper. Belgium may be considered, in a religious or theological sense, a sort of microcosm of Europe. The combustible elements which are elsewhere more or less held in solution are there precipitated. Any one who cares to examine the Parliamentary reports in the *Indépendance Belge* will easily apprehend what we mean. Language which Mr. Whalley would not for a moment be suffered to use at Westminster is habitually addressed by members of the Liberal party in the Belgian Chambers to an audience chiefly composed of ardent Ultramontanes, who of course are not slow to repay their adversaries in kind. Such terms as "crétin" and "infidel" represent the reciprocal amenities of debate, and the *odium theologicum* is imported into what would seem at first sight the most irrelevant and purely secular discussions. The fortifications of Antwerp, for instance, were made for some years the chosen battle-ground of the Ultramontanes and their opponents. Now it must be remembered that all this occurs in a country distinguished by its Liberal institutions and its commercial activity, neither of which, therefore, afford any security against the extremes of religious or irreligious fanaticism. But if Belgium offers a typical, it is certainly not an isolated, instance of what has become one of the most prominent phenomena of the modern world. The suggestive, though somewhat intemperate, work of the Abbé Michaud, to which we called attention not long ago, contains abundant evidence of the state of religious tension in France. Since then the subject has been further illustrated by the *mandement* of the Archbishop of Paris about the approaching festival of Margaret Alacoque and the foundation of the new church of the *Sacré Cœur*, and the angry criticisms upon it in the democratic press. And it may be worth while to refer in this connexion to one of the prophecies which have been so widely disseminated of late in France, and which undoubtedly express the aspirations, if not the convictions, of a large section of the population. It appeared originally in an Ultramontane organ entitled the *Rosier de Marie*, and expressly consecrated to the honour of the Blessed Virgin, and it disposes of the future of Europe in a manner equally gratifying and precise. Another war, we are informed, will ere long break out between France and Prussia. But meanwhile a Frenchman will have discovered a new and tremendous implement of warfare. The earlier incidents of the struggle are then narrated in detail, and we are told that on the eve of the decisive battle the Italians will demand the restoration of Nice, and will make their way as far as Lyons, but will promptly retreat on hearing of the Prussian defeat. The circumstances of the great battle are next minutely described. It ends in the complete rout of the Germans, with enormous slaughter, and their first army takes flight by Chalons, Thionville, and Cologne, till it reaches Königsberg. The second army is defeated on the Loire, and flies by way of Nancy and Metz; the third escapes through Alsace. The three victorious armies of France then combine and march together to Berlin, where papers are discovered seriously compromising Russia, Italy, and Spain. The armies therefore proceed to Königsberg, where the Russians are defeated, and sign a treaty of peace. "Prussia ceases to exist. Poland is restored. Austria gives up her Polish provinces, but is indemnified on the side of Greece. The borders of France are extended to Frankfort, and embrace part of Bavaria. The Pope regains his rights. Italy is defeated and divided into three kingdoms. Towards the end of the Italian campaign the Pope dies. The legitimate princes are restored in Spain." A supplementary prophecy arranges the future of Switzerland, where also the persecuted Church triumphs. Switzerland retains its republican constitution, but is placed under the protection of the Holy Father. It is easy enough to laugh at this wild rodomontade, but a straw will show which way the stream is flowing, and some predictions help to secure their own fulfilment. The multiplication and fervent acceptance of these highly suggestive revelations among an excitable people smarting under the sense of recent humiliation at the hands, as they are continually reminded, of a Protestant and persecuting Power, do not promise well for the maintenance of peace. And if for a while there is a lull in the internal religious conflict in France, and the Liberals, as M. Michaud bitterly complains, are playing into the hands of the Ultramontanes, that is only because they are united for the moment in hatred of a common foe.

If we turn from France to Germany, there the religious contest is already in full swing. And however we may choose to apportion the immediate responsibility of its outbreak between the Courts of Rome and Berlin, both Powers are alike obeying the impulse of a movement which they did not originate, and can only partially control. Pius IX. has no doubt contributed much during his long Pontificate to the Ultramontane reaction, but it had begun before his time, and even if his whole attitude had not been changed by the events of 1848, his early Liberalism could not have held out against it. Nor would Germany have long continued passive under the irritating pressure, both literary and political, of "Vaticanism," had Prince Bismarck done nothing to precipitate the crisis. In Italy the conditions of the conflict are varied, but the same causes lie at the root of it. And this is also true of Switzerland. Indeed the battle of rival faiths, or rival extremes, or of faith and unbelief, or by whatever name it may be called, which under different forms is agitating almost every country on the Continent, is a fact of European, not to say of world-wide, significance. And it gives plausibility at least to the fears or hopes of those who predict that the next great war will be distinctly a religious war.

The "streak of silver sea" which separates England from so many of the troubles of her neighbours counts of course for something here. And the character of our national history, which differs in so many important respects from that of every Continental State, counts for more. But still it does not need familiarity with the prophecies of "Cassandra" to discern that even here there are elements of theological discord which mark a state of feeling that would have been wholly strange and scarcely intelligible to our grandfathers. Secular knowledge and education, according to the most trusted luminaries of a past generation, were to be the panacea for all, or nearly all, the ills which flesh is heir to, and especially were to exalt men above the littleness and asperities "which ignorance and denominational separation had fostered." Perhaps some day it will be so; but meanwhile the liveliest asperities of a mediæval Council are most vividly recalled by the debates of a modern School Board. It would be easy to illustrate the same phenomenon from the literary organs of the most opposite schools of thought. But we have already said enough to prove that of England too it may fairly be said that "the religious question is the order of the day." That there is anything like the same intensity and antagonism of adverse forces here as in many Continental countries we are of course very far from affirming; but a perceptible change has taken place in this respect during the last twenty or thirty years, partly through the influence of some prominent persons who might be named, mainly through more general causes.

GLAMORGAN.

THE author of Murray's Handbook to the English and Welsh Cathedrals recommends the undertaking of short home tours in the spring, or even the winter. Perhaps, for the milder at least of these seasons, there is no better mode of testing the value of his counsel than a peaceful inroad into one of those Welsh counties whence of old the Celt issued forth to plunder the Saxon, and so originated that intimate association of "Welshman" and "thief" which has been an article of faith with us from our cradles. Amongst the counties of South Wales none is, for many reasons, equally suitable for this purpose with Glamorganshire. It combines to an exceptional extent the attractions of climate and scenery, hill and dale, seaboard and down, black country and green sward, busy life and sequestered sleepy hollow; it has a history in keeping with the riches of its soil and the undulations of its hill and valley; and, what is most to the tourist's purpose, it offers one or two excellent centres whence the whole county may be conveniently visited—centres where a man need neither starve nor feel lonely, and where civilization (which it is a mistake to leave behind us, if we can help it) is sufficiently present to ensure good postal communications, daily papers, and a choice of fairly modern means of locomotion. Bounded on the north by Brecknock, on the east by Monmouth, on the south by the Bristol Channel, and on the west and north-west by the bay and county of Carmarthen, it will be seen that the Englishman's access to Glamorganshire will ordinarily be by the eastern border; and for a brief tour of the whole district no better scheme can be devised than to start from Cardiff at the south-east, use the South Wales line *viâ* Llantrissant, Bridgend, and Briton Ferry as far as Neath, and then, unless time permits a divergence at Llandore to Swansea and Gower, which are an excursion of themselves, to work one's way to Merthyr Tydvil in the north-east of the county, through the beautiful and diversified scenery of the Vale of Neath. This latter part of the route will afford a taste, not only of charming river scenery, including several striking waterfalls, but also of the hilly regions of North Glamorgan, separated from the rest of the county by a chain of elevations running from east to west through its centre, from which to the sea is the Vale of Glamorgan, a rich undulating land divided by Swansea Bay from the kindred tract of Gower to the south-west. In the Vale of Glamorgan and in Gower the climate is mild enough for myrtle and arbutus to grow out of doors, and the air so healthful that Mr. Thoms ought to be banished thither for his scepticism, and with a view to realizing the remarkable longevity of the natives who breathe it. If in our present sketch we seem to slight the beauties of Gower, and only to notice in passing one of its archæological features, this is by no means to be set down to indifference, but rather to an unfavourable reminiscence of Swansea, the starting-point for it. When last we

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visited that place, the sickly smoke of the copper-works, and its baneful influence on everything in the shape of vegetation, were but scantily atoned for by decent accommodation at the inns. Very likely this may have been changed now, but, until we are sure of it, commend us rather to the eastern half of the county; and, in justification of this preference, let us suppose Cardiff to be our first resting place.

The town itself is worth a study, independently of its docks, and a good word is due to the clean broad streets, the well-kept public gardens, the free libraries, the Natural History Society, and other substantial tokens that those who take the lead and bear rule in this ancient borough are not indifferent to the bodily and mental health of the people. To a casual observer Cardiff contrasts somewhat strikingly in these respects with the inland and more purely Welsh town of Merthyr Tydvil. Greatly in favour of Cardiff is the facility it affords for turning your back upon the town and trade by half-a-dozen or more easy outlets. When the tourist has "done" the never-ending docks, he has but to take the steamer, and be transported to the breezy headland and fine Channel view of Penarth, from which the eye embraces Clevedon and Weston, with Flat Holmes and Steep Holmes in midsea between them. When he has visited the mixture of ancient and modern in Lord Bute's castle (approached direct from the top of High Street), and contrasted the Curthose Tower, wherein the eyes of Robert Duke of Normandy were *not* put out, with Mr. Burgess's observatory or smoking-tower, which dwarfs and overtops every other tower, spire, or chimney, ecclesiastical or civil, in the environs, and which must have cost the Marquess of Bute a mint of money, with its marble steps and alabaster fittings; and when he has condoned the dubious harmony of the inhabited portion of the castle with the octagonal moated keep, on the score of the liberality which allows free access to the walks and ramparts tastefully planted with evergreens and affording charming prospects, he may track the meadows of the Taff to the cathedral of Llandaff. There he may feel thankful that the Vandals who a century ago proposed to substitute for the ruined presbytery, choir, and part of the nave, a quasi-Italian temple (the plan of which is to be seen in Mr. King's *Handbook to the Welsh Cathedrals*), were let and hindered in their barbarism, and that it was left to the present Dean, strongly and heartily supported, to consummate a real restoration, conservative of features in which it resembles Rheims and Ripon as to the west front, and the neighbouring cathedral of Hereford as regards the arch from the choir into the Lady Chapel. It is possible that when the builders of Llandaff, which was begun shortly after the completion of Hereford Cathedral, built this arch, that from the choir into the ambulatory beyond it at Hereford was in their minds. Externally the "Church on the Taff" is singularly beautiful, and exquisitely situated, whilst the deanery and the prebendal houses have so far given a tone to the modern architecture of the precincts that the surrounding village no longer strikes one as a straggling lot of cottages, but rather as a smiling suburb, where a delightful retirement might be realized under the shadow of the church. It is no fault of the restorers of Llandaff, but a result of the petty economies which clipped the revenues of the Welsh dioceses, and well nigh confiscated one of them, that, as at St. Asaph, and we suppose at St. David's and Bangor, but not as in English cathedrals, a dozen choristers, a single canon, and a single minor canon, with the verger and organist, represent the total staff engaged in the week-day services at Llandaff Cathedral. The fact that there is but one canon's house to "share and share about" seems to imply that "our rulers loved to have it so."

But to return to our starting-point, Cardiff. Before the Rhymney train starts for Caerphilly Castle there will be time to get a glimpse of St. John's Church, of which we are told that it was more than once designed to supplant and supersede Llandaff. This must have been in virtue of its external appearance, its high Perpendicular tower with graceful open battlements and pinnacles, and the elegance of the decorative moulding of the west door. Inside, St. John's is a dark dingy church, bepewed and be-galleried in the once approved fashion; and its curious altar-tombs of the Herberts lie hidden, so to speak, in the gloom of the north aisle. The ruins of White Friars, a seat of these Herberts, are discoverable after a little search within the boundaries of the Sophia Park. In castles there is nothing in Glamorganshire to outdo Caerphilly, which can be reached by a railway trip of ten miles, and will amply repay the journey. In the extent which it covers this ruin reminds us of Ludlow or of Kenilworth, though its flat situation takes off from its grand proportions, and though the drying-up of the twofold moats diminishes the impression of the strength of this Edwardian castle when it was in its glory. That it held or needed the fabulous amount of live and dead stock said to have been found in it when the younger Despenser capitulated in 1327 is probably a figment based on the tradition of the arbitrary spoliation of the neighbourhood by the De Clares and Despensers, which, according to Nicholas's *Annals of South Wales* (ii. 538), made "gone to Caerphilly" a proverb for anything which was hopelessly lost. The main entrance was on the east by a raised causeway and pier of masonry detached in the middle of the moat, and fitted with drawbridges. The gate-house with a turret on either side, and surmounted by a tower of sixty feet, was guarded with portcullis, stockades, and loopholes in the turret walls. And, supposing this to have been taken by assault or treachery, another moat still insulated the main body of the castle proper, the outer gate of which has been crushed by the ruins of an inner gate-house which has been split in twain, one half yet remaining erect while the other collapsed into the moat, by the same explosion which has caused that very striking feature of Caerphilly, its leaning tower. In the inner court or bailey the arrangements are very imposing—the great hall to the left, and the chapel east of it, the bold western gatehouse, the vaulted passage toward the moat, and the various offices. This castle has been most satisfactorily described by Mr. Clark of Dowlais. After Caerphilly, Castle Coch, which may be reached either by the Taff Vale Railway from Cardiff in six miles and a half, or by a walk across the hills to the left of the station from Caerphilly, is chiefly notable for its picturesque situation on an escarpment of mountain limestone, which contrasts with the red dolomite material whence it takes its name. The Red Castle must have powerfully commanded the mountain gorges and passes inland; otherwise it lacks the air of importance which characterizes Coity, near Bridgend—a fortress, like most of the Glamorgan castles, assigned by Robert Fitzhamon to one of the twelve knights, his comrades in arms, in the reign of William Rufus. Coity Castle is an extensive ruin with an outer and inner ballium and the usual outworks. Two blocks of buildings are remarkable, one for a fine portal, and the other for the remains of a stone vaulted hall with a vaulted passage beside it.

We must not bid adieu to Cardiff without noting that it has other sights within a walk, such as St. Mellon's Church to the east, and at no great distance from the railway to Newport on the left; St. Fagan's, with its castle-walls, church, and picturesque village on the Ely, and two famous cromlechs within some three miles of the last-named station, in St. Lythan's and St. Nicholas' parishes. Both these are on the Dyffryn estate. These stupendous remains of sepulchral chambers, no doubt originally covered by a tumulus, are of such proportions as make us marvel at the motive power and the vast amount of manual labour which it must have taken to place them *in situ*. The nearest, that at St. Nicholas, has a capstone 22 ft. 9 in. by 15 ft. 8 in. wide and 3 ft. 6 in. thick, supported at the east end by three props, the largest measuring 5 ft. 5 in. in height by 2 ft. 9 in. in width; at the west by a single prop 11 ft. 8 in. wide by 2 ft. 10 in. high; and on the north by another 13 ft. 8 in. by 5 ft. The other is less than a mile from it to the south, at no great distance from the curious little church of St. Lythan's, in a field almost opposite one of the lodges to Dyffryn, but so conspicuous that none could miss it. Its dimensions (for which, as for those of the other, we are indebted to a paper by Mr. W. J. Lukis in a recent number of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*) are:—"Height to top of capstone, 11 ft. 8 in.; length, 14 ft. 8 in. by 10 ft.; thickness, 2 ft. 6 in. The height of the south prop is 9 ft. 11 in. by 11 ft. 6 in., and thickness 1 ft. 6 in.; of the northern, 9 ft. 10 in. by 10 ft. wide and 1 ft. 9 in. thick; and of the western 7 ft. 6 in. high by 4 ft. 8 in. wide." It is to be observed (though we have not seen this noticed in the accounts of St. Lythan's cromlech) that the western prop has a round hole towards its top. Mr. Lukis mentions other cromlechs near Llantrissant on the South Wales line; and no visitor to Gower will dream of overlooking Arthur's Stone. At Llantrissant there is much to repay the tourist in vestiges of a British camp and an Edwardian castle, and the town is one of those old-world places where you would expect to find old charters and old municipal institutions, and which you would group with Llantwit, near Cowbridge, or with Kenfig, near Bridgend and Pyle, except that it has not the old ecclesiastical traditions of the one, and has never suffered the sand deluges of the other. From Llantrissant we may take the branch line to Cowbridge, which is well worth a visit for its pleasant old-world aspect, its ancient walls and south gate, its church or chapel of ease with a north aisle to the chancel, and a south to the nave, and its neighbouring castles of St. Quentin's and Penlline. Thence might be made short and easy excursions to Llantwit and St. Donat's, to the remains of that architectural medley, Beaupré House, in which a travelled native mason blended Greek and Gothic styles, to Boverton, Dimland, and the Tressilian caves. But it were more prudent to push on, after rejoining the main line, to Bridgend, from which point the tourist may conveniently study a country of rare interest, and realize the architectural, traditional, and agricultural riches of the most interesting part of the Vale of Glamorgan. For instance, within an easy radius lie the beautiful trio of churches—Coity, Coychurch, and Ewenny. The last-named is especially interesting as a sample of a fortified ecclesiastical building, with massive military tower (its battlements pierced with cross-eyelets), and with an arcade on the west wall, a choir, and presbytery of the finest Norman work in Wales. The ruins of the conventual buildings are extensive, and the owner of the picturesque mansion on the site of them—the inheritor, in the female line, of the possessions of the original Turbervilles—is busy in the restoration of the church and abbey on the old lines. Of the other two churches, Coychurch is the finer, as it has aisles and buttresses which the other lacks; it has, too, a semi-military central Perpendicular tower, in which, as well as in choir and presbytery, it resembles Coity. But its peculiar beauties have been fully pointed out by Mr. Freeman in the *Archæologia Cambrensis;* and a sojourn at Bridgend were nothing without a visit to this trio of churches.

Not that the neighbourhood lacks other points of interest. The ruins of the castle at Bridgend are very inconsiderable, and so are those of Ogmore, save for its keep and fine situation; but there is such a curiously blended interest in the Castle of St. Donat's, standing out boldly at the head of a creek

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stretching down to the sea, and yet surrounded by undulating woods of great beauty—a nineteenth-century restoration of one of the castles of Fitzhamon's twelve knights—that the tourist will do well to postpone to a visit here and to Llantwit, excursions to Morgan Abbey, Newton Nottage, or the Llynvi Valley and Porthcawl. In legends and traditions it matches Dunraven Castle; in picturesqueness it outmatches it. St. Donat's is the old seat of the Esterlings or Stradlings, familiar to the readers of the county history through more than six centuries, and was occupied by them until the death, in a brawl in a foreign town, of Sir Thomas Stradling, the last of the direct race, in 1738. When, six months after his death, this last Stradling was brought home for burial in the adjacent Norman church, which nestles in the wooded dingle running down to the shore, the usual solemnities preceding a Welsh funeral ended in a fire, which destroyed the picture gallery (in a secret chamber wainscoted off from which Archbishop Usher lay hid during the civil war troubles) and other parts of the castle. The whole has been carefully and gradually restored by the present owner, Dr. R. Nicholl Carne, whose mother was of the Stradling lineage, but who holds possession by purchase. Under his direction the old places have been renewed in a conservative spirit, and the architectural features of the castle, as well as the old internal decorations, have been restored. Whilst the slopes toward the sea have been rendered quite a picture by a series of hanging gardens, where myrtles and sub-tropicals live out of doors, the church and churchyard have been the first to meet with reparation, and the elegant cross in the latter, as well as the Stradling monuments in the former, will be found well worth inspection. There is a strange contrast between the inhabited aspect of this charming seat and the lone watch-tower just across the dingle, said to have been used to give notice to the lord of St. Donat's of wrecks, in which the coast population of Glamorgan took a peculiar interest. It would need a whole article to describe the neighbouring town, church or churches, castle, and town-hall of Llantwit Major, the seat of a famous school of divinity in the fifth century, and, curiously enough, not long since, through a munificent proposal of the owner of St. Donat's, the possible seat of the new Welsh University. Every stone in Llantwit may be said to be "a stone of old memorial," from the crosses and coped stones in the so-called "old" church, which is disused, to those in the churchyard and in the houses and public places of this old-world village. The visitor to Llantwit will return to his inn to dream of it. For ourselves we were content to take from it our last impressions of a week's tour in Glamorganshire, and to push homeward by forced marches *vid* Neath and the Neath Valley Railway to Merthyr. The easiest way of wrenching oneself from so charming a county is to endure for an evening and night the smoke, noise, and fires of uninteresting, uncanny Merthyr.

OUR NEW GUEST.

IT is to be hoped that the name of the ruler of Zanzibar who has just arrived amongst us will not turn up too often in dinner-table talk, if it be true, as is asserted, that Burgash, when pronounced properly, "sounds like 'bulrush,' but not 'bulrush' calmly uttered, but 'bulrush' bent and blown away by a storm of gutturals." A sputtering volley of Burgash in this style all round the table would certainly be rather uncomfortable, besides being a dreadful trial for dainty lips. Any one with a name like this is much better written about than talked about, but the worst of it is that writing is apt to lead to talking. In the present period of absolute dulness and stagnation, there is perhaps some excuse for the rush which the newspapers have made upon our new guest; and they are evidently anxious to make the most of him. We have had the Sultan, the Khedive, and the Shah in turn, and there is no reason why we should not have the Seyyid Burgash of Zanzibar, if that is his right title, as well, and show him every civility. Only it is to be hoped that the line of Oriental potentates bent upon visiting our shores will not stretch quite so far as Banquo's issue, and also that care will be taken to prevent any misunderstanding as to the meaning and extent of our good will. It appears that on his way up the river the sovereign of Zanzibar was met by some boys from the *Goliah* training-ship, who begged a subscription; but, it is added, "fortunately the request was made in English, a language which the Seyyid does not understand." However, his knowledge of the language, or his means of getting it translated, seems to have wonderfully improved as he drew near Westminster; for when Mr. Bourke, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in full official uniform, delivered an address of welcome in which he placed the country generally at the disposal of the Seyyid, and begged him, if he wanted anything, just to mention it, that illustrious personage, nodding his head approvingly, thanked Mr. Bourke for the cordiality of his reception, and said he anticipated much satisfaction from his visit to England. Mr. Bourke seems to have spoken in English, but it would perhaps be as well that it should be made clear to the Seyyid that the offer conveyed was intended to be taken rather in the way of Oriental imagery than in a matter-of-fact English sense. Of course the ruler of Zanzibar, who is only a very small prince with a little fringe of territory, could not expect to be received with the same honours as the Sultan or the Shah, and had to put up with an Under-Secretary and a penny steamboat. The Under-Secretary, however, had on his best uniform, and no expense was spared in flags for the steamboat; and the Seyyid was also indulged with a royal salute from the flagship at Sheerness. Those arrangements must have cost the Foreign Office many a sleepless night, and it is to be hoped that the Seyyid is satisfied, and that neither the Sultan nor the Shah will feel offended by his being allowed to get too close to them in the honours accorded to his rank. In the meantime it would perhaps be desirable that the reporters should not trouble the visitor too much with their critical attentions. When it is stated that the Seyyid is "sensible and observant, with a frank and pleasant countenance," it is no doubt intended to be complimentary; but still this kind of patronizing curiosity reminds one somewhat of that which is bestowed on other fresh arrivals from the East at Jamrach's or Regent's Park. Lord Melbourne's familiar phrase might very well be applied to such a case, and the reporters might be asked, "Can't you let him alone?" It is scarcely fair to anticipate the book which the Seyyid will probably write when he gets home by publishing his profound observations on English life as fast as they fall from his lips. He has already discovered that, though London is a bigger town than Zanzibar, the English are in some respects behind his subjects. It is wasteful, he thinks, to grow tall forest trees along the roads, since shade could equally be afforded by fruit-trees, as in Zanzibar, and then there would be the fruit into the bargain. Not content with picking up everything the Seyyid says, some of the papers go further, and tell us what he has been thinking of. The *Telegraph*, for example, with that inventiveness which has always distinguished it, and which is shortly to be commemorated by an "Inventor's Column," has an article in which an imaginary account is given of the impressions produced on the mind of the Eastern visitor at Ascot.

It seems to be the impression of the reporter of the *Times* that there will be an immediate demand for Dr. Badger's edition of Salil-ibn-Razik and a number of other learned works which he enumerates, as throwing light upon Zanzibar and its sovereign; but we are afraid that at the present season there is not much chance of any great enthusiasm being excited on the subject. Everybody will be very happy to hear that the Seyyid has been well treated, and has enjoyed his visit; but even in the present dearth of anything to talk about, a ruler of Zanzibar with an unpronounceable name, is not likely to make much of a sensation. The Shah and the Sultan had been heard of before, and people wondered what they were like, but scarcely anybody except Sir Bartle Frere and Dr. Badger ever heard of Seyyid Burgash, which being translated means, it seems, his Lordship the Midge, till the other day; and it does not appear that there is much to be said about him. At least the article in the *Times* is chiefly devoted to his father. Burgash told Sir B. Frere that succession to the throne of Zanzibar was settled by the "longest sword," but he appears to have, after some years of exile, himself ascended the throne peacefully on the natural death of his predecessor. Now that the slave-trade has been put down he seems to be anxious to cultivate honest commerce, and it is natural that this laudable desire should be encouraged. The *Times* mysteriously observes that, "for people who will take the trouble to think, the Sovereign of Zanzibar ought to be something more than a lion," and it turns out further on that what is meant by "more than a lion" is that it is hoped he will be caught as a customer. "An observer," it is added, "of sufficiently quick intelligence to seize the essential facts of a civilization partly strange to him, and not too old to admit the inferences which these facts suggest, ought to learn a good deal in England"; but no hint is given as to what sort of facts or opinions are here referred to. A little civility is a cheap and useful commodity, and it is worth while to stand well with foreign princes even of humble rank, especially when it involves so little; but it is hardly necessary to seek out recondite reasons for a simple act of hospitality. If the Seyyid has a good time of it in England, that will be enough, and there is no reason to exaggerate his personal importance or to expect any very wonderful results from his visit. The best that can be done for him is to let him go about in a quiet way, and see as much as he can, and not bewilder him with mysterious leading articles. The attention to be paid to a guest of this kind is a matter for the Government, and not for the public; and it is satisfactory to find that the Government is quite alive to its duty. There was a time not at all remote when even great potentates coming, or desiring to come, to this country, were treated very shabbily. There is a medium in all such cases between extravagance and reasonable liberality. It is certainly not desirable that all sorts of foreign princes should be encouraged to imagine that open house will be kept for them in England whenever they choose to indulge their curiosity by paying us a visit; but, on the other hand, nothing can be more appropriate and becoming than the modest attentions which are being shown to the Seyyid Burgash.

THE "PECULIAR PEOPLE."

A MEMBER of the so-called "Peculiar People" has been tried for the manslaughter of his child, aged two years, whose death, according to the medical evidence, was caused by pleurisy and chronic inflammation of the lungs. The child had been ill for nine or ten months. The prisoner stated before the Coroner that he did not know the disease under which the child was labouring. Every care and attention was paid to the child by himself and his wife, but he called in no medical aid or advice. He does not believe in it. He trusts to the Lord. The child

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was prayed over, and the Elders of the sect laid hands on him and anointed him with oil. This was done, as a witness explained, in conformity with the 14th verse of the 5th chapter of the Epistle of St. James. This witness, who was himself an Elder and had visited the child, thought it was teething and in a decline. He had recommended the father to give it arrowroot, new milk, eggs, and such-like things. He never advised the father to call in medical aid. The "Peculiar People" have religious objections to that course. Their women when in child-birth do not call in medical aid; they have skilful women among their own sect who give aid in such cases. Mr. Justice Blackburn reserved for the consideration of the Judges the question whether the prisoner was guilty of manslaughter, and intimated his own present impression that he was; but we cannot help thinking that both the law and the divinity ventilated at this trial were of doubtful quality. The absurdity of employing midwives and excluding physicians will probably be perceived in time by the "Peculiar People." The legal principles enunciated by the Judge were no doubt correct, but the difficulty lies in their application. If the prisoner had been indicted for the offence of keeping his child without necessaries, including in that term medicine and medical attendance, he might probably have been convicted within the principle of decided cases. But he was indicted for manslaughter, and it must be proved against him that his neglect of duty was the cause of death.

The medical testimony in the case was given with suitable caution, and it only came to this—that the disease which caused death might have been checked by proper attention to its earlier stage. The witness "did not for a moment presume to say that the child would not have died if medical advice had been called in, but its life with proper treatment might have been prolonged or saved." The Judge put two questions to the jury; first, whether the prisoner neglected to procure medical aid for his child when it was reasonable so to do, and he had the ability; and next, whether death was caused by such neglect; and the Judge told the jury that, unless they were satisfied affirmatively on both those points, they must say that the prisoner was not guilty. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and this amounts to finding that the prisoner caused his child's death by neglecting to procure medical aid for it. It may, however, be conjectured that the jury arrived at this conclusion without fully considering the difficulties that lie in the way of it. The prisoner was charged with manslaughter, and manslaughter is usually distinguished from murder by saying that, though the act which occasions the death is unlawful, yet the malice, either express or implied, which is the essence of murder, is wanting in manslaughter.

There may, however, be murder, and also of course manslaughter, by omission as well as commission; and if a father kept an infant child without necessary food, having ability to provide it, and the child died of hunger, the father might be found guilty either of murder or manslaughter, according as his conduct showed a malicious purpose or merely culpable neglect. The old form of indictment in such cases would have alleged a trespass *vi et armis* on the child, but the substance of the offence is evidently the nonfeasance of failing to supply food. In all cases, however, either of murder or manslaughter, there must be proof of the means of killing. The text books say there must be a corporeal injury inflicted, but they include among modes of killing starving and exposing a sick or weak person to the cold. "If a man receive a wound which is not in itself mortal, but for want of helpful applications or neglect it turns to a gangrene or fever, and the gangrene or fever be the immediate cause of the death, yet this is murder or manslaughter in him that gave the stroke or wound." In conformity with this doctrine it was held in a modern case that a person inflicting a wound which ultimately becomes the cause of death is guilty of murder, though life might have been preserved if the deceased had not refused to submit to a surgical operation. Both the old doctrine and the modern application of it will probably command that general assent which is desirable in the administration of criminal law. There must be a distinctly unlawful act which caused death. We may assume, although it is not very clearly stated by legal writers, that a parent is bound to provide a child during illness with proper medicines. Mr. Justice Patteson told a jury that a master is bound to do this for an apprentice, and it may be safely assumed that a parent owes at least an equal duty to a child. So far there is no difficulty. The same learned Judge proceeded to say that, if they thought the death of the deceased was occasioned not by want of food, bedding, and clothing, but by want of medicines, then, in the absence of any charge to that effect in the indictment, the prisoner would be entitled to be acquitted. This direction seems to imply that it is at least a conceivable case that a jury might find a master guilty of manslaughter for neglecting to supply an apprentice with medicine; but the case goes no further, and we believe that it is as near a case as can be found to that which has been before Mr. Justice Blackburn. The jury found the prisoner guilty of the charge which was in the indictment—namely, neglecting to provide food, clothing, and bedding—and he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. That, however, was plain sailing. In an older case an apprentice had been sent to Bridewell for misconduct, and whether or not his moral state was better for imprisonment, his bodily state was decidedly worse. He died soon afterwards, and the question was whether the cause of death was disease contracted in Bridewell, or neglect and ill-treatment by his master. Conviction of the master in such a case could hardly be satisfactory.

It deserves notice that a modern Act of Parliament enacts that, whoever, being legally liable as a master to provide for any apprentice "necessary food, clothing, or lodging," shall wilfully and without lawful excuse refuse or neglect to provide the same, shall be guilty of a misdemeanour. But the Act does not mention medicine. And it ought not to be left wholly out of view that in our time there is almost as much discussion as to the efficacy of medicine—meaning thereby drugs and chemicals—as about the efficacy of prayer, or laying on of hands. The law as to the duty of a master to supply medicine to his apprentice was laid down at a time when everybody habitually took pills, powders, draughts, and even more abominable preparations. It was no more doubted that a child needed periodical "physic" than that he needed whipping. But now some doctors, and these not the least trusted in their profession, prefer to rely very little on "physic" and much on nature. It may be remarked, too, that if the prisoner in this case had called in, not an Elder of the "Peculiar People," but an ignorant quack doctor, he would have been safe from prosecution, and even if the anointing with oil had not been done "in the name of the Lord," it might have passed for a sufficient medical application. It is notorious, too, that one school of doctors profess to cure their patients by means which another school describe as "faith and white sugar." The difference between these two schools has been neatly epitomized in the remark that the new school say that the old school kill their patients, and the old school say that the new school let their patients die. But if it be permissible to have recourse to faith and white sugar it can scarcely be criminal to rely on faith alone. It is notorious that some old-fashioned doctors would, in deference to the reported dictum of a deceased Judge, say of the new school that they simply leave disease and nature to fight it out in the body of the patient. It is not for us to indicate any preference for either school; but we cannot help knowing that this very class of diseases to which the child's death is ascribed have been made the subject of innumerable methods of treatment, which those who did not approve them have roundly denounced as quackery. We shall see in time what the result of this prosecution is; but at present we are not altogether satisfied of its expediency. It seems to us that the medical evidence as reported is scarcely sufficient to support the verdict. But we agree in the opinion expressed by the jury, that there ought to be some law which would compel parents to provide medical advice for their infant children in case of illness. Indeed we are by no means sure that such a law does not already exist. The first page of the most familiar treatise on criminal law states that an indictment lies for a breach of duty which is an outrage upon the moral duties of society, as for the neglect to provide sufficient food or other necessaries for an infant of tender years whom the defendant is obliged by duty to provide for, so as thereby to injure its health. We think that the "Peculiar People" might be dealt with under that law more satisfactorily than by any indictment for manslaughter. But we do not think that it would be a defence to an indictment for manslaughter that the prisoner believed that he ought not to provide medical advice. Mr. Justice Blackburn reserved this question also for the Judges, although he did not profess to feel any doubt about it himself.

SEA PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE.

BY the Common Law a carrier who received goods to carry was responsible for every injury occasioned to them by any means, except the act of God or of the Queen's enemies. But many years ago a practice began by which carriers sought to restrict their liability by giving notice that they would not be answerable for loss except on conditions limiting the extent of their common-law liability as carriers. It appears from a case decided in 1769 that the practice then existed and was not new. Mr. Justice Story, in a treatise published in 1832, says that it was formerly a question of much doubt how far common carriers on land could by contract limit their responsibility, upon the ground that, exercising a public employment, they are bound to carry for a reasonable compensation, and have no right to change their common-law rights and duties. It was said that, like innkeepers, they were bound to receive and accommodate all persons as far as they may, and could not insist upon special and qualified terms. The right, however, of making such qualified acceptances by common carriers had been asserted in early times, and was then recognized and settled beyond reasonable doubt. But the learned writer proceeds to say, "It is to be understood that common carriers cannot by any special agreement exempt themselves from all responsibility, so as to evade altogether the salutary policy of the common law. They cannot, therefore, by a special notice, exempt themselves from all responsibility in cases of gross negligence and fraud, or, by demanding an exorbitant price, compel the owners of the goods to yield to unjust and oppressive limitations of their rights. And the carrier will be equally liable in case of the fraud or misconduct of his servants, as he would be in case of his own personal fraud or misconduct."

This passage may be cited with some confidence as an exposition of what the law ought to be, but our business at this moment is to discover what the law is. By the Carriers' Act of 1830 it was enacted that no public notice or declaration should be construed to limit or affect the liability at Common Law of any carrier by land;

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but it was provided that nothing in the Act should affect any special contract between such carrier and any other party for the conveyance of goods. Our Courts after 1832 disregarded Mr. Justice Story's view, and decided, by a series of cases, that a carrier might by a special notice make a contract limiting his responsibility even in the cases of gross negligence, misconduct, or fraud, on the part of his servants. The Railway Companies took advantage of these decisions "to evade altogether the salutary policy of the common law," and the Legislature was compelled to intervene between them and the public by passing the Railway and Canal Traffic Act of 1854. In order to show the length to which the Judges went in favour of the Companies, we will refer to a case in which "gross and culpable negligence" in the defendants' servants was averred in the pleadings and proved at the trial, but the Court of Common Pleas arrested the judgment. Mr. Justice Cresswell said that the question depended on the nature of the contract entered into between the parties, and that the contract contained in the ticket in that case, which exempted the Company from responsibility for damage, however caused, did protect them from responsibility for the loss in that case, arising from the neglect of the defendants' servants on the journey; "whether it was called negligence merely, or gross negligence, or culpable negligence, or whatever epithet might be applied to it, it was within the exemption." In another case, where a horse had been killed upon a railway, the jury found that the accident was occasioned by the gross negligence of the Company; but nevertheless the judgment was arrested.

Under these circumstances the Act of 1854 was passed, by which it is enacted that every Railway Company shall be liable for the loss of or for any injury done to any horses, cattle, or other animals, or to any articles, goods, or things, in the receiving, forwarding, or delivering thereof, occasioned by the neglect or default of such Company or its servants, notwithstanding any notice given by such Company contrary thereto, or in any wise limiting such liability. Provided that nothing therein contained should be construed to prevent the Companies from making such conditions with respect to the receiving, forwarding, and delivering of any such animals or articles as should be adjudged by a Court to be just and reasonable. Provided that no special contract should be binding upon any party unless signed by him.

We are at present concerned with the case of passengers' luggage, which is comprised within the words "articles, goods, or things." But the Act only extends to a Company's own line of railway. This is shown by a case in which the plaintiff took a ticket of the South-Eastern Railway Company to be conveyed as a passenger from London to Paris, on which was printed, "The South-Eastern Railway Company is not responsible for loss or detention of or injury to luggage of the passenger travelling by this through ticket, except while the passenger is travelling by the South-Eastern Railway Company's trains or boats." The plaintiff did not sign this memorandum. His portmanteau was lost between Calais and Paris. It was held that the Act of 1854 did not apply to a contract exempting a Company from liability for loss on a railway not belonging to or worked by the Company; and that the Company was therefore protected by the condition on the ticket. "The Act of 1854," said Mr. Justice Lush, "says in effect, you shall not, by any notice, limit the liability we have cast upon you as carriers for the carriage of goods upon your own line, though you may make a special contract, if the other party signs it, and if its conditions are reasonable. The question of reasonableness does not arise here, because the present case is not within the statute, which only applies to the carriage of goods upon a Company's own line, and leaves them at liberty to make any contracts they please for limiting their liability on lines not their own."

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn said in the same case:—"However harsh it may appear in practice to hold a man liable by the terms and conditions which may be inserted in some small print upon a ticket which he only gets at the last moment after he has paid his money, and when nine times out of ten he is hustled out of the place at which he stands to get his ticket by the next comer—however hard it may appear that a man shall be bound by conditions which he receives in such a manner, and moreover when he believes that he has made a contract binding upon the Company to take him, subject to the ordinary conditions of the general contract, to the place to which he desires to be conveyed—still we are bound on the authorities to hold that when a man takes a ticket with conditions on it he must be presumed to know the contents of it, and must be bound by them." This passage expresses with the speaker's usual force and clearness the popular view of the hardship of the law which he at the same time maintains. It might be added that Railway Companies do not usually begin to issue tickets until a few minutes before their trains start, so that they abridge as far as they can the time within which it might be possible to study the conditions which they impose on passengers; and they do not, as they might, inscribe these conditions conspicuously at their stations, which they find it more profitable to adorn with advertisements of pickles, hair-dye, and antibilious pills. It has been said that the reason of the law is not as the reason of ordinary mankind, and certainly some of the decisions on this subject appear repugnant to common sense. The House of Lords has lately attempted to direct inferior Courts towards a more rational view of the circumstances under which a railway or steamboat ticket is taken. A man, says Lord Chelmsford, is much more likely to look at the front than at the back of his ticket, and probably, having satisfied himself by looking at the front that the ticket was for the right station, he would not look at the back until he entered the train. We may add that perhaps he would not look at the back at all, unless he had nobody to talk to and nothing to read. The Lord Chancellor thought it important to inquire whether the notice was printed on such a part of the ticket that the passenger would be likely to see it at once. There was no reference on the face of the ticket to the conditions on its back which would have induced the passenger to look at them, and upon the face of the ticket there was a complete contract with him to carry him from one place to another. The Company had taken the passenger's money without calling his attention to the conditions; and it would be most unsafe if they were permitted afterwards to set up the terms of a document of which the passenger had no knowledge at the time the contract was entered into. For these reasons it was decided that a condition that a Steamship Company incur no liability for loss of luggage, whether arising from the neglect of their servants or otherwise, was not binding on the passenger, who was therefore held entitled to recover the value of his luggage lost by neglect. Lord O'Hagan, who took part in this decision, said that there must be a conscious and intelligent consent on the part of the passenger to the conditions before he could be bound by them. He added that the decision was a salutary one, and in accordance with common sense, and it would finally settle a question which had given rise to great differences of opinion for many years.

A case came before the Court of Exchequer three days after this decision of the House of Lords, and nothing was decided in conflict with it, although one of the members of the Court admitted that he "appeared to disagree" with the House of Lords. In this case the condition relied on by the Company was printed on the face of the ticket, and the passenger signed it. There was, therefore, conscious and intelligent consent by the passenger to the condition, as required by Lord O'Hagan. The argument for the passenger was directed to show that there was some obligation on the Company to act reasonably, which no condition could get rid of; and this argument, however it may stand upon authority, has much support in common sense. But the question is different from that which occupied the House of Lords, and it is a very important question which may perhaps deserve the attention of the Legislature. In this case the passenger was going from Southampton to Colon, and the arrangements for a voyage of that length are usually made with some deliberation, and the passenger may reasonably be asked to consider terms and to signify in writing his assent to them. But in an ordinary railway journey it would be absurd to propose that the passenger should do this. If an English Company booked passengers from London for the North of Scotland, and attempted to impose unreasonable conditions as to the Scotch portion of the journey, the argument that the Railway Traffic Act of 1854 only applies to traffic on the Company's own line might prevail in our Courts, but the public would soon make up its mind that, if that be law, the law must be altered. Even foreign-going Steam-packet Companies might easily carry too far the exercise of the privilege which the law seems to allow them of imposing harsh conditions upon passengers. In the case lately before the Court of Exchequer the condition was that "the Company would not be answerable for loss, damage, or detention of baggage under any circumstances." Another condition was that the Company should be at liberty to land any passenger suffering from infectious disease. The plaintiff was taken ill with typhoid fever, and was landed at Kingston in Jamaica, insensible. His box was also landed on the wharf by the Company's servants, but the plaintiff never saw or heard anything of it afterwards. It was vainly argued for the plaintiff that some obligation to act reasonably attached to the Company. The Court said that, under the conditions, the Company was not liable "under any circumstances," and the Court could not make them so. It must be owned that the Court only followed a long series of authorities, and the Judges repeated almost the very words of the decisions which brought upon the Railway Companies the Act of 1854. How these decisions came to be given may be understood by observing the language of Mr. Baron Bramwell, who thinks that "the Companies have been somewhat unfairly treated," and that the Courts ought not to extend the Act of 1854 further than they can help, "for it has been already the cause of more dishonest transactions than any Act of Parliament." The Legislature, however, may perhaps prefer to apply to Steamboat Companies as well as to carriers by land what Mr. Justice Story calls "the salutary policy of the common law." In the case lately before the Court of Exchequer, the Lord Chief Baron "would not say there was not some degree of negligence," and on this point there may possibly be room for difference of opinion. But in a previous case before the same Court, the pleadings expressly alleged "gross negligence and wilful default" in the defendants, and the Court decided that the defendants, under the contract which the plaintiff had made with them, were not liable. The recent decision proceeded on the authority of this case, and the law certainly seems to be that Steamship Companies are not under the same limitation as Railway Companies, and are free to make any terms they choose. If, however, these Companies exercise this freedom indiscreetly, public feeling is likely to be aroused against them. It will be urged that they have practically a monopoly, and can impose what terms they choose on passengers, who therefore, although perhaps neither poor nor ignorant, may fairly claim legislative protection.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

v.

MR. MILLAIS, R.A., is this year generally accounted greater in landscape than in figures and portraits. Perhaps the time may come when it will be said of him, as of Gainsborough, that, like the poet divided between two mistresses, he gives to his fair sitters cold visits, while he devotes to the beauties of landscape nature the affections of a warm heart. Yet in "The Crown of Love" (214) he still proves his allegiance to the element of romance in humanity. Here a stalwart hero, resolute in grasp of hand, strong in backbone, muscular and firm in leg and gripe of foot on foreground, carries a lady "to where," in the words of George Meredith, "the mountain touched the sky." Independently of a certain sonorous pomp of words, there would seem to be little in the inherent conception to save the composition from commonplace; an idea of this sort must stand or fall by its artistic treatment. The two figures—man and woman—are rather skilfully intertwined on the principle of the twist in a corkscrew; but in this, as in others of the painter's compactly dovetailed groups, it becomes a little difficult to distinguish in torso and limb between *meum* and *tuum*; perhaps the painter may plead that in these emergencies some confusion in anatomies and draperies is but true to nature. However, we gladly accord to Mr. Millais more knowledge of anatomy than of geology. The background of rocks and landscape is a mere make-up, both in scale and detail. Sir Roderick Murchison was known to have passed severe strictures on the geological conformations of Mr. Millais. The worst of the matter is that an artist of his surpassing capacity could do so much better if he did but care to give the needful time and pains.

Subjects and styles which the French term *genre*, by way of depreciation, but which constitute the beauty and strength of the English school, ever gain in number and importance. That this should be the case is not so much the fault of painters as of patrons, for we have seldom known an artist who would not prefer painting St. Paul preaching at Athens to a scene in the fish-market at Billingsgate, provided only he could get the commission. Mr. Leslie, A.R.A., it must be confessed, never deviates from a refinement and a fancy which may be said to be akin to the graceful and rhythmical paragraphs of Addison and other writers of that period. In "School Revisited" (196), a girl grown into womanhood and wifehood comes among former playmates who gather with curiosity and affection around her. The theme may be comparatively trivial, yet the eye in passing across the canvas is attracted by touches of tenderness with pretty accessories in the way of rose-trees and honeysuckles trained gracefully on the walls. The colour which tends to silvery notes and the light which plays deliciously in half tones between sunshine and shade impart to the picture a rare value, pertaining, however, more to sentiment than to intellect. Miss Starr, whose early success has of late years scarcely been sustained, gains, as she now deserves, "the line" by a figure truly womanly in its sympathies. "Hardly Earned" (527) presents a poverty-stricken apartment; a music mistress sinks in weariness on a chair with little but a glass of cold water for consolation. The sentiment just escapes sickliness, and the execution has a tenderness which stops short of debility. Miss Starr commands, when she chooses, a bold broad hand, which, if she could bring it to bear on the refined creations of her fancy, would at once place her in the position to which her talents have long pointed. Lady artists are this year at a discount; it becomes more and more evident that they will not buckle down to hard work.

"The Little Masters" are known in the history of German art about the time of Albert Dürer, and the term may now be appropriately applied to certain of our painters who, not to their discredit, compile diligently and discreetly from "the great masters." Mr. Storey, who is best when nearest to De Hooge, has not been successful in an outdoor incident of two anglers—a lady and a squire—mutually "Caught" (142). The gentleman's head emerges amusingly, and with some amazement, from the water and the wall. A figure thus cut off into a small fragment falls under the just censure of Sir Joshua Reynolds in his "Discourses." Mr. Lucas challenges like difficulties in "By Hook or Crook" (327). We here again encounter the disagreeable apparition of a solitary, almost decapitated, head thrust above a wall which cuts it from the shoulders. If, however, the aim is comedy, if the intention is to provoke a laugh, the incongruity does service. The art which Hogarth and his followers rejoice in transgresses, as might be expected, the symmetry-seeking canons of Reynolds. Mr. Yeames, A.R.A., does not rise above *genre*. "Pour les Pauvres" (4) has the merit of being carefully considered and steadily painted. Mr. Le Jeune is always in the small; nevertheless, "A Bite" (206)—a girl and a boy fishing—has the prettiness and refinement which usually elevate the artist's graceful compositions above the low level, the rude and unwashed naturalism, which now rule in London exhibitions. Mr. Wynfield coolly calculates his colours, rather after the black and white manner of the Belgian painter M. Baugniet. "At Last, Mother" (113)—a daughter falling on her knees into the embrace of a mother—is timidly refined and almost studiously mawkish. Mr. Eyre Crowe ranks among "the Little Masters," chiefly because nowadays he does not paint in large. His present effort is to delineate character on the scale of miniature illumined under dazzling sunlight. His art is allied to that of M. Meisonnier and Herr Heilbuth. Favourable examples of Mr. Crowe's latest phase are "Handing the Brush" (385), and "The French Savants in Egypt, 1798" (831). The artist's keen pencil always stings with satire.

Also among "the Little Masters" may be comprised those who deliberately walk in the footsteps of the small Dutch painters; and the number of such highly-finished cabinets—each year on the increase—almost defies calculation. The following may be named as the principal:—"Old Neighbours" (63), by Mr. C. Green; "A Difference of Taste" (136), by Mr. S. Lucas; "In Possession" (330), by Mr. A. Gow; "Shall we Invite Him?" (364), by Mr. Cowen; "Private and Confidential" (375), by Mr. J. Clark; "Sunday Afternoon" (430), by Mr. Collinson; "A Light Repast" (451), by Mr. Kennedy; "A Little Maid-of-all-Work" (524), by Mr. A. Stocks; "The Wedding Dress" (1177), by Mr. F. D. Hardy; and "Morning Letters" (1187), by Mr. G. Smith. Genre-painting on the Continent is favourably represented by "The Bath" (607), by Signor Chierici; "The Mother's Despair" (891), by Herr Linnig; "The Beer Fish" (879), by Herr Lüben; "Gathering Wood" (167), by M. Edouard Frère; and "The Pet Goldfinch" (239), by Mme. Henriette Browne—the last being shamefully treated by the hangers. To the above may be added "Love Me, Love Me Not" (534), an elegant and truly womanly composition, by Mrs. Staples, who by her signature on the canvas of "Ellen Edwards" preserves an identity which the world would not willingly overlook.

The subjects and the styles conspicuous within the Academy become every year so greatly diversified that strict classification grows more and more difficult. Since the secularization of art some centuries ago, when "The Madonna and Child" descended into a simply domestic mother and infant, and when "The Holy Family" made way for every possible incident within a peasant's cottage or a king's palace, the themes opened to the enterprise of painters have become almost as endless as the topics handled in leading articles, or as the news announced in the latest telegrams of morning newspapers. If matters stopped here, if, instead of subjects and modes of treatment circumscribed and stamped with finality, we had the promise of an art extended and progressive as humanity itself, it might be a question whether the gains were not equivalent to the losses. But with regret we remark in the modernism of our Academy the all but total neglect of what Reynolds and other writers have termed "style." Fundamental principles are ignored, and each painter does what seems best in his own eyes. The exhibition of the Academy as now constituted may be compared to a Noah's Ark; the Academicians, of course, holding, like Shem, Ham, and Japhet, exclusive privileges, and the outsiders being shunted into somewhat of the position of outside passengers in a London omnibus, who get up and stick on as best they can.

Relinquishing, then, all attempt at classification, we pass under review according to their several merits the following miscellanies. Mr. Marcus Stone has made a decided advance in his newly adopted course of naturalism in "Sain et Sauf" (130). The incident by its appeal to human sympathy redeems the commonness of the constituent materials. A French soldier returns, knapsack on back and musket in hand, to his simple peasant's home "safe and sound," his wife in child-bed receives him with open arms, and the baby cries a welcome from the cradle on the floor. The composition is essentially Dutch in its character and accessories, but the colour and the tone incline to the French school; the execution is broad and vigorous, and varied textures in surface aid the studied naturalism. Mr. Prinsep has surpassed himself in a graceful but most solemn "Minuet" (125), as well as in a naturalistic scene of four peasant girls returning "Home from Gleaning" (392). This artist gains in balance of proportion, harmony of line, and delicacy of manipulation; his colour has always been deep and rich, though in the present studies he has fitly surrendered his warm Orientalism. Mr. Dowling, whom we are glad again to greet within the Academy, contributes an elaborate composition showing the return from Mecca of a Sheikh to Cairo (522). Miss Osborn is also once more welcome; in Munich, having had the advantage of the teaching of Professor Piloty, she has gained a style which serves well in the rendering of Mr. George Mac Donald's lines:—

> A little mist and a little rain,
> And life is never the same again.

There are still surviving certain honoured Academicians and Associates who almost from time immemorial have jogged steadily along like slow, but safe, coaches on old macadamized roads. Mr. Cope, R.A., has in colour settled down into what may be termed "the old red sandstone school"; indeed, Cupid and Venus (351) would seem to have been cooked up from brickdust, so ruddy is the flesh colour. Mr. Horsley, R.A., and Mr. Frith, R.A., are again safe in following up former successes; the latter contributes no less than eight figure pieces, mostly of the type and complexion of the young ladies whose pretty but vacant faces adorn bon-bon boxes. Mr. Perugini vaunts a showy style, and affects a telling title (57). Mr. Wingfield sins against good taste in the interpretation of the hackneyed text, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept" (875). The composition becomes all the greater horror by reason of its inordinate size; fortunately the hangers have "skied" it in a corner, where it is gibbeted as the worst example of a now obsolete romantic school, ambitious of life-size. Mr. Tissot, who has sometimes stood on the verge of signal success, errs in opposite directions. Not only are his draperies diaphanous, but his faces shine as transparencies; they give out as it were a pale moonshine; a private concert—"Hush" (1233)—where

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ogling Orientals seem ready to devour a young lady violinist, is a fantastic conception; a little more substance would not detract from the illusive lights which give singular brilliancy to the scene. Mr. Orchardson, A.R.A., still cherishes eccentricity, especially in the way of rambling incoherent compositions, vacant in the centre, and scantily tenanted towards the extremities by lanky, leggy figures that grow as ragged weeds on sterile ground. His countryman, Mr. Pettie, proceeding on the opposite principle, crowds his centres while he leaves the circumference to take care of itself. Each method is equally wrong when pushed to extreme. Mr. Orchardson might have found a subject more worthy of his talent than an old man at a fruit stall (153); it is a pity when an artist of proved resource tries to be clever by making something out of nothing. Much more happy is Mr. Calderon, R.A., in "Great Sport" (1158); here a couple of little children, up to their waists in tall grown grass, are at full glee in pursuit of butterflies. Pleasing in harmonious contrast are the white, blue, and red dresses of the children set against the yellow greens of the summer field jewelled by red poppies. We have not seen so pretty a thought thrown so charmingly on canvas since the time when the versatile Professor Knaus almost drowned a little girl in a sea of flowers.

"Story pictures" which put together some piquant incident or pleasing narrative more and more prevail, and much of their popularity depends on the choice of a catching title. We have heard advanced connoisseurs express the opinion that they do not care for the name in the catalogue, and we sympathize with this state of mind. A picture, they urge, is good or otherwise by its composition, light, shade, and colour, and some go so far as to say that a true art product ought to read pleasantly when turned upside down. This, we confess, is rather an advanced doctrine, and the tendency is certainly in the opposite direction. The names to pictures have now become as anxious considerations as the titles to three-volume novels; take the following as meant to be pleasingly suggestive:—"The Widow's Harvest" (37), by Mr. P. R. Morris; "Hearts of Oak" (47), by Mr. Hook, R.A.; "A Green Thought in a Green Shade" (54), by Mr. Blake Wirgman; "The Bearers of the Burden" (101), by Mr. Boughton; "The Right of Way" (25), by Mr. Frederick Walker, A.R.A.; "The Poet's First Love" (380), by Mrs. E. M. Ward; and "Summer Days for Me" (1199), by Mr. Alfred Hunt. The large majority of visitors are unreasonably swayed by the sense and even by the sound of a title; thus they look from the catalogue to the canvas, and almost invariably applaud when they catch the mere echo of a sentiment or some pretty play upon words. Artists pandering to popular prejudices rely too much on taking titles; they rejoice as if sure of success when they have hit on some peg whereon to hang a picture prominently.

THE GRAND PRIX AND ASCOT.

FRENCHMEN who object to see English horses successful in the race which owes its origin to the late Emperor must have been thoroughly satisfied last Sunday when four French horses were respectively first, second, third, and fourth for the Grand Prix, and the three English representatives were left well in the rear. There were only eleven runners, and out of this number four belonged to one owner, M. Lupin, who was apparently so embarrassed by the possession of so many good horses as to feel it necessary in his own interests to start them all. Count de Lagrange ran Nougat, who had a chequered career on the English Turf last season, and, after being cast out from the French stable as good for nothing, and hacked about the country as a common plater, was with difficulty recovered by his old owners towards the close of the year. The French do not often let a Vulcan go out of their keeping, though they are quick enough to pick one up when opportunity offers. Our English owners only sent over three—Camballo, the winner of the Two Thousand; Claremont, the second in the Derby; and Seymour, who finished pretty well up with the immediate attendants on the placed horses at Epsom. Unfortunately both Camballo and Claremont have been amiss lately. The condition of the former was plain enough to those who saw him in the paddock at Epsom, and hardly was the Derby over when Claremont was also reported to be amiss. Thus they could hardly be expected to show in their true colours after so short an interval; and, in addition, it is always a chance how a horse will feel and what a horse will do after crossing the Channel. Seymour's public credentials in England were not good enough to raise a hope that he could be successful; but, being thoroughly well, he was able to beat his more distinguished compatriots. Salvator and St. Cyr, two of M. Lupin's four representatives, ran such a close race for the French Derby that public opinion was much divided as to which was the better to stand for the Grand Prix; while Nougat, who ran a dead heat for second place in the French Derby, which Salvator won by a head, was confidently expected to make up on this occasion for so narrow a defeat. The victory, however, remained a second time with Salvator, who outstrode Nougat at the finish, and won by nearly a length, Perplexe being third, and St. Cyr fourth. The winner—who never ran, by the way, as a two-year-old—is a horse of great power and of spirited action, and is engaged in the Doncaster St. Leger, for which he is already first favourite. The position attained by Perplexe would make him out a good horse; but, as we shall see afterwards, French horses are not always exempt from the inconveniences attendant on long journeys by sea and land.

The first day at Ascot was, as usual, rich in events of interest and importance. Sport began with the Trial Stakes, which Thunderer, despite his 14 lbs. extra to exempt him from sale, appeared to have at his mercy, his eight antagonists being of very inferior class. Apparently he has not done very well since Chester, or else the hard work he has had to go through at Newmarket as the schoolmaster of his stable has told upon him, for he failed to repeat his victory of 1874 in this same race, and was beaten rather easily by Conductor, an unknown son of Young Trumpeter. The Maiden Plate for two-year-olds, celebrated as being the race in which Rosicrucian made his first appearance, followed, and eleven youngsters came to the post. Unquestionably the best looking of these was King Death, a chestnut son of King Tom and Hatchment, and he was speedily made favourite, and, as is usual in races of this description, the favourite won. The race for the Ascot Stakes was run earlier than usual, being third on the list this year, and only a small and not very distinguished field of ten contested this once famous event. Among the ten were last year's winner, Coventry, Organist, winner of the Chester Cup and Ascot Gold Vase in 1874, Bertram, Lilian, Scamp, Gleneagle, and the Derby outsider, Lord Berners, and Hollywood, a representative of Ireland. The majority of the competitors had long passed their prime, and more than one laboured under suspicion of unsoundness. Organist has not been seen in public since last August, when he was beaten by Trent and Rostrevor at Stockton; Bertram has nearly always been an unfortunate horse, just losing races which he ought to have won; Lilian has done work enough for a dozen horses, and might be supposed to be getting quite stale; and Scamp has shown himself a moderate handicap horse, and nothing more. Yet to these four was the race for the Ascot Stakes confined, and the finish between them was so close that it was impossible even for spectators in the neighbourhood of the judge's chair to say which of the four had proved successful. The judge's verdict, however, was in favour of Organist by a head, Lilian beating Bertram for second place by a similar distance, and a head only dividing Bertram from Scamp. It appeared to us that Bertram, who held a lead for nearly two miles, would have won had not so much use been made of him. He was clearly the best of the four for speed, and had he been steadied earlier in the race his speed might just have served him at the finish. As it was, Organist, who never got up to Mr. Barclay's horse till the distance, wore him down at the last by that gameness which was his distinguishing characteristic last year; while Lilian, who suddenly appeared from no one knew where, came with such a tremendous rush at the finish as to secure second honours, while in the next stride past the post she was first. Mr. Savile could not have thought very highly of her chance, or he would hardly have allowed her to incur a 5 lbs. penalty by winning a paltry Queen's Plate at Ipswich. That penalty just lost her the Ascot Stakes, but she must be accounted a wonderful mare to make such a good fight as she did after the life of unceasing toil she has gone through. Last year she ran in thirty-two races, and yet her legs show no signs as yet of giving way.

After the Ascot Stakes came the really great event of the day, the Prince of Wales's Stakes, for which twelve came to the post; but in quality the field was hardly up to the mark of former years. Lord Falmouth was represented by Repentance colt and Garterly Bell, the third and fourth in the Derby, Lord Aylesford ran Leveret, Mr. Savile the Earl of Dartrey, and among the remainder were Balfe and Bay of Naples, while Perplexe, the third in the Grand Prix, was the solitary representative of France. In regard to the weights, Balfe, Garterly Bell, Perplexe, and the Repentance colt were all penalized, while Earl of Dartrey escaped any extra impost, and Bay of Naples, Leveret, and the Lady Morgan colt took the full allowances. According to public running, the race seemed to be between the Repentance colt, Bay of Naples, who ran sufficiently well in the Derby to be formidable now that he was receiving 10 lbs. from the third in the Epsom race, and Perplexe, who was a long way in front of Claremont and Camballo last Sunday at Paris. We may dispose of the last-named at once by saying that in the paddock he looked anything but fit and well, and his appearance testified that even French horses may suffer occasionally from sea-sickness, and be unable to distinguish themselves at Paris one day and at Ascot two days later. The son of Vermont, after a very rough passage across the Channel, actually arrived at Ascot only a few hours before the race, so that he would have been the most extraordinary horse ever foaled had he been able to begin racing when he had hardly set foot on dry land. Balfe looked, as he always looks, hard and well, Bay of Naples had evidently improved since Epsom, and Mr. Merry's colt by Scottish Chief out of Lady Morgan also attracted considerable attention in the paddock; nor was there any fault to be found with the appearance of Lord Falmouth's pair. The horses were delayed at the post for some minutes by the fractiousness of Tizona—a filly of Mr. Crawfurd's that might as well have been left at home—and the flag ultimately fell to one of the worst starts we have seen this season. The pace was good from the first, and we may at once say that neither Repentance colt nor Garterly Bell ever seemed able to go the pace. The running was made by Sister to Musket, who was supposed by some to have a chance on account of her having run third to Spinaway in the Oaks, and Balfe and Bay of Naples were always in good places. About a mile was sufficient for Sister to Musket, and then Balfe came round the bend with a clear lead, and going better than anything in the race. He was followed by Bay of

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Naples, who was also going well; but Prince Soltykoff's horse was obviously his superior in speed, and the only question was whether he would be plucky enough or good-tempered enough to do his best at the finish. Coming up the straight it appeared a certainty that Balfe and Bay of Naples would be first and second, but at the distance Earl of Dartrey, who, for the greater part of the race, had figured in the extreme rear, but had gradually made up his lost ground, came with a prodigious rush, *à la* Lilian in the preceding race, and, passing the two leaders opposite the Stand, won easily by a couple of lengths, Balfe, as usual, putting back his ears when called upon to struggle, and allowing Bay of Naples to deprive him of second honours. The remainder of the field were widely scattered. The result was a surprising reversal of the Derby running, both Repentance colt and Garterly Bell having fairly beaten Earl of Dartrey at Epsom, and it makes out Mr. Savile's horse to be a much better animal than could have been supposed from his previous performances. He was ridden in blinkers, and he may be a horse of uncertain disposition; but certainly no horse could have run straighter than he ran on Tuesday, or made up lost ground in better style, or answered the calls on him at the finish more gallantly. Another explanation may be that all the Derby horses, except the winner, are moderate, and we believe that this view is entertained by some of the best judges of racing. If that view is correct, the result of the Prince of Wales's Stakes need not occasion much surprise, for it is one of the characteristics of moderate horses that they keep beating one another without any one of them succeeding in gaining an unquestioned superiority over the rest. A study of the two- and three-year-old running of Earl of Dartrey, Garterly Bell, and Repentance colt will help to illustrate this. Those who have made up their minds that Balfe's distance is half a mile must have been rather staggered at the bold front he showed last Tuesday over the longest course he has yet attempted. Perhaps Balfe can go further than people imagine; but one thing is certain, that he will not go a yard further than he chooses, and that when he is asked to go faster, whether at the end of half a mile, or a mile, or a mile and a half, he stoutly declines to respond to the invitation. It was said that the rider of Repentance colt broke a stirrup-leather, but if this accident happened during the latter part of the race, it cannot have interfered with the result, for from the very first both of Lord Falmouth's representatives appeared outpaced. In one point, however, the Derby running was confirmed, for Repentance colt and Garterly Bell, who finished close together at Epsom, were hardly separated at the conclusion of the great race on Tuesday at Ascot.

There were still four races of considerable interest to be decided after the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and the gallant old horse Tangible carried off the Queen's Stand Plate easily, giving nearly 3 st. to Ventnor, and proportionate weight to other two-year-olds like Charon and Brigg Boy, and to older horses, such as Ecossais, Montargis, Slumber, and Coomassie. Sir G. Chetwynd's horse has rarely won so gallant a victory in such superior company. Folkestone followed up his success in the Woodcote Stakes by carrying off the Eighteenth Biennial from a good field, including Lord Lincoln and Lord Falmouth's beautiful and much-fancied daughter of Beadsman and Nike, somewhat unmeaningly named Come-Kiss-Me. Then a select field of four, consisting of those old opponents Marie Stuart and Kaiser, Peut-Être and Carnelion, appeared to do battle for the Gold Vase given by Her Majesty. Great was the satisfaction when the boasted French horse who presumed to challenge the mighty Prince Charlie to single combat was seen to retire from the front nearly a mile from home. Englishmen have somehow never forgiven Peut-Être for having run off with the Cambridgeshire with so little ceremony, and then presumed to fancy that he could beat Prince Charlie; though their anger might have been appeased by the hollow beating given to the audacious foreigner by the magnificent son of Blair Athol. Kaiser could get no nearer to Marie Stuart than in days gone by, and her most dangerous opponent turned out to be Carnelion, who looked formidable opposite the Stand. Marie Stuart, however, proved equal to the occasion, and, shaking off Carnelion's challenge, won by a length. The day's sport was wound up by the victory of Volturno—started instead of George Frederick—over Dukedom and Petition in the Twenty-first Triennial, run, like the preceding race, over the two-mile course.

We cannot say more on this occasion of the two Cup races on Wednesday and Thursday than that the Royal Hunt Cup, as has often been the case, was left to the two favourites, nothing else being dangerous. Thuringian Prince recompensed his friends for their disappointment in the Lincolnshire Handicap, and, had he been out of the way, Whitebait would have achieved an easy victory. It is curious that while in a field of three it is often a great puzzle to pick the winner, in a field of twenty and in a race depending so much on a favourable start backers of horses are so often successful in their selection. The only two supported with any spirit for the Hunt Cup were Thuringian Prince and Whitebait, and they finished first and second. The Gold Cup fell to Mr. Merry through the aid of Doncaster, and the veteran sportsman is fortunate to have both Doncaster and Marie Stuart fit and well at the same time. At the time we write he has carried off two of the great weight-for-age races of the meeting with the Derby and Oaks winners of 1873, and before these lines are in print he may possibly have succeeded in winning a third also.

REVIEWS.

CARLYLE'S EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY.*

IT is much to be wished that some one capable of historical criticism should take the Northern Sagas, as a whole, in hand, especially in their relation to English affairs. Particular parts have been done by modern writers of English history; but the thing has never been done as a whole. Indeed it is not likely to be done by any English scholar, till we get the Sagas in a shape in which the ordinary English scholar may have some chance of buying and using them, such a shape as that which Dr. Dasent promised so many years ago. But meanwhile Dr. Dasent, instead of editing ancient Sagas, writes modern novels; and while he thus gives us a stone instead of the bread for which we ask, his admirer in the *Times* complains that English scholars do not know so much about Scandinavian matters as they ought to know. Meanwhile, almost at the same moment that Dr. Dasent gives us his novel, Mr. Carlyle gives us something for which it is not so easy to find a name. Perhaps we may best call it what Mr. Carlyle calls it himself—namely, "rough notes of the early Norway Kings hastily thrown together." But rough notes hastily thrown together, however great may be the reputation of the thrower, cannot serve our purpose, or indeed any purpose; or rather we might say that rough notes possibly might serve a purpose, but that what Mr. Carlyle gives us is not worthy even of the name of rough notes. The rough notes of a real scholar, the casual remarks which occur to him while going through a course of critical study, really might be of some use. They would most likely put us right on some point or other, and at all events they would set us thinking. But it is hard to conceive what object Mr. Carlyle can have set before himself, unless it be, as he does at the end, to point a moral in favour of wrong and violence and barbarism, and to show by the way his contempt for English history, and his ignorance of all modern research on the subject. Mr. Carlyle confesses that the rough notes which he has hastily thrown together are simply made out of Snorro, with some help from Dahlmann, and he ventures to add the following sentence:—

> In Histories of England (Rapin's excepted) next to nothing has been shown of the many and strong threads of connexion between English affairs and Norse.

To judge by the few references that Mr. Carlyle gives, one would think that he had read nothing later than Rapin. Perhaps he looked at Hume, and, finding nothing there to his purpose, thought there could not be anything anywhere else. It is perfectly plain that he knows nothing of modern writers of English history, whether in German or in English, who have done what they could under existing difficulties to trace the threads of connexion between English and Scandinavian affairs. It would seem that Mr. Carlyle, in the hasty throwing together of his rough notes, has not thought it worth while to look at any ancient records of English history, save an occasional glance at the Chronicles, or to look at any of their modern interpreters. If his manner of studying and writing had been a little less rough and hasty, if he had condescended to use those helps and lights which lie open to those who approach them in somewhat less of the Berserker mood, he might have saved himself the singular displays of ignorance of English history which he makes throughout; he might have saved himself from leaving out some of the most striking and picturesque parts of his own story. Mr. Carlyle has a great name and has many admirers, but this does not make his rough and hasty notes on a subject which he has not really studied any better than the rough and hasty notes of any other man in the same case. If we want to read Snorro, those who do not understand the original can read the whole of him in the three volumes of plain English into which he has been translated by Mr. Laing. It is hard to see what good can come of parts of Snorro caricatured in the peculiar dialect of Mr. Carlyle.

Mr. Carlyle's style it is of course vain to criticize. Mr. Carlyle and his admirers no doubt think it clever to talk about "Bluetooth and Co.'s invasions," "Svein, Eric, and Co.," "the viking public," and so forth. They perhaps think it both learned and clever to call the Eastern Emperors "poor Kaisers," without which touch we could have given Mr. Carlyle credit for understanding German, and we should not have been tempted to guess that he fancies that German was spoken at Constantinople. They perhaps think that there is some point in trampling grammar under foot, in beginning sentences with verbs without nominative cases, or with nominative cases queerer than none at all. "Can think of no safe place"; "old mistress does receive him"; "had a standing army." Even when Mr. Carlyle wishes to give his opinion as to a date, his way of doing so is to say, "Guess somewhere about 1040." About things of this kind it is no use arguing; those who like them will go on liking them; those who have a respect for history or for any other serious study will go on feeling a twinge when they see it thus dressed up in motley.

Leaving points of this kind, let us rather see how Mr. Carlyle deals with facts. His great complaint is that writers of English history do not understand Scandinavian history. It might have been some little encouragement for them to do so if Mr. Carlyle, as a writer of Scandinavian history, had taken some little pains to understand English history. Let us take, for instance, his

* *The Early Kings of Norway; also an Essay on the Portraits of John Knox.* By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

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treatment of a Norwegian prince who plays a great part in English history, the famous Olaf Tryggveson. Mr. Carlyle complains that he has not "yet had the luck to find any decipherable and intelligible map of Norway"; so some way further on he complains that he cannot find the river Helga, the scene of Cnut's defeat by the Swedes, in his "poor maps." It would seem then that Mr. Carlyle is so far from having mastered the new edition of Spruner that he has not even mastered the old one, for there the Helga is marked plainly enough. He also makes the following complaint, which is less easily understood, especially as Mr. Carlyle this time does not vouchsafe us a verb in a somewhat long sentence—

An evil that much demands remedying, and especially wants some first attempt at remedying, by enquirers into English History; the whole period from Egbert, the first Saxon King of England, on to Edward the Confessor, the last, being everywhere completely interwoven with that of their mysterious, continually-invasive "Danes," as they called them, and inextricably unintelligible till these also get to be a little understood, and cease to be utterly dark, hideous, and mythical to us as they now are.

It is perhaps not wonderful that one who talks in so odd a way about Ecgberht should know nothing of what inquirers into English history have done in this way. Let us rather see what he does himself. He tells us (p. 87) that there is no mention of Olaf Tryggveson in any English book new or old, besides the account of his visit to Æthelred at Andover; yet he had just before said (in p. 59):—

The *Saxon Chronicle* gives date to it A.D. 994, and names expressly, as Svein's co-partner, "Olaus, King of Norway,"—which he was as yet far from being; but in regard to the Year of Grace the *Saxon Chronicle* is to be held indisputable, and, indeed, has the field to itself in this matter.

Now the form "Olaus" looks very much as if Mr. Carlyle had read the Chronicles only in a Latin crib; but as none of the versions of the Chronicle contains the words "King of Norway"—an impossible form by the way in 994—Mr. Carlyle's sneer only proves the rough and hasty way in which he takes on himself to find fault with writers old and new, simply because he has not studied their writings. Again, if Mr. Carlyle had given the least critical study to the period of which he speaks, he might have found out that there is every reason to believe that Olaf had a share in the fight at Maldon, a fight which has been told by English writers both old and new, but which we have no special wish to see told again in sentences without nominative cases. But let us see how Mr. Carlyle deals with the scene at Andover. His rough notes on the matter seem to have been so hastily thrown together that he apparently does not know that he has told the story twice in two different ways. The first time (in p. 61) he says:—"Elphegus"—the queer form of a name which is known to one class of people as Alphege and to another as Ælfheah again savours of the Latin crib—"with due solemnity of apparatus, in presence of the King, at Andover, baptized Olaf anew." In p. 87 he tells us again:—

Of him it is merely said that he had an interview with King Ethelred II. at Andover, of a pacific and friendly nature,—though it is absurdly added that the noble Olaf was converted to Christianity by that extremely stupid Royal Person.

We pointed out this ridiculous blunder when Mr. Carlyle's work appeared in chapters in *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. Carlyle certainly did not find in the Chronicles either that Olaf was baptized anew by Ælfheah or that he was converted to Christianity by Æthelred. If he found, as is very likely, the words of the Chronicler hard to understand, he might have found their explanation in the text of Florence, "confirmari ab episcopo fecit." Again, the fault of Æthelred was not that of extreme stupidity, nor is it true to say that "Æthelred the Unready had no battle in him whatever." His fault rather was that he "had battle" in him, but commonly at the wrong time, and not at the right. Mr. Carlyle seemingly has not read enough of the writers old and new whom he so despises to know that once in his life, when he screwed himself up to action, Æthelred could measure himself, and that not unsuccessfully, with Cnut himself. The wretchedness of Æthelred's time has been described by English writers old and new, and it does not add to our knowledge to say that—

For a forty years after the beginning of his reign, England excelled in anarchic stupidity, murderous devastation, utter misery, platitude, and sluggish contemptibility, all the countries one has read of.

Whether "a forty years" means something different from "forty years," we know not; but forty years from the accession of Æthelred carries us through the year of Eadmund's battles to the year of Godwine's exploits against the Wends. The charge of "platitude" we cannot undertake to answer till we get a definition of a word which is most commonly applied to sermons, though of the great sermon of Archbishop Wulfstan Mr. Carlyle himself speaks with deep reverence. But in a writer who stopped to think what he was writing, and did not merely throw rough notes hastily together, we should call the following passage a foul calumny:—

The so-called soldiers, one finds made not the least fight anywhere; could make none, led and guided as they were: and the "Generals," often enough traitors, always ignorant, and blockheads, were in the habit, when expressly commanded to fight, of taking physic, and declaring that nature was incapable of castor-oil and battle both at once. This ought to be explained a little to the modern English and their War-Secretaries, who undertake the conduct of armies.

The defence of London and the defence of Exeter, the fights of Maldon and Æthelingadene and Penhow, the warfare of Ulfcytel and his following of heroes, the hard hand play which the Danes met with at the hands of the stout East-Anglian, all stand recorded in English writings old and new to rebuke the rough and hasty slander. The only thing that has struck Mr. Carlyle's fancy is the one story of Ælfric, because it gives him the chance of making what he perhaps thinks is a joke about castor-oil. Then we get to Mr. Carlyle's version of the massacre of St. Brice, where he puts in inverted commas "all the Danes settled in England," and adds, "practically of a few thousands or hundreds of them." The word "settled" he perhaps gets from the "incolentes" of Florence, which has nothing answering to it in the Chronicles. That the whole story, its origin and growth, has been carefully sifted since Rapin, Mr. Carlyle of course does not know. It is stranger still when Mr. Carlyle says (in p. 134):—

Jarl Ulf, as we have seen, had a sister, Gyda by name, wife to Earl Godwin ("Gudin Ulfnadsson," as Snorro calls him) a very memorable Englishman, whose son and hers, King Harald, *Harold* in English books, is the memorablest of all. These things ought to be better known to English antiquaries, and will perhaps be alluded to again.

He seemingly thinks it a discovery for which English antiquaries will be thankful, to be told that Gytha was the wife of Godwine and mother of Harold.

This is perhaps enough. We might go on to trace Mr. Carlyle through the series of blunders and omissions into which he is led by his obstinate neglect of the lights which could have been found in his own language. When he gets to Stamfordbridge, he does for a moment mention "English chroniclers." Whether by "English chroniclers" he means the account in the Abingdon Chronicle or anything else we do not know. But if he would have taken the trouble to look in the account, doubtless from an English ballad, which is preserved by Henry of Huntingdon, he might have found out that the great struggle for the bridge was not after the fall of Harold Hardrada. All these things have been sifted, and Mr. Carlyle has no right to speak as if no English writer had given his mind to them since the days of Rapin. Mr. Carlyle says that there is "naturally no hint in any English book" of the great ingot of gold brought by Harold Hardrada, which he deprives of its character of an ingot, "massa auri," and cuts down to so much "gold plunder." If Mr. Carlyle read English books, he would find that the story of Harold Hardrada's treasures is not quite so unknown to them as he fancies, and English scholars now have rather outgrown Mr. Carlyle's way of getting at Adam of Bremen—more accurately at his scholiast—through "Camden, Rapin, etc." We pass on, and we remark the strange taste with which Mr. Carlyle, in dealing with Magnus Barefoot, altogether leaves out the story, which Snorro himself tells, of his expedition to Anglesey and of the death of Earl Hugh of Shrewsbury. All our English writers mention the fact. Orderic tells the tale graphically and at length. Mr. Carlyle, who complains of the neglect of Scandinavian matters by English writers, leaves out altogether this record of a Scandinavian King's doings from the hand of an Englishman. He leaves out too the striking conversation which Snorro gives between the Crusader Sigurd and his brother Eystein, who thought himself the more useful man of the two, in that while his brother was fighting at the end of the earth, he had stayed at home and done good to his land and people. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle's epilogue may explain this last omission. We there get the old story, the beauties of force and despotism, the blackness of freedom in every shape, the old story which we have so often heard from Mr. Carlyle.

To our mind Mr. Carlyle would have better consulted his own reputation if he had left the early Kings of Norway alone. He has added nothing to our knowledge; and, if he had not given forth to the world what he himself allows to be rough notes hastily put together, we should never have found out for ourselves how little he knows of early English history either in the original sources or in their modern commentators. But for his own act, we should never have known how recklessly he can cast about slanders against the worthies of our own land, simply because he chooses to write about them without mastering the annals in which their deeds are recorded.

JOURNEYS IN SYRIA, INDIA, JAPAN, &c.*

THAT tourists should go round the world in ninety days, or from England to India and back in sixty days, may be all very well. But that men who have performed these amazing feats more than once should relate their experiences in six hundred pages is most "tolerable and not to be endured." We know nothing of the author of this volume, not even his name. In one passage he informs us that he is seventy years of age; in another that he touched at the Sandwich Islands more than thirty years ago. Between the years 1868 and 1873 he, however, appears to have paid visits to Jerusalem, Pekin, Mongolia, Bombay and Calcutta, the Australian colonies, New Zealand, the United States, Honolulu, Kashmir, Ceylon, Yeddo and Yokohama, and divers other places. During his journeys he took copious notes of what he saw, and he wrote down long explanations of what he felt. And without stopping to prune, amend, or even reduce to shape his accumulated and undigested stores, he has sent them into the world bodily with all their imperfections. We must say that a more odious farrago of worthless anecdotes, impertinent comments, and flippant self-assertion has rarely been inflicted on an unoffending public. Some of the stories

* *Rough Notes of Journeys made in the Years* 1868, '69, '70, '71, '72, *and* '73 *in Syria, down the Tigris, India, Kashmir, Ceylon, Japan, Mongolia, Siberia, the United States, the Sandwich Islands, and Australasia.* London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

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which the author relates of his personal experiences would be hardly endurable if told of the first Napoleon, Julius Cæsar, the Duke of Wellington, Dr. Johnson, or Sir Walter Scott. A good many more can scarcely have the smallest interest for any human being outside the author's own circle of relations or friends. The deductions on politics and the comments on social life are characterized by extreme silliness or naked absurdity. Coarse, inelegant, and slangy expressions abound in every chapter. There is neither method nor arrangement in the editing. In Chapter II., and again, after a long interval, in Chapters XVII. to XX., we are taken to India. Twice does the author go to Japan, and twice to Van Diemen's Land. The most trivial and uninteresting details are remorselessly dragged in at every place where the Pacific steamer stops to coal, or the colonial coach to bait. Pages are filled with accounts of petty mishaps and personal adventures which a young colonist would hardly venture to introduce into letters meant for the fireside of an English vicarage, or a subaltern to mention in the hopes of setting the mess of the Ouety-oneth in a roar. We regret to add that sacred subjects are handled in the same flippant and irreverent style in which the writer discusses the conduct of the pilot or the *menu* of the cuddy-table. Now, first as to the use of slang. Mr. Stanley, the well-known Correspondent of the *New York Herald*, is set down as "about as rough a looking tyke" as one well can conceive—a description which persons who know anything of that gentleman will have some difficulty in recognizing as true. Chinamen get "as merry as grigs" and "talk fourteen to the dozen." At the celebrated crater of Kilauea in the Sandwich Islands, the author enjoys a fire "made of wood piled up on a stunning pair of dog-irons." In the mining districts of Tasmania he is "stuck up for want of a horse." In the South Sea Islands he "pitches into water without stint." In Western Australia he passes some time in chaffing the native women beggars, and, as in duty bound, "liquors up" with his companions in brandy that resembles aquafortis, after which he embarks in a boat where one of the crew is an "old lag" from Tasmania. Women in the neighbourhood of the Euphrates are "lusty wenches." In a caravanserai he was so uncomfortable as to believe that he slept on the edge of a knife "the whole blessed night." When the wife of a *Kotwal* or head policeman in Upper India is carried off by an attack of cholera, the event is gracefully alluded to as having been caused by "the old gentleman with the scythe." At a temple in Asaxas, in Japan, he sees a picture which he infers must be Michael the Archangel "about to decapitate Old Nick himself." No Japanese servant "ever prigged anything" from him, though these same people in business matters are "very slippery fish." Instead of the usual slackening of the steamer's speed in a narrow channel of the inland Japan seas, we read that they "slowed down for a few hours this morning." A conversation with a half-caste clerk in a public office at Singapore who believed in Spiritualism leads to the profound aphorism that there are "odd fish in the world," which is about on a par with the remark put by Dickens into the mouth of one of his characters in the debtors' prison in *Pickwick*, that "time was a rum thing." Travellers who have been half over the world are "globe trotters," and so on. In fact, no place or time is sacred for this accomplished writer, any more than for a French sapper.

We might multiply instances, but by this time our readers have probably had enough to form a judgment for themselves. Nor, as we have said, is there worth of incident to compensate for a debased diction. Hallam says of one of our most learned and eloquent divines, that he had "no vulgarity in his racy idiom." The traveller with whom we are now dealing is probably neither the first nor the last of writers who imagine that the slang of the forecastle or the counting-house can be relied on to give raciness to a dull topic or point to a stupid joke. The following are the kinds of incidents which, not once but repeatedly, in travels of several months extending over several thousands of miles of land and water, the author gravely sets himself down to edit. He tells us how, in Japan, he went to his room one night and found that the captain of an American whaler, detained on shore by bad weather, had been put into his bed by mistake; how he never tasted any good fish in Calcutta; how a stupid pilot ran into a ship in Bombay Harbour and deserved to be hanged; how an Irishwoman in New Zealand insisted that he ought to be able to walk two miles in twenty minutes, and how he took half an hour to accomplish the distance, though he put his best leg forward; how a naughty boy took a bird's nest from the branches of a plantain tree; how the neglect of a scatter-brained clerk made him lose the Russian steamer bound from Alexandria to Jaffa; and how in consequence he was put to an additional expense of 5*l.* or 10*l.* This incident is followed by the remark that he had to "grin and bear it," which we much fear will afford no consolation to those who may read this book from beginning to end. Then these tremendous events are varied by episodes equally instructive. In Kashmir one day he ate two breakfasts. Twice he tells, or, as he says, "chronicles," the same story of some young Indian officer who "pegged," or drank brandy and soda. On one occasion he had taken with him hard eggs, a roasted fowl, and some bread, and so he had only to pay one franc at a caravanserai for his coffee and night's lodging. More than once he got a fit of indigestion from over-eating. His chum, in all probability a first cousin of the American who figures repulsively in *Martin Chuzzlewit* at the breakfast-table of the Atlantic steamer, did not hesitate to use the water in which this elegant and refined writer had washed. A foreign Count is introduced lamenting for half a page, in broken English, the loss of a certain mixture with which he was in the habit of dressing his moustache. A steward makes a mess of arrowroot and butter, which is described in language as repulsive as the odious mixture itself. As for details about heat, petty inconveniences, trumpery events, ignoble and pointless incidents, related on the scale of Mr. Kinglake's *Inkerman*, there is literally no end to them but the last page of the book. They begin with the Mont Cenis Tunnel in 1868, and finish only with the Suez Canal and the port of Brindisi in 1873. A more grave offence is that of flippancy on the most solemn topics. The burial of a passenger at sea is a sight which, for its solemnity and simplicity, can scarcely be paralleled. The silence and order that reign on deck, the slight variation in the burial service, the intense grief of the surviving relatives, the stoppage of everything on board but what is absolutely necessary for the working of the ship, form a ceremony about which no one, we should have thought, could write with levity. Our traveller merely observes at the close that the deceased is not confined to any narrow tenement, but "disports at his pleasure over the whole wide Pacific Ocean, anything but pacific, however, when this victim was cast into it." When the grave of a little child is dug near his tent at Gulmurgh, in Kashmir, the residents in vain beg him to alter his quarters, not understanding that he had a "peculiar idiosyncrasy," and that he felt "comfortable and at home when surrounded by graves." This is a very feeble imitation of Mark Tapley. Again, near Hillah, he sees four Persians carrying a corpse to a cemetery, and on hearing that they would only reach the place of interment in eight hours, under a very hot sun, declares that the corpse will by that time be "roasted outright; fit to be eaten, if the bearers have a taste that way."

Politics fare no better than graver matters with this author. The Legislature of Hawaii, it seems, is greatly to blame for its one-sided laws. The sugar-planters meet their competitors in San Francisco and Australia at a great disadvantage. They would like to have Chinese under engagements to serve for three to five years; and they would enforce contracts entered into by Hawaiians, through a process of imprisonment or otherwise. Now the law-makers are short-sighted and inequitable enough to think that Asiatics ought not to be coerced or cheated into covenants binding them to serve white employers in foreign countries for five years, and that imprisonment is a punishment which can only be applied to breaches of contract in very special cases. But this writer thinks that "the staple industry" of the island must be protected at all hazards; and he does not seem to comprehend that there might be a little "one-sidedness" in supporting the innate superiority of the Anglo-Saxon employer by the aid of penal laws. The remedies proposed for the improvement of Palestine are equally summary. There are 11,000 Jews in Jerusalem, of whom the greater part live on charity. Let them be set to work in the valley of the Jordan and the plain of Sharon, and the desert will again blossom with the rose. The following profound suggestions are well worthy the consideration of M. Lesseps or of Baron Reuter. The valley of the Euphrates is very barren; desert, in fact, as far as the eye can reach. But only "run a railway through it," and all the ancient prosperity of canals, palaces, gardens, and solid towers will speedily return. Mr. Toots, cooking his "raw material" by way of getting rid of it, did not choose a shorter road to his goal. While travelling in India, this author seems to have been singularly unfortunate in coming across Englishmen who were always abusing and vilifying the unfortunate natives. Now we have no objection to a traveller describing what he saw, even though his pictures of men or manners are somehow taken from petty captains of country steamers, keepers of second-rate hotels, and irascible subalterns. But we do strongly protest against a quotation from Mr. Bayard Taylor's work, asserting that the natives are invariably spoken of and treated with contempt, and that Englishmen, high in office, call them "niggers." What the author himself heard is one thing; what Mr. Taylor says in the way of libelling the civil and military services, is another. When Mrs. Candour thinks that we ought not to be so severe on those who only report what they hear, Sir Peter aptly replies that in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on the endorsers.

If it be true that every much-abused institution has its good points, we may concede that this writer has some qualities which, if disciplined and kept under command, might have enabled him to compile something less worthy of the rubbish-basket from his crude materials. His journey from Pekin to Kiachtá and across Mongolia has several redeeming features. His travels in Japan carried him to new and unworked fields. His account of Tasmania clearly explains why that colony is behind others, in spite of its fine climate and rich districts abounding in water and wood. Nor is the description of the volcanic scenery in the Sandwich Islands devoid of merit. But the book should have been expurgated, revised, and properly edited. Even then we question whether the publication could be justified. As it is, the few facts worth recording, and the descriptions of places comparatively little known, are either hopelessly buried beneath a mass of dreary commonplaces, or else drift about *in gurgite vasto* of trumpery anecdotes and vulgar jests.

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JANET DONCASTER.*

IT is perhaps a sign of original depravity in the human mind that it is apt to recoil from a book with a purpose. Even the pleasure derived in youth from reading Miss Edgeworth's charming Moral Tales is somewhat marred by the assurance conveyed in their title that they are designed to combine improvement with amusement, and even a good novel loses something of its interest if its purpose is obtrusively put forward. Upon this point Mr. Anthony Trollope has made some valuable remarks at the conclusion of *Ralph the Heir*, where he observes that the novelist's intention is always to point out some way to be followed, or hit some blot which ought to be wiped out, but that with a view to this it is necessary to interest the reader in his scenes and characters merely for their own sake. Mrs. Fawcett's is not a good novel, and the disagreeable impression which it produces is deepened by the consciousness that it is designed to aid some mysterious principle. For a great peculiarity of the book is that the reader is constantly aware that the writer is, as it were, standing over him and lecturing him through the medium of Janet Doncaster's adventures, and is yet at a loss to discover the meaning and object of the lecture. At one time he is led to imagine that it is to point out that it is a good thing to resist an hereditary impulse to vice. But this conclusion he might have arrived at for himself. At another time it seems as if the advisableness of speaking the truth were the principle to be inculcated, but this moral lesson may be better learnt elsewhere than in the pages of *Janet Doncaster*. There is certainly no harm in calling attention to a fact which it is good for people to remember, even though it be already well known; and there is none in attempting to clothe morality in an attractive form. It was well said by Barrow that "it may also be well to put the world out of conceit that all sober and good men are a sort of such sour or lumpish people that they can utter nothing but flat and drowsy stuff."

That part of Mrs. Fawcett's novel which seems to recommend the observance of ordinary social rules is unfortunately very flat and drowsy stuff. More serious objections may be made to that part which appears to suggest a departure from such rules. The fact that an unmarried man may fall in love with a married woman, who also falls in love with him, is not rare in real life, and is common enough in a certain class of novels. Such a situation has been frequently treated with consummate art by French writers, and it is possible to turn it to good moral effect, although there is always a danger that the attention which should be directed to the evil occasioned by an indulgence of guilty passion may rest rather upon the spurious romance of peril involved in such a proceeding. The younger Dumas is of opinion that those of his works which deal with such situations—that is to say, that nearly all his works—do great service to the cause of order and morality. That being so, one can only be sorry that he frequently defeats his own end. And it is to be observed that the French novelists' characters who allow themselves to be involved in the meshes of unlawful love are generally found out by their sin. There is no sin, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, to find out Mrs. Fawcett's principal characters, Forsyth and Janet, who are indeed supposed to be persons of unusually lofty moral qualities. They are placed in an undoubtedly trying position; and it is by no means unnatural that they should fall in love with each other. But in the pedantic manner in which they mix up their solitary scene of love-making with what they are pleased to term "higher education," and in the cold-blooded calculation which they make of the probable death of Janet's husband, and their agreement to wait for that desirable event, there is something unusually offensive. They have to wait four years for this catastrophe, and during that time it is consoling to learn that they were sometimes "left by the hostess for one half-hour's bliss in the solitude of an overcrowded London drawing-room," and that some other occasions were regarded by them as days to be marked by a red letter, "as, for instance, when Janet was whirled past Forsyth in a hansom cab." It is yet more gratifying to find that Janet's love for Forsyth before circumstances allowed her to marry him by removing her inconvenient husband, "enriched her whole nature by widening her sympathies and giving her an insight into the emotional side of men and women's characters, of which she had before been unconscious." The moral to be deduced from this is, apparently, that if a woman does not love her husband, she had better "widen her sympathies" by finding some one else to love, and marry when an opportunity occurs. It is conceivable, however, that in some cases such an opportunity might never occur. Many habitual drunkards have lived to a good old age, and even if the cause for which a woman left her husband were his inherited love for drink, it is possible that he might not drink himself to death.

Mr. Charles Leighton, who, in addition to his inherited misfortune, is unhappy enough to be married to Janet Doncaster, is the nephew of Lady Ann Leighton, through whose agency the events upon which Mrs. Fawcett's novel turns are brought about. As his mother is a singularly weak woman, Lady Ann practically assumes the charge of her nephew, and is constantly on the look-out for some means of correcting or checking his unfortunate propensities. At one time she is struck by the firm expression of a friend's servant, and immediately secures him as a valet for Charlie. At another she engages Forsyth as his travelling tutor, and on a third occasion she is so impressed by Janet's mouth and chin that she resolves to marry her to Charlie, and carries out her resolution. This is the more easily accomplished as Janet's mother is on the point of dying, and leaving her penniless. That Lady Ann was not a particularly nice woman may be judged from an interview between her and Mrs. Leighton, Charles's mother, whose dead husband was afflicted with the family curse of a craving for drink:—

> Lady Ann was thinking, with great satisfaction, "The child is not a Leighton;" when her sister-in-law interrupted her thoughts by saying in a desponding tone, "I am afraid Charlie gets this nervousness from me; how I wish he were more like his dear father."
>
> "Good heavens, Emily!" broke out Lady Ann. "How can you say you wish him to be like his father?"
>
> Almost for the first time in her life Mrs. Leighton thought Lady Ann unkind. She longed to cherish the luxury of investing her dead husband with imaginary virtues and of covering all his faults with oblivion. Lady Ann had reminded her roughly that her married life had given her no right to cherish tender memories, and that her widowhood could not be filled by an inextinguishable sense of loss. She made no reply, but Lady Ann saw that her eyes filled with tears, and she was touched by pity for the gentle, clinging nature. Lady Ann took her hand and placed it within her own arm.
>
> "I cannot forget and forgive, even the dead," she said, in a low voice.

Lady Ann's manner of expressing her pity was certainly original. And she cannot be thought to have been warranted in lying to Forsyth in order to prevent his warning Janet of her future husband's peculiarities. But Lady Ann, who is evidently regarded by the writer as a type of all that is villanous, is a much better woman than Janet Doncaster, who is held up as a character to be admired and imitated. Janet's first discovery that she has married a man who has an hereditary madness for drink is made about a fortnight after their marriage. During this time she has observed that his valet Marston has an unaccountable influence over him, and she not unnaturally takes a prejudice against the man on this account. One evening Janet, whose ideas are as remarkable about cookery as about other things, imagines that some dish at dinner requires a sauce of burnt brandy, and observes:—

> "My great idea in cooking is burning brandy. If I had to order dinner, I should always have some fireworks in one form or another. Will you bring some brandy, please?" she added, turning to Marston.
>
> "I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, "there is no brandy in the 'ouse!"
>
> Janet believed, she scarcely knew why, probably from something in the tone of the man's voice, that this was not true. When he went out of the room she said, "That man rules us with a rod of iron; I believe he thinks we are perfect babies, and that we should set our pinafores on fire if we had *sauce aux enfers*."
>
> "He means it all in kindness, dearest," said her husband.

The brandy is procured, and left in Mr. Leighton's company after dinner, when Janet goes away to write her letters. After this Mrs. Fawcett says, "It is difficult to write of what followed." She does not, however, recoil from the difficulty, but goes on to relate how Janet finds her husband helplessly drunk under the table, how Marston the valet is surprised to find that she had been kept in ignorance of his habits, and how he says to her, "They that 'ave married him and you, ma'am, 'as done a wicked thing. If I 'ad known 'ow you was put upon, I'd 'ave told you myself, that I would, Lady Ann or no Lady Ann." Having learnt, partly from the evidence of her eyes, partly from the revelations of the confidential Marston, what kind of a life is before her if she remains with her husband, Janet makes her way to Lady Ann, with whom she has a stormy interview, the conclusion of which shall be told in Mrs. Fawcett's own words:—

> "We have suffered such agonies all these years, Janet," whispered Lady Ann; "no one knows what we have suffered. His father and grandfather before him were the same. My child, we will welcome you like an angel from heaven if you will stay with us!"
>
> Janet hardly heard her; her resolve was hardening that she would never live with her husband again. "His father and grandfather before him," she repeated, mechanically. "Yes," said Lady Ann, who now threw her arms round Janet and whispered, "Say you will stay with him, my darling, and help us!"
>
> "No, no; a thousand times no! I dare not. It is horrible! You said just now, 'If you had a son.' I will never have a son, nor any child to inherit this horrible curse."

After leaving Lady Ann, Janet finds shelter for a while with an old servant, Mrs. Barker, whose remarks upon Janet's proceedings seem singularly to the purpose. "What I say is," she observes, "hev he a wife or hev he not? If he hev, he don't ought to be left alone, whatever he is, or whatever he's done!" The high-souled Janet, however, is to be moved by no such simple arguments as these; and as she is determined to make a living for herself, it is fortunate that the kindness of Mr. Williams, an old friend's husband, procures her enough work in the way of translation to give her a decent income. By a curious chance Forsyth arrives to take possession of Mr. Williams's house while he is away, and on his arrival learns for the first time that Janet married Mr. Leighton without any knowledge of his previous history. "A word from you," says Mrs. Williams, "might have saved her." Forsyth, with a face "white as ashes" replies, and of course his reply is almost in a whisper, "Are you certain it is true? I thought she had been told. I thought—I was a damned fool, I ought to have known that she was as pure as snow, and that Lady Ann was lying." Forsyth's estimate of his own capacities conveyed in the speech just quoted is the only sentiment uttered by him throughout the book with which one is disposed to agree. That Janet and Forsyth, left practically alone in a retired country place, should fall in love with each other, is, as has been said, by no means improbable. The manner in which

* *Janet Doncaster*. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

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they discover their love is, however, ludicrous enough to deserve mention. They meet in an old tower, from the top of which Janet drops her fan on to a buttress. She is much vexed at this, but is careful to explain to Forsyth that she values the fan only because it was once her mother's and grandmother's, for "she did not wish Forsyth to think she would spend much regret over the loss of a fan *quâ* fan." Forsyth heroically offers to get the fan by climbing down, and is about to carry out his intention when Janet "sprang to the place from which he would have descended; her eyes were lit as if with fire. 'You shall not do it. I would die rather than let you. I don't care for the trumpery fan, I care for you.'" Hard upon this follows the ridiculous, and worse than ridiculous, scene of love-making which has been already mentioned; and after that the book is concluded by Janet and Forsyth marrying, and, it is to be presumed, living happily ever afterwards. It has been already pointed out that *Janet Doncaster* is not a pleasant book; it is also a production of singular tediousness.

ROBERTS'S CHURCH MEMORIALS AND CHARACTERISTICS.*

WE cannot help regarding the publication of this volume as an anachronism, the venial mistake of a dutiful son. The Norfolk rector, who has held his present preferment ever since 1831, thus tardily submits to us a work written by his father shortly before his death, in 1849, at the advanced age of eighty-two, as "the last and most elaborate effort of his pen." The elder Mr. Roberts indeed was a person of some mark in his time. Born in 1767, he graduated at Oxford in 1788, having carried off at fifteen the open scholarship at Corpus Christi, then almost the only one for which all comers were free to take their chance, and which a few years later was the first distinction won by Henry Phillpotts, the great Bishop of Exeter. Mr. Roberts, however, chose quite a different line from that of his illustrious successor in the scholarship; and, after residing for a while at Oxford as a Fellow of Corpus, was called to the Bar, and wrote several legal text-books, such as a *Treatise on Wills and Codicils*, useful enough at the time, but necessarily doomed to be superseded and long since forgotten. He ultimately retired from practice, dividing his time between the duties of his modest post of Commissioner in Bankruptcy and the literary pursuits which he seems always to have loved best. Yet we hardly know whether Minerva proved to him on the whole a kinder mistress than Themis. From his son's brief and becoming "Introductory Notice" we learn that William Roberts, in conjunction with a friend, the Rev. J. Beresford, set on foot a periodical sheet on the plan of the *Spectator*, which was styled the *Looker-on*. It extended to four volumes, and in the collected form belongs to that dreary series of *British Essayists* which half a century ago was thought an essential part of every library, but of which no living creature under sixty remembers a word, save indeed some hundred papers or so, the masterpieces of Addison and Johnson, whom no superincumbent load of pretentious mediocrity can rob of their native spirit and lustre. Mr. Roberts's next venture was a more ambitious one. It was no less than a review on the scale of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*, which he edited for several years, and which bore the title of the *British*. To the reader of *Don Juan* the very name of that review is suggestive more of fun than of reverence for the editor. Few will have forgotten the following delicious doggerel:—

> The public approbation I expect,
> And beg they 'll take my word about the moral,
> Which I with their amusement will connect
> (So children cutting teeth receive a coral);
> Meantime they 'll doubtless please to recollect
> My epical pretensions to the laurel;
> For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
> I've bribed my grandmother's review—the *British*.
>
> I sent it in a letter to the Editor,
> Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
> I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
> Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
> And break a promise after having made it her,
> Denying the receipt of what it cost,
> And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
> All I can say is—that he had the money.

It seems almost incredible that the editor of the *British Review* should have taken all this wicked banter in sober earnest. He had once been a boy himself (though we confess he must have been a learned boy), he had gone to school at Eton and St. Paul's, had lived for years in an Oxford common-room, had eaten his dinners at the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, and when a simple barrister must sometimes have been in court; yet he persists, as Byron puts the case, "in tying a canister to his own tail." The poor fellow passionately protests his entire innocence; he solemnly calls upon the poet to produce the editorial letter he speaks of. "We really feel a sense of degradation as the idea of this odious imputation passes through our minds." By this folly he went far to neutralize all that others as well as he had said in the way of remonstrance and warning against the prostitution of great powers to ignoble purposes.

It is needless to add that the venerable *British* did not long survive its editor's hapless adventure, and his literary powers were next directed to *Memoirs of Hannah More*, in four volumes, which the impatience even of the religious public under so prolonged an affliction afterwards compelled him to compress into one. It was our lot, in a remote past, to peruse the larger work, and the savour remains, though much of the substance has long since departed from our memory. The young people of this age will not easily realize how important a little person Miss Hannah once was; the companion and "chaplain" of Garrick's gentle-hearted relict; the friend of the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, the Admiral's widow; the author of ever so many nice books like *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife* which have received their *euthanasia*; the patroness of rhyming milkmaids; herself, too, the centre of a coterie at Bristol, whereof Mr. Roberts was a distinguished ornament, on the score of his having been reputed a genius in his youth. It must have been towards the close of a life spent in such society and such pursuits that the octogenarian girded himself to the mighty task of writing the history of the first six centuries of the Christian Church. Obsolete, a thing of the distant past, his performance must have been, when left almost finished in 1849. The quarter of a century which his son has allowed to elapse between the author's death and the publishing of his labours has certainly not added to their freshness or enhanced their value in any way.

In combining Mr. Arthur Roberts's two pages of introductory notice with our own recollections of his father's literary career, we have virtually been reviewing *Church Memorials and Characteristics*. They are certainly not worse than we had expected to find them, and in the nature of things they could not be materially better. William Roberts had been writing books and reviews all his life long, and the intellectual faculty is not wont to grow stronger, or the style to become more pointed and vigorous, after a man is well turned of seventy. In respect of accurate scholarship or recondite learning also, what has not been acquired before must then be given up as hopeless. Yet, in spite of these considerable drawbacks, we cheerfully admit that, if Mr. Roberts's volume had appeared in 1824 instead of 1874, it would have been, for the period which it covers, by far the best treatise on its subject in English. When, in 1834, that true and devout scholar, Hugh James Rose, was pressing on his pupils in the new University of Durham the obligation and benefit of studying Church history, he knew of no work which he could conscientiously recommend to them. Neander, Milman, Robertson, were not as yet; but since some text-book they must have, he had to name Mosheim, though he fairly told his hearers that the only pleasure that driest of authors would bring to them would be the sense of relief experienced whensoever they could lay his book out of their hands. Of our own countrymen the report was even worse. Intelligence, research, and spirit abound in the pages of Gibbon, but the writer of the *Decline and Fall* hated Christianity, and turned to view the darker side of her story only to malign her with insidious praise. Jortin, "the most low-minded of all low-minded men," had "just that knowledge of human nature which some call a knowledge of the world—the knowledge of whatever is petty, and mean, and selfish; the shrewdness to perceive, and the humour to set it in a ludicrous light." The only remaining writer of early Church history then accessible in England was Dean Milner, whose almost unparalleled ignorance of his subject was partly hidden by a certain terseness of language and confidence of tone, partly condoned by a section in the Church for whose assurance in the faith as held by Luther he chose to write, and whose peculiar dogmas he was "quite resolved to find or make anywhere, and to give the history, not of Christianity, but of certain opinions which he deemed to be the whole of it." These opinions, embodied in the two Augsburg Confessions (1530 and 1540), and other like documents emanating from the Lutheran body, were perhaps regarded by Mr. Roberts pretty much in the same light as by Dean Milner, as being not so much expositions of Gospel doctrine as the blessed Gospel itself. But the difference between the two writers was nevertheless a very important and practical one—namely, that whereas Milner, who knew nothing worth knowing about the matter, found all primitive and mediæval Christians at one with himself (except of course the Man of Sin, and those who shared in his abominable enormities), Roberts, who had read a little, and sometimes more than a little, of the original writers of early times, was obliged in common good faith to note or deplore or excuse a falling off, even among the greatest names, from his own narrow standard of orthodoxy, and thus sets the least careful inquirer on thinking, perhaps on scratching the doubtful surface for himself.

After what we have said of this belated volume, it cannot be requisite to analyse its contents very minutely, or to indicate its special defects. That it is less bad than its author's antecedents might have led us to anticipate we have freely admitted. "Its distinguishing feature," says his son, "will be found to be that its views are based upon purely Scriptural principles, whilst, as a composition, gracefulness and vigour will probably be allowed to be its characteristics." On the subject of Scriptural principles we have perhaps said enough already, and, without praising William Roberts's style over-much, we will allow that it is just what might be looked for from one who had so long held the pen of a ready writer, and it is a great deal too good for his matter. For the early period of Church history his narrative is intolerably brief and superficial, and he does not so much as touch upon those topics which have the deepest interest for modern readers—the lives and writings of the Apostles and Evangelists, the formation of the canon of the New Testament Scriptures, the doctrine and government of the Christian

* *Church Memorials and Characteristics; being a Church History of the First Six Centuries.* By the late William Roberts, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. Edited by his son, Arthur Roberts, M.A., Rector of Woodrising, Norfolk. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1874.

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community in primitive times. He has paid most attention to the fourth century, the age of Jerome and Augustine, and positively revels in the sorry task of tracing the misdoings of the Popes and the growing corruption in doctrine and practice during the ages of anarchy and confusion which ensued. As he approaches the end of his labours, he has to relate the sending forth of Augustine to the heathen Saxons of our own land; and we the more regret to meet with such a passage as the following since it must be one of the latest that the author ever put to paper:—

> The expedition was not embarked in by the faint-hearted monk until after many delays and misgivings, and with an inferiority of zeal that sinks him very far below the standard of our modern missionaries, who pass on to their work over the perilous seas to shores frowning upon them with their torrid influences, or their menacing ridges of eternal frost, and this with a chivalry of heart that, in the cause of God and the soul, knows neither fear nor reproach.

It is happily not necessary to the vindication of St. Augustine of Canterbury that we should disparage the faithful exertions of modern missionaries. But we must protest against the tone in which he speaks throughout of one of the greatest benefactors of our Church and nation. He acquits Augustine of having taken any "active" part in the terrible slaughter of the monks of Bangor, for the not insufficient reason that he seems to have been dead a whole year before the foul deed was enacted; but then the Archbishop "anticipated the massacre which afterwards took place" (p. 354), and "he has been called an excellent prophet who could so well secure the accomplishment of his own prediction" (p. 353). We suppose all this is fair in controversy with the Pope and his emissaries; but if this is writing "a biographical Church History" on Scriptural principles, we know not how to distinguish its temper from that which actuated Voltaire or Gibbon.

To his father's work the editor annexes a few additional notes of no great importance. One assertion which he hazards about the Ignatian Epistles has not a little surprised us. The chief, though scarcely the avowed, objection to the shorter letters of Ignatius arises from the fact that he so distinctly states and earnestly upholds the three several orders of the clergy—bishops, priests, and deacons—as in his time established in the Church. This of course scandalizes the elder Roberts, who says bluntly that, "if the passages above cited are fairly chargeable upon Ignatius, his otherwise unsullied memory must bear at least some of the blame of the sacerdotal pride too generally characteristic of the first ages of Christianity." His father's solution seems to the Norfolk vicar scarcely a happy one, and he adds on his own account:—

> The important publication of Mr. Cureton has gone far to exonerate Ignatius from the authorship of such passages as those above quoted, inasmuch as they are not to be found in the valuable Syriac MS. of which he has presented the public with a translation.

The truth is that while, for the sake of the Roberts theory, they ought not to be found in the Syriac abridgment of the Epistles, in point of fact they are there in substance, if not in so many words. One other specimen of this gentleman's diligence will surely be enough to tell the student what he has to expect from *Church Memorials*. Every admirer of Dr. Maitland's trenchant *Essays on Subjects connected with the Reformation in England* will remember John Bale, Bishop of Ossory in Edward VI.'s reign, who, taking refuge abroad when evil days came on, could find at Basle no better occupation than that of composing for home circulation most scurrilous libels against those in power, "gagling Gardiner, bocherly Bonner, and trifeling Tunstall, with other bloudy biteshepes and franticke papistes of England"; this effusion bearing date in 1554, before a single fire had been lit in Smithfield. Yet this wretched bigot is the authority alleged for identifying the Pope with the Beast of the book of the Revelation whose number is 666. "Oratores monachos in Angliam misit Theodorum quendam Græcum et Hadrianum Afrum circa ann. Dom. 666 qui a Christo nato numerus est nominis Bestiæ, ut. . . . ." but any one, if he pleases, can supply Bale's abuse for himself. Now the "Theodorus quidam Græcus" is our great Primate, Theodore of Tarsus, who brought with him into England Greek books which still survive, and the love of Greek learning, which is hardly yet quite extinct among us. The reader will have marked, though Mr. Arthur Roberts must surely have overlooked, the quiet limitation "*circa* ann. 666." The real date of Theodore's mission is A.D. 668, though for our own part we would just as soon have accepted Bishop Bale's charitable hypothesis if he had indicated the true year instead of suggesting a false one.

WOLF-HUNTING IN BRITTANY.*

IT is twenty years since the author of this spirited volume went wolf-hunting in the Breton forests, and there can be little doubt that during these twenty years the sport must have deteriorated. The wolves, however, are far from being exte inated, for only last autumn a friend of the author's saw the bc es of five full-grown animals drawn in triumph through the str ts of Quimper. Nor is it surprising that they should still be tolerab plentiful, notwithstanding the persistent attentions of legitimate sportsmen and the trapping and ambushing of peasants and poachers. There are many packs of wolf-hounds still to be found in France, but out of the most secluded valleys of the more remote Pyrenees there is no such shelter for wolves as in the wild uplands of Lower Brittany. Travellers who have merely skirted its black woods and dreary wastes in the convenient railway that rings the province feel an oppressive sense of solitude stealing over them as they look out over the extent of rolling landscape where barren heath alternates with gloomy foliage. If you go on an expedition towards the interior with objects either sporting, artistic, or archæological, you are struck with the lonely aspect of the scattered dwellings, and can imagine how bold beasts of prey may become when they have packed together in the dead of the winter. When a veteran wolf has been made wary by repeated escapes—and no animal has instincts that serve him better—it must be hard indeed to force him from the strongholds in which he skulks; and as for snares and pitfalls, he seems to scent them. If you can understand anything of the *patois* of the shaggy-coated peasant who jolts you along in the rough one-horse vehicle, you may beguile the way with strange stories of adventures with wolves in winter snow-storms, when they come ravening for prey about the farmhouses and the villages. And from personal experience more recent than that of the author, we can have no doubt of the general fidelity of his descriptions, for he confesses that he may have occasionally called on his fancy to supply details where recollections have grown faint. Not only is he evidently an enthusiastic sportsman, but he writes and describes exceedingly well, and he is seldom so entirely absorbed in the chase as to forget to appreciate the picturesque side of his pursuit.

He was fortunate in good introductions and in the hearty welcome he received from the jovial Breton seigneurs, who have been famed as mighty hunters from the earliest days. Some of them, indeed, were personal friends, and had served an apprenticeship to English field-sports. In Brittany they certainly hunted after a fashion of their own; but they had nothing in common with their cockney countrymen who have been a favourite subject for ridicule with English caricaturists. They threw themselves heart and soul into the chase. They would hold out through the longest and hardest day when once the game was afoot, and rough it to any extent in haphazard night quarters, however much they might value their comforts at other times. Nor was the sport by any means child's play. Nothing could be uglier than the ground over which they had to rattle their sure-footed horses, and a fall might involve something worse than bruises, especially when a man had a heavy metal horn slung to his person, to say nothing of possibly carrying a carbine to boot. The wolves and the wild boars are terrible scourges of the peasantry, killing their beasts or ravaging their crops, and sometimes endangering their persons; so they are supposed to have no law given them, although the gentlemen whose chief enjoyment is hunting them would fain cherish the breed. But at a meet of the hounds every man in the district turns out who can handle a firearm; and not the least dangerous feature in the day's entertainment is the reckless way in which the rank and file pour in their volleys whenever their detested enemies are viewed. Nor is the risk at an end, either for men or hounds, when the hunted animal has turned to bay. The wild boar in these circumstances is proverbially an ugly customer, and, coward as he is generally, even the wolf will fight to the last when there is no escape for him. As he usually picks out some formidable bit of vantage ground for his last stand, and as his great strength and tremendous jaws give him the superiority over any single hound, the high-couraged pack often suffer severely before the hunters can come to the rescue. Then the object is to rush in and dexterously deliver the death-wound with a single stroke of the hunting-knife directed to a mortal part; but should the blow fail or the blade glance from the shoulder-bone, the adventurous assailant may be in a very awkward position. The best packs have been carefully bred and selected for their particular work. They are chosen for strength and ferocity rather than speed, for occasionally the wolf will run some dozen leagues or more in a straight line heading for some distant cover. Those are preferred which we should be apt to call babblers; so that when they are drawing the woods and have been lost to sight, the hunters can tell what is happening from their voices. When the game is roused and the hounds are in full cry, the field follows afoot or on horseback to glorious bursts of sylvan melody.

The author generally hunted from Carhaix, a place which has always had a great reputation as being within easy reach of game of all sorts and sizes. The little town stands high, near the centre of the old dukedom, and on the borders of three of the wildest of its modern departments. It is surrounded by heaths and covers, interspersed here and there by scanty cultivation, and lies within a couple of leagues of the Black Mountains—so called, we presume, from the dense black woods with which they have been covered. So it was to Carhaix that the Count de St. Prix had removed with his pack, with the purpose of discharging his official duties in the neighbourhood, for M. de St. Prix filled the high Government post of Louvetier, or wolf-hunter. St. Prix was the head of an ancient Breton family, a devoted monarchist, and consequently likely enough to be popular among a highly conservative peasantry proud of their descent from the Chouans. But, independently of his birth and politics, he had won golden opinions by the way in which he went about his work. He kept up a superb pack always in prime condition, and for himself he was as eager and indefatigable as his hounds. When his old tracker had marked down a head or so of his favourite game; when peasants from a district infested by the savage marauders brought word that wolves were known to be lurking in their covers, St. Prix would be stirring at any hour, and would travel any distance. Arrangements for these solemn meets could seldom be settled offhand, for it was necessary to give

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* *Wolf-Hunting and Wild Sport in Lower Brittany.* By the Author of "Paul Pendril," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

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the neighbourhood notice. True, the country people often spoiled sport, either stopping the run by prematurely shooting the game, or else by heading it back when breaking cover. But, on the other hand, had it not been for these strong musters the wolves would often have got clear away; and then Bretons of all classes are almost as keen sportsmen as M. the Louvetier himself, and would bitterly have resented being left out of the fun. Under such circumstances if the Louvetier were not only respected as well as beloved in the country, there could be no hunting at all. For nothing short of the most stringent exercise of authority could preserve anything like order, or prevent the promiscuous assemblage from resolving itself into a society for the promotion of manslaughter. The people expect to be abused right and left on occasion, and as they are perpetually blundering and breaking bounds at the cost of the hounds and at the risk of the lives of the gentlemen, the master abuses them with unaffected heartiness. To do so with impunity and to assert his ascendency he ought to be known for freehandedness and respected as a thorough sportsman. These gatherings of all ranks, as the author describes them, present such a blending of sturdy independence and feudal submission as is but seldom nowadays to be met with in the departments of modern France.

The fault of a book of this kind is that there must necessarily be a certain monotony in it; which so far, however, simplifies the task of the reviewer, that by describing a single scene he can give a fair notion of the whole. The party of gentlemen quartered in the little inn at Carhaix were out after cocks and red-legged partridges, when a peasant accosted the master of the wolf-hounds. The man had come special from the village of Trefranc to tell M. St. Prix that "the wolves are eating us up there. Two days ago they killed my cow by daylight, and last evening they seized my horse by the gullet and would have killed him in half a minute if I had not rushed to the rescue and scared the brutes away; as it is, they have stripped his skin from the throat down to the chest." "The hounds shall be at Trefranc Rocks to-morrow at eight o'clock," was the prompt answer, and the messenger went away in joyous anticipation to rouse his district with the Breton counterpart of the fiery cross. In Lower Brittany, and especially in the interior, the peasants still dress like their ancestors; next morning they had turned out at Trefranc in shaggy goatskin cloaks, in great loose breeches of coarse sacking, the stockingless feet thrust into great sabots, and the unkempt hair falling in long rough locks over the shoulders. Every man was armed in some fashion, with a club or pike, if not with a gun. Knowing the habits of the skulking game as well as every inch of the country, they had ringed in of their own accord each point where the wolves might be expected to break. "It will be a fiery ordeal for him, at all events," remarked one of the gentlemen. "I devoutly hope the wolf's will be the only skin to suffer on the occasion." The English stranger was advised to stick close to the hounds. There he would be most likely to escape random shots, as the wolf generally keeps moving well ahead of the pack. A veteran *piqueur*, leading a famous old *limier* or sleuth-hound, came up to tell his master that he had tracked the pair of wolves they were in quest of, and that the scent was lying fresh. So it proved when half the hounds were slipped and laid on. There were twelve couple of them in all; and from the moment when they caught sight of the *piqueur* and his dog their excitement had become almost uncontrollable. For some time after the first detachment had disappeared in the cover, their voices could be heard, running cheerily on the drag; but their master's practised ear told him that as yet they had not roused the wolf, and as often as he lifted his horn for a blast he let it fall back again on his shoulder. It was exceedingly ugly riding, and the thickets in places were almost impracticable. "Twice I was dragged bodily from my saddle to the ground, while my coat was literally torn to tatters on my back; the clematis intertwined with the bushes formed a rope-like rigging as difficult to pass through as the shrouds of a ship." When St. Prix had at last to give the signal that the wolves were fairly afoot, he was held a fast prisoner by the strong tendrils that had jerked the horse he rode on his haunches. At the well-known signal, the second half-dozen of couples were thrown into the cover to assist their fellows, and then "what with horses, hounds, and echoes, the old forest of Trefranc fairly rocked with applause." For an hour the hounds ran the wolves hard, without the game being viewed for an instant; at last the couple of wolves broke simultaneously, stretching across a bare piece of heather. "The fusillade was terrific." One wolf was killed on the spot; two peasants were badly wounded by stray shots; while the second wolf, being crippled, turned back into the cover, having managed somehow to elude the hounds. They followed him up, however, and at last ran into him. Their cry ceased, and as the sportsmen drew near the scene of the encounter, they heard from the underwood "the fighting, tearing, and death struggle of the powerful brute, and with it the occasional shrieking howl of a hound lamed or maimed for life." But St. Prix dashed into the *mêlée*, hunting-knife in hand, and with one dexterous stroke behind the shoulder laid the wolf dead among the hounds.

We have perhaps said enough to show with what spirit the author describes a sport which has all the attractions of danger, and which sporting enthusiasts may probably still enjoy within easy reach of their homes. And we dare say that some people who read *Wolf-hunting in Brittany* may be tempted to go and judge for themselves how far the wolves have been killed down.

W. B. SCOTT'S POEMS.*

IT is difficult for sundry reasons to form a correct estimate of Mr. Scott's poetical work, and still more difficult to communicate it correctly when formed. That much of it is fitted to give refined pleasure it is easy to perceive and to say; that with all this there is little of it which has the indefinable stamp of the true poetic gift, or even the perfection of technical mastery, it is by no means hard to see, but by no means easy to say without injustice. For Mr. Scott's poems may fairly claim to be judged as the work of an amateur, the excursion of an artist in the domain of an art not strictly his own. Tried by that standard, they will be found to take a high rank in the order to which they belong. We do not of course understand by an amateur a person who undertakes to exercise a craft of which he knows nothing, and then seeks to plead his own gross ignorance as an excuse for his blunders in execution. We shall never be disposed to listen to such excuses, neither is Mr. Scott one of those who need them. He never fails for want of understanding the material he works in, and we find in him, if not poetry in the highest sense, at least an intelligent and sympathetic knowledge of poetry. Often the only thing wanting is that sort of complete grasp and command of both matter and instruments which a man cannot have except in his own particular art.

Even without the extraneous knowledge and without the dedication, fancifully placed at the end of the volume, to "A. C. S.," "D. G. R." and "W. M.," one could not help seeing in what air and under what influences Mr. Scott's poetical character has been formed, or at any rate has received its later developments. The point in which it most strongly resembles Mr. Rossetti's is an exceedingly uncommon one. The sonnet is, as a rule, the last form of composition in which a writer of verse attains continuous or assured excellence. But Mr. Rossetti handling the sonnet is appreciably stronger, in our judgment very much stronger, than Mr. Rossetti dealing with other shapes of verse; and whether the cause be some curious native coincidence of artistic temperament, or something less or more, the same thing is unmistakable in Mr. Scott's work. Of the ballads and other miscellaneous pieces, indeed, one cannot find much more to say than that there is no harm in them. Some of these are nothing else than exercises in Mr. Rossetti's ballad manner; a manner which we do not enough admire even at its best to take any great pleasure in reproductions of it by other hands, however ingenious and faithful. Others are fledglings of lyrical song, which come doubtless of a good stock, but seem hardly strong-winged enough for the outer air. One leaves many of these efforts with a more or less distinct sense of shortcoming, a feeling by instinct rather than by inference that the writer had somewhat in him to say beyond his means and skill to express. Thought is not wanting, but it struggles and is ill at ease in its garment of measured words. Yet, since it is there after all, the reader will not go away from even these less satisfactory portions without reward. The vision of human life shortly told in the "Rhyme of the Sun Dial," for example, gives us a fine idea, which falls short of being finely worked out by the measure of the unassignable and unpassable difference between the master's touch and the amateur's; we miss just some stroke of firmness here, some addition of fulness there, which should have made the work perfect. Again, there are particular lines and passages of no common merit. In one place we read thus of the smallness of the present, as it seems to one who comes on it fresh from questioning an interminable past:—

> The interests of the present seem no more
> Than fool's-play, wind in trees, an even-song;
> And all our dear wise generation shrinks
> Into small grasshoppers, or clamouring storks
> That build frail nests on roofs of kingless towns,
> Uncertain as storm-scattered clouds, or leaves
> Heaped up as day shrinks coldly in.

But when we come to the sonnets we find that we can rest on them with a much less qualified and occasional satisfaction. In form, it is true, they are almost always irregular as compared with the strict Italian model. The sumptuary law which prescribes only two distinct rhymes in the first eight lines is seldom, if ever, observed; the tercets indulge in unfettered variations; and sometimes the structure is quite broken up. In short, Mr. Tomlinson, whose ingenious essay we noticed about half a year ago, would probably find much matter for rebuke in the many licences here taken. But our wilful English usages have already supplied ample precedent for all this, and it is too late to make any one person answerable who chooses to adopt them. The last two sonnets of the series entitled "Outside the Temple" may be taken as a good specimen of the general quality:—

ONENESS OF ALL.

(PEBBLES IN THE STREAM.)

> Upon this rustic bridge on this warm day
> We rest from our too-thoughtful devious walk;
> Over our shadows its melodious talk
> The stream continues, while oft-times a stray
> Dry leaf drops down where these bright waters play
> In endless eddies, through whose clear brown deep
> The gorgeous pebbles quiver in their sleep;
> The stream still flows, but cannot flow away.

* *Poems by William Bell Scott.* Illustrated by Seventeen Etchings by the Author and L. Alma Tadema. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

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Could I but find the words that would reveal
The unity in multiplicity,
And the profound strange harmony I feel
With these dead things, God's garments of to-day;
The listener's soul with mine they would anneal,
And make us one within eternity.

A SYMBOL.

At early morn I watched, scarce consciously,
Through the half-opened casement the high screen
Of our trees touched now by the bright'ning sheen
Of the ascending sun: the room was grey
And dim, with old things filled this many a day,
Closing me in, but those thick folds of trees
Shone in the fresh light, trembled in the breeze:
A shadow crossed them on its arrowy way
Cast by a flying bird I could not see;
Then called a voice far off that seemed to say,
Come, we are here! Such might or might not be
What the voice called, but then methought I knew
I was a soul new-born in death's dark clay,
Awakening to another life more true.

The last but one furnishes in its leading thought a sort of parallel (probably by anticipation as regards the actual date of the composition) to Mr. Tennyson's shorter and more concentrated poetic speculation on the flower in the wall.

Another sequence of sonnets called "Parted Love" shows, as might be expected from the nature of the theme, more decided marks of the school with whom Mr. Scott must be reckoned, and which (at the same time that we repudiate the nickname given to it by a rival seeker of poetic fame under circumstances of aggravated bad taste) we must recognize as a distinct school with a very distinct manner. An "effluent flame of terrible surprise" in the first of these sonnets claims indisputable kindred with the fires and flowers that burn and blossom with strange and shifting splendour in Mr. Swinburne's various writings—a splendour perilous even in the master's own hands, and not to be lightly kindled at any lesser man's bidding. We can select, however, chiefly for the sake of the finished beauty of the tercets, another sonnet where none of this mannerism is apparent:—

MORNING.

Last night,—it must have been a ghost at best,—
I did believe the lost one's slumbering head
Filled the white hollows of the curtained bed,
And happily sank again to sound sweet rest,
As in times past with sleep my nightly guest,
A guest that left me only when the day
Showed me a fairer than Euphrosyne,—
Day that now shows me but the unfilled nest.

O night! thou wert our mother at the first,
Thy silent chambers are our homes at last;
And even now thou art our bath of life.
Come back! the hot sun makes our lips athirst;
Come back! thy dreams may recreate the past;
Come back! and smooth again this heart's long strife.

A somewhat different tone again is found in a third sequence under the name of "The Old Scotch House." In some of these there is to our mind more freedom and freshness than in any other part of the book. There is the true flavour of light and air and the growing year in this on "A Spring Morning":—

A SPRING MORNING.

Vaguely at dawn within the temperate clime
Of glimmering half-sleep, in this chamber high,
I heard the jackdaws in their loopholes nigh,
Fitfully stir: as yet it scarce was time
Of dawning, but the nestlings' hungry chime
Awoke me, and the old birds soon had flown;
Then was a perfect lull, and I went down
Into deep slumber beneath dreams or rhyme.

But, suddenly renewed, the clamouring grows,
The callow beaklings clamouring every one,
The grey-heads had returned with worm and fly;
I looked up and the room was like a rose,
Above the hill-top was the brave young sun,
The world was still as in an ecstasy.

Some other occasional and solitary sonnets which are scattered towards the end of the volume do not seem to us to be equal to those we have dwelt upon. It is rather vexatious to have to note small mechanical defects in a book where the mechanical execution has been attended to with so much pains as obviously must have been given in this case, and on the whole with great success; and we feel somewhat tempted to keep the fact to ourselves; but perhaps it is best to give the warning, and to point out that the effect of the sonnet No. IV. in "Parted Love" is marred to the reader's eye by the grotesque misprint of *stewed* for *strewed* in the lines which describe the

dreadful floor of stagnant green
Strewed with the bones of lovers that have been.'

In a general way, however, the book, as an amateur's book should be, is thoroughly well cared for in printing and all other externals. Nor must we forget the special attraction added to it by the author's own graceful and spirited etchings, and by a certain number contributed by Mr. Alma Tadema. These last are concerned unhappily with subjects which we cannot but think rather uncongenial to the artist; all but the last, a really admirable sketch of the Great Sphinx, which indeed might in itself stand for an unwritten poem, and by an unavoidable fate overshadows and outweighs the written text it professes to illustrate.

MYTHOLOGY OF THE ESQUIMAUX OF GREENLAND.*

A TOLERABLY full account of a branch of mythology which is little known even to the generality of mythological students is given by the Abbé Morillot, whose treatise, after appearing among the "Acts" of the French Philological Society, is now published in a separate form. Much research was necessary to acquire the information which it conveys; authorities are freely given by its author, and probably little is known of the subject of which it treats beyond what may be found within its narrow limits.

Greenland first became known as a land of promise for Scandinavian emigrants. It was discovered towards the end of the tenth century by Eirik, the son of a proscribed Norwegian who had retired to Iceland. Eirik gave it the name which it still bears (Groenland), and settled upon it with his followers about the year 985. Leif, one of two sons, originally like his brother a Pagan, was converted to Christianity in the course of a voyage to Norway, and at the entreaty of King Olaf Tryggvesson undertook to establish the true faith in Greenland. His pious work was not without fruit, and soon a handsome church was erected in the new colony; but a wider diffusion of Christianity took place under the royal saint Olaf Haraldsson, and in 1034 Greenland was placed under the spiritual direction of Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen. The first bishop of the colony was appointed in 1126, and had more than twenty successors, while churches spread in all directions. In the fifteenth century all these sacred edifices were in ruins. The supplies from Norway fell short, and the numbers of the colonists gradually diminished, till at last these were exterminated by the Pagan people whom we call Esquimaux. The origin of these people, whose personal peculiarities it is unnecessary to describe, is a matter of dispute. Some would trace them to Asia, others would derive them from America, and it is to the former view that M. Morillot inclines. But it is with the strange mythology of the Esquimaux and its accompanying rites that we have here to do.

According to the tradition of the Esquimaux, the whole world is inhabited by demons; but these are under the control of a superior Being named Tôrnârsuk, a personal deity without sex, who, in spite of their own malignant nature, compels them to be useful, and prohibits them from doing harm to man. As the source of wisdom and science, he provides mankind with the means of combating evil and attaining good; and he will respond to an invocation, either in his own person or through the medium of a spirit; but to know him thoroughly it is necessary to acquire that degree of perfection which raises an ordinary man to the condition of an Angâkok or priest. The residence of Tôrnârsuk is in the Lower World, a distinct region, apart from our earth and sea, which are supported by pillars. It may be reached by water and through crevices in the earth. The Upper World, on the other hand, is but a continuation of our own, containing mountains, valleys, lakes—in fact, every variety of things terrestrial—and may be reached by an ascent from the middle of the ocean. As for the stellar sky immediately above us, it consists of a solid material, and moves on the summits of a mountain situated in the north, and probably forming part of the Upper World. To one of the two worlds the souls of all the departed are compelled to go, their lot being decided by the decree of Tôrnârsuk. The Lower is better than the Upper World, abounding as it does in heat and food; but the blessed whose abode it is to be cannot reach it without gliding for five days upon craggy rocks. The souls in the Upper World dwell in tents, situated on the banks of frozen lakes, and suffer from cold and hunger. Their amusement is to play at tennis, with heads of the hippopotamus for balls, and this recreation, by what process it is hard to explain, is the cause of the Aurora Borealis. What we have here stated accords with the primitive belief of the Esquimaux. Those who have been converted to Christianity place their paradise above the solid vault of the sky, but immediately below it the awful tennis-players continue their sport, and when the Aurora Borealis appears it is not safe to take one's walks abroad, as the spirits are likely to leave off their game, and, descending through the air, to carry off the living. According to a pretty Christian tradition, the heavenly vault sometimes opens and the song of the angels may be heard. That the old and new systems may be reconciled, there is a theory that the virtuous souls in the Lower World can emigrate to the Christian paradise above.

To return to pure Paganism. Besides Tôrnârsuk there is another power of superior rank, who has the appearance of a female, and is called Arnakuagsâk, or "Old Woman." She resides in the sea, and when the fish do not rise to the surface, it is supposed that she confines them in the depths, angered by certain little monsters which settle upon her face. Under these circumstances, which may result in a famine, the best plan is to call in aid the services of a powerful Angâkok, who, by means of certain rites, will descend to the bottom of the sea, drive away the small offenders, and smooth the ruffled temper of the goddess, who will then allow her marine subjects to ascend to the surface and become food for hungry Esquimaux. Belief in a Creator is not an article in the Esquimaux creed. Man was not created by Tôrnârsuk, but sprang from the earth, and according to some traditions the first man, named Kallak, formed the first woman from a clod. M. Morillot supposes that Tôrnârsuk symbolizes Reason or Intelligence,

* *Mythologie et Légendes des Esquimaux du Groenland.* Par l'Abbé Morillot. Paris: Maisonneuve & Cie. 1874.

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and that material life is personified in the submarine goddess; but this hypothesis, especially where the study of a very primitive people is concerned, scarcely accords with the modern method of interpreting mythology.

The ancient faith has not been wholly effaced by the labours of Christian missionaries. Early in the last century a zealous Danish clergyman set out from Bergen with his wife and children, and devoted fifteen years to the conversion of the Esquimaux. His example was afterwards followed by his sons and some of the Moravian brethren; but a very imperfect Christianity was the result of the good work. In the midst of the new faith many of the old traditions held their own. If Tôrnârsuk can no longer flourish as a god, he still exists as a demon, and the belief in fallen angels, inculcated by the missionaries, assigns to him a position analogous to that awarded to the classical deities by the early fathers. He is still powerful; he can show himself in many places, always looking very hideous; and he can vanish underground in the twinkling of an eye. Where he has ceased to command, he can nevertheless awaken terror, and that, after all, is something. Arnakuagsâk is even more handsomely treated. Under missionary influence she has been looked upon as the mother of the Devil, and is still called the "parent of those below." But the notions of "above" and "below" must be necessarily somewhat lax among the Esquimaux, who persist in thinking that the "Old Woman" is better than she is painted by their instructors, and that, although the entire universe is governed by one Supreme Being, she still exercises a sort of independent sovereignty over the waters.

According to the old belief every being endowed with animal life, human or other, had a soul distinct from the body, which it could quit without necessarily causing death, and into which it could return. Although visible to especially gifted men only, it had exactly the same form as the body to which it belonged, while of a more delicate and ethereal essence. After the death of the body its existence continued, and traces are to be found of a belief in transmigration presented under a strange aspect. Not only could the soul of a living man animate a dead one, not only could it enter the body of an inferior animal, not only could it be cut to pieces and come together again, but the lost portion of one soul could be replaced by the corresponding portion of another. A belief in ghosts and haunted houses, universally diffused over Greenland, is apparently attributed by M. Morillot to the influence of the Scandinavian settlers; but we do not see how the ordinary everyday spectre of the country village could do otherwise than flourish in the presence of the aboriginal creed described above.

The Christian missionaries succeeded in bringing these odd notions concerning the soul into a tolerably orthodox condition, but they were not equally fortunate when dealing with the "Inue" (in the singular "Inua"), or genii, who still retain their primitive form in the minds of the Esquimaux. By these, according to ancient tradition, the whole visible world was governed, under the supreme rule of Tôrnârsuk; and although some of them were merely human souls, elevated after their separation from the body, others had always been "Inue" and nothing else. High among the "Inue" proper are the "Ingersuit," who dwell on the seacoast and who are subdivided into a good and evil class. The former protect the conductors of the "Kajak" (the Esquimaux boat), and among the rocks may sometimes be found a pleasant spot upon which their habitations are built. In such a place the fishing implements proper to Greenland, but fashioned in a superior style, may also be discovered, and there are provisions in abundance. The good "Ingersuit" not only protect fishermen, who would often perish without their assistance, but fish on their own account, having boats of their own. They are generally invisible, but it is known that their form is human, save that their noses are abnormally small and that they have red eyes. Widely different from the good "Ingersuit" who inhabit the rocks on the coast are others who dwell in the depths, and have neither nose nor hair, and who only sally forth for the purpose of carrying off sturdy boatmen. When they have them safe in their clutches, they hide their fishing implements, cut off their noses, and keep them in a state of horrible captivity. The Abbé tells us that when one would console those whose friends or relatives have been shipwrecked, one tells them that the lost person has been carried off by an "Ingerssuah" (the singular form of the plural "Ingersuit"), but the solace looks exceedingly like that of a Job's comforter.

The religious system above described was favourable to the growth and maintenance of a powerful hierarchy. With the aid of the protecting "Inua" the Angâkok (in the plural Angâkut) or priest performed the high functions attached to his office. To obtain a position so elevated a training from infancy was required, and the child selected was first endowed by a priest with the gift of clairvoyance. It was necessary that he should conquer all fear of spectres or genii, and by frequent acts of devotion, such as fasts and invocations to Tôrnârsuk, always performed near the same spot, the soul of the neophyte was freed from the bondage of the flesh and the outer world. When he had reached this degree of elevation the great Tôrnârsuk himself appeared to him and presented him with a "Tôrnak," or assistant genius. During this process of initiation, as it may be called, the neophyte became insensible. There are caverns in Greenland where stones with a broad surface are to be seen, and it is said that the future Angâkok had to rub this with a smaller stone, until the voice of Tôrnârsuk was heard from the depths of the earth. On this subject accounts differ. According to some this friction of stones, which does not look like a very formidable proceeding, was sufficient if the neophyte was content to become an Angâkok of an inferior order; but, if he was more ambitious, the blood was sucked from his veins by worms and other reptiles until he fainted from exhaustion. Having been duly initiated and suitably provided with a Tôrnak, he had to manifest himself—that is to say, to favour less privileged persons with a taste of his quality. If he could walk upon pointed rocks as easily as upon snow, which in the Esquimaux mind corresponds to the soft grass of more southern people, he was all right; but if the performance did not take place within a certain time, he was bound to die.

The power of the Angâkut was enormous. They were at once the legislators and judges of the people. They regulated all matters connected with religion; they alone were able to contend against sorcery. The latter faculty is most valuable, for of all the sins committed by the Esquimaux, sorcery, which was always practised for the purpose of inflicting injury, was the most deadly. Every kind of evil could be attributed to the exercise of the blackest of arts. An adept who touched with human bones the implements of a fisherman ensured the utter failure of a venture; and by mixing them with food he could cause sickness, insanity, and death. Morsels of a seal placed upon tombs rendered the owner of them unlucky in all his bargains. Arrows were fashioned which were sure to hit their mark, and inflict incurable wounds. Some of the more experienced sorcerers were able to pursue the intended victims with souls released from their bodies and encased in new forms, which were only discernible by an Angâkok or a clairvoyant child. Whence the sorcerers derived their power is not recorded, and it is strange that in such a complete system of demonology as the religion of the Esquimaux, we find no attempt to personify the principle of evil. Neither, we may add, is there any personification of love, although even sleep and taste have each its representative Inua. The Angâkut moreover tended the sick, furnishing or administering remedies, and sometimes, it is said, taking out their bowels, washing them, and replacing them—an operation for which the patient was expected to pay a handsome fee. If death was approaching they were liberal with their consolations, and in song, accompanied by the subdued sound of a drum, they inspired hopes of a state of happiness beyond the grave. In some cases it is believed they were empowered to reanimate the dead. By their prayers they could cause favourable weather, and of their good service in bringing fish to the surface of the waters we have already spoken. In short, the religion of the Esquimaux occupied him through all the details of life from his birth to his grave.

One of the most important rites performed by an Angâkok was called a "Torninek." In the evening several persons assembled in a house from which light was completely excluded. Persons in mourning and persons of ill-repute were equally inadmissible. The Angâkok caused his hands to be tied behind him, placed his head between his knees, and sat by a drum and a suspended thong. A hymn was then sung by all the company, and when it was ended the priest began to invoke Tôrnârsuk, or a familiar genius, accompanying his voice by blows struck upon the drum. The arrival of the Tôrnak was made known either by a flash of light or by a peculiar sound. If information on any subject is required or advice is to be asked, the priest puts a question, and a voice, which is that of Tôrnârsuk, or more frequently of an Inua, is heard to reply from without. These replies sometimes share with those given by oracles of greater repute the quality of being hard to understand. Sometimes on the occasion of these solemn assemblies it was necessary for the Angâkok to fly like a genius, instead of invoking one, especially if something was to be learned or done a long way off. In this emergency he raised himself from the ground, and shot through the roof, which opened in proportion to the magnitude of his power. Whether he crossed the land or sea, his passage was always visible, and left a trace indicating to his fellow-priests the road he had taken.

Much of the difficulty that has been experienced in converting the Esquimaux even to such an imperfect Christianity as they now profess may be traced to the tyrannical manner in which they were treated by their European visitors, whose policy strongly resembled that of the Spaniards in Peru. The missionaries were, indeed, much better than the others; but then, after all, they were mere Protestants. How much more efficiently would the good work have been carried on had they been Roman Catholics! So at least thinks the Abbé Morillot.

ANCIENT NEEDLEPOINT AND PILLOW LACE.*

MR. COLE sets his readers a catechism near the end of his preliminary chapter. Substantially it is as follows:—My good man, woman, or child, as the case may be, have you any views of any kind on the difference between point and pillow lace? Can you distinguish between Reticella, Punto in aria, and Punto à maglia? Do you understand the exact meaning of the terms *picot*, *réseau*, *bride*, *cordonnet*, and *mode*? And, if not, which is very likely, why do not you read and lay to heart Mr. Cole's book? It would be easy to ask a question of Mr. Cole in return. It would be satisfactory, if perhaps useless now, to know why this book, or one like it, did not come out in time for the exhibition of lace last year. Mr. Cole mentions the exhibition in his preface. He speaks, indeed, with official caution. The failure of the great

* *Ancient Needlepoint and Pillow Lace.* By Alan S. Cole. London: Arundel Society. 1875.

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bazaar as a commercial speculation is delicately veiled. An "experimental series of International Exhibitions now concluded" is spoken of with respect. That the Exhibitions were only experimental is news to us. That they were opened and carried on at a vast expense, and with every possible show of permanence, is fresh in everybody's recollection. That they were merely trials, and that, as we may hope, they were therefore so managed as to prevent any great loss of money, will be welcome pieces of information to some people. If Mr. Cole uses this form of expression now, it is very different from what was said by his colleagues two years ago. We are not unwilling, however, to let bygones be bygones, for the present at least. Our immediate concern is with Mr. Cole's book, and agreeing heartily with him when he says of the lace exhibition that it was "picturesque rather than intelligible," we proceed with his catechism and the answers he offers to his questions. Considering how many people have lace or admire it, how many buy it, and what good prices it fetches, it is odd that there should be so little accurate knowledge of the history of lace-making as a fine art. We recently had occasion to speak incidentally of the ignorance of most writers on the subject. Mr. Cole is perfectly right when he refers to the arrangement of the only two collections exhibited which had any arrangement. And he deserves praise for the modesty with which he mentions one or two books which, though he does not say so, must have been useless to him except as pointing out the errors into which so many previous writers have fallen. He certainly goes far enough back in his researches. That Bezaleel, the son of Uri, made lace for the Tabernacle seems likely to Mr. Cole. That the rough edge of the Roman toga was called *lacinia*, and that the name is derived from the Greek λακις, is a piece of scholarship to be acquired by five minutes' consultation with Ainsworth. But Mr. Cole is on safer ground when he attributes the full expansion, if not the origin, of lace-making, as we now have it, to Venice and the middle ages. This brings him immediately to an explanation of the meaning of the Italian words quoted above; and, soon after, to a pair of definitions for which many students will thank him. There is no doubt a confusion in his mind as to the difference between point lace and pillow lace. His explanation of the first of these words is short and simple. Point lace, he says, "is made entirely by the needle. The pattern is traced upon a piece of parchment, or other suitable material, and the stitches are then worked upon it. They are chiefly of the button-hole class." The definition of pillow-lace is neither so short nor so clear, and it may not be worth while to quote it as it stands; but a few pages further on Mr. Cole speaks of pillow lace as "a natural consequence of the primitive weaving and knotting of threads and fibres," and adds some account of how the bobbins were used in different places. In reality, however, "point" is the usual, if incorrect, term for much lace which was made partly on the pillow, and if Mr. Cole succeeds in persuading his readers to use it only for the needlework fabric, he will have introduced an element of exactness not hitherto always found in works on the subject. The reasons for the prevalent confusion are easily found. It is not every one who knows how to distinguish the two kinds of work from one another; and there is a further reason, which in itself is of some importance, though Mr. Cole seems to avoid discussing it. The French word *dentelle*, which, primarily at least, relates only to pillow lace, is commonly translated, and not without some show of right, by our word "point," which thus comes to be applied to needle lace, because it is made with a point, and to pillow lace also, because it is made in points. If we understand Mr. Cole, however, we are not any longer to use the word point lace in this fashion. It is only to be applied henceforth to lace made with a needle and without a pillow. Whether Mr. Cole is right or wrong in this strictness, we are at least glad to see some attempt to bring the subject within rules, and to introduce a little exactness in the use of terms. Lace, whether netting or embroidery, may henceforth be distinguished; but it will probably be a long time before Mr. Cole's nomenclature is generally adopted. Each new writer on the subject so far seems destined to upset and disturb all his predecessors have done. Fanciful distinctions, on which elaborate theories have been reared, vanish quickly under the application of a little uncompromising inquiry. Mr. Cole is determined to take nothing on trust, and his book is so much the better.

Of true point lace, then, needlepoint, many different schools exist. Venice, Burano, Alençon, and Brussels were the great centres of the manufacture. Mr. Cole is at some pains to show that Argentan and Argentella are comprehended under Alençon; but that the oldest work came all from Italy, where the art was already in perfection as early as the very commencement of the sixteenth century. Lace cannot have been extensively known, if at all, in Spain at this period, and the later so-called Spanish point came originally from Italy, and was only imitated in Spain. Mr. Cole is anxious to confine himself to original art, and drops the consideration of the merely imitative; on which grounds, and they are very intelligible, he gives England and her lace an extremely moderate share of his attention. He gives Italy "the credit of producing the artistic and valuable point laces which unexpectedly came out of Spain after the dissolution of the Spanish monasteries in 1830." As to Brussels point, Mr. Cole remarks that Guicciardini, in his work on the Netherlands, written about 1560, makes no mention of the manufacture. The archives and records of the import and export were burnt in 1731, and it is impossible to identify the early Brussels point with any great degree of certainty. The chief pillow laces are those known as Guipure, which originally was of twisted silk, and the Milan, Genoa, Malines, and Valenciennes varieties. The English lace was of the same order, but, according to Mr. Cole, "the nature of the work shows that, at best, it was essentially an imitative production. Its artistic merits do not stand high. The designs are of a free, almost untutored, floral character." And with this notice he passes by the claims of his native country. We had recently occasion to notice the patriotic ardour which fires the bosom of a French writer on lace. It is mortifying in the extreme to find our English champion so readily giving up the battle. Mr. Cole's calmness, however, inspires a confidence in the reader which whole pages on the virtues, talents, victories, and future greatness of England would have failed to awaken. In his determination to do no more than justice to his country, Mr. Cole has perhaps done her a little less than justice, and, considering the fables which have been invented and believed about *point d'Angleterre* and other English laces, *summum jus* appears once more in this case to be *summa injuria*.

The photographic illustrations are twenty in number. To each plate a full description is appended, and the reader who goes carefully through the specimens and the notes will find his wits much sharpened by the exercise, for Mr. Cole is constantly setting little problems for solution, and drawing little lessons from the examples before him. Thus, the seventh picture gives him occasion for some very valuable notes of comparison of the three chief point-lace schools. The specimen is a piece of "point de Venise à réseau," and some peculiarities of the work suggest the following remarks, which may be taken as a fair example of Mr. Cole's style, as well as of his method of investigation:—

> The French were diligent under the tuition of the Venetian workers in their attempts to imitate, and were to a considerable extent successful. Upon this, the skill and invention of those Venetians who remained at home to sustain their lace reputation were sorely taxed, and they perfected their *point à réseau*. Here their labours as the *principes* among art lace-workers culminated. As success attended the results of the lace establishment at Alençon, so the Venetian trade and art declined and the new Alençon point coming into existence, developed, and finally supplanted its prototype. Hence it is that the "point de Venise à réseau" having possibly had but a short existence, soon died out, and the comparatively few specimens of it have from year to year become so rare, that when a lucky collector comes across a piece of it, he is puzzled, and the only way out of his difficulty, in assigning to it a name, is to call it old "Brussels point," which it much resembles. The Brussels needlepoint lace, however, lacks the precision and extreme niceness of execution. The *cordonnet* in the Brussels straggles, and the modes are much fewer in *number*. The style of the design is more floral and less conventional. It is, however, a crucial test of acquaintance with lace to say what is old "Brussels point," and what "Venetian point à réseau." The earliest Brussels needlepoint, almost contemporary with the Venetian, is a purely imitative, though rare, lace; the design and quality of such work scarcely qualified it to be represented among the assemblage of specimens here shown.

In this passage the word "modes" should be in italic, rather than the word "number," but on the whole the book is fairly printed. Mr. Cole's frequent use of foreign words, and words of rare occurrence in any language, makes the correctness of the printing a matter both of importance and of difficulty, and we have little reason to find fault, although misprints certainly do occur. This book is a decided step in advance. Mr. Cole has limited himself by excluding what is not artistically good, but within his limits he has been painstaking and accurate. It would be well if china collectors went on a similar principle, and only looked for the beautiful. The literature of lace begins to assume alarming proportions; an immense quantity of mere trash and book-making has been published, but Mr. Cole's is the first considerable addition to the general stock of knowledge on the subject.

MINOR NOTICES.

THE associations which have made the name of Rochester a byword in English speech may possibly mislead some persons as to the character of the "Passages" of his life which have just been reproduced in facsimile under the editorship of Lord Ronald Gower*; and it will be a relief to them to know that it is not what they might perhaps suppose, but a religious work of the most edifying kind. It is, in fact, a reprint of Bishop Burnet's tract of which Dr. Johnson said that it should be read by "the critic for its eloquence, by the philosopher for its argument, and by the saint for its piety." In conversation the Doctor described it more pithily as "A good *Death*; there is not much *Life*." The Bishop himself tells us that the end of his writing is to "awaken those who run into all the excesses of riot," by giving an account of "one who had run the whole circle of luxury"; but it may be imagined that he is glad to pass as lightly and delicately as possible over the early career of the notorious nobleman, and to confine himself to the period of repentance and conversion. Rochester was already worn and shattered by his excesses before his thoughts turned to a consideration of his misdeeds; and Burnet himself had evidently some doubts as to how far the resolves of the sick-bed would bear the test of a return to health and good spirits. The Bishop's remarks on this point are indeed very characteristic, not only of himself, but of a certain professional way of interpreting the mysteries of Providence. He thinks that if Rochester's life had been spared "he would have been the wonder and delight of

* *Some Passages from the Life and Death of the Right Honourable John Earl of Rochester.* Reprinted in facsimile. With a Preface by Lord Ronald Gower. E. Stock.

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all that knew him." "But the infinitely wise God knew better what was fit for him, and what the age deserved. For men who have so cast off all sense of God and religion deserve not so signal a blessing as the example and conviction which the rest of his life might have given them. And I am apt to think that the Divine goodness took pity on him, and seeing the sincerity of his repentance, would try and venture him no more in circumstances of temptation, perhaps too hard for human frailty." It is natural that a preacher should endeavour to make the most of a distinguished convert; but it may be doubted whether Burnet does not greatly over-estimate Rochester's intellectual qualities as well as the reality of the change which had taken place in him. There are no doubt flashes of wit amid the obscenity of Rochester's verses, but not enough to justify the idea that he could have taken a much higher flight, even if he had kept clear of the slough in which he continually dipped, and sometimes wallowed. He was a man of fair parts, and, as his conversations with Burnet show, of shrewdness and plausibility, and knew how to adapt himself to his company when he chose; but it is unnecessary to assume the existence of possible qualities of which he certainly gave no actual proof. The chief interest of this tract seems to us to lie in its robust and animated eloquence. The Bishop writes in a straighforward manly way, and with much plainness of speech when it is required. What strikes one not very pleasantly is perhaps the Chesterfieldian tone of the argument, the emphasis laid on the practical inexpediency of debauchery. The Bishop puts it to the libertines to "balance the account of what they have got by their debaucheries with the mischiefs they have brought on themselves," and others by them, and "they will soon see what a mad bargain they have made." A little diversion, mirth, and pleasure at the moment, and then follows a list of the evils on the other side, in which "gouts, stranguaries," and other painful physical consequences of vice have a very conspicuous place, all pointing to the conclusion that it does not really pay to be vicious. Libertines get broken in health, perhaps "disfigured beside"; and their indulgences also cost more in money than they are worth. This is just the sort of thing which Chesterfield writes to his boy; and though the Bishop does indeed touch on the higher aspects of the question, the prudential considerations certainly seem to come uppermost.

The second volume of the selections from Burke * which Mr. Payne has edited so ably for the Clarendon Press is devoted to the well-known *Reflections* on the French Revolution. A disposition to make a sort of *culte* of the political wisdom of Burke has been observable among a certain school of writers in recent years, and Mr. Payne has perhaps not altogether escaped this influence, although he does not fail to point out some of the deficiencies of his hero. No one, of course, would dream of disputing Burke's intellectual eminence, but it was the unfortunate peculiarity of his genius that it was too often employed in casting the glamour of brilliant and plausible rhetoric over sophistry and paradox. His opinions were derived rather from impulse and passion than from logic and cool reflection, and he was therefore continually liable to go astray. His power of argument, however, never deserted him; and he was able to support the wildest and most extravagant propositions with an appearance of reason which his eloquence rendered peculiarly deceptive. As Macaulay has justly said, he generally chose his side as a fanatic, and defended it like a philosopher. His conspicuous defect as a statesman was the uncertainty of his temper and want of practical judgment; and this is equally apparent in his writings and his speeches. He was, in fact, a thorough Irishman, with the weaknesses, as well as the best qualities, of his race. Even as a model of literary style Burke is a dangerous guide, since the noblest flights of thought and feeling are oddly mingled with strange excesses of puerility and bad taste. At its best, however, Burke's style is perhaps unsurpassed in force and colour; and Mr. Payne's selections, as well as the extremely interesting and suggestive commentary which accompanies them, deserve to be carefully studied. Mr. Payne has, we think, hit off exactly the point of view from which the *Reflections* are chiefly valuable to the modern reader; that is, not as a trustworthy account of the causes and operations of the Revolution in France—of which Burke knew little, even for a man of his own time, while we have of course the advantage of much ampler and more accurate information—but as a protest against Jacobitism, and especially English Jacobitism, of which Burke was chiefly thinking, and as a statement of the principles of that rational Conservatism which has always been the mainspring of great political movements in this country. "Every student," says Mr. Payne, "must begin, if he does not end, with Conservatism; and every reformer must bear in mind that without a certain established base, secured by a large degree of this often-forgotten principle, his best-devised scheme cannot fail to fall to the ground; the present work is the best text-book of Conservatism which has ever appeared." And though the language is strong, we are disposed to agree with him. Mr. Payne also touches on many other points suggested by Burke's writings. His introduction, indeed, is not a mere collection of criticisms of the ordinary verbal kind, but an able and original essay, showing much reading and breadth of view, on some of the chief characteristics of English literature and politics.

An entirely new edition of Dr. Ure's well-known *Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines*†, carefully revised throughout, and to a large extent re-written, has been prepared under the editorship of Mr. R. Hunt, who, since the death of the originator of the work, has assumed a fatherly care of it, and adapted it in three successive editions to the advancing knowledge of the period. The list of contributors is a sufficient guarantee for the technical authority of the articles; and the editor has taken care that the phraseology should be intelligible to any ordinary reader. It is of course impossible to analyse in detail a work of this kind; but it may be said of it generally that, while the great branches of industry, such as calico-printing, mining, the iron and steel manufactures, and so on, are treated in a full and comprehensive manner, great pains have also been taken to ensure accuracy and completeness in the minor articles.

There would seem to be still some relics of genuine simplicity in the cloisters of Oxford, if we may judge from Professor Montagu Burrows's little book about Parliament and the Church of England.* After 134 pages of rather flabby historical abstract, going over very familiar ground, we come to what the Professor calls a "practical conclusion," and this he contrives to dispose of in nine or ten pages. "If," he says, "when fresh ecclesiastical legislation is required, of a sort in which the clergy must and ought to have an independent voice, the clerical assembly could be supplemented by a body of laity in whom Parliament as well as the Church could feel confidence, the object would be attained"; and one way of doing this would be for Parliament itself to appoint from its own body a large Committee, to consult with the Convocations of both Provinces. Mr. Burrows, in his innocence, seems to imagine that all this could be comfortably arranged, and he has no doubt whatever that members who were not Churchmen would leave the matter in the hands of those who were; but it is just possible that this is not exactly what would happen. We quite agree with him, however, that it is highly desirable that "Parliament should be placed in a position to understand what it is that the Church of England really demands"; but we fancy that what it wants is simply to be let alone. Professor Burrows, in sheltering himself behind the Bishops' Pastoral Address, ignores the tolerably obvious fact that the phrase about "the refusal to obey legitimate authority" is really begging the whole question as to what is and what is not legitimate authority.

We are glad to see that, in Mr. Ross's reprint of *The Gentle Shepherd*†, he has, on the whole, kept, though not so steadily as he should have done, to the natural orthography, and has not given way to the delusion that misspelt English may be passed off as a distinct national tongue. The old Scottish accent is gradually dying out, even in the more secluded parts of the country, but no doubt any Scotchman who spoke with it would read aloud a page of English with a very different pronunciation from that of an educated Englishman. It does not follow, however, that the spelling of a printed book should be adapted to the corruptions of vulgar speech. In Allan Ramsay's writings there are a great many old words which are really Scotch in the distinctive sense, being the especial possession of that country; but when he used, as he did to a large extent, the English language, he adopted the ordinary English spelling as far as he knew it, but of course all orthography was in those days in a somewhat loose state. Some amount of national partiality is perhaps required to rise to the full height of admiration for the *Gentle Shepherd*, though Pope praised it, and Leigh Hunt, who was called a Cockney, has certainly not been unstinted in the expression of his enthusiasm. Yet all persons with any poetic taste must at least admit that, in its freshness, simplicity, and unforced spirit, it is a charming pastoral. Its plain, unaffected honesty is one of its chief merits. There is no attempt to exalt either country scenes or people into an ideal grandeur:—

> A snug thack house, before the door a green;
> Hens on the midden, ducks in dubs are seen;
> On this side stands a barn, on that a byre.

This is one of the scenes, and the characters are equally creatures of homely flesh and blood; as, for instance, Meg on a washing day:—

> Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly show
> Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snow;
> Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
> Her haffet-locks hung waving on her cheek.

A life of Ramsay, which is interesting, though it contains nothing new, is supplied by the editor, as well as a useful glossary. Ramsay, it may be remembered, was a bookseller, and established the first circulating library and the first theatre in Scotland.

Among recent books of poetry an honourable place must be assigned to *Preludes*, by Miss A. C. Thompson ‡, a sister, we suppose, of Miss Elizabeth Thompson, who contributes several illustrations and ornamental tail-pieces to the volume. Miss Thompson's verses are remarkable for their easy flowing melody and quiet force, as well as for their delicate sentiment. The prevalent note is perhaps too uniformly sad, but it has a certain sweetness and mellowness which carry it through. The last and longest piece in the collection, entitled "A Study," rises to the height of genuine pathos.

The conditions of life in a manufacturing town are not usually supposed to be conducive to poetical inspiration; yet it is easy to conceive that the exercise of the imagination may be stimu-

* *Burke. Selected Works.* Edited by E. J. Payne. Vol. II. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

† *Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines.* Seventh Edition. 3 vols. Longmans & Co.

* *Parliament and the Church of England.* By Montagu Burrows, M.A. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

† *The Gentle Shepherd.* By Allan Ramsay. Edinburgh: Ross & Co.

‡ *Preludes.* By A. C. Thompson. With Illustrations by Elizabeth Thompson. H. S. King.

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fated by the very dullness and hardness of the surroundings. Mr. Evans *, the author of *In the Studio*, who is already known by a previous volume, is, we believe, a Birmingham poet, and has there cultivated a spirit of poetry under what Mark Tapley would admit to be highly creditable circumstances. He has done himself an injustice in placing the flippant word-catching "Monologue in a Studio" in the front of the volume; but those who go further on will find something much better. Mr. Evans writes with a light facile touch, which is sometimes too light and not always under due control, but the general effect, if not very impressive, is usually interesting and agreeable. He has a good eye for colour, as may be seen in "Arnaud de Merveil." On the whole, Mr. Evans's poems remind one somewhat of Ingoldsby, only in a graver and more tender tone.

Posthumous poems naturally appeal to the critic's tenderness. They are usually published rather as a memorial of affection than as a claim to the world's praise, and it is impossible not to sympathize with the feelings which sanctify for friends what to others might seem trivial and commonplace. It must be acknowledged, however, in the case of Miss Shute's pieces †, that a number of them are good enough to deserve publication on their own account. They do not show much power or originality, but they are marked by a melodious simplicity and earnestness which is not without its charm.

Mr. Hoole's verses ‡ can hardly be said to rise above the ordinary level of the academical muse. They indicate a certain degree of taste and culture, but without the very faintest trace of poetical inspiration.

Our first impression of *Arvan* §, on just looking at it, was that there was certainly a good deal of it, and our second, after reading some of it, that there was a great deal too much. On the whole, a young poet had better make a start with something less formidable than an epic poem filling five hundred pretty closely printed pages. A note at the beginning informs us that "The Story of a Sword is supposed to be told by an ancient Bard," but it is quite incredible that in any age a bard could have found an audience capable of enduring his drowsy and interminable maunderings to the end, or indeed, we should be disposed to say, for more than perhaps ten minutes. It is not that *Arvan* is very badly written. Mr. Todd has yet to acquire practice in blank verse, for he is at present evidently labouring under the beginner's usual difficulty, that of finding words to fill out the inexorable measure of the lines. His plan—and it is of the simple, ingenuous kind which probably indicates his age and recent schooldays—is just to multiply his adjectives without regard to tautology, to stick in superfluous little words, and to insist upon the "eds" of his participles being pronounced in full. Such expedients as "all undisturbed," "wind-footed stag," "man-tilled plains," "black, brine-cleaving ships," "ocean-girdled isle," "fierce helmèd heads and orbèd iron shields," and, above all, such a sentence as the opening one:—

> The chiefs had met in the high palace hall,
> For the great King held regal feast that night.

sufficiently betray the poverty and inexperience of his muse. Still the fault of the poem lies not so much in its style as in its emptiness and want of life. It is all mere words, and it is kept going on for page after page, and canto after canto, in a dull, smooth, lumbering way which is not altogether unpleasant, though it is impossible to give it continuous attention. Any twenty lines read almost exactly like any other twenty lines; there is the same sort of names, the same weak luxuriance of words and absence of ideas, the same heavy wave of pompous verbosity; it is indeed flat throughout, with nothing standing out, nothing that remains for a moment on the mind. It is, in fact, just the sort of book to lull a wakeful man off to sleep. There is not the least chance of being excited, and it is equally dozy all through. We gather that Arvan, a Scandinavian king, was too fond of fighting, and ruined his people, like Napoleon, by incessant wars, till at last he was put down by the Holy Alliance of the period. *Arvan* may be described as one of those versified narratives which might go on for ever.

Miss Tytler‖, who some time ago wrote a popular sketch of the history of painting, has now undertaken to do the same for the history of music. She is, we should say, somewhat deficient in the technical knowledge requisite for such a task, but she has at least produced a readable enough book, which may be taken for what it is worth. We should not recommend it "for the use of schools and students in music," as the title-page puts it, because information in such a case should be exact and authoritative; but as gossip it is certainly interesting and amusing.

Mr. Henry Neville, the well-known melodramatic actor, has reproduced in an amplified form a lecture on the stage which he delivered a few years ago at a meeting of a Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.¶ His object is, he says, to vindicate "the respectability of the profession of an actor, with the view of counteracting the popular prejudices, which to a certain extent, damage his social position, and of pointing out some of the main causes of those prejudices, as bigotry, and the neglect of the drama by the British Government, which takes all other arts under its powerful patronage, but leaves the stage to the precarious fortune of an isolated dependence, and the vague caprices of public opinion and public taste." Mr. Neville is no doubt sincere in his regret that the conditions under which the drama has to make its way in this country should compel him, as a manager, to produce translations of clap-trap French rubbish such as the *Two Orphans*; but his remedy for the evil is not very promising. He holds that there ought to be a Royal Academy of actors as well as a Royal Academy of painters; but observing the degradation of art for commercial reasons which has been brought about by the former, and of which we have such melancholy proofs in the present Exhibition, there seems to be little reason to hope much from a similar experiment in regard to the drama. As to the social position of actors and actresses, it rests in a great measure with themselves to determine by their own personal character and conduct on what terms they will be received by other people. As a body, however, they are necessarily discredited by the vile associations to which they are exposed in appearing on the stage; and it is for the profession itself to take steps to secure its own purification.

People who go to Social Science Congresses find it dull work to sit through the reading of the innumerable prosy essays and sermons which compose the bulk of the proceedings; yet there are usually one or two papers which are better than the rest, and some grains of useful information may be discovered amid the general rubbish. It is this which gives a value to the published Transactions of the Association.* When you have the volume before you, you are not tied to any particular speeches, and can easily sift the wheat from the chaff. Lord Rosebery's Presidential Address at Glasgow was a particularly good one, and the proceedings also contain an admirable practical lecture on Health by Dr. Lyon Playfair, and a sermon, such as it is, by Dr. Caird.

Under the title of *Problems of Faith* † we have a series of lectures to young men delivered at the Presbyterian College in London by the Duke of Argyll, Dr. Wall, and others, dealing with some of the theological difficulties of the day. Their tone and quality may be readily imagined.

A new Guide to London at the present day may seem at first sight rather a work of supererogation, yet there is certainly room for the *Golden Guide* ‡ which Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have just issued. It is compact, handy, and clearly printed, and its information, concise, yet sufficient, is brought down to the latest date. The volume, though of a size convenient for the pocket, contains a map, plans, and a number of superior woodcut illustrations, and may well serve not only as a companion, but as a memorial, of a visit to the great city.

A second and enlarged edition has been issued of *The Englishman's Guide Book to the United States and Canada*.§ It is a portable volume; but the mistake is made of reducing the size of the type in order to waste space on bad woodcuts. The compiler states that he has himself travelled over all the route described, and has given the results of his actual experience; but we very much doubt his assertion that the cost of travelling in the United States is "much less than in the parts of Western Europe usually frequented by English tourists." In some respects this may be the case; but on the whole an American journey is an exceedingly expensive recreation and a very doubtful one. If an Englishman could adapt himself to American habits, he might perhaps find his hotel bill less, but then he would also find his nerves and digestive system hopelessly deranged for the rest of his life. The unwholesome, sloppy food, and the crush and haste of the *table-d'hôte*, especially when combined with the fatigue and excitement of trying to see a great deal in a short time, have a very bad effect on tourists; and most people who go to America come back miserably dyspeptic. Those who can afford to travel leisurely and to secure special accommodation have of course to pay for it. A visit to America is, no doubt, very interesting and instructive in many ways, but an ordinary tourist must not expect to find it pleasant. The annual rush to Europe shows that the Americans themselves find it much cheaper and more comfortable to travel anywhere than at home.

Mr. Norman has drawn up a neat little handbook of drill for elementary schools, for boys or girls, or both together ‖, in which the regular military drill is simplified and adapted for school use, and special exercises suggested for young people. It has already gone through eight editions, and appears to be a practical and useful annual. It is illustrated with explanatory plates.

Captain Hayes has brought out a second edition of his work on the training and management of horses in India.¶ It is of course specially adapted to the circumstances of that country; but the general instructions which it contains, and which are of a shrewd

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* *In the Studio.* A Decade of Poems. By Sebastian Evans. Macmillan.

† *Posthumous Poems.* By Anna Clara Shute. Chapman & Hall.

‡ *Poems and Translations.* By Charles H. Hoole. Oxford: Shrimpton.

§ *Arvan; or, the Story of the Sword.* A Poem. By Herbert Todd, M.A. King & Co.

‖ *Musical Composers and their Works.* By Sarah Tytler. Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

¶ *The Stage; its Past and Present in Relation to Fine Art.* By Henry Neville. Bentley & Son.

* *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science.* Glasgow Meeting, 1874. Longmans & Co.

† *Problems of Faith.* With a Preface by Rev. J. Oswald Dyke. Hodder & Stoughton.

‡ *The Golden Guide to London.* S. Low & Co.

§ *The Englishman's Illustrated Guide Book to the United States and Canada.* Longmans & Co.

‖ *The Schoolmaster's Drill Assistant.* By Commander Norman, R.A. Bemrose & Sons.

¶ *A Guide to Training and Horse Management in India.* By M. H. Hayes. Second Edition. Calcutta: T. S. Smith.

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and practical character, render it a useful guide in regard to horses anywhere.

Mr. Morris has reprinted from the *Swindon Advertiser* a series of letters describing a tour to Canada and the United States which he took in 1874.* He appears to have gone about industriously, but he has little to tell that is not already familiar to most people, and his style is somewhat rough.

Pyrna † is an account of an imaginary commune under the ice, somewhat in the style of *Erehwon* and Lord Lytton's *Coming Race*. There is not much in the story, but it affords the writer an opportunity of illustrating some of his social theories.

There is nothing which people are usually so hazy about as the events of their own time which have not yet taken the form of digested history. Vague impressions remain, but it is often difficult to get at the precise facts. Hence the value of Mr. Irving's brief and pithy *Annals of Our Time*, to which a supplement has just been published ‡, bringing it down to March 1854. It is not only a most useful work of reference, but is amusing to dip into for the recollections which it freshens.

At the present moment a work explaining the rules and usages of the Stock Exchange§ naturally possesses an especial interest, and Mr. Royle's digest of the subject can be recommended to those who wish to make themselves acquainted with it. On one point Mr. Royle makes a significant remark. "It must not be assumed," he says, "that all the rules of the Stock Exchange are legal," and he quotes one or two instances in which that body has attempted to set itself above the law, as, for instance, "No. 61. No member shall attempt to enforce by law a claim arising out of Stock Exchange transactions against a member or defaulter, or against the principal of a member or defaulter, without the consent of such member"; No. 62. "No member shall be obliged to pay a non-member for any securities bought in the Stock Exchange"; and No. 156, that persons who are not members of the Stock Exchange must obtain the consent of the Stock Exchange members before being allowed to participate in a defaulting stockbroker's assets; and No. 163, setting aside the ordinary bankruptcy jurisdiction in favour of a private arrangement.

Dr. J. W. Smith's handy books ‖ on various branches of what may be called popular law, that is, law bearing on the common everyday transactions and relations of life, have already had their thoroughness tested by a large circulation.

Mr. Cavanagh discusses what is called the land question¶, which here relates only to the legal forms employed in the transfer of land, in the form of an imaginary correspondence between John Doe and Richard Roe; but the fun, as might be expected, is somewhat ponderous.

Mr. Burbidge has published a handsomely illustrated volume in honour of the daffodil, or narcissus.** It is a hardy bulb, and presents in its blossoms, as may be seen from the numerous coloured plates, a charming variety of form and hue; and Mr. Burbidge, who is very enthusiastic as to the brilliant effects of a daffodil garden, wonders that the plant is not more popular. Possibly its highly narcotic character, which makes the odour unpleasant to delicate persons, may have created some degree of prejudice against it; but it has, at least, always been a great favourite with the poets, to whom the writer of this work appeals in support of his case. The volume also contains a review of the genus, by Mr. Baker of Kew.

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* *Letters Sent Home.—Canada and the United States.* By W. Morris. Warne & Co.

† *Pyrna: a Commune; or, Under the Ice.* Bickers & Son.

‡ *Supplement to the Annals of Our Time.* By Joseph Irving. Macmillan.

§ *The Laws relating to English and Foreign Funds, Shares, and Securities.* By W. Royle, Solicitor. Effingham Wilson.

‖ *A Handy Book on the Law of Private Trading Partnership.* By J. W. Smith, LL.D. Also, by the same, *Handy Books on the Law of Banking*, and of the *Law of Employer and Employed.* Effingham Wilson.

¶ *The Great Land Question.* By Christopher Cavanagh. Stevens & Hayes.

** *The Narcissus; its History and Culture.* By F. W. Burbidge. With a Scientific Review of the entire Genus, by J. G. Baker. Reeve & Co.

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ALFRED D. FRIPP, *Secretary.*

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THE

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THE STORY OF THE GAIKWAR.

THE Blue-Books which have just been published remove some of the doubts and explain some of the mysteries which have hung over the story of the GAIKWAR'S deposition. The course taken by the Home Government seemed strange enough. A prince who had behaved badly, but was put on his good behaviour and allowed a fixed term of probation, was charged with a crime, and the charge was not brought home to him. Those who had to decide his fate declared that they dismissed it from their minds; but still they pronounced that he should be deposed, and that no further time to show a better mind should be given him. This seemed like acquitting and punishing in the same breath, and the inconsistency was so glaring that those who had confidence in Lord SALISBURY'S administration felt sure that there must be some secret that was not told, some reason for treating the GAIKWAR in so illogical a way which was not disclosed in Lord NORTHBROOK'S proclamation. This now proves to be the case. After the GAIKWAR was put on his probation it was discovered that he had been previously guilty of crimes so heinous that, if his guilt had been known, he would never have been allowed to have any time of probation at all, and would have been deposed as wholly unfit to govern. He did not go on in a very satisfactory manner even after his time of probation began. He spent about double his income, and laid out his money in a very bad way, and he had a lamentable habit of secreting enormous sums in his palace, and leaving an empty public treasury for the English Resident to supervise. When he had accepted a reforming Minister, he managed to treat the unwelcome monitor in such a way as to force him to resign, and he tried to get a secret and very objectionable kind of control over the servants and retainers of the Resident. Even if the attempt to poison Colonel PHAYRE had not been made, it is doubtful whether the GAIKWAR would have been considered to have behaved well enough to induce the Indian Government to allow him his full time of trial. But it was not his misdoings after he had been put on probation that made the Government determine that he must be deposed. The attempt to poison Colonel PHAYRE suggested that other persons might have been poisoned or put to death by the GAIKWAR without his guilt having attracted much notice; and evidence strong enough, in Lord SALISBURY'S opinion, to justify his acting on it was obtained to show that in 1872 BHOW SCINDIA, formerly Prime Minister of Baroda, was poisoned, and another person tortured to death, by emissaries of the GAIKWAR, the latter crime being directly traced to his orders. Sir LEWIS PELLY, who succeeded Colonel PHAYRE as Resident, and to whose inquiries the detection of these crimes was due, offered to the VICEROY his solemn recommendation that the Baroda State should be saved by the deposal from power of its ruler; and Lord SALISBURY considered that, in view of the revelations he had received as to the real character of the GAIKWAR, there was no other course to take, and accordingly the GAIKWAR was deposed.

Thus, no doubt, substantial justice was done, and a very bad man was prevented from any more making a little principality into a nest of misery and vice. But substantial justice had to be done in a very offhand sort of way. As the GAIKWAR was deposed because his ancient crimes had come to light, it might have seemed as if the true story should be told to the world at once. Perhaps there is not much real difference between disclosing the reasons for his being deposed now and inserting them in the Proclamation. Still, to have inserted them in the Proclamation might have had a rather startling effect, and it was probably judged better to let excitement die away a little in India before the real justification of the Government was divulged. The contrast between the course taken in trying the GAIKWAR for the attempt to poison Colonel PHAYRE and the course taken in declaring him guilty of two crimes committed in 1872 was so striking that a little discretion might seem necessary to prevent it from engaging too much immediate attention in India. When the charge of attempting to poison the English Resident was to be investigated, the natives were invited to see with what admirable impartiality, with what scrupulous attention to evidence, the inquiry was made. Natives of the highest rank were appointed as members of the Commission. Witnesses were called openly, examined openly, their evidence sifted openly. The accused was informed of the precise charge against him, and he was allowed to be defended by the best advocate that money could buy. But everything was entirely different with regard to the charges which led to his being deposed. Sir LEWIS PELLY informed the Government that there was a strong *primâ facie* case against four men who had, he thought, been concerned in poisoning BHOW SCINDIA, and he proposed to have them tried by a criminal court. The Government, however, thought it better that the case should stand over during the trial of the GAIKWAR for the attempt to poison Colonel PHAYRE. In the torturing case Sir LEWIS PELLY collected evidence which he thought showed that the GAIKWAR had ordered the heaviest fetters that could be found to be put on the prisoner who died, and had directed that chillies and salt water should be administered to him. The GAIKWAR does not appear to have been in any way informed of these discoveries. He knew nothing of what these witnesses had said; no one cross-examined them, no counter evidence was sought for. But Lord SALISBURY was satisfied, and the chances are strong that Lord SALISBURY was right. The GAIKWAR was probably not fit to govern, even if his fitness is tested by the indulgent standard accorded to native princes. It was, we may reasonably trust, substantial justice that was done when the GAIKWAR was sent into exile on the ground that he had committed, three years before, two crimes with which he did not know that he was charged, without his having seen or heard the testimony against him, and without his having any opportunity of showing that evidence collected while he was under arrest might be due to the spite, the fears, or the venality of the witnesses. If we were in the region of criminal law, this way of treating the GAIKWAR might be pronounced unjust. But the proclamation deposing him was not the record of a judicial decision. It was the announcement of the course which those intended to take in whose power it was to say, with supreme and unquestionable authority, whether the GAIKWAR should continue to rule or not. The deposal of the GAIKWAR was an act of state. It seemed right to Lord SALISBURY that he should not rule any more, and so he and his issue were cut off from their office and their inheritance.

This at least is a course of proceeding intelligible enough to the people of India. They are to be guarded by English vigilance against having very bad native princes to rule over them, and when the English Government thinks a

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native prince very bad, it will dethrone him. It is not bound to prove he is bad. It comes in as satisfactory a way as it can at a conclusion that he is very bad, and then a regiment comes quietly and takes him away, and there is an end of him. There will be no more Commissions with illustrious natives ranked among their members, and skilful cross-examiners making Residents uncomfortable, and sliding in puzzling and ingenious suggestions. Lord SALISBURY in writing to the VICEROY pronounced that the Commission was a failure. It was setting to work in the wrong way to let natives have to judge of the guilt of a native under the difficulties of a judicial system which they could not understand. It was not wholesome to have a native prince kept under arrest, and tried in the very place where, if he was acquitted, he would again be supreme. The humbler natives got excited, and their excitement took the unpleasant form of wishing to see him acquitted, and of thinking that his triumph would be their triumph too. It was very hard for Lord SALISBURY to know what to do. If the GAIKWAR was to be declared guilty of having poisoned Colonel PHAYRE, then, Lord SALISBURY thought, there was nothing to do but to hang him. To hang a native prince whose guilt all the native members of a Commission had declared not to be proved, would have been a very strong measure; and if he was not to be hanged, he must not be declared guilty. When Lord SALISBURY, through the VICEROY, said that he dismissed from his mind the inquiry into the GAIKWAR'S alleged attempt to poison Colonel PHAYRE, he meant that he could not keep the inquiry in his mind, as, if he thought about it too much, he would have to hang a man whom he could not hang conveniently. Having settled that the GAIKWAR should not be hanged, he had next to settle whether he should be deposed. He chose, as most impartial persons will think, quite rightly, that the GAIKWAR should be deposed. To depose him was a very high-handed act; but it had either to be done or not to be done, and Lord SALISBURY had as much to strengthen him in his resolution as a man well can have who, placed above law, has to decide on the fate of a human being. He had the evidence furnished by Sir LEWIS PELLY, and he had Sir LEWIS PELLY'S strong opinion that, if Baroda was to be saved, the GAIKWAR must be deposed. Lord SALISBURY shares Lord NORTHBROOK'S anxiety to befriend and advance in every way the natives of India; but to abandon the sphere of government for the sphere of law in dealing with native princes is a mode of satisfying the nation which, though it may seem kind, and just, and noble, makes England less strong for good than it must be if it is to work its proper work in India. There is no one to blame. Lord NORTHBROOK made an experiment which had, as it appeared, much to recommend it, and which might have succeeded if India had been other than it is. The experiment might have been not altogether unsuccessful, as things were, if Lord NORTHBROOK had been allowed to carry it on to the end in his own way. He might have adopted the views of the English Commissioners, and have been quite logical and fair. But he evidently had not faced the difficulty which Lord SALISBURY thought he had to face, that the GAIKWAR could not be merely deposed, but must be punished with all the severity with which the meanest criminal would be treated who had been guilty of such a crime; and it is not easy to believe that, whatever may be the provisions of codes on the subject, the English Government would have thought any punishment short of death sufficient to protect the lives of Residents in native States if a humble native was clearly detected in an attempt to take them. The embarrassing position of Lord SALISBURY must be appreciated before his conduct is criticized; and it is to be hoped that before long the story of the GAIKWAR will be looked at as a whole, and that all that will be remembered will be that, somehow and in the long run, the English Government saved Baroda from the tyranny of an execrable ruler.

THE WEST SUFFOLK ELECTION.

THE local Liberals appear to have been ill advised in trying their strength in West Suffolk. The uncertainty of the Ballot justifies moderately sanguine estimates of the caprice of electors; but any party manager who understands his business ought to know beforehand the result of a poll of two to one. The miscalculation is probably explained by the hope of the Liberals that the farmers would on the present occasion vote for their class in preference to their party. It was forgotten that the leading Liberals of the country were landlords before they were Whigs, and several of them have in fact voted for the Conservative candidate. On many occasions, and especially at meetings of Chambers of Agriculture, tenant-farmers have lately claimed various pecuniary advantages as incidents of their tenure; and, forming a standing majority of every Chamber, they have easily outvoted the landlords. The leaders of the Opposition in the House of Commons would perhaps not shrink from voting in favour of compulsory clauses to be added to the Government Bill, although the peers of their party unanimously adhered to the theory of free contract; and, though the landed gentry of the Eastern counties appear to agree with the House of Lords, Suffolk tenants probably share the general desire to get anything which Parliament may give them. But it would seem that they are not disposed to sacrifice their political convictions even for the purpose of obtaining a benefit to themselves. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues, notwithstanding some efforts to detach the county constituencies from their customary allegiance, never succeeded in producing the impression that they were the real farmers' friends. The Conservatism of the counties was formerly explained on the theory that landlords coerced their tenants either by fear or by favour. It would now appear that, in Suffolk at least, both parties are of the same mind, and perhaps on great estates the old deference to the opinion of the landlord may, in spite of the Ballot, not be wholly obsolete.

The determination to risk a trial of strength may not improbably have been suggested by the result of another county election, which ended in the return of an advanced Liberal, who happens to be nearly related to Colonel WILSON. Breconshire is smaller, poorer, and less populous than Suffolk, but the transfer of the control of a little Welsh county from the Conservatives to the Liberals furnished a significant illustration of the operation of the Ballot. No Whig or Liberal members had represented Breconshire within living memory; and at the latest contest, Colonel WOOD, who had then sat for the county for many years, was defeated because he had voted with Sir ROBERT PEEL for the repeal of the Corn Laws. If the old system of voting had not been abolished, the landowners of the county, who are by a large majority favourable to the present Government, would undoubtedly have been able, as in former times, to return a member of their own opinions. The statement that the election was influenced by resentment against a decision of the HOME SECRETARY which has almost annihilated the value of the fisheries in the upper waters of the River Wye is wholly chimerical. The number of owners affected must be comparatively trifling; and the class of voters which determined the election has no interest in the question. At the general election of 1874, Mr. FULLER MAITLAND, now member for Breconshire, was defeated by the present Lord TREDEGAR, who had held the seat for many years. Since that time the new system of secrecy has been more fully understood by the hill farmers; and a body of perfectly organized election agents, consisting of the Dissenting ministers, spared no trouble in convincing them, by sermons and speeches and in conversation, that it was no longer necessary to defer to their landlords, and that their opposition and occasional breach of promise would never be discovered. The defeated candidate afterwards published a statement, which may perhaps have been too sanguine, that he had received a majority of six or seven hundred promises. The pleasure of compliance with the urgency of the preachers was perhaps enhanced by a humorous foresight of the disappointment which was in store for credulous landlords. There was no question of oppression on one side or of discontent and hostility on the other. The Dissenting ministers canvassed more effectually in private and in their pulpits than the Conservative laity, and they have been rewarded by complete success. Their influence, though analogous to that of the Irish priests, is perhaps less secure. In the neighbouring county of Cardigan it was understood that at the general election the Liberal candidate was defeated, in some degree, because the Dissenting ministers were thought to have dictated too openly to the constituency.

Nonconformists, especially the descendants of the original Independents, possess considerable influence in the Eastern counties; but English farmers are not accustomed to make political contests turn on sectarian issues. The

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Liberal managers seem to have forgotten that in Suffolk Labourers' Unions are more hostile to the farmer, and much more formidable, than the landlord. The strike of last summer, though it is no longer a subject of newspaper discussion, is fresh in the minds of the farmers, who ultimately prevailed in the struggle. The sentimentalists who have taken tenant-farmers under their patronage have lately exhorted the Suffolk electors to emulate the independence of their Cambridgeshire neighbours. When a vacancy occurred in Cambridgeshire in the autumn, the Conservative managers committed the mistake of selecting a candidate without consulting the constituency. The farmers properly determined to overrule the selection of the Treasury or the Carlton Club, but they preferred in Mr. RODWELL a candidate who held the same political opinions with his opponent. Their choice had a further significance in their personal reasons for preferring their own candidate. Mr. RODWELL had shortly before, as Chairman of an Association, conducted with remarkable firmness and discretion the contest between the farmers and the labourers in the neighbourhood of Bury St. Edmunds. It was in recognition of his services that he was returned for Cambridgeshire, and the victory of a professed and consistent Conservative furnished no precedent for the triumph which was rashly anticipated by the Liberals. Mr. TREVELYAN'S proposal to transfer the control of the county representation from landowners and farmers to labourers would alone sufficiently account for the result of the late election. The experiment will not for some time be repeated.

The success of a follower of Mr. DISRAELI may perhaps not be an unmixed benefit to the country, nor indeed in the present state of parties would the addition of a single member to either party be a matter of practical importance. The Suffolk election is only satisfactory because it shows that tenant-farmers are not disposed to take the advice of their disinterested and benevolent patrons. It might be tedious to inquire into the causes which make the ownership of land obnoxious to the school of economists which dallies with Socialism. The qualities which are supposed to be produced by the possession of land have been held up to odium under the phrase of "landlordism," though it would be equally reasonable to denounce shopkeeperism or millownerism. The term of reproach is founded on the claim of landowners to retain their own property, while theorists insist that they should reduce themselves to the condition of mere annuitants on the land. The tenant-farmer knows more about landlords than his literary advisers, and, amongst other conditions of tenure, he is well aware that his rent is seldom forced up to the highest limit. If the farmer is a student of political literature, he soon discovers that the agitation against landlords tends to the encouragement, not of large and wealthy farmers, but of small freeholders. The modern doctrine that merely commercial ties must replace the relations which are invidiously designated as feudal finds but qualified acceptance among one set of parties to the bargain. If modern improvement ends in higher rents, it will not be enthusiastically welcomed. The Suffolk election will perhaps in some degree renew the confidence in the healthy working of the Ballot which had been disturbed by the result of the contest in Breconshire. The Ballot was promoted and carried on the assumption that it would increase the strength of the Liberal party. Since that time the Conservative reaction has spread over the country; but it is wholly uncertain whether it has been in any degree caused by secret voting. The Suffolk election would almost certainly have been decided in the same manner if the former system of open voting had prevailed. In Breconshire secresy was indispensable to the triumph of the Dissenting ministers; but the constituencies of English counties and large towns seem only to retain an independence which they have long since asserted.

THE BELGIAN RIOTS.

THE Belgian Government has displayed much good sense in dealing with the unhappy disturbances which have shown how much discord and bitterness now reigns in what was once supposed to be a thriving, united, and peaceful little kingdom. Precautionary measures will be adopted for the future, and those who led the rioters have been prosecuted, but they have been subjected to very moderate penalties. A year's imprisonment and a fine of 300 francs cannot be considered a severe punishment for the ringleaders in an attack by men armed with sticks on a perfectly defenceless crowd, where the hurt or wounded were counted by hundreds. Order will probably now be maintained, but the elements of strife remain in full force. The inhabitants of towns like Ghent are separate in thought, feeling, wishes, interests, and intentions from the inhabitants of country districts like St. Nicholas, and the separation is likely to grow rather more than less intense. The lively and interesting letters in which a Correspondent of the *Times* has sketched what he has seen of this religious spirit in town and country have brought home to English readers the fury of hatred which now rages between the two great divisions of Belgian society. Ultramontanism has managed to split the inhabitants of almost every Catholic country into two hostile parties, both of which the State may be strong enough to keep at present from open conflict, but which are drawn up in perpetual battle array. This is not only what Ultramontanism does, but what it means to do; it is essentially aggressive. It is a crusade against everything that is known in modern society under the general head of Liberal ideas. It aims at nothing less than the complete subjugation of the mind, the policy, and the strength of nations to the control of those who take their directions from an infallible master. Ultramontanes are quite logical; they have a system which to them seems perfectly right, and out of which everything seems perfectly wrong. Those who are the really formidable opponents of this system are moderate sensible Liberals, who recognize the value of religion, and who would be quite willing to live in peace with the Church, if the Church would but keep what they think its proper place. To crush these men, to win elections that will place them at a disadvantage politically, to break up their social standing and domestic tranquillity, to suppress their journals, schools, and universities, to get judges, generals, and Governments who will condemn and coerce them, is the standing aim of the clerical party. Nor is this aim pursued secretly and by modest and obscure means. The priests wish to see their side as prominent as possible. They give their followers the confidence and coherence which comes with audacity and with visibly strong measures. They mark their power in the eyes of all men by organizing pilgrimages and processions, by accepting a reign of new and perpetual miracles, by denouncing particular journals, by inveighing against individual Liberals. They want war, for an army that thinks it is going to fight is twice as good an army as an army of the Alphonsist type, which is merely spirited about here and there that it may seem to be doing something. The Ultramontane leaders are far too energetic, and have far too much worldly wisdom, to act like a miserable Spanish Government. They strike, and they strike hard. They are perfectly willing to use the machinery of free institutions if it will serve their turn, and it is this which especially vexes the souls of Belgian Liberals. It seems so hard on them that their pet institutions should be turned against them. But what are they to do? If the priests can return a Parliamentary majority, the majority can do all that is within the province of the Legislature. A law subjecting the Liberal press to the censorship of an ecclesiastical committee would be a perfectly good and binding law. To oppose its operation the Liberals must disturb public order and take the consequences if they were defeated. Pondering over these things, the Liberals become very excitable and unhappy, and the more foolish of them take up sticks and stones and fall upon rural pilgrims.

In order to carry out all they wish, the Ultramontanes must have force on their side, and the nations of Europe are so much bound up with each other that the question of the real balance of power can only be settled by war. Civil disturbances here and there are very exciting, but in these days they lead to complications with foreign Governments. So long as the strength of the German Empire is unshaken there is a perpetual barrier between Ultramontanism and the accomplishment of its objects. Their darling aim is, therefore, to provoke a new war in which Germany may be beaten to the dust. There is no disguise about this; it is said as openly as anything can be said. At an Ultramontane gathering in Ireland, a few days ago, the health of the QUEEN was not drunk, but the health of the POPE was, and then followed toasts to the confusion of the German KAISER and the restoration of the

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Temporal Power. Such demonstrations are harmless enough in Ireland, at any rate at present, and neither the confusion of Germany nor the restoration of the POPE is likely to be accelerated by the most prodigal consumption of Irish whisky. But in Ireland things may be said which cannot be said elsewhere, and the thoughts expressed there are the thoughts pervading every section of Ultramontane society. Whether some day there will be a new religious war is more than it is safe to pronounce. But for the present no great alarm need be felt. The Ultramontanes are far too weak. They have England, Germany, and Russia against them. They have the Governments and governing classes of France, Austria, and Italy against them. It is, of course, their main object to alter the condition of things in the three latter countries, and to organize a great Catholic league which, if England and Russia could be kept neutral or indifferent, might really confound the KAISER and restore the POPE. But, however hard they work, they are always creating for themselves one enormous difficulty. They are obliged to be outrageous, violent, demonstrative in order to encourage and consolidate their following; and this very violence sows the seeds of civil war. The organization of a Catholic league is beset not only by the difficulty of conquering Germany in a field of battle, but by the extreme probability that the Catholic Powers, instead of fighting Germany at all, would be engaged in civil war at home. France certainly would not be dragged into a religious war until after artillery had played very freely in French cities. The Ultramontanes may perhaps reckon on a new Bonapartist *coup d'état*. This certainly is their last and perhaps their only chance. But they have got to wait until three conditions are realized. The country must be moderately ready for a *coup d'état*, the stroke must be successful, and the new Government must be so strong at home that it can venture on dangerous experiments abroad. Just now we are a long way off all these things; and although it is quite right for all European Governments, and especially for that of Germany, to take account of the political aims of the Ultramontanes, and to counteract them by the steady maintenance of a wise policy, yet immediate apprehension may be easily exaggerated under the pressure of the domestic uneasiness which Ultramontanes can undoubtedly cause.

This uneasiness is so great that it is not to be wondered at that moderate and intelligent Belgian Liberals like M. DE LAVELEYE should come before the world with a statement of their woes. The form which M. DE LAVELEYE'S outpouring took was the issue of a pamphlet on Protestantism and Catholicism in their bearing upon the Liberty and Prosperity of Nations. This pamphlet has now been translated into English, with a preface by Mr. GLADSTONE. The preface does not add much to the value of the composition, but it may serve the object it was probably designed to fulfil, and aid the circulation of the book in England. Even without this aid the work ought to please English readers, for it shows the immense superiority of Protestantism over its rival, and demonstrates how much more rich, free, happy, and prosperous are the adherents of the reformed than the adherents of the unreformed faith. This is to us an old tale, but old tales are often true, and to most Englishmen it seems a proposition equally true and gratifying that all worldly and most spiritual advantages are on the side of Protestantism. M. DE LAVELEYE also points out that it is the peculiar evil of Catholicism that it corrupts its opponents, and drives them into revolutionary despair. They seldom escape from the indirect influence of the system in which they have been brought up, and are as positive they are right, as ready to grind to pieces all who differ from them, and as ready to abuse power if they get it, as any ecclesiastical faction. They have nothing better to offer to the world than a bundle of negations and a general abhorrence of piety; and, as M. DE LAVELEYE most justly observes, man cannot live without religion. The general conclusion at which M. DE LAVELEYE arrives is a most melancholy one. The reader naturally thinks that all this laudation of Protestantism, this insistance on the necessity of a creed, must end in an exhortation to his countrymen to turn Protestants. But there is not a word of this in the pamphlet. M. DE LAVELEYE discusses the relative superiority of Protestantism and Catholicism just as if he were discussing whether Mars or Venus was the larger planet. There was a time when many Catholic countries, and especially France, might have been Protestant, but the golden opportunity was allowed to slip by, and, as M. DE LAVELEYE evidently thinks, cannot be regained. Catholic countries are destined, he seems to consider, to be eternally the prey of alternate ecclesiastical and revolutionary despotism; but they are not destined to become Protestant. In short, they always believe too much or too little, and so Protestantism is not made for them. Protestantism is thus a royal road to human happiness which is closed to all except those whose princes happened to take a particular side in the sixteenth century. There is much more of truth in this than most Protestants have ever taken the trouble to recognize; but it is impossible to discuss how far it is a true theory, and why and what limitations are to be put upon it, without entering on theology. In the sphere of politics, however, it must be admitted that a Belgian is much to be pitied who witnesses the fierce dissensions by which his country is torn, who sees even darker days coming, and who has also come to the mournful conclusion that the only way of escape that Belgians could have is barred to them by the blindness of their ancestors.

THE JUDICATURE BILL.

THE debate on the Judicature Bill was probably so far satisfactory to the Government that it raised a convenient cloud of confusion around their most serious miscarriage. Whatever may be the merits of the House of Lords as an appellate tribunal, the LORD CHANCELLOR has been defeated by a combination of peers acting in virtual concert with some of his own colleagues. Lord CAIRNS'S character entitles him to the credit of having in difficult circumstances exercised a disinterested judgment. He may probably have felt that it would be wrong to run the risk of weakening the Government by forcing it into collision with a majority of its supporters in the House of Lords. If he had made the vigorous prosecution of the Bill an indispensable condition of his own continuance in office, there can be little doubt that the Cabinet would have admitted his absolute supremacy in his own department. Mr. DISRAELI again, if he had resolved on giving a cordial support to the CHANCELLOR, might have offered the malcontent peers the alternative of allowing the Bill to pass or of seeing their party capriciously driven from power. The Government is at least as necessary to the Conservatives as their majority is to the Government. Firmness and consistency are only politic or possible when they rest on conviction. Among the Ministers Lord DERBY almost alone shared the opinion of the CHANCELLOR, and it was generally understood that Mr. DISRAELI considered the previous abdication of the House of Lords a serious blunder. The Committee of volunteers which had contributed to the victory over Lord CAIRNS and Lord SELBORNE has now been disappointed in the hope of a further triumph. Lord ELCHO and his friends had thought it possible to postpone the operation of the whole Judicature Act for another year, and perhaps of ultimately repealing its principal provisions. It must be admitted that the constitution of the proposed Court of Intermediate Appeal is not satisfactory; and perhaps the prevailing opinion of lawyers inclines for the present to the permanent maintenance of the jurisdiction of the House of Lords; but among the dozen or score of professional speakers, not one ventured to advocate openly the retention of the present judicial system. Whether a fusion of Law and Equity is desirable or possible is a question only to be answered by experience. The Judicature Act is the result of long study and preparation, and it would have been discreditable to abandon an elaborate scheme which had been deliberately adopted.

It is necessary to the perfection of a judicial system that it should include the best possible court of ultimate appeal; and it is almost more important to provide for the intermediate appeals which may often involve no novel principle of law; but nearly all the litigious business of the country is disposed of in the Courts of first instance. In the Court of Exchequer the average number of actions commenced in a year was during a period of five years 27,194. During the same time the average number of appeals to the Court of Exchequer Chamber was eighteen, or one in 1,500; and the average number of appeals to the House of Lords was one, or one in 27,000. By far the greater number of actions proceed no further than the issue of the writ, which operates as a summary process for the recovery of an undisputed debt. Some hundreds of the cases in the Court of Exchequer proceeded to trial, with the result of furnishing one appeal to the House of Lords. It may be

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inferred from such statistics that the practical evil caused by the mutilation of the Judicature Bill is of less grave consequence than the vacillation which has been exhibited by the Government. The remainder of Lord SELBORNE'S Act will come into force in a few months, perhaps to the embarrassment of some practitioners, who may find it difficult to reconcile themselves to new forms of procedure. Much inconvenience would have been caused by the further continuance of a system which was already condemned. Both Judges and practitioners will find it an advantage to accustom themselves as soon as possible to the practice which is to prevail for the future. The reduction in the number of Judges causes some dissatisfaction; but it may be remembered that three new Judges were added to the Common Law Bench only a few years ago; and it may be well to try the experiment of a more economical distribution of judicial force. The ancient custom by which four Common Law Judges sit together in banc involves a waste of power; and the Puisne Judges will henceforth be relieved from the occasional duty of sitting in the Exchequer Chamber. The Court of Intermediate Appeal will probably not long retain the constitution provided by the Bill; and if a change becomes necessary, the Government of the day may take into consideration the possible expediency of increasing the number of Judges.

Mr. LOWE professed with evident sincerity his desire to consider the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Bill with reference, not to judicial organization, but to the House of Commons, or, in other words, to party. If the debate had taken place two months earlier, denunciation of the conduct of the Government would have been more effective. Irritation and disapproval were exhausted during the controversy which immediately followed the withdrawal by the LORD CHANCELLOR of the appeal clauses of the Bill. It is extremely difficult to keep indignation at its original temperature during weeks or months which have been occupied with other subjects of discussion. It was probable when Mr. LOWE rose that he would utter pointed sarcasms; and it was certain that he could say nothing which had not been said before. His most ambitious illustration was unexpectedly irrelevant and feeble. He adduced the supposed case of a Lord Chancellor who, sitting judicially, made a wilfully unjust decree in deference to the wish of a section of the House of Lords. "That was a judicial case, this "was a legislative case, but except in that respect the two "cases are identical." It is strange that one of the acutest of disputants should fail to see that the distinction which he describes as trivial is fundamental. The Lord Chancellor in the supposed case would be guilty of wilful corruption. The actual LORD CHANCELLOR was at the worst liable to the charge of deferring too far to the policy of his Government and his party. The wishes of a portion of either House, which may possibly be a majority, must necessarily be taken into consideration in the conduct of legislation. The preference by the same body of a defendant to a plaintiff could have no legitimate bearing whatever on the decision of a Court of Justice. Mr. LOWE was scarcely more felicitous in his censure of the Government for withdrawing an unpopular proposal without pressing it to a division. Mr. HARDY was fully justified in the personal retort that Mr. LOWE'S financial proposals had been more than once abandoned in anticipation of an adverse vote, and in consequence of external dissatisfaction. Mr. LOWE'S generous solicitude for the honour of the Government was not strongly appreciated. It was not evident whether, if a division had been taken, he would have voted for or against the Bill. Sir HENRY JAMES repeated and enforced similar criticisms on the conduct of the Government; but the House of Commons took little interest in a question which tended to no practical issue. A discussion as to the balance of public or professional opinion was evidently unprofitable and hopelessly dull. With the exception of the Law Officers and of Mr. HARDY, no member of the Government took part in the debate. It was not the policy of the Cabinet to invite attention to the differences of opinion among its own members; nor would it have been decorous that Mr. DISRAELI should express his dissent from the measure which is still approved by the LORD CHANCELLOR.

In a future Session it will be necessary either to maintain in its present shape the jurisdiction of the House of Lords or to create a new Court of Appeal which may be nominally the same. Legal fictions are often unobjectionable when they preserve the shape of an obsolete institution which has in course of time become saturated with a new substance; but the deliberate creation of fictitious qualities or functions is wrong in taste and in judgment. A Court not exclusively composed of peers will no longer be the House of Lords, although it may bear its name. It is true that Lord PENZANCE and others have quoted the authority of HALE for the appointment by the Crown of a kind of Judicial Committee of Peers with assessors; but the jurisdiction of the House of Lords is, according to the better opinion, inherent in its own constitution, and not derived from the Crown. Any plan which may be suggested for modifying the existing tribunal ought to receive mature consideration. The House of Lords is at present strong in judicial power; and it includes at least four Law Lords who have not passed middle age. The short duration of Ministries in modern times has often had the effect of multiplying the numbers of peers who have served in the highest judicial office. It is true that in any probable change of Government Lord SELBORNE would succeed Lord CAIRNS; but two other ex-Chancellors still take part in the judicial business of the House. The political capabilities of the controversy are temporarily exhausted. The Government has made a mistake which is the more readily condoned because the country is not interested in questions of judicial organization in proportion to their real importance. It was justly remarked in the course of the debate that litigants who have succeeded or failed regard with composure the risks to which their successors may be exposed.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

QUESTIONS similar to those which were for some years familiar to the House of Commons, and in the attempt to settle which Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry virtually perished, have been hotly discussed during the last fortnight in the French Assembly. The Roman Catholic Church is making the same claim in France which she has so persistently made in Ireland. In France, however, she starts from a very much lower level. In Ireland the higher education may be given by any one who thinks, and can persuade others, that he has anything to teach. When the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical authorities determined to set up a University in Stephen's Green, they had to ask leave of nobody. They might call their institution what they liked, they might get what students they could, and they might teach them what they chose. In France, until the Bill for making the higher education free is passed, the Church can do nothing in this way. There is but one University, and no one is allowed to teach in public except as an officer of the University. It is probable that a great number of French Liberals would like to see this monopoly maintained. They may have come into collision with the State authorities in times when political opposition had to be veiled under literary criticism or historical research, and they may then perhaps have wished to see some recognition accorded to the liberty of teaching. But they are now in contact with a different adversary. The State is in name at least Republican, and in fact leaves the Republicans free to preach Republicanism by the ordinary political methods. The Liberals have no need to insert political allusions into the text of a lecture, and they have consequently nothing to gain by being allowed to set up free Universities. Apart from politics the State University gives them just the kind of teaching they want for other people's children, and their desire is that other people's children should have no opportunity of getting a different kind of teaching elsewhere. It is a satisfaction to them as well as a safeguard that the most rigid Catholics must either send their sons to the State University or forego the advantages of a French University education. To have the children of their enemies made over to them for the purposes of instruction gives the Liberals a chance of drawing their theological teeth while they are young; and even if they fail in the effort, there is still a solid pleasure in the annoyance which the fact that it can be made inflicts upon Catholic parents. Still these emotions, intense as they are, do not admit of being reproduced in debate. If a French Liberal were to admit that he likes the existing University system because it forces Catholic parents to give their children an education they dislike, and forbids them to give them an education they like, he would be considered alike by friends and enemies to have seriously damaged his cause. Consequently

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the Bill for leaving the higher education free has been read a second time without any resistance being offered to the clauses which concede liberty of instruction. Supposing the Bill to become law in its present form, any number of free faculties or free Universities may henceforward be set up in France. The monopoly of the University is abolished, and for the future it will have to hold its own against all comers. The possible importance of the change is immense, for the Church has the means of founding Universities, and can supply them with any number of professors. Whether the teaching will have sufficient value apart from its theological orthodoxy to attract students, or to enable those whom it does attract to start in life on equal terms with those who have been educated at the State University, remains to be seen. But there is little doubt that the experiment will be tried on a large scale, and, if the alarm of the Liberals is any indication of the result, with some chance of success.

So far, however, the Roman Catholic Church has only obtained the freedom which she possesses in Ireland, and that, as Englishmen well know, is not enough to satisfy her. In days when University teaching was valued more for itself and less for its material results, the Church might have been content with the liberty of teaching. Now her advocates insist on the right of stamping the products of her teaching with a brand that shall confer the same privileges as the brand of the State University. This is precisely equivalent to the demand of a charter for the Catholic University of Ireland. It may be argued, with much show of reason, that a University education has come to be regarded simply as a means of obtaining a certain position in life. In this country, where a good education was once thought to be a thing worth having for its own sake, a young man is now pitied for having wasted his time if, after learning all that his University has to teach him, he is prevented by any disability from getting a life annuity in reward of his self-denial in submitting to be taught. The same way of looking at a University education is evidently popular in France. The Church will not thank the Government for allowing her to set up Universities if the degrees of her Universities are not recognized, equally with the degrees of the State University, as conferring certain civil rights. Against this claim there is a great deal to be said; and in the recent debates in the Assembly it has been said with much force by M. FERRY and M. JULES SIMON. The very fact that the possession of a University degree is an indispensable condition to entrance upon the learned professions and other civil careers, makes it the duty of the State to see that it is not given loosely. Such a degree may mean much or little, according to the extent and nature of the training which it implies, and to the severity of the examinations after which it is granted. All the labour which the State has bestowed upon perfecting University teaching in France will be thrown away if any mushroom institution which a bishop, or a religious order, or a little group of enthusiastic laymen, choose to set up is allowed to call itself a University, and to claim the right of granting degrees. On the other side it is argued that the possession of a University degree being thus indispensable to every young man who wishes to follow certain callings in life, the whole effect of leaving University teaching free will be neutralized if the State University retains the monopoly of giving these degrees. As between a University which can open the door to the professions and a University which can merely offer intellectual training, every student will prefer the former. It is true that the State University might be constituted an examining body for the students of all Universities as well as a teaching body for its own students, but to this the advocates of free education not unnaturally object. We have gained, they say, after a struggle which has lasted for more than one generation, the right of setting up Universities of our own by the side of the State University. It is not in human nature that the authorities of the State University should like a change which deprives them of the sole enjoyment of a valuable privilege, or that they should be perfectly just towards those who have successfully asserted their right to a share in it. If the examination of the students of the free Universities is to be entrusted to the authorities of the State Universities, what guarantee will the free Universities have that examinations will be fairly conducted? The examiners will have to test the results of teaching with which they are not familiar, and with parts of which they may wholly disagree. It is neither fair to them nor to the students of the free Universities to impose such a task upon them.

One way of reconciling these opposing views would be to insist upon the degree of each University carrying its distinctive mark, and then leaving the world to find out which of the competing marks implied the best goods. In that case it would be necessary to impose an additional technical examination at the entrance upon certain professions, especially upon that of medicine; but in other respects each degree, whether of the State or of a free University, would stand on its own merits, and in time be accepted as testifying to a particular kind of previous training. This is not a policy which would be likely to find favour in France, and the compromise which has actually been adopted has the merit in the eyes of Frenchmen that it maintains the Government as the sole fountain of educational honour. Degrees are to be conferred by a Board of Examiners chosen by the Minister of Public Instruction—one-half to be taken from professors in the State University, and one-half from professors in free Universities. Fair play will thus be secured to students in the latter institutions. It is not very clear how this provision is to be set in motion during the years which must probably intervene before free Universities can be founded in sufficient numbers to supply the required moiety of the examining Board. As the MINISTER of PUBLIC INSTRUCTION has only accepted the amendment in principle, he will probably be prepared with some suggestion to meet this difficulty when the Bill comes on for a third reading.

MR. CROSS ON THE LABOUR LAWS.

MR. CROSS'S Bills for the Amendment of the Labour Laws will probably fulfil one test of impartiality by dissatisfying both masters and workmen. The last modification of the law left in force a distinction which, although it may be defended on grounds of expediency, seems too invidious to be publicly vindicated when it is made a subject of agitation. The remedy for breach of contract by employers was necessarily of a civil character, and the punishment of defaulting workmen as for a criminal offence was theoretically anomalous. The difference was really founded on considerations of practical convenience rather than of abstract justice. Employers, who are themselves as a rule responsible and solvent, would find it impossible to recover adequate damages from workmen who may have inflicted on them serious loss. The Gas Companies of London, or the consumers who have a reversionary interest in their profits, were mulcted in many thousands of pounds by the conduct of the stokers, who afterwards became for a time popular heroes. The unlucky and injudicious severity of the sentence passed on some of the delinquents would have been advantageously replaced by pecuniary compensation, if it had been possible in such a case to enforce payment. Although trade combinations are subject to no exceptional liabilities, it is not surprising that workmen consider the obscure and elastic law of conspiracy as a special infringement of their rights. To the non-professional mind it is not immediately obvious that concert to commit an act which may not be criminal in itself may sometimes properly constitute a legal offence. Manufacturers suffering under the dictation of Trade-Unions naturally regarded the labour laws as necessary to the conduct of their business. The objections of the workmen and their leaders have prevailed because they admitted of plausible statement. Frequent experience has shown the difficulty of maintaining institutions which cannot be justified to popular apprehension. Mr. CROSS in one of his new Bills concedes the principal demands of the advocates of the workmen by abolishing penal proceedings for breach of contract, and by excepting their combinations from the general law of conspiracy. The Bill to enlarge the powers of County Courts in respect of disputes between employers and workmen will probably be acceptable to artisans. It has indeed been thought necessary to confer in some cases a concurrent jurisdiction on magistrates; but the selection of the County Court as the regular tribunal will interpret the function of the justices.

The County Court Judges will not welcome a large and troublesome addition to their existing duties; but the transfer to their tribunal of the jurisdiction which is now exercised by magistrates will perhaps be the most striking

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illustration of the change in the law. The plaintiff in a County Court suit evidently seeks only a civil remedy, although imprisonment may still be necessary as an alternative for the payment of damages. Some breaches of contract are still to be treated as criminal, on account of the injury which they may inflict on large classes of the community. Workmen employed by Companies or Corporations in the supply of gas or water will be liable to punishment if they imitate the London stokers. Railway servants also are in certain cases punishable for breaches of contract which may interfere with the safe conduct of traffic. Acts or omissions which cause public danger in other ways may also be made the subject of criminal proceedings. Parliament may probably approve of a compromise which will not satisfy the agitators of the working class. It will be contended that railway traffic, and gas and water supply, however necessary, impose no special duties on persons employed in those branches of industry. The sentences on the gas-stokers were founded on the extent of the mischief which might have resulted from their breach of contract; and the moral and legal questions involved in the case are not without difficulty. There was no doubt that the men relied on the inconvenience which they proposed to cause as the security for the concession of their demands; but, on the other hand, it could not be denied that they had been guilty only of a simple breach of contract, or of constructive conspiracy. Out of many hundred Gas Companies in England, two-thirds, or perhaps three-fourths, not having been constituted by Act of Parliament, possess no powers and are subject to no legal obligations to light their respective districts. If any non-Parliamentary Company were suddenly to discontinue the supply of gas, damages might be recovered for any contract which might be broken, but directors and managers could scarcely be prosecuted for conspiracy.

Enthusiasm for absolute equality before the law is sometimes tempered by the reflection that the excesses which law is designed to restrain are not equally distributed among all classes. Artisans have in some places assumed a licence of action towards one another and towards their employers which is peculiar to themselves; and their occasional eccentricities are not discountenanced by the public opinion of their respective trades. An incident which happened a few days since at Manchester shows that ordinary doctrines of morality are not universally accepted. A builder of that city had four or five years ago committed the offence of using bricks made by machine. As a punishment certain brickmakers agreed to set fire to one of his houses, and one of them, having been convicted of the act, and having been sentenced to seven years of penal servitude, lately died in prison. His funeral was attended by five or six hundred brickmakers in mourning, and it is added that all the men in the trade throughout the district ceased work at 10 o'clock in honour of the martyr. It would appear therefore that the brickmakers of Manchester, and, it may be presumed, some other bodies of workmen, esteem it a meritorious act to set fire to the property of an employer who ventures to use cheaper or better materials than those which the men themselves produce. The contempt of Trade-Unions for the interests of the consumer is too consistent and too notorious to require discussion. Their members are probably unanimous in the belief that bricks are made for the sake of brickmakers, and hats for the exclusive benefit of hatters. It is to the methods by which the doctrines of the working class are sometimes enforced that modest objection may be taken. That a supposed injury should be resented by arson is perhaps not surprising; but it is remarkable that the act should, after an interval of four years, be deliberately adopted and applauded by all the local members of the trade. Exceptional laws are about to disappear; but exceptional crime continues to flourish. Trade conspirators are less amenable to argument and declamation than members of Parliament.

Magistrates and judges have perhaps in some cases been influenced by their knowledge of the extravagant theories which are held by the perpetrators of comparatively slight offences. More especially the law of conspiracy has been applied to acts which might not have been criminal if they had not been the result of previous concert. In such cases as that of the Manchester brickmakers the moral guilt of arson is greatly aggravated by the complicity of a large number of persons in the crime, but in a prosecution for a distinct act of felony it is unnecessary to resort to the law of conspiracy. By one of the Bills introduced into the House of Commons within the last two or three years it was proposed in substance to abolish the whole common law of conspiracy. The object of the proposal was to protect trade combinations, but it was thought better to make the exemption universal than to constitute a special privilege. Mr. Cross is less logical, but perhaps more consistent, in securing immunity to combinations of workmen except in cases where the object of concert is itself criminal. A conspiracy to burn the house of an employer who uses the best and cheapest bricks will still be indictable, but an agreement to break a contract of service will not be a ground of criminal proceedings. Attempts will be made to render picketing lawful, but Parliament will probably not disturb the law as it has been repeatedly interpreted by the Judges. Some difficulty may be placed in the way of future prosecutions for the offence by the proposed change in the law of conspiracy. There is no privilege which the artisans who are represented by agitators value so highly as the right of coercing members of their own class who may differ from them in opinion or practice. A discharged workman who, without using direct threats, remonstrated with a successor to his employment would not commit an indictable offence. When he is one of a hundred workmen who patrol the neighbourhood of a shop or factory for a similar purpose, the injury which he inflicts becomes infinitely more serious, but it may be doubted whether he can be reached except by the law of conspiracy.

THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

ONCE more we return to this dreary subject. Sir Wilfrid Lawson has made his annual speech, and we await the usual assurance that the result was satisfactory to his supporters. He confessed that he had nothing new to say, and his few small jokes could not redeem the debate from dulness. It may, however, be doubted whether, if he were not capable of raising an occasional laugh, he would be listened to at all. The oratorical and literary work of the Alliance is, with this exception, about as heavy reading as the time affords; and if Sir Wilfrid Lawson were taken away, we question whether the expenditure of 100,000*l.* could supply his place. The debate in the House of Commons was "heralded," as the report in the *Times* has it, by a "vast meeting" in Exeter Hall, which was thronged by an enthusiastic audience, and no point advanced by the speakers "in the war against "the public-houses" failed to secure appreciation. This report was no doubt furnished by the energetic Secretary of the Alliance, who, if he heard a speaker make the familiar statement that drunkenness is the cause of poverty and crime, would consider that the wordy war against the public-houses was being vigorously and effectively carried on. Speakers at these meetings pass rapidly from exultation to despondency. In the former mood they declare that public opinion is awakening to the great evil of drunkenness, while in the latter they lament that this evil is increasing year by year. It is unlikely these assertions can be both true, and we think that Cardinal Manning made rather a liberal calculation both of supporters and opponents. He assumes—whether rightly or wrongly is immaterial—that all newspapers acknowledge that drunkenness and the facilities afforded by law for obtaining drink are at the root of all national evil; and at the same time he describes the trade in drink as a monopoly, a dominion, and almost an estate of the realm. It is perhaps unfair to complain of the dulness of these meetings, and also to protest against anything like rhetorical exaggeration. But it is plain that Cardinal Manning was rather carried away by the enthusiasm belonging to one who is comparatively a new convert. He stated that the capital invested in producing drink, and also the facilities for producing and consuming drink, were increasing year by year, and, he says, "any one who denied that "the evil consequences were increasing must be "a logician whom he could not understand." We quote these words from a report which is evidently friendly, and cannot be accused of doing what the Cardinal says reports used to do—namely, diminish the force of what is said by speakers—and it seems to us that the speaker's logic is unintelligible. Granted that more drink is made and sold in England than there was ten years ago, does it follow that more harm is done by drink? Population and wealth have increased largely, and it may be that the increased consumption of drink is to be ascribed to mode-

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rate drinkers only. We do not say that this is so, but we say that the supposition that it is so is consistent with the premisses. In fact, the great majority of all classes drink beer, wine, or spirits, and, if drinking be in itself an evil, then evil has ensued; but the speaker does not go this length. By evil he means excess, and he argues that increased production proves excess, which we think questionable logic. Newspapers represent the feeling of society, and it would be strange if all newspapers condemned that which society favours. It is often difficult to judge of that which is immediately under our eyes, but we believe that those who are able to look back after an interval of twenty years upon the present time will see that there has been a considerable growth of national sobriety, and will hear the Alliance, if that society then exists, claim the credit of it. Some facts look one way and some the other, but this we take to be the fair result of comprehensive observation. There seems to be a rivalry between bishops of our own and of the Roman Church in extravagant suggestions, but still the influence of bishops and clergy of both Churches is, on the whole, steadily exerted to promote temperance. The press, according to Cardinal MANNING, is unanimous to the same effect, and the press was sometimes called the "fourth estate," until the CARDINAL transferred the title to the drink-sellers. The truth is that the speaker carried the habit of the pulpit to the platform. A preacher may at one time magnify the power of grace, and at another insist on the seductiveness of sin, and he might easily find examples of both, but not in the same natural body at the same time. We, however, are in effect told that the body politic of England is at once guided by the press and enslaved by the drink-sellers. Public opinion is awakening, but the constituencies, which are the public, are coerced. "The people are now kept in slavery to "drinking customs by a tyrannous minority"; and the notion that this is a free country is a delusion.

Now that Cardinal MANNING has spoken, he may without danger permit himself to think; and, if he does so, he will perceive that the power of the "great monopoly" which he denounces must have some foundation in reason and justice or it would not exist. He seems, by the way, to use "monopoly" much as the fishwife's antagonist used "hypothenuse" as a mere general word of abuse. To say that existing drink-sellers have a "monopoly" only means that they alone sell drink; and we presume that the ARCHBISHOP does not desire that any more people should sell it. Brewers and publicans did largely influence the last election, because, not they alone, but their customers, were alarmed by the weakness of the late Government and the pertinacity of the Permissive zealots. Such demonstrations as that of last Monday will help to keep alive this alarm and to cement the union between the drink traffic and the Conservatives. As the CARDINAL says, the Alliance knows its own mind, and is strong; but the drink-sellers and the public also know their minds, and are still stronger. It seems strange that Sir WILFRID LAWSON should undervalue teetotalism as compared with the Permissive Bill. "This," said he on Monday night, "is not a "question of teetotalism, but whether places should be "opened for the sale of drink which debases our fellow-"countrymen." It seems more strange that Cardinal MANNING should prefer what he calls "political" to what we will call personal action in this matter. Instead of meddling with liquor-shops, he would do well to try to influence the inclinations and habits of men. If temperance could be attained by cutting off the supply of drink, its moral value would be small. As Mr. MACDONALD said in the House of Commons, people can be sober, and ought to be sober, and they can put down public-houses themselves if they wish. But they should be left alone, and not put into the swaddling-clothes of a Permissive Bill. Mr. CARTER addressed the House earlier in the debate, and either spoke or is reported at greater length than Mr. MACDONALD. But he did not say anything so forcible as the protest of the latter against treating working-men as children. Mr. CARTER says that the less drink there is brought into workshops the better, and he appears to assume that, for the benefit of the masters or men of these workshops, the convenience of the neighbourhood should be sacrificed. But surely if the men cannot make a law for themselves, the masters can make a law for them. It may content Cardinal MANNING, now that he has made his speech and may descend from cloudland to earth, to hear that, in the opinion of Mr. CARTER, sobriety is extending in England. But, he says, as if he were introducing a qualification, this improvement has been brought about "by the advocacy of temperance principles." He evidently speaks of "temperance principles" in a sort of technical sense, which would not include an old-fashioned admonition to keep the body in temperance and soberness. "Temperance "principles" involve bands and banners and subscriptions and "advocacy" on platforms, and ultimately the Permissive Bill, if you can get it; and if you cannot, you may still claim the credit of extending sobriety in England. Mr. CARTER imported novelty into a stale and unprofitable debate by comparing the Permissive Bill to an Irish Arms Bill. There is this difference between the two cases, that in the latter prohibition is not permissive, but compulsory. We are not aware of any proposal for convening the inhabitants of a district in Westmeath to vote upon the question of prohibiting their own use of firearms. We can of course see what Mr. CARTER means, and if he thinks that the prohibition of arms justifies that of drink-shops, we can only differ from him. But we are glad to hear from him that the passing of the Permissive Bill would not prevent the establishment of working-men's clubs, because, if that be so, we should think these clubs had better establish themselves forthwith. If the "intelligent and well-con-"ducted working-men" of Leeds and other towns would provide in this way for their own wants, they need not trouble themselves either way about the public-houses. They will hardly, we should hope, come and tell the House of Commons that, although they have a club to go to in the evening, they cannot help going to a public-house in the morning. It needs a professional agitator to talk that sort of nonsense with serenity.

OUTDOOR RELIEF.

LORD LYTTELTON invited the House of Lords last Monday to declare that outdoor relief ought gradually to be discontinued, and next week Mr. FAWCETT will ask the House of Commons to affirm the more practical declaration that pauperism might be materially diminished by throwing the charge for indoor relief over a larger area than that for outdoor relief. Lord LYTTELTON'S motion may be dismissed in a very few words. It was perfectly true in terms, and it would have been perfectly barren in results. The reason why outdoor relief is granted with such mischievous liberality is not that there is any difference of opinion among experts as to the propriety of retrenching it. The officials of the Local Government Board have no doubt as to what ought to be done in the matter; their difficulty is how to induce those whose business it is to do it to see facts in their right aspect. The House of Lords might pass any number of Resolutions without this local blindness undergoing any amendment. In this, as in other similar cases, the central authority has to work through the agency of local authorities very much less intelligent than itself, and its success is necessarily measured by the extent to which it can educate its agents. If it were expedient to throw the cost of pauperism on the Imperial revenue, it would be easy enough to go faster. The Unions would have little hesitation in handing over the relief of the poor to the Local Government Board, provided that the cost of such relief were charged to the Consolidated Fund. But a policy which secured scientific administration at the sacrifice of local supervision of expenditure and local sensibility to rates would in the end land us in worse straits than we are in already. If we do not want a national poor-rate, we must put up with the shortcomings of local administration. Governments can do but little to diminish outdoor relief; but they are sufficiently aware of their duties in this respect not to need the prompting of abstract Resolutions.

Mr. FAWCETT approaches the question from a different side. He is as much opposed to outdoor relief as Lord LYTTELTON himself; but he recognizes the necessity of offering some inducement to the Guardians of the Poor to abolish it. It is quite true that in a better sort of world than this these officials would want no such temptation. Theory and experience meet together in condemning outdoor relief. It can be proved on paper that it must increase pauperism; it has been shown in practice that its discontinuance always decreases pauperism. To a certain part of the population of these kingdoms it is pleasanter to subsist on other people's labour than on their own, and outdoor relief is an ingeniously devised method of enabling

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them to subsist on other people's labour with as little discomfort as possible. If the standard of living among the agricultural poor were higher than it is, it might be possible to make outdoor relief distasteful by restricting it to bare necessaries. But, as a matter of fact, bare necessaries are all that a large part of the labouring poor ever enjoy; and as they cannot be starved under pretence of relieving them, it is impossible to support them in a lower degree of comfort than that to which they have been accustomed. It is found, however, that there is a very great difference between bare necessaries accompanied by freedom and bare necessaries accompanied by the restraints of the workhouse. How great this difference appears to the poor would hardly be suspected if it had not been tested by repeated experiments. Cases have again and again been found in which the grant of outdoor relief seemed to have been surrounded with all conceivable precautions, and no one to have been left on the list who had visible means of subsistence without it. Yet in all these cases the offer of the workhouse has brought to light an unexpected faculty of dispensing with relief. One outdoor pauper after another has been told that he must come into the house or cease to be a charge upon the rates, and an immense majority of those to whom this choice has been given have managed somehow or other to make a living for themselves. The discomforts of the workhouse have scared some into a last effort to retain their freedom; the discredit of workhouse associations has extorted help from well-to-do relatives for others; and these two influences have between them disposed of a large proportion of what appeared to be incurable pauperism.

If it is asked why this experience has had so little effect upon Boards of Guardians, the answer is, that it is always difficult for uneducated men to accept even an assured future gain at the cost of a possible present loss. As regards the substitution of indoor for outdoor relief, an increase in immediate outlay seems at first sight to be inevitable. Here is a Union perhaps with a workhouse holding a hundred paupers, and with an outdoor relief list of five times that number. To talk to a Guardian of the propriety of abolishing outdoor relief is like telling him that he must build five new workhouses. He cannot believe that of these five hundred persons whom he knows as living in the extreme of destitution, not fifty probably would accept the workhouse if it were offered to them as the only form of attainable relief, and consequently that, by maintaining a hundred and fifty instead of a hundred paupers in the workhouse, he would save the cost of maintaining four hundred and fifty out of it. By degrees even Boards of Guardians will come to understand this; but as yet they are a long way from taking it in, and the problem is, how to persuade them to try the experiments which will alone work the necessary persuasion in their minds. Mr. FAWCETT'S Resolution, and the amendment which is to be moved to it by Mr. RATHBONE, agree in making the burden of indoor relief lighter than the burden of outdoor relief. The Guardians dislike the thought of applying the workhouse test on a large scale, because they think that the cost of maintaining paupers in the workhouse must be greater than the cost of maintaining them out of the workhouse. Before they can be convinced that, though the cost of maintaining the individual pauper will be greater, yet the aggregate cost will be less by reason of the diminution in their numbers, they must somehow be induced to make actual trial of the result, and the only inducement that has much promise about it is one which shall make indoor relief immediately as well as prospectively cheaper.

Mr. FAWCETT proposes to offer this inducement in the form of an enlarged area of charge. He would make each Union pay as now the cost of relieving its paupers outside the workhouse, but he would enable it to come upon its neighbours for aid in relieving its paupers inside the workhouse. Where, as in London, adjoining Unions differ greatly in the amount of their poor-rate, the Unions which are most burdened, and which presumably spend the largest sums in outdoor as compared with indoor relief, would have a strong motive given them for improving their practice. They would not need to wait until they had assured themselves that the substitution of indoor for outdoor relief would not increase the cost of maintenance, while it would greatly decrease the number to be maintained. However much they might distrust the issue, they would be cheered by the thought that it was to be ascertained at some one else's expense. Mr. RATHBONE does not suggest any distinct plan in place of Mr. FAWCETT'S, but the words which he proposes to insert, when read by the light of his recent pamphlet, indicate a different, though it may be only a supplementary, scheme. Mr. FAWCETT wishes to pledge the House of Commons to the principle that the cost of pauperism should be borne by local and not by Imperial funds. Mr. RATHBONE would throw the cost of relieving outdoor pauperism on local funds, but would not exclude the possibility of transferring a part at least of the cost of relieving indoor pauperism to Imperial funds. His plan, as stated in his pamphlet, is to utilize the present disposition to make grants in aid of local expenditure in making indoor relief more general. He would leave the Unions to find the whole of the money spent in maintaining paupers out of the workhouse, but he would allow them to come upon the Treasury for a contribution towards the cost of maintaining paupers inside the workhouse. In fact, he would extend the practice of the Education Department to the Local Government Board. If a School Board is tempted to cut down the expenses of its school below the prescribed standard of efficiency, it finds that what it saves in one way it loses in another, because the first result of its economy is the forfeiture of the Government grant. In like manner Mr. RATHBONE would ensure Boards of Guardians against the temptation to prefer the apparently cheaper process of giving their paupers half-a-crown a head and a loaf by offering to grant a part of all such moneys as they might spend in keeping up the workhouse, while leaving them to pay for the loaves and the half-crowns out of their own local rates. The most interesting feature of the coming debate will be Mr. FAWCETT'S criticism upon Mr. RATHBONE'S implied addition to his motion.

THE MINISTERIAL POLICEMAN.

AT the dinner of the Merchant Taylors' School the other evening Lord SALISBURY hit upon a homely but happy illustration of the true policy of a Conservative Government, which is very likely to take the popular fancy. On his way to the dinner he had been caught in one of those blocks of traffic with which Londoners are so unpleasantly familiar, and, while thus detained, he had time to admire the good-humoured gentleness and patience with which the policeman on duty tried to induce the crowd to move on; and it occurred to him that this was not a bad symbol of the ideal to which a Conservative Government should aspire. It was, he reflected, by means of mild and gentle expostulations, by pointing out the right way, and facilitating movement in that direction, that the constable succeeded in getting rid of the block; but if he had drawn out his bâton, and had laid furiously about with it, he would probably have got knocked down himself, and most certainly would have added to the general confusion, instead of clearing the way. And then Lord SALISBURY pointed the moral that, in large as in small things, it is well for a Ministry to be the policeman who is content to ask people quietly and civilly to move on, and not the one who flourishes his truncheon on the slightest provocation, and knocks people over. Now this is really a capital picture of the sort of Government which is wanted in this country; and its modesty and common sense contrast favourably with the extravagant pretensions of which we had such a surfeit under the rule of Mr. GLADSTONE. There is certainly not much of the hero about Policeman X., but we should get on very badly without him, and it is his self-restraint and humble conception of his duties which constitute his chief value. He does not inflate himself with the idea that he has giants to do battle with, and that heaven and earth are in danger of coming together whenever there happens to be a momentary block in a crowded thoroughfare, which it requires a little trouble and patience to disentangle. He knows that blocks will happen, and that all that can be done is to make the best of them. It is easy to conceive how intolerable a policeman would soon become who exaggerated the nature of his functions, and was continually meddling with people in the street who did not walk precisely according to his notions of propriety. It is no doubt the business of a policeman to be a terror to evil-doers, but perhaps the most important part of the work is being a comfort and assistance to those who do well. He escorts nervous old ladies over the crossings, is the Providence of the strayed

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child, and an unfailing guide to the stranger in any difficulty; and it is but rarely that the sterner aspects of his authority require to be exhibited.

There can be no doubt that there was in the temper of the late Government too much of the fussy policeman who is always collaring and thumping somebody. Much of the legislation which was proposed was wise and beneficial in itself, but the mischief lay in the delusion that everything must be set right all at once, and that coercion was the way to save time. The great object of a Government, however, should rather be to persuade people to do as much as possible for themselves; and it can only do this by carrying the public along with it. There might be no difficulty in framing severe rules for the regulation of traffic, but it would be another thing to get them carried out; and in such a case it is better to have the crowd on the side of, than against, the policeman. It makes all the difference in the working of an Act of Parliament whether those who are affected by it lend themselves readily and cordially to its operation, or harden their hearts against it, and endeavour to defeat it by passive, if not active, resistance. So far, Lord SALISBURY'S ideal affords a pleasant contrast to the conduct of the late Ministry; and it may also be admitted that to some extent the present occupants of office have honestly endeavoured to act in the spirit which he described. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more polite or conciliatory Government, or one more anxious to make things pleasant for everybody all round. It is obvious, however, that there is a point at which this good-nature is apt to degenerate into weakness; and it can hardly be denied that in some respects this has happened in the case of the present Ministry. It is all very well, as Lord SALISBURY recommends, to try what can be done by mild persuasion; but he rather leaves out of account that this sort of persuasion is not the only resource which the policeman has to rely upon, and also that its efficiency in a great measure depends upon its being known to be connected with a force of a very different kind. The crowd with which the policeman is contending with gentle affability are perfectly aware that, though he makes no parade of his truncheon, he has one by his side, and would not fail to use it if necessary; and also that he is the representative of a formidable body of men similarly equipped, to say nothing of being backed by the moral support of the community at large. He is, in fact, as TALBOT told the French Countess, but a shadow of himself, and "his substance, sinews, arms, and strength" lie behind, ready to be called into action when required. If all that the policeman was authorized or prepared to do was just to argue politely with the crowd, and then, if they would not be persuaded, to let them do exactly as they pleased, without troubling himself as to the consequences, it may be doubted whether his pleasant diplomacy would have much effect. A coachman, however, knows very well that, if he does not take a quiet hint, he will find himself presently before the magistrate, and will perhaps be fined or imprisoned; and this makes him much more amenable than probably he would otherwise be to the eloquence of the constable.

And here we come upon the weakness which has almost uniformly characterized the legislation of the Government. It trusts too exclusively to soft words and gentle persuasion, and leaves the bâton out of account. The language which is held in the Adulteration of Food Bill, the Friendly Societies Bill, and some other measures, in regard to the malpractices against which they are supposed to be directed, does not go beyond giving good advice, and leaving the people to whom it is addressed to take it or not as they please. In fact, it is DOGBERRY over again. "You are to bid him stand in the prince's name." "But "if a' will not stand?" "Why, then take no note of "him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the "watch together, and thank GOD you are rid of a knave." It is no doubt a sound rule in public administration that it is better to begin with the assumption that people are open to reason and willing to walk in the way which is pointed out to them; but when serious injury is likely to be done to the community by persons diverging at their own pleasure from the proper path, it is also necessary that some restraint should be applied in the event of courteous admonition failing. In the nature of the case, legislation necessarily implies some degree of coercion as its ultimate result; and it is because this has been, one may almost say, systematically omitted that the Government measures are of no more use than the old sermons and treatises on morality which find their way to the butter-shops and trunk-makers'. To borrow a phrase from the vocabulary of the class of people chiefly affected by these measures, they will simply put them in their pipes and smoke them. They are essentially permissive Bills, inasmuch as they permit anybody to obey the law who chooses, and anybody who is not troubled with scruples of conscience to violate it with impunity. Remorse may trouble the offender's pillow, though it is not very likely, but at least he knows there is not the slightest fear of the constable at the door. All that the Government does is to shake its head, and say "Naughty, naughty," and then look the other way. This is a plan which hardly answers even with infants, and it is not likely to be very effectual with adults who have anything to gain by disregarding the law. If the Adulteration and Friendly Societies Bills are passed in their present shape, as appears probable, the only result will be that adulteration will be practised much more safely than before, and that insolvent or fraudulent Societies will receive a new lease of the Government guarantee which covers their rottenness. If the late Government went to one extreme in making an offensive display of coercion, the present Government is certainly going to the other extreme in attempting to dispense with coercion altogether, even in the case of the most flagrant offences. It may be a bad thing to make too much show of the bâton, but it is indispensable that the policeman should have one to his hand when other arguments are insufficient.

THE MARTYRS OF THE PRESS.

AMONGST all the queer institutions of English society there are few more grotesque than the charitable dinner. We may assume that it is perfectly right that the world at large should be invited to subscribe to such objects as the Newspaper Press Fund; but the process by which people's liberality is stimulated is certainly singular at first sight. Two hundred men are brought together to spend a summer evening in eating a dinner and listening to speeches. The dinner must of course be detestable. We do not mean the slightest imputation upon the particular establishment concerned, which, for anything we can say to the contrary, may be the best of its kind in London, or the world. But all public dinners are detestable. This is a truth so general that it may be ranked amongst the laws of nature without further inquiry into its ultimate causes. Some of the guests may be men of extraordinary powers of digestion. The great majority have to choose between looking on at a banquet without feeding and suffering a bad headache the next morning. Conversation is impossible in a miscellaneous crowd, most of whom are strangers to each other, and is made more impossible—if we may use the phrase—by music during dinner, to which nobody listens, and by public speaking afterwards, to which everybody is supposed to listen. The poor limp human beings who have sat through a hot evening in fumes of meat and wine, the perplexed jingle of glasses, small talk, and musical instruments, are supposed to be raised to a pitch of reckless liberality by the subsequent oratory; and experience seems to prove that the desired effect generally follows. It is strange, but true, and we will be content to notice the fact for the present without further inquiry into a mysterious process. We will confine ourselves to examining briefly the rhetoric which is the culminating point of this—as we fancy—rather barbaric method of raising money.

Every allowance must of course be made for oratory attempted under such circumstances. The most acute logician may well become muddled, and the most powerful swayer of the emotions descend to the maudlin, under the influences of the evening. The orator, too, is bound to be more or less humorous; and it would be hard indeed to take all his remarks seriously, or to insist upon their having any particular meaning whatever. Still the Dean of Westminster is an accomplished master of the art. Nobody has a finer instinct for seizing the popular aspect of a question, and if he is a little apt to be carried away by his characteristic geniality, he must have been amply prepared for the particular occasion. He had provided himself with the proper historical allusions, and he was quite in his character when pointing out that Cyprian added eight thousand new notations to the old system of shorthand writing; or that St. Jerome always took about with him ten, and St. Augustine sixteen, reporters when about to deliver public addresses. The Dean's stories were appropriate enough, and we must not even look too closely into his rather daring adulation of the various classes of contributors to periodical literature. People expect to be flattered on such occasions, though perhaps even on such occasions they think that there are certain limits to the quantity of appropriate flattery. There is a point, even after dinner, at which compliment degenerates into flummery, and we do not feel certain that this point was not passed in the Dean's eloquent remarks. But we have often wished that speeches of this kind could be followed by a plain statement of what the orator thought about them next morning. Such a statement might give the reverse side of the picture; the orator might be a little bilious and disposed to exaggerate the other

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side of the case; the "proudest moment of his life" might become the moment at which he was most unequivocally bored; the modesty with which he professed himself unequal to his task might be changed into the annoyance which he felt at some other speaker having been invited before him; a recognition of the intelligence and candour of his hearers might be supplemented by a lively perception of the stupidity with which they missed his very best points. If the colouring, however, should be rather too dark, we might strike the balance between the morning's reflections and the evening's enthusiasm. Though we have no means of knowing what Dean Stanley actually felt when the cheers and the music and the list of subscriptions had become things of the past, we can guess what some of his hearers must have thought, and we might compose an imaginary oration such as he would have delivered to suit their calmer mood.

Last night, he would probably have said, I quoted the saying of a member of the House of Commons to the effect that the reporters were a "noble army of martyrs." It was added, indeed, that no reporter had been really martyred for some eight centuries. Their present martyrdom consists only in having to reduce bad speeches to order; and more frequently they make martyrs of the persons whom they report. They make or mar the fortunes of speakers by spoiling what has been said, or by reporting it too faithfully, or perhaps by adding oratorical touches which astonish the speaker himself. Now the real fact is that reporters are no more martyrs than cabmen, or tailors, or tinkers, or any other useful class of ordinary beings. There is no sort of heroism and no marvel of skill. Nothing is simpler than taking down a man's words when he does not talk too fast, and the reliefs are sufficiently frequent. The business, like all others, has its inconveniences, which are compensated according to the ordinary rules of demand and supply. When a reporter has to condense or to correct, he makes a blunder nine times out of ten. If he dots a few i's and crosses a few t's, he allows the characteristic flavour to evaporate. He dilutes good homely vernacular by conjectural insertions of newspaper English. He misses points, distorts arguments, and reports most faithfully just those slips of speech of which the speaker is most ashamed. A great speech, especially by an orator who speaks slowly and uses simple language like Mr. Bright, may be given with verbal accuracy; but the great bulk of speeches are slurred over, diluted, and distorted, and the removal of a few superficial blemishes is a poor compensation for the loss of dramatic vivacity. There is nothing surprising in all this; for reporters are men, often tired and sleepy, and sometimes unable to understand the words which they set down. Nor is it surprising that the facts are generally denied; and that the persons reported are in a tacit conspiracy to cover their reporters' errors with the most absurd eulogies. The secret is a very open one. Everybody wants to be well reported, and therefore everybody flatters the reporters. A gentleman smarting under some complete misrepresentation of his words invariably begins his letter of correction by bearing testimony to the marvellous fidelity of the reporters, who, in this one instance, have made a pardonable slip. The formula is becoming rather musty, but it will be used as long as a dose of flattery can be made to sweeten a demand for justice. Speaking candidly, we must admit that reporters are no more infallible than they are martyrs. They have great power, and they can extort compliments; we are not allowed to fee them with money, and therefore we must try the effect of puffing.

The Foreign Correspondents came in for the next bit of adulation. They are the lions, said the Dean, and we the jackals. They show indomitable courage and industry in hunting down princes and emperors. They can give the utmost pleasure "by a slight word of recognition here and there, so as to make us feel that we are not forgotten"; they can smooth the rough edges of international intercourse, and inherit the blessing promised to the peacemakers by that pacific tone which they almost invariably display. This is the after-dinner view of the matter. Next morning we can fancy Dean Stanley speaking a little differently. The Foreign Correspondent would become the jackal instead of the lion; a hungry animal snapping up garbage as well as wholesome meat; prowling round the back-doors of princes, and sniffing the breezes with a marvellous instinct for the faintest traces of battle and slaughter. A Minister cannot pay a visit to a friend—thanks to the Foreign Correspondent—without frightening all the financiers in Europe; and even a poor Dean, avoiding notoriety above all things, may at times be "interviewed" into some revelation of ecclesiastical policy. Blessed are the peacemakers! and therefore a gentleman whose trade it is to spread every rumour of possible causes of war, to tell the French how much the Germans hate them, and the Germans how deeply the French have vowed revenge, whose greatest hope of distinction is in a graphic description of the horrors of a battlefield, and who follows war round the world with the scent of a vulture, may try to win a share of the blessing by expressing intense disgust at all the reports he spreads and the scenes he describes. A sensational writer ought always to adopt a high moral tone. He gratifies our palate for the horrible, and yet makes us feel virtuous by calling our interest disgust. The most attractive preface to a narrative is, "This is too horrible for description"; and nobody spreads inflammatory rumours except in the interests of peace. After dinner we can take it all seriously, and turn the decorous pretence into a cause for compliment. In our bilious moments we may doubt whether a Foreign Correspondent is not at times a noxious busybody, who is always poking his lantern into a powder-magazine by way of preventing an explosion.

But the writers of leading articles received the warmest eulogy. They compose terrific articles "at dead of night, resembling those terrific chapters in the Koran which turned the Prophet's hair white in a few hours." They have the "tension and energy compressed into the attitude of a crouching tiger." The Dean feels it a great effort to write even an anonymous letter, a fact which should increase our gratitude to him for writing so many as he is believed to do. How "incalculably greater must be the effort" implied in those "most unattainable, unapproachable pieces of human workmanship!" How astonished we are when we compare the humble individual of private life with the "colossal proportions" of the writer! The possessors of this marvellous power address "words of justice, of mercy, of purity to the many thousands" who read the papers; and in hours of sorrow leading articles "have added here and there a prayer to our national devotions such as even our venerable Liturgy would not be ashamed to own." The compilers of the Prayer-Book unluckily lived before the days of the *Daily Telegraph*, or we should have had a more impressive service for Good Friday. This is very touching, and we feel it almost ungrateful to repudiate such a compliment. How pleasant it would be to think that all our readers shared the simple faith of the Dean of Westminster! But here, too, we are haunted by a doubt as to the persistency of his convictions. When the Dean read his newspaper the next morning, did he feel all these emotions of awestruck admiration? He perhaps knows a few writers of leading articles, and can recognize their style. Has he never happened to say, I can guess who wrote that bit of nonsense; is not the man tired of making the same old jokes and using the same old sophistries? Does not such a one blush, even though he is anonymous, at writing this bit of popular balderdash? Is not such another calmly defending principles in print which he would disavow in private, or supporting the very same cause which he denounced a year ago? Are not some writers grossly unfair because they cannot be personally called to account; do they not blunder grossly because they have to write impromptu "at dead of night"; and boast that they have led public opinion because they have been clever and lucky enough to reflect the particular shade of nonsense which will commend itself to a silly public? Certainly there are such things as brilliant leading articles, though we cannot say honestly, except after dinner, that many of them are unapproachable pieces of workmanship; but they bear about the same proportion to stupid, prosy, illogical, bombastic, sophistical, and simply silly leading articles as is borne by the good to the bad in other human performances. We cannot help fancying that there are moments at which the Dean would like to do justice to this side of the question, and to prove that pert criticism of dignitaries is to be found in the papers as well as noble utterance of the sublimest sentiments. If he had relieved his feelings in this way, the subscription list might have suffered, but perhaps he would have given a more faithful account of the true character of the "noble army of martyrs."

SOCIAL DISSENTERS.

WE are sufficiently familiar with the subject of social tyranny. Writers of very unequal intellectual calibre, from Mr. Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer downwards, have sought to expose the evils of social coercion and the risks attendant on the undisputed sway of majorities. Without doubt modern forms of social structure contain the seeds of these evils, and it is only by frequent reiteration of the rights of individuals and of the legitimate limits of social pressure that the actual development of a harmful social tyranny can be prevented. However obvious to reflecting minds the principle of individual liberty may be, it seems certain that the unreflecting many are apt to overlook it altogether, or at most to regard it as the far-fetched doctrine of eccentric and unpractical philosophers. Hence it may be argued that the value of liberty to the individual cannot be insisted on too frequently or too earnestly. At the same time, a little consideration may suffice to show that here as elsewhere we have to do with a half-truth only, and that an adequate conception of the real nature of the subject can only be arrived at by placing in juxtaposition two mutually limiting propositions. Although it is indisputable that the individual has rights as against the majority, it is no less true that the majority has rights as against the individual. If, on the one hand, a man is perfectly justified in holding opinions or in gratifying tastes which clash with those of the society in which he lives, on the other hand the whole or any section of that society is perfectly justified in agreeing upon and adopting for themselves any opinions or tastes which they may choose.

We may assume perhaps that nobody will question the validity of this postulate, but rather that it will be regarded as too obvious to need explicit recognition. Majorities, it may probably be said, being the seat of moral force, cannot, like individuals, experience any practical injury from a non-recognition of their rights. Whereas a society may so persecute and worry an obnoxious dissenter from its code of opinions and manners as to render his life miserable, the individual who would legislate for society has no such sanction for enforcing his decrees. If, then, society cannot in practice be wronged by the excessive love of power of any of its individual members, of what use is it to main-

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tain its purely theoretical rights? In reply to this objection we would urge that moral judgments, quite apart from any power of giving practical effect to them, are a matter of high importance. It is exceedingly desirable that men's impulses to condemn and to punish should be properly regulated even when there is no danger of their being carried into external action. There is, we suspect, in most of us a latent potentiality of tyranny which only requires a favourable combination of circumstances to break out into open despotism. It has often been observed that the most zealous denunciators of religious tyranny have, when themselves raised to positions of power, proved fully equal to ecclesiastical coercion. The only certain method by which actual tyranny can be prevented is to restrain and discipline our habitual impulses; and among these impulses must be reckoned the desire to deprive numbers of their right of agreeing to adopt some uniform style of manners.

There are a few singular persons who appear to find something inflammatory in every semblance of uniformity in opinion and mode of life. Not content with expressing in the most undisguised manner their complete dissent from a prevailing fashion, they would make the adoption of it by society a sort of *casus belli*. Such persons look on it as a direct injury to themselves that the majority of the community adopt some convention with which they do not sympathize, and they raise an outcry against it as something radically harmful and tyrannous. A very good illustration of this kind of temper was given not long since in a letter to one of the newspapers. The theme of the writer was the present fashion of dining out. He protested eloquently, almost pathetically, against the extrusion of the old convivial gathering with limited numbers, sympathy of taste, and high quality of fare, by the modern huge, showy, and comfortless dinner party. With the writer's expression of his private preferences most persons will pretty certainly sympathize; at his ardent denunciations of present fashion as something hard and despotic one can scarcely fail to be amused. It may, perhaps, be worth while to show precisely where the irrationality of this kind of complaint lies.

First of all, then, this is clearly a case in which a number of persons agree on a certain rule of life for themselves only, and do not seek to force it on others. Nobody is compelled to enter the circle of fashionable life and to adopt its many regulations. Everybody is perfectly free to construct his dinner parties according to his own individual tastes, selecting just what kind of society he finds most congenial. In this particular the fashion of hospitality differs from that of dress. The impositions of society with respect to apparel are no doubt in a measure tyrannical. A man who attempts to move about town unadorned with the orthodox cylinder is exposed to all kinds of annoyance, not only from his acquaintances, but also from strangers. In other words, an omission to dress according to the ruling code is punished by the most unmistakable signs of social displeasure and contempt. But a person may order his domestic affairs without this exposure to annoyance. Without doubt, if a man with a fashionable acquaintance chooses to keep aloof from its ostentatious gaieties, and to adopt a quiet style of hospitality, he will forfeit the graces of his quondam companions. But this is no hardship, since, *ex hypothesi*, his tastes lead him to select another order of companionship. Perfect liberty would seem to be secured when every man is able to surround himself with exactly the kind of society he prefers. It is undoubtedly true that this arrangement may tell harder on some than on others. Those whose tastes coincide with the ruling tastes clearly have a larger area from which they may select their companions and guests. It is possible, moreover, that a person may find himself, for example, in a small town, surrounded by a society in which he looks in vain for sympathetic acquaintances. Yet this is only an example of the mode in which all free competition falls with particular severity on a few. Thus, for instance, in industrial competitions a youth who has a ready versatile mind, and is able to concentrate his thought and action on a large number of different operations, is far better off than another who has only a special aptitude in one particular direction, which may happen to be a direction to which no existing demand corresponds. The advantages of a system of competition are commonly supposed to be more than sufficient to compensate for these drawbacks. In like manner it may be argued that a social system in which every individual is free to attach himself to whatever group he may prefer, is, in spite of its disadvantages, the best which has yet been devised.

We may see too that even in the case of the isolated dissenter the hardship complained of is not as great as it looks. The most frequent instance of this comparative solitude is that of a man who has risen to a higher stage of æsthetic and intellectual culture than that of his immediate social environment. The writer of the letter to which we have called attention is evidently aware that his conception of convivial intercourse is higher than the prevailing one. Now may not society in such a case retort:—"How can you possibly feel yourself aggrieved by our laws, which are in no way binding on you, and which you voluntarily reject because, according to your own avowal, you have reached something higher and more precious? Are you not exhibiting something of the dog-in-the-manger spirit by grudging us a style of life which gratifies us, and of which, as you confess, you have no need?" If culture is worth anything, it ought surely to be able to reconcile us to the loss of that kind of society in which it receives no recognition. Even if the supposition of superior culture be erroneous, the person who voluntarily renounces the conventional mode of life has his consolations. The pleasure which attends the idea of superiority is an exceedingly lively emotion, and is quite powerful enough in certain minds to induce men to forego the advantages of social intercourse and sympathy. A person who shuts himself in from the prevailing type of society derives no inconsiderable gratification from habitual reflections on the poverty and insipidity of the world he thus renounces. Since he has this source of enjoyment, it seems somewhat unseemly that he should grudge the majority the pleasure which they are able to find in the way which he professes to despise.

Once more, this kind of complaint against society is unreasonable, inasmuch as it aims at depriving the vast majority of people of a very valuable aid to life. The strong and independent nature which prefers to rely on itself and to carve out its own path of life is unable to appreciate the value of social forms to the weak and dependent mind. The greater number of men and women would be quite at a loss if left to devise their own habits of life and modes of pleasures. A definite fashion in such matters as hospitality is essential to them. All sense of security in existence would disappear as soon as they failed to hear the clear voice of King Nomos directing them amid the myriad uncertainties of external life. Hence to seek to forbid the formation of a code of rules is to wish to uproot one of the most valuable supports to the majority of people. Finally it may be remarked that every ground of complaint is removed from the social dissenter by the fact that he is at perfect liberty to diffuse his own superior conceptions of life and manners by every device of argument and eloquence. The same need of guidance which drives the many to act on received ideas may urge them by-and-by to adopt the new and improved style of life which the self-banished few are now preaching so zealously. If only these advocates succeed in making out the superior advantages of their *régime*, there seems no reason why they should not in turn become the legislators of society in all such matters as hospitable entertainment. To the philosophic few who voluntarily absent themselves from the fashionable circles of the hour this possibility ought surely to yield ample comfort. The thought of succeeding at length in imposing laws on the very masses whose present ways he so cordially despises is sufficient, one would imagine, to afford such an absentee a fine thrill of satisfaction. In addition to the gratifying feeling that he has reached a height from which conventional society appears as a group of pigmies, he has now the exquisite delight of anticipating the hour when these same pigmies shall be brought to acknowledge his vast superiority. With all these sources of consolation open to him, the voluntary seceder from the social band ought surely to refrain from quarrelling with all the other members of the union merely because they did not see fit to secede with him.

A LESSON FROM GRAY'S ELEGY.

SOME of the papers have lately recorded the sale of, if we rightly remember, the original manuscript of Gray's famous Elegy, in which the stanza which is perhaps the best known takes a shape that differs in a very instructive way from the shape in which every one can repeat it. In the stanza which begins with the "village Hampden" three words were changed to give it its present shape. The change makes no difference either to the sentiment or to the run of the verse, but it makes all the difference in the world as a matter of taste, and it is a sign of a change of feeling which we fancy that Gray had no small share in bringing about. As the stanza first stood, the "village Hampden" was a "village Cato"; the "mute inglorious Milton" was a "mute inglorious Tully"; and the "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood" was a "Cæsar" in the like state of innocence. The change speaks volumes; it speaks all the difference between an age which cares about its own history and an age which does not. In one point perhaps the first form of the stanza was clearer. People have been known to fancy that the mute inglorious Milton, perhaps even the guiltless Cromwell, meant obscure bearers of the names of Milton and Cromwell. The names of both Tully and Cæsar have been used as surnames in England; still they are not so familiar in that use that anybody could make that mistake about them. The inglorious Tully and the guiltless Cæsar could only have meant men who had powers in them which might, had they had the chance, have made them glorious or guilty, but to whom circumstances never gave the opportunity of putting those powers forth. A question may perhaps be raised whether the grouping is quite perfect which joins these two with the village Cato or Hampden. The inglorious Tully and the guiltless Cæsar actually do nothing; it is simply possible that they might have done something. But the village Cato or Hampden really does something, and he does exactly the same kind of things as the greater Cato or Hampden, only his destiny obliges him to do them on a smaller scale. Tully and Cæsar *in posse*, and only *in posse*, are coupled with one who is Cato, or at least *Catunculus, in esse*. Again, in contrasting the English triad with the Roman, we might remark that Cæsar is grouped along with two of his own opponents, or, if any one thinks that Tully hardly deserves the name of an opponent of Cæsar, at any rate with two members of the opposite party. But Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell did, as a matter of fact, all act together, though we may doubt how long Hampden and Cromwell would have gone on acting together. Two other points may also be noticed. The line in which Hampden supplanted Cato suits Hampden much better than it suits Cato. The particular act by which Hampden first rose to fame is

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much more likely to have its parallel on a small scale between private men than anything that Cato did. And it should be noticed that Gray, sympathizing with Hampden, does not sympathize with Cromwell. He puts Cæsar and Cromwell together as men to each of whom the epithet "guilty of his country's blood" will alike apply. Gray at least was not open to the complaint of Mr. Grote, that both Cromwell and the elder Buonaparte were often blamed for keeping a legitimate King out of his place, but never for usurping an unlawful power over the people. It is plain that the views of Cromwell which are fashionable now had not presented themselves to Gray. He went along with Hampden's resistance to Charles the First, but he saw only blood-guiltiness in Cromwell's taking despotic power upon himself.

But Gray's change of examples in revising his verse illustrates things of more importance than the particular view which the poet took either of the Roman or of the English civil war. The thing which is really to be marked is that Gray, having first of all put down the names of three Romans as illustrations of his meaning, afterwards deliberately struck them out and put the names of three Englishmen instead. This is a sign of a change in the taste of the age, a change with which Gray himself had a good deal to do. The deliberate wiping out of the names of Cato, Tully, and Cæsar, to put in the names of Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell, seems to us so obviously a change for the better that there seems to be no room for any doubt about it. It is by no means certain that Gray's own contemporaries would have thought the matter equally clear. We suspect that to many people in his day it must have seemed a daring novelty to draw illustrations from English history, especially from parts of English history which, it must be remembered, were then a great deal more recent than they are now. To be sure, in choosing English illustrations, a poet of Gray's time was in rather a hard strait. If he chose illustrations from the century or two before his own time, he could only choose names which had hardly got free from the strife of recent politics. If, in a poem of the nature of the Elegy, he had drawn illustrations from earlier times of English history, he would have found but few people in his day likely to understand him. Gray himself was one of the first writers to show that earlier parts of English history were not only worth attending to, but were capable of poetic treatment. We can almost forgive him for dressing up in his splendid verse a foul and baseless calumny against Edward the First, when we remember that to most of Gray's contemporaries Edward the First must have seemed a person almost mythical, a benighted Popish savage, of whom there was very little to know, and that little hardly worth knowing. Our feeling towards Gray in this matter is much the same as our feeling towards Mitford in the matter of Greek history. We are angry with Mitford for misrepresenting Demosthenes and a crowd of other Athenian worthies, but we do not forget that he was the first to deal with Demosthenes and his fellows, neither as mere names nor as demi-gods, but as real living men like ourselves. It was a pity to misrepresent Demosthenes, but even the misrepresentation was something; it showed that Demosthenes could be made the subject of human feeling one way or another. It is unpleasant to hear the King whose praise it was that

Velox est ad veniam, ad vindictam tardus,

spoken of as "ruthless," and the rest of it. But Gray at least felt that Edward was a real man, while to most of his contemporaries he could have been little more than "the figure of an old Gothic king," such as Sir Roger de Coverley looked when he sat in Edward's own chair. Gray's change from Roman examples to English ones is of a piece with the round robin from Johnson's friends, asking him to write Goldsmith's epitaph in English; and we know what Johnson thought of that. Indeed Lord Macaulay's parallels do not exactly hold good. A Latin epitaph on Goldsmith or any other Englishman was not the same as a Greek epitaph on a Roman, or as the more ludicrous case which he puts of "commemorating the deeds of the heroes of Thermopylæ in Egyptian hieroglyphics," because the use of Latin in England was at least the keeping on of an old tradition, when there certainly was no Greek tradition in favour of the use of Egyptian. But both Gray's improvement of his stanza and the petition of Johnson's friends were signs of the uprising of a new spirit, a spirit which was beginning to claim for English history and the English language, if not all that they deserved, yet at least some instalment of it. It was a reaction against the exclusive classical feeling of the generation or two earlier. In the days of Addison, for example, there really seems to have been nothing in men's minds like a real historical past to draw upon. All mediæval history, English and foreign, is summed up in the phrase, of "the Gothic ages." Addison's own gallant attempt to do justice to Chevy Chase and to Milton stand out in marked contrast to his own general way of speaking. The men of that day had no national past, and the exclusive classic taste prevented the history of Greek or Roman times from being to them a real past. To them all the "classics," all the "ancients," were people of the same kind, people who lived at the same time, if indeed they could, in their notion of them, be said to have really lived at all as creatures of flesh and blood. They were a kind of Olympian gods, set up above modern mortals, to whom the rules of chronology did not apply. To them Cato, Tully, and Cæsar were hardly more real than the Jupiter, Mars, or Venus into which the gods of Hellas had been travestied. Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell might be the objects of political like or dislike, but it would hardly have seemed possible that they, mere men, mere moderns, mere Englishmen, could ever have displaced Cato, Tully, and Cæsar as sources of poetical illustration.

The change then which Gray made in this well-known stanza is not only an improvement in a particular poem, it is a sign of a general improvement in taste. He wrote first according to the vicious taste of an earlier time, and he then changed it according to his own better taste. And of that better taste he was undoubtedly a prophet to others. Gray's poetry must have done a great deal to open men's eyes to the fact that they were Englishmen, and that on them, as Englishmen, English things had a higher claim than Roman, and that to them English examples ought to be more speaking than Roman ones. But there is another side of the case not to be forgotten. Those who would have regretted the change from Cato, Tully, and Cæsar to Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell, those who perhaps really did think that the bringing in of Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell was a degradation of what they would have called the Muse, were certainly not those who had the truest knowledge of Cato, Tully, and Cæsar. The "classic" taste from which Gray helped to deliver us was a taste which hardly deserves to be called a taste. Pardonable perhaps in the first heat of the Renaissance, when "classic" studies and objects had the charm of novelty, it had become by his day a mere silly fashion. And, in the form which it took from the Restoration of Charles the Second onwards, it was moreover a sign of French influence. In Italy Cato, Tully, and Cæsar had always one degree more of life than they could ever have in France or England. The people who would have liked Cato's name rather than Hampden's would be just the people who could give very little account of Cato beyond the fact preserved by the Latin Grammar, that he was "a noble Roman." The exclusive "classic" taste implied ignorance of non-"classic" things, but it implied no knowledge of "classic" things. Or rather, as an exclusive taste, it implied ignorance of them. It was inconsistent with real knowledge, because it implied that "classic things" were not put in their true relations to other things. Gray and others who took their place in the same ranks did a good work by challenging their due importance for later, and especially for national, subjects. But, in so doing, they helped to set up the barrier which we now have to fight against, the fatal distinction between ancient and modern. It was right to bring in Hampden alongside of Cato; it was right, under the circumstances of Gray's poem, to make him actually displace Cato; the danger was that Cato should be set aside altogether as a being with whom we could have nothing to do. The problem was to remember Hampden without forgetting Cato. If Cato is altogether forgotten—still worse, if Cato is looked on as a being of altogether a different nature from Hampden—then Hampden's victory over Cato is no longer an unmixed good. The exclusively "classical" taste, and the feeling which dislikes and shrinks from anything "classical," are only two shapes of the same mistake. They both embody the notion that "classical" things are something wholly unlike, and utterly cut off from, all other things. Both embody the notion that, while Hampden is a real man, Cato is not. The true faith to be striven after is the belief that Hampden and Cato are equally men, differing only according to the diversities of countries, times, and men's manners. Hampden should neither shut out Cato, nor Cato shut out Hampden. Cato or Hampden may either of them be the best illustration in some particular place. In contemplating an English country churchyard, Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell were far more fitting allusions than Cato, Tully, and Cæsar. Milton and Cromwell were better, because the subject was English and not Roman. Hampden was better both for this reason and also because the conduct supposed was really much more like the conduct of Hampden than the conduct of Cato. But, in some other case, Cato might be a better illustration than Hampden; and, if so, there should be a free power of using Cato. The great thing is to take in that history is one, that man is one, that Cato and Hampden are beings of the same nature, and the two stand side by side, each ready for use whenever he happens to be the best for use. And the older examples have this merit, that they are œcumenical, while the later ones are local. Cæsar is of the whole world; Cromwell is only of three kingdoms.

BURIAL AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE waning amusements of the season have received an interesting addition in the exhibition of coffins at the Duke of Sutherland's. There are few things which in these days have escaped being made the subject of a competitive display, but it has never before occurred to any one, as far as we are aware, to ask people to spend a summer afternoon in looking at coffins, and considering how they would like to be buried. Yet none of the shows of the year have proved more attractive than this one. On Thursday afternoon the umbrella-tents at Prince's were deserted, and the Park passed by, while the fashionable world crowded the terrace at Stafford House, engaged in an inspection of various illustrations of the new form of sepulture invented or recommended by Mr. Seymour Haden, and in discussing its sanitary, æsthetic, and other advantages. The bright and animated aspect of the company, and the cheerful and even lively tone of the conversation which prevailed, would perhaps scarcely have suggested to an unprepared observer the nature of the subject which had brought the sprightly throng together; but some allowance may be made for the gratification

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of discovering a novel topic of fashionable gossip. After all the bills of mortality are not likely to be increased by a change in the method of burial, and, on the other hand, there is at least something new to talk about. The skeleton at the feast may be taken as an appropriate symbol of the new phase of social excitement. The ladies, when they retire to the drawing-room, will exchange views as to the last sweet thing in shrouds or coffins, while the gentlemen below will occupy themselves over their wine with cheerful dissertations on the relative merits of cremation and interment. It would appear that the painful sensitiveness on the subject of mortality which at one period afflicted the French Court, so that no reference to it was tolerated, has passed away from good society in England at the present day. The question of the nicest way of being buried is discussed with perfect frankness and equanimity, and a considerable part of life promises to be spent on the consideration of what is the most picturesque and poetical fashion of decay. It seemed at one time as if the question was going to be dropped, or perhaps we should say buried, for Mr. Haden's second letter certainly did not excite anything like the same interest as the first, and although he promised another in a few days, weeks elapsed without even the slightest reference to the subject. Mr. Haden has now, however, finished his letters and opened an exhibition into the bargain, and he may expect at least the proverbial allowance of nine days for his wonders.

The specimens of coffins exhibited at Stafford House are about a dozen in number, and notice is given that they are merely suggestive, and do not practically fulfil all the conditions essential to their principal use. They are all made of osiers, either white or stained, and in shape are similar to an ordinary coffin, except that they are rounded at the ends. They have, in fact, very much the appearance of extra-sized bassinets for very large babies. Some are of a perfectly plain character, and are recommended as "inexpensive," while others are of a more ornamental character, with stripes of blue, or black and gold. But of course they are all much less costly than the boxes in present use, though this is a consideration which to most people will appear comparatively immaterial in such a case. The question is not one of expense, but of decency and sanitary wholesomeness. A double basket is provided for cases in which charcoal is required, the powdered dust being placed in the interval—from two to three inches—between the two baskets. In most of the examples the meshes of the wicker-work are too close for the conditions of speedy disintegration; and thus one of the practical difficulties of the experiment is how to make the coffins sufficiently open for this purpose, while at the same time strong, and capable of retaining a proper hold of their contents. The solution of the problem may possibly be found in the use of a temporary outer covering while the body remains in the house, which will be removed when it is deposited in the earth. No attempt was made on this occasion to illustrate the manner of filling up the baskets with ferns, lichens, mosses, fragrant shrubs, evergreens, and so on, as proposed by Mr. Haden, but there were a couple of coffins in which the wicker was lined inside with a surface covering of moss, and which certainly looked snugger, as a lady observed, than the naked wicker-work, which rather suggests cool summer wear. It is admitted that in special cases linings of some imperishable material for a few inches upwards from the bottom will be necessary, and in other cases some modifications of the ordinary form, in order to ensure a complete inclosure of the body in wool, charcoal, or other disinfectants. In appearance the wicker coffins when filled up with foliage must, we should think, be less gloomy and repulsive than the wooden ones; and to some minds there may perhaps be a sentimental feeling of relief in the idea that screwing down is dispensed with.

On the whole, it may be supposed that any one, judging by his feelings when alive, might prefer, as a matter of taste, to be lightly swathed in herbs and osiers rather than screwed down roughly in a hard, tight box; but, after all, the question of the fittest mode of interment concerns the survivors rather than the departed one, and it is necessary to recognize at the outset that, where there is anything like natural feeling, it is hopeless to think of reconciling the misery of the event with any kind of æsthetic enjoyment. And it is here that Mr. Haden has strangely erred. In his second letter he seems to suggest that some measure of consolation will be found for bereavement in the occupation of decking the body with flowers. "The men," he writes, "are away on the business of the dead, the women are left; the mother, the wife, the daughter, the stranger even that is within their gates. The dead is in their keeping. Simple flowers and pleasant memories suggest the grateful nature of their task. Who that knows them will doubt their pious employment?" In this passage Mr. Haden strikes a discordant note which is surely contrary to the ordinary feelings of human nature. Affection for the dead is usually mingled with a natural awe of the remains, and nothing can be more repugnant to ordinary feelings than the notion of getting pretty and picturesque effects out of the decoration of a bier. The associations of death must necessarily be dark and painful, and they are only likely to be made more so by any attempt to disguise the gloomy reality by fantastic ornament. All that is required is respectful usage of the dead, and reasonable consideration for the health and feelings of the living. Some means must be taken to prevent the spread of infection while the body is at home; but there is no reason why the period should not be shortened at least by prompt removal to a mortuary, if not by actual interment; and it is on this and other sanitary points that Mr. Haden's remarks are chiefly valuable. It cannot be denied that he has established a strong case in favour of less dilatory burial—and the positive statement which has been signed by the chief surgeons and physicians conclusively sets at rest the vulgar delusion with regard to the risks of premature interment—and also in favour of the disuse of envelopes for the body which resist the natural processes by which it would otherwise be harmlessly resolved into its elements. He has further demonstrated very clearly the danger of accumulating great masses of decaying animal matter in unsuitable soil, and in the midst of a crowded population, as is the case with more than one of our principal cemeteries. Whether or not a coffin can be devised by which the secure confinement of injurious emanations while the body is in the house can be reconciled with facile natural resolution as soon as it is deposited in the earth, remains to be seen. At present, Mr. Haden's proposal, as far as it has assumed a specific shape, is still in a purely experimental stage; but there can at least be no doubt as to the soundness of his views as to the course which should be followed in regard to actual burial. Nothing can be more certain than that the ordinary processes of nature cannot be safely tampered with; and it would also appear that there is no difficulty, except perhaps that of dealing with vested interests, in the way of securing a fair opportunity for the trial of what may be called the natural system. It has been suggested that Mr. Haden, or some of those who support his case, should endeavour to establish a co-operative society for the purchase of Woking, and whatever other suitable ground may ultimately be required; and this would at least be a step in the right direction. It is doubtful whether there is really any foundation for the plea of some of the Cemetery Companies that it is by their Acts illegal to bury bodies which are not enclosed in stout coffins; but it may be suspected that, even if they permitted this method of interment, it would have little chance of being fairly tested under their control. On the other hand, if private enterprise would show the way, it might lead to results which would encourage the public authorities to take up the subject in a serious manner.

THE PROVED NECESSITY FOR FLOGGING.

THE recent debate on the Bill for punishing violent assaults by flogging may usefully direct attention to the theories and practice which have prevailed in the treatment of criminals during the last hundred years. The condition of prisons a century ago was frightful. An apprentice committed to Bridewell for misconduct was discharged in a state not to be mentioned to polite ears. He died soon afterwards, and his master, being supposed to have criminally neglected him, was tried for manslaughter; but the judges hesitated to punish him for a crime in which the law went shares with him. The gaol fever killed more people than died on the gallows even at a time when the hangman was perpetually busy. The reaction against a system of mingled neglect and severity produced in the early years of this century that curious monument of misplaced tenderness, the Penitentiary, as it used to be called, at Millbank. The records of this establishment have lately been explored by its Deputy Governor, Captain Griffiths, and his *Memorials of Millbank* (Henry S. King and Co.) deserve perusal by any person who is interested in the dreary subject of prison discipline. The managers of the Penitentiary pursued the reformation of criminals by gentle methods, until all discipline became relaxed, the prisoners did as they pleased, the warders were in peril of their lives; and then, most reluctantly, they resorted to flogging, as the only possible deterrent. The history of this experiment may be profitably studied by legislators at the present time.

The Penitentiary cost in building 458,000*l*. Much of this expense was due to the insecure character of the site. The foundations were constantly being doctored, and it was a common saying that "there was more stuff below than above ground at Millbank." It began to receive prisoners in 1816. The Committee of Management was appointed by the Prince Regent in Council under the provisions of an Act of Parliament. The members of this Committee were always in earnest, and spared themselves no pains. Their only fault was over-tenderness to prisoners. Millbank was a huge plaything, a toy for philanthropic gentlemen in their spare hours. They loved to be in and out of the place, and to show it off to their friends, and its situation close to the Houses of Parliament was convenient for this purpose. Parties of ladies came to hear the prisoners perform their religious exercises, and were much edified. The Governor and his officers were kind and considerate, to match the benevolence of the Committee. Of course under this mild government riot was inevitable on the first semblance of a grievance. Dissatisfaction at the introduction of brown bread showed itself on a Sunday morning. The Governor determined to have divine service as usual, but, to provide against what might happen, deposited within his pew three brace of pistols loaded with ball. The Chancellor of the Exchequer arrived with a party of friends to attend the service, and witnessed a disgraceful row. The Committee interfered too much. One member of it admitted that he did everything but sleep at the Penitentiary. They listened to everything that inferior officers had to say, and it is not surprising that under such circumstances the Governor was uncomfortable. Indeed it may almost be said that the head of this establishment was the most miserable member of it. About the

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year 1824 Captain Chapman held this difficult post. He was a man of remarkable courage, energy, patience, and gentleness, and the convicts pretty well broke his heart. He would spend hours in "reasoning" with an obstinate scoundrel before sending him to the "dark." This and bread-and-water diet were the only punishments available to maintain discipline. Beyond this there was only the threat of removal to the hulks, and in the hulks prisoners led, according to their own account, "a pretty jolly life." The labour in the dockyards was light, the food was such as a ploughman would envy, and at night on board the hulks lights were allowed until ten o'clock, and music, songs, dancing, fighting, and gaming were among the amusements of the evening.

A Parliamentary Committee "on Secondary Punishments" painfully inquired into all this, and concluded that life at the hulks was "a state of restriction, but hardly of punishment." In Captain Chapman's time the prisoners in Millbank had a mania for feigning suicide, and the active and kind-hearted Governor was always rushing about with a knife to cut down some pretended victim of despair. "Dancing defiantly the double-shuffle" is mentioned as a favourite freak of insubordination. When sent to the "dark," prisoners sang, shouted, and yelled; and you could do no more than put them in the "dark," nor could you keep them there beyond a certain time. Throughout the long nights of the dreary winter months of 1826 these disturbances continued. It was a time of the utmost anxiety and annoyance to worthy Captain Chapman, who was always foremost in the fray. Nothing could exceed the pluck and energy with which he tackled the most truculent. When a prisoner, mad with rage, dares any man to enter his cell, it is the Governor who enters without a moment's hesitation. When another, armed with a tailor's sleeve-board, threatens to dash out everybody's brains, it is Captain Chapman who secures the weapon. When a body of prisoners on the mill break out into open mutiny, and the warder in charge is in terror for life or limb, it is the Governor who repairs at once to the spot and collars the ringleaders. It would have been better if so much resolute courage had not been tempered with so much kindness of heart. But whether the defect was in the system or the man, it was in this winter that the Committee became convinced that the methods of coercion they possessed were hardly so stringent as the case required. They reported to Parliament that there were among the prisoners some profligate and turbulent characters for whose outrageous conduct the punishments in use in the Penitentiary were insufficient. They had found by experience that confinement in a dark cell, though in most cases a severe and efficacious punishment, operated very differently on different persons. It appeared to lose much of its effect from repetition; it could not always be carried far without danger to health, and on some men as well as boys it had no effect. Many of the ringleaders in recent disturbances had been subjected to twenty-five or even thirty days of uninterrupted imprisonment in the dark, and with little effect. In view of this want of some more effective punishment the Committee expressed a wish for power to flog, which was accordingly conferred on them by Act of Parliament. Soon afterwards a prisoner committed a brutal assault upon an officer and received a hundred lashes. "The lashes were not very severely inflicted, but were sufficient for example." The authorities were extremely sensitive on the subject of corporal punishment of unruly felons, although at this time for purely military offences soldiers commonly received several hundred lashes. We need no further proof of the exceeding mildness of the rule under which Millbank was governed. But from this time began a tightening of the reins. A sort of panic arose in the country at the extraordinary growth of crime between 1817 and 1831. The "secondary punishments" in use were—1, Imprisonment; 2, The Penitentiary; 3, The Hulks; 4, Transportation. The prisons were still dirty and disorderly. There was much vicious indulgence; no attempt at reformation, and not much at punishment. The only thing certain was that a prisoner with any good in him would be corrupted by his companions. Of the Penitentiary and the Hulks we have already spoken. As regards transportation, the Committee already mentioned reported that it held out to the dangerous classes no terror at all. The accounts sent home showed that the situation of the convict was so comfortable, his advancement, if he conducted himself with prudence, so sure, as to produce a strong impression that transportation was rather an advantage than a punishment. It appeared, said the Committee, "to be a principle, in the infliction of punishment, that every regulation connected with it, from the first committal of a prisoner to gaol to the termination of his sentence of transportation, should be characterized rather by an anxious care for the health and convenience of the prisoner than for anything which might even by implication appear to bear on him with undue severity." The country was overpeopled, there was much suffering and privation, and many persons committed crimes, trusting to the uncertainty of the law for escape, and with the knowledge that in the event of conviction their change of condition would not be much for the worse.

About this time the idea prevailed at Millbank of expecting great results from a regular course of religious instruction for the prisoners. The Chaplain had always been influential, but now he was to have the fullest scope. This system culminated when Mr. Nihil combined in himself the offices of Chaplain and Governor. But, like other ideas hastily adopted and carried to extremes in prison discipline, it has led ultimately to disappointment. The prisoners exercised their profane wit in devising interruptions of the daily services and catechizings. On one occasion the Chaplain said "Let us pray," and a voice audible through the building replied, "No, we have had praying enough." Shortly afterwards half-a-dozen Prayer-books were flung at the Chaplain's head. The women were often more disorderly than the men, and it was even more difficult to punish them effectively. But at this time public feeling inclined towards entrusting the ministers of religion with full powers to preach prisoners out of evil courses into honesty and the right path, and the appointment of Mr. Nihil to be both Chaplain and Governor at Millbank was regarded hopefully. The compiler of these Memorials, speaking probably for himself and other officers experienced in prison discipline, states it as an accepted conclusion of our day that "it is merely a waste of time to endeavour to reform habitual criminals by purely moral and religious means." He quotes the opinion of the Governor of Sing-Sing prison at New York, that "nothing is more rare than to see a criminal of advanced age become a virtuous and religious man." However, Mr. Nihil entered earnestly upon his reformatory work as Governor, but in the spiritual part of it he was badly seconded by his officers. They were mostly men who had served their time in the army, and were fitted neither by habits of mind nor previous training for the task required of them now. Some adopted a language and carriage suitable to the ideas of the Chaplain-Governor, but they did it awkwardly, and they and the prisoners who took the same line were called "the Chaplain's men" or "pantilers." It may perhaps be useful to state that a pantile is a broad-brimmed hat. It was essential to Mr. Nihil's reformatory plan to prevent or check communication among the prisoners, and his improved arrangements for this purpose necessarily resembled, or at least were mistaken by ignorant outsiders for, an approach to the solitary system, which has always been unpopular in England. From this and other causes a strong public feeling grew up against the establishment, and, as might be expected, it found expression in Parliament. From a return moved for in the House of Commons it would appear that one of the complaints urged against the amateur managers was that they did not attend regularly to their duties. But this, if true, would be only human nature. First excessive zeal, then difficulty and disappointment, and then apathy in the work. The Inspector of Prisons reported in 1842 that the system of discipline in this prison was most unsatisfactory. It was neither calculated, he said, to deter from crime nor to contribute to the personal reformation of the prisoner. In another Report by the same officer it was stated that, as a penitentiary, this prison had been an entire failure. In 1843 its character was entirely changed, and it became a place of probation where prisoners sentenced to transportation were to be detained for a few months. The Committee hereupon ceased to exist, and Mr. Nihil resigned. The last Minute of the Committee recognized the earnestness with which the Chaplain-Governor had endeavoured "to render the administration of discipline subservient to the great moral and religious ends of the Penitentiary." The Committee could not have better described the system which had prevailed during the six-and-twenty years of the existence of the Penitentiary, and we can now see that it was ambitious and unpractical. The moral and religious ends were not attained, and the discipline became a farce. The failure of the Committee to maintain even a semblance of order without flogging would not deserve to be dwelt on more than other failures of well-meaning, hasty people, if it were not that the opening of the Penitentiary was celebrated with a grand flourish of literary and oratorical trumpets, as if some wonderful improvement in the moral nature of felons was to be effected there. If we have learned nothing else from the experience of this century, we are at least more modest than we were in our expectations of results from any penal system that can be devised. The only certain thing seems to be that a thief cannot follow his trade in prison.

The sketch given by Captain Griffiths of the origin, progress, and extinction of Australian transportation completes our view of the system of secondary punishments adopted in the first half of the present century. Probably the best way of working transportation was by "assignment" of convicts, except the worst class, to settlers as household, farm, or trade servants. Thus they had opportunity to begin a better life, and many, having saved money in servitude, took farms or shops for themselves, and generally attained competency, while some accumulated large fortunes. The moral condition of a colony thus created was necessarily low, but drinking, concubinage, and cheating by legal methods were at any rate an improvement on felony. But the cost to the mother-country was enormous, and if there were no other difficulty in resuming transportation, it is certain that we should not choose to pay the bill. The "assigned" convicts scattered all over the country needed some system of discipline, and here again recourse to flogging was inevitable. There was no "dark" on an Australian sheep-farm, and if gaols could have been built, the only gaolers must have been convicts, and we know what would have come of setting a thief to keep a thief. The master was not, however, allowed to flog his servant himself, but one or two magistrates, usually his neighbours and sharing his views of convict discipline, could order 150 lashes for a first offence, and the construction of the "cat," and the mode of using it, were left to their discretion. It was complained that some magistrates were too lenient and others too severe, and in 1831 a law was passed called the "Fifty Lashes Act," which provided that a "cat" of uniform pattern should be used. Some magistrates addressed the Governor, Sir Richard Bourke, complaining of this restriction of their power, and he answered by lamenting that the use of the whip should of necessity form so prominent a part of convict discipline in New South Wales; but, "believing it to be

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unavoidable, the Governor must rely on the activity and discretion of the magistracy for ensuring its wholesome and sufficient application." We seem to be now in England pretty much where Sir Richard Bourke found himself in Australia in 1831. With a certain class of criminals we believe flogging to be unavoidable. There is nothing else that can be done with them.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

THERE is a story of some keen Sabbatarians in a Scotch village who one Sunday, coming upon a stranger who, in his ignorance of local customs, was looking, as his accusers alleged, "as happy as if it were the middle of the week," indignantly fell upon him, and inflicted such a castigation as imparted to his countenance the degree of ruefulness which they deemed appropriate to the day. It would appear that, if there were any chance of the Act of George III. for "preventing certain abuses and profanations on the Lord's Day, called Sunday," being literally enforced in England, a large part of the population would be made to do penance in a somewhat similar way. It has been authoritatively laid down by the Judges that any kind of amusement on a Sunday which is associated with payment, directly or indirectly, is an offence against the law. No distinction is drawn between one kind of amusement and another, in regard either to its moral influence on those who partake of it, or the amount of labour which may be required in order to carry it on. We are told that it does not in the least matter how mild or innocent the amusement may be. Anything whatever that can be supposed to amuse people—as, for instance, simply walking about in a garden, looking at trees or flowers, animals or pictures, reading the newspapers, listening to a band playing sacred music on a pier-head, smoking a pipe, or merely sitting on a bench in the open air—becomes an offence if there is any charge for entrance to the place where the pleasure is indulged. In reply to a question from the Chief Baron, the Solicitor-General distinctly stated that, apart altogether from any performances, any park or garden would come within the Act if people paid to go in; and it appears to be now admitted by the Home Secretary himself that the law equally applies to the Zoological Gardens, the Horticultural Gardens, and similar places at which, though money may not be taken at the doors on Sunday, yet "persons are admitted by the payment of money or by tickets sold for money" in the form of periodical subscriptions. In any case nothing could be more preposterously unjust than that the upper and middle classes should be allowed to amuse themselves in this manner while, on the pretext of the form of payment, the working classes are precluded from a similar enjoyment; and if the principle of ascetic mortification on Sunday is to be enforced, it must of course be carried out fairly all round.

The Directors of the Brighton Aquarium were compelled by the nature of their defence to disparage as much as possible the attractions of their establishment on Sundays. On week days the performing seal is, as Artemus Ward would say, "a most amusing cuss," but on Sundays he is dull and respectable, and there is no getting a laugh out of him anyhow. And so with all the other features of the exhibition. "The very things that make the Aquarium amusing during the week are dropped on Sunday." There is no band, no singing, no performing seal, no poking up of the octopus. All this, however, had very little effect on the Judges, who held that what people went to the Aquarium for was to see the fish and take refreshments, and that this constituted amusement. It was also made clear that, even if the fish were removed or covered up, and the building used merely as a promenade, the charge for admission would still make it what the Act calls a "disorderly house." All churches and chapels are theoretically free to the public without payment; but it is by no means certain that pew-rents, or the charges which are made for seats at most Roman Catholic places of worship, might not be brought within the meaning of the phrase "payment of money." There might, no doubt, in some cases be a difficulty in proving that sermons come under the head of "amusement or entertainment." The race of apostles of the type of the Rev. Charles Honeyman has, however, by no means died out, and there is more than one proprietary chapel in London which might be named where the preacher, under the pretence of a religious service, amuses his audience by a racy lecture on the sensational topics of the day. People who have got tired of the Psalms of David are tickled by an address on the poems of Byron or Shelley, piquantly flavoured by admixture with the solemn forms of the Church; and it might be plausibly argued that this is more distinctly a form of "entertainment" than throwing open a garden or exhibiting fishes in glass tanks.

However that may be, there can be no doubt that, if the Act were to be strictly applied, it would put a stop to many kinds of quiet and innocent amusement which have not hitherto been supposed to be incompatible with the cherished decorum of Sunday. It is true no doubt that there are public parks and gardens where no payment is exacted, and where, therefore, it is lawful to lie on the grass, and even to look at waterfowl; but everybody does not happen to live near a public park, and in any case it is difficult to see why the mere fact of paying for admission to a garden should make it wicked to walk about and look at the flowers or other natural objects. Nothing can be more absurd than that the State should expend vast sums in providing places of this kind, where people can enjoy themselves on Sundays as well as week days, while at the same time any private person is liable to severe penalties for placing similar enjoyments within the reach of the public at a small charge. There is no doubt a certain number of bigoted and fanatical persons who would like to see the bitter rigour of the Jewish or Puritanical system enforced in regard to the observance of Sunday; but, in point of fact, these ideas have always been alien to the temper of the great body of the English people. There is happily still an earnest clinging to the old conception of Sunday as a day different from other days, but it is as a day of cheerfulness rather than gloom. Nothing would give a greater shock to the feelings of all classes than any violation of the traditional quiet and decorum which are associated with Sunday, but at the same time people are certainly not prepared for any retrograde restrictions as to the manner of enjoying it. What is desired is that everybody should have the utmost amount of freedom in this respect as long as they do not disturb the comfort or violently offend the sentiments of other people. It is easy to understand that there are various amusements and entertainments which would be improper on such a day; but it does not follow that every form of amusement, however simple and reasonable in itself, should be absolutely prohibited merely because it is associated with payment. It is acknowledged that the company at the Brighton Aquarium are perfectly well behaved. They walk quietly up and down, look at the fishes, partake of tea or beer, or other refreshments, in little parties, and conduct themselves generally with unquestionable propriety. The only difference between the Aquarium and the other public-houses and refreshment-rooms which are open to the public, and which the Act does not touch, is the more ornamental character of the building and the fishes; and nothing more irrational can be conceived than that this difference should be made a ground for shutting up an interesting museum, while the tap-rooms are left freely open. People may drink their beer and look at the sea in bulk as much as they like; but if they attempt to study in detail, and see the fishes close at hand, it is supposed that something dreadful is likely to happen to religion or morality.

Nobody can suppose that such an Act as this would have the slightest chance of being passed in Parliament if it were now brought forward as an original measure; and it is intolerable that, after having been practically obsolete for many years, it should now be left to the malice, the caprice, or fanaticism of any private person to revive it. The Home Secretary himself has admitted as much in promising to remit any fines which may be imposed on places like the Brighton Aquarium; but it may be asked why, if the fines are not to be paid, they should be allowed to be imposed. It cannot be imagined that respect for the law is likely to be promoted by the farce of allowing prosecutions to be raised on the understanding that they are to lead to nothing, as the Home Secretary is to step in at the last moment and stay execution. Indeed, the more the proposal of the Home Secretary is considered, the more extraordinary it seems. It is clearly not desirable that persons with extreme views as to the observance of Sunday should be tempted to take advantage of the law in order to agitate their peculiar views; and, on the other hand, it is unfair that places of amusement which are admitted to be innocent and harmless should be branded by an opprobrious name, and their proprietors exposed to annoying law-suits which are necessarily costly, whatever may be the final result. In order to remove all doubt as to his power to remit the fines under this Act, the Home Secretary has found that it is necessary to introduce a Bill to that effect; but while he is about it he might just as easily propose a clause requiring the assent of the Law Officers of the Crown as an indispensable preliminary to a prosecution. In this way the general principle of the Act would be maintained, while at the same time its enforcement would be left at the discretion of a responsible authority which is naturally sensitive to public opinion, and not at all likely to be led into foolish attacks on social freedom. If in any case the Government thought it necessary to direct a prosecution, there would be a strong presumption that it was really required in the interest of morality or public order. It is obvious from every point of view that an Act of this kind cannot possibly be maintained, and the sooner it is brought into accordance with common sense and popular usage the better. What all sensible people desire is that matters should be kept as nearly as possible as they are at present; but the revival of an old Act, which was practically dead and forgotten, is tantamount to the enactment of a new one now that it has been reinstated by an actual decision of the Courts. The only result of attempting to push on a policy of this kind will be to provoke an agitation on the other side, and to open up a variety of questions which it would be wise to let alone. Any general revision of the law on the subject is of course out of the question during the present Session, and it may be doubted whether it might not be advantageously postponed till something occurs to show that it is really necessary; but if the Government would only take the working of the Act of George III. into their own hands, as they have taken that of the Act of Charles II. in reference to a kindred subject, that would be enough to allay public anxiety, at any rate for the present.

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MOODY AND SANKEY AT ETON.

IT appears that Messrs. Moody and Sankey are anxious before they quit the country to have another grand *coup*, and that Eton has been selected as the scene of a new experiment in sensational conversion. It is proposed that a tent should be erected in or near the grounds of the College, and that the Revivalists should there operate upon the pupils. Incredible as it may seem—and we hope it may turn out that there is some misapprehension on this point—the Provost and Head-Master are said to have so far given their countenance to this enterprise as to say that any boys who wish to attend the meetings may have leave to do so. Some of the tutors, who see more clearly the possible danger of the disturbing influences to which the lads will be exposed, have protested against the scheme; but of course they can do nothing more than make their opinions known. It may be said that the sort of assent given by the chief authorities does not necessarily imply that they wish the pupils to attend the services, but only that they do not think themselves entitled to pass an interdict upon them. It seems to us that this is entirely a false view of their position. The authorities of such an institution naturally stand to the young people under them in the relation of parents to children; and the actual parents certainly look to them to exercise a judicious supervision over their charges in this spirit. Every one is of course entitled to form his own estimate of the tendency of these Revival services; and there are no doubt some who honestly believe that they are calculated to do good. There is, however, much difference of opinion on the subject, and the question which the authorities of Eton have to ask themselves is whether they, as representing the parents of the boys, can honestly believe that they are carrying out the desires of the parents in allowing this kind of religious excitement to be introduced into the school. It is impossible to imagine that gentlemen send their sons to Eton in order that they may be preached to by ignorant and illiterate ranters. A large proportion of the officials and masters of Eton are clergymen, and it must be supposed that the provision made for the religious training of the pupils has hitherto been deemed adequate to the purpose. It is obvious that to bring in men of the stamp of Messrs. Moody and Sankey as a necessary supplement to the organization of the school is simply to admit that the existing arrangements are radically faulty, and that those who are responsible for the spiritual welfare of the community are not up to their work. It is impossible to imagine any form of teaching more utterly inconsistent with the principles and traditions of such a place as Eton than that which is practised by the American revivalists. It is essentially a protest against the whole theory and spirit of a society in which learning and culture and a certain elevation and refinement of mind are intended to be cherished. It may be believed that there are audiences to which Mr. Moody's coarse and ignorant rhapsodies may be addressed with possible advantage, for the simple reason that the language in which they are couched and the style of the illustrations are brought down to the level of the densest and most illiterate class, who can only be stimulated by violent appeals and sensational anecdotes. It cannot be supposed, however, that the intellectual condition of the sons of gentlemen at Eton is quite as dark and hopeless as this, and that they are unable to appreciate the noble and simple beauty of the Scriptures in the ordinary translation, or the commentaries of an educated preacher who is both a scholar and divine. Any one who has listened to Mr. Moody must have observed that, apart from the general degradation of his literary style, and the grotesque familiarity of treatment which he applies to sacred subjects, he is grossly ignorant of the meaning of many of the texts which he quotes.

On the ground alone of the essential antagonism which must exist between such a school of thought (if it can be so called) as that which Mr. Moody represents and the manners and ideas which may be expected to be cultivated at Eton, the pupils ought to be protected from so offensive an intrusion. It is known that boys at public schools usually display a remarkable aptitude for the acquisition, and even invention, of slang; but it has not hitherto been deemed necessary that this taste should be cultivated as part of an educational system under the patronage of the Provost and Head-Master. It is easy to conceive the horror with which these grave and reverend seignors would listen to the introduction by any of their pupils in class of the style of speech and narrative with which the boys who go to the Revival exercises will be familiarized; and yet there can be little doubt as to the effect of such an exhibition on a particularly imitative class. There is, however, a still stronger reason why these services are peculiarly objectionable in such a case; and that is the dangerous influence of violent spiritual stimulants on immature and sensitive minds. There is nothing so important to the young as to acquire habits of sober thought and calm reflection, and Mr. Moody's teaching is expressly intended to weaken and destroy this state of mind, and to glorify a blind, spasmodic emotionalism. It is probable that, as far as the majority of the boys are concerned, the effect of the services would be mainly to encourage an irreverent vulgarity in reference to solemn subjects, and to add to the stock of local slang. In some cases, however, a spirit of scoffing and contempt would be apt to be engendered, and there can be very little doubt that in other cases the excitement might produce a painful mental disturbance. Of course those who believe in the utility of the services will not admit that these results are to be expected, and this may be the opinion of the heads of Eton. What we want to point out, however, is that the authorities have no right to act upon their private judgment in such a case. Eton has hitherto been conducted on a well-understood and consistent plan, in which anything in the nature of Methodist ranting has certainly found no place; and the reason why people send their boys there is because the tendency of the system is supposed to be to make them, if not always thorough scholars, at least manly, high-minded young men, with a cultivated intelligence, and a healthy contempt for all kinds of cant and morbid sentimentality. Before there is any change in this system the parents ought at least to have fair warning. As it is, the conduct of the authorities appears to resemble very closely that of the physicians of a hospital who turn their patients over to a quack in the street.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

VI.

THE portraits this year are not so obnoxious as heretofore. They are on a smaller scale, and obtrude themselves less prominently. We never object to portraits when fairly good; they serve to give a personal interest to a Gallery. In the faces which look out from the walls with a semblance of life we read the characters of the men and the women of the time. What we find a difficulty in tolerating are the pictorial tributes, usually in the worst of taste, paid to small provincial celebrities, to metropolitan magnates, or it may be to the members of some County Hunt, horses, dogs, and whipper-in included. The Catalogue of the Academy has indeed degenerated into a kind of advertising sheet. It has long served as a medium for the publication of extracts from deservedly unknown poets; but now in the matter of portraits it becomes a sort of annual register or village chronicle in which may be read elaborate tributes to personal vanity. As might be anticipated, the worst wares are puffed off most prominently; thus to the portrait of Mr. Joseph Walker Pease (255), painted by Sir Francis Grant, are appended the words "Presented to him by his friends in Hull and neighbourhood in recognition of the great services rendered by him to the Conservative cause." Again the Preaident is the favoured instrument by which Mrs. Dodson comes into possession of her husband's portrait (370), presented "in recognition of his assiduous and distinguished services in four successive Parliaments." Like examples might be multiplied to weariness, but we prefer, as a favourable contrast, to quote some few portraits which, in point of art as well as from the recognized position of the sitters, need no puff. Take the following entries:—"Charles Darwin, Esq., F.R.A." (155), by Mr. Ouless; "Robert Browning" (90), by Mr. Lehmann; and "The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P." (183), by Mr. Wells, R.A. It is a little difficult to determine the best portraits of the year, the merits being diverse; it may be more easy to name the worst. Among the latter very conspicuously stands in the Lecture Room the half-length of "The late Lord George Manners" (904), by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A. The portrait is so dead-alive as to suggest the possibility of its being posthumous; evidently the figure has fallen to pieces; there is no articulation of form or animation of life beneath the drapery and armour. Also among the very worst we rank "A Portrait" (179), by Mr. Thorburn, A.R.A.; "Lady Hermione Duncombe" (1172), by Mr. Buckner; and "Madame Lind Goldschmidt and Daughter" (46), by Miss S. Ribbing; to which must be added sundry royal heads exhibited "by command." The injury done to English art by ill-judged patronage is calamitous.

Mr. Millais, R.A., again abuses his acknowledged genius; his portraits are daring and dashing; they manifest what in trade is known as "the economy of manufacture." "Miss Eveleen Tennant" (222) is singularly opaque and plastered, while "Eveline, daughter of Evans Lees, Esq." (289) appears unwashed, especially in the bare legs and feet; the eyes of the poor child, who is seated almost like a pauper by the wayside, have urgent need of an oculist. We are bound to say that, in an experience pretty widely extended over Galleries ancient and modern, we have never seen a pair of eyes, not to speak of other features, so utterly careless in the drawing. Mr. Millais, deservedly a chief leader in the English school, is under grave responsibilities to young and rising men, who, emulous of a great success, naturally wish to learn some rapid way of climbing up a ladder.

Portrait-painting, though it has been pursued within the Royal Academy for more than a century with considerable commercial success, inclines at this moment to decadence. Yet we have gladly commended in this and previous articles several noteworthy exceptions to the low average; other efforts also deserve to be singled out. We must especially mention Mr. Richmond's "Sir Moses Montefiore" (290), a portrait admirable in the modelling of a finely expressive head, in the responsive attitude of the hands, and in the quiet pose of the head and figure. We have seldom seen so mature a work; the balanced relations of colour, light, and shade, and the subordination of the parts to the whole, are little short of faultless. Mr. Richmond's portraits in oil have of late tended to ruddiness and crudity, but the masterpiece now produced is in its neutral tones allied to the inimitable studies in black and white of former years. We may just mention that this portrait when first hung was protected by glass, like the most precious and precarious pictures in the National Gallery. We happened to be present when the glass was carried away by carpenters; glass before oil pictures

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is properly disallowed by the Academy, and we are glad that Mr. Richmond has surrendered a point on which he previously insisted. Mr. Watts, whose Titianesque style has often fallen under comment, takes intellectual grasp of the acute features of "Sir Edward Sabine" (188), and Mr. Ouless writes antiquity on the wrinkled brow of Mr. Charles Darwin (155). Mr. Ouless, with whom may be ranked Mr. Cameron (see 149), is strong in naturalism; he relies on texture; in style he is akin to Rembrandt and Caravaggio. Whatever may be his merits—and they are not small—he is at all events devoid of imagination, and but scantily supplied with the sense of colour. Mr. Leighton, R.A., treats the eye to lustrous tones, after the manner of Giorgione, in the portrait of Mrs. H. E. Gordon (307). Mr. Sandys has not improved since his famous picture of Mrs. Rose; waxy and crude, white yet hectic, is the highly elaborated head of "Mrs. Brand" (1212). We cannot thank Mr. Fildes for his milkmaid "Betty" (1221); types of common nature, especially when on the scale of life, need to be redeemed by art.

Among the interesting developments in modern times which bring some compensation for many losses, is the close compact which has grown up between figure-painting and landscape-painting. In past centuries figures were all in all; and then in more recent days came landscapes pure and simple, without the intrusion of a single human being to break the silence and the solitude of nature. But within our immediate experience a compromise has been come to; there now appear landscapes which are no longer content to make by their grandeur or their beauty an exclusive appeal to the spectator standing without the picture; they seek for human companionship, and are willing to give signs that the earth is populated. The time has been when art, echoing the sentiment of the poet, gave ocular expression to the thought "God made the country and man made the town"; but as a matter of fact no town is without its trees, and no country without its chimneys. And just as with the increase of the world's inhabitants fresh relations have sprung up between nature and man, so do we find in our art new reciprocities between landscape and figure. Mr. Hook, R.A., starting as a figure-painter, and then sliding into landscape, led the way to a mutual accommodation. The technical principle—followed further by others—is simply to impart to the figures a picturesqueness of form with a broken colour, while the landscape is made to assume a symmetry in proportion suited to figures, and approaching sometimes in the rocks to sculpturesque forms. And so complete is the oneness obtained that sometimes we could almost imagine that fishermen, rocks, and boats were originally made out of one and the same raw material. Mr. Hook this year almost surpasses his former self, and yet it may be objected that he builds up his compositions on a basis physically false. For example, in "The Land of Cuyp" (308) the figures gain undue, though not disagreeable, prominence by being on a scale in excess of the surroundings; while it may fairly be objected to another effective composition, "Hearts of Oak" (47), that the family of fishers are giants, while the boat is of the toy dimensions of a child's nursery. Mr. Boughton, according to his custom, attains absolute concord between figures and landscape accessories in "The Bearers of the Burden" (101). There might seem to be a danger of finality in such finely attempered art; but we are satisfied, after the inspection of numerous and careful studies recently exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, that this artist holds in reserve materials practically inexhaustible. In the same category stands Mr. F. Morgan, by virtue of "The Emigrant's Departure" (1168). We must also mention for commendation "The Gleaner's Harvest" (19), by Mr. J. D. Watson; "The Mowers" (1192), by Mr. P. R. Morris; "The Votive Offering" (431), by Mr. Hennessy; and "Waiting for the Herring Boats" (850), by Mr. Israels. But the most artistic picture of the kind is "The Right of Way" (25), by Mr. Frederick Walker. A silent, silvery stream, with a narrow footpath at its side, wends its way through meadows of golden green jewelled with flowers. A flock of sheep presenting a firm front challenge wayfarers to "the right of way." The colour is lovely, the composition of lines is studious, and yet the whole scene wears the simple truth of a page taken from the book of nature. Since the above tribute was penned, we have heard with much regret of the death—somewhat unexpected—of the painter. Frederick Walker, A.R.A., had a short and exceptional, though singularly brilliant, career. In comparative youth his genius carried all before it; his fellow-artists, the severest of critics, gave him in rapid succession his credentials within the Old Water Colour Society and the Royal Academy. But the breakdown of a physical frame which was always frail has suddenly arrested a progress which gave promise of unfamiliar phases in our contemporary art. Frederick Walker lived long enough to gain followers, and almost to form a school.

The landscapes are by common consent of unusual worth, and for once, for a wonder, they have not been treated with ignominy. Some of the most conspicuous, though far from the best, illustrate a thought to which Sir Bulwer Lytton gave expression in one of his latest essays, when he laid it down as almost axiomatic that the love for nature, increasing with the mind's general culture from year to year, becomes at length the solace of age. The suggestion gains confirmation in the contributions of Mr. Cope, R.A., Mr. Redgrave, R.A., Mr. Thorburn, A.R.A., and Mr. O'Neil, A.R.A. And yet we cannot but think it a pity that such pledges of a passion for nature should not be reserved within the retirement of a portfolio for the privileged and appreciating few. Mr. Linnell, the octogenarian, shows no loss of power (314); Mr. Vicat Cole, A.R.A., on the contrary, with uncertainty of hand, makes a sad muddle of the glorious view from "Richmond Hill" (237); Mr. Millais, R.A., in "The Fringe of the Moor" (74), shows his accustomed *savoir faire;* he determines what to do, and does it deliberately and desperately; trees are content to grow as he sees fit, and the sun at his bidding shines over the wide expanse of undulating moorland. Other painters have more delicacy and subtlety, but none realize greater breadth and brilliancy with so slight a cost of labour or of thought.

Scotch landscapes, made up of mountains and mists, spates, pine-trees, and cattle, are not at their best this year. Mr. Peter Graham does not improve; "Crossing the Moor" (81) is as woolly as worsted-work; the artist is better in his ideas than in his details; he stands in need of close studies made on the spot. Also wanting in study is a vague, chaotic scene by Mr. MacWhirter answering to the words "Land of the Mountain and the Flood" (503). Black, cold, and hard as cast iron is Mr. Docharty's "Gaffing a Salmon" (860). By far the finest Scotch landscape comes from Mr. Smart, of Edinburgh. "The Crafter's Moss" (489) is grand in shadow, articulate in mountain form, and atmospheric in moving cloudland. Grandeur as distinguished from beauty, gloom and sorrow as contrasted with brightness and joy, are the characteristics of this scenery of the North.

Landscape art has in recent years—consequent in great measure on the brilliant example of Turner—received a wondrous accession of light, and it may not be altogether fanciful to draw an analogy between this modern manifestation and a well-known development in architecture. In the first beginnings buildings were cavernous and shadowy, but with the advance in structural skill interiors exchanged the gloom of twilight for the sunshine of the day. Landscape-painting has passed through a like transformation. In Mr. Brett's "Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands" (497) the effort has been made to paint actual sunlight sparkling on a summer sky and sea. The effect is very lovely; and in such hazardous attempts we recognize in some measure the reversal of the long-recognized principle that the highest light casts the deepest shade. The supposed law applies to interiors, especially when illuminated artificially; but in the open air sunshine may be so superabundant as to bring reflected lights and colours into grey nooks and corners. This is especially the case in Italy and other Southern climates. These exquisite phenomena are transcribed sensitively and sympathetically by artists who each year gain in ardour and in knowledge. Foremost among them may be placed Mr. Alfred Hunt, in a scene brimfull of sunshine and of colour, "Summer Days for Me" (1199). And that highly wrought colour is not destructive of delicacy and detail in drawing we have a pleasing proof in Mr. Raven's "Quarries of Holme Ground" (231). This work is a consummate art product. In the same choice category may be included "Summer Time, South Devon" (546), by Mr. T. Lloyd; "Rushy Point, Tresca, Scilly" (402), by Mr. A. C. Sealy; and "Coral Boat at Dawn, Bay of Naples" (832), by Mr. E. Binyon.

Marine painting has greatly fallen off since the intrusion of steam-power and screw-propellers. Nothing less than a monstrosity and horror is the turret-ship "Devastation" (232), as painted by Mr. Cooke, R.A., "On the Occasion of the Naval Review in honour of the Shah of Persia." The colour is needlessly obnoxious; blue, black, and white are in direst crudity. For fury of fierce winds and wild waters nothing surpasses the wreck ashore, "Outside the Harbour" (1176), by Mr. Henry Moore. The artist, who often stops short at the early stage of a sketch, here reaches more than usual completion; but the colour is a chilly negation. Mr. Hunter, on the contrary, rejoices in emerald greens lit by golden sun in a boat speeding her way through a sparkling sea (837).

Animal-painting scarcely survives the death of Sir Edwin Landseer. "The Fallen Lamb" (413), by Mr. Charles Landseer, R.A., is absolutely childish; and very infirm and formless are sundry sheep and goats severally painted on canvas, or rather cut out in cardboard, by Mr. Cooper, R.A. and Mr. Ansdell, R.A. Mr. B. Rivière again dotes on horrors. The sensational death of a dog—"The Last of the Garrison" (626)—might almost fall under the censure of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals. Two small hunting scenes (379 and 457), by Mr. W. H. Hopkins, are good in action and firm in drawing. But the best picture of animals combined with landscape and figures (118) we owe to the German Herr Otto Weber. "Flowers, Fruits, and Vases" (1222), by M. Robie, are also of exceptional merit in point of quality and execution. Foreigners this year appear few and far between, the reason in part being the growing impression that English artists, when the space is limited, have a right to the first chance.

THE OPERAS.

SOME late events at the opera have been of unusual interest, inasmuch as in *Semiramide* has been given perhaps the most perfect example of the pure Italian school; while the *Freischütz*, even according to Herr Wagner's warmest partisans, represents the beginning of that tone of musical thought which has found, according to some a fuller, according to others a more extravagant, development in *Lohengrin*. The performance of *Semiramide* at Drury Lane was exceptionally good. The playing of the overture was admirable throughout, and the delicacy of the violin passages was especially remarkable; and the chorus seemed in great measure

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to have recovered from the raggedness which for some time disfigured the performances at this house. The character of the Queen gives Mlle. Titiens a fine opportunity for the exercise of her grand command of gesture and power of tragic expression. These qualities are especially displayed in the imposing effect of her first appearance, the intense excitement which sustains her while the ghost is present, the reaction of faintness following his disappearance, and expressed both in the singing and acting of "Io manco, io moro," and the scorn of Assur conveyed in the first duet of the third act. Arsace is one of the few parts written for a contralto voice which have an important share in the dramatic action of an opera. It is true that Mme. Trebelli makes every part which she fills important; but in *Semiramide* she is more constantly on the stage than in other operas; and here the beauty of her voice and method, and the force of her acting, are seen to unusual advantage. From much that is excellent one may single out the dramatic singing of the first recitative and the hopeless sorrow conveyed in the air "In se barbara." It is curious to observe the fine effect produced in two duets expressing a like emotion by the different methods of Mme. Trebelli and Mlle. Titiens. The scorn and hatred which Mlle. Titiens interprets with a slow, stately gesture and one powerful facial expression is represented by Mme. Trebelli in a succession of rapid and impulsive movements, accompanied by a varying play of countenance. The Assur of Signor Rota has received rather more praise than we think it deserves; for, although he sings the music with correctness and some fluency, neither his acting nor his singing conveys any distinct idea of the character. There is a want of freedom in his gesture, which seems never to reach the point at which it aims. His costume suggests a striking resemblance to the knave of spades. The fine voice and good delivery of Herr Behrens tell well throughout the part of Oroe, and especially in the concerted music, though one could wish that his intonation were more certain; and the excellence of Signor Costa's style does more than is generally done for the two impressive recitatives of the ghost. Negligence or incompetence too often disfigures the performance of Idreno, a small but not unimportant part; of neither of these faults can Signor Rinaldini be accused. The stage management of the opera might be greatly improved in one point. The spectacle of people wandering hopelessly about after each other in what is in the last scene supposed to be darkness becomes ludicrous from the amount of light upon the stage; and the situation is rendered more absurd by the curtailment of the explanation which, in the original libretto, is given at the conclusion of the scene.

At Covent Garden Mme. Patti has resumed her part in *Don Giovanni* with her accustomed dexterity of voice and movement; and Mlle. Thalberg, who was the Zerlina in Mme. Patti's absence, has made her first appearance as Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. She sings the music correctly and steadily, and it is not easy music to sing; but her performance shows a want of meaning which it is to be hoped increased experience may bring. In the rendering of *Der Freischütz* at this house Mlle. D'Angeri's Agatha, though it would be better for some touch of real passion, is a good piece of singing and acting. M. Faure's Caspar is admirable for the grim recklessness of the drinking song in the first act and the desperate joy of the triumphant scene upon which the curtain falls. His acting during the incantation invests the mimic horrors of the stage with a reality which is the more surprising when one considers how ill the scene is managed. There is a mixture of terror and of courage which rises to suppress it, increasing with the casting of every bullet up to the fatal seventh, expressed in every look and gesture of the singer, who in the last act of the opera gives a death scene which is powerful and impressive without any trace of repulsion. M. Faure's singing is no less admirable than his acting, but it is unfortunate that even he cannot make himself always heard through the din of the orchestra, the exaggerated noise of which has increased to such an extent that it is constantly difficult to hear the vocal music over that which, designed as an accompaniment, is gradually pushing the thing to be accompanied out of hearing.

This is one of the few things to which exception can be taken in the performance of *Lohengrin* at Drury Lane, which has given to the English public an opportunity of hearing an opera of Wagner's as it should be heard. The story of *Lohengrin* was told at length upon the occasion of its first production at Covent Garden, when a doubt was expressed whether the many beauties of the work would be found to outweigh the dreariness and monotony which oppress some parts of it. The excisions at Drury Lane have been judiciously and skilfully managed, especially in the case of the wearisome scene between Friedrich and Ortrud in the second act. But with such an Ortrud as Mlle. Titiens it would be possible, not only to endure, but to admire, more of the scene than is given. Only a great performer could succeed in making one wish to see and hear more of so disagreeable a character as Ortrud; and this is effected by the singing and acting of Mlle. Titiens. One especially fine touch is discovered in her acting in the first scene, when Lohengrin binds Elsa never to ask whence he came or what he is; here, by one look and gesture, Mlle. Titiens conveys the first suggestion to Ortrud's mind of the villany which she afterwards carries out. More obvious than this, but no less full of force and of concentrated passion, is the gesture of hatred and defiance with which she follows Elsa into the house during the second act. That Signor Galassi, who plays Friedrich, should sing the music well and steadily might have been expected from his previous achievements, but one was hardly prepared for the dramatic strength which he brings to the part, which requires, it is true, little beyond a rude vigour in the interpretation. That however does not detract from the merit of Signor Galassi's performance. It is rather hard upon the singer that the combat between Friedrich and Lohengrin should not be arranged with any aspect of reality. As it is at present managed, Lohengrin strikes a few blows at Friedrich's sword and shield, and then brings him to the earth merely by the weight given to his own shield. To some this may convey a poetical notion of a mystic power attached to the shield which bears the swan for its device, but to the general it must look like an ill-managed stage fight. Besides, if Lohengrin could rely upon supernatural assistance to bear down his foes, there would be no particular glory owing to him for vanquishing them. In other points the stage effect of the combat is excellent; not a little of its merit is due to the dignified presence and movement of Herr Behrens, whose Henry the Fowler is probably the best thing which he has done. His fine voice is well suited to the music of the character, and his intonation is far more correct in this part than in some others. The Lohengrin of Signor Campanini is a performance of unusual merit. The singer seems to have recovered the tenor quality of his voice, which at one time disappeared; and even were there less attraction in the voice, it would be a pleasure to listen to a tenor who can sing steadily and feelingly through such a part as Lohengrin with hardly a tremulous note. There is no more mistaken belief than that a quavering delivery gives an appearance of strength to a voice whose natural force is overtaxed; and the many singers who apparently hold this belief might learn a useful lesson from Signor Campanini. There is one point in Signor Campanini's singing of the part to which one is disposed to object; and that occurs in the last act, when he answers Elsa's prayer that he will confide to her his secret by the assurance that there is no cloud upon his life. A fine effect which might be made by working up to a climax upon the words, "Non vengo io già da lungo abbietto, fra gioia vissi e fra splendor" is here missed by the singer. But he seems to have caught accurately the composer's spirit in his conception of the part, as well in his singing as in his chivalrous bearing and spirited acting. The Elsa of Mme. Nilsson is full of passion and poetry. From her first sorrowful appearance through every varying emotion of the part to the despairing fall upon which the curtain descends, she convinces the listener of the reality of what is passing before him. There is a wonderful abstraction expressed in her voice and look in the passage wherein she relates her dream of the knight who is to come as her champion; and there is a most moving truth in the anxiety with which she waits after the herald has called upon her knight to declare himself. As the prodigy which sails down the river is gradually seen by the crowd around, and they give expression to their excitement, she is filled with a mixture of hope and doubt which gives the more force to the burst of joy with which, when she dares to look up, she welcomes the realization of her vision. There is a singular delicacy in the singing of "Aurette a cui si spesso," every note of which seems full of Elsa's half-timid happiness; and the changing moods of delight and grief in the last act, as Gottfried reappears and Lohengrin vanishes, are rendered with a rare force and truth.

Signor Costa, in the part of the Herald, is remarkable, not only for the steadiness of his singing, but also for the meaning with which he gives the music, and acts a character whose province of standing still and declaiming is one by no means easily filled. The intonation of the chorus is not always certain; it would be indeed marvellous if it were; and one should rather admire the general steadiness of their singing than find fault with their occasional errors. Altogether, the performance of *Lohengrin* at Drury Lane is as fine a thing as one could hope to see.

RACING AT ASCOT.

WE referred briefly last week to the Royal Hunt Cup and to the victory of Thuringian Prince, which could not have been more easily accomplished. There were twenty runners for this attractive race, and Lowlander was of course honoured with the top weight. Thorn and Spectator had also quite sufficient to carry, nor was Lady Patricia particularly favoured. Thuringian Prince and Whitebait were leniently treated for four-year-olds, the latter especially so. The remainder of the field included Lady Rosebery, Daniel, Grey Palmer, Moorlands, and the Irish steeplechaser Clonave, a fine-looking horse, but altogether out of his element in a race of this description. Some false starts are looked for as a matter of course in Hunt Cup and Stewards' Cup races, but they only numbered five or six on this occasion, in every one of which Grey Palmer was more or less conspicuous. When the flag fell, twenty minutes after the appointed time, Clonave, who had evidently been well schooled in the starting business, jumped off, but was very soon compelled to beat a retreat. The race, as has often been the case, and as was the case last year when Lowlander won, was virtually a gift to one after a quarter of the distance had been traversed. When once Thuringian Prince was let out, half the field gave up the unequal struggle. Both Lowlander and Thorn took a feeler at the leader, but were immediately eased when it was found they had no chance of catching him. In fact, the half-brother to Prince Charlie was never seriously challenged, and passed the winning post at his leisure. Whitebait and Lady Patricia, who fought out a close battle for second honours, only

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obtained the notice of the judge on sufferance. Lowlander was undoubtedly second best in the race, and, with Thuringian Prince out of the way, would have repeated his victory of last year; while it is probable that Thorn could have made a good struggle for the third place. Those who took note of Lowlander's running in the Hunt Cup profited by it later in the week, and the Ascot course seems to agree wonderfully with the son of Dalesman, whose public form declined rapidly last year after his three victories at the Royal Meeting. It must have been rather tantalizing to the supporters of Lowlander to know that the starting of Thuringian Prince for the Hunt Cup was in doubt almost up to the last moment; and perhaps they would have been better pleased had the final decision been adverse to his running.

There was very fair general sport on the Hunt Cup day. Lilian, the untired, was again brought out for a two-mile race, and, with 9 st. 8 lbs. on her back, was winning the Visitors' Plate easily from a moderate field—so easily, in fact, that she was unfortunately indulged just at the finish, and was only recovered in time to allow her to make a dead heat with Beau Brummell. It was not thought worth while to give the gallant old mare the trouble of performing so long a journey over again; so Beau Brummell walked over, and the stakes, such as they were, were divided. But it was hard luck for Lilian to lose the Ascot Stakes through (as it appeared to us) not being brought to the front soon enough, and the Visitors' Plate through being pulled up too soon; and, later in the week, she had to do some still harder work without even a chance of winning. The rich Coronation Stakes were contested by a very poor field, of which Regalade would have been by far the best had she been in her last year's form; but, as she has been altogether amiss for some time past, she could make no fight against Maud Victoria, who also had an allowance of 7 lbs. Lord Falmouth's ill-luck stuck to him in the succeeding race, his much-fancied Fame being beaten by Correggio, a son of Macaroni and Necklace, who only won, however, after a very close struggle with one of Mr. Savile's home-bred two-year-olds. A still greater disappointment was in store for Lord Falmouth in the Ascot Derby, for which Spinaway was cleverly beaten by Gilbert, Earl of Dartrey (with 10 lbs. extra) finishing behind the pair. So complete an upset of public form goes a good way to prove the moderate quality of the three-year-olds, who really do not run two weeks alike. But Gilbert, who was one of the high-priced yearlings of 1873, has never yet been thoroughly trained, and may be only just beginning to show his real quality. He is a great, powerful horse, but he was beaten so far in the Derby that no one expected to see him overthrow the Oaks winner a fortnight later, especially as Spinaway was regarded as quite up to the average of Oaks heroines, and would have been backed heavily against the Derby winner had Galopin been among her opponents at Ascot. He was entered for the Ascot Derby, but was reserved for the Fernhill, which followed immediately after that race. The Fernhill was one of the events of the week, for Galopin had to give 29 lbs. to such flyers as Coronella and Bella over a course which is peculiarly acceptable to two-year-olds. He was quite equal to the emergency, and had the hitherto unbeaten Coronella at his mercy at the end of the first hundred yards. He romped up the hill in the same style as last year, while Coronella had to yield second honours to Bella.

The second day's sport was wound up by a fair race between Balfe and Camballo over the old mile, in which Prince Soltykoff's horse proved the winner. It was evident, however, that Camballo was far from being himself, and after his journey to and from Paris he might surely have been allowed some respite from work. The horse has been amiss for nearly a month, and if he is ever to show in public again in the condition he exhibited on the Two Thousand day, he must be indulged with a rest. Then he may be a formidable opponent to the best of them when September comes and all Yorkshire assembles on Doncaster moor. We may add that, though Balfe won this race, he had not very much to spare, albeit he was contending against a fagged and jaded opponent. Nor did he exhibit greater willingness on the following morning when he had to meet Ladylove on the same course; and though he beat her at the end by three parts of a length, he would have been better pleased to finish second. Seymour was a bad third to Ladylove and Balfe, the Derby running being thus once more reversed; but we suppose we must give him the benefit of the excuse that the long journey after the Grand Prix had unsettled him. For the Windsor Limited Handicap three of the Hunt Cup horses—Lowlander, Lady Patricia, and Whitebait—were opposed by Modena, Miss Toto, and Trappist. The judgment of those who believed Lowlander second best in the Hunt Cup was abundantly confirmed by his hollow victory over the horses placed second and third in that race; even though in the Windsor Handicap he was meeting Whitebait and Lady Patricia on somewhat better terms, the difference was not enough to have any material effect on the issue of the race. He won in the same style as last year, and that is the same as saying that he won as perhaps no other horse in England, under equal weight, except Prince Charlie, could have won. Thirteen started for the New Stakes, but there was no Galopin among them, and Coltness, who, with Pulcherrima, surpassed most of them in point of condition, was returned a clever winner.

Then came the Gold Cup, and two Englishmen and two Frenchmen sent representatives to contest for this coveted trophy. Mr. Merry ran Doncaster and Lord Ailesbury Aventurière; while Nougat and Peut-Être ran for Count de Lagrange, and Montargis for Count de Juigne. Doncaster was quite the king of the company, and, not having been overworked during his racing career, he is perfectly sound. Being a fresh horse also, it was expected that he would have a considerable advantage over horses that had already done a large amount of work this season. Aventurière, indeed, looked wonderfully well and wiry, but she is not of the same class as Doncaster. Nougat was suffering from the same cause as Perplexe and Camballo—namely, fatigue from long journeys—Montargis has seen his best day, and Peut-Être, who was started to make the running for her stable-companion, is a horse inclined to blossom in autumn, just as Lowlander blossoms in summer. The race was the commonest canter for Mr. Merry's horse that could be conceived, not one of his four opponents having a chance against him when he was once let out, while Aventurière beat the foreign division fairly enough. The discomfiture of Nougat had of course the effect of modifying the extravagant estimate that had been formed of the merits of Salvator. What poor mediocrities the three-years-olds must be, both French and English, when the second in the French Derby and Grand Prix cannot get within hail of a good five-year-old! It may be that the three-year-olds, with the exception of Galopin, are not very brilliant; but then it must be remembered that Salvator will have no five-year-olds to meet in the St. Leger, and therefore, even if he is only the best of a moderate lot, that will be about sufficient. The Thursday in Ascot week was unusually rich in good things, for, after the Cup had been worthily won by one of the last of the Stockwells, Lowlander came out again in the All-Aged Stakes, and disposed of Tangible, Basnas, and Horse Chestnut—not a bad trio on the T.Y.C.—with most ridiculous ease. The performance was the more remarkable inasmuch as two days before Tangible had given proof of being in excellent form by his easy defeat of Charon, Ecossais, and a large field in the Queen's Stand Plate. The Thirteenth Biennial fell to Chaplet, and then Bay of Naples, after running a dead heat with Craig Millar, beat Mr. Crawfurd's horse for the St. James's Palace Stakes in the deciding heat. Garterly Bell, who was third and last, gave additional proof that Lord Falmouth's horses were utterly out of form, and Craig Millar surprised every one by making so close a fight with Bay of Naples. In the deciding heat, when Mr. Cartwright's horse made the running as hard as he could go, Craig Millar was very soon out of the race.

The last day's racing hardly sustained the reputation of the meeting, but after the excellent sport on the three preceding days, it would be unfair to complain of any slight falling off towards the end. Ladylove at last broke the spell which had hung over Lord Falmouth's horses, and won a small race from a solitary opponent, Markover; F. Archer, the backers of whose mounts must have had a weary week of it, at the same time scoring his first and only victory during the meeting. Seven started for the Alexandra Plate, Doncaster again representing Mr. Merry instead of Marie Stuart, and Scamp, Lily Agnes, Organist, Lilian, Feu d'Amour, and Figaro II. making up the field. Though Doncaster had to carry a penalty, and Marie Stuart, who is supposed to be his superior, was quite well and fit to run, and would have had a lighter weight, perhaps Mr. Merry was right in trusting to the horse, who was wonderfully fresh, and whose Cup race had been a mere exercise canter. Certainly Doncaster won the Alexandra Plate just as easily as the Gold Cup; for though the verdict was only a length, the distance might have been indefinitely increased at his jockey's pleasure. Scamp beat all the rest fairly enough, and in second-class company is no doubt a fair staying horse. Lily Agnes was always an overrated mare, Organist only beat Scamp on the first day of the meeting by luck, and Lilian, though ever ready to gallop any number of miles, could have no chance of winning against opponents of such calibre. She lost her chances earlier in the week. Either after or before the race it was understood that Doncaster was sold for ten thousand pounds, and, as prices go, he is well worth the money. He is perfectly sound, grand-looking, only five years old, and the probable successor of Blair Athol at the stud when that illustrious horse pays the debt of nature. A few days later, and Macaroni, though fifteen years old, fetched over seven thousand pounds, so that we need not be surprised at a large price having been paid for Doncaster. In the absence of Lowlander, Thorn was credited with the Ascot plate, though not till after an unexpectedly close struggle with Tartine; and Kaiser won the Queen's Plate from Duke of Rutland in the most approved fashion, the pair cantering for two-thirds of the distance, and the winner then coming away at his leisure. Kaiser may very likely divide the Queen's Plates this season with Lilian, instead of making her do all the work, and certainly Mr. Savile has the knack of breeding horses that stand hard work for a wonderful time. So ended a brilliant meeting, the honours of which must be awarded to Doncaster and Lowlander.

REVIEWS.

MANCHESTER AND CROMWELL.*

THE preface to the documents here brought together has some points of likeness to the great Revolution with one stage of

* *The Quarrel between the Earl of Manchester and Oliver Cromwell; an Episode of the English Civil War.* Unpublished Documents relating thereto, collected by the late John Bruce, F.S.A., with Fragments of a Historical Preface by Mr. Bruce, annotated and completed by David Masson. Printed for the Camden Society. 1875.

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which they are concerned. The Civil War was eminently a work which was begun by one set of people and ended by another. Manchester represents its earlier and Cromwell its later stage. The papers in this collection give the history of the beginning of the process which transferred the direction of events from men of the stamp of Manchester to men of the stamp of Cromwell, from the men of reform to the men of revolution. The work of editing and prefacing the documents has, somewhat in the like sort, passed from one hand to another, from the hands of Mr. Bruce to the hands of Mr. Masson. We do not say that there is the same kind of difference between Mr. Bruce and Mr. Masson which there was between Manchester and Cromwell; still here is a narrative begun by one man and ended by another. Mr. Masson has both filled up gaps in the work of Mr. Bruce and carried it on from the point where Mr. Bruce left off. And the effect is sometimes odd, when we see Mr. Bruce and his views discussed in passages inserted in the middle of his own text. Not that we have any fault to find with Mr. Masson. He simply finds himself under the difficulty under which every man must find himself who undertakes to continue, and still more to fill up gaps in, another man's story. At one point Mr. Masson wisely declines to fill up the gap at all. This is when Mr. Bruce is drawing a picture of Cromwell in 1644. Mr. Bruce's account is here evidently imperfect, and Mr. Masson prudently remarks:—

He would be a rash person that should try to complete an unfinished character of Cromwell by any one else, whether for 1644 or for any other epoch of Cromwell's life; and so Mr. Bruce's remarks on Cromwell have been left with his asterisks after them to denote their incompleteness.

One would have liked to see the ending of Mr. Bruce's picture; because we then should have known how far some parts of it are merely dramatic, and how far Mr. Bruce really meant to commit himself to a share in Cromwell's enthusiasm. Mr. Bruce has spoken of Cromwell at this time as a resolute soldier, and goes on:—

He was much more. In him there was not merely a pre-determined judgment upon the points in dispute, but one which he believed to be infallible, because communicated to his mind by the Spirit of God. Call it enthusiasm, cant, fanaticism, hypocrisy, or what you will. He saw God's Church defiled by hirelings. He witnessed how they strove to bring back within the sacred precincts the soul-destroying trumpery of rejected superstitions. They who profaned God's Church could not be otherwise than enemies of the Lord of Hosts. To oppose them was the cause of God. It was in this cause, uniting the hero with the prophet, that he drew his sword; and, whenever his efforts were triumphant, he devoutly believed the success to be a token of God's approval—the flashing of his sword to be the lightning of God's vengeance.

This is doubtless a fair picture enough of one side of Cromwell; the strange thing is that this fierce spirit could have been anyhow combined with the principles of toleration for which, at this time, Cromwell was pleading. In any case, it is certain that, from this point of view, the yoke of the fanatical party represented by Cromwell proved lighter than that of the more decorous and regular Presbyterians represented by the Earl of Manchester. The history of the dispute between the two, which we have here told by the actors themselves and by partisans at the time, is a curious illustration of the way in which the two elements, the distinction between which lurked in the Parliamentary party from the beginning, gradually changed places. Anything that brings out how gradual was the rise of Cromwell, how little any one could have foreseen at the beginning of the Long Parliament, or even at the beginning of the Civil War, that he was soon to overtop every other man in England, is a real help to the understanding of the time. At the beginning of the war Captain Cromwell must have seemed a very small person beside Lord Kimbolton, soon to be Earl of Manchester. A generation or two earlier the houses of Cromwell and Montagu were more on a level, if that of Cromwell had not rather the advantage; but the house of Montagu had risen, and the house of Cromwell had gone down, and in the seventeenth century a far broader line was drawn than now between the peer and the commoner. Manchester may pass as the very embodiment of the moderate section of the Parliamentary party. He represents the men who wished to establish firm safeguards for the ancient liberties of the country, and to make those ecclesiastical changes which in that age had, through the false policy of the ecclesiastical party, become identified with civil liberty, but who certainly never looked forward to beheading the King, abolishing the House of Lords, and turning out the House of Commons. Not that any one can fancy that Cromwell had any visions of these things when he began, any more than Manchester had; only the growth of circumstances gradually developed them in the mind of Cromwell, while no circumstances could have developed them in the mind of Manchester. The whole story illustrates the law that in a revolution the most ardent, as being also in some sense the most far-sighted, party, is sure to come to the front, and to carry things further than any one had dreamed of at the beginning. It further illustrates the law of reaction by which those who do not go forward are driven to go backward; but it also brings out a point, which is a specially honourable feature in our great revolution, that men could stand still, and even go backward, without drawing on themselves the vengeance of those who went on further. It requires some little effort to believe that the Lord Kimbolton whom Charles the First went to seize, the Earl of Manchester who fought against the King and acted as Speaker of the Lords while Lords still lasted, is the same man who lived to be Lord Chamberlain to Charles the Second, and died at Whitehall in 1671. By that time perhaps he had forgotten some early passages of his life, as Clarendon certainly forgot, or at least wished other people to forget, many early passages of his life. Except that reaction in one case tended to worldly advancement and in the other case tended to its opposite, the case of the men who were rebels under Charles the First and courtiers under Charles the Second is very much the same as that of those Bishops who went along with all changes under Henry the Eighth, with some of the changes under Edward the Sixth, but were in the end turned out under Elizabeth for cleaving to the Pope. In both cases men lived to see that the middle course, though theoretically it might be the best, could not work in practice, and that there was no choice but either to go on or to fall back. Manchester and Roberts fell back to their own advancement; Heath and Thirlby fell back to their own loss; but the process of mind is much the same in both cases, though it distinguishes an English revolution from a French one that Manchester and Roberts could safely fall back. In a French revolution they would certainly have been guillotined or sent to Cayenne. Under Cromwell, his old opponent, Manchester was summoned to the new-fashioned House of Lords, and could safely disobey the summons.

The letters and other papers collected in this volume come within the second half of the year 1644. By that time the differences between the two parties and the two men had begun clearly to show themselves, and they were further stirred up by the presence of the Scot Crawford, who, as a strict Presbyterian, threw all his influence on the side of Manchester and against the objects of Cromwell. The charges brought by Cromwell against Manchester come generally to this, that Manchester was backward in the cause, and that he was afraid of bringing the King "too low." Such a feeling on Manchester's part is likely enough, without suspecting him of any treason to the cause in which he had embarked. To bring the King too low would have been distinctly contrary to the objects of the party to which Manchester belonged. But warfare cannot be carried on according to strictly Parliamentary tactics, and the same kind of conduct which would be praiseworthy moderation in a strife within the walls of a senate-house looks, in actual strife in the field, like a failure of military duty. Add to this the difference in character between Manchester and his lieutenant. At this distance of time there seems something grotesque in the notion of Cromwell being second in command to Manchester. But we must remember that, when the war broke out, Cromwell had had no more military experience than Manchester, while Crawford, who had seen real service both in Scotland and in Germany, would seem fitted to be the military instructor of both alike. But Cromwell had by this time shown some portion of what was in him, while Manchester had also shown what was in him; the qualities, namely, of an amiable and patriotic nobleman, better suited for Parliamentary than for military action, and whose objects were wholly different from those of his daring lieutenant. Differences between two men so placed with regard to one another could not fail to arise, and the original papers which form the record of those differences form the subject of Mr. Bruce's collection. First come a number of letters passing between Manchester and the Committee of both Kingdoms sitting at Derby House; then two narratives from Manchester's side; and, lastly, Cromwell's own narrative, followed by notes of evidence against the Earl. The whole matter, important as it seemed at the time, proved only, as Mr. Bruce called it, an episode. The personal question between Cromwell and his chief was merged in the greater question of the Self-denying Ordinance and the New Model. By that Manchester was quietly shelved, and he appears from this time only in the Parliamentary sphere for which he was better fitted, living on, as we have seen, to receive honours alike from the Protector and from the restored King.

All these papers are among the most genuine materials for the history of the time. But the gem of the collection is the paper which is headed "Statement of an Opponent of Cromwell." Here we see how Cromwell's doings looked in the eyes of a neighbour and brother-officer, who was evidently of the straitest Presbyterian sect, but who at least knew how to express himself in truly racy language, though without any very great regard for grammar. We first get a picture of "the now Lieutenant-General Cromwell being then a captain of a troop of horse"—"then" was no more distant time than "almost two years since"—"under the command of the Earl of Essex, and I well knowing that he had some part of his estate lying in the Isle of Ely, and a good part of my own estate lying in the same Isle." This fellow-islander of Cromwell's brings out one or two points which remind us of earlier days. Cromwell's eye had marked the natural strength of the Isle of Ely and of the fen-land generally, as it had been marked long before him by Hereward and the younger Simon:—

Collonel Cromwell, perceiving what might be done in the Ile by a smalle party, at my coming to him at Cambridge he told me he would make the Ile of Ely the strongest place in the world, and that he would out with all the wreches and ungodly men, and he would place in it godly and precious peopell, and he would make it a place for God to dwell in. I speaken to him to helpe me to some of moneys that I had layd out of my purse longe before and some moneys to pay my souldiers; he tolld me I might sett a tax upon the inhabitene of the Ile to pay myselfe, which I denyed, and thought it was not fitt for me to rayse moneys to pay myselfe.

Presently follows:—

I did heare Collonell Cromwell about a yeare senc say to a gentleman as we ware going to the Earle of Manchester's quarters in *St. Jones*, that if he had but Marsland and Holland joyned to the Ile of Ely he would make it the strongest thinge in the world, for ther he had three of the finest ports of the world, and that he could keepe them against all the strengh that could be mayd against them.

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"St. Jones" seems to have puzzled both editors; we venture to risk the conjectural emendation of "St. Ives." The spirit alike of the Presbyterian officer and of the Isle of Ely landowner comes out in the description which he gives of what really was done in the Isle. Cromwell, he says, promised great things, and received large sums of money:—

Yett at this day the Ile is in noe posture then it was in at the time when he came into it, onely it is become a meere Amsterdam, for in the chefest churches on the Sabbath day the souldiers have gonn up into the pulpitts both in the forenoone and the afternone and preached to the whole parish, and our ministers have satt in ther seatt in the church, and durst not attempt to preach, it being a common thinge to preach in private houses night and day, they having gott whole famalyes as Independents into that Ile from London and other places under ther command, lykwise haveing mayd poore men of that Ile captaines onely as I conceive because they proffess themselves Independents, and such as have filld dung carts both before they were captaines and sinc; they frequently rebaptise the peopell of that Ile, and thos captaines have power to commit to prison, and by a letter from Coll. Cromwell to the Committee, the coppy whereof I have, he doth command that Committey that they should not release any prisoner committed by his offeeers, soe that the hole Ile is soe awde that they dare not seeke for ther libertyes.

One unversed in Anglian geography might be tempted to think that "joining Holland" to the Isle and "making it a mere Amsterdam" were processes which had something to do with one another.

The pictures of the Independent part of the army, as seen from a rigid Presbyterian point of view, are charming:—

If you looke upon his owne regiment of horse see what a swarme ther is of thos that call themselves the godly; some of them profess they have sene vissions and had revellations.

Looke on Coll. Flettwoods regiment with his Major Harreson, what a cluster of preaching offeeers and troopers ther is.

Looke what a company of troopers are thrust into other regiments by the head and shoulders, most of them Independents, whome they call Godly pretiouse men; nay, indeed, to say the truth, allmost all our horse be mayd of that faction.

The more formal narratives, especially Cromwell's own, of course claim a higher historical value; but nothing is more precious in its own way than papers of this kind, which so thoroughly let us into the local and personal, as well as the general, passions of the moment.

LAWSON'S NEW GUINEA.*

WHEN a new writer comes before the public with his report of a country hitherto unknown, and invites its acceptance of adventures and observations not a little in advance of the experience or the powers of travellers at large, it is not too much to look for something in the way of credentials, if not for the good faith of the tale he has to tell, at all events for his competency as an observer and reporter. Of all means of access to general confidence there are none perhaps more potent or persuasive than such certificates of trustworthiness and responsibility as go with the possession of rank or title in the public service of the country. Army or navy commissions, admitting as they do of being readily verified, are among the foremost of this kind of credentials. A writer has only to supplement his name with a reference for which the Army or Navy List may be consulted at a glance, and the public will need no further introduction. Whatever novelty or marvel he may have to tell will at least be listened to with the deference arising from a good preliminary understanding. Respectable antecedents, it is felt, will be forthcoming, if needful. There is a character to be lost, or a fairly-earned reputation to be put in jeopardy. This is why the published work of a duly authorized professor must of necessity carry with it a weight which no nameless aspirant can hope to obtain by the mere array of his facts or logic of his arguments. But then this professional rank must bear the stamp of public warranty and the means of verification. It is not because any man can dub himself professor of insect-killing or of curing smoky chimneys that we are to bow down to him as to an unquestionable authority, even in his special line of craft or business. Mankind at large will hardly accept on his own showing Professor Holloway as the accredited healer of all the ills of the flesh, or see in Professor Harrison the unchallengeable "strongest man in the world." Anybody in these days of liberty may make free with rank and title, within certain wide limits at least, and consequently it the more behoves those who possess the genuine badge to guard against a possible confusion with wearers of the spurious article. It is in no spirit of idle curiosity, still less out of any captious or sceptical turn of mind, that we ask why Captain J. A. Lawson omits to tell us in what service, or in what country, even on which element, he attained the rank which his title-page exhibits. Far be it from us to restrict the claim to such a title within the pages of our insular Army or Navy, or even Volunteer, List. If won by colonial service, it would all the more prepare us to go along with the writer as one likely to face and to record new incidents of travel with somewhat of the fitness which comes of experience beyond the routine of home life or the jogtrot ideas of the Old World. We confess ourselves at the outset at a loss in what aspect or capacity to speak of Captain J. A. Lawson, mainly because he forbears to speak of himself. Being at Sydney, he tells us, in November 1871, he formed the resolution of exploring the interior of New Guinea, a country that had a great charm for him as being but little known to Europeans, and therefore affording a new field for the naturalist and adventurer. On his qualifications as a naturalist, as shown by what he has to observe touching the fauna and flora of the novel region traversed, we are spared to a great extent the responsible task of pronouncing by his own modest admission, borne out as it abundantly is by his own pages, of a want of all previous study of the kind. It is under the second category that he comes more strictly within the range of our criticism. Here assuredly, if Mr. Disraeli's test is to hold good that adventures are for the adventurous, Captain Lawson goes some way to make good his title.

Contradictory reports prevailed in Sydney respecting the character of the Papuans. Instead of being fierce, treacherous, and thievish, as more commonly supposed, Captain Dobbs of the *Nautilus*, who had done a good business in trading to the island, described them as gentle and inoffensive, albeit somewhat given to thieving. With him and his ship our author resolved on trusting his fortunes, leaving Port Jackson late in the month of May, 1872. For the purpose of transit in a country where horses or oxen, even if safely transported thither, would be useless, all depended on providing suitable bearers. These were to hand in the persons of Toolo, a Lascar, who had been two years in his service, an intelligent and faithful fellow, and three Australian aborigines, Tom, Joe, and Billy, who confessed to having led a vagabondish kind of life, but had picked up a little learning, two of them being able to read very tolerably. Tom bolted up the country before the day of sailing came, but the rest of the party were landed in due course at the village of Houtree, on the southern shore of New Guinea. This place is described as containing 263 souls, including Kilee, the old chief, and five or six "orangs" or magistrates under him, living by fishing and by trading with the Dutch, who take from them spices, drugs, gums, sundry valuable woods and bark, birds of paradise, skins of monkeys, cocoa-nuts, and pearls of an inferior kind. Like the black races at large, they were mostly drunk as long as rum was to be had. Their huts were scattered about under fine trees, and had large and cultivated gardens attached, growing pumpkins, yams, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and other fruits and vegetables. The people were very friendly, and, though they at first laughed at Captain Lawson's idea of penetrating into the interior, did all in their power to serve him. For twelve dollars apiece per month, two guides were secured out of a number of anxious volunteers, having a smattering of English, with a little Dutch, French, and Portuguese. Aboo, the eldest, about fifty years old, was a most repulsive fellow, with the mark of a tremendous sword-cut across the face. He was only four feet three inches in height, but strong enough to lift four or five hundredweight with ease. Danang, thirty years younger, was also very strong, but lazy, and for a Papuan very good-looking. On the 10th of July the party made their start, with no more baggage or equipment than a small quantity of tea and coffee, some medicines, pickles, and preserves, a set of instruments for observations, twenty-four pounds of ship biscuit, and half-a-dozen bottles of brandy, whereof we are not surprised to find that two were smashed by a stumble on the part of Billy, who before this had been found helplessly drunk, having drained another bottle and earned for himself a hearty thrashing. Game being pronounced abundant, they depended for food upon their arms, Captain Lawson carrying a double-barrelled rifle, a fowling-piece, a six-chambered pistol, and a cutlass, his attendants an old musket each and their knives. For a long way their route lay through dense forest, skirting a vast salt marsh or half-dried arm of the sea. Splendid timber was met with; one tree like a European elm was measured, and found 337 feet in height, and 84 ft. 7 in. round the trunk. Parrots and monkeys swarmed in every tree, and yielded interminable sport. The wallah tree also abounds, bearing nuts the shape and size of small lemons, insipid unless roasted. Teak, camphor, laurel, palms, and bamboos are plentiful, besides what Captain Lawson thought to be a sandal tree. Tangled creepers and parasitic plants form an agreeable and sheltering growth. The uttersilence at night presented a strange contrast with the hubbub of animal life during the day. Now and then distant shots were heard—a sign that the natives, strange to say, had firearms. A village was passed from time to time, and all available hospitality shown by the inhabitants. By the bank of a large river a herd of fifty or sixty deer were sighted, the old buck dropping to our traveller's rifle, and ere long three crocodiles came paddling down the stream, attracted by the blood of the animal, their appearance setting the party to flight. Another large deer, of a species he had never seen before, and called by Aboo *das mellan*, was found killed by a moolah or tiger, who had been heard long into the night crunching its bones. The terror of the moolah kept the native followers perpetually on the *qui vive*. To this animal we are indebted for the most lively part of the narrative before us. It is the means of bringing out an amount of prowess on the part of the writer which may rouse to envy the most accomplished and venturous of Eastern Shekarries. It is not every one who would even in imagination feel equal to facing a wounded tiger, and despatching him with a knife:—

Finding himself distanced, the moolah, who had lost the use of one of his fore legs, turned back, and again came towards me, before I had time to ram home a bullet. There was nothing left for it but to run, and run I did till I went sprawling over a fallen trunk. Before I could rise the beast was upon me, and with a growl of satisfaction and anticipated vengeance, as I thought, took me into his clutches. I had a long dagger-knife in my waist belt, and I drew it with all speed, and fright lending me more than my usual strength, I drove it up to the hilt in the creature's side. Turning savagely on feeling the pain, it seized the knife in its powerful jaws and broke it. It was its last act, for immediately it fell dead without a groan; and with great relief of mind I extricated myself from under the carcase.

* *Wanderings in the Interior of New Guinea.* By Captain J. A. Lawson. With Frontispiece and Map. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

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Upon hearing my call, my companions came up. They were rather alarmed, for I was drenched with the moolah's blood, and I have no doubt cut a ghastly figure; but they soon regained their courage when they saw the dead body, and were convinced that they had nothing to fear personally. With the exception of a few trifling bruises and scratches from the animal's claws, I was unhurt. My escape was certainly remarkable, and a cause for great gratitude toward the Almighty.

This moolah, a female, was exactly like that of Bengal, but handsomer, 7 feet 3 inches from nose to end of tail. A male, 7 inches longer, was dropped shortly afterwards whilst devouring a deer. The moolah is peculiar in giving out a screech like the hyæna, though ten times worse; a more horrifying outcry, lasting all night, intensified as it was by horrible vultures, our author never heard. He might have thought the forest haunted by demons. To fall into the jaws of a creature like the moolah seems, however, far from being the quietus we should expect to find it. The rascal Billy having gone to sleep on his watch, our author was roused by loud cries just in time to see a large moolah disappear in the jungle with poor Danang in his mouth. Happily, ere anything could be done, the black walked back again, somewhat badly bitten about the arm and shoulder. His report was that, being suddenly woke up and dragged along with unpleasant roughness, he began to punch violently at the creature with his right fist, which was free, whereupon, astounded by the strange resistance it met with, it left him lying in the jungle.

Our author can speak of having been himself and having seen others in the jaws of a tiger, but this escape of Danang's was the most marvellous that ever came under his notice. He had himself as hairbreadth an escape from a wild bull, who made a rush after receiving a bullet in the shoulder:—

The impetus of his rush was so great, that the bull was carried twenty paces beyond me; but he wheeled instantly, and taking no notice of a shot from Aboo, rushed down upon me more fiercely than in the first charge. I was fairly unnerved, and ran with all my might to gain the cover of a clump of trees that grew close at hand. I had almost reached them when I felt a terrible shock in the rear, and became aware that I was spinning through the air. I fell on my right side with sufficient force to knock the breath out of me, but providentially I did not lose consciousness, or else my bones would have been left to crumble to dust on that solitary plain, for Taurus had not done with me yet. Before I had time to collect myself and attempt to rise, I felt his feverishly hot breath puffing on my face. He tried hard to gore me, and several times rammed down his head at me with tremendous impulse; but by moving my body quickly to either side, I contrived to escape the blows. My pistol was still in my belt, and I drew it and fired four shots at the bull's head, which had the effect of confusing him a little; but how matters would have ultimately ended is very doubtful, had not Aboo come up and put a bullet through the brute's shoulder, which brought him down across my legs with crushing weight. It was no easy matter to get from under the enormous carcase, even with Aboo's help; and when at length I was released, I could hardly stand, so much was I shaken and bruised. However, no bones were broken, and I had cause to be thankful that I had escaped with my life.

Beyond feeling a little faint, and requiring to be pulled round by a draught of brandy, which we are glad to find held out so long after being served round repeatedly during the march, aided by a score or so of leeches, which the faithful Aboo ran and fetched in a trice, no great harm was experienced by our traveller from a toss which, by Aboo's calculation and his own, was at least thirty feet. Nor is it in endurance only that he is able to eclipse the fame of ordinary men of sport. His powers of sight and hand are equally above the common. He thinks nothing of bringing down one of a herd of wild goats at a distance of at least six hundred yards; while those who have hitherto had most to tell of the animal life of New Guinea have never been able to sight an individual goat. Monkeys seem to have abounded of a size only met with by previous explorers in the African forests; a male 5 feet 3 inches high being brought down by Aboo, his mate, 5 feet in height and 39 inches round the chest, dropping from a tree at the same time to a shot from Captain Lawson, with a crash that shook the ground, yet retaining strength enough to get upon her feet until a pistol bullet made her give up the ghost. Both, though horribly repulsive, are described as human to a degree which almost makes one shudder to hear their slaughter spoken of so coolly. The forehead was not so low as in most apes, nor the nose so flat. The skin of the face was wrinkled and swarthy, but had no hair upon it. Each hand had forefinger and a thumb, but there were only four toes on each foot. Fingers and toes alike had nails like those of a human being. Aboo had seen plenty of this species before, always some distance inland, which must account for their never having been noticed by voyagers familiar with the coast. By the natives they are called, we learn, *tilang-noo*, the "wild man," their cry being like the whimpering of an idiot. Our regret that the carrying powers of the party should have been unequal to bringing away the skins of animals so rare and precious is merged in that with which we hear of the mischance which befel the entire stock of spoil accumulated by them in the journey; a desperate *mêlée* with a native tribe, in which poor Joe and Danang were killed and all the goods and chattels lost, making it necessary to beat a retreat when the North-Eastern coast was by calculation but twenty or thirty miles distant. These natives were unexpectedly formidable. Whence they got their "pikes, curved swords, and flint muskets," or whence the chief just before met with got his pair of enormous horse-pistols, which looked to be at least a hundred years old, is a question which we wish our traveller had put, seeing that he had picked up by this time a considerable knowledge of the Papuan tongue, whereof he treats us to a specimen from time to time. The river Royal, for example, discovered and named by him, bears, on the chief's authority, the native name of "Chingoo mallan," the river of the god Chin, who, according to Papuan mythology, created all the seas, rivers, and lakes in the world, with the fish that dwell in them, while his three brothers, Am, Looshang, and Dillah, made the earth, plants, and animals; and their sister, Moushat, gave being to all winged creatures, as birds, bats, and insects. Only one language, he writes, is spoken on the island, though of that many of the words are derived from the Malay, Hindostanee, Chinese, and other tongues. He found it easy to learn and pleasant-sounding, being spoken with a clear, distinct pronunciation, without any disagreeable guttural twang. How Hindostanee words can have made their way into regions so secluded to all appearance from intercourse with the world at large, is one of the many things which readers of Captain Lawson's book must wish to see explained.

Among the main geographical discoveries reported by Captain Lawson on his line of route is that of the river Royal, a mile broad below its confluence with the Gladstone, which must fall into the Indian Ocean near the N.E. point of the island. It seems strange that the outfall of so noble a stream should have escaped the notice of the navigators who from time immemorial have thronged the Banda Sea, Torres Straits, and islands adjacent, and of the surveyors to whom we owe very fine charts of the archipelago, whatever mystery may have hitherto shrouded the interior of New Guinea. An extensive volcanic range is also reported, in great part extinct. Near Lake Alexandrina, however, 1,597 feet above the sea, a dense column of smoke was seen, following which, for fifteen miles, a tremendous crater was reached, and found to be three miles and a quarter in circumference. The summit was scaled in six hours time, and the interior found too perpendicular for descent, which was also precluded by the smoke and sulphurous fumes. Mount Vulcan, as the Papuan Etna was named by him, is estimated by our author to be 3,117 feet from base to summit. The smoke and fiery glare made a welcome landmark on the retreat of the party, as did also the mighty cone, his crowning geographical glory, pictured in the frontispiece. Mount Hercules, which he calculated at first to be 30,000 feet high, and consequently the highest mountain in the world, "proved," we read, "to be 32,783 feet above the level of the sea." We could wish to have Captain Lawson's process of calculation. The only mention made of instruments is that of the thermometer, which gradually sank to 22° below freezing point. Nothing is said of its having been boiled in order to get the elevation. All that the party are reported as having taken with them is a supply of food and water, their arms and blankets, and a stout staff each. Carrying firearms up a snowy mountain higher than Mount Everest might be thought uncalled for as a precaution, not to speak of the impediment it might present to climbing. Captain Lawson happily shows himself all through a man not easily disconcerted. Numbed as he and his party are said to have been—the blood flowing from their noses and ears, their lips and gums, and the skin of their faces cracked and bleeding, and the staves falling from their hands—they were able to pick up new life from the unfailing brandy, enough to set them at the top. Seeing that their start was at 4 A.M., and that they got safely down by half-past 7 in the evening, our readers will allow that this was an exploit fitted to crown one of the most remarkable series of adventures which have been recorded in our time.

CHRONICLES OF DUSTYPORE.*

IT is not often that a novel-reader comes across a story so bright, so amusing, and so sparkling as these *Chronicles of Dustypore*. These two little volumes give a picture of Indian life and Indian scenery; they tell the tale of Indian official labours and Indian official quarrels; they lead us into that world so like the English world, and yet so remote from it, where every man has houses and servants and cattle at his command, and every woman flirts, with a general balance on the side of innocence, but still only more or less fiercely as she is more or less pretty. Anglo-Indian life has never been better sketched, and seldom, in some respects, so favourably. It is perfectly astonishing how well people must talk in India if the ordinary conversation of India is properly reflected in the dialogues of the society of Dustypore. Epigrams, scraps of poetry, smart stories, audacious compliments, fall from these clever Dustypore people like jewels from the lap of a fairy. Their conversational brilliancy culminates in the utterances of a Competition Wallah who has sharpened his talk till it is all point. If the conversation of Mr. Desvœux is sketched from the life, and is a fair specimen of the talk of those of his class, the effect of a happy change of air and scene on young Englishmen is most remarkable. Those who in this dull climate have had the pleasure of examining Competition Wallahs can scarcely have been able to appreciate the latent powers of the youths who came under their notice. Here the candidates modestly hide their epigrammatic gifts, and readily substitute the prosaic and disjointed English which is the natural language of the country. The odd thing is that, when they come home on leave, they seem to be able to cast off in a moment all their Indian brilliancy, and are as commonplace as if they had spent all their time at home. But in India, whether it is the sun, or the dust, or the grass-widows, or the habit of commanding the natives, they are quite different beings, and, especially if they are stationed at Dustypore, bloom into perfect garlands of repartees,

* *Chronicles of Dustypore: a Tale of Modern Anglo-Indian Society.* By the Author of "Wheat and Tares," "Late Laurels." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

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bon-mots, and pleasantries of all sorts. It is true that they have one enormous advantage which is denied us here. They have a perpetual stimulus in the female society into which they are thrown. Not only do all the ladies flirt, but the ladies both stand and expect compliments which women here would think exaggerated, if not alarming. "Siren! why, already too dangerously fair, why deck yourself with fresh allurements for the fascination of a broken-hearted world?" is the language in which Mr. Desvœux promptly expresses himself when Mrs. Vereker puts on a new bonnet. Even in India Mrs. Vereker is represented as laughing a little at the warmth of her admirer's language, and the author of the *Chronicles of Dustypore* is far too good a writer not to know that he must not let his people get on too tall stilts when they converse. But there is abundance of this sort of talk through the book, and it is obvious that the knowledge that this is the kind of compliment which ladies like must give young men in India confidence and a sense of freedom and power, and must enable them to turn to some profit those treasures of Oriental imagery to be found profusely scattered through the Persian poets, with whose works they judiciously beguile their hours of well-earned leisure.

Miss Maud Vernon is the heroine of the book, and she is something like a heroine. In their frank, ready, Anglo-Indian way, all the men make love to her at once. As she herself puts it, with charming plainness, when warned that an admirer seems only too inclined to kiss her, "she thinks no worse of him for that; she believes they all would." Within little more than a twelvemonth she is at school, goes out to India, flirts, marries, flirts again, nurses her husband through the cholera, and is good ever after. She thus packs a good deal of Indian experience into a short space, and the reader who pants after her in her adventurous course is taken through much of Indian life while he is swept along. The author is much too refined and sensible to take the trouble to depict the career of a girl who is not really good and true. But Miss Maud is certainly not one of those lovely beings who are too bright and good for the daily food of human nature. She likes doing what she ought not to do, and is perhaps justifiably dazzled and overpowered by the brilliancy of her Competition Wallah. Such an opportunity of appreciating the remarkable effect of India on the English intellect was not to be thrown away; and if boys will be boys, we suppose girls will be girls. She is, however, fortunately under the care, and partly under the control, of a married lady named Felicia, who is one of those paragons of excellence whom even India cannot tame, and who works like a horse (if that is a proper expression to apply to a lady) to marry Maud to the right man, a silent, strong, scarred officer of Irregular Cavalry. Sutton, in an action against a hill tribe, gets one of those safe and pleasant wounds which can only be treated by the adroit nursing of ladies in a hill-station; and Maud, discovering that she is very like Elaine, and that Sutton is very like Lancelot, willingly plunges into the pool of bliss towards which Felicia has been pushing her for months. But, when married, she sees a little too much of her husband. She leads a dreary life of camping out with him in a region where there are no new bonnets, no picnics, no small talk, no French poetry and Oriental imagery freely introduced into daily conversation. Sutton is too silent, too strong, too scarred for her; and when a feverish attack sends her off alone to the hills, and she again finds her delightful Competition Wallah, she flirts as only Indian ladies can flirt. This part of the book is exceedingly well done, and was very difficult to do. It is not easy to make a young woman naughty and good at the same time, and to make us like, trust, and admire her when she flirts so very hard that even an experienced Indian lady advises her to take some other man for a fortnight. Among her numerous admirers there is, naturally, one of those quiet, uncomplaining people who never tell the story of their disappointed love, and devote themselves to watching over the morals of the objects of their affections; but Maud thinks Mr. Bolden a bore, and tells him so. The great Viceroy himself knits his brows as he watches Maud's way of going on; but she is carried away by the fun of the thing and by the joy of life, and she braves the frowns of the Viceroy. At last Desvœux perpetrates the audacious act which Maud believes "they all" would like to venture on; or rather, if the great secret of the book is to be revealed, it is the lady herself who takes the initiative. When she has got thus far she is suddenly frightened, bewildered, and sobered. She has been a little too naughty; and, in the very moment of her bitter repentance, she hears that her husband is stricken with cholera. This seeming affliction is of course a blessing to all parties, and Maud takes to heart the lesson she has received. When her husband is well enough, she seeks peace in confession; and nothing could be prettier or more touching than the scene in which Maud forces herself to unload her conscience, and Sutton, with the chivalrous good sense of a man who knows when a woman is really true, laughs away her grief, and disperses her story into thin air.

Maud has so much work to get through that she uses up most of the book; but then she is principally brought before us through the medium of conversations, and Anglo-Indians talk so well that all kinds of things can be got neatly and rapidly into the dialogue they carry on. Room is moreover found for a distinct and subordinate topic, and the doings of a certain Salt Board are sketched with much liveliness of detail. Mr. Trollope has shown novelists how to bring pictures of official life into the framework of a love story, and Mr. Trollope may be proud to see how well his special art can be practised by such a disciple as the author of these Chronicles. There are, it is needless to say, three members of the Salt Board, and the Board had got on happily enough in former days, and the secret of their comfort is described in the light, pungent, humorous way of which the author is a master. "The maintenance of this agreeable equilibrium depended on the persons concerned being tempered of the right metal, imbued with the right spirit, and what the Secretary used to call loyal." But the wrong sort of man was appointed to fill up a vacancy, a hard man who violated every tradition, had the most inconvenient way of asking what things meant, and had a curious way of coughing so that his coughs sounded like oaths, which of course annoyed his colleagues. Soon after his arrival he fancied that in the accounts a large sum was not traceable. "It is the floating balance," said Fotheringham, with an air of great assurance, arising from his having given the same reply frequently before and found it answer. "Perhaps you will trace it, then," said Blunt, pushing over the papers in the most unfeeling way. This is the way in which the proceedings of the Board are described, and at last the dissension of its members culminates in a great fight. Some years ago there had been a proclamation of some Governor-General about the salt district over which the Board presided, and the proclamation had not been quite free from obscurity. Blunt, seeing in its obscurity the source of all subsequent evils, spoke of it as "that confounded proclamation," which gave an opening to the senior member to observe that "the proclamation which Blunt is pleased to describe as confounded was, we know, a high-minded, well-considered act of a great statesman, and has been the foundation-stone of all peace, prosperity, and civilization in the province." This is a good caricature of the grand talk dear to old officials. But Anglo-Indian officials have, as is well known, a greater passion for grand writing than even for grand talking, and the author treats himself to the fun of dwelling on the difficulties of the Secretary, who finds his grand official style subjected to the criticism of Blunt's dreadful common sense. In consequence of the interference of the Board a hill tribe has revolted and been put down, with the indirect effect of getting Sutton wounded and married. "In the good old days when the Secretary had his own way, he would have knocked the affair off in a dozen well-rounded, vague, magniloquent phrases; have left the connexion of the Board with the whole thing in obscurity; have congratulated the Government on the excellent behaviour of the troops; and paid Providence a handsome compliment on the fortunate turn which events had taken." This is light and pleasant satire; and very probably the style of the Secretary and the proceedings of the Salt Board are borrowed from what may not unfrequently be found in the official world of India. But, like the similar sketches of Mr. Trollope, they only portray for the amusement of the reader a small and unimportant side of this world. They are neither just nor unjust, for they do not pretend to do more than to take a little part of a great whole, and it would be alike to misjudge the author and Indian officials to suppose that the Dustypore Salt Board is meant as a type of the real character of the administration of India.

A diversified love story, pointed dialogue, and satirical sketches of official life go far to amuse and interest, and perhaps instruct, the reader. The career of Maud may perhaps be like the career of ordinary girls in India, there may be other people in India who talk like the people at Dustypore, there may be Boards like the Dustypore Salt Board. We cannot be quite sure of any of these things, but we are willing more or less to believe them. But there is one sphere in which the author is evidently drawing from the life with an unusual power of graphic fidelity. The descriptions of Indian scenery are excellent. They bring before us what the writer wishes to bring. They make us not only see the scenery, but feel as Englishmen feel when they see it. There is nothing elaborate about them. They, like everything else in the book, are so far slight that the author never dwells on them long. They are merely put in because the author has seen and felt and observed, and it comes naturally to him to put down what have been his own experiences. It is one of the advantages of a novelist, an advantage which at first sight it seems curious he should possess, that he can, if he possesses the secret of his art, make scenery in one sense more real to the reader than the traveller can, although the traveller tries to give an exact account of some real definite place. The reason is, that the novelist can throw together many little pieces of experience which together constitute what he knows of a locality, while the traveller is generally limited by the bounds of a given time. The novelist, too, can, if he selects some place to describe, select what he has found to be the most typical place in a district. He has found that this place has produced a vivid impression on him, and he singles it out and puts it before us as the one place we are to see; whereas the traveller is always bewildering us with places rather like the last place he has described for us. At the opening of the tale the author describes what he calls the Sandy Tracts, and he describes that uncomfortable region as a man would describe a sandy district who had suffered every form of suffering that sand can inflict, who had watched himself and others before, under, and after sand, and had, as it were, got to the end of all that sand can do to make Englishmen wretched. More pleasant, and so far better, are the descriptions of the Himalaya scenery, where the ladies are "hanging on a little picturesque rock of safety, while all around them is sublime." The storms, the inky masses of clouds, the hundred muddy torrents that mark the end of the storm, the folds of mist creeping up from the precipice, are all depicted; and then, with a sentence, Maud marks the impression which the author wishes to convey. "It is beautiful," Maud said, "but too grand to be pleasant; it is rather awful. That black mountain opposite, with its

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army of skeleton deodars, makes me shudder." In contrast with this gloomy grandeur of nature, the joyous life of Anglo-Indians in their hour of holiday—with the men riding, cased in waterproofs, to a ball, and the ladies nursing the splendours of English dresses in the seclusion of palanquins—is placed before us until we seize the picture as a whole; the greatness of material force, and the buoyant ascendency of a race that asserts itself and enjoys where it conquers. Those who have never been in India may learn from the *Chronicles of Dustypore* more of India than they could gather from hundreds of more pretentious volumes.

JERRAM'S LYCIDAS OF MILTON.*

CONSIDERING the number of English classics annotated by men who do not know English which are now constantly pouring from the press, it is pleasant to meet with a work that has been edited by a scholar who has made a special study of our mother-tongue. Mr. Jerram's work is evidently a labour of love. He brings wide reading and accurate scholarship to illustrate Milton's *Lycidas*. His introduction, though somewhat long, is deeply interesting, and his notes are models of what notes ought to be.

In memorial poetry English literature is rich. We have Spenser's "Astrophel: an Elegy upon Sir Philip Sidney"; together with the "Mourning Muse of Thestylis," another poem upon the same subject. We wonder how many educated persons in the present day have read either of these poems, or are familiar with the following lines, which are among the most pathetic and beautiful in the English language:—

> His pallid face, impictured with death,
> She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:
> And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath
> Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft,
> And oft she cald to him, who answered nought,
> But only by his lookes did tell his thought.

We have Daniel's Elegy "To the Angel Spirit of the Most Excellent Sir Philip Sidney," and Donne's on "The Untimely Death of the incomparable Prince Henry"; Drummond's "Tears on the Death of Mæliades," though full of quaint conceit, also deserves to be remembered. Few writers of English verse have excelled Drummond in melody or thoughtful tenderness. Ben Jonson's matchless epigram on Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother, will last as long as English letters. In his epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, who died in childbed in her twenty-third year, Milton cannot be said to have achieved any great success. It is wanting in real feeling. The last lines are not worthy of the great Radical of his time:—

> With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
> No marchioness, but now a queen.

His sonnet on "My Late Espoused Saint," his second wife Catherine Woodcock, is full of tender and solemn music. In *Lycidas* Milton expresses his sorrow in words for the friend who died in youth. It is the real pathos as much as the intrinsic beauty of the poem which makes it an English classic for all time. We do not attach as much importance as Professor Masson or Mr. Jerram to the point whether King or Diodati was *the* friend of his youth. No doubt he loved both, and was sorely afflicted when death took them both away. Poets have wider and greater capacity for loving than ordinary mortals. Of Milton's relations with King we know nothing whatever, except what we gather from the poem itself. *Lycidas* must speak for itself, and tell us how far it is an expression of genuine sorrow. Dr. Johnson was a great man, but a poor critic. Certain notes of divine harmony found no response in his breast. No one has written more sensibly on Pope and Dryden, but Milton was beyond his range. He had no eye for Milton's celestial visions and no ear for his divine music. He closes his review of *Paradise Lost* with the assertion that its perusal was rather a task than a pleasure. Of *Lycidas*, which is so full of rich and varied music, he was of opinion that "the diction is harsh and the numbers unpleasing." He once told Anne Seward that he would hang a dog that read that poem twice. "What then," she said, "must become of me who can say it by heart, and who often repeat it to myself with a delight which grows by what it feeds upon?" "*Die*," said Boswell's bear, "*in a surfeit of bad taste*." Johnson, in his criticism on *Lycidas*, says that it "is not the effusion of real passion, which runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions," that "where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief," that "there is no nature, for there is no truth," and that no image of tenderness can be excited by the lines "we drove afield." We hold with Hallam "that Lycidas is a good test of real feeling in poetry." Professor Masson, in his *Life of Milton*, says:—"It is a finer monument to the memory of King to let the fact of his death originate a whole mood of the poet's mind than if he had merely registered the fact in a lyric of direct regret. So poets honour the dead; they let his image intertwine itself with all else that arises in their minds; and out of the best choosing still the best, they lay *that* on the tomb saying, This belongs to *you*." *In Memoriam* is not a lyric of direct regret, but it is a picture of the changing moods which grief casts like black shadows over the poet's mind.

Dr. Johnson makes the pastoral form of *Lycidas* a ground of special objection, and Mr. Jerram has devoted much care and attention to discussing this. He shows how from the time of Theocritus through Virgil to the Italian pastorals every form of poetry has been dressed in this garb. It was in the sixteenth century, through translations from the Italian, that this fashion passed into England. The first well-known pastorals are those known as Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, the master-piece of pastorals of that age. The simplicity of these, however, is destroyed by the political and religious allusions contained in them. About the same time appeared Sidney's *Arcadia*, which cannot be strictly called a pastoral, since there are fewer shepherds than courtiers and knights. Early in the seventeenth century appeared the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher (the forerunner of *Comus*), Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* (1613), also well known to Milton, and the *Sad Shepherd* of Jonson. These were directly the result of Spenser's influence. They abound with rich descriptions of English country life and scenery.

From the time of Spenser the pastoral form was specially used as a vehicle of expressing memorial poetry. The influence of Spenser can always be traced in Milton's writings, and therefore we are not surprised that he used the form which was so universal then and which his master had adopted. He seems to have been impressed with the value of that particular form, for the elegy in which he laments the loss of Diodati is a pastoral cast in a shape more artificial than even the *Lycidas*, and written, not in English, but in Latin. *Lycidas* is, however, not strictly a pastoral, but an allegory cast in classic pastoral form, describing college life and friendship. The scenery so exquisitely painted is the scenery of the British isles. In the digression upon Fame and the passage about the clergy the pastoral disguise is dropped. In the latter we find the influence of Milton's religious opinions upon his poetry. This is discussed at length and with sound sense by Mr. Jerram. The serious work of Milton's life was political and theological controversy. Controversy was his duty, poetry was his delight. Though he lived in the noise and dust of battle, he retained his "love of sacred song." He was the prophet of liberty, and his converse with poetic themes carried him beyond the narrow range of party conflict. When he had fallen on evil days and evil tongues, he found refuge from them in an ideal world, and "meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around him, a song so sublime and so holy that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal Virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold."

Mr. Jerram's notes are, as we have said, very good, and they possess a merit which notes in the present day seldom possess—they elucidate the text. In the line

> What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,

Mr. Jerram agrees with a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1868, that the gray-fly is the grig or cricket, O.-E. græg-hama, *i.e.* grey coat, from its colour. It cannot be the cockchafer, as some aver, as the cockchafer is only seen in the evening, and Milton is in this line describing noon. If the gray-fly is the cricket, the use of "fly" as applied to this insect may be compared with that of taint-*worm* in

> As killing as the canker to the rose,
> Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

where Milton may have employed "worm" by poetic license in a wide sense. Sir T. Browne, in *Vulgar Errors*, says:—"There is found in the summer a spider called *taint*, of a red colour." Mr. Jerram points out that canker here means caterpillar, and aptly quotes from Joel "that which the locust has left hath the canker-worm eaten." We do not agree with Mr. Jerram and the other editors of Milton in their interpretation of the lines—

> But that two-handed engine at the door
> Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

We consider that by the two-handed engine Milton meant the Bible, which was to destroy "the grim wolf." The Puritan poet no doubt had in his mind the words of the Epistle to the Hebrews:—"For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." Those who have read Professor Masson's examination of this passage in his *Life of Milton* will hardly fail to agree with him in interpreting the "grim wolf" to mean that system of perversion to Romanism which seems to have reached its height in or about the year 1637.

Mr. Jerram has written an elaborate note in order to show that "look homeward" in the line—

> Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth,

is said to Lycidas and not to the Angel, but we think he fails to prove his point. The meaning of the line is obvious, but unfortunately commentators, as a rule, have a strong objection to obvious meanings.

Not the least valuable part of this edition of *Lycidas* is the corrected list of the various readings. They prove the extreme care which one of the greatest masters of the English tongue bestowed on his work. There is a current belief in the present day that the art of writing English comes by inspiration. People seem ignorant of the fact that, like every other fine art, it demands severe and loving labour. Authors now think more of the quantity than the quality of their work. Modern poets produce more in a year than Milton did in a lifetime of patient labour. But then there is no obscurity or slovenliness in his finished pages. The

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* *The Lycidas and Epitaphium Damonis of Milton.* Edited, with Notes and Introduction, including a Reprint of the Rare Latin Version of the "Lycidas" by William Hogg (1694), by C. S. Jerram, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.

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passage beginning "Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies" originally stood :—

> Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies,
> Colouring the pale cheeke of uninjoyed love,
> And that sad floure that strove
> To write his own woes on the vermeil graine ;
> Next adde Narcissus, yt still weeps in vaine,
> The woodbine and ye pancie freakt wth jet,
> The glowing violet.

Afterwards Milton inserted the "garish Columbine," but altered it to "the well attir'd woodbine." In

> The cowslip wan that hangs his pensive head,
> And every bud that sorrow's liverie weares,

he changed "sorrow's liverie weares" to "sad escutchen beares," and then to "imbroidrie," and finally "beares" back again to "weares." Again, the two lines,

> Let Daffadillies fille thire cups with teares,
> Bid Amaranthus all his beautie shed,

were transposed, and the *let* was altered to *and*. The whole of the passage is struck through with the pen and the substituted lines are written below :—

> Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
> The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
> The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
> The glowing violet,
> The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
> With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
> And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
> Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
> And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
> To strew the laureate herse where Lycid lies.

Mr. Jerram has given us the Latin paraphrase of the *Lycidas* by William Hogg. Mr. F. A. Paley recently published a translation of *Lycidas* into Latin hexameters. In his preface he refers to Hogg's version, but regrets that he was unable to meet with a copy of it. This copy Mr. Jerram found in the British Museum in a miscellaneous collection. There is a quaint English address to the reader, part of which is worth quoting :—

> Now he [Edward King] was a person generally beloved in his life, which made him so much lamented at his death ; which occasioned several students to pen lamentations on his death, *among whom was this Milton* and Cleveland. I was desired by others to make these two translations, which was the occasion that I penned them. I was advised to put them in the Press, and that which encouraged me to adventure to do it was hopes that ingenious gentlemen would communicate tokens of their kindness to me, for at this time my necessity is very great. These Poems will afford a high and innocent recreation.

Hogg's version is not only curious, but worth the attention of the scholar, in spite of occasional inaccuracies and one or two false quantities which grate on the ear.

Mr. Jerram appends two English translations of the *Epitaphium Damonis*—the first by Dr. Symmons, in 1806, a specimen of the artificial literary style out of which the world was then slowly emerging, and one by Professor Masson in hexameter verse. Professor Masson has not been more successful than others in moulding the English language to this form of verse. The hexameter measure does not harmonize with English as it does naturally with Latin and Greek. He has, however, caught the spirit of the original. Milton, lamenting the loss of his friend Diodati, contrasts the easiness with which animals can replace a lost mate with the difficulty for a human being to find again a kindred soul. Professor Masson has finely rendered the lines :—

> Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis,
> Gens homines, aliena animis et pectore discors,
> Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum ;
> Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
> Illum inopina dies, qua non sperraveris hora,
> Surripit æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.
>
> We are the hard race, we, the battered children of fortune,
> We of the breed of men, strange-minded and different-moulded ;
> Scarcely does any discover his one true mate among thousands ;
> Or, if kindlier chance shall have given the singular blessing,
> Comes a dark day on the creep, and comes the hour unexpected,
> Snatching away the gift, and leaving the anguish eternal.

He has, however, failed to give the precise idea of the refrain :—

> Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
>
> Go unpastured, my lambs, your master now heeds not your bleating.

"Go" does not represent the "ite domum" of the original.

Mr. Jerram has displayed so much learning and research in this edition of *Lycidas* that we hope to welcome him again in the character of an editor of an English classic. Good editors of English classics are rare, but unfortunately the name of the inferior ones is legion. No edition of an English classic seems to be too bad "for the use of schools." English has been much neglected in the too exclusive study of the classical languages. A boy is better acquainted with the structure of Latin and Greek than with that of his mother-tongue. That any University curriculum should from first to last dispense with all reference to a youth's native tongue seems singular. But this is the case both at Oxford and Cambridge. A "liberal" education surely implies a knowledge of *that*, whatever else it implies.

HEMANS'S HISTORIC AND MONUMENTAL ROME.*

THIS is not, as will be seen from the title, the supplementary section on the history of the fifteenth century promised by Mr. Hemans in the last volume of his series on *Mediæval Christianity and Sacred Art in Italy*.† It is a distinct work, gathering up the results of the author's observations and remarks during a residence of many years in Rome, which he finally brought to a close in the summer of 1873, not being disposed, as we are led to understand, to prolong his stay in the Italian capital under its new masters. We need hardly say, at least to readers of Mr. Hemans's former publications, that it contains a large amount of very interesting matter bearing on both the classical and the Christian antiquities of the Imperial city, though they will also be quite prepared to find that he is evidently most at home in the latter branch of his subject. They will detect, as before, in a certain clumsiness of style and the occasional use of what must be called barbarisms, unmistakable traces of the author's long sojourn in foreign lands ; but there is some improvement discernible in this respect. We are still, however, left to desire a clearness of style and orderly arrangement of subject-matter which would greatly promote both the pleasure and edification of his readers. The book, as the preface informs us, is "entirely re-written," with much additional matter, from two small volumes published at Florence in 1865 ; but it retains too much the appearance of embodying the contents of a number of casual papers, lectures, and note-books, without any sufficient working up of the scattered materials into a harmonious whole. One qualification for his task Mr. Hemans possesses in a high degree. He has a keen appreciation of the æsthetic and historical interest of these ancient monuments, in which men of eminence in their way have sometimes been singularly deficient. It is amusing to hear Luther disposing of the classical antiquities of Rome by the offhand remark that "he saw such things piled up as high as three spears of a German *Landsknecht*," which rather reminds one of Archbishop Whately's summary description of the Milan Duomo as "the biggest idolatrous temple he had ever seen." Still more marvellous was Bishop Burnet's "absurd and bigoted story" that the whole range of Catacombs are the burial-places of heathen slaves alone, and all the inscriptions, paintings, epigraphs, and the like contained in them "the forgeries of a few monks." One is prepared however for such comments from such a quarter, but it is strange to find a writer like Addison so inappreciative that, as Macaulay justly observes, "spots made memorable by events that have changed the destinies of the world, and been worthily recorded by great historians, bring to his mind only scraps of some ancient versifier."

It is not very clear whether Mr. Hemans considers the change of Government at Rome on the whole an advantage or the reverse as regards the preservation of ancient monuments. On this as on other subjects his language is apt to be ambiguous, or rather is hardly consistent with itself. Thus, on the one hand, we are told that no Pope has ever expended so much for restorations, antiquarian interests, and public works as Pius IX., of which several examples are cited, while a recent edict is complained of which condemns the historic Porta Salaria to give way to a modern structure called after Victor Emmanuel. In other passages again the author speaks with enthusiasm of "the magnificent undertakings and public works of Pius IX., in the range of ecclesiastical interests, public charities and modern art, church restoration or adornment" ; and also of the eminent services of several former Popes. Yet he elsewhere sharply denounces the "pontific Vandalism" of other reigns, especially of Sixtus V., and speaks highly of the action of the present Government. The following passage is somewhat ambiguous :—

> Great indeed is the difference between the procedure of the present and that of the former Government in Rome with respect to archæological undertakings and public works in general. The first Pope who prohibited the wilful destruction of antique art-works, but with little effect in his time, was Eugenius IV. (1431-47). Later in the same century Lorenzo de' Medici sent an emissary to collect antique inscriptions at Rome for his new palace at Florence ; and the commissioner of the "magnificent" Lorenzo has left us a gloomy picture of the devastation and neglect he found still prevailing in the Papal metropolis. He tells of Roman citizens who *boasted* that the foundations of their houses consisted entirely of fragments—the *disjecta membra*—of antique sculptures ! In 1462 the estimable and learned Pius II. published a brief ordering that all classical monuments in Rome should be protected and preserved. During his pontificate the Roman magistrates put forth an edict (*De antiquis ædificiis non diruendis*) for the same purpose ; but neither of these prohibitory acts withheld Sixtus IV. (1471-84) from the deliberate demolishing of a circular temple of Hercules in order to make cannon balls out of its travertine stonework !

One important discovery at all events is due to the new *régime*. It was described some months ago in an interesting letter in the *Times*, but our readers may be glad to have Mr. Hemans's account of it :—

> I have mentioned (supra p. 315) the discovery by the French, when directing similar works in Rome, of several chambers and corridors opened in 1813 under the arena of the Colosseum ; but which the pontific authorities, soon after the return of Pius VII., ordered to be closed on account of the stagnant water which in part filled them. These underground structures have been again opened and made accessible. As to their use different suppositions are advanced, but it may be concluded that all ancient amphitheatres had such a ground-floor story—the most complete and well preserved example of which is in the amphitheatre of Capua. The masonry of those long buried structures below the Flavian edifice seems not

* *Historic and Monumental Rome.* A Handbook for the Students of Classical and Christian Antiquity in the Italian Capital. By C. L. Hemans. Williams & Norgate.

† See *Saturday Review*, September 13, 1873.

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older than the IV. century—in part mediæval. The ancient arena is found to be 21 feet lower than the modern level. At some depth under the ground on which the stations of the "Via Crucis" were erected in 1749, has been discovered a series of immense stone brackets, for support (as apparent) of a boarded and moveable stage. Three great arched tunnels are now seen, opening at the southern side of the major axis, the central one probably for the entrance of gladiators and victims condemned to die; the two others for the wild beasts, and communicating with a "vivarium" in which they were kept. The middle tunnel is crossed, at intervals, by flat arches in massive travertine stonework. Lower down is seen the mouth of a cloaca, still fenced with metal grating, through which the arena might have been flooded for the naumachia entertainment.

The Colosseum is of course indissolubly connected with the memory of the Christian martyrs, so that Pius V. used to say that whoever desired relics from Rome need but gather the soil of the Flavian amphitheatre all saturated with their blood. As to the number of those who suffered for their faith at Rome, however, great diversities of opinion have prevailed. Gibbon even thinks that the whole number put to death throughout the Empire in the persecution of Diocletian scarcely amounted to 2,000. On the other hand, local tradition assigns 174,000 martyrs to the Catacomb of St. Calixtus alone, and 10,000 to the cemetery under the three churches occupying the site of St. Paul's martyrdom. Mr. Hemans speaks rather vaguely, as is his wont, but appears to think that, if local traditions exaggerate, they generally contain substantial truth. The alleged inprisonment of St. Peter and St. Paul in the Mamertine prison he rejects on grounds which seem to be conclusive. There was in fact no prison at the time on the site of the Septa Julia, long used as a voting place for the tribes and centuries at elections, and which, in accordance with the suggestion of Cicero, had been surrounded with marble porticoes and adorned with paintings. In connexion with the recent excavations carried out by private enterprise in the Cemetery of St. Agnes, Mr. Hemans comes across two questions about which there has been considerable dispute. He is decidedly of opinion that the notion of Christians and Pagans having used the same places of burial, and performing their funeral rites in common, is inadmissible; and we are quite disposed to agree with him. As regards the vexed question of the phials hitherto supposed, and still affirmed by a decree of the Congregation of Rites, to distinguish the burial-place of a Christian martyr, he is also inclined, but on less adequate grounds, to support the received view:—

In the newly opened corridors of this cemetery are seen several of those small glass phials stained with a red substance supposed to be blood, and which, being found imbedded in the tufa rock beside tombs, are determined by ecclesiastical authority to be proofs of martyrdom in the case of those beside whose last resting places they are deposited. The decree of the Roman Congregation of Rites on this subject has been called in question; and some have assumed that such phials are stained not with blood but sacramental wine. It is fair to state in favour of the other received theory, that in one instance an inscription of decisive import—*Sanguis Saturnini*—has been found on such a vessel, not (I believe) extant, but mentioned by Boldetti, a trustworthy witness. And is it possible, one may ask, that such a singular usage as the preservation of the sacramental species in deposit near the grave could have failed to be recorded either in Church History or by tradition through other channels, instead of being solely made known to us through memorials indicating especial honour for certain among the dead in Roman cemeteries?

This argument is certainly not decisive. It may be admitted at once that the particular vessel mentioned contained the blood of Saturninus, and we are ready to go beyond Mr. Hemans in absolutely rejecting the absurd notion that these phials are stained with "the sacramental species." No one at all familiar with the way in which the early Christians regarded the Eucharist would maintain such a theory. But the author omits all notice of the really serious objections urged against the traditional view. In the first place, these phials are said to be found in cemeteries which are known to be not Christian at all; and if this be so, it is clear that, whether containing blood or not, they cannot be accepted as evidence of the burial-place of a Christian martyr. And, in the next place, the red substance has been subjected to chemical analysis, and is reported to be not blood, but iron rust. As regards the comparatively late date of figures and pictures of the Crucifixion, on which the author dwells, he hardly makes sufficient allowance for the *disciplina arcani*, which would certainly have withheld the Christians during the ages of persecution from risking the exposure of such solemn subjects to the gaze of scoffing unbelievers. In dealing with what may be called the theological testimony of the Catacombs, Mr. Hemans repeats what he had said in an earlier volume, about the emphatic proof of "the pre-eminence assigned to the Eucharistic sacrament [in various well-understood symbols] as the chief and perpetually recurring solemnity for which the faithful assembled, and without which it cannot be assumed that congregational worship ever took place in the usual ordering of its observances." The evidence for an early origin of invocation of saints appears to be stronger than for Purgatory and prayer for the departed—that is, of course, exclusive of liturgies, which do not come under discussion here. A great many ceremonies still preserved in the Roman ritual owe their origin to St. Gregory the Great. Such are the blessing of oils for Confirmation and other purposes, and the general Communion of the clergy, on Holy Thursday; the reservation of the Eucharist for the "Mass of the Presanctified" on Good Friday, and the Adoration of the Cross on that day; the blessing of the Font and first Mass of the Resurrection, originally celebrated at midnight, on Easter Eve. It is worth noting in relation to the original position of the Papacy that the title "Vicar of St. Peter" was first assumed by Benedict III. in 857, while "Vicar of Christ" is of still later date. In this connexion the following passage has interest as a record of personal experience:—

One who had been led through studies, sympathies, and perhaps æsthetic tastes to quit the Anglo-Catholic for the Roman Catholic communion, and who expected to find in the "Roman Catacombs" the most affecting and irrefutable evidence to the primæval origin and inspired truthfulness of all which the latter Church teaches—received an impression from that faded picture in the dim-lit chapel, which led him to undertake farther research, with ripened judgment and wider experience, till, so influenced by the records of primitive faith, he was brought to the conviction that the Papacy, however beneficent and operative among the agents of Christian civilization, is merely a human system, resting on no principle established by the Divine Master, nor springing from any root of the true Vine destined for ever "the fruit of death or life to bear."

We have already intimated that Mr. Hemans does not move so freely in the atmosphere of classical as of Christian Rome. Both interests are united in the Pantheon, which was rescued from destruction by its dedication—whether under Boniface IV. or Gregory IV. appears to be doubtful—as the church of "All Martyrs," whence arose the Christian festival of All Saints. Mme. de Staël happily expresses the double association of the noble building:—"Les Païens ont divinisé la vie, et les Chrétiens ont divinisé la mort; tel est l'esprit des deux cultes." But, notwithstanding the tomb of Raffaelle and the altar erected to his memory near it, the temple does not seem somehow to lend itself kindly to Christian uses. Mr. Hemans says that the most solemn observances of the ritual year, even those of Holy Week, look cold and unattractive within its walls. The practical contrast between the two religions is nowhere perhaps more strikingly exhibited than in the fact to which he calls attention, that, in spite of the casual efforts of some of the better Emperors in this direction, no permanent institution for the relief and gratuitous maintenance of the suffering, the refuge of the infirm and aged, or the reclaiming of the fallen—nothing corresponding to our hospitals, almshouses, and asylums—existed amid the civilization of the Roman Empire. "Antique heathenism had neither the idea nor the word to express charity in anything like our acceptation of its profound meanings"; whereas "even at the worst periods of superstition and abuse the Catholic Church has never forgotten to inculcate and carry out the principle of self-devoting benevolence." On the vexed question of human sacrifices at Rome, to which he has devoted a short note in the appendix, we cannot doubt that Mr. Hemans is right, though he has so high an authority as Mommsen against him. The mass of evidence brought together by Dr. Döllinger in his *Heidenthum und Judenthum* compels us, however reluctantly, to admit not only the prevalence of this practice among the Romans in the prehistoric age, but its continuance throughout the entire period of the Republic and far into the times of the Empire. It was first prohibited in 95 B.C. by a decree of the Senate, as we learn from Pliny, who also testifies to the very partial effect of the veto, which only reduced what had been a public and habitual rite to an occasional one. Even the edict of Hadrian two centuries later failed altogether to extinguish it. But although the author happens to be in the right here, there is little to show that he has critically examined the subject, and his way of speaking of early Roman history, which he apparently accepts entire as found in Livy, including the reigns of the seven Kings, does not inspire confidence in his judgment on controverted points. This may be partly the result of a receptive rather than a critical habit of mind; partly no doubt it arises from his interest being centred in the Christian rather than the heathen antiquities of Rome. Still, after making all deductions for defects both of style and matter, the volume is valuable for purposes of reference and will quite repay perusal.

THE JACOBITE EPISODE IN SCOTTISH HISTORY.*

FOR some time past very little has been heard of the Scotch Lion, and it is pleasant to meet the effigy of that distinguished animal rampant on the cover of the *Jacobite Episode*. But his position there is too like the spirited and disappointing pictures of the wild beasts on the outside of travelling menageries, and his defiant attitude gives promise of entertainment which the inside of the book but poorly fulfils. If ever there was an occasion when the proud spirit of Caledonia might be expected to show itself, it is in a prize essay on the Jacobite movement, written for and printed by the St. Andrew's Society of Glasgow. The Society has been unable to decide between the merits of two compositions which it has published together. But it has given the place of honour to by far the livelier of the two, that in which Mr. Dixon does his best to show the seamy side of the Rebellion, and to sneer at everything dear to romantic admirers of the Highlands. Thus the essay throws a good deal of light on modern Scotch feeling, whatever it may do to clear up the history of the last century. So far from being a Celtic patriot of the order of Professor Blackie, as we had fondly expected, Mr. Dixon writes of the Highlands of the last century in much the same tone as Mr. Congreve uses when he has to speak of the benighted and retrograde England of to-day. Somewhat in his spirit Mr. Dixon disposes of the grievances of the North, disparages the loyalty of the clans, finds excuses for the

* *The Jacobite Episode in Scottish History, and its Relative Literature.* By Willmot Dixon, LL.B., and T. Logie Robertson, A.M. Glasgow: St. Andrew's Society. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

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wanton cruelty of Cumberland, almost approves of the massacre of Glencoe, and throws doubts on the courage of Prince Charles Edward.

The cause of this unlooked-for treatment of the struggles of Scotland is probably to be found in the fact that some new lights in history have dawned on Mr. Dixon, and have dazzled him a good deal. He has found out that Sir William Wallace did not wear a kilt, that Lowlanders differ in race from the tribes beyond the two great firths, and this discovery prompts him to throw contempt on everything in Jacobitism that had a Highland origin. To be sure Mr. Dixon has not got the matter quite right even now, as appears from the following instructive passage:—

> The Highlanders were of a totally different race from those steel-clad spearmen of the dales whom Bruce and Wallace led to victory, before whose disciplined valour and serried phalanx the despised Highland savages were scattered like chaff. The famous Scottish heroes were Lowlanders, little, if at all, different in race, manners, and speech from their English neighbours. Bruce himself was an English baron, bred if not born in England; his father was an English courtier, his grandfather an English judge, and he would have scorned any connexion with the savage kernes of the Highlands, *who were never admitted to be Scots.*

It is a pity that Mr. Dixon has not favoured the world with his views as to the original possessors of the proud title of Scot. One can only dimly conjecture that he refers its origin to the border clan of Scot, and regret that he has not worked out so promising a theory. In the meantime we must remain of the opinion that the "savage kernes" of the kingdom founded in south-western Argyllshire were the real Scots, and that Bruce's claim to the Scotch crown rested on the fact that, by blood, if not by culture, he was connected with that race.

Indifferent as he is to Highland grievances, Mr. Dixon shows a fine sensitiveness to the far more exquisite wrongs inflicted on *his* Scots, on the descendants of his "steel-clad spearmen of the dales." Indeed it is not easy to think with composure of the outrages dealt by the heartless English to the loyal Presbyterian Church. "She was wounded in her tenderest part by the Acts of Toleration and Abjuration." What, in fact, could be more lacerating to the feelings of the Kirk than an Act which tolerated Episcopacy, and thereby, as the Scotch clergy complained, "gave a large license almost to all errors and blasphemies"? When one remembers that a party in the Scotch Episcopal Church had actually cavilled at the Fourth Commandment as a Judaic survival, one understands to what a pitch blasphemy and error were being carried. The Episcopalians were going, as the Cameronians rather forcibly put it, "in the way of Egypt and Assyria, to drink the poisonable puddles of prelacy and sectarianism." The descendants of the hill men, the children of the persecuted remnant, might well feel it a buffet to have their religion mentioned in the same clause of an Act with that of the drinkers of poisonable puddles. Yet the arrogance of England went to that length, and the Kirk was not the only suffering body. The Southrons, in drawing up the Act for appointing Commissioners of forfeited estates, had ventured so far in their insolent ignorance as to call young men "minors," and to speak of the Yule Vacance as the Christmas Vacation. A nation may put up with Culloden and Glencoe, where the sufferers were only naked kernes, but insults like the atrocious ones we have ventured to recall rankle longer, and are scarcely ever forgiven.

To have to defend the cause of the Highlands against a Scotch prize essayist is a curious task, which is almost forced on us by the unpatriotic sneers of Mr. Dixon. He is so carried away by his discovery that the Lowlanders are the only real and original Scots that he cannot spare a good word for the clans which fought for the quiescent Lowlands the desperate battle of Scotch nationality. He might remember that, if the arrogance of England kept alive a hatred of the Union, the Highlanders, from whatever motives, gave the "descendants of the steel-clad spearmen" an opportunity to throw off the yoke which they were always grumbling at. But he half apologizes even for the massacre of Glencoe, on the ground that such measures were only what the kernes were used to, and were a mere carrying out of the traditional policy of the Scotch monarchy. "James VI.," he says, "actually entered into a contract 'to extirpate that barbarous people.'" This is a quotation for which we should be glad to find a reference. The Lowland monarchy had certainly regarded the Highlanders in the spirit which permitted the battle between Clan Chattan and Clan Kay. It was little loss if the mountaineers exhausted their strength on each other, and James VI. wished to establish "plantations" north of the Highland line. Now plantations was a mild word for forcible subjection, but we are not aware of any authority for the use of the term extirpation before the affair of Glencoe. At all events, a reference would be more valuable here than in a later passage, where we are advised to consult Mrs. Oliphant's Historical Sketches. Mr. Dixon is quite right when he says that William III. knew what he was doing when he signed the warrant for the massacre, and that he did not understand "extirpation" in the sense of compulsory education, as Macaulay almost tries to make out. He has the courage of his opinions, and almost excuses the slaughter of the Macdonalds by the late example of the punishment inflicted on the Modoc Indians; while he observes that the rebellion of 1745, which was conducted on Charles Edward's side with singular moderation and regard for life and property, was avenged by horrors little short of those which occurred in the suppression of the Sepoy mutiny. The parallels are in bad taste, and Mr. Dixon shows little more feeling in his account of Charles Edward.

Charles Edward may not have combined all the good qualities of Hannibal and Prince Charming, as some of his admirers have tried to persuade the world. It must be admitted that, in his reluctant retreat from Derby, his soldierly quality of cheerful endurance gave way. His admission that, "while skulking he learned to relish a strong dram," was only too true, and the habit enslaved and besotted him in his hopeless later years. Even Scott—if he was the author of a famous *Quarterly* article—admits that, "like the rest of his unhappy race, he was not warmly grateful." But from the moment when he announced to his father his desperate and unaided enterprise till he was compelled to turn his back on the South, he displayed a chivalrous spirit and a princely bearing which have prevented his attempt from seeming quite a wanton waste of blood and treasure. Now Mr. Dixon is not very clear in his mind about Charles Edward, but on the whole he prefers to sneer. Sometimes he calls the Chevalier "a gallant young hero," but later he thinks him essentially "a weak man, and a creature of impulse." He blames him for his eagerness to advance on London, and again hints blame because he did not put himself at the head of a handful of men who rallied at Ruthven, after Culloden. On the whole, he prefers as a guide the ill-natured memoirs of the Chevalier Johnstone. Johnstone, who was a soured and disappointed man, urged that the Prince was not resolute, but only ignorant of the difficulties of his attempt; that he was too careful of his own safety; and that he abandoned the enterprise at a time when he had ten times more chance of success than when he began it. As to the last point, Charles Edward's instinct told him truly that all hope was over with the first moment of retreat. Mr. Dixon quotes a letter from Gray to Horace Walpole, to show how little alarmed the English were, and how hopeless the advance on London must have been. But if he had given the whole extract, it would have been clear that Gray only spoke of "uncommon people," namely Cambridge Dons, as being easy in their minds. Smollett and Fielding testify to the panic in London on "Black Friday." What would have happened if Charles Edward had carried his point is a question in historical hypothetics; but there is no doubt at all as to what would have been the result of his joining the fifteen hundred dispirited runaways at Ruthven. The council of war at Derby decided on retreat partly because they were only anxious for Scotch independence. They must have been aware that Lockhart of Carnwath was right when he said that "the united strength of Scotland was little enough to effect the great design, *for England must be in the play.*" That they relinquished the one chance of success, audacity, was not the fault of Charles. As to his personal courage, and the accusation that he refused to comply with Lord Elcho's advice to charge at the head of the left wing at Culloden, there is an obvious reply. The left wing, the sulky Macdonalds, were likely to allow him to charge alone. In such a position there is always some one to say *Meurs en roi!* and some one else to seize the Prince's bridle. Charles only followed almost unbroken precedent when he let himself be led from the field, and mortally offended Lord Elcho.

Romance has made the Jacobite insurrections so much her own that it is not easy to appreciate their real historical bearings. How far were the Highland chiefs who took surety from Charles Edward for the value of their estates influenced by loyalty, and how far by interested speculations? What treatment did the Episcopalians, who were continually submitting their disputes to their exiled monarch, expect on the restoration of a Catholic King? Was Presbyterianism in very active opposition, or had its recent alliance with the gentry modified the politics of the Kirk? Was there any religious motive present to the minds of the Roman Catholic Highlanders? On all these points we find a curious vagueness. People seemed to make Jacobitism an expression of their various grievances, and trusted that some solution of the religious difficulty would turn up. The King might be converted, or might have Protestant children. Lockhart hoped that the misfortunes which had befallen James and his son "might teach that race a little caution for a generation or so." These were the views of the Episcopalian gentry, but, on the whole, they relied on the chapter of accidents. There was a faint hope that the wrong-headed Cameronians might declare against the uncovenanted Hanoverian, a faint hope that the English Jacobites might rouse themselves to greater exertion than that of drinking healths. George's Dutch soldiers might be set off against the French troops, so necessary, and yet so fatal, to James's cause. About Catholic curates, Father Poignardini, Father Macdagger, and Father O'Blaze, we only read in Fielding's *True Patriot*, and no apprehensions of their making mischief were felt by the Scotch gentry. It was trusted that the tax on malt would throw the thirsty lower classes into the arms of the good cause. There were many ingredients that might work together to bring about a restoration, and the Jacobites shut their eyes to the fact that the odds against all the chances blending in the right proportions were incalculably great. They tried to believe that the various possibilities had a cumulative force, and that there was a latent feeling for national independence, which, in point of fact, only came into existence as a sentimental regret, to find expression in a gush of lyrics, good, bad, and indifferent. Mr. Dixon's fellow-essayist, Mr. Logie Robertson, has tried to piece together a history of the Jacobite episode out of these and other ballads. But he has given no very valuable canon, nor taught us how to discriminate between genuine contemporary songs and the imitations of Hogg and his friends of the Blackwood set. After all, these songs, and the sentimental loyalty which

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they fostered, and which was transferred to George IV. and developed into the modern passion for running after royal personages, have been the most permanent results of Jacobitism.

THE WEDGWOOD HANDBOOK.*

IT is not a little curious to observe that the great revival of Greek art in the last century made more mark on ceramics than on architecture or painting. At the present day Grecian architecture is better understood than it was a hundred years ago. We do not any longer try to build houses without windows, or perch porticos in mid-air. We have little enthusiasm for Doric pilasters and Ionic colonnades in stucco. We talk of Zeus and Aphrodite where the classical revivalists among our forefathers talked of Jove and Venus; but indeed we seldom speak of the heathen gods and goddesses under any form, and they have disappeared from our almanacs as completely as the seven planets. Our Grecian taste is of a different kind from that which put the choragic monument of Lysicrates on the top of a church in Regent Street. There is not much in common between the frieze of the Parthenon and that of the Albert Hall. Parliamentary orators never quote Greek, though there are members now who understand Homer as he never was understood before in England. True Greek art was never better liked, though lath and plaster no longer appear on our public buildings. The great Nash is as much forgotten as the man who invented the floodgate iron. But the art which survives, and which still reflects whatever was purest in the taste of the last century, is that which has immortalized the name of Wedgwood. When the blue and white tablets were new, our lovely grandmothers endeavoured to assimilate their costume to the ideal covering of the ancient Greeks, and only the climate which forbade them to live without a roof over their heads put a stop to the gradual approach of theoretical nudity. The crested helmets of the dragoons have disappeared with the short skirts of the ladies. The cement pillars and sham pediments have given place to buttresses and turrets. We no longer hear of the chastity of a façade, and note with pleasure that the virtue itself which for a time seemed to have taken refuge with the architects has returned to society. It speaks well, then, for the art of Wedgwood that his works were never more highly appreciated than they are at present, and that, while we have discarded what was false, ignorant, and pretentious in the so-called Grecian taste of our ancestors, we still admire the true and perfect productions of the pottery at Etruria. Like many other great men Wedgwood showed his greatness by his power of discerning talent in others. His perseverance in chemical research and his inbred knowledge of the ceramic art were ably assisted by the social qualities of Bentley and by the classical genius of Flaxman. Without them he could not have accumulated half a million of money nor have left so great a name among potters.

Wedgwood was born in July 1730, at Burslem, in Staffordshire, where every second family was, like his own, engaged more or less deeply in pottery. Miss Meteyard, in her *Life of Wedgwood*, mentions the names of several, such as the Tilewrights, the Mayers, and the Burslems, who were at once ancient in the land and also busy workers in the manufacture of the district. The Wedgwoods appear to have been of consideration as early as the fourteenth century, and the talents of Josiah, the youngest of a large family, were no doubt inherited from generations of potters. He began business probably in 1756 or 1757, and the best period of his art is fixed in the present volume at from 1779 to 1787. His death occurred in 1795, so that he was at work for nearly forty years, and took at least twenty to reach his period of prosperity. After his death the fame of Wedgwood ware declined, and from about 1810 to 1862 it was comparatively little valued. In that year, however, what Miss Meteyard happily terms the "Staffordshire Renaissance" set in, and the prophecy which Josiah Wedgwood made in 1777, that age and scarcity only were needed to make some of his works "worth any price you would ask for them," has been completely fulfilled in the last few years. Even defective pieces, originally sold as "waste," are now often in the market. The fluctuations they underwent are remarkable. An Etruscan inkstand was bought for 4*d.* at a stall in Salford, and was sold in 1869 for 5*l.* Copies of the Portland vase, which five-and-twenty years ago fetched from 40*l.* to 50*l.*, now run up to 170*l.* or 180*l.* This increase in value is the more remarkable because the manufacture has been revived of late, and the older pieces are very successfully imitated and emulated by the present representatives of the firm.

Wedgwood worked chiefly in ten different sorts of material. They may be enumerated as cream ware, basaltes, six varieties of crystalline and variegated ware, white, terra cotta, jasper, bronze, red, pearl, and "mortar material," or cane colour. Of these by far the best known and most popular is the blue "jasper," with white figures in relief. Immense pains were taken in the production of the blue ground, and Wedgwood's own manufacture in this respect greatly exceeds in beauty any made since his time. The name "jasper" was first heard of just a hundred years ago, and the ware reached its highest pitch of perfection in 1779. Years of anxious labour, diversified by many disappointments, preceded this success. The chief ingredient was at first a carbonate of baryta, and later a sulphate, which was procured from lead mines. The white body in which the figures were made cost Wedgwood an equally long period of experimental labour and research before he could produce the beautiful cameos and the plaques or tablets, some of which now command such high prices. We first hear of cameos by name in 1772, but within a couple of years the number of them was nearly three hundred, and before 1777 four hundred and forty were included in his catalogues. He sent in all directions for models and casts from the antique, had workmen at Stowe and at Blenheim, and ransacked famous cabinets like that of Baron Stosch. It was the same with the tablets and bas-reliefs. No expense or trouble was spared. The best workmen and the first artists were employed. As much thought was spent on the framing as on the ceramic portion of the work. London and Uttoxeter were the places where the gold settings were made; Birmingham and Wolverhampton supplied those in steel. Wedgwood considered lightness in a setting the great object, and himself superintended the different designs manufactured, giving the most exact directions to the makers. His taste was unerring, yet he always endeavoured after improvement, and was never so well content that he did not think a still higher point might still be attained. He seems to have been determined, in whatever he undertook, if he should not be able to command success, at least to have deserved it. He writes to Bentley in 1775 that he thinks it impossible to make frames of pottery which will not "degrade" the gem or picture, and gives a decided opinion in favour of metal-work for the purpose; but he adds a characteristic note:—"I only mention this as my present opinion, despairing of being able to make a picture-frame to please either ourselves or our customers." He was equally nice as to the polish of the edges, and the undercutting and finishing. This was particularly the case with the tablets and bas-reliefs. As Miss Meteyard more than once says, the finish is one of the surest signs of the best period of production, and should be carefully looked for by the collector.

It was from 1774 to 1787 that Flaxman worked for the firm. The catalogue issued in 1777 contains the names of fifty-eight tablets of his design, and many more occur at later dates. For some of these Wedgwood charged as much as 20*l.*, but they now fetch even higher prices. Flaxman seems to have designed all kinds of objects—cameos, services, tablets, and vases. The last named were especially favoured by Wedgwood himself, who had very early made tazzas after the antique, chiefly in the black "basaltes," which Miss Meteyard professes to admire even more than the "jasper." On this point she says, "His bas-relief vases in basaltes rank among his highest productions, and though it may be heresy with some to say so, we prefer them as a whole to the jasper vases." This opinion betrays a certain inclination, too common among collectors, but seldom apparent in Miss Meteyard, to value objects more for technical qualities, invisible to the general multitude, than for absolute beauty. She continues:—"Their body is so exquisite to the touch, their polish so fine, their decorations and forms so graceful and chaste, as to render them—now that they are yearly becoming rarer—of the utmost value. Whether they adorn the library, the gallery, the hall, the drawing-room, or conservatory, their sober grace lends a charm and contrast to surrounding colours and objects." But it was not entirely in this material that the most remarkable vase of all that Wedgwood produced was modelled. The reproduction of the Portland vase was the highest effort of his art, and we must pass by the beautiful vases in jasper, rosso-antico, and other materials to follow Miss Meteyard's account of its production. Sir William Hamilton, to whose suggestions Wedgwood was constantly indebted, brought the famous original to this country in 1784, and sold it to the dowager Duchess of Portland. It had previously been known as the Barberini vase, having been found during the pontificate of Urban VIII. (Barberini) in the neighbourhood of Rome. While it was still in the Barberini Palace Wedgwood had endeavoured to copy it by means of engravings. His success was indifferent, although from the poverty of the engravings he flattered himself he should even be able to excel the original. When the Duchess of Portland died, he opened negotiations with the Duke for its purchase, and eventually arranged that the Duke should buy it himself, but should lend it to Wedgwood to be copied. This was in 1787, but the vase was not actually in his hands until the close of 1790, although Webber, Hackwood, and other artists in Wedgwood's employ were busy copying and making trial of material. The first perfect copy was finished some time in 1789, and several more had been made by April 1791, when one was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries, and gained the warm approval of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Tickets to view it at Greek Street, where Wedgwood's warehouse at that time existed, were eagerly accepted by all the rank and fashion of London. The vase then departed in the care of young Josiah Wedgwood on a foreign tour, commencing with the Hague, where Lady Auckland, the wife of our Ambassador, gave a breakfast in its honour, and exhibited it to the Stadtholder and his family. The object of this journey was to obtain subscribers; but as Wedgwood was unable either to fix the price or to guarantee another example equally perfect, the number of names sent in was very small. It is probable that not more than twenty were made in Wedgwood's lifetime, and the merit of these was by no means equal. But some of those produced after his death were very good, and the original was lent to the firm again in 1800. Its subsequent history is well known. In 1810 it was deposited in the British Museum, and there, in 1845, it was smashed to atoms with a stick by a wretched man whom it is an excess of charity to believe a lunatic. It has been marvellously well repaired, however, and the intended destruction has been productive of one good result—namely, that the beautiful work on the bottom of the vase is now visible, not having been

* *Handbook of Wedgwood Ware.* By Eliza Meteyard. London: George Bell & Sons. 1875.

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replaced by the mender. Miss Meteyard gives a list of twenty early copies, of which two are in London museums, one is at Dresden, one at Rome, one at Liverpool, and the rest in private collections.

The book, which is intended for the use of collectors, would have been much the better for an index, or even for a table of contents. Notwithstanding these serious wants, it will be found of great service, while the lists of prices at sales, together with the reprints of Wedgwood's own catalogues, make it very complete. The gradual increase in the value of good specimens, and the necessity which every collector of English pottery will feel to obtain certain prices, render the Handbook indispensable, and at the same time render the difficulty of finding one's way in it more painfully apparent.

ISEULTE.*

WE are a good deal disappointed in this book. The author in her story of the *Hôtel du Petit St. Jean* had done so well for a beginner that we opened *Iseulte* in the expectation of finding some pleasant reading. It has happened once more, as it has happened often before, that we have closed the volume with a feeling of regret that a writer does not now and then try to gain that kind of renown which was so easily earned by a member of Parliament in the last century. There were many great speakers, but few are remembered more than Single-speech Hamilton. Why should we not have a Single-novel Smith or Jones? Unfortunately it happens that by a first book the writer often earns nothing but a reputation. Douglas Jerrold said of some young author that he had taken down the shutters before he had furnished the shop. It is not unfrequently the case that, though the shop is found to be bravely furnished when it is opened, yet the first day's sale clears out the whole of a stock which can never be replenished. When customers still press in, and, offering a far higher price, are sure that, if only the dealer will take the trouble, he can produce as good an article as before, unless he is gifted with a degree of modesty and honesty which can scarcely be looked for, he is sure to yield and to begin to manufacture goods that are mere imitations. The range of life that comes before most writers, especially before most female writers, is but limited. When once they have painted the one little world they know so well, if they go on writing they are but copiers of themselves. They may indeed, as they too often do, desert altogether the path of nature, and calling on their imagination to make efforts which are far above it, produce the most absurd monstrosities. Others, like the author of *Iseulte*, when everyday scenes are exhausted, bring in history as the background of their tale, and in the pages of a novel set themselves up as infallible judges of politics and warfare. They decide in a few lines questions which the impartial historian would not venture to settle in as many chapters, and by the short and straight road of their feelings arrive at conclusions which, if reached at all, should only be arrived at through the long and winding path which the judgment alone has patience to follow. It is true that not the whole of *Iseulte* is given either to politics or war. The story nevertheless leads up both to one and the other, while the closing chapters are worthy of the pen of a Special Correspondent.

The story opens with a conversation between a Mme. La Barre and her son Vincent, in which are unfolded the incidents which it is necessary that the reader should know in order to understand the plot. The novelist cannot claim the indulgence which is so justly given to a dramatist when, in the opening scene of a play, he makes one faithful old retainer of a family relate to another equally faithful and equally old retainer of another family what both had known equally well for ever so many years. Unless indeed the dramatist makes use of a Chorus of the kind that Shakspeare brought on in *Henry V.*, he is almost driven into making his characters begin by telling the stalest of news. But a novelist who tells her story in the third person is under no such restraint. Before she brings a single personage on the stage she can have given the fullest history of her hero and heroine, beginning with the birth of all their grandparents on both sides. How needlessly unnatural, then, is the conversation in which Mme. La Barre and her son thus tell the reader of the first marriage of their cousin Iseulte:—

> "No, it was a scandalous thing from the first the Thurets marrying her to a middle-aged adventurer like that. I wish I had been in France that spring; young as I then was, I would have tried to put a spoke in his wheel. But I never knew it till it was an accomplished thing. I heard two men at a *table-d'hôte* at Geneva discussing Cormenin's marriage, and they nicknamed the lady 'the bride of the Napoleon Docks.' To my horror it was Iseulte de Bourgonce."
>
> "Alas! poor M. de Bourgonce! He was taken away from two daughters who could very ill spare him, and M. Thuret scandalously misused the trust reposed in him."

We had thought that Vincent himself was to be the hero of the story, so much is made of him in the beginning. He had been in love with Clarisse, Iseulte's younger sister. But she, by a trick in which a priest and the superior of a convent had played the chief part, had been led to take the veil herself. When a young lady in a Catholic country has once taken the veil, no doubt she remains constant to her vows. As a matter of truthfulness, we cannot say to nature, but to that perversion of nature which is found in the monastic life, the author no doubt has done rightly in keeping Clarisse unmarried. We could have wished, however, that the woman in her had spoken out, and that she had protested, not only against the trick which shut up a young girl in the cells of a convent for the rest of her life, but also against the false sense of duty which led her to respect an unnatural vow which had been got from her by fraud. The religious sense, not only of the characters of the story, but we must add of the author herself, acute though it is, is somewhat morbid. Iseulte, as the extract we have quoted has shown, had married one of the worthless adventurers of the Empire. He had robbed her of her fortune, and had then deserted her for twelve years or so. Some fortunate speculations raise him up from the depths into which he had fallen, and just before the outbreak of the war with Germany he is appointed Prefect of a town in the East of France. He needs a wife to do the honours of the Prefecture, and sends to invite Iseulte to return. She loathes the man, and with good reason, and, as any woman who had a proper feeling of self-respect would do, sends no answer to his letter. Unfortunately she goes out for a walk, and comes to "one of the Calvaries of the peasants":—

> Iseulte started.
>
> Tall and black against the golden mist of the sun's setting light, there reared itself the silent yet eloquent Cross. There from its bar hung an image of the world's pure Victim, crucified between two thieves. The injured, mortified, anxious, self-righteous woman confronted with it had just asked an angry question, and had accidentally now got an answer. In His name who had had no home; in His name who had had no human joys and had yet been a stranger to no human pangs; in His name who had lived with publicans and sinners and died with malefactors; in His name who forgave his enemies and rose again to intercede for men; in His name she must return.

It would take all the crosses that are set up from one end of France to the other to persuade a sensible Englishwoman that that Christian religion which is so dear to her requires her to go back and live with a scoundrel who has plundered her, and left her, for all he knew, to a twelve-years' beggary, whenever it may suit his own selfish aims, on a fresh flood of fortune, to call her back to his side. We altogether disbelieve that a woman like Iseulte could for a moment have been so miserably misled. Even if we are mistaken in this estimate of her character, we must at least protest against the author's surrounding so unnatural an action with the halo of a false religious sentiment. She herself feels how unnatural it is, and frees Iseulte from much of the degradation by a very convenient fire, in which her husband the Prefect receives a most serious wound the day before she joins him. Before he is fully cured the Prussians invade France, and he ends his worthless life. The story would have been a great deal better, and a great deal truer to what human nature should be, if he had never come back upon the scene. If the modern heroine must always make great sacrifices before she can arrive at the haven of a peaceful married life, let the sacrifices at all events be reasonable and natural. Iseulte of course gets rewarded in the usual way for the devotion she has shown. When her husband is dead she sets off, through the wintry weather, for her sister's convent. She gets beaten by the snow and by the presence of the hostile armies, till at last she altogether breaks down in a small village near Belfort. There she goes through some surprising adventures, and is at last seized as a German spy, and dragged before a French colonel in the full expectation that she will be shot. Happily the Colonel turns out to be the Marquis de Lussarques, who, when last heard of, had started in his cousin's ship for South America that he might try to forget Iseulte, with whom he was in love, but who could not marry him while her husband was living. She, who had expected the next moment to be shot, suddenly finds a lover, and a lover who, now that the worthless Prefect had been swept away, could when once the war was over become a husband. As there were no means, at all events no means that the author could take, of getting Clarisse out of her convent, the unfortunate Vincent, her old lover, was killed at Sedan. It would, however, have been easy enough, as the convent was in the east of France, to have placed it in Alsace. It might then have been forcibly closed by Bismarck, and the nuns, with a little stretch of imagination, might have been all converted by some devout Germans to Protestantism. Vincent might first have been found on the field of battle by Clarisse, with so little life left in him that every one but a woman would have left him to the gravediggers, and recovering, as if by a miracle, could have got a wife as soon as the devout Germans and common sense had gained the day.

Though we like neither the story nor the tone of the book, yet we can easily believe that it will have a good many readers. Sentiment, above all religious sentiment, meets with a ready sale at the present day, and among the readers of the circulating libraries few ask whether the sentiment is true or false. Still fewer perhaps will notice the faults in style and the occasional blunders in language into which the author falls. Perhaps her reading has been too much in French authors for her to write English as an Englishwoman should write it. Then, too, she has in her study of English evidently gone to that worst of all schools, the modern novelists. She has clearly read Miss Braddon, for from whom else could she have learnt to call a fortress or a castle a fortalice? We read, in a passage not unworthy of her who has apparently been her model, "The stones of donjon and abbey, of church and fortalice, all alike blossoming into beauty, displayed at once the lily and the rose." In the same page we read of "the deep lych-gate of the farm," and of "a wealth of Bignonia flowers." Against the wealth of flowers we have more than once lifted up our voice, and lifted it

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* *Iseulte.* By the Author of "Véra," "Hôtel du Petit St. Jean," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

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up in vain, but why should the farm of a château have a lych-gate? The castle itself had become, we are told, "as it were, a palimpsest of the needs, cares, and neglects of many generations." Some mineral springs are "inaugurated," not thrown open, and at the dinner that was given in honour of the inauguration "the Vicar-General perosated gently to Iseulte." Sketching materials are "artistic paraphernalia," while the modern Frenchwoman is "a sublimatized doll." When in a certain town the election for mayor came on we are told that "the claims of the last and of the penultimate ones divided it." Corners, it would seem from one passage, can be dormant; while in another passage a tie between two lovers, though sundered just now, yet was fuel for the fire of their lives. The author is, indeed, far too fond of metaphors, and stumbles as only lovers of the metaphorical style of writing can stumble. She makes one of her heroes ask, "What about having crossed the watershed of life, and seeing that its waters now run all down-hill?" In what range of hills, we should like to know, do waters ever run uphill?

It is a pity that a writer who has written one good novel, and perhaps might write half-a-dozen more, should thus fall away from so promising a beginning. The only chance for her, if she wishes to write a good English story, is to give up her French reading for a while, and to read no more modern novelist than Miss Austen. She might thus perchance forget the use of those big words which are so dear to her.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

ONE of the most interesting periods of English history—that extending from the Restoration to the accession of the House of Hanover *—is the subject of an able narrative by Onno Klopp. Herr Klopp belongs to the school of diplomatic historians of whom Ranke affords the most distinguished type; those who, comparatively unconcerned about the social life of a nation, restrict themselves in the main to political and military narrative, but instead of describing transactions as they appear to the ordinary observer, endeavour to penetrate their hidden springs by the aid of the private correspondence and secret instructions of the principal actors. The recent facilities of access to the archives of the principal European States, and the assiduous labours of the editors, calendarers, and decipherers of public documents, have greatly encouraged the development of this school of history. Herr Klopp tells us that his original motive to undertake his task was his acquaintance with certain unpublished papers of Leibnitz's in the Hanoverian archives, attesting the part taken by the philosopher in inducing the Electoral family to accept the succession to the British Crown. He at first designed to confine his work to the period of Leibnitz's political influence, but found that to make his subject duly intelligible he must travel further back, and thus he was gradually led to the treatment of the entire space comprised in his present work. Without marked intellectual distinction, Herr Klopp is nevertheless an intelligent, lucid, and agreeable historian, and his work forms an acceptable supplement to current English histories. Our historians, naturally engrossed with the paramount importance of Charles II.'s reign as the era when most of our chief constitutional problems actually or virtually received their solution, have hardly perhaps regarded it sufficiently in its influence on foreign policy. In fact, however, Charles's disgraceful subserviency to France was the key of the situation, and the theorem that there can be no stable equilibrium and no effectual concert among foreign Powers without the aid of England was, by the very negligence of the Sovereign, for the first time fully established. Herr Klopp is as lenient to Charles as is compatible with natural indignation at the misuse of remarkable abilities and extraordinary opportunities. He has made great use of the Vienna archives, especially of the despatches of the Imperial Ambassadors in England. The two volumes now published bring the narrative down to the death of Charles II.

It is to be regretted that the editor of General Dembinski's posthumous memoirs † should not have thought fit to acquaint us with the evidence of their authenticity. We are at some loss to account for the appearance at Vienna in a German dress of a work which one would have expected to be composed either in French or Polish, though the editor seems to say it was in German, without any hint as to the history of the MS. Fabrications in all departments of literature are sufficiently rife to render the authentication of whatsoever does not speak expressly for itself a point of wisdom, not to say of duty. Internal evidence, however, speaks strongly in favour of the genuineness of the autobiography. It forcibly expresses the character of Dembinski, an officer who to the enterprising spirit and perpetual ill-luck characteristic of all his military countrymen united some qualities peculiarly his own—obstinacy, opinionativeness, haughtiness, chivalrous honour, perfect disinterestedness, and, in spite of approved military capacity, an angularity which made co-operation with him the reverse of easy. He could seldom pull cordially with any colleague for any length of time, and, whatever censure may be passed on the cabals of the Hungarian officers which deprived him of his command, it is impossible to avoid seeing that he unconsciously played into their hands. His utter inability to assert his authority or make his orders respected also appears with sufficient clearness. The greater part of the first volume is naturally devoted to the winter campaign on the Theiss, the central incident of which was the unsuccessful, but not inglorious, battle of Kapolna. Dembinski was unquestionably treated very ill throughout by his lieutenants, and badly supported by the Government; it can only be said that the fault largely consisted in his own incapacity to inspire confidence or command respect. Bem would have fared very differently. He has the generosity to admit the splendour of the subsequent campaign of Görgey, from whose intrigues and insubordination he had been so great a sufferer. At a later period we find him commanding the corps of observation on the Gallician frontier, where, having nothing to do, he did it; subsequently, as chief of the staff, directing the ruinous but inevitable retreat to the South, until the command was taken from him by the impetuous Bem, whose headlong valour destroyed in three hours the army which the cautious Dembinski would have kept alive for at least three weeks. The ultimate result must have been the same under either system. No characteristic of Dembinski's military career is more remarkable than the contrast between his strategy on paper, which invariably contemplated the most audacious offensive movements with the slenderest force, and the destiny which rendered his actual campaigns a succession of retreats. On the whole, these memoirs are but an uncomfortable record of the mortifications of a brave, high-minded, humane, and in many respects highly-accomplished soldier, in a trying post for which he lacked the necessary qualifications. The editor, though partial to Dembinski, yet, as a patriotic Magyar, cannot altogether digest his author's strictures on Hungarian generals and soldiers, and has garnished his notes with contradictions and refutations from Görgey's memoirs and other sources. Of Görgey Dembinski speaks with contempt and dislike, while acknowledging his extraordinary military capacity. He is hardly more favourable to Kossuth, accusing him of craft, duplicity, and moral weakness. A letter from Bem, whom Dembinski never saw in Hungary until their meeting on the last battle-field of the war, is a most characteristic example of the energy and temerity of this extraordinary man.

The ninth volume of the Transactions of the Geographical Society of Berlin * contains some very interesting memoirs and reports of travel. Among the principal is a history by Dr. Nachtigal, the lion of scientific German society at the present moment, of the great kingdom of Baghirmi, in Central Africa. This State owes its pre-eminence to the superiority of its Mohammedan rulers, originally of Arab extraction, and its annals are very like those of the Assyrian Empire in miniature. Herr A. Buchholz contributes several letters from Accra, Bonny, and other points of the West African coast; but he complains bitterly of the difficulty of forming collections of natural history, and of the utter impracticability of the natives. Herr Bismarck describes the late Emperor of China's marriage; Julius Schubring contributes notes on Sicilian topography; and E. Söchting an analysis of Macfarlane's important work on the coal-fields of the United States, which are said to occupy 192,000 square miles. Smith and Grove's Atlas of Ancient Geography is severely reviewed by a rival chartographer, the eminent Kiepert, who also contributes papers on the original course of the Oxus, and on the demarcating line of the French and German languages in Alsace-Lorraine. Perhaps the most important contribution of all is Meinicke's minute and circumstantial account of the New Hebrides. There is the usual abundance of minor papers and reviews of geographical works, with an ample bibliography of the geographical literature of the year.

Dr. Julius Grill's contribution to the science of comparative mythology † will probably be rejected as a paradox; but, if so, it is at any rate no mere fantastic crotchet, but the aberration of a scholar of unquestionable ability and learning. There is even much to recommend it to Indo-European philologists, who will sympathize with an effort to extend their domain over the languages and mythology of extraneous races. Dr. Grill is a Semitic investigator who has approached his subject from the Sanscrit side, and the main object of his treatise is to establish the substantial identity of Semitic and Indo-European religious conceptions. He utterly disbelieves the theories which represent the Jehovah of the Scriptures as a purified form of Moloch or Baal, and seeks to prove, not only that Semitic and Aryan deities and legends have arisen in the same manner, but that they are substantially identical, and that their identity is capable of proof on the principles of comparative philology. Like most Aryan specialists, he is a strong advocate of the solar-myth theory, which, as in duty bound, he applies resolutely to the Semitic cycle of traditions. The body of the work is preceded by some special researches, with the view of establishing the validity of the theory by examples of its successful application in particular instances. Thus Aaron is paralleled with Atharvan; the explanation of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, already accepted by the solar mythologists, is made applicable to that of Jephthah's daughter; the Hebrew name of the Dead Sea is traced to a Sanscrit root, and, the hypothesis of an Aryan settlement in that region being rejected, the

* *Der Fall des Hauses Stuart und die Succession des Hauses Hannover in Gross-Britannien und Irland.* Von Onno Klopp. Bde. 1, 2. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Dembinski in Ungarn. Nach den hinterlassenen Papieren des Generals.* Von A. F. Danzen. Wien: Verlag des "Kamerads." London: Asher & Co.

* *Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin.* Bd. 9. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Erzväter der Menschheit. Ein Beitrag zur Grundlegung einer Hebräischen Alterthumswissenschaft.* Von Dr. Julius Grill. Abth. 1. Leipsic: Tews. London: Williams & Norgate.

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original identity of the Indo-European and Semitic families of speech is asserted in its place. The ground being thus cleared, the Hebrew cosmogony is systematically interpreted on the principles of the solar mythologists; thus, for example, the beams of the sun being shown to be compared by the Veda poets to the hair of a fleece, and the fig-leaves assumed by Adam and Eve being identified with the obscuration of the sun in bad weather, Adam and Eve's coats of skin obviously denote the clearing up of the atmosphere after a shower. The influential school to which we have referred will hardly relish this; but it will be for its advocates to show that Dr. Grill's discoveries are not a legitimate deduction from their own. It is to be observed that he takes no notice of the problematical but widely accepted theory of the Assyriologists, according to which the Semites derived their mythology and the rest of their higher civilization from an "Accadian" people of Turanian stock. In this case Dr. Grill's learning and ingenuity will all be thrown away, and to make his point good he will have to learn Accadian, and demonstrate the Sanscrit affinities of that idiom if he can. The second volume will pursue the application of his system to the remainder of the Old Testament history.

If H. Reuter's history of religious free thought in the mediæval period * cannot be ranked among the most readable of books, the fault is neither in the subject nor in any want of learning or capacity on the part of the author. Herr Reuter, indeed, carries virtue to an excess; his just dissatisfaction with the voluminousness of most German historians of intellectual movements or revolutions, and his disdain for the display of useless ingenuity or irrelevant erudition, have led him too far towards the other extreme. His work is too destitute of literary grace and polish, being angular, jerky, and inconsecutive. This is no doubt in great measure the fault of the subject, which, from the extreme poverty of the material, is particularly baffling to a writer who will not condescend to help himself out of a strait by plausible generalities. It may be questioned whether Herr Reuter has not in some instances made too much of his authorities, and relied too strongly upon general allegations of the growth of heresy, without due allowance for the nervousness of orthodox theologians and the energy of ecclesiastical rhetoric. There is nevertheless sufficient evidence of a steady undercurrent of freethinking manifesting itself occasionally in the person of some thinker of unusual courage or penetration, some Erigena, or Berengarius, or Abelard, who only just comes short of being an heresiarch. This rationalism, as Herr Reuter points out, was favoured by the contemporaneous growth of magic and other abject superstitions, in opposing which the more enlightened ecclesiastics were compelled to resort to weapons of reason and argument capable of being directed against themselves. An evident progress is visible between the time of Hildebrand, who peremptorily decides all controversies by the authority of Rome, and that of Aquinas, who consents to meet his philosophical adversaries upon their own ground, even though only under protest. Some of the contemporary testimonies to the prevalence of heretical opinions are certainly very striking, but the Church always carries the day in the long run; nor is it easy to see how anything but the invention of printing could have turned the scale. Herr Reuter apparently regards the obscure heresies between the periods of Charlemagne and Barbarossa as the germs of Ghibellinism, a connexion which will be more fully investigated in his second volume.

"The Doubter's Religion" † is rather an ethical than a theological essay. It is mainly grounded on the teaching of Kant, though that philosopher's name seldom occurs, and is principally directed to establish the existence of a basis of moral certainty and a practical rule of life entirely outside the sphere of the questions raised by the materialistic bent of natural science. The writer is in reality much less of a doubter than he professes himself; his creed is in essentials that of the rationalistic deism of last century, and, like the representatives of that school, he is sober, sensible, and rather unimaginative. His wisdom is in general of a homely description, and sometimes degenerates into mere truism; but his manner is always earnest, and his constant illustration of his theme from his personal experience and individual reflection imparts a warmth to his argument not often found in treatises on morals.

We are not aware whether the law of Germany allows the bearer of an inappropriate surname to change it at his pleasure. If so, we should recommend Dr. Zweifel ‡ to avail himself of this privilege without delay. No vestige of the scepticism apparently indicated by his cognomen is discoverable about him; on the contrary, it would be hard to find a writer more convinced of the soundness of his principles, and more disdainful of such trivial perplexities as free-will and the origin of evil. His confidence is so far well founded that his views are in no respect paradoxical; being such as may be any day propounded in Munich or any other University without exciting the least sensation or surprise. His theism, and the morality deduced from it, are precisely those of the Old Testament, and the only wonder is how they come to be described as things specifically German.

With less affectation of originality, there is far more practical utility in A. Bulmerincq's treatise on the "Practice, Theory, and Codification of International Law." * On the first two heads the work is mainly an historical survey of the growth of public law in its various departments, including a summary of what has already been written on the subject. It seems very well adapted to serve as a guide for students. The most original part is the last, containing considerations on the possibility of a strict codification and solemn public recognition of the somewhat ill-defined rules of public law, and of the establishment of an international tribunal of arbitration. The times seem hardly favourable to the latter proposition in Germany; yet it may conceivably find favour with great States which have little to gain by war, as well as with little ones which have everything to lose.

Dr. Fürtwangler †, in an attractive little essay on the conception of Eros as formed by the painters of ancient vases, shows that this almost invariably corresponds to the descriptions of the poets of the præ-Alexandrian epoch, especially of Euripides, and differs materially from that of the Alexandrian poets, which, through its adoption into Roman literature, has become principally familiar to the moderns. The conclusion he deduces is that painted vases, even when of a late period, are in general prior to the commencement of the Alexandrian literary epoch.

The Chancellor of the University of Tübingen ‡ is manifestly a person of good sense, and perhaps may have grounds for considering that his official position imparted such adventitious weight to his occasional utterances, chiefly on public occasions, as to warrant their preservation in an enduring form. They might otherwise, we should think, have remained as exercises in the field of oratory, adequate for their immediate purpose but scarcely requiring to be perpetuated. These discourses consist of sundry set speeches on questions of politics, psychology, and moral philosophy, not distinguished by any marked originality, but always clear and animated. The most important of the succeeding essays are devoted to the theory of statistics, and an inquiry into the demonstrableness of the axioms of Malthus. The varieties at the end of the volume include some pertinent observations on the controversies excited by Strauss's last work, from sundry points of view. On the whole, the book leaves the impression of greater intellectual power than its slight and fugitive character has on this occasion permitted the author to display.

The collected essays of Karl Hillebrand § cover a wide field, but although they were all acceptable in their original places of publication, it can hardly be said that there was any urgent necessity for reprinting them. The fullest are two very sound ones on Gervinus and Rahel, and another on Prince Pückler-Muskau, far too complimentary to that unprincipled coxcomb. Herr Hillebrand's speciality is his thorough acquaintance with Italian history and literature, and it is to be regretted that the papers devoted to these subjects rank among the slightest in his volume. The most interesting is an account of a new light of Italian poetical literature, the satirist Carducci, of whom we should have been glad to see more copious specimens. Herr Hillebrand aspires to write German with classical purity, and his volume contains some significant strictures on the decadence both of his own and of the French language.

Albert Moeser's Idyls ‖ may deserve commendation in respect of form, but their tediousness may be inferred from the statement that they consist solely of a series of dialogues between a youth and his bride, in elegiac couplets. Goethe's "New Pausias" is a proof that this form of composition may succeed when made the vehicle of an interesting narrative, but interest is what Herr Moeser has omitted to provide.

"In the New Empire," ¶ as the name implies, is a periodical devoted to the support of the policy of Prince Bismarck, which is characterized as "pacific, candid, and calculated to inspire confidence." It may be feared that the ablest literary men of Germany think differently; at all events they have not signalized their confidence in Prince Bismarck by enlisting under the banner of his organ. The contents are, in fact, so far very poor, with the exception of Dr. Friedberg's review of the causes of the great ecclesiastical rupture. The most important contributions to the May number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* ** are novelettes by Auerbach and Paul Lindau, and the conclusion of G. Brandes's papers on Ferdinand Lassalle, which comprises a notice of his powerful and little-known drama, *Franz von Sickingen*.

* *Geschichte der religiösen Aufklärung im Mittelalter.* Von Hermann Reuter. Bd. 1. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Religion des Zweiflers.* Leipsic: Haessel. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Die sittliche Weltordnung nach germanischer Auffassung, und ihre Gesetze.* Von H. Zweifel. München: Kaiser. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Praxis, Theorie und Codification des Völkerrechts.* Von A. Bulmerincq. Leipsic: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Eros in der Vasenmalerei.* Von Dr. Adolf Furtwängler. Munich: Ackermann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Reden und Aufsätze.* Von Gustav Rümelin. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Zeiten, Völker und Menschen.* Von K. Hillebrand. Bd. 2. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Trübner.

‖ *Idyllen.* Von Albert Moeser. Halle: Barthel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Im Neuen Reich.* Leipsic: Hirzel. London: Nutt.

** *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Hft. 8. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

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The Story of the Gaikwar.
The West Suffolk Election. The Belgian Riots.
The Judicature Bill. University Education in France.
Mr. Cross on the Labour Laws. The Permissive Bill. Outdoor Relief.
The Ministerial Policeman.

The Martyrs of the Press.
Social Dissenters. A Lesson from Gray's Elegy.
Burial as one of the Fine Arts. The Proved Necessity for Flogging.
Sunday Amusements. Moody and Sankey at Eton. The Royal Academy—VI.
The Operas. Racing at Ascot.

Manchester and Cromwell.
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Hemans's Historic and Monumental Rome.
The Jacobite Episode in Scottish History. The Wedgwood Handbook.
Iseulte. German Literature.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,024, JUNE 12, 1875:

Belgium—Lord Carnarvon's South African Policy—Financial Debating—The Orleanists—Mr. Dixon's Bill—General Grant and the Presidency—M. Ollivier's Reappearance—The Beecher Trial.

The Art of Controversy—Social Distinction—The Owston Inscription—Rumours of Religious War—Glamorgan—Our New Guest—The "Peculiar People"—Sea Passengers' Luggage—The Royal Academy. V.—The Grand Prix and Ascot.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—DUVERNOY, PAPINI, LASSERRE, &c., Tuesday Afternoon, St. James's Hall.—Quartet, G Minor, Piano, &c., Mozart; Quartet in A, Op. 41, Schumann; Grand Trio, C Minor, Mendelssohn; Solos, Pianoforte, Duvernoy, last time of this eminent Pianist from Paris.—Tickets, 7s. 6d. each, to be had at Lucas & Co.'s, Ollivier's, and Austin's. Visitors can pay at the Regent Street entrance.—Professor ELLA, Director.

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June 1, 1875.

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The Right Hon. the Earl of Harrowby, K.G.
The Right Hon. Lord Hampton.
The Right Hon. Lord Muncaster, M.P.
Thomas Brassey, Esq., M.P.

A PUBLIC MEETING will be held on behalf of this Fund at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, June 30, 1875, at 2.30 P.M.
His Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY will preside.
The Meeting will be addressed by the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., M.P., the Earl of Harrowby, K.G., the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the Lord Bishop of Exeter, the Lord Selborne, the Lord Muncaster, M.P., the Dean of Westminster, and Thomas Brassey, Esq., M.P.

4 Dean's Yard, S.W., June 10, 1875. J. TROUTBECK, *Secretary.*

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The following are extracts from the Report submitted:

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Premiums of the year amounted to £313,364 5s. 9d., being an increase of £34,433 12s. 9d. upon the year 1873.
The Losses by Fire were £173,609 14s. 9d., or 55·40 per cent. of the Premiums received, making the average of the Company's whole experience from the beginning 61 per cent.
The Expenses of Management (including commission) were 25·51 per cent. against 25·78 in 1873.
The result of the year's transactions was thus a surplus of £56,663 15s. 11d., increasing the Reserve Fund of this department to £314,947 0s. 8d.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

New Business.—The number of Lives upon which the Company granted new Assurances during the year was 488 for the aggregate sum of £295,869. The Annual Premiums thereon amounted to £9,730 3s.
The total Income for the year was £175,516 16s. 9d.
The Claims amounted to £80,402 10s. 4d., of which £3,115 8s. 4d. was for Endowments.
The Expenses of Management (including commission) were 10 per cent. upon the Premiums received.
The Funds of this department were increased by the sum of £76,166 18s. 5d., and now stand at £1,673,936 16s., inclusive of Annuity Fund.
Annuity Branch.—The sum of £2,919 13s. 8d. was received for the Sale of Annuities during the year, and the Fund of this section of the Life Department now stands at £53,411 11s. 1d.

London Board of Directors.
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Deputy-Chairman—DUNCAN JAMES KAY, Esq.

Ernest Chaplin, Esq. | Harvey Ranking, Esq.
Philip Currie, Esq. | William Munro Ross, Esq.
Edward Henry Green, Esq. | John Stewart, Esq.
Henry James Lubbock, Esq. | William Walkinshaw, Esq.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—E. H. MANNERING, *Manager*.
LIFE DEPARTMENT—JAMES VALENTINE, *Assistant-Actuary*.
General Manager and Actuary—A. P. FLETCHER.

Copies of the Report, with the whole Accounts of the Company for the year 1874, may be obtained from any of the Branch Offices or Agencies.

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Invested assets on December 31, 1873 ..... £5,486,763
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GEORGE HUMPHREYS, *Actuary and Secretary*.

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J. THOMSON, *Chairman*.

THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA RAILWAY COMPANY.

At the FIFTY-FIRST HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of PROPRIETORS, held at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, London, on Friday, June 11, 1875,
Colonel J. HOLLAND, Chairman of the Company, in the Chair,
The Advertisement convening the Meeting was read;
The Company's Seal was affixed to the Register of Proprietors;
The Directors' Report having been taken as read,
It was Moved by the CHAIRMAN, Seconded by W. NICOL, Esq., and Resolved:
That the Report of the Directors, together with the Accounts now submitted, be received and adopted.
It was Moved by W. NICOL, Esq., Seconded by ROBERT MINTON, Esq., and Resolved:
That H. WOLLASTON BLAKE, Esq., Colonel JAMES HOLLAND, and W. B. TRISTRAM, Esq., be and are hereby re-elected Directors of this Company.
It was Moved by HENRY H. MAUDE, Esq., Seconded by ROBERT MINTON, Esq., and Resolved:
That CHAS. PACKER, Esq., be and is hereby re-elected an Auditor of this Company.
J. HOLLAND, *Chairman*.
It was Moved by ROBT. SENHOUSE, Esq., Seconded by CHAS. H. ROBINSON, Esq., and Resolved:
That the best thanks of the Meeting are due and are hereby tendered to the Chairman and Directors for their attention to the interests of the Company.
THOMAS R. WATT, *Managing Director*.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,026, Vol. 39. June 26, 1875. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6d.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

TOO much importance has been attached to an article in a semi-official Russian paper which expressed a desire for an English alliance. Even if the writer was authorized to express friendly feelings, it may be doubted whether his language was not addressed rather to Germany than to England. It appears that the understanding among the three EMPERORS which was to secure for an indefinite time the peace of Europe is already subjected to a strain. The assumption that the Emperor ALEXANDER prevented an impending rupture between Germany and France has given natural offence at Berlin. The cordiality which may perhaps still exist between the two Courts is not universally shared by German statesmen; and it is well known that a powerful party in Russia is always jealous of German influence. An ostensibly free press, which nevertheless must avoid all statements which are not acceptable to the Government, is for some purposes a convenient instrument. Russian journalists would, if they were allowed a discretion, simultaneously express, as in other countries, conflicting opinions. They are now compelled to wait for some occasion which may render their various judgments acceptable to authority; and consequently every change of policy in the Government readily finds an appropriate organ. The writer of the article which has lately attracted notice professes still to rely on the alliance of Russia, Germany, and Austria as a security against the disturbance of peace by any other European Power; but he is surprised by the discovery that peace may be no longer safe if it is broken by one of its self-appointed guardians. The purpose of the intimation may perhaps be rather to remind the German Government of the value of Russian support than to prepare for a divergence of policy. A friend who may possibly be alienated often receives greater deference than a devoted adherent. German politicians who have depreciated the efficiency of the Emperor ALEXANDER'S recent intervention are answered by a protest against the pugnacious tendencies of German generals and statesmen. It is hardly worth while to study the various phases of a disagreement which may perhaps prove to be only a lover's quarrel. It is to be expected that the representatives of two great military Empires will from time to time be eager to assert their respective claims to equality and independence.

If the overture to England has any meaning except as a warning to Germany, there is no reason to repel any more authoritative demonstration of good will by which it may be followed. A few weeks ago the *Cologne Gazette* expressed similar feelings of friendship for England, endeavouring at the same time to allay the suspicion which Russian progress in Central Asia is calculated to excite. It is perfectly well known in all parts of the Continent that the purposes of every English Government are unambitious and peaceful. Austria, Italy, and in present circumstances France itself, are equally disinclined to war. Germany and Russia alone from time to time cause alarm by restlessness in one case, and by more active proceedings in the other. It is not disputed that a powerful party in the German army was lately anxious to promote an immediate attack on France. On the other hand, Russia is constantly extending her frontier in the direction of India, and making efforts to control the future railway communication of Asia. The withdrawal on a trifling pretext of the Persian concession of railway lines to Baron REUTER was immediately followed by the transfer of the privilege to a Russian General. The great projects of railways of which either Peshawur or Herat is designated as the terminus are certainly not required in the interests of commerce. The English Government and nation have no right, or no power, to check the advance of Russia in Central Asia; and perhaps it is prudent or dignified to profess indifference where an exhibition of alarm and jealousy would be useless. The Russians themselves are at the same time irritated and gratified both by warnings against the designs of their Government and by the transparent affectation of indifference which seems to some political writers expedient. Avowed uneasiness and professed complacency are equally flattering to a formidable rival.

The diplomatic relations of England and Russia during the last five or six years have not tended to promote mutual confidence. In 1870 the Russian Government, having secured the acquiescence of Prussia, boldly repudiated some of the principal provisions of the Treaty of Paris. France was at the time powerless; and England had no means of repelling the injury except by a declaration of war. The present English Ambassador at Berlin thought the policy of England so clear that he spoke to Count BISMARCK at Versailles as if war must be the inevitable result. He was not then aware that the PRIME MINISTER would eagerly vindicate the policy of Russia; and it may be admitted that the country would hardly have supported the Government in a practical vindication of treaty rights. It would perhaps have been prudent to leave to Russia all the responsibility of the act, and to reserve the right of resenting the affront whenever opportunity might occur. The more conciliatory or submissive course was preferred, and it is now too late to remonstrate; but it cannot be said that the transaction was flattering to national vanity. Three years later, the English Government having expressed uneasiness on account of the projected invasion of Khiva, the Emperor ALEXANDER despatched one of his most confidential servants to give his personal pledge that the country, even if it were conquered, should not be permanently retained. The protest of semi-official journals against the Imperial concession proved that some members of the Russian Government disapproved of the promise voluntarily given to England. It was declared that Count SCHOUVALOFF'S message was rather a prophecy than a pledge, and that the consequences of the expected conquest must depend on military expediency. As soon as Khiva was taken, General KAUFMANN ostentatiously disregarded the promise of the EMPEROR. The native ruler became a vassal of Russia, and a large part of his territory was at once annexed to the Empire.

It is possible that successive rebuffs inflicted on England may have relieved Lord DERBY from any delicacy which he might have felt in receiving coldly the Russian scheme of a Congress at Brussels. It is not worth while to recapitulate the reasons given on both sides for remodelling the rules of war or for relying on the existing law of nations. When Lord DERBY declined to continue at St. Petersburg the barren deliberations of Brussels, one of the most ferocious among the journalists at the disposal of the Russian Government was allowed to indulge in the most insolent abuse of England; and the satellites of Russia who are to be found even among Englishmen lost no occasion of repeating the Russian professions of indignation. Notwithstanding the causes of offence or of distrust which may exist on either side, a common interest or policy would at

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least temporarily restore the harmony which has been frequently disturbed. If it is true that Russia desires peace in Europe, the English Government has long before adopted the same system, and it is only remarkable that any section of the Russian Government should think it worth while to invite a co-operation which was already assured. It is not known whether Lord DERBY's representation produced any effect on the policy of Berlin. He can certainly have used no menace of aid to France in the contingency of war. It is barely possible that it might become expedient to resist ambitious designs by force; but an alliance with France against Germany would be an unnatural combination. The greatness and power of the German Empire are in no respect antagonistic to English interests, as long as there is no concert of aggression between Germany and Russia. The risk of reducing France to the rank of a second-rate Power is indefinitely remote. In the meantime it is not a misfortune to England that a restless neighbour is for some years constrained to keep the peace. The solicitude of Russia for the preservation of peace is highly laudable; and for the present it may perhaps be sincere. The suspension for a time of the Eastern question would be a considerable advantage if there were a real approximation between Russia and England. In the present instance, the friendly expressions of the *Golos* have been without delay repudiated by two semi-official journals of at least equal authority. Inspired writers both at St. Petersburg and Moscow contemptuously disavow the policy of forming a friendly understanding with England. Even Afghanistan, as they significantly remark, is not an English possession; or, in other words, the agreement which was made ten years ago has no more validity than the EMPEROR'S promises about Khiva. If there were any use in remonstrating, it might be suggested that the unsolicited civilities of one Russian journal scarcely justified the insolence of another; but vituperation of England has for some time past been a recognized branch of Russian diplomacy.

PUBLIC BUSINESS.

THE Ministry is possessed with a creditable anxiety to show that it is capable of making a good use of the Session. It dreads the reproach of doing nothing and being able to do nothing. Its Bills may be very small Bills. They may be of a neutral and unpretending colour. Their destiny may be to be ineffectual, and to appear in the Statute Book chiefly as catalogues of amiable intentions. But the Ministry burns to be able to say that, such as they are, they have been carried. In the eyes of their authors they are sweet little things, and blessed is the Government that has its quiver full of them. It seems to them almost impossible to believe that others do not share what is a really genuine and natural feeling. A proud young mother does not doubt that a stranger feels happy almost beyond mortal happiness if he is allowed to hold her baby for a moment. The same kind of gushing confidence pervades the mind of the Cabinet. Mr. DISRAELI sent down on Tuesday to the House that he had a real treat in store for them. They should have an extra opportunity, and for the rest of the Session they should dandle a Government baby every Tuesday evening. He did not come himself—young mothers are so much engaged—but he sent nurse, and nurse was quite aghast when it appeared that the gentlemen were not so particularly anxious to dandle other people's babies, and preferred attending to their own affairs. On Thursday Mr. DISRAELI himself appeared, and explained with much sweetness that on such occasions feeling was everything: and that, unless there was a unanimous alacrity to get hold of the Ministerial pets as often and as early as possible, he would not for an instant think of pressing the matter. He then entered on a statement of the general position of his Bills, and he was profoundly satisfied with their history and prospects. Eleven Bills were announced in the QUEEN'S Speech, and all the eleven were in a very nice way. Some of them might be considered as virtually Acts of Parliament, as they had only to go through the Lords; and, as Lord EGMONT remarked on Saturday at Brighton, the Lords do their work with "expedition, "conscientiousness, and discretion." Others are in Committee, and others have at least had a first reading. A little willingness to work, a little good humour, a moderate degree of readiness not to disappoint the most unexacting of Ministries, and they may all be carried. There really is no serious reason to question the general accuracy of Mr. DISRAELI's views. If the Government continues to work in the spirit it has already manifested, it ought to be able to pass its eleven Bills. It does so very much to help its Bills along. If any one objects to a clause, it cuts the clause out, and thus disarms opposition. When its project in its first shape is too ambitious, it pares it down. It takes counsel with its supporters, and bends to catch the whispers of outsiders. On one point only is it firm, and that is that it must be allowed to pass Bills of some sort. In its simple style of reckoning every Bill counts for something. Every addition to the Statute Book is a Ministerial triumph. The Duke of RICHMOND was in raptures at Brighton when he announced that the Government had introduced ninety-four Bills this Session, and that thirty had already received the Royal assent. To those who know the contents of the Statute Book, and are aware of the kind of Bills which every Ministry in its turn passes as a matter of course early in the Session, it may seem odd that a Minister should be proud of doing what the Duke of RICHMOND says he and his friends have done. But just as every dog has his day, and the queerest sort of mongrel may become fashionable if he only waits long enough, so these pieces of mere routine legislation have at last got a Minister to take notice and to boast of them. Ninety-four Bills introduced by the Ministry, and thirty already passed into law. What a Ministry this is to carry Bills, and how easy it must be for it to carry merely eleven more! The Conservatives are such practical people, and know the secret of carrying Bills. They do not talk but act, and, like the Lords, get through their business with expedition, conscientiousness, and discretion.

Mr. DISRAELI was, however, obliged to allow that things were not quite so forward as he had hoped. The Peace Preservation Bill took up five weeks of the Session, and this caused a delay which Mr. DISRAELI has never ceased to lament, although he sees that the Irish members were only doing what they might have been expected to do when they threw every possible obstacle in the way of the Bill. As matters stand now, the Government has a great deal of work before it. Half of the eleven Ministerial Bills are indeed safe. One has received the Royal assent, three have only got to go through the Lords, the Agricultural Holdings Bill has come down from the Lords and has been read a second time in the Commons without a division; but then six Bills remain, and if the Land Transfer Bill is excepted as not likely to provoke any serious opposition in its present mild and moderate shape, there is much to be done to get the other five Bills passed. The Judicature Bill is full of difficulties. The Law Officers evidently do not like it, and the lawyers who will oppose it are strong. It sets up an Appeal Court with which no one is satisfied, and if once attempts to erect a better Court are made, the discussion will be endless, for the constitution of the Court cannot be criticized without perpetual reference to the question whether the House of Lords is to retain its jurisdiction. There is nothing for the Ministry to do but to hold its tongue and use its majority. It is a case for expedition and discretion, if not for conscientiousness. The Merchant Shipping Bill is, as Mr. DISRAELI says, far on in Committee; but it is alarming to hear from Mr. PLIMSOLL that he has hitherto kept quiet because he is reserving himself for what he considers to be the gist of the measure. With the gist of the measure not reached, and Mr. PLIMSOLL in reserve to speak on it, there must be much time spent before it leaves the Commons. Two other of the Ministerial Bills introduced in the Commons stand for a second reading—that is, they have not begun to be debated. The Labour Laws Bill and the Offences against the Person Bill are sure to awaken much criticism. Mr. DISRAELI expressed a hope that the first of these two Bills would be taken on all sides as a generous settlement, and that so there might be no opposition to it. Generosity is an odd quality for an Act of Parliament to possess; and, put in plain language, it generally means that more is given up to one of two contending parties than it could have reasonably hoped. What one gains another

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loses, and those who think they lose do not like to keep silent when they see generosity being exercised at their expense. Nor is it easy to cut legislative knots. One chief feature of the new Bill is the provision that all contracts between employer and employed are only to give rise to civil remedies unless the safety or comfort of the public is endangered by a breach of contract. It is easy to raise endless questions as to what are the breaches of contract that endanger the safety and comfort of the public; and if the Legislature escapes by using general words, there will be a wide door open for conflicting and irritating judicial decisions. The remaining Bill is the Rivers Pollution Bill, which in practical life is perhaps the most important of the Government measures. But his Bill has fairly beaten Lord SALISBURY. The more he looks into the matter, the less he knows what to do. He has thrown out the parts of his Bill referring to mining and manufacturing refuse. It is shocking that what nature made pure streams shall be of the consistency and colour of very thick ink; but so it is, and so it must be. Lord SALISBURY says that he cannot at present even imagine how the mischief is to be remedied. As to sewage, he is more hopeful; he thinks that his Bill would do something effective to improve the drainage of towns. But then he has hardened himself into the conclusion that it does not matter what expenses are thrust upon corporations. They have, as he says, always the pockets of ratepayers to dip into. To a certain extent this is true, only it is a little hard on ratepayers that the usual result of a corporation trying to improve the drainage is to make the town more unhealthy than before. But the House of Commons will not be easily persuaded to take Lord SALISBURY'S view that ratepayers may be made to stand anything. The Rivers Pollution Bill can scarcely survive; and it will probably be the first of the Ministerial innocents to perish.

In order to carry its Bills the Government has made constant appeals to private members to let it encroach on the hours assigned to them, and it has deferred to an unusually late period of the Session the discussion of the Civil Service Estimates. It is perfectly right that private members should have their say, or there would be no broaching of novelties, everything would sink into a dead routine, and Ministers would never be really criticized. As Mr. BUTT said, the House of Commons owes much of its influence to its being regarded as the Grand Inquest of the nation; and there are occasions when it acts in this capacity with great effect. Nothing could have swept Dr. KENEALY into the complete obscurity which now overshadows him except a debate in the House of Commons. It is very desirable that occasionally such subjects of foreign policy should be brought into prominence as the late crisis on the Continent, and the relations of England to Turkey. Discussion on such points enable men of all parties to realize the continuity of our national policy, and dispels such fancies as that Lord DERBY is what is called firmer than Lord GRANVILLE. Even discussions which come to little and only reveal the irreconcilable differences of opinion among private members who think they understand a special subject, like the debate on our system of artillery, are useful when they serve to make the Ministry assume a definite and exclusive responsibility. It is all a question of degree. Private members must be allowed some liberty, or the House of Commons will be less popular. They must not be allowed too much, or legislation becomes impossible. The delay in bringing forward the Civil Service Estimates is to be regretted on many grounds. There are many points of home administration on which the policy of the Ministry can be criticized and its intentions ascertained during the discussion of these Estimates; and if the discussions are deferred to a late period of the Session, either debates must be cut short and the Ministry must seem to be shirking criticism, or the progress of legislation must be hindered at a time when every hour is of importance. The truth is that the Ministry is not very forward with its Bills. It has many difficulties to encounter before it can get even ten of its eleven measures passed. But it has a considerable reserve of strength, and may surmount most of the obstacles in its way. The House is in good humour with the Ministry, and especially with Mr. DISRAELI. It has been conciliated, and is grateful for this conciliation. The Ministerial majority is overwhelming, there is no serious opposition, and in passing the Bills of a Conservative Ministry the Lords may be trusted to show themselves even more expeditious and discreet than usual. Six weeks of working time still remain, and the pace at which work is done towards the close of a Session is very rapid. Mr. DISRAELI may still look forward with reasonable confidence to carrying out almost all, if not all, of the programme he has set before him.

SICILY.

THE European world was aware before the recent debates in the Italian Parliament that Sicily was a great difficulty to the Italian Government, but it was not aware how enormous this difficulty really is. For centuries Sicily has been a nest of corruption, robbery, and tyranny, but until lately there was a sort of method in its derangement. The vast natural resources of the island were wasted, the rural inhabitants were in a state of barbarism, there was much danger to life, and much insecurity to property. But an understanding had been arrived at between the different classes of the population which made life somewhat endurable. The BOURBONS drew a considerable revenue from Sicily, and, satisfied with this, left it to itself. They never troubled themselves or any one else with such things as roads, education, or law. Such government as there was rested in the hands of the priests, and the priests had no objection to the BOURBONS, who played entirely into their hands. But since 1860 things have got worse. GARIBALDI liberated Sicily, and, among his other acts of liberation, he opened the doors of the prisons, and a superior class of ruffians found themselves not only in a position to resume their old habits of lawlessness, but to assume a sort of authority as part of a victorious army, and organized themselves into a band of brigands with a claim to rule the society they adorned. The quarrel of the new Italian kingdom with the Papacy has alienated the priests, and they are at least as ready to embarrass the administration of VICTOR EMMANUEL as they were to assist that of his predecessor. But the most powerful of all the causes of anarchy in Sicily is the attempt to introduce something like law and order, which the Italian Government cannot avoid making. Justice, peace, civilization, education, are all things equally odious to the Sicilians, and, instead of yielding to the pressure put upon them, they have openly defied their new rulers. A reign of terror has been substituted for the proposed reign of law. A secret society which scarcely affects secresy has got possession of the island. To enter this society no title is needed except that of unusual atrocity, and any one who can inspire fear is welcomed The Maffia penetrates every class and subjugates every class. It commits crimes with almost complete impunity; for, as the whole population is against the Government, the troops cannot do much, and, if a criminal is arrested, few dare give evidence against him, and no juries dare to convict him. No proprietor can live on a rural estate unless he has bought the protection of the Maffia, or unless he contracts his residence within the limit of time during which the Government will allow him the safeguard of a large detachment of troops. There is no safety and no confidence anywhere. There is no place or society where a member of the Maffia is not likely to be present. The blandest and best-dressed person at the table-d'hôte and the shabbiest boot-cleaner are equally pointed out by cautious friends as probable members of a society which is ready for assassination and robbery on the largest or the smallest scale. Bad as things look, they are worse than they look, and a perpetual, irresistible fear saps the energies and degrades the morals of the whole country.

All this sounds horrible enough, but the worst is not yet told. The Italian Government when it took office last year announced that it was part of its programme to use very strong measures with Sicily, and to make a great effort to clear away so great a reproach to Italy as is caused by the anarchy of Sicily. It has brought in a Bill with this object, and this Bill has lately been the subject of one of those furious debates which make us remember that Parliamentary government cannot be built up in a day. That a Bill enabling the Ministry of the time being to deal with Sicily in a very arbitrary and exceptional manner should be opposed, especially by Sicilian members, was natural enough. There

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is always much to be said against Peace Preservation Acts. That peace does need to be preserved in Sicily was too clear to be disputed; but it was easy to contend that the Bill would either fail to preserve peace or would preserve it at too great a cost. If this had been all, there would not have been much to notice in the debate. But a deputy who knew Sicily well, and who was corroborated more or less by succeeding speakers, laid bare the true greatness of the evil with which the Government has to contend. This evil is, that in fighting the Maffia the Government cannot trust its own agents. They, too, in numerous instances, belong to the Maffia, or are under its influence. The governor of a district has, as his right-hand man, some one who is secretly in the service of the Maffia. The society has its entrance into courts of law, and enrols its members in the police. If a crime is committed, and arouses so much attention that some notice has to be taken of it, the ingenuity of the Maffia directs the investigations of the authorities to some wholly innocent person, while the guilty have time to escape or front the world with impunity. It is obvious how very largely such a state of things must increase the difficulties of the Government. It would be an extreme injustice to the Irish to compare them for one moment with the Sicilians, but, as we have our Peace Preservation Acts, it is natural to be reminded of them by the Bill which the Italian Government is now attempting to pass. Englishmen are as reluctant to own that such measures are necessary as the reddest of Italian Liberals can be. We only yield to a sad necessity, and preserve peace in Westmeath because it must be preserved. But our troubles in Westmeath are almost nothing compared to the troubles of the Italian Government in Sicily. In Westmeath there is a body of magistrates who are all on the side of the law, there is no shadow of suspicion resting on the vigorous and active constabulary which is the pride of Ireland, the priests are at any rate not on the side of the criminals, if they are sometimes neutral between the law and the erring sheep of their flocks. If we can imagine all these things different, if every other magistrate in Westmeath was a Fenian, or afraid of Fenians, if there was a strong infusion of Ribandmen in the police, if there were Whiteboys wearing the gorgeous disguise of the Lord-Lieutenant's livery, if the priests thought that every time they screened an assassin they were making some faint contribution to the great cause of the restoration of the Temporal Power, then Ireland would be something like what Sicily is as painted by the deputy TAJANI.

Ministers both past and present protested that the very black picture drawn by this deputy was not a true picture. They denied that innocent persons had been condemned; they asserted their belief in the general honesty of those who had served them in Sicily. But the impression created in the Chamber by the accusations to which it had listened was too strong to be shaken. It was thought that there could not be so much smoke without fire, and the abstract probability was very strong that the blacker a picture was of Sicily the more likely it was to be true. The objection to the Ministerial Bill raised by the speech of TAJANI was not without force. The Ministry proposes to give its agents very exceptional powers, one of the chief of which, if the Bill carries out what was foreshadowed last autumn, is the power of seizing on suspected persons and sending them out of Sicily to prisons on the mainland. It is very natural to ask who is to exercise this power. If the Maffia really has the strength which TAJANI ascribed to it, and can by its secret machinery control the action of the Government, the Bill might do no more than afford a ready means of sending into exile and misery those against whom the members of the Maffia happen to bear a grudge. The law would furnish the tyrants of the country with a new instrument of oppression, and the state of Sicily would be, if possible, worse than it is now. But, on the other hand, the worse things are shown to be in Sicily the greater and clearer is the necessity that the Government should do something. It cannot content itself with saying that it has been proved to be utterly incapable of governing. There may be depths of depravity in Sicily of which even the Government is ignorant, and, if so, the sooner the worst is known the better. The Ministry, therefore, consented to a Committee of Inquiry into the state of Sicily, but at the same time it announced that it must persist with its Bill. No Ministry with any self-respect could have done otherwise, and, high as party feeling is now raging in the Chamber, it is to be hoped that the Bill in some shape or other may be carried. Every attempt to introduce order into so anarchical a country as Sicily must be an experiment; but it is by no means impossible that the present experiment may be a successful one. It is a mere question on which side there is to be the preponderance of terror. Is the law to be more dreaded than the Maffia, or the Maffia than the law? Most people, even Sicilians, rather endure secret societies of assassins than like them, and if once the Maffia is shown to be vulnerable, its spell will be broken. The Italian Government has one great advantage to begin with. It can thoroughly rely on the troops it sends to Sicily, and a Government that can rely on its troops is very powerful when it makes up its mind to put down brigandage at any cost. The real danger is, perhaps, not so much that the Italian Government may fail if it tries its best to conquer the Maffia, as that some political change may occur before the trial has been fairly made, and that a new Ministry in search of popularity may undo the work of its predecessor.

THE AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS BILL.

THE debate on the Agricultural Holdings Bill will have allayed the apprehension which was at one time entertained of a formidable agitation. The differences of opinion which were expressed bore no relation to party divisions. Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, who commenced the debate after Mr. DISRAELI'S conventional opening, was answered by Lord HARTINGTON. Mr. LOWE, Lord GEORGE CAVENDISH, and Sir W. BARTTELOT concurred in disapproval of any legislative interference with the tenure of land; and Sir W. BARTTELOT took occasion to reprove Lord DERBY for the solitary deviation into rhetorical nonsense which has been so repeatedly used as an argument against the absolute ownership of land. One of the most thoroughgoing supporters of the Bill was Mr. PELL, who is both a tenant-farmer and an acknowledged representative of his class. Mr. CHAPLIN, as a large landowner in Lincolnshire, spoke with authority on the effect of the custom which has suggested the main enactments of the Bill; but he objected to the twelve months' notice which is perhaps Mr. DISRAELI'S personal contribution to the measure. The opposition of Sir G. CAMPBELL, who maintains that there can be no property in land, and of Mr. DOWNING, who is an Irish Home Rule member, was not alarming to the Government; yet the whole course of the discussion tended to confirm a doubt whether any legislation was necessary or is likely to be useful. Many speakers expressed an opinion that the provisions of the Bill, if they become generally operative, will cause a rise in rents; and the abolition of the test of increased letting value which had been introduced in the House of Lords was generally approved. Mr. LOWE, though he was taunted by Mr. WARD HUNT with his want of special knowledge, gave forcible expression to the belief and conviction of the great body of landlords both within and without the walls of Parliament. Mr. DISRAELI has reason to be satisfied with the fidelity of his supporters; but he has not established an additional claim to their confidence. Heroic professions of devotion to a principle without regard to its possible consequences impress proprietors less sensibly than the familiar figure of the thin edge of the wedge.

Mr. DISRAELI was probably the real author of the Bill; and in undertaking to conduct the measure through the House of Commons he perhaps wished to convince the tenant-farmers that the Government offered them a substantial benefit. Since the first introduction of the Bill the Ministers cannot fail to have discovered that it has caused serious uneasiness to many of their supporters. Any legislative interference with the relations between landlords and tenants points in the direction of restraint on freedom of contract. Permissive Bills purport to establish principles which are nevertheless supposed not to be universally applicable. Until lately Corporations were not compelled to adopt the powers and duties conferred on governing bodies by the Sanitary Acts; and in some cases they availed themselves of their freedom of choice to avoid trouble and expense. Even Sir WILFRID LAWSON proposes to tolerate public-houses where they may be approved by a local majority of

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ratepayers. Sanitary legislation has at last become compulsory; and there can be no doubt that the temperance agitators would insist on the general prohibition of the sale of liquor if their doctrines had once been partially sanctioned by Parliament. The Agricultural Holdings Bill is not, strictly speaking, permissive, inasmuch as definite action is necessary to exempt a contract of lease from its operation. The promoters of the measure assume that the system of compensation which they introduce is intrinsically equitable. The only difference between the Ministerial Bill and the amendments which are to be proposed in Committee is that Mr. DISRAELI is not prepared in all cases to supersede freedom of choice. It may be taken for granted that landowners in general, though they may not be prepared to oppose their own friends or to withhold a plausible concession, extremely dislike the moral pressure which is the main purpose of the Bill. Most of them are conscious of a just and liberal conduct of their relations with their tenants; and all of them dread with good reason the wild theories of the character of landed property which may perhaps derive a certain amount of countenance from the proposed legislation. It was Mr. DISRAELI'S business to reassure the landlords, and at the same time to take credit with the tenants.

The common complaint that the present state of the law prevents the application of capital to the cultivation of land is founded on insufficient evidence. It may, indeed, be argued that insecurity must discourage enterprise; but either the result is not consistent with the theory, or the security, though it may not be legally valid, is found sufficient in practice. The quality of cultivation varies more directly with the climate and the soil than with the conditions of tenure. High farming answers best on good land; and it is only possible on large farms. Probably the best cultivation in England is to be found in the adjacent counties of Lincoln and Norfolk; and the advocates of compulsory compensation often adduce as evidence in favour of their doctrine the efficacy of the Lincolnshire custom. The argument would be more forcible if Norfolk, in which no similar custom prevails, were not as prosperous as Lincolnshire. It is true that the tacit understanding between landlord and tenant may in some sense be regarded as equivalent to a custom. The difference is, that reciprocal confidence can scarcely become the subject of bargain and sale. The custom which prevails in parts of Sussex has been generally condemned by competent judges as injurious to the tenants themselves. The provisions of the Agricultural Holdings Bill are not inequitable; but some critics assert that the new law will give an artificial advantage to capitalists, and render it more difficult for industrious labourers to rise into the rank of farmers. The apprehension is probably unfounded, but it illustrates the uncertainty which attends experiments in economical legislation. The landowners, who with few exceptions dislike the Bill, are influenced by a natural instinct; but it is at least possible that one of its results may be a rise of rents where the customary rate has been below the real value of the land. Fortunately changes of tenancy are rather the exception than the rule, especially under landlords who are rich enough to be liberal.

The argument in favour of compulsory legislation which is founded on the alleged expediency of promoting production is at the same time questionable in principle and doubtful in the assumption of fact. Although it would be rash to affirm as a universal proposition the maxim of non-interference, it is not as a general rule desirable that legislation should concern itself with the direct encouragement of any branch of industry. Even if it could be proved that any project of law tended to increase the supply of corn or of cattle, it is possible that the result might involve a diversion of labour and capital from more profitable occupations. Under a system of free imports the production of any commodity which can be exchanged for two bushels of wheat is, if the labour and cost are in both cases equal, twice as advantageous as the growth of one bushel. There can be little doubt that the subdivision of large estates into small freeholds would both increase the gross produce of the land and diminish the net profit of cultivation. The community at large has an interest in the augmentation of every kind of wealth; but, on the whole, it is found better to rely on the cogency of private interest than to compel men to accumulate riches. It is only when established customs are demonstrably wasteful and injurious both to public and private interests that legislation can be prudently attempted. Recent relaxations of the disabilities of limited owners are clearly expedient, inasmuch as strict entails tend to tie up land in a kind of mortmain. Further progress in the same direction may perhaps effect a satisfactory compromise between the supporters and the opponents of the system of settled estates. Any measure which has for its object the emancipation of the actual possessor of land facilitates freedom of contract. Rights of ownership can only be prospective and posthumous at the expense of the living who are practically subjected to the control of the dead. The alleged reasons for protection of occupiers against owners are of a different character.

The Government is well advised in altering the standard of compensation which was adopted by the House of Lords. It would be both difficult and invidious to determine the proportion of an increased rental which might be due to the expenditure of the outgoing tenant. As long as land continues to increase in value, rents will generally be raised after a prolonged occupation, and the new bargain will depend on more permanent considerations than the value of the manure or artificial food which may have been used on the farm within two or three years. With or without alterations, it had become necessary to proceed with the Bill. Proposals of compulsory legislation might have become more formidable if the Government had withdrawn its own modest proposal. The regular supporters of the Government will be the less disposed to waver in their allegiance to Mr. DISRAELI when they see on the other side Mr. FAWCETT and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL. Even if they privately hold that it was imprudent to provoke the controversy, they prefer the Government Bill to the proposed amendments. At one time it seemed possible that a section of the party might, in deference to constituents, vote unwillingly against freedom of contract; but the West Suffolk election has shown that the farmers have no intention of revolting against their accustomed leaders. The unanimity of the House of Lords had previously reassured hesitating members. Any serious alteration, even if it were adopted against the wish of the Government, would cause the immediate withdrawal of the Bill. The loss or postponement of the measure would in itself matter little; but it is undesirable that a grievance once admitted to exist should remain unredressed as a pretext for agitation.

BURMAH.

THE inability of Eastern potentates to derive permanent benefit from that experience which is proverbially the teacher of fools has often induced an apprehension of renewed hostilities where one lesson should have sufficed. Twice in the last century did our armies assemble before Seringapatam. Twice have the Sikh chiefs and soldiery contended with us in a struggle for independence, and even for empire. The death in retirement of the able engineer to whom was in a great measure due the victory of Goojerat at one extremity of the Empire, and the destruction of Burmese stockades at the other, have lately reminded us that our tenure of Pegu is not a quarter of a century old. And, until within the last few days, there was no knowing to what lengths folly and presumption might not carry a ruler who wields what the American missionary, Dr. JUDSON, truthfully described as "an unmitigated "despotism of the sternest character." Even with the reassuring scraps of intelligence imparted by the telegrams of this week, there is always an uncertainty as to how far promises of amendment will be kept. Nothing is easier for a sovereign, when confronted with an envoy who is backed by the unseen force of a civilized administration and a well-equipped army, than to be profuse in apologies, explanations, compliments, and verbal guarantees. And for the same monarch, when the fear of immediate consequences has passed away, it is equally easy to keep the letter of a stipulation and to break its spirit, to conjure up unforeseen obstructions, to invent excuses which it is next to impossible to gauge, and to rely on the temper of his people or the very changes of the climate as reasons for not doing what only required a wave of the hand or a nod of the head. Not much more than a month ago we showed how the King of BURMAH had cleverly eluded the promises made to the Government of India in 1862 and again in 1867. On the present

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occasion it is desirable to point out the means which could be brought to bear on the Court of Ava, either in order to exact reparation for any past insult, to define our boundary, or to secure for our subjects in Pegu and for the traders of Rangoon that amount of protection in their lawful dealings which they have a right to expect. To this end the series of minutes recorded by Lord DALHOUSIE during the second Burmese war of 1852 will be found literally invaluable as a storehouse of facts.

The first Burmese war, be it remembered, lasted two years and cost ten millions of money. The second war was over in little more than six months, including the invasion, the contest, the retention of territory, and the organization of civil agency, at a cost of one million and a half. Putting aside our increase of experience, our greater readiness in emergencies, and our advancement in the use and application of material resources during the period from 1824 to 1852, a great deal of the difference in results must be ascribed to mismanagement by one of the feeblest of administrators, and to action by one of the most undaunted and vigorous of proconsuls. As often happens in the writings of men gifted with an unusual degree of sagacity and penetration, every argument that could now be advanced for or against our annexation of the upper valley of the Irrawaddy seems to have been reviewed and disposed of by Lord DALHOUSIE, just twenty-three years ago. A part of the English press and the Secret Committee were then discussing the possibility of an advance on Amarapoora, and almost the whole of the Indian press was clamorous for this step. The Governor-General's reasoning was unanswerable. An army, he showed, could not be conveyed entirely by water to the capital. A steam flotilla, during the rains, might carry ammunition, provisions, and possibly a compact force of some three thousand men, without ever landing a single soldier or without stopping, except during the hours of the night. But the river is not navigable in its upper waters during the dry season, for vessels of any draught, and it is apt to fall rapidly at the close of the rains. It would be indispensable that a second column should march through the country by land. Roads there were none. Carts were scarce; buffaloes of no use except for tillage; and not less than three hundred elephants, to which swamps and rice-fields, streams and jungles are no impediments, would be as indispensable as they ever could have been to a Carthaginian general. The risks of exposure and sickness would have to be taken into account. And all these dangers must be encountered and these difficulties overcome for the sake of a tract of country which, as regards productiveness, population, or permanent demarcation of an Imperial frontier, was not worth the taking. The occupation of Pegu gave us the command of the whole seaboard. That province was even then friendly, accessible, fertile, and capable of rapid and indefinite improvement. Having then the "kernel of the Burman Empire," what need had we to expend treasure or to risk life for the sake of encumbering ourselves "with an armful of worthless rind"? There is not a single one of the above reasons which would not apply to any present or future advance on the capital, or to any further acquisition of Burmese territory, with but one deduction. And this Lord DALHOUSIE himself would have been the first to admit. It is simply that half the obstacles, and more than half the dangers, have been removed by the secure basis of operations which we now possess in Pegu. From the port of Rangoon and the stations of Prome and Thayet-Myoo a compact and disciplined force could be despatched to the capital at far less expense than at the time of primary occupation. The best authorities compute the distance from the last station at 250 miles. But this is all that can be said. That the upper Irrawaddy is as undesirable and unremunerative a property as ever; that we do not want any further extension of frontier in any direction; that the permanent occupation of Amarapoora is as little to be thought of as that of Cabul or Candahar; that we have no desire to be brought into contact with wild frontier tribes, ignorant of the laws and customs of civilized States; that the development of an overland commerce with Western China by cession or conquest is a dream which may be left by responsible statesmen to enthusiastic Presidents of Chambers of Commerce; and that we have another duty to the people and princes of India than to squander their revenues on useless telegraph wires and unremunerative railroads in the direction of Momein and Talifoo—these considerations may all represent genuine statesmanship and true policy. Lord DALHOUSIE'S reasons for stopping short at Toonghoo and Meaday are, in this sense, just as well grounded and as forcible as ever. But there can be no doubt that his valuable Burmese legacy would enable Lord NORTHBROOK, in one-half the time and at one-quarter the expense, to startle the KING out of his self-possession by the sudden appearance at his palace-gates of the armed diplomatist, whom the most vicious or the most wayward of tyrants cannot but choose to hear.

There is another engine of compulsion and restraint which we rather wonder has not been ostensibly brought forward. A certain article of such universal consumption exists in Burmah that it may be termed a necessary food or a daily condiment. The Burmese call it *ngapè*. We have heard it described as a preparation of highly-salted, half-decayed, and wholly unpalatable fish. It must be imported from the seaboard. By stopping it in transit to Independent Burmah, the VICEROY may always have it in his power to demonstrate the force inherent in petty matters, when well managed, to bring about grave political results. It may be, however, that the diplomatic skill of Sir D. FORSYTH, the influence of relatives or counsellors, and a conviction of the gravity of a third contest with an invincible enemy, will induce the KING to keep his word. But our opinion of the power of the Indian Government to occupy the capital and dictate our own terms in one vigorous and decisive campaign, now or under any future contingency, will remain exactly the same. We do not expect that our envoy will be insulted to his face. Nor are we likely to see him return with a golden umbrella and a whole bevy of Burmese scholars to be educated, by the KING'S desire, in the language and literature of Europe. However favourable the recent messages may appear, we should be rather apprehensive that the KING may play the usual game of baffled intriguers who promise largely and perform nought. But a deliberate review of past Burmese politics, aided by the reports of commercial explorers and diplomatic agents, leaves us in no doubt that the whole Burmese Empire could be overrun by a competent commander with far less effort than it cost us to reach Coomassie. A fleet of gunboats, some regiments of the line, with Sikh auxiliaries, Madras regulars, and the newest engines of destruction, would prove, not for the first time, that swamps and jungles have ceased to be strongholds on which barbarian tyranny can long rely.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF TURKEY.

THE recent debate on the condition of Turkey was conducted by speakers well acquainted with the subject; and there was an approximate coincidence of statement and opinion. Mr. YORKE, Mr. BAXTER, and Mr. BRUCE agreed, notwithstanding some shades of difference, in their description of the lamentable condition of the Empire. Mr. BOURKE qualified the general impression by the just remark that Turkey, with all its faults, has in some respects improved during forty or fifty years. The Christians enjoy theoretical equality with the Mahometans; and in practice they are exposed only to local and occasional persecution. There is a strong navy and a considerable army; and railways have been liberally projected and partially constructed. Mr. BOURKE was, as he reminded the House, restrained by official propriety from commenting too strongly on the domestic affairs of a nominally independent Power. Mr. YORKE himself, although he is an independent member, was perhaps injudicious in quoting Mr. BRASSEY'S accounts of the personal extravagance of the SULTAN. He was certainly right in his contention that discussions on Turkish misgovernment are better suited to diplomatic correspondence than to Parliamentary discussion. It is well known that a principal source of Russian influence is the countenance which the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople affords to the SULTAN'S project of changing the order of succession. Mr. YORKE judiciously abstained from commenting on a subject which could not be noticed without offence. If there were any definite object to be attained, Turkish susceptibility might perhaps be disregarded; but the English Parliament and Government are powerless to redress any of the evils which may be eloquently denounced. The decay of Turkey, which proceeds simultaneously with some nominal improvements in the national institutions, is chiefly attributed, in an essay generally supposed to have been written by Mr. PALGRAVE, to the introduction of a French system of centralization, and to the consequent destruction

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of the power of the provincial aristocracy. It is evidently impossible to interfere with a social revolution conducted on the most approved principles of modern Liberalism. Corrupt Pashas, oppressive tax-gatherers, and fanatics such as those who have frequently disturbed public order in Damascus will not be suppressed either by debates in the House of Commons or by Foreign Office despatches.

Mr. YORKE's elaborate speech tended to establish several propositions which may perhaps be true and consistent with one another, but which are, as a whole, not satisfactory. He undertook to show that Turkey is subject to gross maladministration, that the Government is approaching to insolvency, and that the malignant influence of Russia is dominant at Constantinople. At the same time he quoted CHATHAM and PALMERSTON as authorities for the doctrine that the independence of Turkey is essential to the security and greatness of England. In another part of his speech Mr. YORKE seemed to hold that debts due to English capitalists ought to be collected in extreme cases by force. Lord PALMERSTON had once reserved the right to make the claims of English subjects a cause of war, and Lord RUSSELL had, in a characteristic message by telegraph, demanded immediate payment of a debt. When foreign loans were comparatively rare, it may perhaps have seemed reasonable that the Government should intervene to protect an English creditor, as if he had been deprived by an independent Government of any kind of tangible property; but since Honduras and other States have learned to borrow money, insolvency and repudiation ought to be recognized by every lender as contingencies which may possibly affect his principal, as they have already raised the rate of interest. No Minister would be justified in enforcing by the despatch of a squadron or a vessel the payment of a loan. Turkey, with all its faults, is more scrupulous and more punctual than Spain; nor has it yet resorted to the measures which have been adopted to defeat the claims of creditors by Austria, by Italy, and by some of the States of the American Union. The accumulation during nineteen years of peace of a debt of 150,000,000*l.* is not a commendable proceeding; but the revenues of Turkey are sufficient to meet existing liabilities; and if capitalists choose to advance further sums, they will only have themselves to blame for any loss which may ensue. Some part of the loans must, after every deduction on account of waste, fraud, and extravagance, have been applied to useful purposes.

It is difficult to judge how far the vague religious authority which is attributed to the SULTAN affords an additional reason for cultivating his friendship. There is no doubt that Mahometans are strongly influenced by their religion; and it may perhaps be true that advice from Constantinople has a certain weight in the remoter East. According to Mr. YORKE, a Turkish emissary recommended loyalty to the Mahometans of Calcutta; and he might have added that from more distant regions the ATALIK GHAZEE lately sent to the SULTAN an envoy, who afterwards returned to Yashkend in company with the English Mission. If gratitude affects national policy, every Turkish statesman ought to use any authority which he may exercise in favour of the only Power which has been constant in its good will and good offices to Turkey. Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE quoted a portion of a dying message in which FUAD PASHA urged on the SULTAN the expediency of relying on the English alliance. The document, which is published at length in a pamphlet by Mr. FARLEY, is in the highest degree remarkable, if it is genuine. The successors of FUAD have perhaps only abandoned his policy because they received no effective support from England. When Russia, having secured the support of Germany, ostentatiously repudiated the Treaty of Paris, the Porte voluntarily undertook to share in any resistance to the encroachment which might be made by the English Government. Another Ambassador might probably acquire the influence of Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE if he were authorized to promise in all contingencies active support against a foreign enemy. As Turkey becomes relatively, if not absolutely, weaker, while England withdraws more and more completely from intervention in European politics, the Turkish Government finds temporary relief in accepting the suspicious patronage of Russia. No Turkish Minister is deceived as to the ultimate designs of the hereditary enemy of Turkey. Some Turkish statesmen may think it useless to persevere in a struggle against fate; and the baser sort may probably occupy themselves in amassing official fortunes which, if one of the speakers in the debate was well informed, are not invested in Turkish Bonds. It is not known whether Lord DERBY is, like some of his predecessors, prodigal of good advice. He has no power to interpose any more effectual check to the decadence of Turkey. Mr. CARTWRIGHT offered the only novel or practical contribution to the debate, in the suggestion that, instead of maintaining the Imperial power at Constantinople, the English Government should encourage Roumania and Servia to complete the independence which they have practically secured. As both States are already exempt from the interference of the Porte in their domestic affairs, it might seem expedient that they should be allowed to conduct their own international relations. It is understood that the English Ambassador discountenanced the pretension of the Roumanian Government to conclude a commercial treaty with Austria. It may be true that England had no selfish interest in maintaining the paramount authority; but it was impossible to reconcile the claim of independence with the provisions of existing treaties; and the Turkish Government was willing to sanction the proposed treaty if its own right was formally acknowledged.

It may perhaps hereafter become necessary to withdraw the protection which has now for several generations been accorded to Turkey, but there is great risk and difficulty in reversing a long-established system of policy. Among the Christian races and sects no competent successor can be found to the ruling race. The kingdom of Greece has acquired neither consideration nor influence, and the Slavonic population is divided and scattered. If the Porte is disposed to take advice, it may perhaps profit by the counsels of friends and opponents in the debate; but the House of Commons, not excepting the members who took part in the discussion, felt that the most instructive speeches tended to no definite result. The disinclination of the Government to pledge itself to any course of conduct was indicated by Mr. DISRAELI'S silence. Mr. BOURKE discharged with much tact and discretion the task of deprecating unseasonable criticism and impracticable recommendations. The intervention of the PRIME MINISTER would have given too much importance to the debate. It is perhaps proper that Parliament should not wholly neglect foreign affairs, but in general its attention is more profitably devoted to domestic questions which can be solved by legislation. Denunciations of the errors of other Governments are always invidious, and for the most part barren of results.

THE REVIVALISTS AT ETON.

NOTHING could be more characteristic of the spirit in which the American Revivalists have conducted their operations, and the expedients to which they owe such success as they have achieved, than the attempt which has just been made to secure additional notoriety by entrapping the grave authorities of a public school into an apparent patronage of the movement. Experts in the management of popular amusements are well aware of the advantage of keeping themselves or their exhibitions constantly before the public; and when other means begin to fail, some striking incident is occasionally invented for reviving the excitement. It does not much matter what it is; anything will do if it only makes people talk. When the mountebank undertook to pack himself into a pint bottle, he probably calculated that the curiosity which would be aroused would give fresh zest to his more commonplace performances. The threatened invasion of Eton by Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY is quite of a piece with their theatrical placards, announcing "All Full," "Positively Last Week," and the organized puffery and lavish advertisement with which they have all along endeavoured to arrest attention. Whatever might be the result of an attack upon Eton, it was tolerably certain that it would create a stir. If permission to preach to the pupils were refused, the evangelists would have an excellent opportunity of representing themselves as martyrs to religious bigotry and aristocratic intolerance. On the other hand, if the authorities were weak and yielding, the Revivalists would be able to point to Eton as a crowning proof of their universal conquests. Any way, MOODY and SANKEY would be in everybody's mouth. As it has happened, they have been baffled in their original attempt; but they have certainly succeeded in adding greatly to their notoriety. Of course nobody will dispute the right of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY to preach and sing wherever they can get a room or a tent for their performances; and if they had gone down to Eton in the ordinary way and taken their chance of such an audience as they might

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attract, including scholars as well as others, no objection could have been raised. But what was attempted was something very different; it was, in fact, nothing less than to get at the Eton boys under the cover and sanction of their superiors, and to make use of the reputation of an ancient and honoured institution as a new advertisement to tickle the public with.

The story of the preliminary negotiations on the subject is, as far as it has been revealed, a very curious one. When it came out that Mr. GLADSTONE was somehow or other at the bottom of the affair, the series of mystifications and misunderstandings which had arisen was probably thought to be sufficiently accounted for by those who remembered that eminent statesman's singular power of making plain things dark and simple things complicated. But it appears that in this instance Mr. GLADSTONE was more sinned against than sinning. Mr. GRAHAM states that he asked Mr. GLADSTONE to give him an introduction to Dr. GOODFORD, as he desired to speak with him "upon business "connected with the College," and Mr. GLADSTONE readily assented. Mr. GRAHAM omits to say how far he confided to Mr. GLADSTONE the designs which he had in view in regard to Eton; and instead of publishing Mr. GLADSTONE's letter, which would be the simplest and most straightforward course, he gives a vague abstract of it in his own words. He asserts, however, that Mr. GLADSTONE did not "describe, or express any opinion on, my application to "Dr. GOODFORD." Most people will agree that, if Mr. GLADSTONE was really acquainted with Mr. GRAHAM's scheme, he ought to have given Dr. GOODFORD some warning on the subject. As it was, the Provost of Eton may be presumed to have first learned from Mr. GRAHAM's lips the project which was contemplated, although the letter from Mr. GLADSTONE would naturally convey to his mind that the writer had discovered no impropriety in the application. Mr. GRAHAM says that he and Mr. HOGG "distinctly, fully, and emphatically stated, first to the "Head-Master, next to the Provost, and subsequently, at "the latter's suggestion, to eighteen or twenty of the "Masters, our whole object, intention, and plans." It would appear, however, that the Provost formed a very inaccurate conception of what Mr. GRAHAM had in view, and it may indeed be doubted whether the latter quite possesses the faculty of "full and distinct" statement, though we readily believe in his power of emphasis. Dr. GOODFORD was led to suppose that it was not Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY, but Messrs. GRAHAM and HOGG, who wished to preach; and it was on that understanding alone that he gave even a faint and partial approval. Dr. HORNBY seems to have got a step beyond the Provost, for he understood that it was Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY who were to address the meeting, and he also gathered that there was to be only one short service, occupying not more than one hour, and that it was not to be repeated. On this ground he told the deputation that he saw no reason to place any special restrictions on the boys on the day chosen for the service. It was not till some days afterwards that it came to his ears that the Revivalists intended, not merely to pay a flying visit, but to spend some days at Eton, with a view to holding additional services, and that their regular exercises were to be supplemented by efforts to "establish a closer intercourse with the boys"—in other words, to put the lads through a course of "inquiry." Dr. HORNBY was afterwards assured that the original understanding would be adhered to, and on that condition he withdrew his interdict. As a matter of fact, only one service has been held, and that not at Eton, but at Windsor; but the change of place was necessitated by the action of the police, who declined to be responsible for a riot in the West Meadow, and the limitation of the experiment may perhaps have been due to a sense of prudence on the part of the Revivalists. If they had once got a footing in Eton they might have been tempted to prolong their stay there, and the erection of a large tent scarcely looks like a temporary arrangement for a single afternoon. Mr. GRAHAM, indeed, declares that he and his friend "took "care to state that the Head-Master and Provost had "distinctly declined to give official recognition or sanction "to our plans"; but it is easy to conceive how a statement of this kind might be made in a way which would suggest that it was intended only to screen the authorities from an inconvenient official responsibility, while leaving the impression that they were personally in favour of the project in question. At least this is, in point of fact, the impression which seems to have been generally produced, and it is possible that Mr. GRAHAM's emphasis overpowered his distinctness.

Dr. HORNBY argues that, considering the amount of freedom which is allowed to Eton boys in other directions, it would have been "an inconsistency, not to say "hypocrisy," to curtail their liberty on this particular occasion; and he draws an alarming picture of the possible consequences of prohibiting the "Brocas and all the ap-"proaches to the boats and bathing-places for so long a time "as Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY might choose to remain "encamped in our neighbourhood." But there was not the slightest necessity for any restrictions of this kind. All that Dr. GOODFORD had to say was, that as Provost of Eton he had nothing to do with people like MOODY and SANKEY, and that it would be a dereliction of duty on his part to compromise the institution which he represented by giving them the slightest countenance or encouragement in any shape whatever. When he went on to say that he would not forbid the boys to attend the service, he fell into the net which was spread for him. Dr. HORNBY protests against a "Head-Master being held to sanction all that he "does not forcibly prohibit"; but in point of fact both Dr. GOODFORD and Dr. HORNBY went much beyond merely refraining from forcible restraint. They allowed themselves to be drawn into relations with the Revivalists which undoubtedly suggested the impression that they favoured the movement, and personally wished the pupils to attend. Any canvassing of the Heads or Masters of Eton on such a question was a glaring impropriety, and it is certainly amazing that it was even submitted to, far less encouraged, by the persons who were subjected to the impertinence. It may be said of Provosts and Head-Masters in these days, as of the Romans whose softness CASSIUS deplored, that

> Woe the while! their fathers' minds are dead,
> And they are govern'd with their mothers' spirits,

or perhaps grandmothers' spirits would be more correct. It has been justly observed that the old race of Provosts and Head-Masters would certainly have shown more courage and self-respect in resenting so impertinent an intrusion. The shade of KEATE must have had a severe twinge the other day.

The *Times*, which has made itself the JENKINS of this movement for the degradation of religion, while it cannot attempt to deny that a mistake has been committed, professes to think that too much fuss has been made about it. In itself, no doubt, the incident is trivial and contemptible, and it may also be admitted that there is no place where Mr. MOODY'S ignorance, sensationalism, and vulgarity were likely to do so little harm as at Eton, where all the social and scholastic instincts are naturally arrayed against such a contamination. The importance of the question lies not in the character of the external influence brought to bear on the Eton boys in this particular instance, but in the peril of the precedent which the authorities have been weak enough to set. Where is the line to be drawn between such services as those of the American screechers and any other form of violent and erratic propagandism? In their own way Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY outrage established proprieties almost as much as the Shakers or Jumpers. They cast off, if not the decency of raiment, at least the forms of educated English speech, of gravity and decorum in dealing with sacred things, and humble-minded reverence and awe in the presence of the great mysteries of human existence. Even those who think that there may be classes so dull and degraded as to require this kind of stimulant to move their sluggish brains must admit that Eton is not an appropriate place for such an experiment. And if it is suggested that in higher circles these services have found favour, the answer is that no class is born free from vulgar sentiment and the craving for sensational tickling; but that it is at least not desirable to expose the growing manhood of the country to this morbid taint. Revivalism, as everybody knows, is only dram-drinking in another form; and boys should be a little older than those at Eton before they are treated to stimulants of this kind. There is, moreover, a peculiar wantonness in the insidious attack which has been made on this institution. MOODY and SANKEY have all the world before them where to choose. There are vast areas both of mental and spiritual apathy and deadness to which they might perhaps not unprofitably apply their galvanic apparatus, but it is significant of the artificial character of their operations that they have made no serious attempt in any part of the country to

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touch this benighted part of the population. Instead of this, they have devoted themselves mainly to the task of relieving the ennui of the middle and upper classes of society by the translation of the Scriptures into racy slang and comic or dramatic anecdote. In all these fields, however, the Revivalists might have found sufficient scope for their labours without troubling Eton. But, like the purveyors of other pills, they thought it necessary to look out for a patient of distinction; and Eton was chosen as their Earl of ALDBOROUGH. It is perhaps needless to contradict the misstatement, the responsibility for which rests at present on Mr. KINNAIRD, of the result of the meeting of Governors of Eton on Tuesday last. Instead of "removing obstacles," the Governors agreed in a very decided opinion as to the impropriety of allowing Eton to be subjected to such unseemly and dangerous influences; but it might perhaps be well that they should distinctly lay down such regulations as may prevent the possibility of any repetition of the scandal. Something of this kind is certainly required to restore public confidence in the administration of the school.

A REPUBLICAN IRRECONCILABLE.

TWO Republicans of the old school have at length delivered their attack upon the new French Constitution. M. LOUIS BLANC and M. MADIER DE MONTJAU will some day die in the odour of consistency. As M. LABOULAYE happily said, they cannot bring themselves to forsake the ruins of 1848 and 1793. The impracticable dreams of those two famous eras still make up their waking life. They cannot conceive that forms of government can be subject to change, or that when an experiment has twice failed, it may be well to modify the conditions under which it is tried for the third time. Both these deputies detect in the new Republic an imperfectly disguised Monarchy. The President is nominated for a long term, he may be twice re-elected, he can dissolve and prorogue the Chambers, he can insist upon the reconsideration of any newly-made law; in short, he has all the attributes of a king except that his office is not hereditary. And this, as M. LOUIS BLANC remarks, is a difference hardly worth speaking of in a country where for a century neither emperor nor king has ever handed on his Crown to a son. On the Republican theory, as it has hitherto been understood in France, these criticisms are perfectly well founded. The Executive under the *Wallon* Constitution is a very strong Executive. The founders of the new Republic have aimed at making the President the really Conservative force in the machine. Their justification for so doing is partly that the Republic could be had on no other terms. Without the co-operation of all the sections which compose the present Cabinet, the Government would by degrees have become a dictatorship. Marshal MACMAHON would have despaired of governing by the Assembly, and his sense of duty to France would have compelled him to go on governing by some other means. M. LOUIS BLANC is probably of opinion that a dictatorship in name as well as in fact would have been preferable to a dictatorship in fact but not in name. He still believes that the Republic has only to meet its enemies face to face to be sure of overthrowing them in fair fight. He has not discovered that the Republic, in the sense which he attaches to the word, is hateful to the great majority of Frenchmen. Perhaps he does not regard this majority as having any title to the name of Frenchmen. These miserable peasants, who grow their corn and press their grapes and make money and subscribe to loans and have no political ideas worth speaking of, are not even a part of the true nation. They are a mere dead weight upon France, and the government of the country must be carried on without reference to them. A younger school of Republicans has discovered that these peasants have to be reckoned with. If it is not always necessary to consult their wishes, it is never safe to disregard their fears. A Government which ventures to do this is sure to get into mischief. The distrust of the peasantry is always fatal in the long run, because it offers a standing temptation to political adventurers to come forward to remove it. Perhaps, however, it is doing M. LOUIS BLANC less than justice to assume that he does not see all this. His present attitude may be the result, not of any defect of intellectual vision, but of a sense of political morality which overrides his perception of facts. He would rather die with a Republic of the type he loves than live under a Republic of any other type. The choice is respectable, but it is in itself evidence of M. LOUIS BLANC's total unfitness for practical statesmanship.

The impossibility of establishing the Republic on any other basis is not the only justification of the policy of the Conservative Republicans. M. LOUIS BLANC rests his objection to the powers assigned to the President by the Public Powers Bill on the plea that anything that derogates from the sovereignty of the Legislature derogates from the sovereignty of the people. He has no conception of the nation apart from its elected representatives. M. LABOULAYE rightly defends the Public Powers Bill on the ground that the sovereignty of the people is protected rather than injured by the subdivision of the instruments through which it is exercised. The Legislature represents one aspect of the national sovereignty, the Judiciary represents another, the Executive represents a third. The confusion between the nation and its representatives he regards as the ultimate source of tyranny. If the people can delegate their sovereignty to 750 men, they can delegate it to one man, and then the theory of Cæsarism is at once established. M. LABOULAYE'S doctrine finds no response in M. LOUIS BLANC'S mind. It is the theory of Constitutionalism, the theory of a balance of powers in the Government, and to the French Republicans of a former generation these ideas were perfectly hateful. To live under the rule of a single Assembly wielding absolute power, and uncontrolled by any influence outside itself, was their only notion of liberty, and as Governments framed on this model rarely lasted long enough to enable their founders to taste the pleasures of being ruled by a single and absolute Assembly of different views from their own, they had no opportunity of gaining enlightenment from suffering. They were oppressed in their proper turn, but it was by Governments of a different form. M. LOUIS BLANC is doubtless of opinion that the example of NAPOLEON III. is sufficient to prove the danger of entrusting too much power to the Executive. But the conditions under which the President holds his office in the present Constitution are altogether distinct from those under which NAPOLEON III. held a similar office. The President is in future to be elected by the Chambers, instead of by the nation, and he may be elected three times over—that is, for twenty-one years in all. These two provisions remove all inducement to court the people at the expense of the Legislature. An official is naturally anxious to keep on good terms with the authority which has the power either to re-elect him or to elect some one else instead of him, and if this authority is the same that elects the Legislature, an obvious means of keeping on good terms with it will be to present himself as a more accurate and sensitive exponent of its will than the Legislature which nominally represents it. When this authority is the Legislature itself, no such temptation presents itself. If the President could not be re-elected, he might try to retain his power by a *coup d'état;* but when all that his personal ambition demands can be secured without risk or trouble, provided that he does not lose the confidence of the Chambers, there is every chance that he will be content with the goods he has. These are probably some of the reasons which have led M. GAMBETTA to accept the Constitution which M. LOUIS BLANC is bent on rejecting. In all countries where society is stable, the Executive must possess a large amount of power, and if the powers originally granted to it are insufficient, it will always be tempted to enlarge them by irregular means. The best safeguard against this abuse is to concede adequate powers in the first instance, while making the retention of them dependent on the good will of the Legislature.

M. BUFFET has found in the assault of the extreme Republicans an opportunity of strengthening his own position. He accepted their speeches as an implied challenge of his statement on taking office, and dared them to make it good in an interpellation. It happens, however, that the Left are desperately afraid of an interpellation. If they could overthrow the Ministry and replace it by one more to their mind, they would of course be glad to do so. But they know perfectly well that the present Ministry is Marshal MACMAHON'S last step in the direction of Republicanism. If M. BUFFET were driven from office, he would be replaced by the Duke of BROGLIE. The Right Centre, and even a portion of the Left Centre, would probably feel that the Government for the time being must be supported at least till after the dissolution, and the great aim of the Right—the conduct of the elections by an anti-Republican Administration—would thus be secured. In this event the last state of

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the Left would be worse than the first. They would have got rid of a Minister who genuinely wishes to establish a Republic of a certain kind, and have replaced him by a Minister who is only anxious to see a Republic of any kind proved to be an impossibility. M. BUFFET had perhaps a second object in defining his position at the present time. He has all along determined to govern with the present Prefects, whether their antecedents are Royalist, or Bonapartist; and in order to carry out this resolution it is important that he should make them feel that they have nothing to gain by betraying him and cannot serve their immediate purpose better than by the return of a majority pledged to keep M. BUFFET in power. Their sympathies may lie with other Governments than the Republic; but they can only be gratified after a period of confusion which might be exceedingly damaging to their prospects. To be a Prefect under a Republic may be a poor thing in comparison with being a Prefect under a King or an Emperor; but when the distinction between the two is the distinction between birds in the hand and birds in the bush, a prudent man will not allow his abstract preferences to interfere with his personal interests. This at least is the way of looking at things which M. BUFFET calculates on their adopting, and it is far from improbable that his not too exalted estimate of administrative nature may turn out substantially true.

THE NATAL CONSTITUTION.

THE Natal Constitution, like the Constitutions of older and more famous States, is under repair. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has gone out to superintend the passing of a Bill to equalize the nominated and elected elements in the Legislative Council. At present there are only five nominated members against fifteen elected members. If the Bill is adopted, ten more nominated members will be added to the present five. There was a time when this would have been thought a change in the wrong direction, and this opinion is still strongly, if not widely, held in the colony itself. In those days representative government was a word to conjure with. Like the elephant's trunk or the steam hammer, it was supposed to be equally useful under the most opposite conditions. Even now there are political speculators in Natal who would like to import the whole machinery of Ministerial responsibility, and to set it to work in a community in which four thousand electors furnish in a general election "at least fifteen hundred voters." Within these narrow bounds they would like to see the balance of parties disturbed and readjusted, Administrations taking office and laying it down again, and critical debates leading to decisive divisions. Happily alike for the colony and the mother-country, these delusions have no longer even a chance of shaping the policy of the Colonial Office. The Home Government know that it is less, not more, of the popular element that is wanted at Natal. Perhaps if the European population—sixteen thousand souls all told—had no neighbours, the Home Government might not feel so sure of its ground. The settlers might be allowed to mismanage their own affairs in their own way. But Natal has also a native population to the number of three hundred thousand. These natives are altogether unrepresented in the Legislative Council, and in the nature of things must long remain unrepresented. While this is the case no system of government can work well for the colony which does not give the Executive a very large voice in the composition of the Legislature. The acts of the Legislative Council may vitally affect the interests of the natives, and if the natives show their dissatisfaction by taking up arms, it is to the Imperial Government that the colonists will look for aid. "The "Council," says an occasional Correspondent of the *Times*, "has shown a remarkable aptitude for ill-considered legis- "lation as regards the natives, and a Protection Bill and "a Census Bill, both providentially disallowed by the Home "Government, were a brace of measures which would "probably have involved the colony in war." An arrangement by which measures of this type would have no chance of passing the Legislative Council is an obvious improvement on an arrangement by which they are passed at Maritzburg and disallowed in London. Commonplaces about taxation and representation have no application to a state of affairs in which a little handful of Europeans claim to legislate for a large community of natives, while they are free from the inconvenience of having to defend themselves against the outbreak to which unjust legislation may give occasion. A Government which has to protect its subjects against the consequences of their acts is fully justified in retaining a controlling influence over the acts themselves. So long as the elective element in the Council amounts to three-fourths of the whole, this controlling influence is plainly wanting. The Government can only avoid being outvoted by allying itself with some section of the elected members. For the last few years, says the *Times'* Correspondent, the Executive has contrived to retain the control of affairs by buying the support of the sugar-growers and coffee-growers on the coast. This "interest" only cares for politics as they bear upon coolie immigration, and it has supported the Government in the Council on condition of having foreign labour liberally supplied to it. But, according to the same authority, matters have only been carried on in a discreditable and halting fashion. "There "have been continual dead-locks; the councillors have "refused to argue questions in their Chamber, and have "decided in caucus and voted in silence; supplies necessary "to carry on the affairs of the country have been with- "held," and, finally, by a ruling of the Speaker, votes given by the nominated members in favour of a Bill to amend the Constitution have been rejected on the ground that they had an interest in its passing. This last piece of insolence seems to have been too much for the Colonial Office. The Law Officers of the Crown have been consulted, and have decided that the rejection of these votes was altogether wrong; the SECRETARY of STATE has communicated this fact to the GOVERNOR; and Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S first act in opening the Legislative Council has been to request it to make such amendments in its rules "as will effectually prevent the recurrence of a similar "mistake."

Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S speech is an ingenious justification of the proposed change in the constitution of the Council from the settlers' point of view. The resources of the colony greatly need to be developed. They cannot be developed so long as men and money are kept away from Natal by the belief that life and property are not secure there. This belief will continue to be held until the Home Government and the Colonial Legislature have made up their differences. Communities cannot safely play the fool when the ruling race is but a handful in the presence of a subject race; and playing the fool is a pastime to which Natal has, politically speaking, been greatly given. At any moment injudicious legislation may involve the two races in war, and for this war the Home Government would be held answerable, however small might have been its share in bringing it about. The QUEEN'S Ministers, says Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, are "convinced that the mother- "country cannot either cast herself loose from the obliga- "tion of affording protection to her own children settled "amid a vast native population, or forget that the "presence of that native population carries with it the "grave responsibilities inseparable from the government "of a mixed community." It is greatly to be desired that a majority of the Legislative Council should accept the change which Sir GARNET WOLSELEY recommends to them. Any one of the alternatives following upon their refusal would be highly embarrassing to the mother-country. England cannot even pretend to leave her wayward children to themselves, though, if that course could be taken, the most factious councillor would at once be brought to his knees. Even the druggist who has issued a political address to his customers six columns long would tremble at the thought of being left without the half-regiment of British troops which represents the ultimate security of the colonists against Kaffir attacks. Yet it would be difficult for the Home Government to impose a new Constitution upon Natal if the existing Legislature persisted in rejecting it. In that case Sir GARNET WOLSELEY would probably try the experiment of a general election; but in so small a community local passion is likely to run high, and the new Legislative Council might conceivably be no better than the old one. The action of the Home Government in risking these possible inconveniences is justified by the fact that the inconvenience of avoiding them is equally great. If England neither leaves Natal to itself, nor insists upon having an effective control over its affairs, the inevitable alternative is to continue to govern a mixed community by means of a small and prejudiced minority belonging to one of the two races of which the fixed community is made up. It is plain that this is not a policy which England can continue to pursue with justice to herself. If the Natal settlers

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wish to be protected against the consequences of their own mismanagement, they must surrender the power of management by way of consideration money. The *Times'* Correspondent believes that, "despite all violent utterances," the majority both of the Council and the colonists are prepared to concede what is asked of them. The prosperity of the colony is probably dearer to the more substantial settlers than the precise proportion of nominated to elected members in the Council, and though the druggist and his allies will no longer be able to outvote the Government in a division, they will still be able to adorn the debate with that incisive oratory which finds consolation in calling Lord CARNARVON a "bowling humani-" tarian fanatic." As the number of elected members will not be lessened, no vested interest will be injured by the change, while as ten more members will have to be nominated, the possible prospect of getting 17*s.* 6*d.* a day may perhaps secure for the Bill the support of ten times that number of influential colonists.

WHAT COMES BY NATURE.

"TO be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature." Dogberry's instruction to the watch is or should be well enough known. But it is curious to see how many people, in perfect innocence no doubt, do for all practical purposes accept and act upon sundry parts of it in earnest, and especially on the maxim above recited. And this may happen in several ways, according as the humour shall take a man to construe the maxim disjunctively or conjunctively. For it may be held in the disjunctive that to write alone or to read alone comes by nature, or both; or in the conjunctive, that to write and read, that is to write concerning what one has read, and for that purpose to read aright, comes by nature. As to reading merely, the error seems to be of little weight, seeing that it concerns no man but the reader himself. Nevertheless, we have at a former time adventured somewhat in support of the proposition that in the mere reading of books there is an art not to be neglected, if one would not lose time and profit; and of this no more at present. As to writing merely, the fallacy may be seen to flourish and abound among them that publish novels and poems and the stories of their travels before they have learnt to put two sentences together with any tolerable skill. Of this examples are rife, insomuch that any table spread with new books in the ordinary fashion will scarce fail to furnish at the least one or two; and of this kind also it seems not to the purpose to say more at this time. But the third sort of error is the deepest of all, and in general the most desperate—namely, that which takes reading and writing by way of a conjoined process to come by nature, and to need only the use of the alphabet and of the pen. Hence grows and is multiplied the tribe of amateur critics, amateur philosophers, amateur projectors, reformers of geometry, re-founders of astronomy (called of their ungrateful hearers in the vulgar tongue circle-squarers and earth-flatteners), demolishers of political economy, and such like; all those, in a word, who take upon themselves to discourse of special subjects without understanding them, and by whose means mankind are persuaded to think themselves wronged whenever those who do understand a matter confess that they do not know everything. These are the discounters of the millennium, the prescribers of universal remedies, and the strength and staple of Social Science Associations. Of the same tribe also, by their true lineage and nurture, if not by name, are those who have gazed so narrowly and curiously upon one thing as at last to understand neither that thing nor anything else. These be they which go about to lighten the world with dark lanterns of crotchets and to discover strange conspiracies, from whom we may learn that it is by no chance that the shortcomings of Water Companies drive the people of London to intoxicating liquors, or that the Court of Chancery was devised by the Pope to suppress the common law and liberties of England. But the strangest and saddest thing to be noted is that against this last kind of error there would seem to be no assured safeguard, and that men are led astray by its various forms whom, from their public character at least, one would judge least likely to fall. It is good against the infection to have common sense. It is better to have a reasonable portion of humour withal, and still better to have on one's own account some real knowledge of some special subject, however apparently remote from the matter in hand. For such knowledge, if not encountered by other unfavourable conditions, is of great consequence in clearing the wits and sharpening the sight against confusions and impostures. A man who has learnt to discern well between good and bad work, between competence and incompetence, in one kind, will come by a sort of instinct to perceive the like difference in other kinds, at least enough to put him on his guard. The shifts and devices of ignorance and impudence are all cast in one mould, and he that knows them in one form is in a fair way to know them in all. The lawyer is proverbially sceptical. His business forces, not merely upon his assent, but upon his active and practical consciousness, the warning that there is nothing so absurd in fact but that you can support it with some bulk of evidence, and nothing so perverse in law but that you can maintain it with some show of authority. The man of natural science, again, is accustomed to surprises, and past being frighted with false fire. The nature of things sets snares and pitfalls for his reason all day long, and he must save himself and compass his ends by methods even more subtle and vigorous than the lawyer's. From the analogies of his own science he can make a shrewd guess, though with the help of only a very general knowledge, which way things are going in another branch of science, or indeed in any matter where scientific thought and the scientific handling of facts has a place. So, indeed, it ought to be; but there is no time without startling exceptions to bear witness that it is not so always. There was one who, after explaining the highest principles of mathematics with almost unrivalled insight and felicity, and exposing the paradoxes of mathematical visionaries with infinite humour, was himself entangled in the most flat and ludicrous paradox of our generation. There is another, pledged to fame by the indissoluble bond of an all but equal share in the discovery which has already become the most powerful instrument of modern scientific thought, who has given himself, bound hand and foot, to the same delusion. But these matters are graver than become us to dwell upon. Let us seek some slighter examples on which we may look with no more sadness than is by nature incident to all contemplation.

It was a very honest lawyer who discovered two centuries ago, by applying an exact conveyancer's interpretation to the Scriptural covenant, that under the new dispensation dying was but a foolish practice which men persisted in by force of the habit they had acquired under the old; and for his own part he protested he meant to do no such thing; for which no less harmless than ineffectual intention the House of Commons expelled him. So that there is a precedent of some antiquity to show that the law, or even the law and the gospel together, may lead a man to very odd philosophy. And as philosophy comes not by nature to add itself to the faculty of law, so we now have before us a proof that the faculty of medicine is not more favoured. Dr. Alfred Smee has written a book which he calls *A Natural System of Mental Philosophy*. We believe that he has cultivated special knowledge, and therewith done good special work in other lines. But his philosophy is a truly striking specimen of that which comes by nature to a fairly ingenious mind not having any knowledge of what philosophy is or has been. The Natural System turns out to be, in short, and so far as one can apprehend any result at all, nothing else than a gross materialism tempered by frequent appeals to faith. In the same book we find also the delusion that writing comes by nature so plainly and so innocently expressed that, although we have left that part of our topic a little on one side, we can by no means pass over it. The author tells us that it is his custom "to write books, as it were, in the mind as [he moves] about in [his] ordinary avocations of life. When composed in the mind, it subsequently becomes a mere question of mechanical labour to transmit to paper those ideas when thought out." The style thus formed by a process of mere mechanical labour is, on the whole, the kind of fruit one would expect from such gardening; it is an artless, disjointed sequence of sentences such as a clever child would produce, or as one finds in translations from primitive tongues.

We may turn again to the faculty of law for another modern example of philosophy, and science too, coming by nature. One of Her Majesty's Counsel was pleased lately to demonstrate to the world that Mr. Darwin's theory is a mere string of gratuitous assumptions; and his capital argument was this, that however curious and divergent may be the varieties, of pigeons for instance, which are produced in a measurable time under the care and observation of man, yet after all they remain *essentially pigeons;* which, in truth, so far from being an answer to Mr. Darwin, is Mr. Darwin's argument itself, only re-stated in the disguise of a clumsy and inverted form, and with the addition of an unmeaning scholastic term. When a man trained in argument and evidence can thus use his adversary's weapons to cut his own fingers, it cannot be denied that a person who is at least secure from gross blunders in one special subject may be visited with almost judicial blindness in another. If we descend from speculative regions like these to the beaten track of regular criticism, we shall find the same thing going on far more extensively. The kind of criticism we mean is that which aims at satisfying the fabulous person known as "the general reader." This creature, whom we recommend to Mr. Max Müller as an interesting case of a living and growing, if not already full-grown myth, is an abstract sign and symbol of mental vices obscurely present, it is to be feared, in some measure and at some times, to the wisest of us, often made manifest among the foolish, but never fully brought together in any one mortal. He loves to be told of everything and to be taught nothing, to taste all things and to digest nothing. The business of his life is to hear without understanding, and to utter the fruit of it in words without knowledge. In his own conceit nothing is too hard for him, and his judgment is the final and secure judgment of the world. The wisdom of the general reader may perhaps be said of all others to come by nature, for his abhorrence of special knowledge is not an accident but a system. There is a great deal of criticism and miscellaneous writing afloat which seems designed to purvey for this taste. The chief requisites for success in the business are a moderate fluency of expression, and a firm belief that nothing is worth learning that cannot be learnt in ten minutes, coupled, nevertheless, with an equally firm assumption that it would be quite easy to learn all the rest if one chose. These universal instructors are skilful enough, as a rule, to avoid committing them-

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selves in detail; sometimes, however, they stumble on a special subject unawares, and with edifying results. We have known one of them to light unadvisedly on a new book which incidentally stated some elementary facts of comparative philology; these facts the luckless critic took for a new hypothesis of the author's, and as such presented them to the general reader with great solemnity. But it is not in literature that we must look for the flowers of natural criticism at their best. In those arts where not only good work, but the enjoyment of it, demands delicate perception and careful study, there is the voice of obtuse ignorance the loudest and the most confident. Where the qualified are least sure of their own judgment on moot points, there is qualification the least regarded. The world may be divided into those who are judges of art, those who think themselves such, and those who do not think about it at all; as for those who know there is something to be learnt, and desire to learn before they judge, their number is by comparison too small to count. It is a postulate of the general reader that every man who has seen a picture is entitled to criticize painting, and that every man who has seen a play is entitled to criticize acting. In this last matter indeed there is a depth of ignorance lower than we have yet sounded or can now go on to sound, for a vast number of persons are barely aware that acting is an art at all. But the forms of incompetence, innocent or culpable, are Protean, and one might never make an end of bearing witness against all the strange things that are done in the faith that to write and read comes by nature. We must even let them go by, as we are powerless to prevent them, and (still following Dogberry's charge) "presently call the rest of the watch together"—that is, the few, if any there be, who are of one mind with us in this—and take such comfort as the rest of the sentence prescribes.

PREACHING TO ENGLISHMEN.

WE have more than once, when speaking on the subject of sermons, ventured to express a wish that preachers would sometimes bear in mind that those to whom they are preaching are Englishmen. To be sure we were, a little time back, almost shaken out of that wish on finding an unlucky King of Egypt treated by a preacher after a fashion which we should wish to see reserved for Kings of Egypt, and not extended to the very worst King of England. The subject has again been brought home to our mind by sermons preached on successive Sundays in two of the chief among English minsters. One of them was a discourse by no means to be despised, and it had at all events the merit that, though it could hardly be said to be addressed to Englishmen, it was at least not addressed to Jews. It sounded like an oration which might have been delivered at a Christian celebration—if such a thing can be imagined—of the Isthmian Games. We do not mean the Isthmian Games of Lord Palmerston—why Isthmian, rather than Olympic, Pythian, or Nemean, no man has ever yet explained—but those true Isthmian Games which supplied St. Paul with a good many metaphors. It marks the difference, either between ancient and modern games or between ancient and modern religious discourses, that, while an apostle could thus draw illustrations from the race-course, a modern preacher could hardly venture to do so. We do not forget that the Greek games were essentially religious celebrations, and that, if they had lived on till mediæval times, mediæval ingenuity would not unlikely have hit on some means of turning them about from the honour of the patron dæmon to that of some patron saint. If Poseidon was patron of the Isthmian Games, the apostle Bartholomew was no less distinctly the patron of the fair which was once held in his honour within the precincts of his priory. Yet a preacher of the days when Bartholomew Fair still lasted would have found it as hard to use Bartholomew Fair as a source of edification in any other way than as a warning, as a modern preacher would find it to draw edification out of the Derby. Still we have the fact that St. Paul could draw edification out of the sports most familiar to his Corinthian converts, without in any way lowering the dignity of his subject. Our preacher then, starting from St. Paul's reference to the citizenship of Christians, their place as members of a community, delivered a discourse which would have been by no means out of place if it had been addressed to a congregation of Corinthians. Now, as we have already hinted, we have Aryan prejudices which make us feel more at home in a congregation of Corinthians than in a congregation of Jews. Primæval Æolians, Dorian conquerors, Roman colonists, are all kinsfolk more or less distant; and, supposing ourselves Corinthians of the age of St. Paul, Roman settlers in a Greek city, we should feel that we had some part and lot in the worthies both of Greece and of Rome; we should feel that our instructor did perfectly right in appealing to the great deeds wrought by the worthies of either race, by men nourished on the banks of the Eurotas as well as by men nourished on the banks of the Tiber. Nor do we in the least complain of references of this kind being brought into a discourse addressed to an English congregation in an English church. The preacher, starting from St. Paul's references to the Christian Church as a commonwealth, and to Christian men as its citizens, went on to speak of the history and associations of that particular city to whose citizens St. Paul was actually writing; nor did he fail to carry out his illustrations of corporate feeling somewhat more fully. At one moment indeed he seemed to be getting on ground purely English, when he made a passing allusion to feelings of this kind in a college and in a regiment. No doubt exactly the same corporate feeling might be found in a Greek philosophical school, in a Greek or a Roman army; a Roman legion, especially in the days of the Empire, had a most distinct corporate being, and probably awakened a stronger feeling of personal loyalty than the more distant and shadowy forms of the Roman Commonwealth and its Imperial head. But the particular words "college" and "regiment" seemed to bring us into our own land and our own age. They suggested the thought that the general scene was about to be changed from Corinth to England. A whole world of illustrations seemed to stand ready, almost offering themselves to be turned to purposes of edification. In one of the most historic of English cities, a fellow-colony of Rome with Corinth herself, a city with a municipal history as long, and if Englishmen would only leave off despising the history of their own race, as great as that of the city on the Isthmus, everything seemed ready made to hand. But nothing came from so fruitful a source. A city which is pre-eminently a city set on a hill seemed to be altogether hid from the eyes of its own citizens, while illustrations could be freely and, we allow, most appropriately drawn from the citizenship of cities in distant ages and countries. It did not seem to come into the preacher's mind that either the past or the present citizenship of the historic spot on which he stood could possibly supply a single point of illustration for his theme. Perhaps he judged wisely. Perhaps, in any congregation of Englishmen, references to Corinth, and Rome, and Sparta would find more hearers to enter into them than references to the history of a city which was great under all the successive occupants of this island, and which is developing new sources of greatness in our own day. If so, it is practical wisdom to draw illustrations from things which are understood rather than from those which are not understood. But it is a strange thing that it should be so. It is a wonderful illustration of the way in which Englishmen contrive to turn their backs on themselves and on their own history, that illustrations from the history of Rome or Corinth are felt to be in place, while illustrations from the history of England would most likely fall dead; that the corporate spirit of a Greek commonwealth or a Roman colony can be pressed into the service of edification, while the kindred feeling for an English city or shire seems to be left outside as something altogether beyond the pale. In poetry we have learned for a hundred years past that Hampden is more to us than Cato. But it would seem that, as far as the pulpit is concerned, we are still in the Catonian stage.

In the second of the two sermons which we have in our eye, a sermon delivered in a church of yet higher rank than its fellow, in a city of yet greater dignity and yet loftier historic fame, we did feel at once carried back into our own land and our own age. As it was not a sermon addressed to Jews, so neither was it a sermon addressed to Greeks or Romans. It was eminently a sermon addressed to Englishmen, and to Englishmen of a particular part of England. It did not contain the words Rome, or Corinth, or Sparta; it did contain the words "Lancashire" and "West Riding." It contained illustrations drawn, not from the manners, the sports, or the government of remote times, but from the manufactures of Lancashire and the West Riding. And, yet more, the discourse sought for illustrations of certain points both of general morality and of specially Christian duty in the lives of Englishmen of very modern times. Whether we think the particular illustrations to the purpose or not, it was a relief, after hearing about Pharaoh and Gallio, even hearing about Corinth and its citizenship, to hear Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter and Lord Chancellor Eldon spoken of by their names in a church. Some people would have thought that men so near to the present moment could not have supplied the same kind of practical instruction as a Jew or a Roman of many ages back. Others, if they referred to them at all, would have thought it their duty to throw a veil over their names, and to speak of them in some dark and parliamentary way, such as the two men spoken of must have used towards one another in a debate in the House of Lords. Our preacher boldly spoke of both by the names by which they are commonly known among men. In so doing he only followed a prophetic example. We are so apt to look on the whole of the Old Testament as if it were, from Genesis to Malachi, one thing, belonging to the same time and to the same kind of people, that the remarkable grouping used by the prophet Ezekiel when he wishes to bring together a triad of righteous men most likely often passes unnoticed. When the prophet threatens Jerusalem with hopeless destruction, he says that the city shall not be spared, though three of the most righteous of men were in it, and the three righteous men whom he chooses are a patriarch of remote times, a living statesman, and a character in the didactic literature of his country. When Ezekiel couples Noah, Daniel, and Job, we are apt to forget that Daniel was at that moment a living man, in high office at the Babylonian court, and that his name, coupled with that of two of the worthies of old, must have sounded to the hearers of Ezekiel exactly as the name of any modern statesman in the same kind of company would sound to us. As Ezekiel did not scruple to speak of Daniel by his name, and did not think it needful to talk, as some one would now, "of our distinguished fellow-countryman in high office at a foreign court," so our preacher very rightly, if he was to speak of them at all, spoke of Bishop Phillpotts and Lord Chancellor Eldon as Bishop Phillpotts and Lord Chancellor Eldon. The time when the preacher did become allusive was in a reference to a subject yet more modern, to an object placed exactly opposite to his own eyes, when, in drawing out, fairly enough, a parallel between the worship of the Jewish and the Christian sanctuary, he spoke, not with-

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out a touch of pathos, of "the Bishop who might be occupying his throne." Why that particular throne was vacant at that particular moment was fully explained to any one who turned to the "fashionable intelligence" of the current week; and a question might arise whether so marked a reference was wholly consistent with the promise of reverence towards the Ordinary and other chief ministers. But, if the reference to Bishop Phillpotts and Lord Eldon was, in a manner, cheering, the reference to things yet more recent was, in a manner, more cheering still. Everything which speaks to Englishmen as Englishmen, above all everything which speaks to them as Englishmen of their particular town or district, is an improvement on the conventional routine of Jews, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans.

In all this it is plain that our unreformed forefathers had an advantage over us. Whatever was their peril of idolatry, whatever was their amount of local superstition, they worshipped as Englishmen, and as Englishmen of some particular place. They could draw instruction, their preachers could point their morals, from the lives, not of men of other lands and other tongues, but from men of their own island and their own speech, even of their own shire or diocese. They could praise famous men and their fathers who begat them, while our conventional rule commonly keeps us to the famous men who begat somebody else in distant lands. There are those who are to us what Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, what Noah, Daniel, and Job, were to the Hebrew. Everything which connects the life, whether secular or religious, of modern Englishmen with the life of the saints and heroes of our race is so far a gain. Everything which teaches us to call men and things by their own names, and not in some queer roundabout fashion, is a gain also. To talk in church about Bishop Phillpotts and Lord Eldon is but a small step; still it is a step in the right direction; it is a step which may perhaps some day lead to a state of things when it may be as natural to illustrate the citizenship of Christians by reference to the history of an English city as it now seems to illustrate it by references drawn from Rome or Corinth or Jerusalem.

THE SEASON.

IN the earliest of Peacock's novels, *Headlong Hall*, there is a fierce invective against the then existing condition of society. It is in vain that Mr. Jenkison points out the charms of the ball-room as the only scene uniting that degree of rational and innocent liberty of intercourse which it is desirable to promote as much as possible between young persons, with scrupulous attention to the delicacy and propriety of female conduct; the pessimist retorts that a ball-room is an epitome of all that is most worthless and unamiable in the great sphere of human life, an abode of envy, hatred, malice, treachery, ignorance, and folly. Sixty years have elapsed since this judgment was passed by one who, it may be added, can have had at that time but few opportunities of studying the subject, and who, at the age of twenty-two, had been disappointed in an attachment which his biographer charitably supposes to have been his first. If it was difficult to dogmatize then, it is impossible now. There are no systems, only combinations of chances. Society is broken up into as many sets as there are squares, and hasty generalizations can only be expected from the intelligent foreigner who has spent a week in town, or the correspondent of an illustrated journal. Yet, if the habits and tastes of London are to be formulated, there never was a better season than the present for doing so. In past years there has been the fiction before the public that at Westminster numbers of persons were engaged in the business of the country, and that at any rate somebody's interest, if not their own, was involved or harassed in what was being done. Now there is no such pretence; there are no politics, no debates, no divisions. There is a Devonshire Club, out of whose windows country solicitors shyly peep, and there is a House of Commons which is counted out at intervals, and never alluded to except by members who have been elected to it this year. Social position it has not possessed for a long time, but at least it has been a social topic, and now even this distinction is gone. The result is that any personal details are welcomed and retailed, and that a man who can think of a fresh epithet for an east wind may take his place as a conversationalist of repute. Even in those discreet resorts, the Clubs, questions of public importance are not always discussed. Will Zobeide marry the one-eyed calendar? He has two eyes, but can only see out of the left one, explains Puff. He has lost both, asserts some one who has just come in, and has for that very reason been this morning accepted by Lady Amine. So in the evening Lady Amine is congratulated, and three weekly newspapers insert the news, doubly grateful to them, as in a succeeding number they will be able to state they have been misinformed. If the choice lies between stating what is true and what is not, there are obvious advantages in favour of adopting the latter course, when the world is sighing for gossip.

It is to our capitalists that we have a right to look for acts of eccentricity and subjects of conversation. Thousands of them are poured yearly into the streets, who will have nothing to say to the Satanic view, and infinitely prefer to serve in London than to reign in Nottingham or Banbury. We have a right to ask that they should amuse us, and there is no amusement in learning that the owner of a capital of four millions has taken a house on the opposite side of the street. Families with incomes of only 2,000*l.* a year will soon come upon the parish; horses, dinners, pictures, houses are becoming luxuries out of the reach of the man of moderate means who has cottages instead of coal and farmbuildings instead of shares. No one would regret to see the righteous man begging his bread, a general exodus of widows and orphans, and the exhibition of the last poor man in a room at Dudley House, if a millionaire would afford a single topic for after-dinner conversation. If he would strew Piccadilly with roses that a beautiful woman might drive over them on her way to a ball, a lesson that would revolutionize the minds of the vestry; if he would harness three elephants abreast, who might be as highly trained as the horses in the Coaching Club, and would besides pick up the reins when dropped; or if he would marry his daughter to an obscure but deserving young man, we would forgive him, and welcome him as capable of fulfilling a certain purpose. He cannot achieve celebrity by covering himself with diamonds, as he might were he a woman, or by giving a silly price for a hack. If he is to continue thus useless, his time would be far better spent at his office in the country. At intervals something might be done to cheer his existence. We should like to see an itinerant Court, choosing every alternate year some provincial capital to fix its residence in, by which means the classes to whom royalty is a vision of splendour and pageantry would be impressed and delighted. Until this takes place, society must groan in its trammels, and become more uncomfortable and crowded every May and June. No one nowadays crosses Piccadilly on foot without a tremor, and few attempt it on horseback without a vow to contribute to a Convalescent Home should neither omnibus nor cab overwhelm them. The Park offers fresh dangers to surmount. You must run the gauntlet past ungovernable horses, wandering Jews in barouches and abysmal landaus, in which a perfectly distinct variety of mankind are found—namely, those who sit speechless and impassive with their backs to the horses. They look like the richer relations of the crowds who stand opposite Marlborough House and the Greek Chapel to watch the exit of Royalty. How their digestion remains unimpaired while the hot sun pours down upon their heads none can tell. In one of Gaboriau's novels the heroine is hired by a modiste to drive for two hours every afternoon in the Bois in order to advertise her costumes. So these perhaps may be in like manner displaying some curve in the brim of a hat, or rich tint of colour in a tie, to charm a stockbroker's fancy. Only a short time ago no one dreamt of riding in the evening, but the march of intellect soon affects society, and in a few years it has discovered that the sun has less power at six o'clock than at one. These strides must not be expected save at intervals, but in ten years we may hope for further revolutions. Dinner in summer will be at half-past eight; members of the peerage will not be waited for, except by members of the Lower House; entrées will be hot, and dinner claret drinkable. The rich may be congratulated upon the ingenuity with which they are able to procure such bad wine. A silver plate should be confiscated at the end of the entertainment, and the ten or twelve pounds it might realize could be spent in forming a cellar for the host, who, when the last piece of family-plate had been seized, might be presented with a service of stoneware by his attached friends.

It seems invidious to touch upon trifles such as these, when all around shines in so bright a light. Peacock, were he now alive, would cavil no more; he would no longer see anything of what he formerly took exception to; he would recognize that all men are well bred and agreeable, and that all women, especially the young, are beautiful and true; that the love of laudable pursuits was never greater among men than at present, as evinced by the intellectual activity of the day, whether spent at Hurlingham or at Prince's, and by the elevating manner in which the evenings are passed. The cultivation of the youthful male mind is what we may really congratulate ourselves upon. At the club the boy fresh from college will find facilities of increasing his income far beyond the most sanguine expectations of his parents, and may gain in a few hours the salary which his country would not have given him for many years. By the demands made upon his leisure by society he will be able to gauge his intellectual capacity. When he is asked three times to dinner in the same week, when he is given his choice of four different months in which to pay a country visit, and of four different varieties of game to slaughter, he recognizes the tribute which women of high social position pay to tried ability and proved worth in man. His actions are all scanned with eagerness, his future life is mapped out for him by many a tender mother, who rejoices in the acquaintance of a "good" man. *Vir bonus est quis?* Here is the solution of the Horatian problem. Linnæus, if he met him coming out of the club, would fall down on his knees and thank the beneficent Providence which had created him as well as the gorse plant. Sins of omission as well as commission are observed. It is known the next day what he has done, or left undone, with whom he has danced or whom he has taken in to dinner. The post, if not the telegraph, spreads the glad news from east to west, and the country house repeats it to the listening parsonage. Such a path is strewn with roses, though, if criticism were allowable, we would suggest that public attention should not be so closely concentrated upon him. He should be allowed to feel at times that his actions are spontaneous, and that he could if he pleased wink unobserved. In order to check surveillance and moderate the excitement which so often throws a halo round a mother's head, a chaperon-shelter might be added to every room of entertainment, with windows of ground glass and plenty of pillows; constructed

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also as a lift, it would be placed in a spare room until supper, which might be served at an earlier hour. If the Duke of Sutherland would only open Stafford House for the inspection of models on the presentation of cards by girls and their partners interested in the subject, this slight hint would at once give rise to a permanent feature in modern society. Everything that tends to make marriage easier is sure of approval. When, however, a happy home has been secured for a boy with one who cheerfully gives up the pleasures of the world for domestic joy, and casts no lingering glances on her former lovers, the public might show more consideration. If celibacy has no pleasures, and marriage many pains, the moments before the engagement becomes indissoluble should be made as easy as possible. A contrary treatment is too often observable. He who was never dull before is dull now; his features are no longer regular; he is bald, he is short, he dresses badly. With a ruthless hand the veil that decent people have always thrown round a nominal 15,000*l.* a year is drawn aside. There is a mortgage of 100,000*l.* upon the estate; the younger children's portions are unpaid; and there is a dowager in receipt of 3,000*l.* a year. Barely 5,000*l.* a year remain, and there come from the shelter audible sounds of rejoicing that Julia did not go to the water-party at which he might have proposed to her. Only 5,000*l.* a year! Even on the stage the smallest income allowed to the young man with pretensions to marry is 18,000*l.* If there were mutual affection, they might be allowed to scrape on, but such an excuse has been suggested by no one, and the engagement must be broken off.

As marriage is the one object and cause of collected company, greater discretion should prevail. Engaged couples should be clad in fine linen and escorted down Piccadilly with dancing and music, their names printed in gold upon the public monuments, and basket coffins presented to them at the public expense that all might follow their example. Otherwise we are rapidly approaching perfection, and future ages will bless our efforts. By the end of the century our women will have acquired hereditarily through the skating of their ancestresses an extraordinary development of the muscles of the leg, and if they should not be able to play polo themselves, they may at least hope to bear daughters capable of doing so.

SHAKSPEARE AND HIS INTERPRETERS.

IT might be interesting to watch the varying fortunes of Shakspeare's plays as connected with the stage—how they disappear from it with the restoration of the Stuarts; revive for a time under the patronage of such empty creatures as Cibber and Tate, who take the poet in hand and improve him; are next pronounced unfit for the stage, and only written for the study; and, after many vicissitudes, reappear once more at this moment under hopeful auspices. But the recent revival of a taste for Shakspeare which may be said to have begun with Mr. Irving's impersonation of Hamlet rests so far upon the accidental circumstance of one eminent actor's success, which has led to a vast quantity of caricature. Just as one publisher will emulate the good fortune of another in some particular line, so, when the success of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum was established, other theatres began to follow suit, and to represent, or rather to misrepresent, various plays of Shakspeare whose name had been successfully advertised by Mr. Irving's acting. Managers took up the dramas of Shakspeare as tradesmen take up some article which has hit the public taste of the moment, and attempt to undersell each other. The consequence of the discovery that Shakspeare's name might be attractive on a playbill was, to select two instances out of many, that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was produced with rather less care than is ordinarily given to the mounting of a burlesque, and the *Tempest* was given as an afterpiece. That a "revival" such as this can do any service to the stage is not to be hoped; it is calculated rather to bring the dramatic performance of Shakspeare into contempt with that class from whom, in the first instance, its support must come. The assertion that it is better to have Shakspeare ill played than not played at all may at first sight seem reasonable; but a little consideration will show that the negligent or incompetent performance of Shakspeare must end in a reaction. It will give colour to the arguments of those who pretend that Shakspeare was never intended for the stage, but should rather be, with other great poets, reverently and admiringly put away upon the shelf, to be taken down at intervals, and read by the few privileged to understand him in the closet. Nor can it be imagined that spasmodic revivals of Shakspeare, depending upon the enterprise of a particular manager or the genius of an individual actor, can have any enduring effect, or succeed in disseminating the perception of the poet's power among the public and, what is no less important, among the players who may one day be called upon to interpret the dramatist's idea. The want of any continuous representation of Shakspeare is destructive alike to actors and to audiences, by whom the player should be not only encouraged and applauded, but criticized with judgment, and so taught to improve his art. But how can audiences criticize that of which they have no previous knowledge? And what is the effect of the present system, or want of system, in the performance of a great drama upon the actors? That whenever any actor of real talent is furnished by chance, he appears isolated amongst the puppets who are supposed to assist or support him on the stage, but who in truth seem to have been put there in order to mark the unreality of the whole performance by their ludicrous inferiority, their awkward gaping inattention, and inability to follow even at a distance the endeavours of their more successful comrade. The result of this is that people go to see "Mr. Irving's Hamlet," and not *Hamlet* with Mr. Irving in it, and it is impossible not to feel that the performance degenerates at times into a reading, and not an acting, of Shakspeare. The ideal theatre would be no doubt that in which the category of principal and subordinate characters would not exist in reference to the skill of the actors who impersonate them, but simply with regard to the dramatic exigencies of the play, and the best stage would be that on which the hero should act amongst his equals. This is sometimes possible at the Comédie Française in the so-called classical tragedy, where an interchange of parts takes place, and the subordinate character of one night is the hero of another. The ideal theatre seems, no doubt, an impossibility; but what seems impossible must be attempted if we are to realize what is practical, and by the laws of public taste every stage-manager who has a soul above Mr. Byron and burlesque should keep this in view, that each part in a Shakspearian performance ought to be held by an actor at least competent to understand and follow out the directions of the principal performer. Such players, if deficient in natural invention, would be at any rate able to assist their chief, and by acting constantly with him they might catch, if not something of his genius, at least the power of imitating him, and so keep before the public a faithful copy in default of the great original after he has disappeared from the stage.

It may be remembered that between the days of Le Kain and Talma and of Talma and Rachel there was no great player found to interpret Racine. But those who had seen and studied under Le Kain preserved the memory and imitation of his art, and thus prepared the way for Talma, whose followers again were ready and marshalled in their places when Rachel appeared to take the lead. By following this system another evil not yet touched upon in our own theatrical affairs is avoided. In England, if a young actor ventures to undertake an important part, immediate success is expected from him. The rarity of such a part being undertaken at all makes this a necessity for his own reputation and his manager's well being. If he succeeds, the results which have been already described follow; if he fails, he retires into obscurity; he has thrown his highest stake and lost it. In Continental theatres a widely different course is pursued. There it is, as it should be, considered that a player of talent may make a more or less successful attempt at a great character, and by the event be neither at once exalted into a demigod nor rejected as a vain pretender. His audience and his critics sit in judgment upon him, and from their discrimination he learns what in his performance should be improved, cast aside, or retained. Should he fail altogether to please them, he can but acknowledge himself unequal for the time to the task which he has undertaken, and prepare himself for a fresh effort by further study. It is the more unreasonable to demand an immediate success in a trying character from an English player inasmuch as he has had no such advantages of training as the Continental actor possesses.

It is a great credit to the German nation, and no little discredit to our own, that to their audiences and actors is given that chance of constantly contemplating the works of Shakspeare which to ours is denied. The best companies of players in Germany, as in France, are accustomed to act together; they grow as it were around the central figure of one actor of invention; and thus the power of representing Shakspeare on the German stage does not depend either upon the accidental appearance of a genius or upon the caprice of fashion. One of the greatest obstacles to the cultivation of the drama in England is the system of dispersion to which English actors are condemned. Neither by previous training nor by the circumstances of their profession are they ever thrown or kept together, and the fact of their constantly moving from theatre to theatre, from one set of actors to another, is destructive to that harmony which is a very important feature in dramatic performances. In Paris actors learn together at the Conservatoire; they act together at the Français, or it may be at the Odéon or Gymnase. By association they become as it were assimilated; an evenness of tone is secured for the performance of the plays which they present. If there be a great actor among them, his skill is not marred by the inferiority of his surroundings; if there be none such, there is at least a general level of excellence discovered in the whole company. It is this principle of association which keeps alive, not the dull and empty form, but the spirit of stage tradition. A reference to Molière's *Impromptu de Versailles* will show what care and minute attention the great master of comedy devoted to the gradual education of his company; and it is by following the system which Molière began that the French stage has always preserved a certain tone and certain general principles, as well as technical rules of acting, which have made of the Comédie Française a model for the guidance of public taste, a school for each generation of actors, and a repertory of practical stage knowledge, such as no country in Europe but France has the good fortune to possess. It is worthy of notice that the stage of France in Molière's time presented the same confusion and the same absence of principles which are observed in the stage of England at the present moment. And there is no reason why what Molière did for the French theatre should not be done for our own; and the vision of an English theatre which should correspond to the Comédie Française, though its realization must be a work of time, does not in itself appear an impossibility. Experience goes to prove that the continuous cultivation of any high form of art must depend upon extraneous assistance which shall support that art during periods of comparative mediocrity and stagnation. But the grant of extraneous assistance cannot at

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once create a revolution; the institution of a subsidized theatre, with as yet uneducated actors and audiences, would hinder rather than help the cause of the drama.

It is therefore to the question of education that the reformer must first address himself. At a time when every one is engaged in competing for the privilege of educating his neighbour, it does not seem unreasonable to suggest that something should be done for those among us who are expected to exercise the highest art of dramatic interpretation without having had a chance of learning its rudiments. It is fair to assume that Shakspeare is held in some reverence by all classes; but it is difficult to reconcile with this assumption the meekness with which all classes accept the delivery of Shakspeare's words by people who ignore prosody and quarrel with the alphabet. It is not possible by education to create genius; but it is possible to remove the mechanical obstacles the presence of which is destructive to the actor's self-confidence, and mar his performances by an impression of effort. How much in ease and self-possession would not the most accomplished and conscientious of our actors have gained by a course of three years' study at the Conservatoire? Must not they regret the necessity of self-tuition which compels them to expend upon the mastery of mere mechanical details as much labour as is required for the highest achievements of their art? How this evil is to be remedied is a question not altogether easy to answer. It has been already said that an immediate subsidy would be of little avail; but there are other experiments which might be easily tried. From public institutions it is for many reasons impossible to expect assistance in this direction. But what cannot be done by the public directors of education may possibly be accomplished by private enterprise, which is seldom unsuccessfully appealed to on behalf of Shakspeare; witness the numerous learned associations that do the national dramatist the honour to treat him as if his text were as corrupt as that of Æschylus, and perform real prodigies of erudition on the letter of his text. Some one might perhaps be found to attempt for the spirit of his plays what these societies do at such great expense for his philological peculiarities. Some of the money which is employed upon fortifying the position of a comma might perhaps be better used in encouraging actors to represent to the eye the meaning contained in this *corpus vile* of the commentator. One can imagine that a high-class theatre might exist with a school attached to it, and that there would be no insuperable difficulty in settling its practical arrangements. Actors of merit who have left the stage might fill the office of instructors, and thus find the equivalent of a pension, and the fund from which their salaries would be drawn might extend itself to the temporary maintenance of promising pupils. The difficulty which managers frequently experience in recruiting their ranks would be diminished by the existence of such a school, which would also provide those who aspire to the stage with a reputable introduction to it. Some attempts have already been made to institute a dramatic school, but whether from bad management or want of patronage, or both, they have not fulfilled their purpose. Against any such suggestion as that which is here spoken of it may of course be urged that it is a proposal to create dramatic genius, which, in the opinion of some people, is a thing requiring neither culture nor instruction, the two requisites which a school for actors would supply. The object of such a scheme would be, not to create genius, but simply to assist it by supplying any actor of unusual talent with the mechanical training necessary to his art, and to secure a constant succession of players who would be at least able to subordinate themselves intelligently to the leading actor's conception of a play.

THE WEAKNESS OF MODERN MISSIONS.

A CONFERENCE on Foreign Missions in connexion with the Church of England was held at the Cannon Street Hotel last Tuesday, on which the *Times* has expended a good deal of rather contemptuous criticism. The subject must, however, be allowed to be one of considerable importance, about which, to say the least, the last word has not yet been spoken. The insignificant or inadequate gains of modern missionary enterprise have been for some time past a standing proverb of reproach against Christianity with indifferentists and sceptics. And it is not very long since the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is not much given to sensational language, ventured on the startling observation that, if we did not take care, instead of our converting the heathen, the heathen would be converting us. Certain it is that the net result of recent efforts in this direction has been absurdly disproportionate to the enormous outlay both of money and labour bestowed upon them. On the whole, it is no doubt true, as has often been remarked, that Roman Catholic missions have been more successful than Protestant ones, and it is easy to account for the difference without having recourse to theological considerations. The varieties of doctrine among teachers of rival sects could hardly fail to prove a serious hindrance to their influence, and although their contradictions have more or less tended to prejudice the claims of Roman Catholic missionaries also, still the united phalanx presented by the latter secures them a great advantage. But what is more important to notice here, as having a direct bearing on some of the points raised at the Conference of last Tuesday, is that the Roman Catholic Church has shown greater wisdom in the selection and adaptation of instruments for the work. The Jesuits have been during the last three centuries by far the most successful missionaries, after making every deduction for merely temporary triumphs, the use of questionable expedients, and the like. And the Jesuits, with all their faults, which are neither few nor light, have been all along not only the most zealous, but the ablest and most intellectual, order in the Church. There is little ground, however, for boasting on any side, when we reflect that considerably over two-thirds of the human race still remain strangers to every form of Christianity. So imperfectly has the commission to make disciples of all nations been discharged at the end of eighteen centuries.

Whether the speakers at last Tuesday's meeting succeeded in throwing much new light on a confessedly trite and difficult subject we are hardly prepared to determine. But they contributed several suggestions which, if not new, have every appearance of being true, and are well worthy of practical consideration. Such was the Bishop of London's opening remark on the importance of a native ministry, which also formed the subject of the Bishop of Edinburgh's paper, who himself formerly held a colonial see. Bishop Cotterill had little difficulty in proving the early, and indeed apostolic, origin of the plan he advocated, and there is much force in his argument for training a native clergy in colleges in their own country instead of sending them to England for the purpose. This was evidently the opinion of the late Bishop Patteson, whose authority on such a point must be considerable, and the same principle was vigorously maintained and acted upon by Bishop Tozer during the comparatively short period in which his health permitted him to carry on his laborious duties in Central Africa. It is manifestly irrational to imagine that unity of belief can override all distinctive peculiarities of national character and habit, and that it is necessary to reproduce all the detailed accessories of an English parsonage among the Iroquois or Bengalese. Several clergymen of extensive missionary experience spoke in the same sense as Bishop Cotterill. Mr. Long pointed out that the Roman Catholic Church had not been slow to apprehend the need of flexibility in external details, and allows her clergy, for instance, in China to dress like mandarins. There is much force again in the suggestion of Mr. Higgins, a clergyman from Madras, that "a more expressive ritual" than is customary in England will best meet the requirements of Indian natives. But Professor Monier Williams's paper on "The False Religions of the World and the Best Ways of Dealing with them," formed, if we may judge from the report, the most interesting feature of the meeting. It remarkably illustrates what we said just now about one main secret of Jesuit missionary success. For Mr. Williams's great point was that a time had come when thoughtful Christians are bound "to readjust"—not their faith, which cannot change, but—"themselves, to their surroundings," and take pains in the first place to master the dogmas of those whom they aspire to convert.

It is surely obvious at a glance that the neglect of this sensible, but by no means superfluous, counsel has been one chief cause of missionary failure. A profound conviction of the exclusive truth of the Gospel, and of the certain damnation of all who reject or are ignorant of it, coupled with an earnest zeal for their conversion, is at best a very slender outfit for so vast an enterprise. Yet it would be no exaggeration to say that many even of our most devoted and excellent missionaries have had no more serviceable equipment. We are familiar with the old story of the heathen chief who paused on the eve of baptism to ask his new teacher what had become of all his forefathers who had died in their errors, and, on being told they "were all in hell," declined to take a step which would separate him from their company. It is a mediæval tale; but this sort of reckless denunciation has been very common, probably more common, among modern Protestant missionaries. Partly, no doubt, this has arisen from the exceptionally gloomy estimate of the heathen world insisted upon so emphatically by the leading Reformers, as a corollary from their peculiar views of grace and original sin. And it is also due in great measure to an ignorant habit of confounding all non-Christian religions in one indiscriminate mass of "heathenism," besides forgetting the infinitely various degrees of moral responsibility among their individual adherents. And this way of looking at things has probably been encouraged by an unfortunate mistranslation in the Authorized Version of the Bible, to which Mr. Williams very properly called attention, and which, it may be hoped, will not escape the notice of the New Testament revisers. St. Paul was so far from the questionable taste, and still more questionable policy, of beginning his address to the Athenians by telling them they were "too superstitious," that he did, in fact, base his appeal to their consciences on the fact that they were "very religious," though he proceeded to urge that their religious sentiment had clothed itself in mistaken forms. A modern preacher need not be ashamed to follow what is at once the apostolic pattern and the dictate of sound sense in appealing to what is best, rather than to what is worst, in his hearers, when he wishes to lead them on to the recognition of a higher truth. Misbelief is generally a more hopeful foundation for the Evangelist to build upon than simple unbelief, and it is almost a truism to say that no religion which has exercised any appreciable influence in the world can be wholly false. The conversion of the Jews could obviously not be attempted on any other principle, for a Christian preacher who denied the divine basis of their faith would cut the ground from under his own feet. And though he may admit no claim of direct revelation for Pagan systems of belief, he will show more zeal than knowledge if he refuses to recognize at the root of all of them the distortion or corruption of

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some primeval truth. And that alone would be a sufficient reason for studying them before he undertakes to confute them. There is indeed often an enormous difference, as Professor Williams very pertinently insists, in reference to Brahmanism, between what he calls the "exoteric" and "esoteric side" of a religious creed. This holds good even of Christianity, and Dr. Newman has somewhere observed that "a people's religion will always be a corrupt religion," because mankind, being what they are, are sure somehow or other to twist their professed principles into conformity with their debased practices, though every article of their creed may in the abstract be perfectly true. But no religion can be effectively assailed by attacking only its weak points. A Protestant controversialist who relied for the refutation of purgatory on his exposure of the scandals of Tetzel's traffic in indulgences would be laughed at by every educated Roman Catholic. And a Christian missionary who assails Brahmanism while he is content to remain in ignorance of the Veda has no better prospect of success.

There was, however, till recently a plausible excuse for such ignorance, for the sacred writings of the three great religious systems which divide the empire of the world with Christianity were not easily accessible. Professor Williams shows that this difficulty has now been removed. A greater part of the Veda, the Koran, and large portions of the Tripitaka, or sacred books of the Buddhists, have already been translated into English. We cannot follow him through his interesting account of the characteristics of these several systems, but one point deserves especial notice from all who are concerned in the work of foreign missions, as also, we may add, from its bearing on the religious future of our vast Indian Empire. If the Professor is right, and we believe he is borne out by high authorities in his estimate, there is a radical difference between these three great religions in their power and spirit of propagandism, which is an essential condition of permanence and life. Brahmanism neither is, nor ever could be, from its own nature, a missionary faith; it has no desire or capacity for expansion, and its dying out is therefore a question of time only. Buddhism came into the world as a reforming and missionary power, but its energy is exhausted, and it has no future before it. Mahometanism, on the other hand, which at first was propagated by the sword, has developed a new moral force, and is already disputing the ground with the old religions of India. In Africa it makes rapid advances, and Professor Williams thinks that, unless a fresh and powerful impulse is given to Christian missionary effort, it will speedily overrun the whole of that continent. He believes that Christianity is really far more congenial to the native mind of India, and that it will be our fault if it does not eventually supersede the moribund faiths of our multitudinous Eastern Empire; but he adds that, if we do not convert them, they will unquestionably embrace the creed of Islam, though it has by no means so close an affinity with their character and convictions as our own. It is hardly necessary to point out that this question has a profound political as well as religious interest, to which indeed Mr. W. Palgrave called attention some little time ago. With that consideration, however, we cannot meddle here. Such discussions as that of Tuesday last may be of great service, if they can be kept from degenerating into mere vague generalities, and the best guarantee for that will be the presence of Orientalists like Mr. Monier Williams and men of practical experience like Sir Bartle Frere to take part in them. Sir Bartle Frere's remarks on the supreme importance of missionaries displaying a thorough acquaintance with the views of their opponents, and a scrupulous fairness in stating them, entirely confirmed the advice given by the Professor. It is worth remembering that no parallel can be drawn in this respect between the position of modern and that of mediæval missionaries. The latter may have been in some ways superior, and were certainly more successful; but their task was a widely different one. To preach the Gospel to rude and barbarous races, with no civilization and a creed for the most part as simple as it is superstitious, is one thing. To confront an elaborate theological system which has lasted for centuries, or which is even older by many centuries than Christianity, and prevails in a nation with a long history and complex civilization of its own, is quite another. Our British or Saxon forefathers were not as the disciples of Buddha or of the Arabian Prophet. And different weapons are required for a different warfare.

THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACTS.

WE have to return to the disagreeable subject which it was formerly necessary to discuss in some detail. We are luckily spared that necessity at the present time. The Contagious Diseases Acts have been in operation to some extent since the year 1864; and the last return gives a result which, if it cannot be impugned, shows that they have produced a great sanitary improvement. We may briefly summarize the facts. During the years 1860-3, the ratio of the severer cases of diseases per 1,000 men of strength was in one set of stations 116 and in another 130. The first class of stations was never brought under the Acts; the other class was gradually brought under them during the years 1864-70. During the years 1864-9, the ratio in the unprotected stations was 108 and in the protected 87. During the years 1870-3 the ratio in the unprotected stations remained at 108, and in the protected fell to 52. In 1874 a considerable reduction is reported at both classes of stations; but the explanation is added that a regulation suspending the pay of soldiers suffering from these diseases has probably led to concealment of the disease. Finally, it appears from another return that the proportion of patients constantly under treatment at the protected stations has been about half that at the unprotected stations. Other statements have been made which are not capable of definite numerical expression. It is said that the effects of the Acts upon the morality of the protected districts has been beneficial; that the number of abandoned women, and especially of young girls, has been diminished; and that no case of an abuse of power has been brought home to the authorities by the industry of the opponents of the Acts. Here, then, we may say there is a *primâ facie* case for maintaining the policy which has been so far successful; and the opponents of the Acts must either rebut the official statements or show that the improvement in the health of the army has been counterbalanced by an increase of evils of a different class.

Both lines of argument have been attempted. Mr. Stansfeld, in particular, attempted to assail the statistics. It is pretty plain, however, that he felt the case to be against him when he resorted to the general argument that statistics collected by Government were naturally, though unconsciously, manipulated so as to support a foregone conclusion. We should be far from asserting that in all cases implicit dependence is to be placed upon Government statistics. But in this case it is really difficult to understand by what process of unconscious cerebration the returns could have been manipulated as Mr. Stansfeld supposes. The facts are exceedingly simple, and easily ascertainable. In the absence of some more definite ground for impugning the accuracy of the statement, we cannot infer much more from Mr. Stansfeld's opposition than a new illustration of Hobbes's saying that, if reason is against a man, he will be against reason. The assertion that counterbalancing evils have to be set against the beneficial operation of the Acts is one less easily to be investigated. When, for example, the opponents of the Acts say that they have led to the increase of clandestine vice, and when the police say, on the other hand, that clandestine vice has diminished or disappeared, we have no possible means of deciding between the conflicting statements. We can only fall back upon general considerations or the impressions of the persons who have had the best means of observation. The general result of the debate upon an impartial mind will probably be, as we venture to think, that the evidence in favour of the good moral effect of the Acts greatly preponderates; and that the would-be repealers rely much more upon general topics of popular declamation than they would do if they had any strong case in their favour. Considering the length of time during which the Acts have now been in operation, the novelty of the experiment, and the bitterness with which they have been assailed by an organized body of pertinacious opponents, we are surprised that no more tangible complaints have been brought forwards. Probably, indeed, the opposition has been so far useful that it has caused the officials charged with the administration of the system to be very cautious in avoiding any risk of scandal. It is most desirable that such a system should be cautiously introduced, for it would be absurd to deny that in bad hands it might lead to very gross abuses. But, judging from the only evidence before us, and from the absence of such counter-evidence as might naturally have been expected, we cannot doubt which way the balance inclines. It seems to us to be proved as distinctly as the nature of the case admits, first, that there has been a great sanitary improvement, and, secondly, that the palpable moral effect has been beneficial.

If this be the case, we must ask how the opponents of the Acts can justify themselves in continuing an agitation for the removal of a check of which the utility rests upon such evidence? Mr. Stansfeld asserted roundly that the agitation would never cease until its end had been attained; and Mr. Henley put the argument with characteristic terseness when he said that it was no business of the State "to provide clean sins for the people." Mr. Stansfeld's calm declaration of irreconcilableness amounts to a passionate avowal that he and his friends will stick to their prejudices in spite of reason. We can only hope that a cause reduced to such rhetoric will alienate sensible people. The ladies and gentlemen who carry on this agreeable political movement have succeeded in giving offence to most right-minded persons, and arguments—if we must so call them—conceived in this humour are not likely to conciliate the common sense of the country. Mr. Henley's sentiment is certainly respectable. We do not wish to speak slightingly of those who honestly share his feeling. If the Acts encourage vice, we quite agree that it would be difficult to defend them, even by a decided proof of their beneficial results in a sanitary sense. The point, however, has been argued at great length; and we need only say that the defenders of the Acts rely upon evidence for the counter-assertion that the Acts diminish vice. Between Mr. Henley's *primâ facie* assumption as to the object of the Acts, and distinct observations of their actual operation, we are certainly inclined to prefer the argument from fact. But, moreover, when those who sympathize with Mr. Henley are pushed to their logical conclusions, we find that they shrink from their own principles. They tell us very emphatically that, if the Acts were abolished, they would be ready to vote money for the establishment of Lock Hospitals. The object of a hospital is to cure disease; disease, according to these reasoners, is the punishment of vice; therefore, as it follows from the principle of the excluded middle, the object of a hospital is to diminish the punishment of vice. When therefore they denounce the Acts because they tend to make vice less dangerous, they are bound to show why they would themselves encourage measures which have precisely the

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same result. They must, in consistency, take one of two courses; either they must object to every medical remedy, or they must admit that the indirect tendency of the Acts to make sinning safe is not a sufficient argument against them. The true difference is between the prevention and the cure of disease. One system allows a terrible disease to spread as it will, to the injury of innocent persons, and of yet unborn generations, and tries to cure it in individual cases. The other aims at stamping out the disease at its source. Nobody would openly advocate the less effective remedy simply because it was less effective, for that would be to sanction deliberate hypocrisy. To alleviate the punishment of vice and at the same time to take care that the alleviation shall not succeed is a policy so inconsistent that it cannot be openly avowed. The truth is, that this argument from the supposed encouragement of vice is in every way questionable. If people were habitually reasonable, there is no doubt that the possibility of a terrible penalty would tend to restrain vice. As a matter of fact we do not believe that this fear really exercises any perceptible effect. It may make men cautious, but it hardly makes them virtuous; and familiarity with disease soon diminishes the fear, and afterwards lowers the whole moral tone. The question is one to be decided by experience, not by *à priori* argument; but we should certainly not expect to find that a population is more virtuous in proportion to the risk incurred by vice. Yet, unless that is the case, Mr. Henley's argument fails.

There is, indeed, another class of objection which is probably covered under this argument. The objection to State interference is not so much that it tends to sanction vice as that it gives opportunities for tyrannical conduct towards the vicious. Here, again, we can only appeal to facts. Undoubtedly there is a danger, and when there is an attempt at regulating vice such as is carried out on the Continent by means of a more powerful police than our own, we can easily believe that gross cases of oppression may occur. We would not speak slightingly of such risks. However carefully the Acts may have been administered, the administration requires watching. We shall only say that the objectors upon this ground ought to prove that it is impossible to guard against abuses. The difficulty of alleging any real case of abuse affords a strong reason for supposing that abuses which have been hitherto avoided may be prevented from occurring in future by proper regulations. The system indeed can only be maintained by such a conciliation of the classes affected as would be destroyed by any tyrannical behaviour of the authorities. But even the intemperate language of the irreconcilables should not tempt us to overlook the necessity of taking every precaution of which the case admits. If some of the zeal which displays itself in passionate appeals to prejudice and round denial of statistical facts could be turned to account in guarding the machinery from possible abuse, it would be much better employed.

THE MERCHANT SHIPPING BILL.

THE Merchant Shipping Act Amendment Bill, having been reprinted in a revised form, is now passing through Committee in the House of Commons. It contains fifty-five clauses in all, of which only twenty have as yet been disposed of, and these are perhaps the least contested part of the scheme. Mr. Disraeli has given an assurance that the Government has no intention of abandoning the measure; but looking to the period of the Session, and the scope for minute criticism which is afforded by the questions which have yet to be discussed, there is certainly ground for some misgivings on this point. It is to be hoped, however, that the Government will be firm, and do all it can to avoid a failure which, if it happens, will undoubtedly create disappointment and suspicion among large classes of the population. There is really nothing at this moment on which the country has more set its heart than on seeing an earnest effort made to check the spirit of recklessness which has in recent years been growing up among a certain class of shipowners; nor has any body a greater interest in the accomplishment of this object than the main body of honest and respectable shippers who are at present exposed to a degrading and immoral competition. The main facts of the case have now been thoroughly sifted; it is admitted on all hands that something ought to be done without delay; and there is also a general agreement as to what is, in the meantime at least, possible or desirable to attempt. Under these circumstances it would be a great misfortune if the Bill should founder like the ships it is meant to save, and the Government would suffer for it in public confidence.

The Bill may be divided roughly into three parts; one making regulations for officers and crews, the second dealing with the safety of ships, and the third fixing the responsibilities of owners. Most of the clauses in the first division have now been adjusted, the chief point of controversy—that in regard to the abolition of advance notes to sailors before a voyage—having been settled by Mr. Disraeli throwing over the President of the Board of Trade and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who were in favour of limiting advance notes to one month's pay, and declaring for absolute freedom of contract. There is undoubtedly a great concurrence of testimony as to the bad effects of the present system. The notes pass into the hands of the crimps at a heavy discount, and the sailors spend the greater part of what money they receive in a final spree before sailing. A shipowner has stated that a fortnight ago he had a crew, every man of which, including even the pilot, was so drunk that he had to be carried on board. This is a bad beginning for a voyage, but it is by no means an isolated case. It cannot be doubted that it would be of the greatest possible advantage to the men if they could be kept without money in their pockets on the eve of going away; but the difficulty is that, if they have no money, they cannot provide for their wives and families, or buy any articles of outfit for themselves. At present the advance note is not payable till the end of a month, and this places the holder at the mercy of the crimps; but even if it were abolished altogether, the sailor would still have to raise money for the support of his family, and would probably have to do so on still more onerous terms. There is also what is called an allotment note, by which a seaman's relatives are able to get month by month payments not exceeding half the wages due; but this is at present limited to the superior classes of seamen, such as boatswains, carpenters, and so on. A general extension of this system might perhaps meet the case. In the nature of things, however, poor, thriftless, reckless men will always be very much a prey to any one, employer or crimp, who chooses to take advantage of their necessities, and no legislation can get rid of human weakness. On the general ground, also, of free-trade any interference with the right of contract between employer and workmen is no doubt objectionable; but the main point, it seems to us, is that whether advance notes are or are not allowed, the evil which is intended to be remedied will be changed only in form and not in substance.

The next point is as to the liabilities of certificated officers, such as masters, mates, or engineers. Any officer of this class may be summarily prosecuted for drunkenness, tyranny, cruelty, or gross misconduct, before a stipendiary magistrate, or, in special cases, before a local Court of Admiralty. In cases where nautical or engineering skill and knowledge are required, the Court is to have the assistance of one or more assessors, appointed by the High Court of Admiralty; and, in deference to a strong appeal in Committee, Sir C. Adderley has agreed that at least one assessor should belong to the merchant service. In the event of a conviction, the Court may cancel the certificate of the accused, or reduce him to a lower grade, subject to the authority of the Board of Trade. The rules of discipline are very severe, and some exception was taken to them on this account in Committee. It is obvious, however, that the circumstances of a seafaring life render it necessary to provide for prompt and rigorous punishment in a way that is not necessary in ordinary cases on land. Any master of, or any seaman or apprentice belonging to, any British ship who, by wilful breach of duty, or by neglect of duty, or by reason of drunkenness, either (1) does any act tending to the immediate loss, destruction, or serious damage of the ship, or tending immediately to endanger the life or limb of any person belonging to or on board the ship, or (2) refuses or omits to do any lawful act proper and requisite to be done by him for preserving the ship from immediate loss, destruction, or serious damage, or for preserving any person belonging to or on board the ship from immediate danger to life or limb, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour. Mutiny is to be treated as felony, and punished by penal servitude or a maximum of two years' imprisonment. A combination to disobey lawful commands, or to neglect duty, or to impede the navigation of the ship or progress of the voyage, will be punishable, on summary conviction, by imprisonment for not more than twelve weeks with or without hard labour, and, at the discretion of the Court, either in addition to, or in substitution of, such imprisonment, by the forfeiture of all or part of the wages due. When the offence is an assault on an officer, the imprisonment will be at the same rate, but only a month's pay will be in jeopardy. Any seaman who is guilty of wilful disobedience to any lawful command, or of any other act of insubordination, or drunk on duty, or guilty of any other gross breach of discipline, or carelessness, or wilful neglect, is liable on summary conviction to a maximum imprisonment of a month, with, if the Court thinks fit, forfeiture of not more than a month's pay. If the insubordination or neglect is continued, he may be kept in prison for twelve weeks, forfeiting for every twenty-four hours' continuance of such insubordination or neglect either a sum not exceeding six days' pay or any expenses which have been properly incurred in procuring a substitute. Neglect to keep a look-out is also punishable by six months' imprisonment, and the cancelling of certificate in the case of an officer, and two months' imprisonment and fine of a month's pay, as a maximum, in the case of a seaman. Desertion from a ship, neglecting or refusing, without reasonable excuse, to go with the ship, or absence without leave or sufficient reason from duty within twenty-four hours of the time for being on board, entails imprisonment up to six weeks, with, at the discretion of the Court, in a case of desertion, forfeiture of all effects and wages left behind or that may be earned in any other ship until the next return to the United Kingdom, and liability to pay expenses of substitute. An attempt was made by Sir V. Harcourt and some other members in Committee to get rid of the power to arrest any one guilty of desertion or a kindred offence "without warrant," but Sir C. Adderley declared that without this power there was no safety for the mercantile marine, and that it had existed for a quarter of a century without the slightest abuse.

At this point the Committee has paused till Monday next. The next clause (21) provides that when a seaman who has deserted or refuses to go on with his work alleges that the ship is not seaworthy, or that her accommodation is insufficient, there shall be an inquiry on the subject, the Court having power to order a survey, the costs of which will be paid by the seaman if the decision is against him,

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and may be deducted out of his present or future wages, or, if the decision is the other way, by the master and owner, who will also be bound to give compensation to the accused. As a check upon malicious or ungrounded complaints, they are to be punished by imprisonment up to a month, with or without hard labour. Wilful damage to the ship or her equipments, or embezzlement of stores or cargo or passengers' property, or wilful and grossly negligent waste or damage, is punished by imprisonment up to twelve weeks and a fine to the value of the loss incurred. Double penalties may be inflicted in all cases where the offence tends to endanger the ship, life, or limb. In reference to these offences Sir V. Harcourt has given notice of an amendment to the effect that no person interested as a master or owner of a ship shall take any part in the adjudication, and Mr. Macdonald would also exclude immediate relatives of any master or owner.

The second part of the Bill begins at the 32nd clause, which requires that every British ship shall before registry be permanently and conspicuously marked, to the satisfaction of the Board of Trade, with her name on each of her bows, and her name and that of her port of registry on her stern; her official number and the number denoting tonnage cut in on her main boom; a scale of feet denoting her draught of water on each side of the stem and stern-post; and a line, painted longitudinally on each side amidship, indicating the height of each deck above the ship's ordinary load-water line. And then follows a proviso which exempts registered fishing-vessels from this clause, and also confers on the Board of Trade the rather sweeping authority to relieve any class of ships from the obligations of the Act at its discretion. Moreover, by Clause 33 the owner of a ship is bound before entering his ship outwards to mark on each of her sides amidships in white or yellow on a dark ground, or a black one on a light ground, a circular disc, not less than six inches in diameter, the centre of which shall indicate the maximum load-line in salt water to which the owner intends to load the ship for that voyage; and he is also required to deliver particulars to the Board of Trade. This mark is to be retained till the return of the vessel, unless—and here is another perhaps rather loose concession—altered by an agent at a foreign port. A penalty of 100*l.* as a maximum is enforced for any violation of these regulations. There is also to be a record of draught of water and extent of clear side, and a detailed account of any deck cargo in the official log. It is further required that, if exemption from tonnage is claimed for any permanent closed-in place on the upper deck, there shall be a written declaration that it will not be used for stores or passengers, and a breach of this engagement will be met by a fine not exceeding 500*l.* Then follow some provisions as to what shall be considered as "proper" equipment in boats, rafts, and other appliances for saving life, under directions to be issued from time to time by the Board of Trade, and as to preliminary inquiries into shipping casualties, into which we need not now enter. Mr. Plimsoll has given notice of an amendment to the effect that a maximum load-line should be ascertained and certified in every case by a body of Commissioners specially appointed for the purpose, and that penalties, not specified, should be imposed for loading beyond the prescribed limit. An enactment of this kind would of course practically throw upon the Government the responsibility of the management in detail of the whole merchant service; and a similar remark may be applied to Mr. Reed's proposal for a compulsory inspection of the iron used in shipbuilding. Mr. Macgregor suggests a more sensible amendment, to the effect that every ship should be marked with a line indicating the point of immersion, which should leave 20 per cent. of the total displacement of the ship above the water-line, and that this line should be taken as the point of deepest immersion in good weather, with an ordinary cargo on an ordinary voyage. A scale of degrees of buoyancy beyond the 20 per cent. is also to be marked below for one-fourth the distance from the former line to the ship's keel; and the ship's articles should contain a statement of the degree beyond which the ship is not to be loaded on each voyage. Mr. T. Brassey's amendment prohibiting the entry of any ship from America carrying a deck cargo between the 1st October and 16th March in any year is fully justified by the evidence taken by the Royal Commissioners as to the perils of a winter voyage with decks encumbered.

One of the most important points in the Bill is of course that which relates to the liability of shipowners. It will have been observed that tolerably complete arrangements are made for collecting information as to the condition in which ships are sent to sea. In a very flagrant case the Board of Trade will interfere, and stop the ship until necessary repairs have been made or the cargo lightened; but, as a rule, the owner is supposed to send out his ship at his own risk, and if anything goes wrong which can be shown to have been due to neglect or recklessness on his part, he ought to be made responsible for loss. This may be said to be the general theory of the Bill. The Government does not step in and relieve the shipowner from his natural responsibilities; but a closer watch is to be kept as to the manner in which he discharges his obligations. Hitherto it has been very difficult to ascertain in a precise and authoritative form in what state ships are despatched; but now there will be a variety of marks and records which will go far to supply this omission. In itself the mere fact that the shipowners will know that they are to be more under observation than formerly will no doubt have a wholesome effect on the less scrupulous members of the body, and will strengthen the influence of the majority, who are honestly anxious to keep their ships in good order, and reduce the perils of a seafaring life to the lowest point. But of course a good deal of the effect of these arrangements for procuring evidence against a culprit will depend on what is to be done with him in the event of his being convicted. In the first draft of the Bill it was proposed that, if any loss of life or personal injury was caused by the unseaworthiness of a vessel, the liability of the owner should be unlimited, unless he proved that he and his agents used all reasonable means to make and keep the ship seaworthy, and was ignorant of her unsoundness; and though the force of this provision was to some extent neutralized by the suggested excuse that a ship's going to sea in an unseaworthy condition might be under the circumstances "reasonable and unavoidable," still it was an advance upon the present system, inasmuch as it struck at the absurd and anomalous principle that shipowners should be favoured beyond all other classes of traders by having their liability for compensation limited to a fixed amount. This clause has now disappeared from the Bill, and in its stead there appears a mere recital of the obligation which rests on an owner and his agents to use all reasonable efforts to ensure the seaworthiness of his ships. This certainly seems a somewhat weak and impotent climax to such an elaborate process of collecting evidence; and it is to be hoped that an effort will be made to fasten more sharply and distinctly upon owners the consequences of disasters which can be traced to their misconduct.

THE WIGAN ACCIDENT.

THE circumstances of the Wigan accident have been thoroughly explored, and there will be general concurrence in the verdict at which the jury have arrived. The plaintiffs in the case lately tried suggested a probable cause for the accident, whereas the Company proposed no explanation at all, and their defence tended only to the conclusion that accidents will happen in the best regulated families.

The accident happened to the Scotch tourist train in August 1873. The train left Euston station at 8 P.M., and should in regular course have passed through Wigan station without stopping at 12·52 P.M. Close to the platform of the Wigan station, on the south, there is a loop line coming off from the main line down from London, which, passing round at the back of the platform, joins the main line again at a short distance north of the platform. This arrangement is for the purpose of relieving the traffic on the main line. Trains are often shunted off on to this loop line, upon which they wait for the purpose of allowing other trains to pass Wigan on the main line to the North. The trains are turned on to the loop line at a set of points a short distance to the south of the platform, which are worked, together with the signals which govern them, from a signal-box about forty yards from the points between them and the platform. When the signal is set for a main line train to go through, or at what is called "pass on," the points and signals which belong to the loop line are locked, and neither can be moved until the main line signal is raised again to "danger." When the main line signal is so raised, the loop line signal can be dropped to "pass on," and the loop points shifted so as to turn a train from the main on to the loop line. It was at this set of points that the accident happened. The plaintiffs suggested that the accident was caused by the signalman shifting the points of the loop line before the whole of the train had passed over them, thus allowing the fore part of the train to run along the main line, and turning the back part of it on the loop line. The train was undoubtedly thus divided, and there must have been some cause to deflect the back part of the train from the main line. The train consisted of twenty-five carriages and two engines. It was going at the rate of nearly forty miles an hour. The seventeenth carriage was a guard's van. In the eighteenth carriage were Sir John Anson, his two daughters, and servants. The fore part of the train passed safely over the points; but on the seventeenth or eighteenth carriage arriving at them the eighteenth carriage left the line on the left-hand side, that is, towards the loop line. It dragged after it all the carriages which were behind it, and as the seventeenth carriage and those in front of it were still running on the main line, there was a sideways pull from the eighteenth carriage on the seventeenth, which caused that also to leave the rails. The couplings between the seventeenth and eighteenth carriages then broke, and the seventeenth carriage being still off the line, followed on after the rest of the train, still coupled to it. This seventeenth carriage, being a guard's van, contained a quantity of luggage. It struck the corner of the shunter's cabin, which knocked a great portion of its side out, scattering the luggage all along the platform. A short distance after this it got again upon the rails, and followed safely on with the fore part of the train, which was pulled up about half-a-mile to the north of Wigan Station, none of the passengers in that portion being injured. The conductor in the van was shaken and knocked about, and was for a short time insensible. The eighteenth carriage and those behind it ran along the loop line or the ballast of it and up the ramp or slope of the platform. The eighteenth carriage was turned bottom upwards, and Sir John Anson and two servants were killed. The other carriages were wrecked in various ways. The action was brought to recover compensation for the death of Sir John Anson.

Mr. Bramwell, the well-known engineer, gave evidence on behalf of the plaintiffs, and stated his conclusion that the points were shifted during the passage of the train. He had inspected the points and the line at Wigan after the accident, and he minutely

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described them. The line approaching Wigan is straight, and there is, therefore, nothing in the formation of the line to tend to throw the carriages off it, as there might be if there were a curve. He did not think that there was any structural defect in the line or in any of the carriages. He found the tail carriages after the accident in the very position in which he should have expected to find them if the points had been shifted, and they had run down the loop—that is, he found them on the loop line either on the rails or close to the rails. He thought that the positions in which he found these carriages were consistent with their having been diverted on to the loop line from the main line, by the shifting of the points. He would imagine that they ran down the metals of the loop line, and then by their bumping into the carriages in front of them which had fallen down, were thrown off the metals, and remained standing as he found them close to the metals. He supposed that all went well until the sixteenth carriage arrived at the points. At that time he thought that something was done—namely, the points were shifted. By the time that the hind wheels of the seventeenth carriage arrived at the points, they were sufficiently open to allow these wheels to run up the loop, the fore wheels running on the main line. This would cause a sideways pull on the tail end of number sixteen to the left or towards the loop, and a sideways pull on the fore end of number eighteen towards the right or main line. The carriages seventeen and eighteen being pulled off the main and loop lines respectively, they were dragged along in this way until they came close to the shunter's cabin, which is at the end of the platform. At this place the loop diverges considerably from the main line, thus causing a tremendous pull on the couplings between seventeen and eighteen. Number eighteen would now be dragged along nearly sideways between seventeen on the main line and nineteen on the loop. Number seventeen comes against the shunter's cabin, which knocks its side out. The blow on the cabin, combined with the tremendous drag on the couplings between numbers seventeen and eighteen, breaks these couplings. Number seventeen follows on with the train on the main line, and is dragged by the pull of the engines back again to the rails, the luggage in it being scattered on the platform as it goes along. Number eighteen is nearly broadside on to the shunter's cabin; it tumbles over and completes the wreck of the cabin. This carriage is thrown on its side and forced up the slope of the platform into the position in which it was found, upside down. The other carriages behind it would run along, perhaps on the ballast, or perhaps on the rails, until they met with the station buildings and other obstructions against which they would be smashed. The last two carriages were found upright, close to the rails on the loop, and with little damage done to them. Other witnesses agreed, with slight variations, in Mr. Bramwell's view.

On the other hand, the Company produced Goodall, the man who worked the points and signals, and he denied having shifted the points as suggested. Having got a telegraphic signal for the tourist train, he lowered his main line signal; that would lock the points. From that moment until after the accident he did not put his hand on either the signal or the point-lever. Another man, Wood, employed at a signal-box at the canal bridge, a quarter of a mile to the south or nearer London, stated that he heard the crash of the accident, looked towards Wigan, and saw that the main line signal was green, or "pass on." But it was admitted that shortly after the accident this signal was seen to be turned to red, or "danger," and the witness did not remember when this was done. Ordinarily a train from Staleybridge arrives at Wigan, and is shunted on to the siding; then comes the tourist train, and then the Limited Mail. But on the night in question all these trains were late, and the Staleybridge train had been shunted at Springs Branch Junction, 1¼ m. south of Wigan, and the tourist train passed it at that point. On that night, therefore, the duty of the signalman at Wigan would be—first, to let the tourist train pass by the main line; then to put the main line signal at "danger," or, in other words, to show the red light, and to open the points for the siding to receive the Staleybridge train; and having shunted that train, he would then "make the road" on the main line for the Limited Mail. The plaintiffs' theory was, that the signalman, knowing that the Staleybridge train was close behind, and being in a hurry to prepare for it, put up the main line signal to danger, and shifted the points before the tourist train had completely passed. This train on that night had eight or ten carriages beyond the usual number, and it was suggested that the signalman did not allow for the extra length of the train, and moved the points too soon. The signalman Goodall, on the other hand, affirms that he touched no lever till after the accident, and the signalman at Canal Bridge, Wood, states that he saw the green signal after the accident. Goodall had obviously a powerful motive for denying any failure of duty, and, in order to meet the evidence of Wood, the plaintiffs suggested that Goodall, having by raising the signal and shifting the points caused the accident, as soon as he saw what he had done "shifted the signals and points back again to the position in which they ought to be during the passage of a train."

Captain Tyler, in his report upon this accident, said that, in his opinion, the points could not be moved with a train passing over them until the wheels of a carriage had run twelve feet from the thin end of the points; but Mr. Barry, civil engineer, gave evidence that he had made experiments, and found that he could move the points when the wheel had run three feet from the thin end. Mr. Bramwell gave evidence to the same effect. Colonel Rich, who, like Captain Tyler, is an Inspector for the Board of Trade, stated in evidence that he had no doubt that the Wigan signalman could have moved the points while the train was going over them at forty miles an hour, and that he would have had time to have done so sufficiently to turn the train off between the times of the fore and hind wheels of a carriage passing over. Colonel Rich further stated that he had had experience of other trains being split when going over facing points, and the conclusion he came to was that the signalman moved the points while the train was going over. He knew from experience that signalmen were apt to put the signal to danger as soon as the engine passed, and not to wait until the train was quite clear. It was against this and other dangers that the locking-bar was invented. All the witnesses spoke in favour of the locking-bar, which prevents points being moved during the passage of a train. A locking-bar has been put down at this place since the accident, and these bars have been gradually introduced on the lines of this Company. It should be observed that, according to the Company's evidence, the tourist train passed Springs Branch at 1.14 A.M., and the Staleybridge train was signalled from Springs Branch forward at 1.16 A.M. This train was shunted at Springs Branch to let the tourist train pass it, and it seems that the Company's servants at Springs Branch allowed only two minutes to elapse after the tourist train passed before they signalled to Wigan for leave to send on the Staleybridge train. The reason of this alacrity was that the third train, the Limited Mail, was close behind. It was stated, but not quite clearly, that the line was being worked at this time on the "absolute block" system, by which no two trains are allowed to be on the space between two signals at the same time. The "absolute block" system, applied as it was on that night, shows us how out of safety to pluck danger. The admitted facts are that the tourist train passed Springs Branch at 1.14, and running past the Canal Bridge signal station reached Wigan at 1.17, while at 1.16 the signalman at Wigan is asked to let the Staleybridge train come on. The message passes instantaneously, and might reach him even before the tourist train. Thus while he is doing one thing he is asked to do another. If, under these circumstances he tried to do two things at the same time, it would not be wonderful, and this is what the plaintiffs' witnesses suggest that he did do. Goodall said, at the inquiry held after this accident by the Board of Trade, "the man kept gonging to me to let the Staleybridge train through." At the trial he said that, "as the tourist train passed his box," he received a signal from Springs Branch for the Staleybridge train, and he knew the Limited Mail was nearly due. Supposing the tourist train to have passed his box, his duty was to raise the signal, and shift the points for the Staleybridge train, and the plaintiffs suggest that, being hurried and flurried, he did this very slightly too soon. It is better to find such a cause for an accident than no cause at all, but that is all the comfort that can be derived from this elaborate inquiry.

MORE CLAIMANTS.

THE Tichborne mania and Dr. Kenealy's disgraceful newspaper are bearing their appropriate fruit. The delusion that an innocent man has been deprived of his title and property, and that the forms of justice in this country are a mockery and a snare, and all the Judges villains, naturally leads to the conclusion that ill-used men and their friends had better trust to their own efforts for the enforcement of their rights, and dispense with a servile acquiescence in the corruptions of legal procedure. The convict at Dartmoor would no doubt have much preferred to have his claims settled by his devoted adherents simply taking forcible possession of the Tichborne estates wherever they could get access to them, instead of having to submit to the tedious and offensive formalities which proved his ruin; and anybody whose case is no better than Arthur Orton's may reasonably think that a civil suit is hardly calculated to promote his interests. This train of reflection appears to have been gradually settling down into a logical crystallization in the minds of the rougher and more ignorant classes throughout the country, especially in the Northern and Midland districts; but the first practical application of the new principle has been reserved for the people of Sheffield, who, since the exposure of Mr. Broadhead and his peculiar way of managing men, have kept tolerably quiet. It is perhaps not unnatural that a violent invasion of private rights and public justice should meet with ready support among a population so thoroughly inoculated with the Trade-Unionist theory of the right of working-men to take the law into their own hands, and do what seems proper in their own eyes. The seizure of the Mill-houses estate in Abbeydale Valley by a rabble acting in the name of a local claimant is, after all, only a development of ordinary rattening. This property is valued at from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.*, and was purchased by Earl Fitzwilliam some years ago. A working-man named John Oldale has recently started a claim to this estate, under the auspices of the local Magna Charta Association; and if he and his friends had been content with simply asserting this claim, no great harm would perhaps have been done. But they felt entitled under the inspiration derived, if not from the study of Magna Charta in the original, at least from the impression of its general tenor given in the *Englishman*, to take upon themselves the responsibility of giving a decision in Mr. Oldale's favour, and of proceeding without loss of time to put it in execution. A few weeks ago the

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Magna Charta rioters, it seems, entered upon some of Lord Fitzwilliam's land, but were ejected by the farmer who occupied it. On Monday last they returned to the attack, took possession of a couple of fields, and began to cut the grass and cart it away to Sheffield. Repeated attempts were made in the course of the day by the tenants and their friends to drive the intruders from the fields, but apparently without success. Though the police were on the spot, they declined to interfere unless there was an actual breach of the peace; and it may be inferred that the physical resistance offered by the tenants to the despoiling of their land was not very energetic, inasmuch as the police remained passive. On Wednesday morning Mr. Smith, one of the farmers whose fields were invaded, mustered a strong body of labourers and erected a barricade across the entrance to his field, which was afterwards manned by about thirty of Lord Fitzwilliam's gamekeepers from Wentworth. By and by Oldale and a large following marched up from Sheffield, attacked the barricade, and eventually managed to pull it down. The crowd then poured into the field and was busily engaged, we are told, during the day in removing the grass. When they have completed this job, they threaten to carry off the tiles from all the houses on the estate, and also to pull up the rails of the Midland Company, whose main line from Sheffield to London runs across the ground the ownership of which is in dispute. This pleasant state of affairs is, we are not surprised to hear, creating much excitement in the neighbourhood. What rather puzzles us is that "the utmost exertion on the part of the police was necessary to prevent a breach of the peace." It might have been supposed that the conflict between Oldale's men and the gamekeepers, in which the latter were routed, or at least compelled to give way, would have been enough to constitute a breach of the peace, even though the blows exchanged may not have been very deadly. It is stated that summonses against the rioters have been applied for by Lord Fitzwilliam and granted by the magistrates; but it was surely the business of the police to arrest the offenders in the first instance. Whatever may be the legal question between the present owner of the property and the person who claims it, an attempt at forcible seizure is clearly an infringement of public order, which the public on its own account is bound to resist.

It is as yet impossible to say how far there is any likelihood of the violence of Oldale and his partisans being continued, but it is somewhat uncomfortable to observe that they seem to command a considerable amount of sympathy on the part of the Sheffield public, and it may be apprehended that a similar temper is to be met with among the same class in other quarters. Lord Fitzwilliam and other great proprietors are, no doubt, quite capable of taking care of themselves, and there is no reason to fear that they will be permanently dispossessed by modern Jack Cades. But this plan of summary seizure must obviously be very inconvenient to the tenants of the disputed ground; and it is from this point of view that we are disposed to regard the matter. In London, for instance, there are one or two noble landlords who possess amongst them a large part of the habitable area; and it would certainly be very awkward if, on any one choosing to raise a claim to the whole or part of any of these estates, the tenants were to be exposed to the risk of having their roofs taken off or their walls pulled down. It is to be hoped that the police would not look on at such proceedings quite so calmly and unconcernedly as those at Sheffield are said to have done. Magna Charta has lately been brought into fashion with a certain class of the population under rather curious auspices; and we have observed that a facsimile of it is hawked about the streets at a penny. The respect for a great historical document which is thus displayed by the lower orders is no doubt very delightful to contemplate in one way, but there is reason to doubt whether the crabbed character of the original may not have given a false impression of its contents to some simple minded people, including possibly the members of the Magna Charta Association of Sheffield, and it is very desirable that a legible edition should be published for the benefit of the masses. It would be interesting to know what is the supposed passage in Magna Charta which is taken as a warranty for such proceedings as those at Sheffield. Mr. Oldale has addressed a long oration to an admiring mob, but does not throw much light on the question. What he wants is, he says, peace; but he goes rather beyond the ancient maxim that, if you wish for peace, you should prepare for war, for he has not only prepared for, but made war on his own account. He informed the crowd that seventeen years ago he stood on that very ground, accompanied by the sheriff and two officers. Possession was given to him of the property, the tenants were turned out of the houses, the doors locked, and the keys surrendered to him. The tenants then consented to acknowledge him as landlord, but they had since repudiated him, and had continued to do so up to the present time. It had been asserted against him, he remarked, that he was a coward who attacked only the poor and the weak, and he had therefore resolved to match himself against the biggest gun he could find. He accounted for the property having passed out of his possession by his having become a bankrupt and been imprisoned for two years and two months, but his bankruptcy has now been annulled. Mr. Oldale contends that his right to this land was established by a decision of Sir F. Pollock's; and as he formerly accepted the services of the regular tribunals in enforcing his claims, it might have been imagined that his favourable experience of the result would leave him to appeal to them once more.

Into the dispute between Mr. Oldale and Lord Fitzwilliam we have of course no intention of entering. There may be something in the story which the former tells, or it may be pure delusion; but it is certainly somewhat disquieting to find so much popular sympathy shown with these acts of violence. There was not long ago, and perhaps is still for anything we know, a crazy old lady in Cumberland who fancied she was the heiress to the Derwentwater estates, and who was assisted by people in the neighbourhood to assert her claims by the forcible seizure of an old cottage. Any one who has any knowledge of the peculiar ideas of the working classes must be aware of the large number of people among them who are fully convinced that they are the rightful heirs to large estates which at some time or other improperly slipped into other hands. Not long ago a labouring man came to consult the present writer about a claim of this kind, over which he had been brooding for years, although the only ground for the notion was that he bore the name of the estate to which he held himself to be entitled. Cases of this sort are by no means uncommon. There is, for instance, a vast tribe of Jenningses who go on from generation to generation hoping to recover a splendid fortune which was once in a family of the name. In short, the tendency to this form of delusion among poor and ignorant people is much more prevalent than is supposed; and nothing can be more injurious than that it should be fostered and encouraged. It may be very hard that a man cannot go to law without money, but the services of enterprising solicitors can usually be procured when there is a claim that can reasonably be fought, and in any case the processes of justice must be upheld.

THE VOYAGE OF THE *CHALLENGER*.

THE island of Papua, or New Guinea, which has been lately visited by the *Challenger*, is separated by Torres Strait from the northern extremity of Australia. A hundred miles of sea divides the familiar from the unknown. "There are few places on which Europeans have landed, and nowhere have they penetrated more than a few miles inland." These words were written nearly forty years ago, and they are believed to be true now. The Dutch hold the Moluccas to the north-west of Papua, and they have settlements on the great islands of Borneo and Celebes; and of Papua, which is larger than France, they have also some knowledge, and what they have they keep to themselves. They consider this island, however, as one of their possessions, and their system used to be to forbid their own countrymen to trade to it, but to give permission to the Chinese. Subsequently they formed a settlement on the south-west of Papua, for the sake of a valuable trade. They are the successors in these seas of the Portuguese, who arrived at the Moluccas in 1510. The claim of the Portuguese to these islands, as lying in the East, induced the Spanish Government to attempt to reach them by sailing to the West. For this purpose they employed Magelhaens in his famous voyage, and a Spanish navigator of later time gave his name to Torres Straits. After a century the Portuguese were displaced by the Dutch, who jealously excluded all other Europeans. Some Englishmen who made their way to Amboyna in the time of Charles II. were cruelly ill treated, and their sufferings were made the subject of what we should now call a "sensational" play by Dryden.

When Holland was absorbed by revolutionary France we took possession of these islands, which we restored at the peace of Amiens, again conquered, and again restored. If we learned anything at that time of the neighbouring island of Papua, we probably forgot it, and the voyages of Cook, Dampier, and MacClure only made us acquainted with the coast. The Philippine Islands, which form the most northern group of that Indian Archipelago to which Papua also belongs, are, as compared with it, well known. These islands were discovered by Magelhaens in 1521 on his voyage westward to the Moluccas, and he was killed on one of them. In 1564 the Spaniards from Mexico landed, and a few years afterwards founded the city of Manila. They have held undisturbed possession, except in 1762, when the city was taken by the English, which, however, was restored within two years. Like Papua and other islands of this archipelago, the natives are of two races, Malays and Austral Negroes with "frizzled hair," which is the meaning of the word Papua. It is said that the conversion both of the Malays and Negritos to Christianity has been more successful than the same process in other islands. This has been partly ascribed to the permission to eat pork, which is forbidden to the followers of Mahomet. It is remarkable that we know much more of the Philippine group than of the islands subject to the Dutch. As regards the former books of the last century contain a good deal of information, whereas they are almost blank as to the latter. The Dutch, however, cannot hope but that prying German eyes will be attracted to the interesting islands over which they rule in the remote East. The trade of the Philippine Islands with Mexico in the last century offered valuable prizes to our adventurous cruisers. One or two ships yearly carried silk and other products, chiefly Chinese, to Acapulco, and brought back silver to Manila. Anson in 1743 captured a returning ship, and

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found in her treasure to the amount of 313,000*l*. He cruised for this purpose off Espiritu Santo, one of the New Hebrides, which lie between Queensland and the Fiji Islands. Manila is about as far to the north of the Equator as Queensland is to the south. Yet in Anson's time Manila was a European city, while, nearly forty years after Anson, Cook's voyage along the eastern coast of the *Terra Australis Incognita* was thought a remarkable exploit. The group of islands which the Spaniards took for one large island, and called Espiritu Santo, was about the furthest southern limit of their explorations, and the years 1605-7 were about the latest period of Spanish maritime energy. Torres, one of the captains of a voyage made in those years, sailing through the straits which bear his name, saw Cape York, the most northerly point of Australia, only a few months after it had been discovered by the Dutch. The activity of this nation in these seas now began, and lasted about a hundred years. The name of New Holland, borne by that vast island which is sometimes reckoned a fifth continent, sufficiently indicates who were its discoverers. The Gulf of Carpentaria in the north, Van Diemen's Land or Tasmania in the south, and Edel's Land in the west, all testify to the same fact. The English came much later into the field which is now all their own. Towards the end of the seventeenth century Dampier explored some parts of the continent, as we must call it for distinction, and re-discovered and gave names to New Britain and New Ireland, which are part of a group only separated from Papua or New Guinea by the strait to which Dampier gave his own name. Admiralty Island, which lies rather to the west of this group, bears also an indisputably English name. Wallis and Carteret, about 1763-6, discovered, or rediscovered, these islands and others near them. Cook, in his three voyages, besides sailing along the coast which he named New South Wales, discovered New Caledonia, where the French have now a penal settlement conveniently placed for escapes of convicts to Australia. The Fiji Islands were discovered by Bligh in 1789, and already they are in the enjoyment, as Mark Twain would say, of all the blessings of civilization, including education, ardent spirits, and contagious diseases. In 1798 Bass discovered the strait which separates Tasmania from Australia, and by the end of the century, or a few years later, all the coasts of the continent and of the adjacent islands were tolerably well known.

In March 1787 the first ships destined to colonize New South Wales sailed from Portsmouth. The colonists consisted only of convicts and their guards. Their original destination was Botany Bay, but, finding that site unsuitable for the intended settlement, Captain Phillip, the destined governor, sought along the coast a better site, until he reached an opening called from the look-out man of Cook's ship, who discovered it, Port Jackson, which is now well known as one of the finest and most secure harbours in the world. Here in a cove, where there was deep water for ships of the heaviest burden close in shore, the foundations of a new town were laid. It was named Sydney after the peer who was Colonial Secretary at that time, and here a party of convicts guarded by marines were landed and employed in clearing the site of the intended town. The next step was to prepare the ground for crops, but the land near Sydney was not particularly fertile, and neither convicts or guards had any skill in farming. In early years the colony depended chiefly on supplies from England, and when store-ships were delayed it was brought near to starvation. In 1790 the whole colony was kept for many weeks on half-rations or less. Thefts, especially from gardens, became common, and severe punishments could not check them. One of the original convicts, who afterwards attained comfort and affluence in the colony, said, in reference to this period:—"Any man would have committed murder for a month's provisions. I would have committed three for a week's." Sydney, in early years, was liable to starvation and scurvy just like a ship at sea. It depended on the King's store for salt beef and flour, and Governor Phillip even ordered a dog to be destroyed because the colony could not afford to maintain a single useless mouth. It will be difficult for poetry or romance to colour the early history of Sydney, and we scarcely anticipate that the mania for centenaries, which is now afflicting America, will spread to Australia. Yet it is interesting to observe that an Agricultural Society has lately held an exhibition where formerly a man would risk hanging for a few greens and pot-herbs. We are told that the short-horned cattle at this show could not be surpassed, but that a preference begins to show itself for red-skinned Devons. The colony has a surplus revenue which many colonists desire should be spent in encouraging immigration. They have read with regret in English newspapers articles dissuasive of emigration, which for the most part have escaped our notice. We do not believe that such articles, if they appear, would produce any considerable effect. The advantages which Australia offers to the labouring class are tolerably well known, but the statement that domestic servants are very much needed in Sydney might now be echoed from some parts of England. The *Times* lately described New South Wales as "a real old colony," with families resident four or five generations, eighteenth-century traditions, and many other attractive features. It is certainly true that, as compared with Victoria and South Australia, New South Wales is an old colony, but we doubt whether its present inhabitants care much to insist on its antiquity, or are generally desirous to invite examination of their own pedigrees. Tasmania is also comparatively an old colony, which has provided itself with a new name. There is also West Australia, formerly called Swan River, and before that Edel's Land, where we are happy to learn that the trade in sandal-wood has been stimulated by the death of the Emperor of China, and the religious ceremonies consequent thereon. All these colonies want "labour," and the *Times*, with a laudable desire to counterwrite those mischievous newspapers which discourage emigration, has written an article which invites people in general, whether they can labour or not, to betake themselves to Australia. But the same article states that Australia is "a mother-country everywhere," and we have no doubt that poor genteel people would find it so. We had for the moment forgotten Queensland, which is a newer and equally thriving growth of the same enterprise and industry. It stretches far enough to comprise both sheep-farming and tropical husbandry among its pursuits, and it boasts that, with water and "labour," it can grow everything and be independent of the world. As Queensland reaches more to the north than any other of these provinces, its intensely English aspect contrasts most nearly and strongly with the old-world character of Papua.

The recent visit of the *Challenger* was indeed made to the northern coast of this island, which is furthest from English influence, but still the contrast is surprising either with Manila on the north or with Sydney on the south. The description of the *Challenger's* visit might have been written by Captain Cook. There is the same eagerness for scientific knowledge, although with far more ample means of satisfying it, the same scrupulous care to avoid injury, or even offence, to the natives, and on their part the same strangeness and wonder as might have been shown a century ago. It may be suspected that the demand for "labour" in thriving colonies has made the kidnapper known and feared along this coast, and as some articles of iron were seen among these natives, they have not been left altogether beyond the influence of trade. The *Challenger* went from the coast of Papua to Admiralty Island, where the natives were equally shy and more fierce, in conformity with the character given of them by former visitors. She had been at or was going to Manila and Japan, and at both would find a considerable leaven of European civilization. But this island of Papua seems to have undergone no substantial change since the Malay race supervened on the frizzle-haired aborigines. It would be interesting to know the secret of Dutch management, which presents to an outside observer the aspect of minding one's own business, and inducing other people to mind theirs. The former is usually not easy, and the latter generally impracticable. If a book were written on the "highways and byways" of Ocean, Papua might claim an important place among the latter, only that there would be almost nothing to say about it. The log of the *Challenger* will not be less interesting because her explorations have not been confined to the bottom of the sea.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

VII.

THE sculpture galleries continue to show the steady decadence of the English school. On the Continent, the French, the Italians, even certain of the Germans, display distinctive manners indicative of intelligently pronounced nationalities; and leading foreign sculptors prove by their works the advantage of early and persistent training. The French, who take the lead in the plastic arts of Europe, do not betray shakiness or indecision in anatomical articulations; the Italians, supreme in sentiment and in smoothness of surface, have the advantage of seldom deviating from ideal standards; while the Germans, by their broad generalizations, demonstrate what may be done by means of a well-considered eclecticism. But the English, in comparison, labour under the disadvantage of being nowhere—or, what comes to pretty much the same thing, of being everywhere. They are by turns soft and sentimental as Canova, spasmodic as Bernini, realistic as Teniers, rugged in surface texture as the portraits of Denner. As to technique, there prevails such uncertainty and vacillation that they are alternately strong as iron and weak as water. Nevertheless, the impartial spectator, in glancing round the three galleries of our Royal Academy, may possibly find some consolation in that law of compensation which in art as in human life strives ever to sustain a just balance. English sculpture is here seen, as to morals, the pink of propriety; as to taste, at the standard of the drawing-room; as to beauty, on the scale and elevation of an album or an illustrated pocket-almanack; and as to execution, painstaking as a schoolboy's copybook.

Mr. Armstead, A.R.A., is one of the few sculptors who stick to strict principles, and therefore he stands prepared to encounter exceptional difficulties in a bas-relief of "The Dead Leander" (1237). After the manner of the Greeks, the composition rests on one plane; there is no attempt at illusive and perilous perspective. Leander, having, according to the well-known story, perished during a storm in the waves of the Hellespont, lies at full length as when washed ashore, and Hero mourns her loss. The strict principles of bas-relief are here carried out with singleness of purpose, which is saying a great deal, inasmuch as the temptations to high-relief have in all times been so irresistible that the Elgin friezes stand not only paramount, but well nigh alone. The work before us might almost be taken as a translation from a Greek vase, so symmetric are the lines and so complete the surrender of accidents and details to essential truths. Mr. J. Bell has, on the contrary, absolutely lost himself in a terra-cotta relievo, "The Struggle of Good and Evil" (1240); this is a medley of discordant,

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almost dissevered, legs and arms, provoking the censure passed on Correggio's too notorious "Hash of Frogs." We cannot pronounce the relievo, "A Family Group" (1238), by Count Gleichen, to be successful; these portraits in their hard cold outlines too much recall silhouettes cut out from flat pieces of metal, card, or wood. Erring in the opposite way of high and obtrusive relief are the alti-relievi of "Mrs. Rowcliffe" (1241), by Miss M. Grant (who is however an amateur), and the one of "The Sons of Edward Baring, Esq." (1243), by Mr. Boehm; of "The Swing" (1239), by Mr. E. Davis; and "The Angel of the Resurrection" (1244), by Mr. Adams-Acton. It has been our privilege, and sometimes our penalty, to see sundry angels of the Resurrection, including designs by the late Mr. Alfred Gatley and by Signor Tenerani. Of all such productions this by Mr. Adams-Acton has the advantage of being the most pretentious; the massive figure is made to sink, not to soar; the immense wings are merely for show; the trumpet is guiltless of a single note; it is by way of novelty perhaps that on a marble tablet have been inscribed thirty-eight verses from the 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians, which, however, it might have been imagined most Christians held in memory. This blatant figure has slender claims to art; it may, however, obtain its reward from the large number of persons who delight in size and grandiloquent sentiment. Our Academy unfortunately furnishes too many examples of imperfectly trained sculptors who seize on showy effects which lie within the easy reach of tiros and amateurs.

The style of pleasing romance, which of late years has been the refuge of English sculptors, finds many representatives. Mr. Marshall, R.A., again takes the lead; his "Marguerite" (1275), though sketchy, has motive and movement. Mr. Durham, A.R.A., serves up a pretty conception for "A Double Drinking-Fountain" (1300); three playful boys are gracefully composed, with a growth of foliage betwixt and frogs and urns around. The same artist is far less successful in a group, nerveless in form and sickly in sentiment, "The Siren and the Dead Leander" (1336). We have never seen the chief centres of these sculpture galleries occupied by works so impotent. Take, for example, a girl lying prostrate as in a harem, modelled by Mr. Percival Ball, who absurdly makes the lady exclaim, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem!" (1338). The figure has nothing more to do with Jerusalem than with Jericho. Equally inane is "Innocence Triumphant" (1363), by Mr. Müller, an artist who, residing in Rome, has fallen into that inarticulate modelling, that affectation of sentiment, which has long been the bane of the modern Italian school. Nothing can betray more piteously the poverty of resources at the command of the Academy than the prominence given to this and still inferior works.

The forms of romance which are endemic in Burlington House have become almost inevitably forced up into spasmodic action. Take, as an example, a figure, "Forsaken" (1299), for which we have to thank Mr. Bruce Joy. All the buttons on the lady's bosom are about to burst, so swelling is the passion within her heart; while agony, torturing torso and limb, finds an exit at the toes. As for the woman's cataract of back hair, there has perhaps been nothing quite equal to it since the time when Coleridge, in the "Vale of Chamouni," described wild Alpine "torrents fiercely glad," unceasing in their thunder and eternal in their foam. Such art is much more easy than it seems; what is really difficult is moderation and reticence, the power which resides in repose, the reserve of strength beneath external action, so as to give the idea of a power greater than that put forth. Classic sculpture owes much of its nobility to a sense of omnipotence in repose. Mr. Warrington Wood, in "St. Michael and Satan" (1314), strives to redeem a trite theme by the intervention of four wings, two of angel and two of demon; his execution affects the smooth surface of Canova. Mr. Papworth, in "A.D. 33" (1316), essays the perilous problem of putting into marble the half-spiritual and half-bodily form of one of the saints who rose from the grave at the time of Christ's resurrection. The effort shows more sentiment than knowledge; the outstretched hand is not unlike a spade. "Cupid and Psyche" (1317), by Mr. E. Davis, belongs to the prevailing style of nerveless romance; this and other groups rely for their appeal to the multitude on the inherent beauty of marble when fresh from the chisel. Miss Grant has studiously thought out the figure of "Lady Macbeth" (1307), though the conventional classicism of the style is not quite in accord with a Scotch character. It is a great pity that our British sculptors do not work out national subjects, past and present, in a truly national spirit; in Northern latitudes—for example, in Scotland and Scandinavia—there lie rich veins of poetic thought yet unwrought in plastic art. The eternal harping on one Italian string becomes wearisome. Danish and Swedish sculptors have done well to embody local myths; they have modelled Odin and Thor; and Professor Molin of Stockholm, in "The Wrestlers," became great when inspired by the impetuous passion of Northern races. There are two or three of our native sculptors, however—Mr. Leifchild, for example—who gain vigour by converse with Michael Angelo. This year the only instance of this heroic manner is the figure of "Philosophy" (1318), by Mr. Armstead, A.R.A. Also to be commended for vigour, though not free from plagiarism, is "A Bowler" (1323), by Mr. Stephens, A.R.A.; the figure has evidently been adapted from one or more of the Discoboli. "Ione" (1328), by Mr. MacLean, though rather juvenile in manner, has promise; it shows obedience without servitude to the antique.

Pictorial and picturesque modes of treatment, though universally popular, are usually so pitiable as to lie beyond the possibility of redemption. "The Fishwoman of Boulogne" (1361), by M. Lormier, is chiefly distinguished by her bonnet, an article essentially pictorial, and in no way sculpturesque. Also under the class of mere *genre* falls "'Tis *My* Mamma!' 'No; *Mine!*'" (1334). Mr. Ruddock, in such a tittle-tattle title, writes the character of his art. "The Twin Naturalists" (1366), by Mr. Junck, necessarily suggests a naturalistic treatment. It is a maxim that each art is best when it maintains intact its specific character; "pictorial sculpture" is a hybrid destructive to the plastic species.

It is strange how ill has always been the fate of Christian sculpture, at least since the time of the Pisani, of Donatello, Ghiberti, and a few others in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Even the lives of the Saints have shone less honourably in marble than on canvas. But it sometimes happens in these eclectic and servile times that sculpture borrows or steals from her sister painting, as, for example, in "The Group of S. Vincent de Paul and Orphan Children" (1319), by Mr. Ruddock. This composition, perhaps slightly varied, may be bought in the form of a modern German print at the price of about a halfpenny. Thanks to Mr. Ruskin, there have been rescued from oblivion three frames of diminutive terra-cottas, representing the Entry into Jerusalem, Christ Blessing Little Children, &c. (1293–5), by Mr. Tinworth. The figures are puppets, and the drama, which degenerates into rant, is about on a level with the action in a marionette theatre. Mr. Ruskin, in his "Notes" on the present Academy, with accustomed condescension and kindness, first lifts the artist to the skies, only to drop him into the abyss; he discovers the sculptor to be a genius, and then concludes that, "for all Mr. Tinworth has learned of his business, he might as well have lived in South Australia."

Terra-cottas still increase in number; we wish it could be added that they advance in merit. The French artist, M. Dalou, who has in our Academy appeared at his best, is now at his worst. He has subjected "Miss Heseltine" (1351) to vivisection in the eyeballs, and "Mr. Hodgson, A.R.A." (1358), after like torture, appears as the spectre of the person once known to his friends and admirers; the hair is plaster and the drapery rags, but, as some compensation, the beard, though apparently of sea-weed, assumes the magnificence of a river god. A terra-cotta bust (1405) by Mr. Ball also affects slovenliness; indeed the drill has been so recklessly turned into the beard of "Robert Leake, Esq.," as to give the idea of a worm-eaten block of rotten wood. Mr. Lawson is little better in a terra-cotta of "John Burr, Esq." (1372). Miss H. Montalba models her father (1359) in a style which by its breadth and quietude contrasts favourably with the surroundings. The terra-cottas seen in Belgium, though not faultless, are better than any yet produced in London.

Italian sculptors have never so abounded, but the majority are emasculate; their graceful though nerveless figures stand on a par with the shop goods in Rome, Florence, and Carrara. A pleasing incident, however, comes from the colony of sculptors at Carrara. Signor Lazzarini sends "Innocence" (1322); the young girl clasps in her hands a bird; the drapery is remarkably delicate in its folds, and has a pretty finesse in its playful flutter. The Milanese sculptors have long made their profit by dexterous manipulation of fancy dress which in its tucks, hems, and fringes, emulates "the stitch, stitch" of the milliner's needle. Scarcely the best of the kind are "Blind Man's Buff" (1329), and "A Bit of Vanity" (1331), by Signor Barzaghi, and "You're Jealous" (1327), by Signor Zannoni. But by far the most noteworthy Italian product is "Le Génie de Franklin" (1384), by Signor Monteverde. A spritelike figure, emblematic of Franklin, brings lightning from heaven to earth. Each nerve and muscle is animated as by electric fire. The modelling in its pulsations responds to the conceiving thought. The whole composition is characteristic of the school of Milan. The figure, in fact, would be well fitted for one of the thousand pinnacles of the great cathedral which owes its protection against thunderbolts almost as much to science as to saints.

Portrait sculpture prospers for the same reasons as portrait-painting. The most prominent effigy is the seated "Thomas Carlyle" (1301), by Mr. Boehm. The character is the reverse of exalted. We have here, not the Chelsea philosopher who, assuming the mission of a Hebrew prophet, pronounces an oracular "Woe! woe!" but we are rather reminded of the disguise of "Christopher North," who aired his literary wares in a dressing-gown or shooting-jacket. Mr. Boehm, after his habit, has scarcely escaped caricature. A tub only is needed for the personification of a modern Diogenes. Yet Mr. Ruskin, with a felicity peculiar to himself of pitchforking praise into wrong places, exclaims, "For this noble piece of portraiture I cannot trust myself to express my personal gratitude."

Busts, as usual, abound. Among the best are "The Rev. John Barlow" (1271), by Mr. Durham, A.R.A.; "Professor W. A. Miller" (1272), by Mr. Butler. Also may be commended "Alan Grant, Esq." (1249), by Miss Grant, and "Mdlle. de Breton" (1250), by the late Mr. Fuller. We may mention, not without regret, the increasing practice of marking by lines, often incised deeply, the pupil of the eye. This has always been a sign of decadence, and is one of the melancholy symptoms that sculpture nowadays descends from high abstractions and takes refuge in realism and picturesqueness. We cannot leave this pantheon without tendering to "The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon" (1395), and "Sir Henry Cole, K.C.B." (1402), our best thanks for enlivening the rather dull assemblage by the broadest comic character. In these rude blocks, which embody brains, coats, collars, and whiskers, it is hard to tell where nature ends and

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art begins; but Mr. Adams-Acton can vouch for his ideal in the shape of the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, while Mr. Gamble holds himself responsible for literal truth in Sir Henry Cole, K.C.B.

Death has of late been cruel to plastic as well as pictorial art. Mr. Fuller, of Florence, pupil of Mr. Power the American, will be remembered by "Rhodope," &c. He was romantic in conception, though rather amateurish in execution. The bust before noticed (1250) exemplifies his tender and beauty-seeking style. Mr. Stevens cannot be measured till what he may have left of the "Wellington Monument for St. Paul's" is brought to light. His friends held faith in him to the last, and if their kindly verdict can be accepted, the nation may not be doomed to ultimate disappointment. The loss of Mr. Foley is more serious. Sketch models of his principal works collected at the Burlington Fine Arts Club show clever facility, especially in throwing a figure into attitude, with the further advantage of effective costume. In the Academy the best-considered portrait statue is that of "The Late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness" (1305). The bronze full-length of "General Stonewall Jackson" (1325) has a rather interesting history, as it is the result of a subscription spontaneously organized in England, on the news of Jackson's death, to show respect for his memory. It has been executed for outdoor exhibition; and will, in fact, as soon as the Academy closes, be set up in a conspicuous place in the City Park of Richmond, in Virginia, the Legislature of which State has, we understand, made a liberal appropriation for its erection and the attendant ceremonies. The marble statue of Prince Albert, for the University of Cambridge (1330), is the third contribution which Mr. Foley's representatives have sent.

REVIEWS.

CAIRNES'S LOGIC OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

WE are glad to welcome a second edition, much enlarged and improved, of Professor Cairnes's lectures on the character and method of political economy. The lectures were originally delivered at Dublin seventeen years ago, and will doubtless be new to most of the rising generation of students. The lucidity and logical coherence of Professor Cairnes's writings render them admirable text-books for students, as well as useful for more mature thinkers. It is a real pleasure to read them after being vexed by the vague sentimentalisms which one class of writers oppose to sound reason, or the pompous phraseology which a still more objectionable class would substitute for reasoning. Professor Cairnes, as we need not say, is a disciple of the school represented by Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, and Mill, and a disciple who has distinctly extended and improved the teaching of his predecessors. He believes, therefore, in the scientific character of political economy; and he has done more than any other living writer to justify his belief. His discussions, for example, of the effect of the gold discoveries upon commerce are probably the best specimen that could be mentioned of a scientific examination of an economical problem. At the same time Professor Cairnes is too sound and cautious a thinker to sanction the exaggerated claims sometimes put forward by more pretentious teachers. He does not believe in the possibility of advancing a science by using mathematical formulæ when we can know neither the numerical value of the quantities involved nor the form of the functions by which they are connected. He warns his hearers against the attempt to advance beyond the limits necessarily fixed by the character of the primary data of the study, as carefully as he insists upon the accuracy and value of its legitimate generalizations. Though, as we shall have occasion to say, we differ to some extent from his mode of stating the scientific claims of the study, we have no fault to find with his actual definition of its true province.

Professor Cairnes begins by defining the relation of political economy to other sciences. It is, he says, "a science in the same sense in which astronomy, dynamics, chemistry, and physiology are sciences"; differing from them in its subject-matter, but having the same general aims and character. It takes for granted certain laws of matter and mind which are investigated by the sister sciences, and is subject to various limitations imposed by the nature of its materials. The vast complexity of the facts makes it impossible to apply the ordinary inductive method; but, on the other hand, it starts "with a knowledge of ultimate causes"—that is to say, of certain human desires which are in economy what the physical forces are in astronomy—and is thus at once in a position only reached by other sciences after ages of inquiry. It needs no experiment to show what are the motives which induce men to accumulate wealth. It can thus deduce many laws, though the process of verification is rendered difficult by the complexity of the phenomena. It cannot try experiments, but a judicious use of hypothetical cases may supply in some cases an equally efficacious expedient. There are some statements here which appear to us to require qualification, though they are illustrated with much felicity. The general view of the study, however, is doubtless correct; and the lectures which form the last half of the book contain an exposition of the true aims and methods of the economist against which we can bring no cavils. Professor Cairnes explains with his usual good sense the bearing upon economical conclusions of the necessary deficiency of the science in precise quantitative accuracy. He points out the true use of definitions of economical terms; and we can only regret that his remarks could not have been laid to heart by some of the eager disputants who have discredited political economy by a fruitless logomachy more worthy of transcendental metaphysicians than of men of science. The moral of the book is pointed by two excellent lectures discussing briefly the Malthusian doctrine of population and Ricardo's theory of rent. We might be half disposed for a moment to doubt the propriety of republishing confutations of certain writers who some twenty years ago thought that they were refuting Ricardo and Malthus by totally irrelevant arguments. But the doubt disappears on a moment's consideration. The misrepresentations which Professor Cairnes attacks are alive at the present day. There are still writers who fancy that Malthus has been "refuted," and that his doctrine is inconsistent with the fact that some countries grow rich—that is to say, that their productiveness has increased more rapidly than their population. There is at this day what calls itself a school of economists in an American city, which is in the habit of "refuting" Ricardo by arguing historically that early colonists begin by cultivating the most accessible instead of the most fertile soils. Such fallacies, it may be said, need not be again refuted, because the persons who reproduce them require to be educated before they can be convinced. The vitality of the misconceptions shows that there are many people in a state of such logical incapacity that a writer of Professor Cairnes's calibre is necessarily firing over their heads. We must reply that, as a ship can be often stopped by a gun fired above it, so a confused intellect may be awed by a reply which it cannot understand. And, moreover, the errors, however palpable, are precisely those which beset a student during the early period of his educational course. Nothing could be better calculated to point out to him the fallacies which he ought to avoid than these lectures, and we are therefore glad to observe that they are recommended to candidates for the Moral Sciences Tripos at Cambridge. It would be difficult in the same space to find a better field for intellectual gymnastics than will be provided for young men wrestling with the tough logic of Professor Cairnes's pages.

We must, however, briefly indicate the reasons which make us not quite so well satisfied with some of the preceding teaching, or at least with the form of expression. Professor Cairnes, we have seen, states that the economist "starts with a knowledge of ultimate causes." The economist takes for his first principles certain "paramount mental principles," such as "the general desire for physical well-being and for wealth as a means of obtaining it." He deduces from these principles, the nature of which is the proper field of the psychologist, certain conclusions which have only a "hypothetical" validity—that is to say, which are only true so far as the supposed principles are not counteracted by others, but which, on that assumption, are rigorously true. There are some obvious limitations to this statement, which, without them, is liable to be misunderstood. In the first place, the economist does not know the "ultimate causes," except in a very vague sense. He cannot give any quantitative statement as to their relations. He knows in a general way that people prefer half-a-crown to a florin, and generally act upon that preference. But he does not know, nor does anybody know, what is the relation between the love, for example, of money and the love of idleness. He is not in possession, that is, of a calculus of human motives, and cannot be in possession of such a calculus till psychology has become what it probably never will become. The theory that such a calculus may be devised, and that mathematical expression may then be found for the various forces by which wealth is distributed, is at the bottom of those premature attempts to elevate political economy to the rank of an exact science which Professor Cairnes most properly repudiates. Nor, again, do we think that the doctrines of political economy are really deducible from the supposed first principles that man is a being actuated by a desire for wealth, and that he is placed in a world where the production of wealth is subjected to certain material restrictions. These principles are equally true of a perfectly savage state, where none of the laws of value, of rent, or profit would be applicable. The economist requires something more before he can move a step from his first principles. He requires sociological as well as psychological data. He requires, that is, to know roughly what is the actual distribution of society. He assumes that society is differentiated into certain classes, that there are certain laws which regulate the relations of men to each other, that there is a free competition in certain respects between classes and individuals; he has to understand the machinery of money, the laws of landed property, and so forth; and none of these essential data can be deduced from the mere abstract consideration of man as a selfish money-getting animal, and of the limited field for the production of wealth. All that he takes from psychology is the general assumption that men will continue to act more or less for their own interest under the conditions actually observed to exist. And therefore political economy differs from such sciences as astronomy or chemistry in that the economist takes for his primary data empirical truths which are obviously derivative and have not the character of ultimate laws of nature. The astronomer assumes that the law of gravitation is absolutely and invariably true, or so nearly true that he may neglect any infinitesimal errors. The political economist must admit that the law of rent depends upon a certain social order, which, for anything he knows, may admit of indefinite modification. It does not follow that the law of rent is less true than the law of gravitation. A fact is a fact, however general or particular. But it does follow

* *The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy.* By J. E. Cairnes, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

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that political economy has a much more limited field than the true sciences. It has not laid bare the ultimate forces or traced them to their source in human nature; but has only to do with certain special modifications and results.

We may illustrate this view, which we have not here space to elaborate, by an obvious analogy. A man might discover a great many highly useful truths about a particular machine, say a clock, without an accurate knowledge of any of the ultimate physical laws involved in it. After examining its construction he would be able to see that the descent of the weight involved the motion of the hands; he would be able to expose the fallacy of some theorists who had supposed that a clock would go equally well without its pendulum, or that the wheels moved the weight, or who had devised some ingenious scheme for perpetual motion. He would assume that a weight tended to descend without knowing the laws of gravitation, and that a chain would transmit force without knowing its chemical composition or the laws of molecular action. But when he had fully examined the machinery he would come to a stop, and would not be able to discover a more general theory of mechanism until he had investigated the working of some of the forces whose general tendency he takes for granted. Political economy is limited in a somewhat similar way. Society is sometimes compared to a machine, and sometimes to a living organism. It is, in fact, both; and we should say that the economist considers the mechanical laws, but cannot penetrate to those vital laws of growth upon which the mechanical laws ultimately depend. He can point out the wheels and pulleys by which wealth is actually distributed, but he cannot at all say how these wheels and pulleys come to be such as they are and no other. That problem can only be solved by the united efforts of the psychologist, the physiologist, the historian, and other inquirers. And thus the economist, however sound his conclusions, can only push his investigations to that point at which he has to call in the help of profounder studies. Such considerations explain the narrow limits within which the science gives accurate results. They do not imply that it is without value; on the contrary, they show that it has immense value; but they explain the fact—for so we take it to be—that political economy does not, like the true sciences, lead to ever new discoveries of wider generalizations. We do not know how far Professor Cairnes would agree with us. He seems, however, to regard political economy as limited chiefly by the absence of quantitative precision in its data; and that consideration alone is enough to restrain him practically within the same bounds which we should assign. The difference between us is probably more in expression than in reality; and we are glad to bear witness to the soundness and clearness of his general views.

MACCOLL ON THE PURCHAS JUDGMENT.*

IN a somewhat ungainly volume, which has the single recommendation of large print, Mr. MacColl has published a series of letters, addressed to Lord Selborne, of remarkable interest and power. Lord Selborne is not committed, of course, by the fact that he has permitted these letters to be addressed to him, to the opinions of their writer. But, considering the subject-matter of Mr. MacColl's book, it is not without considerable significance that that eminent lawyer, who must of necessity be a member of any conceivable court of final appeal, has allowed his name to be connected, however remotely, with this grave and able impeachment of the fairness and reasonableness of certain recent decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in ecclesiastical causes. It is against the judgment in the famous case of Hebbert *v.* Purchas in particular that Mr. MacColl directs his formidable assault. The Purchas judgment has already received some most damaging criticism, as, for instance, from the venerable Sir J. T. Coleridge, and from Mr. Beresford Hope (in his recent volume, reviewed by us about six months ago), not to mention a host of minor antagonists. But Mr. MacColl has now dealt it a blow which ought to be fatal if English justice and English law are to maintain their character for purity and independence. It seems to us indeed that, unless the arguments of this new assailant can be refuted, the reversal of that gross miscarriage of justice ought to follow as a matter of course.

It is this which gives to ordinary men of the world an interest in the matter. We have no intention of asking our readers to follow Mr. MacColl in his discussions about sacerdotalism and ritualism. That controversy is more fit for a theological journal. But the question of the fair administration of the law affects us all. Mr. MacColl's first letter, on Lawlessness, was provoked (as its title indicates) by the Bishop of London's offensive imputation of *ἀνομία* to such of his clergy as did not render an immediate obedience to the rulings of the Purchas judgment. He shows, by a masterly argument, supported by great names and by memorable examples, that it is not lawless to disobey unjust laws; and he proves conclusively, as we think, that the Purchas judgment is inconsistent with the general principles of action on which the Court that gave it professes to rely; that it is irreconcilable with former decisions of the same Court; and that it is—as Sir J. T. Coleridge expressed it—a miscarriage of justice. That judgment was given in an undefended suit; and a rehearing of the case was refused, by a high-handed stroke of policy. Until this discredited judgment shall be confirmed, after full argument on both sides, by a Court beyond suspicion of bias, or of being packed for the occasion (which was the fatal blot in the constitution of the moribund, if not defunct, Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in ecclesiastical cases), it is, to say the least, premature to accuse of lawlessness those of the clergy who decline to obey it.

It is not to be wondered at that extreme irritation has been felt by that large and important section of the clergy against whom this imputation of lawlessness was thus lightly brought. Englishmen are naturally a law-abiding people. And certainly clergymen ought to be, above all others, conspicuous for their obedience to lawful authority. There was a special sting in the accusation. Those aggrieved by it could not but remember that the party to which they belonged had been distinguished, above all things, by what was called by their enemies a Pharisaical obedience to the rubrical law of the Church. Think, for instance, at what sacrifice of time and health and money multitudes of them have said daily prayers in their churches because an almost forgotten rubric enjoined it. They had been ridiculed and even persecuted for years and years because their consciences compelled them to obey the ritual prescriptions of the Prayer-Book to which they had declared their assent. And now the tables were turned against them. The new judgment was plainly contrary to former explicit decisions of the same Court. Not even a lawyer—as the Lord Chancellor himself said in the House of Lords—could reconcile two contraries together. The judgment was seen by all competent critics to be weak, and based on ignorance and misapprehension of the true facts of the case. Added to which was a deep sense of the serious injustice done to the unfortunate victim of the suit. Mr. Purchas was a most unwise and eccentric person, who ought to have been passed over with contemptuous neglect. Now he was made a martyr. He had been acquitted in the Court of Arches, but was condemned on all points upon appeal. The judgment admitted that the matters in dispute were full of perplexity and ambiguity. Yet crushing costs were awarded in this undefended case against a man who had been too poor to employ counsel in his defence; and when, having obtained pecuniary aid, he asked for a re-hearing of the case, he was denied. And there was this further aggravation of the injustice. Two of the four Judges were ecclesiastics, who could scarcely have approached the case without a bias adverse to the defendant, since, as a matter of fact, they had all their lives understood the disputed rubrics in a contrary sense. In the particular matter of the vestments their present decision condemned their own former practice quite as much as it did that of the defendant. It was now declared that a canon of 1604 overruled the rubric of 1662. Well and good. But the two Episcopal Judges had never in their lives worn the cope, which they now declared that the said canon stringently enjoined. One would have thought that, under this sense of self-conviction, they would at least have spared poor Mr. Purchas his costs, if indeed they did not themselves pay them for him. But, as a fact, one of these two prelates has, with singular inconsistency, never thought it worth while in his own person to obey the canon to which he has himself helped to give a new penal force. It has never been stated that the Archbishop of York has provided or worn a cope. The Bishop of London is said to have worn one ever since the Purchas judgment, to which he was party, and is so far consistent. Perhaps his clergy need not have winced under his imputation of *ἀνομία*, for it may have been intended, not so much for them, as, by a subtle irony, for his archiepiscopal colleague in the Judicial Committee.

We have always felt that this is a very serious state of things. The law, in such matters as these more especially, ought to carry with it its own justification. It is impolitic and inexpedient, to say the least, to do violence, in confessedly ambiguous points, to the conscientious convictions of a large proportion of the clergy. What adds considerably to the hardship of the case is the fact that, in the present relations of Church and State, any revision of the rubrics of the Prayer Book is well nigh impossible. A final court of appeal in such matters ought undoubtedly to lean to a comprehensive rather than to a restrictive system of interpretation. *In dubiis libertas* is a very wise maxim. No good ever came of attempting to enforce a too rigid uniformity of practice. It seems to us that disruption must inevitably follow a policy of compelling the various historical schools of thought within the Church of England to conform to an absolute identity of ceremonial and practice. And we should say just the same if the reversal of the Purchas judgment were made an occasion by hot-headed zealots for putting an intolerable constraint on Churchmen of the Broad or Evangelical schools.

Every observer must view with some anxiety the extraordinary popular delusion which returned Dr. Kenealy for Stoke. It is a true cause of alarm that vast bodies of our electors should have conceived such a distrust in the administration of the criminal law as to make them doubt the justice of Arthur Orton's penal servitude. It cannot be otherwise than mischievous that our educated classes should have real cause for suspecting that a miscarriage of justice is possible, even in the final court of appeal, in questions which appeal to the popular prejudices or the religious controversies of the day. We are quite sure, on these grounds, that a new judicial consideration of the main points raised in the Purchas case is in all respects necessary. This conviction will be strengthened in every fair mind by a perusal of Mr. MacColl's elaborate indictment against the justice of Mr. Purchas's condemnation. We would call particular attention to the inconsistency of the judgment in the Purchas case with the leading principle laid down by the Judicial Committee itself in the Gorham case, the first of a melan-

* *Lawlessness, Sacerdotalism, and Ritualism: Discussed in Six Letters Addressed, by his Permission, to the Right Hon. Lord Selborne.* By Malcolm MacColl, M.A. London: Hayes. 1875.

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choly series, for its general guidance in ecclesiastical cases. That judgment declared as follows:—"We agree with Sir William Scott in the opinion which he expressed in Stone's case, in the Consistory Court of London; 'That if any Article is really a subject of dubious interpretation, it would be highly improper that this Court should fix on one meaning and prosecute all those who held a contrary opinion regarding its interpretation.'" Surely these are weighty words, and enunciate a true principle. Applied to the matters in dispute, as to the force of certain rubrics, which are most difficult, or (as many think) impossible, to be reconciled with others, is it not plain that a diverse interpretation of them should be permitted? After dwelling on this, Mr. MacColl points out in detail some amazing blunders in fact, or quotation, or argument, in previous judgments of the Judicial Committee. Some of these are, as he truly says, such as would justify any examining chaplain in refusing ordination to a candidate who should make them. Sometimes, as in Liddell *v.* Westerton, a disgraceful mistake has been subsequently corrected, without explanation or apology. Thus, the Court at first declared that in the Second Prayer-Book of Edward VI. the prayer of consecration had been "omitted." The blunder was tacitly corrected thus:—"Material alterations were introduced in the prayer of consecration." Then, again, as to the rule laid down in Martin *v.* Mackonochie, that omission is prohibition (contrary to the maxim of the Roman law, "Quæ lex non jubet permittit"), Dr. Stephens, in his argument in Sheppard *v.* Bennett, reduced it to an absurdity by contending, to the amazement of the Judges, of whom the Archbishop of York was one, that no manual acts at all were allowed to the celebrant, not even the taking of the paten or chalice into his hands, under the Second Prayer-Book, in which the direction to perform the necessary manual acts had been omitted.

In discussing the Purchas judgment itself, Mr. MacColl deals first with the Ornaments Rubric, and argues, under the shelter of such names as those of Sir J. T. Coleridge and Lord Justice James, that there is no doubt whatever as to the grammatical and logical, and even legal, meaning of its words as now standing in the Prayer-Book. The Purchas judgment attempted to explain away the simple force of these words by reference to previous historical considerations, and finally overruled the rubric altogether by interpreting it in accordance with the terms of a canon passed in 1604, fifty-eight years before. Mr. MacColl shows that their lordships entirely misconceived the previous history of rubrical controversy. Of course we cannot follow him in his discussion. But he proves satisfactorily, we think, that Elizabeth's *Advertisements* were aimed at the Puritanism of the time, and not the other way. In no case could they have repealed a rubric; but in reality they were directed against defect, not against excess, in ritual. In truth, the Judicial Committee, when deciding the meaning of the existing rubic of 1662, seem to have misapprehended, not only the then actual condition of the Church, after the confusion of the Great Rebellion, but the whole previous course of the struggle between the supporters of a maximum or a minimum ritual within the Church. That, in spite of any Act of Uniformity, however rigidly enforced, there must of necessity be a maximum of allowable ritual on the one hand, and a minimum of compulsory obligation on the other, seems to be the inevitable conclusions to be drawn from Mr. MacColl's arguments. And this too is surely the dictate of common sense. In continuation Mr. MacColl discusses minutely the rulings of the Purchas judgment on other points of dispute, such as the use of lights, of wafer-bread, and of the mixed chalice, and more especially of the celebrant's position, in the same spirit and with the same general result. The details of the controversies are perplexed and tedious, and extremely uninteresting to those not concerned with them. But any who feel the importance of an impartial administration of the law will do well to make themselves acquainted with the serious charges here brought, not for the first time, against the last ecclesiastical utterances of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Mr. MacColl advertises within two months of his first publication a second edition of his ponderous volume, with further proofs of his arguments. The rapid sale of an expensive book on such a subject as this is an evidence of the interest felt in the questions here raised. Mr. MacColl may fairly claim that no answer to his criticisms has even been attempted. We believe that it is in the highest degree expedient that, before any action is taken under the Public Worship Regulation Act, the questions in dispute in the case of Hebbert *v.* Purchas should be reheard, after full argument, by a competent and unbiassed tribunal. To the attainment of this most desirable end Mr. MacColl's volume will have most powerfully contributed.

BAXLEY'S SPAIN AND GASKELL'S ALGERIA.*

BOOKS of travel come so thick upon us that we must perforce sometimes group them, and Spain and Barbary, whatever system of arrangement may be adopted, will naturally fall under the same head. They form one region according to physical geography, which knows nothing of the arbitrary distinctions of kingdoms or continents, and does not even recognize such an accident as the Straits of Gibraltar. They are very much alike in climate, scenery, and natural products, and we have no less an authority than the Spanish patriot Señor Castelar for believing that Spaniards and Moors are, to all intents and purposes, the same people. From every point of view it is clear there is a great deal more truth in the old saying that "Africa begins at the Pyrenees" than in the swaggering French *mot* "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées." There is another resemblance between these two countries which no doubt will have been noticed by all who frequent circulating libraries or read publishers' advertisements. Whether it is the heat of the climate or the dryness of the air we cannot say, but certain it is that both Spain and Algeria produce in a great many travellers a kind of feverish restlessness which seems to be only relieved by writing a book, and the fever is usually accompanied by one or two curious hallucinations. One is that the reading public wants the book. This, to be sure, is a delusion common to all bookmakers, sedentary or vagabond, and cannot be said to be peculiar to Spanish, or Algerian, or, for that matter, to any travellers. Another is that the writers are, in some sort, enterprising explorers, and that everything they see is an original discovery of their own, of which they are in conscience bound to give a full and elaborate account to their fellow-creatures at home. When this kind of "Schreibfeber," as the Germans would call it, seizes a patient, he becomes completely oblivious of all the works of previous travellers over the same ground. Within the last two or three years we have had probably a dozen descriptions of Toledo, each of them executed in the manner of an account of Timbuctoo. But perhaps the most astonishing of all is the facility with which they persuade themselves that pages of guide-book, assimilated, and then reproduced with a sprinkling of epithets and personal touches, are their own original composition, and the result of independent observation. Why should they be at such pains to inform us that they were powerfully impressed by the imposing mass of the Cathedral, towering in solemn grandeur above the busy throng of the market-place, when it is stated expressly in the guide-book that the view in question cannot fail to impress every traveller? or why set forth so elaborately the length, breadth, and height of the nave, when the figures are to be found in the pages of the authority from which they were taken? It would be perhaps a good rule, if it could only be enforced, that when once a country has come to require a handbook or guide-book of any sort, it should be considered as exhausted for bookmaking purposes, and incapable of yielding any more "impressions" for wandering scribblers. Rigidly enforced, it would no doubt now and then deprive us of a good and pleasant book, like Mr. Rose's *Untrodden Spain* for instance, but it would spare us the infliction of a great deal of twaddle. At any rate it should be distinctly understood that tourists are not justified in filling their books with descriptions of places and things which are to be found already described by Messrs. Murray, Baedeker, O'Shea, Joanne, and others, and cannot be allowed to plead as an excuse for doing so their desire to afford instruction and information to their fellow-travellers.

The general recognition of some such rule as this would have saved us the tiresome task of going through Dr. Baxley's two stout volumes on Spain, which form about as uncalled for a book as ever came under even a reviewer's notice. But that is not its only fault. It is not very lively work going over the Escorial or the Alhambra for about the fiftieth time with a loquacious cicerone, but Dr. Baxley's loquacity is of a peculiarly oppressive sort. In these days of promiscuous authorship and rapid writing, queer specimens of style are not uncommon, but a queerer style than that of these volumes we have seldom met. It is not easy to describe it, but perhaps if we say it is a kind of invertebrate Johnsonese we shall be giving as good an idea of it as is possible. It is pompous and ponderous in the highest degree, but its organic structure is of the very lowest possible type. Its sentences have neither head nor tail, and may be divided anywhere without any perceptible injury to the sense, which is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, as the author's notions of punctuation are of the vaguest. Here is a sample taken at random:—

> It is not intended to say that the Peninsula is attractive in all its aspects of physical and moral life. But, that in view of what is seen elsewhere, Spain—of which it is proposed especially to speak—is not everywhere so uninteresting to the eye; not so deeply debased in social, moral, and political being; so incapable of reformatory purpose and effort; so regardless of law and order; so indifferent to the good opinion of mankind; as to be exceptionally lost to all hope of redemption, in Church, State, and Estate as some superficial, hasty, and prejudiced observers would have us think.

Not that it is always such plain sailing as this; there are grammatical difficulties as trying as any in the pages of the most headlong novelist. For instance, of a Leonardo in the picture gallery at Valencia it is said:—

> How Italy allowed it to stray to Spain; and how, having reached here, the Valencians have been able to resist foreign force, and gold, to get possession of it, are surprising.

Dr. Baxley, it must be confessed, is difficult, and, besides, he is dry; to do him justice, he seems to be aware of the fact, and throws in a joke now and again. But his jokes, though well meant, are not very potent lubricants. Here is one of them with his own italics:—

> —a Moorish portal covered with arabesque, leading to a court, in which *Donkeys*—the most useful and therefore noble of all the *Dons* of Spain—are to be seen panniered, and being loaded with charcoal.

Indeed, as regards dryness, he really stands unrivalled. No

* *Spain: Art Remains and Art Realities; Painters, Priests, and Princes, &c.* By H. Willis Baxley, M.D. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.
Algeria as It Is. By George Gaskell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

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matter what subject he touches, the romance of Moorish history or the sentiment of Murillo's pictures, Castelar's politics or the functions of a picador, he contrives to give it to the reader as dry as pumice-stone or Bath brick. He would be a valuable auxiliary to Garibaldi and Prince Torlonia in their scheme for the drainage of the Campagna. A description from his pen would dry the Pontine marshes. If he had some unfamiliar region to describe, Manchu Tartary, or the shores of Tanganyika, or even some of the many untravelled parts of Spain, it might be possible to bear with him; but his travels range over ground nearly as hackneyed as Switzerland or the Rhine country. Nevertheless he jogs placidly onwards, penetrating Barcelona, exploring Valencia, discovering Granada, and solemnly delivering the results of his observation with the perfect self-satisfaction of a man who thoroughly believes he is blessing society with a mass of novel and valuable information. It is curious to observe how, although apparently unconscious that any one has ever preceded him, he follows rigidly all the traditions of the regular English tourist in Spain. For instance, he gives the customary morality about the cruelty of the bull-fight, but he takes care also to give the usual full and graphic account of the spectacle with all its details. His range of subjects is certainly very considerable. To use a popular phrase, nothing is too hot or too heavy for him. He has his mind made up and his opinion ready on every topic that happens to turn up in the course of his wanderings; the cure for Spanish anarchy, the innocence of Boabdil el Chico, the defects of Velasquez as a painter, or the identity of Spain with the Tarshish of Scripture, on which last question he holds forth to the length of twenty-eight pages. His accuracy, however, is not quite on a par with his discursiveness. For example, we find him explaining "Gibraltar" as "Gibel al Tarif, the mountain of *Tarif*, the first Moorish invader of Spain"; he believes that the Arno runs through Tivoli; he asserts that "the Arabians never represented any forms of animal life in their decorations," and this after having seen the fountain of the lions and the ceiling of the Sala del Tribunal in the Alhambra; the Inquisition, he thinks, was invented in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; Valencia is approached, he says, by two miles of "a vile road called the Grao"; Cervantes, it appears, is the author of the *Barbier de Séville*—at least the reader is advised to pay a visit to "the shop made famous by Cervantes's model Barber," and so "honour the great Spaniard and the renowned Italian." Poor Beaumarchais! Things of this sort—for of course we don't count what may be slips of the pen or errors of the press, like "Cortez" for "Cortes" or "Perez de Hyla," for "Perez de Hita"—make us feel somewhat like Mr. Snob after he had looked into Miss Wirt's music-book; we cannot help having some doubts as to the value of the information which Dr. Baxley has so lavishly bestowed upon us.

Mr. Gaskell's book on Algeria is a book of a very different stamp. Not that it is a bit more necessary than Dr. Baxley's, for there are already extant quite as many works on Algeria from the tourist point of view as any curious reader can want, and Mr. Gaskell opens up no new track, and breaks no ground that has not been trodden and written about over and over again; but what he has to say he says modestly and pleasantly, without any affectation or assumption of pedagogic airs. He has "often asked himself," he says, "how it happens that narratives of travels are in general so dry and dull, whilst travelling itself is so delightful and instructive." Simply, we should say, because the writers will persist in treating their readers as a Polytechnic audience who have come to be lectured to. Mr. Gaskell deprecates the custom travellers have of relating all that happens to them and all they do; but this is exactly what nine out of ten readers would rather have, provided always the writer can contrive to infuse into his narrative some portion of the "holiday humour" which made his travels so enjoyable to himself. Instead of *Algeria as It Is*, a subject on which we have already plenty of books, we should much rather have had Algeria as he saw it and as he found it. His travels, to be sure, do not seem to have been of a sort very likely to yield a rich crop of personal details. With the exception of a journey from Constantina to Biskra, his expeditions appear to have been for the most part confined to the railway tracks; for such has been the progress of civilization in Algeria that it is now quite possible to see a considerable portion of the Tell without any greater inconvenience than is involved in a railway journey, and in a few years more there will be, it appears, a railway system extending even to the Sahara. This, however, is not the way to see a country in the strict sense of the word, and Mr. Gaskell, with a rare honesty, admits as much, and does not pretend to present anything more than "an incomplete survey." His routes, of course, were altogether through those parts of the colony where French enterprise is most active, and consequently a considerable discount must be taken off his representations of the success which has attended French colonization. Of the best of the scenery he saw nothing, for that lies between Algiers and Philippeville, and he went to Philippeville by sea. There is, it is true, a good deal of fine scenery upon the routes he followed. El Kantara is perhaps the most striking spot in all North Africa, and Constantina fully deserves the title he gives it of "queen of picturesque cities." It is a misnomer, by the way, to call it, as he does, an "Arab town." It may be a Kabyle town, or a Berber town, or a Numidian town, or a Lybian town, but the Arabs have nothing whatever to do with it. And why does he, like so many English travellers, insist on writing "Constantine" and "Bone"? The occupation of the country by the French is no reason why we should give in to their mania for Gallicizing names—certainly not well-recognized names like "Constantina" and "Bona." To be consistent he ought to write "Alger" and "Algérie." Then, along the western line of railway leading to Oran, or within easy reach of it, there are Blidah and the Gorge of Chiffa, and the cedar forest of Teniet el Hâd, and other spots which will at least repay the journey, though they may, as Mr. Gaskell seems to have found, prove rather disappointing to any one who takes as sober prose the superlatives of French writers who have described them. He was, we perceive, more lucky than most tourists at the Ruisseau des Singes, for he saw some of the animals from which the place takes its French name. He cannot have got very close to them, however, for he calls them "the *long-tailed* inhabitants of La Chiffa"; the Barbary ape being, if we may say so, one of the most obtrusively tailless of all the quadrumana. We fear he is not altogether a careful observer. In another place he speaks of the Kabyle nose as "aquiline and well defined," which is just what it is not. It is even more indefinite than the sort of nose which used to be described in the old French passports as "ordinaire." His travelling sketches and descriptions are eked out by several chapters on the history and population of the country, and one on its climate which will be useful to any intending sojourner. In short, the book is one for which there was no occasion whatever, but which may possibly give the traveller bound for Algeria an idea or two about the country, or at any rate help to tide over an idle hour in the train or on board the steamer. As for Dr. Baxley's book, we cannot conceive its being of any use, either for profit or pleasure, to any mortal under any circumstances. It might, indeed, on occasion serve the traveller's purpose in Spain, where, from various causes, sleep is sometimes not easily obtained. The discussion on Tarshish or the criticism on the pictures in the Madrid Gallery might have a lulling effect, but then chloral is more portable, and certainly pleasanter to take.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. GUTHRIE.*

THE biography of a popular preacher must necessarily be read in a different spirit by hearers and by non-hearers. The orator who has once awakened our sympathies, stirred our feelings, and excited our enthusiasm, stands henceforth in a sort of personal relation to us. We cannot discuss him with cold impartiality. If he has touched our heart, an understanding has been established between him and us, an obligation conferred. It is only fair that the man who has done us this good turn should be taken under our protection, and that we should interpret his life and conduct by the favourable impressions stamped on our memory. The Life of Dr. Guthrie is perhaps peculiarly dependent on this personal acquaintance with its subject. He was a great man in his way, but it was necessary to come in immediate contact with him to realize this. The English reader finds a good deal to amuse and even to interest him, but he never reaches the height of the good Doctor's own estimate of himself. The unaffected self-complacency which attends all that he writes needs a response which none but a Scotch Presbyterian, and a Presbyterian of the Free Church, is able to give. For, of all tempers, the self-complacent awakens least sympathy on a first acquaintance. Those who have known the man and profited by his good qualities find a hundred excuses for it, or probably give another name to a habit of mind which to the stranger divests a character of much of its interest.

Where one part of a history is written by the subject of it in this genial spirit, and the remainder compiled by his sons, we may take for granted that much is left untold that would be necessary to a perfect portrait. Nevertheless we rise from our perusal with a distinct idea. Dr. Guthrie was happy in a mind and body that were in perfect harmony with each other. His person, his voice, his manner, his intellectual powers, are all equally well described, in fact or in metaphor, by his inches, of which he so often boasts—six feet two and a half in his stockings; and to this analogy he is himself alive; for more that once in his autobiography he congratulates himself on the special providences which preserved his mind from being "dwarfed and stunted." Some gifts of the intellect he was without, but such as he had were so tall, loud, strong, and telling, that he never missed what were wanting, nor probably did the majority of his hearers. This contentment was owing on his part to a natural cheerfulness, a devout trust in Providence, and thankfulness for his ample share in its blessings; and also to a decided preference for all those principles, views, and social conditions in the ascendant in his day, which gave scope to the exercise of the peculiar powers that constituted him so perfect an instrument in the great Disruption movement.

It is necessary to all preachers, if they would stir the multitude, to have a cause which shall develop not only the thought but the pugnacity of their nature; they must have some object to abuse, to hold up to scorn, some laxity to convert and conquer. To Dr. Guthrie, who was an emotional preacher, such a victim was above all indispensable. For theology he had no special taste or talent; "he was not given to spiritual analysis," and "mental philosophy he positively shunned." He accepted the creed and traditions of his Church without a question and implicitly. He held Calvin to be, "next to the Apostle Paul, the man who had left the deepest mark on the religious world." He thought it all nonsense that people should want a walk on Sundays. His language towards the Church of Rome is on the model of the old Covenanters; to the Church of

* *Autobiography and Memoir of Thomas Guthrie, D.D.* By his Sons. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co.

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England his tone is one of patronage and contempt. Presbyterianism was the only pure Christianity; so that he was really driven to Church government for a battle-field, and, deriving from his mother a hatred of Pope, Prelate, and Patron, he began his quarrel early, initiating it with an act of self-sacrifice. Through his father's political influence one of the best livings and largest charges in Scotland was offered to him at the age of twenty-three, on condition of his binding himself to the Moderate party. Till then, he says, he had taken little interest in Church politics, but he "recoiled from the idea of bondage," refused the living on such conditions, and hated the "Moderates" from that time forward. We will not, however, enter into either party politics or titles, whether Seceders, United Presbyterians, Evangelicals, Moderates, Residuaries, High-fliers, Voluntaries, Church-extensionists, or other; nor shall we follow the history of the great struggle which issued in the Disruption, when, on the 18th May, 1843, 470 ministers resigned their livings, "disestablished and disendowed themselves," and the Free Church was founded. One incident recalled by Dr. Guthrie we note as bearing upon a certain quarrel between Church and State now in active progress. The Presbytery of Dunkeld was about to ordain a licentiate to a vacant charge. The Court of Session granted an interdict against their proceeding with this purely spiritual act; this interdict was disregarded:—

I was present [wrote Dr. Guthrie] with Dr. Cunningham and Dr. Candlish, and I heard the Lord President of the Court of Session say that on the next occasion when the ministers of the Church of Scotland broke an interdict they would be visited with all the penalties of the law—the penalty of the law being Calton Gaol.

Dr. Chalmers, who was at the head—as it has been said, reluctantly—of this movement, had not always welcomed the interference of his ally. On a question of Church Extension they had clashed, and after a turbulent meeting, some one having asked him how it had gone off, he replied, "It had gone well, sir, but for a raw lad from the country." Which answers to the old lady's description of Dr. Guthrie in the pulpit about the same time—"A hard-favoured lad wi' a voice like thunder." But this lad had always felt his own power, and had taken original methods for preparing himself for a career. Disappointed of a living, he spent some time in Paris, enrolling himself as a student at the Sorbonne and walking the hospitals, not with any view to surgery as a profession, but, as it seems, for the excitement of operations, and on the principle on which he visited the Morgue every three days. A taste for horrors, moral and physical, shows itself at this leisure period of his life, and it no doubt supplied a stimulus to the qualities which made him so popular as a preacher. Once he records, with strong appreciation of the oratorical effect, a monk's sermon at St. Etienne; "its touching fervour and real unfeigned enthusiasm, the powerful voice and energetic action," were all lessons which he was not slow to profit by. He was one of the men whose place is naturally among the foremost and busiest. His great exuberance of nature must find expression. Meeting an old friend in the streets of London, he would fall into such eager talk, leaning against a wall the while, that his tall form, stentorian tones, hearty laughter, broad Scotch accent, and vehement gestures attracted a crowd about them. He took a lead in "rousing the country" on the Free Church question with an energy which he could only describe as a whirl of feeling and action. "Our minds," he writes, "were constantly kept in such a state of tension, our attention occupied with such a variety of objects, and our days spent in such a whirl of excitement, that I have but a dim and hazy recollection of many things that occurred then." Every cause throughout his life which he took up was passionately advocated, whether "Total Abstaining," Ragged Schools, or the "Evangelization of Italy"; but his great feat and triumph in advocacy "at a white heat" was his year's begging-tour for a Manse Fund on behalf of the outgoing ministers who had sacrificed house and home in the cause of the Free Church. Having previously ascertained by personal visits the domestic miseries often involved by this sacrifice, he appealed with irresistible force to the hearts and purses of the laity; and "when the General Assembly met at Edinburgh, he had the high satisfaction on the 1st of June, 1846, of announcing, as the result of his year's labour, that one hundred and sixteen thousand three hundred and seventy pounds had been subscribed."

The immense exertion involved in a tour of speech-making producing such results seems to have laid the foundation of heart disease, which eventually obliged him to give up preaching altogether; and the cheerfulness and resignation with which he submitted to this forced retirement, while in the full tide of popularity, are admirable traits. For the pulpit was pre-eminently his sphere. To it he devoted all his energies, and, hard as was the labour, he found conscious happiness in it. He liked every circumstance of it—the crowded church, the sea of upturned faces, the eager thanks, the sense of power, the undoubting belief that he was doing God service. Doubts, misgivings, self-questionings, were not in his way. He sounded no depths below the source of tears; but what he aimed at he succeeded in. Entering upon his first charge, Arbirlot, where there had been "lethargy in the pews," he resolved there should henceforth be no sleepers in the church, no wandering eyes. "Savingly to convert my hearers was not within my power, but to command their attention, to awaken their interest, to touch their feelings, and instruct their mind was. I determined to do it." The means by which he succeeded in these resolves lets the lay reader into some of the secrets of preaching as an art. *Pains* indeed cannot be called a secret, but the wide range of the pains taken may be. When we see a man preaching fluently without book we call it extempore, but here we learn that a double labour is involved; the sermon is both written and word by word "committed," as it is called. Dr. Guthrie generally wrote his sermons in the vestry of St. John's Free Church, and often had one unbroken spell of nine hours' work:—

But sometimes he composed at home, and then all the while we could hear his voice resounding from within his study. The explanation of this he gives in a letter. . . . Don't commit by repeating your discourse aloud. I *write aloud*, but I *commit* in silence. If you do otherwise the matter will become too familiar to your own ears, and it won't rouse you during delivery; and if it don't rouse you, it won't rouse the people. The advantage of writing aloud is that it teaches to write a spoken style—a great point that.

Illustration was his forte, and this power he was constantly feeding by study and questioning, for questions were one of his habits:—

I was preaching in St. Andrew's Church on Sunday night, and have been greatly amused at two observations which were told me to-day, the one by Catharine Burns, who was in the back seat of the gallery, and heard a man (in allusion to my nautical figures) say to his neighbour before her, "He is an old sailor; at least he was a while at sea"; and Miss Gilfillan heard one say to another as he came down the stairs, "If he *stick* the minister trade, yon man would make his bread as a surgeon."

To which a note is appended on the accuracy of his illustrations. "In his logic you might often detect a flaw," it has been said, "in his illustrations never":—

We remember his visiting the studio of an artist on whose easel lay an unfinished historical picture. He suggested some change, and ventured somewhat freely to criticize some object or attitude on the canvas, when the artist, with just a little warmth, interposed. "Dr. Guthrie, remember you are a preacher and not a painter." "Beg your pardon, my good friend, I *am* a painter, only I paint in words, while you use brush and colours."

To a clerical friend he writes some rules:—

Observe either to draw your pen entirely through, or to alter any passage, which you find it difficult to commit. A thing is easily remembered which is striking and retained which is sticking; and what does not impress your own mind in these ways, and therefore is committed with difficulty, you may be sure won't tell on the minds of your hearers. Deal in pure pithy Saxon. Never use a word with Greek or Latin or French root if you can find one with the same meaning in your mother-tongue. Use as few adjectives as possible; they load and cumber the truth.

Mind "the three P's." In every discourse the preacher should aim at Proving, Painting, and Persuading; in other words, addressing the Reason, the Fancy, and the Heart.

No doubt manner and action were equally the subject of study, though nature here was his friend:—

The scene when he preached in St. John's is photographed on the memory of multitudes. What a hush of expectancy on the upturned faces of the people, as, entering from a side door, the preacher is seen pressing with eager step through the crowd who fill the passage from the vestry to the pulpit! The swing of the broad shoulder, the head bent forward, the look of earnestness on the flushed countenance, all tell of a man who feels he has come forth on an important errand, and is straitened till it be accomplished. The opening Psalm and first prayer over, the doors, within which the strangers in the schoolrooms below the Church had been pent up, are thrown open; and, swarming up the stairs, the eager crowd now pours into the church itself, till, in a few minutes more, every foot of standing room is filled. . . . He had all the external attractions of a pulpit orator; an unusually tall and commanding person, with an abundance of easy and powerful, because natural, gesture; a quickly and strongly expressive countenance, which age rendered finer as well as more comely (for in early and middle manhood it was gaunt with a dusky complexion, overshadowed by lank, black hair); a powerful, clear, and musical voice, the intonations of which were varied and appropriate, managed with an actor's skill, though there was not the least appearance of art.

Lord Cockburn, himself a fine speaker, testified to the power of Guthrie's preaching:—"Practical, natural, passionate without vehemence, with perfect self-possession, and always genuine and devoted. His language and accent are very Scotch, but nothing can be less vulgar; and his gesture (which seems as unthought of as a child's) is the most graceful I ever saw in any public speaker. Everything he does glows with a frank, gallant warm-heartedness, rendered more delightful by a boyish simplicity of air and style." Sir William Hamilton, who probably did not want more logic and metaphysics than he had already, pronounced him to a friend "the best preacher I ever heard"; and, on being reminded that logic was not considered his forte, replied, "Sir, he has the best of all logic; there is but one step between his premiss and his conclusion." Every traveller went to hear Dr. Guthrie. Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Thackeray, Bishop Wilberforce, and Mr. Ruskin were at different times among his auditors; and he took an artless satisfaction in their presence. There were, of course, two parties and two opinions on the question of his eloquence. One critical Scotch hearer has lately described the mixture of admiration, amusement, and repugnance excited by his sermons:—"Now struck by a real piece of eloquence, now overwhelmed by bathos and bombast; the preacher going on all the while in sublime unconsciousness of these variations, and to all appearance thinking the bombast the best." It is certain, however, that he was popular to a degree which his writings give us no mode of accounting for. Yet he was led to believe that he achieved a somewhat analogous degree of success as an author; and we find in a note Mr. D. L. Moody saying:—"I owe more to the writings of your father than to those of any other man." One of his critics objected to his *Gospel in Ezekiel* that he seemed to believe that Ezekiel signed the Westminster Confession of Faith. At which he laughed, owning it a fair criticism; at any rate, it was descriptive of the tone. In society he was pre-eminently popular; and indeed if the attentions of fine ladies and gentlemen, dukes and duchesses, even of the Queen herself, could have compensated him for the privations to which his health condemned

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him, he would not need the reader's sympathy. He fully appreciated it all, and, on the occasion of the Marquess of Lorne's marriage at Windsor, reverts amusingly to the dancing lessons of his boyhood as having helped him to a fitting bow when summoned by the Queen out of the circle to receive a few gracious words. Dr. Guthrie was strong on the importance of good manners, and regretted what he thought a decadence on this point in his brethren of the Free Church. He did not approve of the old system of ministers in prospect spending the preliminary years as tutors in families of rank, but it had the incidental advantage of introducing them into the habits of society. He was equally strong against an impoverished ministry, and has many hits against the incomes of our curates and poorer incumbents. In domestic life he was genial; happy in the society of his twelve children; a reader of light literature; an ardent angler; and able to enjoy a holiday whether at home or abroad. In one of the intervals from work which had grown too much for him he visited Rome (1865). His anti-Papal sense shut him out from many of the interests of the place. He saw nothing to admire in St. Peter's, and got sadly tired, and contemptuous too, of the pictures of the great masters. But, like others before him, he was taken with and impressed by the Pope. He appreciated the voice which "rolled out the blessings from the balcony" in volume of sound equal to Spurgeon's, and more musical in tone:—

> One grudges a devout, amiable, and kindly old man to such a system of falsehood and superstition. His expression of face is one of great kindness and geniality. No doubt of it, Pio Nono is a loveable-looking man, with the air of a perfect gentleman; in fact, we are all agreed that the Pope is the best bit of Popery, and that if he would turn a good Presbyterian, we would be proud to see him in the Moderator's chair.

The Free Church, it is admitted, has been driven to fraternize with Dissent much more than its sister State communion. Mr. Spurgeon coming down with his "sledge-hammer" on the Ritualists was more Dr. Guthrie's brother than the most moderate English Churchman could be. Thus there is much in his course with which the English reader will not sympathize; but both interest and amusement will be found in this picture of a stirring time in which an eager busy nature played its part, and there is always something to be learnt from energy working towards its ends with a good conscience and cheerful content with the success it achieves.

SIGNA.*

OUIDA'S cardinal sins of style still cling to her, and *Signa* is no freer than were its predecessors from the turgidity and pompous nonsense, the affectation and slipslop grammar, which have always marked this lady's writings. The disproportion between story and padding remains still as great, and the prolixity of her tall talk, together with her favourite trick of iteration, is as wearisome in *Signa* as in her other works. Yet there is no question of her power if she would but use it with judgment, and be courageous enough to prune her excrescences to the quick—that is, if she would abandon verbiage for sense, and rise superior to the coarse fascinations of glitter and licentiousness. But if she did this, she would not be Ouida.

Signa is of course an Italian story. So dexterous a book-maker as Ouida knows the value of local colour dashed over the pages, and the experiences of foreign travel are too precious to be foregone. But whether the peasants as she draws them are the Italian peasants as nature made and history knows them is a matter on which probably experts will differ considerably. For ourselves, not presuming to deal with the question of Italian peasants in the concrete, but claiming to know a little of human nature in the abstract, it seems to us that creatures all black or all white are rather fanciful than real; and that Lippo, Nita, and Gemma move through the pages like puppets pulled by wires, and are more like daubed copies of pictures already painted, and which were never taken from models of flesh and blood, than like men and women drawn from the life. Again, Bruno, with his savage passions and delicate conscience, his brutish ignorance and his unselfish generosities, his reckless morality and his tenacious love, is simply the noble savage put into Tuscan costume; while Signa, the child of genius untouched by material influences, is the poet and the artist of imagination, not the poet and the artist of fact. He is Ouida's creation, not nature's. Of Gemma, the born courtesan, many authors have already spoken; and Lippo is the sly and stealthy rogue who was once Blifil and once Pecksniff. These four persons are the principal characters in the story, each standing as a type, and the whole book having the meaning of an allegory.

The main quality of Bruno, who is the real hero, is tenacity, whether of love or of hate. Resolute and determined when he has once made up his mind, no power on earth can turn him. But to this is added the quality of remorse, by which that tenacity is broken up into repentance, and the weak attempt to undo and restore the irreparable mistake. So that, on the whole, we find that what we believed to be granite was only grey-coloured wool when put to the proof. This Bruno has always hated his younger sister Pippa, who appears when the story opens as a footsore, travel-stained woman, carrying a little child in her arms—a "fly-blow," or "by-blow" as Ouida calls it—and slipping to her death from the rocks into the fields below. He hated her from her birth, though she was a "little ruddy, pretty thing," "with a face like a bud of the red rose laurel," "when he was a big rough boy twelve years old, with bare feet and chest, who used to come in from the fields hungry and footsore, and feel angry to see the last come child in his mother's arms, getting all her care and caresses." He hated her when he saw her lying on his mother's breast, "with her little red mouth clinging as a bee does to a flower"; and when she got a little older he hated her still more, because "honey, or a drop of new milk, or a little white loaf from the town, or an apricot from the fattoria, was always set aside for Pippa." This was a state of mind which in a big rough boy of twelve, fourteen, sixteen, and so on in proportion to the age of his baby sister, did not promise a development of liberality in future days. Yet, Ouida says, "Bruno, for all his evil ways, was liberal as the sun and winds." As time went on and Pippa grew up into young womanhood, Bruno hated her worse than before. She was idle and plaited her straw badly; saucy, pleasure-loving, and indiscreet; and the hatred of the big rough brother one day culminated in his stabbing the girl because she would dance unwisely, and taunted him about his dead love. Hereupon she ran away with a foreign painter called Istriel, and comes back with her "by-blow" to die of a fall in the dark from the rocks on the sea road.

When the two brothers, Bruno and Lippo, find her in the fields as they are searching for sheep to save them from the coming inundation, Lippo, who stands as intellect mastering brute force typified by Bruno, persuades his brother to let her lie, so that the floods may carry her away without trouble to any one; and Bruno, being a coward, consents. Here begins the first chapter of remorse. He repents his former hatred; repents his yielding to his brother's suggestion of washing away, and consequently of sepulture without Church rites or Christian burial; and, by way of atonement, adopts the child as his own, offering Lippo the half of all that he makes on his hill-side farm if he and his wife, Nita—a veritable fury—will bring it up among their own. Lippo consents, seeing his advantage in the offer; and little Signa is half-starved, roughly used, and badly brought up, as the natural upshot of the arrangement. Nevertheless, being born with music in his soul, he is always hearing the angels singing to him, and he forgets his hunger and his bruises, his misery and his rags, in the pleasures of the hill-side, such as Ouida describes them. We give the extract as a very fair and characteristic example of the manner in which she fills her pages, and the kind of "word-painting" which has made her name famous in its own way:—

> The great bold curves of the oak bough overhead; the amethyst and amber of the trefoil blossoms; the voices of the wood doves; the jovial croakings of the frogs; the flash of butterflies; the glories of the oleanders here, white as snow, and there rosily radiant as flame; the poppies that had cast their petals, and had round grey heads like powdered wigs; the spiders, red and black, like bits of old Egyptian pottery; the demure and dusky cavaletti, that looked like ghosts of nuns, out by an error in the daylight; the pretty lizards that were so happy asking nothing of the world except a sunbeam and a stone to sleep under; the nightingales that were so tame, and sang at broad noontide to laugh at poets; the orchids, gold and ruby, that mimicked bees and flies to make fun of them, because there is so much humour in nature with all her sweet seriousness of beauty; the flies that shone like jewels; the hedges of china roses that ran between the corn; the gaunt stern spikes of the artichokes; the green Madonna's herb; the mountains that were sometimes quite lost in the white mists, and then of a sudden lifted themselves in all their glory, with black shadows where the woods were, and hazy breadths of colour where the bare marble shone beneath the sun;—all these things, so various, great and small, wonderful and obscure, under his feet, or on the far horizon, were sources of delight to the child, who as he went lost sight of nothing from the little gemmed insect in the dust he trod to the last glow left on the faintest, farthest peak of the great hills that rose between him and the sea.
>
> Nobody had ever told him anything.
>
> None had led him by the hand and bade him look.
>
> Some instinct moved him to see and hear where others were blind and deaf. That was all.

Signa has two girl companions; one, Palma, dark, brown, soft-eyed, and good, but not lovely; the other, Gemma, selfish and sensual, but "of that curious fairness, with the hair of reddened gold, and the eyes like summer skies, which the old Goths have left here and there in the Latin races." Naturally, being a born artist, he loves best the prettier of the two "amorini," "with their curving limbs, and their curly heads, and their rosy mouths, curled up in the withered grasses." But Palma loves him, while Gemma loves only herself, and already causes the singing little lad a great deal of pain. As time goes on Gemma develops into a courtesan; Signa becomes a famous composer; and the two celebrities meet in a manner that is characteristic of their author. Gemma is at a countryhouse, or "lake-palace," belonging to her lover, and taking a bath in a little lake in the grounds; she is nominally clothed in a sort of a way, but the attire seems to have been of the very slightest possible description. Of course Signa, who hitherto has been "so innocent, so shy, and yet so full of grace; with all his peasant's simplicity and ignorance," "so utterly unlearned in all the usage of the world, and yet so dreamfully calm amidst it all, as if he were some young marble god that had been touched to life out from his sleep of twice a thousand years on Latin soil," falls in love with this very imperfectly clothed woman, for no other reason than because she is beautiful. When he finds that she is Gemma, his old playmate and selfish amorino—the original of the painter Istriel's "Sister of the Seven Dancers," whose doubtful beauty had set his blood aglow, and roused his uncle Bruno's fierce virtue into angry reproach—when he finds that she is lost to all sense of modesty, not to speak of virtue, and is the hardest and foulest of the *Filles de Marbre* to be found; even then this boy of

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* *Signa.* A Story. By Ouida, Author of "Tricotrin," "Pascarel," "Folle Farine," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

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innocence and grace, whose heart has hitherto been given to holy art and pure imaginings, forgets all for love of her, and ruins himself for a woman from whom one would have expected him to shrink in abhorrence. Of course all this part of the story is meant to fill us with pity for Signa, caught by "Lamia" and destroyed as a moth by flame. But we confess we cannot see in what genius differs from mediocrity in the matter of elementary morals. When an ordinary man ruins himself, and becomes base and unmanly, for love of a harlot, the world has no words too harsh by which to judge him; but if a man of genius does the same thing, pretty threnodies are written about Lamias and the like, and he is forgiven because he can paint pictures, compose music, or write poetry. As Signa is a master of harmonies, he is exempt from the burden of good morals, and Ouida does not seem to feel the smallest need of making him honourable and noble as a claim on our sympathy. He is an artist, hence he may live untrammelled by the obligations binding on meaner men; and when he buys the power to exercise his art by the sacrifice of his uncle's dearest wishes, and loses all for love of a hussy, he is posed as a genius with the imperious needs of a genius, one to whom all things are lawful. The doctrine is as false and silly as it is mischievous.

The end of this episode ends the book. Bruno, horrified to find that Signa has gone down into the depths, sets out for Rome, where the boy and his "wanton" are. There he meets with Gemma's lover, the painter Istriel, and in a conversation held at the courtesan's gate finds that it is he who was Pippa's lover, and is the father of Signa. Here is a pretty combination of the vicious and the horrible. Father and son both lovers of the same woman—the one old and discarded, the other young and betrayed. The murder scene which follows, and Bruno's execution, are powerfully conceived, but spoilt by the ridiculous affectation of style in which they are described; as is indeed the whole book throughout; and in every page—style, story, and detail—we seem to hear an echo of something we have heard before, and to see a copy of something we have seen before. Ouida, eccentric as she is, never seems original; embodying as she does many of the characteristics of the worst kind of French literature, but incapable of its distinctive merits. What the French chronicler of vice paints with a few master-touches, Ouida stipples up with tiresome elaboration; and her attempts at mental analysis are generally failures. Her *forte* lies in description, which she overdoes, and in situation, which is sure to be vicious and unnatural, however strong. If her books were easy and pleasant reading, they would be extremely objectionable, but tediousness is a great redeeming virtue.

BRASH'S ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE OF IRELAND.*

WE remember to have seen Mr. Brash's name as the writer of a good many things in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the days when the *Gentleman's Magazine* had not altogether put off the old Sylvanus Urban, and was still given to solid antiquarian matter. But our notion of Mr. Brash then was that he was one of the prophets of wild speculation about Irish matters, a vestige of the order of things before Dr. Petrie, one of those who had gallantly shut their eyes to the light when it was set before them. Mr. Brash would seem to have in some measure reformed. To be sure there are some wild things here and there, and he has an odd way of bracketing Dr. Petrie and Mr. Marcus Keane. Mr. Keane, some of our readers may possibly remember, is the author of a frantic book, which somehow got illustrated with some of Dr. Petrie's drawings, to the natural disgust of Dr. Petrie's friends. Its object was to prove that all the ancient churches and other buildings of Ireland were the work of some imaginary heathen tribe called Cuthites. The point in which the book was really remarkable was that it was a kind of judgment on those who maintained that the historical Irish, the ancient Scots, were incapable of building in stone. They had used this argument to show that everything must be the work of some people later than the historical Irish, that is, of the Norman and English invaders. Mr. Keane, not without a kind of ingenuity, turned the argument about to show that the stone buildings must be the work of some people earlier than the historical Irish—namely, his Cuthites, whoever Cuthites may have been. This shows how extravagance one way can be repaid by extravagance the other way; otherwise Mr. Keane's book was simply wild, and his bracketing with Dr. Petrie is grotesque indeed. But we have known an old nurse who thought that "everything that was in print must be sensible," and we have known a dignitary of the Church who thought that "one opinion was as good as another." Mr. Brash would so far seem to belong to the same sect, which is really one not to be despised in point of numbers. But the odd thing is that Mr. Brash, who puts the names of Petrie and Keane side by side, does not, as a rule, go off into the absurdities suggested by the second name. Here and there are bits which sound as if he still cherished some lingering belief, if not in Cuthites, yet in something else of the same kind. But on the other hand there are bits where he argues rationally enough from evidence, and even bits where he puts Dr. Petrie right. For Dr. Petrie, working as he did altogether alone, as the first rational inquirer in his own subject, did undoubtedly fall into some mistakes. Dr. Petrie never guessed; he always went by real evidence; but he now and then did not fully take in the bearings of his evidence. He sometimes assigned buildings to too early a date, yielding to the natural temptation to look on the date of foundation as the date of the existing building. But he not the less made out his point—namely, that there are a crowd of buildings, Irish in the strictest sense, the works neither of Norman or English settlers at the one end nor of mythical nations at the other end. If, in proving this, he sometimes assigned to the eighth or ninth century a building which belonged to the eleventh or twelfth, it was quite answer enough to his occasional English detractors to bid them remember that Dr. Petrie was arguing against people who would have placed them in the eleventh or twelfth century the other way. In one or two places in the present book, Mr. Brash, instead of running after Cuthites and the like, shows reasonably that Dr. Petrie had assigned some things to a date a century or two too early. Thus he argues in p. 109 against the early date given by Dr. Petrie to the Cathedral of Kilmacduagh. Yet when we get to Clonmacnoise, Mr. Brash goes off into a fit as of one yearning after mythical dates, and yet afraid absolutely to commit himself to them. Dr. Petrie looked on the ruined church at Clonmacnoise, called Temple Finghin, and the adjoining round tower, as being actual parts of the same structure. Mr. Brash affirms that they could not have been built at the same time, and appeals to his superior knowledge as a practical architect. We are never favourably prepossessed by the assumption of the merely professional style on any subject, and, while the memory of Professor Willis is fresh among us, we are not inclined to admit that the professional architect is, as such, necessarily the better judge on such a point. We give no opinion on the matter, as it is one which it would need a special journey to Clonmacnoise to settle. But the speculations of Mr. Brash are at least amusing:—

> Much ado has been made about the finding of an iron hinge pivot or pivots in the window-jambs, as limiting the age of the tower. At what time iron came into use in this country, we cannot now tell; the Romans found the Cimbri and the Gauls using iron swords. But I do not want to assign this structure to a remote pre-historic period; it is just probable that it was erected within the Christian era, but not by Christian men or for Christian uses. What uses could they apply it to? It certainly was not a belfry, as there are no windows or opes for the emission of sound in the upper storey, where a bell would be hung.

Mr. Brash gives a view, but unluckily his view does not show the upper story.

It was one of the great merits of Dr. Petrie that, working as he did almost wholly in one country and very seldom visiting any other—his visits even to England were very few—he should have reached such clear views as he did on the general history of architecture. Mr. Brash quotes a passage which we remember of old, and of which we are glad to be reminded. Considering when they were written, the following words of Dr. Petrie are really wonderful, and it would be well if they were got by heart by those dabblers both in language and in architecture who still go on prating about Saxons, Normans, Semi-Saxons, Semi-Normans, and no one knows what other strange forms of mankind:—

> The style of architecture variously denominated by antiquaries Romanesque, Tudesque, Lombardic, Saxon, Norman, and Anglo-Norman, belongs to no particular country, but derived from the corrupted architecture of Greece and Rome, was introduced wherever Christianity had penetrated,—assuming various modifications, according to the taste, intelligence, and circumstances of different nations.

The man who could write in this way in the time when he did write would now have needed no guide to lead him to the latest scientific conclusions on such matters. It was only the other day that we heard a self-constituted expounder of such matters tell an admiring company that the long and short work, one of the imitations of Roman masonry commonly found in the early Romanesque of England, was a sign of transition between "the timber buildings of the Saxons and the stone buildings of the Normans." Conceive the gap between such childish babble in 1875 and the clear-headed notions of Dr. Petrie thirty or forty years back. Yet we must allow, with Mr. Brash, that Dr. Petrie did carry the "Hiberno-Romanesque period" back to too early a date. In this Mr. Brash is clearly right, though it is odd to find Mr. Brash at once correcting Dr. Petrie on such a point, and yet showing an evident yearning after pagan round towers. But Mr. Brash's own ideas of architectural history are, as a whole, not for a moment to be compared with those of Dr. Petrie a generation back. We are at a loss to guess what Mr. Brash's meaning can be, when he says "that the Romanesque style was introduced into Ireland before it had been practised in England and Northern France." Mr. Brash can hardly be so minutely accurate as to mean before certain parts of Britain and Gaul received the names of England and Northern France. Then he goes on to say:—

> A similar view has been advanced by Dr. Petrie, and as he has preceded me on this subject, it may appear that I but echo his sentiments; it is however gratifying to my own mind to know that my views were formed before I read the passage in that gentleman's work. Opinions thus independently formed, and conclusions arrived at, claims for them some consideration.

Considering when Dr. Petrie wrote, it is passing strange that Mr. Brash should have begun to form opinions about Irish architecture before he read Dr. Petrie; but it is stranger still when he sees a "similarity" between his own views and those of Dr. Petrie. The passage which we quoted from Dr. Petrie would need but little change even now to be a correct setting forth of the matter. What Mr. Brash means, as we just now said, we cannot guess. Nor are we much enlightened when, in an earlier page, we get some talk

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* *The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, to the Close of the Twelfth Century; accompanied by interesting Historical and Antiquarian Notices of numerous Ancient Remains of that Period.* By Richard Rolt Brash, Archt., M.R.I.A., F.S.A. Scot. Dublin: W. B. Kelly. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1875.

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about a "Norman conquest" somewhere, but whether in Gaul or Britain is not very clear, about "the victorious sword of Rollo winning for himself a patrimony in the fair lands of the Franks," and how certain "ruthless invaders," who by the context may be guessed to have something to do with Rollo, "settled themselves down as permanent *habitats*." The italics are Mr. Brash's own, but they simply awaken curiosity as to the nature of a "permanent habitat," and the process by which a ruthless invader is turned into one. Presently, a great deal of church-building work is attributed to "Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy," who, we can only guess, has the works of all his successors attributed to him in the lump. Then follows:—

> Very little is known of the architecture of England before the Norman Conquest. It has been attempted to establish a Saxon style (see Rickman and others), but with dubious success; some peculiarities in the churches of Brixworth and Earls Barton, hitherto relied upon, have failed to give the requisite evidence. The abbey church of St. Albans was at one period recognized as a Saxon building, but we now know that it was erected by the Abbot Paul, about A.D. 1078, and principally out of the materials of the Roman town of Verulam; it exhibits many of the details of the so-called Saxon style. The Saxons of course had churches, but as to their size, style, materials, or ornaments, we have no means of judging from any existing examples, and no reliable information from our early historians.

Does Mr. Brash mean the early historians of England or of Ireland? If he means the latter, it is somewhat unreasonable to ask them for much information on such a subject. If he means English writers from Bæda to our own day, he may perhaps find in them a little more about it than he thinks. And let Mr. Brash understand that no rational person wants to "establish a Saxon style," or a Saxon anything else, except in the sense which the word naturally bears in Mr. Brash's own island.

We are used to odd ways of introducing both persons and places, and of patting them on the back, but really Mr. Brash outdoes everything in this way that we have hitherto seen. In one page we hear of "Delphi in Phocis," a definition which would have been acceptable to a Phokian, but altogether unpalatable to a Delphian; and directly after Tacitus is kindly labelled as "the Roman historian." In p. 27 a whole company of distinguished persons receive certificates of honour, just as if they were being presented for honorary degrees. We first come to "the Rev. Dr. Ferdinand Keller, of Zürich, eminent for his taste and erudition," "the learned Dr. Reeves, of Armagh," "Mr. J. O. Westwood, an eminent English palæographer," "Mr. M. Digby Wyatt, an eminent architect and writer upon ornamental design," and lastly, again, "Dr. Ferdinand Keller, of Zürich, an able writer on art and archæology." Sir Digby Wyatt will perhaps forgive the loss of his knighthood, and all who know Dr. Keller will allow that he fully deserves a second or a hundredth tribute. But one epithet given to him is very important, and is well worth the study of the Chancellor of the diocese of Lincoln. As Dr. Keller is certainly not a minister of any religious denomination, the epithet of "Reverend" can be given him only in the older and vaguer sense, an instance of which it is refreshing to light upon in these days of disputes about Owston tombstones.

In p. 141 Mr. Brash sways to and fro about cromlechs, just as he does about round towers. He knows that some of them must be tombs, yet he has a lingering wish to make out that some of them may be altars. But what we specially wish is that Mr. Brash had given us an engraving of a "venerable object"—A. K. H. B. would doubtless have honoured such an object with a capital O—on which, among other sculptured figures, there is "a pauper carrying a child, indicating the Christian virtue charity." We are anxious to know, having had our minds lately called to the subject of albs and dalmatics, what is the correct official costume for a pauper of early Romanesque times. And, furthermore, as one commonly connects paupers and Poor-laws, are we to infer that the legislation with which we had thought that Ireland had been for the first time blessed in our own days was really only a revival of some enactment of Brian Boroihme, or of the old time before him?

MONIER WILLIAMS'S INDIAN WISDOM.*

THE Boden Professor has not been happy in the title he has given to his last book. Many examples of "Indian Wisdom" are to be found in the volume, but this title is suggestive rather of a collection of maxims or proverbs than of a general survey of Sanskrit literature. A taking title, no doubt, does much for a book of a sensational character; but a serious and learned work should bear a name which is fairly descriptive of its character and contents. There was a difficulty in the way in Mr. Max Müller's *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*; but some slight departure from that title would have been sufficient to mark at once the difference and the similarity of the two works. Both travel over a portion of the same ground, and the volumes will often be found side by side on the same shelf; but the mode of treating the subject is very different. Mr. Max Müller's work embraces only the Vedic period, and is essentially a scholar's book, for the use and benefit of men who have made a study of Sanskrit. Mr. Williams's book is founded on his official lectures, and his object in publishing it is, as he says, to supply what he has often been asked for, a book "giving a general idea of the character and contents of Sanskrit literature." "Its pages," he goes on to say,

> aim at imparting to educated Englishmen, by means of translations and explanations of portions of the sacred and philosophical literature of India, an insight into the mind, habits of thought, and customs of the Hindûs, as well as a correct knowledge of a system of belief and practice which has constantly prevailed for at least three thousand years, and still continues to exist as one of the principal religions of the non-Christian world.

But although this is the main object of the work, another and a most important one is constantly kept in sight. The Boden Professor, as becomes his position, is earnest in promoting the spread of Christianity in India. He considers it to be "high time that all thoughtful Christians should reconsider their position, and readjust themselves to their altered environments," and that "they can no longer neglect the duty of studying the contents of the sacred books of Buddhism, Brahmanism, and Islam, the three great systems opposed to Christianity." One of the aims, then, of the work has been "to indicate the points of contact between Christianity and the three chief religions of the world as they are represented in India." These are avowedly the leading objects of the work; but still it must not be looked upon either as a mere popular review designed to satisfy a passing curiosity, or as a controversial work compiled and put forth under the bias of prejudice. The author proudly confesses himself an earnest and a proselyting Christian; but, next to his religion, he has an ardent love for the literature to which he has devoted his working life, and he has shown that he can be faithful to both.

The ground which the work travels over is vast and varied. The extant works in Sanskrit are variously estimated as numbering from ten to fourteen thousand, and some of them are of prodigious length. There are the Vedas, and the long series of works connected with them. These are the books pertaining to the different systems of philosophy, the Code of Manu and the many other Law books, the Heroic Poems, the Drama, the Purânas, the works on Ethics, the later Artificial Poems, and many other compositions which cannot be classed in any of these categories. Mr. Williams goes in succession through each division of literature, and by his descriptions and translated specimens enables his reader to form a fair conception of the nature and quality of the original works. Sanskrit books are for the most part in metre, and his translations are generally in blank verse, though rhyme is occasionally employed. Dealing first with the Veda, the writer describes the nature of its contents, and the attributes of the various deities to whom the hymns are addressed. Agni, or Fire, is a very important Vedic deity, and from one of the hymns addressed to him we take the following quotation, which marks very clearly the belief which the old Aryans entertained in a future state of reward and punishment:—

> Deliver, mighty Lord, thy worshippers.
> Purge us from taint of sin, and, when we die,
> Deal mercifully with us on the pyre,
> Burning our bodies, with their load of guilt,
> But bearing our eternal part on high
> To luminous abodes and realms of bliss,
> For ever there to dwell with righteous men.

Another Vedic deity is *Ushas*, Ἠώς, or the Dawn, the centre of a very beautiful myth. The following paraphrase of a hymn addressed to her is very graceful:—

> Hail, ruddy Ushas, golden goddess, borne
> Upon thy shining car; thou comest like
> A lovely maiden by her mother decked,
> Disclosing coyly all thy hidden graces
> To our admiring eyes . . . .
>
> Through years on years thou hast lived on, and yet
> Thou'rt ever young. Thou art the breath and life
> Of all that breathes and lives, awaking day by day
> Myriads of prostrate sleepers, as from death;
> Causing the birds to flutter from their nests,
> And rousing men to ply with busy feet
> Their daily duties and appointed tasks,
> Toiling for wealth, or pleasure, or renown.

There are several other specimens from the hymns of the Veda which will well repay perusal, as also some passages from the *Brâhmanas* and *Upanishads*, those ritualistic and speculative treatises which were evolved from the hymns and appended to them as supplements. The *Upanishads* are not all of the same age. Some of them may be as old as 500 years B.C. They abound with puerilities and conceits, but they contain some fine passages, and they are particularly interesting as exhibiting the earliest speculative attempts of the Hindu mind to penetrate into the mysteries of creation and existence. "They lie," as Mr. Williams says, "at the root of what may be called the philosophical side of Hinduism," and they are, in fact, the first indications of that spirit of inquiry which afterwards obtained so great a development in six distinct schools of philosophy.

The systems of philosophy are passed in review, and a summary is given of their respective characteristics and doctrines. But this, although a necessary part of the work, is not likely to receive much attention. Few minds are interested in the abstruse speculations with which it deals, and the few who are disposed to enter into them will resort to Colebrooke's *Essays*, in which they are treated at greater length. Most men will pass on, as we will do, to the *Bhagavadgîtâ*, or Divine Song, which, although it is a purely philosophical poem, sets forth elevated thoughts and deep feelings in such beautiful and pathetic language that no thoughtful mind can resist its charm. This work "was at early date dignified by a place in the *Mahâ-bhârata*, in

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* *Indian Wisdom; or, Examples of the Religious, Philosophical, and Ethical Doctrines of the Hindus, with a Brief History of the Chief Departments of Sanskrit Literature, and some account of the Past and Present Condition of India, Moral and Intellectual.* By Monier Williams, M.A., Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford. London: Allen & Co.

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which it lies embedded, or rather inlaid like a pearl." It has been translated into all the leading languages of India and Europe. We have two English prose translations, and Dean Milman rendered some portions into English verse. Mr. Williams now gives us further passages in verse, and most readers will dwell upon these with pleasure. The philosophy of this poem has rightly been called eclectic, for it weaves together the pantheistic and rationalistic doctrines of the older schools; and adds to them strong exhortations to faith in God and love towards man. So earnestly and consistently are faith and love insisted on, that some writers hold these doctrines to have been derived from the Gospel. There is no disputing the similarity or even the identity of many of the sentiments, but there are serious difficulties to be got over before it can be admitted that Christian doctrines had reached India at the early date when this work is supposed to have been written. The book is in the form of a dialogue, and the interlocutors are the incarnate deity Krishna, and Arjuna, the most prominent and amiable of the five Pandu princes engaged in the Great War. It opens when the two armies are supposed to be drawn up in battle array in sight of each other, and the mortal hero Arjuna thus addresses Krishna, his superhuman guide and adviser:—

> Beholding these my relatives arrayed
> Before my eyes in serried line of battle,
> Preparing for the deadly fray, my limbs
> Are all relaxed, my blood dries up, a tremor
> Palsies my frame. . . .
> I cannot, will not, fight. O mighty Krishna,
> I seek not victory, I seek no kingdom.
> What shall we do with regal pomp and power,
> What with enjoyments or with life itself,
> When we have slaughtered all our kindred here?

To combat these natural feelings Krishna begins his teaching, the main purpose of which is to subordinate all the warm affections and dispositions of the heart to two principles, devotion and duty; asceticism and contemplation being the great marks of the one, and fidelity to caste the sum of the other. Abnegation of self and concentration of thought on the Supreme Being are inculcated throughout the work. What is meant by duty appears from the following lines:—

> Better far
> Abandon life at once than not fulfil
> One's own appointed work; another's duty
> Brings danger to the man who meddles with it.
> Perfection is alone attained by him
> Who swerves not from the business of his caste.

We have said that many passages are remarkably similar to Christian teaching. The following is an example. Krishna is the speaker, and here, as elsewhere, he asserts his own divinity:—

> Whate'er thou dost perform, whate'er thou eatest,
> Whate'er thou givest the poor, whate'er
> Thou offerest in sacrifice, whatever
> Thou doest as an act of holy penance,
> Do all as if to me, O Arjuna.

Mr. Williams picks out many more such passages, and winds up his notice of the work with a statement of his reasons for believing that these Christianlike sentiments do not owe their origin to the New Testament. His arguments are cogent, but they principally depend upon the antiquity of the poem, and, as usual in all things Hindu, the date is uncertain. It can only be arrived at by inference. Mr. Williams places it in the first or second century A.D. Some writers are in favour of the third century; others bring it down even later, and of course the less the antiquity the greater the probability of Christian influences. The question is one which admits of a difference of opinion, but Mr. Williams is probably right in the view he has taken. The passages in question breathe a Christian spirit, but have nothing in them which is distinctly Christian, and they may have independently sprung "from the same source of light as the Gospel itself." Nor is this poem the only work in which such sentiments are met with. It has them in greater number than any other, but still some are to be found in works unquestionably written before the Christian era.

We pass over many pages concerning grammatical, astronomical, and other works, until we come to the work of Manu, which stands at the head of the law books, and is generally spoken of as the Code of Manu, a title which is rather misleading, as it certainly is not a code in the usual acceptation of the term. It begins with an account of the Creation, and although parts of it treat of "law and kingly government," it deals more fully with moral, ceremonial, and expiatory duties and practices. Texts are quoted from it by all writers on law, and are, as the lawyers express it, among the *mūlas* or roots from which the civil law grew. The work of Manu occupies the considerable space in the volume before us which is due to it as one of the most important works in Sanskrit literature, but it was among the earliest works translated into English, and is as well or perhaps better known than any Sanskrit writing. This fact and the brief space at our disposal compel us to pass it over with a few lines of quotation:—

> Wound not another, though by him provoked;
> Do no one injury by thought or deed;
> Utter no word to pain thy fellow-creatures;
> Say what is true, speak not agreeable falsehood.
> Treat no one with disdain; with patience bear
> Reviling language; with an angry man
> Be never angry; blessings give for curses.

The Christian spirit of these maxims is apparent, and yet there is no doubt whatever that they were penned before the advent of Christ. Mr. Williams places Manu 500 years B.C.

The epic poems *Rāmāyana* and *Mahā-bhārata* are next passed in review at considerable length. Their contents are analysed, and the action of their stories described. Some pages of translated passages are given, but as compared with the enormous extent of the poems, they are as mere grains picked from a granary. Mr. Williams's criticism of the poems is just and apposite. He says:—

> In the delineation of heroic character, where Indian poets exhibit much skill, they cannot avoid ministering to the craving for the marvellous which appears to be almost inseparable from the mental constitution of Eastern peoples . . . . The poet gives us too long and too tedious descriptions in his own person; and, as a rule, his characters are either too good or too bad. . . . . If the better heroes sin they do not sin like men. We see in them no portraits of ourselves . . . . On one side we have all gods or demigods; on the other, all demons or fiends. We miss real human beings with mixed characters. There is no mirror held up to inconstant humanity . . . . It must be admitted, however, that in exhibiting pictures of domestic life, the Sanskrit Epics are more true and real than the Greek and Roman.

One short extract we must find room for, not only for its own merit, but for the interesting fact recorded in a note, that it was the perusal of a translation of this passage which induced the late Boden Professor, H. H. Wilson, to begin the study of Sanskrit:—

> Who in this world is able to distinguish
> The virtuous from the wicked? Both alike
> The fruitful earth supports, on both alike
> The sun pours down his beams, on both alike
> Refreshing breezes blow, and both alike
> The waters purify. Not so hereafter;
> Then shall the good be severed from the bad;
> Then, in a region bright with golden lustre—
> Centre of light and immortality—
> The righteous after death shall dwell in bliss.
> Then a terrific hell awaits the wicked—
> Profound abyss of utter misery—
> Into the depths of which bad men shall fall
> Headlong, and mourn their doom for countless years.

The dramas we pass over, as not very long ago we reviewed at some length H. H. Wilson's *Hindu Theatre*. Nor will our remaining space allow of more than reference to the Artificial Poems of later days, and the *Nīti Sāstras*, or Works on Ethics, half apologues, half aphorisms. These poems are of less interest, but still they have their passages of beauty. As to the ethical works, no brief quotations would do justice to the wisdom and acute observation with which they are replete.

Mr. Williams' work from beginning to end bears the marks of earnest and thoughtful labour. The notes are numerous, and they not only help to elucidate the text, but to show the care which the writer has taken to acknowledge the assistance he has received from labourers in the same field. He has availed himself less freely than he might have done of previous translations, for many metrical versions might have been transferred bodily to his pages. For instance, the late Professor Goldstücker's translation of one of the closing scenes of the *Mahā-bhārata*, in which the Pandu prince Yudhishthira refuses to enter heaven without his faithful dog, is so admirably rendered that it could hardly be improved, and the entire passage might have been quoted, as this episode is one of the most affecting and beautiful in the whole poem. The prince, with his four brothers, wife, and a dog, start together to seek for Paradise. His human companions sink one by one, and when he arrives alone with the dog at the gate of heaven, the animal is refused admission, and he is exhorted to leave it behind:—

> Never, therefore, come weal or woe, will I abandon yon faithful dog.
> You poor creature in fear and distress hath trusted in my power to save it.
> Not, therefore, for life itself, will I break my plighted word.

Mr. Williams has given us parts of this passage very forcibly, but we still yield the preference to that which we have always held in favour as a specimen of good translation. One great aim of the writer has been to make his versions as literal as possible—a laudable intention, and satisfactory to all who object to embellished translations. His blank verse is smooth and flowing, but the translations in rhyme are sometimes not so successful. The work has fully accomplished the designs of the writer. It clearly describes and illustrates all the great divisions of Sanskrit literature, and the means of pleasantly acquiring a general knowledge of that literature is now open to all who choose to seek it.

JOCELYN'S MISTAKE.*

SHOULD science ever improve on the ingenious praying machinery of the Buddhist priests, and undertake to supply novels to the libraries, we imagine that it will turn out work of the quality of *Jocelyn's Mistake*. The book is of a familiar pattern, and, as novels go, of average workmanship; and if the French interspersed through it leaves a good deal to be desired, the English is seldom slipshod. It is freely embellished with those stereotyped phrases which associate themselves agreeably with mystery and sensation; with unfathomed depths in the nature and the feelings and unsuspected capacities for good or evil. We have lithe limbs and supple forms; violet eyes, Grecian features, square-set chins, and great, swift joys that sweep over kindly faces. Nor does the scheme of the book belie the passionate or picturesque language in which the story is told. It deals com-

* *Jocelyn's Mistake.* By Mrs. J. K. Spender, Author of "Parted Lives," &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1875.

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paratively little with incident and a great deal with feeling, although there is a violent death under suspicious circumstances and an innocent elopement. We have no great partiality for the sensational style, yet for ourselves we should hardly have been sorry had the balance inclined the other way; and we should willingly have compounded for a slighter strain on our sentimental sympathies had Mrs. Spender been a little more lively and original. For Jocelyn's story drags a good deal, and she is so consistently incomprehensible that we follow her chequered fortunes with but a languid interest. She is supposed to be not only clever but practical; yet for a sensible and strong-minded girl, she is guilty of an inconceivable series of blunders. *Jocelyn's Mistake* is, we are inclined to fancy, a printer's error for Jocelyn's Mistakes; for, if we may venture on so vulgar a phrase in criticizing a tragedy of the affections, the young lady is always putting her foot in it at the most critical moments of her life. If she is half as shrewd as we are led to suppose, her successive acts of self-sacrifice are rather ridiculous than sublime; for she must have seen that her unselfishness or weakness would injure others as well as herself. She deceives a lover as to the state of her heart, that she may give him an impulse towards the arms of a sister whom she believes to be neither congenial to him nor worthy of him. She compounds a felony out of natural affection, although, setting right or wrong aside altogether, still closer ties of affection should naturally have induced her to disclose it. For the burning of her father's will beggars her sister and stepmother, and the culprit who is a hopeless prodigal seals her lips and calms her conscience by offering his personal guarantee for making the family comfortable, when the very object of his perpetrating the crime is to appropriate the property that is not sufficient for all of them. Finally, she marries the generous benefactor of her family from a sense of gratitude and duty, and, then makes the unfortunate man most miserable by keeping to the letter the criminal promise of secresy into which she had been surprised. As the whole of her life, from early girlhood to the sick-bed on which we see the last of her, has been passed under the shadow of trials and crosses, we should gladly have the scene changed from time to time, and be taken into more cheerful society. But all through three rather closely printed volumes she obtrusively insists on asserting her position as heroine, and monopolizing our attention and all the interest we can muster. It is true that not many of the other personages would be likely to win on us with more intimate acquaintance. Her sister, who is dropped summarily out of the story just as adversity promises to improve her, is originally as vapid as she is pretty and vivacious. Her father, a literary and landed gentleman, makes himself so disagreeable on the rare occasions we meet with him that we detest going into his library almost as much as his children do. Her stepmother is a nonentity, and always in the vapours. Her brother, a sneak in his boyhood, becomes an incorrigible blackguard before he is a man, and betakes himself to crime and habitual drinking. Her first lover, originally a drawing-room cynic with a long-winded weakness for commonplace philosophy, fades away into the background, to reappear long afterwards as a saint and philanthropist. Her second lover, who becomes her husband, a worthy and capable medical man, is painted to the life as even more prosaic in his temperament than that maiden sister of his who takes up housekeeping with them. Jocelyn had ill luck through life, but we never sympathize with her more unaffectedly than when she is condemned, like ourselves, to so much of the society of Dr. Amphlett.

Mrs. Spender evidently feels that her strength lies in sentiment and the analysis of feminine nature writhing under trials, and perhaps she is right. Little as we care for Jocelyn, we gladly admit that she often has our sympathy in some of the sorrows and embarrassments she so assiduously prepares for herself. Separate scenes are wrought out with a certain pathos; now and then soliloquies and trains of thought are natural and touching. We are sorry for Jocelyn, perversely foolish as she has been, and at times we are sensible of an interest in her ultimate fate. But even with Jocelyn, on whom the author has concentrated all her force, the sense of unreality is fatal to sustained concern or curiosity. Mrs. Spender does not succeed in impressing us with the idea of real existences, because she fails to create for herself a clear conception of personalities. In the characters, as in the plot, the novel shows a lack of comprehensive power, and if the writer ever forms a definite purpose, she is ready to abandon it on slight temptation, if not to forget it altogether. The Jocelyn first presented to us, the Jocelyn of some of the incidents, could hardly possibly be the Jocelyn of others. One or two of the people we meet in the early pages were plainly intended originally to play much more conspicuous parts than are ultimately allotted to them. Lyle Fenwick, with his entanglement with one sister and his passion for the other, with the earnest nature that is running to seed and the excellent powers that are being studiously perverted, should never have been lost to sight for all the purposes of the story when he volunteered to sail to the antipodes in search of Jocelyn's scapegrace brother. But when she had once seen him on board the steamer, Mrs. Spender apparently dismisses him from her mind, until the unwelcome reappearance of the scapegrace brings him incidentally to her mind. Then he is made to do some service again before the novel draws to a close, but not at all in the way for which Mrs. Spender was preparing us in the earlier chapters of the book. So with the pretty Elsie. She was being carefully christened by sorrow and disappointment, until the giddy girl was growing into a thoughtful and unselfish woman, and there can be no doubt, we imagine, that that painful but wholesome discipline was inflicted on her with a purpose. She should either have found her mission in binding up the bleeding heart of Lyle Fenwick, or else have made an edifying end on her sick-bed. As it is, she simply dies out of the story long before it is brought to an end; the paragraphs in which it is wound up do not contain the faintest allusion to her fate; while a certain Gertrude Fordham is introduced at the eleventh hour to perform those tender offices for the heroine which might so much more artistically and naturally have been undertaken by Jocelyn's sister. Elsie is quite as good and affectionate as the new acquaintance, and her interposition would have made the *dénouement* more dramatic, as she has been all along in many of her sister's secrets.

We have said that Mrs. Spender's strength lies in sentiment. Certainly when she goes abroad into the real world she is very apt to publish her ignorance of it, and we fancy she must count a good deal on the greater innocence of her readers. Anything less probable than the story of Hugo Delmott burning his father's will, or than the scene where he meets the family friends and lawyer after the funeral, we can scarcely conceive. He has tampered with an old family servant. Oddly enough the old lady seems to have been trusted with the keys of the cabinet where the deceased kept his most valuable papers, as if it had contained only the pickles or the jam. She gives the key to the hopeful son, who gets out the will and is caught by his sister in the act of burning it. Next day at the meeting his face and manner tell their story eloquently, and Jocelyn, whom he has made his unwilling accomplice, equally betrays her guilty knowledge. All present surmise that there has been foul play; the family lawyer more than insinuates as much. Hugo taunts him in return with unprofessional manœuvring and the meanest motives, and tries to carry things off by bullying. Strange to say, he succeeds, retires with the honours of the encounter, and reaps the fruits of his felony. The shrewd and honourable lawyer neither vindicates the rights of his living clients nor the testamentary intentions of his departed employer; the family relatives do not interfere; and no unpleasant questions are asked either of Jocelyn or the housekeeper. Yet the affair was of the more consequence that the widow and her daughters were beggared, and not the least strange part of the story is the way in which their ruin came about. Mr. Delmott had invested largely in Russian stock, and by a most unaccountable instance of fluctuation the stock was depreciated till it became absolutely worthless. Now Russian credit has always been very good, and a depreciation so extraordinary seems to us unaccountable. We suspect that Mrs. Spender was misinformed, and that Mr. Delmott must have been listening to the charming of sirens in Central America, and advancing on the security of swamps and virgin mahogany forests. We do not expect a lady novelist to be at home with hounds, but if she does venture into the field she might at least have a sporting friend at her elbow. In its way the run in *Jocelyn's Mistake* is nearly as good as anything by Whyte Melville or the late Mr. Surtees. Jocelyn is mounted on a vicious mare which runs away with her. She lets the fiery animal have its head, and "tries to hold on" as the mare rushes at the fences. Yet nobody in the field even suspects her danger, and the intelligent and affectionate Mr. Fenwick, who keeps as near her as he can, believes that she is riding at the monster bullfinches in sheer wantonness. But the mare's action was marvellous, if not miraculous. While going at a stretching gallop she contrived to rear suddenly in the air whenever her mistress tried to hold her. The "dogs run with their chins down to the ground," and while the pace is tremendous, they are "feathering about the fields and puzzling out the scent"; although in that case such of them as were not ridden over must have been left fields behind the horses. Indeed, considering that the pace was so good, and that the line lay over "sharp stones," "the stumps of trees," and "deceptive rabbit-holes," the marvel is, not only that Jocelyn escaped with her life, but that half the hunt were not brought back on hurdles. If Mrs. Spender laid down a plan, and made a point of abiding by it, we believe that she could write novels which would be well worth reading. But we should advise her to take more pains in informing herself on general topics, or else to show more tact in treading on unfamiliar ground.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. INGERSOLL'S *Fears for Democracy* is in some ways a remarkable work.* It is not strikingly able nor strikingly novel, it contains few facts not already known to persons familiar with American history, and its conclusions are exceedingly commonplace; but it bears, intentionally or not, striking testimony to the realization of the apprehensions entertained by the enemies of democracy in the latter years of the eighteenth and the beginning of the present century, and to the breakdown of American institutions under the stress of sectional collision, conflicting interests, and civil war. Our readers are well acquainted with a fact which American historians are too apt to gloss over, and which Americans, with their very narrow and superficial education, too generally overlook—that the founders of the Union and the framers of the Constitution, with two or three important exceptions, of which Jefferson and Franklin were the most notable, were not democrats,

* *Fears for Democracy, from the American Point of View.* By Charles Ingersoll. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

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and looked upon democracy as the great peril and difficulty with which they had to deal. To create an aristocracy was impossible, for in their days there was neither a numerous body of territorial proprietors who might have been invested with special privileges, nor was there a city populace to excite the jealousy and contempt of the agricultural majority, the sober and solid yeomanry of the farming States, who formed then as they do now the true people of America—the *populus* of settled, native-born or English-born citizens, as distinguished from the *plebs* of miscellaneous origin and doubtful character, which immigration has formed in the United States, as in Rome of old, from the influx of the lower and less educated classes of all nations and races, and which has lately been strengthened by the addition of some four millions of the least intelligent of the human species. The Convention of 1787 could not appeal to a Conservative instinct or a national pride to support them in limiting the power of mere numbers; for the numbers consisted of citizens who were and felt themselves equals. Their theory was that democracy would be chiefly felt and would act most powerfully through the local Governments; their idea was to secure a counterpoise by strengthening as far as possible the authority of the Federal power. In doing this, moreover, they were actuated by another motive which Mr. Ingersoll leaves too much out of sight. Experience, since as during the War of Independence, had taught them the insufficiency of so feeble a bond as the original Confederacy to maintain anything like national unity; to secure the equalization of public burdens, the collection and discipline of a Federal army, the prompt payment of Federal calls for money, and the protection of Federal credit. The debt of the original Congress remained unpaid; its paper was dishonoured; its soldiers, maimed or ruined, were left to starve while vainly pressing their claims for pay and pensions on an insolvent Treasury. This probably, even more than any jealousy of the democratic temper of the State Governments, was the motive of that fatal inconsistency which eventually made secession necessary, and made war the inevitable consequence of secession; the arrangement which, leaving to the States their sovereign character and supreme claim on the allegiance of the citizen—which no one then dreamt of challenging—rendered the individual directly amenable to Federal authority, and thus risked the supreme danger of a collision between the State and the Union. Had the power of the Union extended only to the States, no Northern politician could have dreamt of agitating for abolition, because no step in that direction could have been taken by Congress except at the immediate risk of war or disunion; and the certainty that no legal invasion of personal rights could take place save by the consent of the State Governments would have calmed the apprehensions which impelled the South to anticipate attack by secession. However this may have been, the Federal power has actually become the instrument of that mere power of numbers which the Convention intended it to restrain; and the alarm of those States which barely consented, by narrow majorities, to accept the Constitution has been fully justified. Mr. Ingersoll's argument is that it is not democracy but oligarchy—the oligarchy of professional politicians—that has brought about the actual state of things. But what, except the vices of democracy, gave power to this oligarchy? It is the jealousy of a democracy against culture and character and all kinds of personal and hereditary superiority which has wrested power from the hands of the natural leaders of society, and ostracized wealth and intellect and hereditary influence; and as the people cannot lead themselves, the power thus snatched from its natural holders is usurped by those who, making politics their business, have an inevitable advantage over all others—the advantage of professionals over amateurs. As men who make politics a trade mean to live by their trade, corruption is the inevitable consequence. That corruption and iniquity of every kind pervade the entire Federal system, Mr. Ingersoll affirms not more earnestly than every honest man who knows anything of the matter. He traces very clearly the manner in which a small minority of the North forced on first the abolition agitation, then secession, then civil war, then negro suffrage, and have since administered and plundered the conquered States for their private benefit; and he confirms what we have so often shown, that the South was from first to last the victim, not the aggressor; that she never asked for more than equal rights, and yielded all that she could yield without leaving herself defenceless at the mercy of the adverse section. The most novel point in his argument is the illegality and violence of the means by which negro suffrage was imposed on the Union. It was rejected at first; then the Federal Government swept away the Governments of the rejecting Southern States, ordered the question to be put again to a popular vote under the control of Federal bayonets, and ordained that the unenfranchised negroes should vote at the polls. Even so, the formal and substantial illegality of the State vote was so plain that Mr. Seward himself, as Secretary of State, refused to register it; and it is probable that a competent and honest Court of Appeal would pronounce that at this moment negro suffrage forms no legal part of the Federal Constitution. Negro *emancipation* was frankly accepted by the South herself as a consequence of the war, and her only complaint has been that it was carried out at the expense of individual proprietors, not of the State at large.

Mr. Nathan Sargent's *Public Men and Events* *, a record of the inner political history of the Union from 1817 to 1853, is a violent and one-sided book, animated by a bitter hostility to the South at large, to the Constitutional party, and in particular to Mr. Calhoun, perhaps the most clear-sighted, consistent, and honest of his contemporaries. But it deals with a period full of interest in its kind, though the kind is very low, and the interest often painful and revolting; the period of that demoralization of American politics which began with the election of Mr. Adams the younger, was fully developed by the victory of General Jackson four years later, and, after introducing into influence and power the class of demagogues and fanatics who forced on the war of 1861, has degraded the dominant party in the North and the actual rulers of the Union to the level of the adventurers that crowded the Court of Charles II., and laid their opponents open to the charge of being "not a whit more honest, and a good deal more hungry." We do not mean to say that Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay were not honest men, though the former was a more extreme and reckless partisan than befitted a statesman who had held the chief magistracy of his country, and the latter was neither a well-informed nor a judicious statesman. But though public opinion has fully acquitted Adams, and generally Clay, of the intrigues imputed to them, it is impossible to read this account of the election of the former, written by a strong partisan of his own, without seeing that all the motives and interests involved, except in so far as Mr. Calhoun represented the sectional interests and State rights of the South, were personal and selfish to the last degree, and that no higher public question affected the preference of Mr. Adams in the first contest than that of General Jackson in the second. Still, in Mr. Adams the Union had a great man and a trained statesman for her chief magistrate; in General Jackson she for the first time submitted to the rule of a political adventurer, who made it one of his claims to popularity that he was not a gentleman by birth or refinement, and who for the first time introduced the persons and the manners of a Western mob into the White House. No man was more imperious, more contemptuous of law and constitutional restraints, more despotic in act and temper, more utterly unlike a typical Republican of the old standard and more like the lowest sort of demagogue of the new, than the man who was the military idol of the American populace until his name was superseded by that of a soldier who has shown a strong resemblance to him in all but that capacity for silence which was utterly wanting to "Old Hickory," and which has been the saving quality of General Grant. No backwoodsman of the West could be more free and easy in his manners, more coarse in taste and language, than Jackson; no prince born in the purple could be more determined to have his own way, and to trample on all laws and all men that stood between him and his purpose. His great merit in Northern eyes, as his one merit in Mr. Sargent's, is that he threatened to hang Mr. Calhoun of South Carolina if he persisted in Nullification. Mr. Calhoun was Senator from that State during one part of the agitation and Vice-President during an earlier period; in either capacity he was the champion of Nullification as a principle, in neither could he have any part in any illegal act by which it might be carried out. And General Jackson was not a Federalist; on the contrary, he took the States-rights view whenever his personal authority was not in question; the real offence of South Carolina was that she threatened disobedience to a power represented by General Jackson, and the real offence of Calhoun (as Mr. Sargent shows) was that many years before he had, in a confidential meeting of the Cabinet, proposed to bring Jackson to trial for piracy and disobedience to orders. Another aspect of the President's temper was shown when a female friend of his complained that Washington society refused to visit her. "By ——," he said, "I will put your husband where the proudest ladies in Washington must visit you, whether they like it or no"; and he appointed the man—Major Eaton—Secretary for War. Of course the ladies who had thought her unworthy of their society refused to be bullied by the President; and the wives of three Cabinet Ministers neglected to call upon her, or to invite her to their parties. General Jackson sent orders to one of the gentlemen concerned that, when a large party was given at his house, Mrs. Eaton must be invited. The Minister remonstrated, insisting on his right to limit his hospitality as he might think fit, and declaring that he would not affront the society of which he was a member by intruding on it a woman whom it had by general consent rejected. Jackson insisted; and on this point his Cabinet broke up. But the grand debt which American politics owe to him and to his adherents is the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils," and that every place in the Civil Service of the United States is part of the spoils of a Presidential contest. Up to his time the Federal service had been governed by the same rule as our own; forbidden, though somewhat less strictly, to interfere in party contests, and protected from their consequences. An appointment was virtually a provision for life, if the nominee was competent and did his work well. General Jackson set forth with the avowed determination to sweep away all whom he supposed to be opposed to him in political opinion, and to reward his supporters with the vacancies; and, in order to do so, he began by removing to the Supreme Court a Cabinet Minister who recoiled either from the cruelty, the bad faith, or the immorality of the new system. Of course what Jackson had begun his opponents could not but imitate; no party in office could work with a service crowded with men selected only because they were its enemies, or could neglect the claims of its friends for revenge and reinstatement.

* *Public Men and Events, from the Commencement of Mr. Monroe's Administration in 1817 to the Close of Mr. Fillmore's Administration in 1853.* By Nathan Sargent, late Commissioner of Customs, &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

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Hence every office-holder is an eager politician. He regards his office as the spoil of a victory, held by a precarious tenure, and to be made the most of while he has it; and he jobs and peculates almost of necessity. The bitterness which such a rule imports into politics was most strongly seen during Jackson's rule, when the principle was fresh, and men had not learnt to regard ejectment at the end of four years as a matter of course; its demoralizing influence spreads and increases from year to year, and has enormously increased since war and war-taxation quintupled the value of the quadrennial spoil and the opportunities for plunder. General Jackson initiated this practice, in defiance of usage and good faith, and fully warned of its effects; he must therefore be held as infinitely more guilty than the worst of his successors, who have simply carried on the practice they found in vogue—none of whom (unless perhaps General Grant) could by their utmost efforts have succeeded in abolishing it against the pressure of the entire force of their party, and of the men to whom they owed their nomination. As the earlier part of Mr. Sargent's work shows the beginning of party demoralization, so the latter shows the means by which party interests were converted into sectional feuds, and gradually aggravated and magnified into civil war. No one, of course, will get from him a fair account of the struggle of 1850. But any one may understand the truth, even as it appears in his book, who will bear in mind that the South had by right as good a title to the common territory as the North, that she could by no possibility get more than her share of it, and that in fighting for that, so as to secure an equal number of States and consequent equality in the Senate, she was, from the moment that slavery had become a sectional issue, fighting in sheer self-defence.

A new edition of Professor Lieber's Political Ethics *, originally published nearly forty years ago, presents few points for special notice. One only we may mention, which attracted our attention incidentally as a clever piece of reasoning on a point on which most people feel rather than reason, and therefore are embarrassed by the logic of the perverse few who argue and do not feel. Patriotism, argues Lieber, bears to universal philanthropy the same relation that our love for wife, child, or parent bears to our love for our neighbour. We love "our own folk" more dearly than others, not because they are better or wiser or nobler, but because they are bound to us and we to them by the very tie of love; in fact, because they are part of our own life. And so we love our country. And only he who can affirm—so runs the obvious conclusion—that one ought not to love parent or child more than a stranger, or that a man should not prefer one woman to the rest of her sex unless he believes her morally superior to all the rest, can rationally deny that we ought to love our country better than the world at large. Unfortunately in this case, as in most others, the Professor, as might be expected in a man writing in a language not his own, does not put his argument so closely and tersely as a summarist can put it for him.

We may probably take occasion to speak more fully on a future occasion than we can speak in this place of General Sherman's Autobiography.† For the present it is enough to say that the author has been led by circumstances to publish during his life a memoir which seems to have been intended originally to be reserved till after his death; and that, perhaps in consequence, the book has more of the tone of vindication and self-praise, more of a controversial and disputative temper, than seems altogether wise or dignified in a work emanating from such a man holding so high an official position. The men whose military conduct he criticizes are not likely to have a fair chance of defending themselves against the Commander-in-Chief; the party whose political action and principles he denounces are practically precluded from reply. Though General Sherman was not supposed to cherish any particular bitterness against slavery, or even secession, he was one of those Northern commanders who violated most conspicuously the laws of civilized war, apparently from no other motive than to gratify a powerful faction with which he had no real sympathy; and hence he is driven to speak of the Southerners in language which, employed towards a ruined, plundered, and downtrodden people, seems alike unsoldierly and unworthy. At the same time it is evident that he had no sympathy with the men who forced the South first into secession and then into war; and that his partisan tone is less the effect of conviction than of circumstances. In relating the story of his earlier life he is often clear and amusing; in speaking of his military achievements he commits a mistake, not uncommon with soldiers, in fancying that reports written at the time for official purposes and in official style afford that kind of narrative which the public desires and expects from a military historian. And his tone of complaint and rebuke, his perpetual invectives against the ignorant clamour of the public and the offensive criticism of the newspapers, however natural at the time, hardly accord with the calmer reflection of a date ten years later and the spirit to be expected from a man who has made fortune and reputation by the war, and who has been conspicuously favoured by popular prejudice, above men whose services were certainly not less eminent nor their fidelity less well proved than his own. If Thomas and McClellan, Rosencranz and Buell, can be silent in their obscurity, it hardly becomes Sherman to grumble in his success and splendour.

Miss (or does she style herself Doctor?) Antoinette B. Blackwell, in a volume entitled *The Sexes throughout Nature**, earnestly endeavours to get rid, by every possible device, of the fact that, except in a few of the very lowest ranks of the animal kingdom, the male is superior in strength, in beauty, in courage, and in all the special excellences of each peculiar species. To admit this and to accept the necessary inference would, as she sees, be fatal to the plea of the little sect to which she belongs, that women are inferior to men only through lack of equal opportunities and equal education; and the amusing attempts she makes to find in every case compensation for the obvious inferiority of the females will reconcile most readers to her presumptuous absurdities and transparent fallacies. But she will escape thus easily only on account of her sex. If a man having passed the bounds of boyhood were to publish a volume so ingeniously perverse, so delightfully silly, he would be the byword of laboratories and colleges, and the butt of scientific critics.

Dr. Banvard has written three volumes of a series on the Pioneers of the New World, not by any means devoid of interest or merit, though sharing the common fault of all books intended for school or college in the United States—that of extreme superficiality and incompleteness. A quantity of abridgments and anecdotes relating to the First Explorers of America† are crammed into one small pocket volume; *Southern Explorers and Colonists*‡ (among whom Captain Smith and Pocahontas occupy the largest space), and the *Pioneers of Maryland*§ each fill about half the number of pages. The attentive reader might fancy that he knew a good deal about the early colonial times, and could make a good figure in conversation thereupon; but set him to write, with all these volumes before him, a connected account, however brief, of the primitive history of any one colony, and he would break down. These are books intended to cram the reader with materials for theme or speech, not to give real and solid information; and so are the vast majority of American School Treatises and Manuals. Professor Dana's *Manual of Geology*‖, of which a second edition is now before us, seems to form an exception to the rule—perhaps because geology is not a subject which young ladies and smatterers are generally anxious to cultivate for purposes of show; it is so very easy to get out of your depth therein, and be detected by unmistakable flounderings.

An elaborate and very solid treatise on Naval Ordnance and Gunnery¶ by Captain Cooke, intended for United States midshipmen, is beyond our immediate province; but, as setting forth American ideas and experiences on the subject, will doubtless receive consideration from professional readers. A Report on the Reclamation** of those parts of the basin of the Mississippi which are subject to inundation—and which were formerly protected by *levées* erected at great expense till, sometimes for military reasons, sometimes in mere malice, they were destroyed by Federal raiders during the war—can hardly fail to have interest for English, and especially for Anglo-Indian engineers, who may one day be called to deal with similar problems on an equal scale. Two Reports on the Public Schools of Boston, one by the Committee††, the other by the Superintendent‡‡, exhibit to a careful student the grave defects and unreality of the professedly perfect educational system of New England, even in its highest phase and under the greatest advantages; the poverty and narrowness of the education given even in the higher classes of the higher schools, and the very small proportion of scholars who advance beyond what we must call a mere elementary instruction.

A Free Lance in the Field of Letters§§ ventures on some criticisms upon the poetry of Lowell and Bryant which are not altogether laudatory, mixed with enormous doses of admiration, and seems astounded at his own independence. We were not less surprised when we found a critic, whose articles have obtained entrance to respectable American journals, speaking of Milton as "the first of epic poets" in language which suggested

* *Manual of Political Ethics, designed chiefly for the Use of College Students at Law.* By Francis Lieber, LL.D. Second Edition, Revised. Edited by Theodore D. Woolsey. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

† *Memoirs of General William T. Sherman.* By Himself. 2 vols. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

* *The Sexes throughout Nature.* By Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Author of "Studies in General Science," &c. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *First Explorers of North America.* By Joseph Banvard, D.D. With an Introduction by G. T. Day, D.D.

‡ *Southern Explorers and Colonists.* By Joseph Banvard, D.D.

§ *Pioneers of Maryland and the Old French War.* By Joseph Banvard, D.D. Boston: Lothrop & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

‖ *Manual of Geology; Treating of the Principles of the Science, with Special Reference to American Geological History.* By James D. Dana, Silliman Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Yale College, &c. Illustrated by over Eleven Hundred Figures, mostly from American Sources, and a Chart of the World. New York: Ivison Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

¶ *A Text-book of Naval Ordnance and Gunnery, prepared for the Use of the Cadet Midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy.* By A. P. Cooke, Commander, U.S.N., in charge of Instruction in Ordnance and Gunnery at the United States Naval Academy. New York: Wiley & Son. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

** *Report of the Commission of Engineers appointed to Investigate and Report a Permanent Plan for the Reclamation of the Alluvial Basin of the Mississippi River subject to Inundation.* Washington: Government Printing-Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

†† *Annual Report of the School Committee of the City of Boston*, 1874.

‡‡ *Twenty-ninth Semi-Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools of the City of Boston, September* 1875. Boston: Rockwell & Churchill. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

§§ *A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters.* By W. Cleaver, Wilkinson. New York: A. Mason. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

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that he had hardly heard of any rivals, and afterwards describing Homer as "a mere ballad-singer." To this has modern non-classical education brought the would-be educators of the "New World."

"*Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear*" * is an average love-story; not above the ordinary level in power, very much below it in pleasantness. The female characters of American novels are becoming yearly more disagreeable; aspiring beyond the scope of their sex by modes likely in real life to end in disgracing it. "Theo. Gray" † is a tale of a young girl's life in modern American society; and *Oakridge* ‡, a somewhat sensational novel of a kind a little gone by.

* "*Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear.*" By Katharine S. Washburn, Author of the "Italian Girl," &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *Theo. Gray's First Years Out of School.* By "K. M." New York: Thos. Whittaker. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

‡ *Oakridge: an Old-Time Story.* By J. Emerson Smith. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

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England and Russia.
Public Business. Sicily. The Agricultural Holdings Bill.
Burmah. The Difficulties of Turkey. The Revivalists at Eton.
A Republican Irreconcilable. The Natal Constitution.

What Comes by Nature.
Preaching to Englishmen. The Season. Shakspeare and his Interpreters.
The Weakness of Modern Missions. The Contagious Diseases Acts.
The Merchant Shipping Bill. The Wigan Accident.
More Claimants. The Voyage of the *Challenger*.
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The Story of the Gaikwar—The West Suffolk Election—The Belgian Riots—The Judicature Bill—University Education in France—Mr. Cross on the Labour Laws—The Permissive Bill—Outdoor Relief—The Ministerial Policeman.

The Martyrs of the Press—Social Dissenters—A Lesson from Gray's Elegy—Burial as one of the Fine Arts—The Proved Necessity for Flogging—Sunday Amusements—Moody and Sankey at Eton—The Royal Academy. VI.—The Operas—Racing at Ascot.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—GRAND LAST MATINÉE.—Mme. M. Remaury, with Duvernoy, Papini, Wiener, Bernhardt, Lasserre, Radcliffe, Duhrug Vanhente, Hutchins, and Delamour. Septets of Beethoven and Hummel; new duet for two pianofortes, Saint Saens, and solos, viola, violoncello, and pianoforte.—Tuesday, June 29, at three o'clock, St. James's Hall.

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A PUBLIC MEETING will be held on behalf of this Fund at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, June 30, 1875, at 2.30 P.M.

His Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY will preside.

The Meeting will be addressed by the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., M.P., the Earl of Harrowby, K.G., the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the Lord Bishop of Exeter, the Lord Selborne, the Lord Muncaster, M.P., the Dean of Westminster, and Thomas Brassey, Esq., M.P.

4 Dean's Yard, S.W., June 10, 1875. J. TROUTBECK, *Secretary.*

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2 Sauce Ladles	. 6 .	. 8 .	. 9 .
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"That a Dividend be made of Sixteen Pounds per Cent. on the Capital Stock of the Corporation, for the Half-year ending at Midsummer, 1875."
The said Ballot will commence at One o'clock, and close at Two o'clock in the afternoon precisely.
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